

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELLENCE LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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

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AGRICULTURAL.

WHAT DOES AG'L SCIENCE INVOLVE?

WHEN we talk of agricultural science, we include in our discussion, or ought to, every thing which gives man power over the forces of Nature, and enables him to bring these forces to bear to increase the quantity or the quality of the animal or vegetable products of the earth which are useful, or may be made useful, to man. If this be true, and the statement is almost self-evident, there is laid out before the intelligent farmer a range of observation, study and thought, as extensive as that demanded by either of the learned professions. Scientific Agriculture lays under tribute almost the whole field of physical inquiry. The Botanist selects from the wild plants of the forest those adapted to the use of man, and gives the laws by which they may be improved by culture. The Chemist gives the analysis of plants, pointing out their constituent elements, and determines what portions have been derived from the earth and what portions from the air. He analyses soils and claims to determine the adaptation of each to the various products required, and to point out also the means of supplementing deficiencies by manures. Mechanical science gives him the principles by which natural agents, such as air, water, steam or gas, may be made to accomplish or lighten the farmer's toil, and add in ten thousand ways to his profit, convenience and comfort. Electricity gives him the law by which he can protect the fruits of his toil from the lightning. Meteorology gives him the laws by which the amount of rain, heat and cold in different districts is controlled. Physical Optics explains the subtle processes by which the fruits and flowers are colored and clothed with beauty, and enriched with odor and flavor. Time would fail us in alluding to the manifold relations of all the physical sciences to the farmer's pursuit. Our only object is to show how vast is the field of labor to him who would mark out the points of contact between Agriculture and General Science. The great object of a journal like ours is to gather up from all sources whatever light the labors of men engaged in the different scientific pursuits can throw upon Agriculture. We do not profess to publish a scientific journal, in the strict sense of the term; but we do propose to collect from all the sources, foreign and domestic, whatever can be found, adapted to be practically useful to our numerous readers. We are determined to incur the expense requisite to secure the assistance and ideas of the cultivators of special departments of science so far as they bear on farming. We have made arrangement for the reception of English, French and German journals of Scientific Agriculture, so that our readers can have the results of the last foreign as well as American thinking to put to practical tests and trial for themselves. Our plan does not admit of long, cumbersome discussions upon matters purely theoretical, but we shall seek to give short, pithy and practical results of experiments and thought drawn from all parts of the world, in a shape to be easily remembered and easily applied by the enterprising farmer, whose hands and head are too full of present and practical matters to study labored treatises or scientific journals for himself. Our object shall be to give every reader the means of getting the control of the natural forces on his farm, and compelling them to do his bidding—so that he can lay the earth, air and water, and the innumerable agents of nature even, under tribute, and compel them to fill his pinnacles with blushing fruits, his garners with golden grain, and his barns with fatted and strong horses, fine woolled sheep, and cattle abounding in weight and beauty. Civilization is the control of man over nature. Man is placed upon earth in a condition of conflict with the exuberant, untamed forces of matter around him. When Nature and its forces get the upper hand, man is a savage, and the earth a forest or a desert. When man, intelligent, moral, educated and industrious, gets the upper hand of nature, earth is a garden

of wealth and beauty, the support of a society supplied with all the elements of earthly wellbeing. This getting the upperhand of nature is the noble goal of a true farmer's ambition. With this end in view, he is the true civilizer. With the means of accomplishing this great and worthy result, Agricultural Science supplies him. We intend to make the RURAL NEW-YORKER the distributing reservoir of these rills of special investigation, discovery and experiment. We propose to facilitate exchanges between the thinker in his laboratory or study, and the farmer at his bedside. We intend to make it an educating, civilizing, elevating force, whose power shall be felt by the seventy thousand families whom we intend to visit during the year. We intend to be wide awake and thoroughly alive to every thing which ought to interest or elevate our readers, and to furnish them with its quintessence, clearly expressed, condensed and ready for instant use. Such, by God's blessing on enterprise and industry, we hope to make our paper for the coming year. Our aim is high; if we fail in reaching the mark, it shall not be for the want, on our part, of good will, energy, or persistent effort.

MECHANICAL CONDITION OF THE SOIL.

CONNECTED with the vocation of the farmer are certain forms of labor which are directly applied to the soil. Previous to the deposit of those germs from which are expected the rewarding harvest, he must drain, subsoil, plow, harrow, and perform other lessons of toil, or the fate of the seed that fell by the wayside, and upon the stony places, will inevitably result. The operations we have mentioned, are recognized necessities among tillers of the soil,—the virtue of such a plan of procedure is not questioned,—yet very many either do not fully realize the importance attached to each of these processes, or else inertness and inactivity have such control as to make their acts belie their entire belief. A considerable number of farmers are said to have only a *talking or writing* interest in their profession. At the meetings of the Club, or upon paper, they can be both seen and heard, but you may search their farms over and barely find trace of the progression so much vaunted. These men are stumbling-blocks, and if they would only note the fact that our busy, jogging world judges from deeds, they would spurge less and perform more. With this class we have naught to do, or to offer,—but we desire to comment briefly upon some of those peculiar labors which mechanically affect the condition of the soil, hoping that we may thus call forth the rich stores of experience possessed by those with whom will is to perform. The field is a large one, and there are thousands of practical men in the RURAL family who can furnish just such information as the masses require.

The plow, harrow, and cultivator, are the implements adopted for pulverizing the soil. Pulverization is the first principle, and the object in view is to permit the roots of plants to roam freely, and have all needed space for procuring a sufficiency of nutriment during the various stages of growth. Plowing is the common mode to effect this purpose, and is, as yet,—although inventive minds are seeking for something better and cheaper,—the most economical. The plow is the type of civilization,—in its form may we read the domestic history of the nations who have brought it into service,—and we desire no better index to individual farm culture than can be furnished by a few moments spent in the tool-shop, and the room devoted to the storage of agricultural machinery. Farmers have their preferences in this matter, as in all others, but every one will admit the necessity of using a first-class article. Without this, the desire to perform thorough and complete work will prove of no avail.

When all things are in readiness, the question arises,—how shall we plow? The main feature in the query before us, is depth vs. shallowness. There are a few whose fortune it is to be possessors of a loamy, light, naturally open soil, and the success which has attended their skinning plan for a series of years, has made them converts to the shallow process,—and there are thousands who have found buried treasures by going beam-deep in the search. We have always adhered to the belief that deep plowing is an important requisite upon nearly every farm in order to realize the greatest profit from the soil, and have advocated it as "sound doctrine" through the columns of the RURAL. Indeed we incline to the opinion that the mode in which this operation is performed will, as a general thing, prove indicative of success or failure upon the part of the proprietor—that men will reap the seed of reward very much as they plow. To quote J. L. CAMPBELL, Professor of Physical Science in Washington College, Va.,—"the one who scratches the surface to the depth of only three or four inches, will soon find both himself and his farm growing poorer; while the one who is not satisfied with breaking and cultivating less than twelve inches in depth of his land, will, most probably, soon find it necessary to 'pull down his barns and build greater.'"

The advantages arising from deep plowing may be briefly stated as the following:—First, It affords greater range to the plants in seeking the pabulum needful to growth and development. Below the point of disturbance by the plow, rootlets make but little progress. Second, An unbroken subsoil, especially when it is clayey in texture, is almost impervious to moisture, and when the plowed surface

has become saturated with falling rain, the surplus water must flow off, carrying with it many of the elements of fertility. Third, A deeply plowed soil is one of the most effective agents man can call into service during protracted drouths. The rain penetrates deeper, the roots go down looking for food, and in the process of evaporation moisture is carried upward, thus supplying the roots of the plants nearer the surface.

A few words concerning the subsoil plow, and we have done with this branch of our subject. The advantages already claimed for deep plowing will generally follow its operation. Upon worn-out lands the beneficial effects arising from subsoiling have been made very apparent, as in addition to its increasing the depth of the tillable surface, and augmenting the supplies of moisture, it brings up, and into use, the fertilizing properties which have become exhausted, oftentimes renewing the life and value of a district,—giving to the possessor of barren acres a reasonably fertile domain. Compact, heavy soils, however, if undrained receive but a tittle of the good that would otherwise result, and upon such we do not think the process would prove sufficiently remunerative.

With the use of harrow and cultivator our readers are posted, and they are also cognizant of the effects produced by each. The latter implement, however, is not held in that esteem by the majority to which we think it is entitled upon its merits. A Western New-York farmer of our acquaintance, considers it an active remedial and manual agent, and keeps it in motion nearly through the entire growing season. If there is any virtue in a friable surface soil, he is determined to possess it; at all events, he will not allow the weed to institute a system of wholesale piracy upon his cruising grounds. His farm is one of the cleanest it has ever been our pleasure to view, and after an experience of some years, he is very well satisfied with the results for his care and expenditure of time, labor, and money.

It was our intention to speak somewhat upon draining at the present, but lack of space forbids a development of the subject. This topic, together with all others bearing upon agricultural interests, will meet with full discussion in the new volume of the RURAL upon which we have entered, and we ask our readers to furnish their practice and experience, in order that the light and knowledge so much needed may be diffused throughout the land.

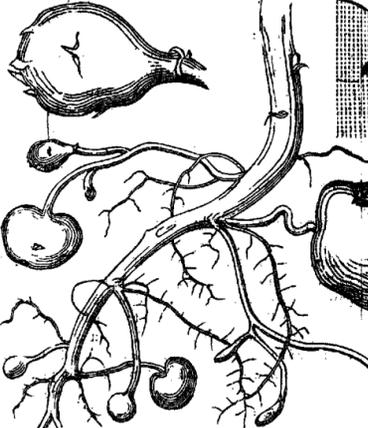
DO POTATOES MIX IN THE HILL?

On this subject we entertain opinions founded on our own observation and experience, and on the laws of vegetable physiology. These opinions we have expressed in answers to the inquiries of correspondents, and have endeavored very briefly to give the reasons for our belief. It is one of those questions which we cannot hope to settle satisfactorily to all, for some have observed what they consider sufficient proof that varieties will mix if the sets are planted near each other. No theory, however absurd, can be started but some are ready to furnish proof of its correctness from actual observation. Had the Messiah presented the question to the people of this day which he did to the Jews some 1800 years ago—"Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"—some would be ready to reply in the affirmative, and declare that they had seen it done. It is extremely easy to be mistaken, and the process of jumping at conclusions is cheap and expeditious. An experiment carefully and thoroughly tried is valuable, but a carelessly conducted experiment is not only worthless, but worse than useless, if it is relied upon to establish truth. And yet the latter way of testing things is so easy and convenient that it is generally adopted. Now, we do not believe that potatoes can by any possibility be made to mix by being grown near each other, yet in the RURAL of December 15th, we published a communication from F. KELLOGG, of South Avon, N. Y., in which it was stated that he had by planting the Blue Mercer and Long Pinkeye in the same hill produced potatoes one-half of which was Long Pinkeye and the other Blue Mercer. By dividing these potatoes where the two varieties seemed to unite, and planting them separate, the white parts produced Long Pinkeye and the dark parts Blue Mercers. We did think at the time there was some mistake in regard to this, but we barely stated that we had been unable to mix varieties of potatoes by joining them together, although we had tried hard and long to do so; and that it was not only contrary to our experience but all our ideas on vegetable physiology. Although we did not suppose this language would surprise anybody, we find that the *Attica Atlas* expresses very great astonishment thereat, and devotes a column and a half to the work of showing that we know but very little about the matter. We would copy this, but for its length, and the fact that a large portion is entirely foreign to the matter in dispute.

A few days since, Mr. KELLOGG presented us with several of the potatoes grown as described above. That which was claimed to be a Long Pinkeye, we found to bear some resemblance to that variety, but it was yellow fleshed; the so called Blue Mercer was a dark, roundish potato, not having the slightest resemblance to that sort. It may be the Scotch Grey. From these facts we infer there has been some mixture besides mixing in the hill.

There are a few facts which seem to indicate a change to the casual observer, and which are used as

proof of such transmutation as is advocated by our correspondent, and which needs a little explanation. Any parti-colored potato, like the Mercer or Peach Blow, becomes lighter by being grown for a few years in a light sandy soil, and darker by being planted in heavy or clay soil. By planting the light colored parts of the Mercer and rejecting the dark, it can be grown nearly or entirely white. Many persons have observed their potatoes that were nearly or quite pure become mixed after a number of years so as materially to injure their quality for market. It is always found, too, that the mixture is of an inferior sort. No one ever planted a common sort and after a few years found that about half were of a better kind. We need not tell farmers that the best varieties of



potatoes are comparatively unproductive, while the common coarse sorts yield abundantly. Nothing is more common than to find potatoes mixed, and if different sorts are grown in succeeding years on the same ground, it is next to impossible to prevent this result. We will suppose that a farmer commences to plant a variety of first class potatoes, but one in a hundred is of some common sort yielding double the quantity of the better variety, and he continues to plant as they are produced, without selecting for seed: in seven years, more than one-half are of the common kind; and in fourteen years, he has less than one good potato for a hundred of the common. We have suffered from this kind of mixture in the hill, and have learned to guard against it.

All plants become hybridized or mixed through the flowers, which contain the sexual organs. This hybridization affects only the seeds. The seeds of an apple or pear will not come true on account of this hybridization, and from other causes which at present it is not necessary to mention. The florist will grow a white and a red peony in close proximity for a number of years, and no change will be produced. The tubers of each, when transplanted, will produce flowers exactly like the plant from which they were taken. But plants produced by seeds will show the mixture. The tuber of the potato, plant, or the potato, is not a root. It has no fibrous roots like those which are attached to the beet or the carrot, and obtains for itself no nourishment from the soil. It is simply an enlargement of the underground stem or branch, in which is stored up a large quantity of nutritious food for the nourishment of the young plants. If, then, potatoes mix, it is a mixture of branches.

We give an engraving which truly represents the underground growth of a potato plant, showing shoots just beginning to enlarge at the points, others half-formed, and the fully formed potatoes. At the upper part of the cut, at the left, is a small, half-formed tuber, magnified, in which the leaves of the shoot are seen, and under these are the eyes which are the buds of these branches. By cutting the tuber so as to divide the eye, the bud will be seen, as in the section at the right.

On this point we give a paragraph from *Gray's Botany*:—"The potato-plant has three principal forms of branches:—1. Those that bear ordinary leaves, expanded in the air, to digest what they gather from it and what the roots gather from the soil, and convert it into nourishment. 2. After a while a second set of branches at the summit of the plant bear flowers, which form fruit and seed out of a portion of the nourishment which the leaves have prepared. 3. But a larger part of this nourishment, while in a liquid state, is carried down the stem, into a third sort of branches under ground, and accumulated in the form of starch at their extremities, which become tubers, or depositories of prepared solid food;—just as in the Turnip, Carrot, Dahlia, &c., it is deposited in the root. The use of the store of food is obvious enough. In the autumn the whole plant dies, except the seeds (if it formed them) and the tubers; and the latter are left disconnected in the ground. Just as that small portion of nourishing matter which is deposited in the seed feeds the embryo when it germinates, so the much larger portion deposited in the tuber nourishes its buds, or eyes, when they likewise grow, the next spring, into new plants. And the great supply enables them to shoot with a greater vigor at the beginning, and to produce a greater amount of vegetation than the seedling plant could do in the same space of time; which vegetation in turn may prepare and store up, in the course of a few weeks or months, the largest quantity of solid nourishing material, in a form most available for food."

We have given our readers our opinions on this subject, and we do not think carefully tried experiments will prove them incorrect.

HIGH FEEDING.

My friend, JOHN JOHNSTON, in a late RURAL, administers his "annual" blister to such customers as neglect proper attention to their stock.

If I should give my unqualified approval of all that he says, I should not violate my conscience and convictions much, but I prefer to be a little more specific. Mr. JOHNSTON, says "No farmer can afford to let his stock stand still, and what is far worse, let them get poorer from the first of December to the first of May, or later." (The time of "growing poorer" is not quite accurately stated—more flesh is lost in this climate from November 15th to December 1st than in any month of the year.) Now, this is very quietly said, and many readers will pass over it with no further idea than this,—fat cattle are very good in their way. But on second thought it will occur that Mr. JOHNSTON's programme is a wide departure from the faith of "our fathers,"—so much revered in politics, you know.

A sorry, downcast look, with bolder and bonier projections, as spring advanced, was always deemed orthodox for cattle. "Spring poor," was one of the "household words,"—it almost aspired to the dignity of an institution,—was about as sacred, and as little to be departed from, as Washington's "farewell address."

Mr. JOHNSTON, by a bold innovation, sets that all aside,—he thinks it no harm,—nay, he decidedly enjoins, that cattle should keep no "fats," for their country's or their owner's sins! Thanksgiving, and plenty, is to run straight through the winter months.

Well, if we make them work up the straw, and the corn-stalks (a little the worse for wear in these wet frosty seasons), it will take "a heap" of grain to keep the stock of the country gaining through the winter months! Let us see. By the census of 1850, it appears that the cattle, horses, mules, sheep and swine of the State of New York eat up six million eight hundred bushels; and the corn, oats and buckwheat raised in this State the same year amount to forty-seven million six hundred thousand bushels. Now, all I have to say at present is that, in my judgment, every bushel of these grains produced in our State would not suffice to keep the domestic animals of the State gaining through the winter,—this I adduce to justify my remark to which Mr. JOHNSTON alludes, that his plan "would sensibly affect the department of commerce."

I will resume this subject next week.—H. T. B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FARMING.

He who thinks he has mastered the profession of farming, must have a very exaggerated notion of his own abilities, or a very imperfect idea of the difficult and complicated nature of the business in which he is engaged. A mariner may sail along the surface of the sea, without thinking or knowing aught of the wonders or the mysteries of the great deep, and the farmer may move along in the old way, without knowing, or striving to know, anything of the philosophy of farming. He may, at the end of the year, find that he has made nothing beyond the support of himself or family, or that he has saved a few hundred dollars, and if he is satisfied with this knowledge, he may sit down content; but if he desires to increase his profits,—to find out in what way he can make meat, and grain, and butter, or cheese, in the cheapest possible manner, he opens a field of inquiry in which he can exert all the powers of mind, and labor until the end of his days. To compensate him for his anxiety and toil, if he does not succeed in adding largely to his wealth, he will have the satisfaction of adding a little to the stock of human knowledge. For several years I have been engaged in investigating this subject in connection with the ordinary labors of the farm, and I can in some measure appreciate the importance of this difficult work. Truly did the RURAL say, a few weeks since, that there is no business requiring such varied acquirements, as much knowledge, and so much good judgment, as farming. It is an easy matter for a manufacturer to ascertain how much wool will make a yard of cloth of a certain description, and what will be its cost; but it is not so easy for a farmer to ascertain how much grass, or hay, or grain, will make a pound of wool, or in what way it can be made at the least possible cost.

The farmer, as a manufacturer, is beset with difficulties, of which ordinary manufacturers know nothing. I made one hundred bushels of corn, and sold it for fifty cents a bushel. I kept a strict account of labor, cost of manure, marketing, &c., and found that it cost me three shillings a bushel. This, at first sight, would seem to be a plain matter, and a paying business. But one of my near neighbors grew corn on a similar soil, that cost him about five cents per bushel less than mine, while the crop of another cost him full eleven cents more, which was about all it brought in market. I set about to ascertain the cause, with great zeal, but found that patience was much more necessary than zeal. I had made a shilling a bushel by growing corn, but the next season's crop gave me some reason to believe that I had exhausted my soil to the full value of the profit on

the crop. It is no difficult matter for the merchant to examine his cash box or bank account, and see how matters stand; but the farmer may exhaust his capital which consists mainly in a fertile soil, without ever dreaming of the mischief he is doing. In fact he may all the time imagine he is making money. I have had proof enough of this in my own observation and experience. I know a farmer living on the chestnut loam that abounds in my neighborhood, who purchased six years ago. When he took possession, his land was in good condition, as it had received some manure and had been well clovered. Potatoes were high and the soil well adapted for their growth; so wishing to make money quick, he planted very largely, raised a fine crop, which sold at good prices for shipping. Having kept an account of cost, the profits of the first year were found to be large. Success the first year prompted a similar course the second. The crop was not as good as the first, but still paid well. In about three years the soil was so impoverished that it would not pay for culture under this system, and two years of labor and expense were required to bring the soil to its proper fertility. This sadly detracted from the profits of two or three seasons of apparent success. I find the effect of the crop on the soil is a very important matter, in reckoning profit and loss.

When produce is used for food, the difficulty is complicated, for then we have to ascertain the comparative value of each. And here great care is required to arrive at a correct result. Of some articles of food produced in large quantities, the greater part is water, which can be obtained cheap at the pump. Other articles contain but little water, though yielding small crops. Of the dry matter contained in crops, all is not equally nutritious. Here is an inviting field for investigation and experiment. Nutritious or highly concentrated food cannot be served to all classes of animals with the same advantage. There is a difference in their digestive organs, and this difference it is well for the farmer to understand, as far as possible. Another important matter is the best condition in which to give food to produce the desired result at the least cost. These, and many other important questions, should engage the attention of every thinking farmer. In my next I will speak of one or more of these points in detail. There are doubtless others able to convey far more information than I can, and to such I would say, give us all the light you can possibly impart. CEREES.

BURNED CLAY FOR ROOFING, ROADS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I cannot exactly adopt the language of the sailor who sent his petition heavenward in a storm as follows—"Thou knowest it is seldom I ask a favor, but set me safe on shore this time, and it shall be a long time before I ask another"—but if you will give me a patient reading and thoughtful consideration, I will agree not to trouble you again unrequested, upon this subject. You published my letter of November. This I did not expect. I supposed I might write you a friendly letter without the world's knowing it; but I do not regret it; indeed, I thank you for it, if it shall result in agitating a question on which I have spent much thought. When you speak of sheets of clay mortar 24 by 18 inches thick, it does not to me convey the meaning I intended. I meant to be understood, 24 by 18 inches and 1 inch thick. Again, I know of no such place as "Perryburg" in Wyoming County. I meant to write Varysburg, a village in the town of Sheldon, Wyoming County. [Friend LYMAN's former letter was published because we supposed such was his desire.—ED.]

I have ambition—(not to appear before the public as a writer for any paper, as it is not my vocation)—but if I could, by any means, be instrumental in bringing about what appears to me to be feasible and a great improvement, it would gratify that ambition wonderfully. I believe that all buildings could be advantageously covered, and almost finished, by burned clay, as well as all sidewalks, and curbstones. And, if I am right in the opinion that good sand and good clay, well mixed and well burned, is as hard as any stone, then pavements, arches, the roadway for wheels, and the foundation for railroads, telegraph poles, wharves, abutments, fence posts, &c., could be made, not only cheaply, but permanent and everlasting, from this article.

If such results are attainable, is it not a duty we owe to our day and generation, to investigate, experiment, encourage, and give our influence toward their successful accomplishment. The publication of my letters warrant me in the belief that you do not consider them the emanation of an addled brain, notwithstanding your condemnation of the roof as leaky. I have to favor my idea, the opinion of your Scotch Engineer, that if the crack is filled with mortar that has hair incorporated, it will not leak. It is my opinion that if the mortar is pressed in as it gives off its moisture, so that it shall be filled hard, it will not leak; but if it does, and there can be no arrangement for underdraining, why I suppose we must give it up; but, until it is tested, I shall retain my present belief. The retention of mortar between brick, in buildings, warrants the belief that it would not get out there, if clenched on the inside. What protection against fire, if the inside wall and the outside covering were of incombustible material, as well as the door and window sills, caps and stiles, &c.?

Acting upon the idea, during the last summer, I moulded and dried a brick, 24 by 18 inches, and 2 inches thick, and had it burned hard, and I believe it is the largest brick in the world. At any rate, it is too large for any gentleman to carry in his hat. I have it now, but from my want of experience I used a poor article of sand and not enough, or from its situation in the kiln, by sustaining a great weight, it cracked on the edge and is not presentable. But, it establishes the fact that it can be done, as it did not warp. What a beautiful sidewalk would such brick make, how durable and fixed, and the surface could be made as smooth as the best polished marble, and how advantageous for the corners of brick buildings.

Reach from your shelf a book of 600 pages, lay the book upon your table, holding it perpendicular. You will perceive that if a wheel was to roll upon the edge of the leaves it would move without jar, and but little friction, and if the wheel was inclined to the right or left from any cause, it would return to the center when the cause was removed. Imagine this book eight inches thick and one mile long, and, if instead of the book, it was mortar, and sustained in that position, it would dry, and if it could be burned hard, it would stand the wear of many a loaded wagon. Now, place on each side of this book, four inches from it, journals that would rise four inches above the book you hold, then across from one journal to the other place the ledger, so as to leave a space four inches on the sides, and four inches on the top. Suppose these to be unguiltably and of the same length as the one inside, viz: one mile, and covered as with the ledger; and suppose this four inches on the sides and top charged with coal, and a fire made at the mouth, and a stove pipe at the other end, 50 or

60 feet high, would it not draw? Would it not burn? and if so, would it not convert the eight inches thickness of mortar into hard brick? If so, choose your grade and try it. You will laugh at this, I know; but have a little patience. The mortar, delivered, would cost about \$1 per cubic yard, the boxing could be used a thousand times, the coal you can compute; but if completed, what a track would it present for a wheel—no jar for the carriage, load or passenger. If it cracked, as it probably would, in drying, these cracks would serve as drains for any accumulation of water. There would be no decay. The same process could be used for the foundation of a railroad over and through indentations of the earth.

If I have written enough to give you my idea, I am pleased. Should you believe, as I do, that there is merit in these suggestions, the next thing is to spread them before minds capable of investigation. JOSIAH WOODWORTH did not consider it beneath his research to look into the manipulation of clay. At your next Cabinet meeting, should you lay this subject before it and ask, is there an *Excelsior* in the ceramic art? it might lead to discussions that would result in evolving great truths.

I have tried to interest manufacturers, and although they agree to my suggestions, their brains seem to be impregnated with their business—*mud*. I lay this before you, because your situation is such that if you *very* believe my thoughts valuable, your disposition, business, and inclination, would lead to its development. I am not favorably located, and I am too far advanced in life to enter into the active development. If, therefore, the spreading of these ideas upon paper, and bringing them to the notice of manufacturers, will not induce a fair trial,—why, so be it; but if, by this letter, or any other means, they should be induced to test the matter, I feel assured they will be successful, and furnish to the world a better, more enduring, safer and cheaper article for a thousand purposes, than is now used.

You may ask, what is novel, what is new in my plan? Can't anybody do it that pleases? I answer, I do not believe they can; for beyond the drying of a surface of about 12 by 14 inches, I have never seen tile. By repeated trials I succeeded. Mould and lay down any thickness of mortar, and evaporation and percolation commences, the surface parts with, and the bottom receives moisture; therefore the surface contracts, while the bottom, if not expanded, retains its dimensions; and as the power of cohesion in the bottom of the mass is not sufficient to draw the particles together as desiccation progresses, cracks commence on the surface and continue through, rendering the whole worthless. Contract and prevent this, and you may dry any given surface. I have moulded and dried a fence post 5 by 5 feet, and 2 by 5 feet, both 64 feet long, successfully and repeatedly. Moscow, N. Y., 1860. WM. LYMAN.

LABOR-SAVING IN-DOORS—TO H. T. B.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—If I know that "H. T. B.," the man who puts so many pieces in your nice paper wasn't a bachelor, I would write to him about his late article in reference to machines for the benefit of women, and not trouble you about it; but I am sure he is an old bach. May he be looking around for a woman, and just put in that piece for palavering, courting talk, to make the women think he has great sympathy for them. If he is not, it seems to me he must, long ere this, have found out that the "lords" had not only tried their hands at improved implements for domestic labor-saving, but had been eminently successful therein.

Let's see. First that "old oaken bucket" no longer hangs in the well to be lifted by almost superhuman efforts over the high curb, made so to keep the cattle out. Next, the old iron dinner-pot of near a hundred pounds, has been melted up, and makes a whole set of cooking utensils, nicely adapted to an elegant stove, (standing in the place of the old jam-bless fireplace with tug-pole and trammels), well calculated to facilitate all the operations of cooking and baking. Then the coffee-roaster, which SUSAN or JAMES can turn so easily while the coffee is brewing,—and the mill to grind the spices as well as coffee,—and the paring machine, which splits the parings and cores all about,—and the mince mill, cutting the meat for pies as well as for sausages. Even the castors on the large table saves many a hard lift. O, there's the churn, which the dog, or old "Dick" makes the butter in,—not to mention the butter-workers. The rain water is now drawn down from the loft by turning a finger faucet, instead of being lifted up stairs, with all the slops to be mopped up.

Why, sir, but a little while ago, hand cards, and wheels, and looms, were almost exclusively depended upon to clothe the family,—now where are they? "Echo answers, where?" And here, as the crowing glory, see the knitting machines, that make a stocking in five minutes, and the sewing machines that make a shirt in fifteen. And yet, "H. T. B." knows of little to aid the domestic hand, save the washing machines hung out to dry on the clothes bars. Strange! passing strange!

Now, sir, if he isn't a bach, why, I pity,—O! how I do pity the poor woman that is bound to the man full fifty years behind the age. See her toiling almost incessantly to provide the necessities of life for her family. O! I do hope "H. T. B." has found out there is a substitute for the cards, and the old bucket, and the dinner-pot!

I shouldn't so much object to writing to an old bachelor if it wouldn't make so much talk; for, as I am getting pretty near to old maid-dom, folks would say she wants to get him,—and that I don't, anyhow. I had rather be an old maid to eternity, than marry a man who pays so little attention to domestic comforts as does "H. T. B." OLD MAID. Cayuga County, N. Y., 1861.

SUFFOLK COUNTY, LONG ISLAND.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Although some of the first settlements of New York were made in this County, thousands and tens of thousands of acres of its lands still remain in their original wild condition; and within forty miles of the city of New York, the fox digs his hole, and the wild deer roams over the plains as of old. The great pine barrens, which form the southern half of Long Island, are the most remarkable feature of this County. These barrens, or pine plains, as they are called, which comprise the south part of this County, are level or gently undulating, sloping gradually from the middle of the Island southward to the sea, and were originally covered with a heavy growth of pitch pine, which has mostly disappeared, and given place to a thick undergrowth of the scrub oak, *quercus ilicifolia*. This scrub oak, of which so much has been said in connection with these lands, is a small, branching shrub, usually attaining the height of four or five feet, and producing immense quantities of acorns, which are often so abundant as to prostrate the branches to the earth. It has large, strong roots, which form the chief

obstacle to clearing the land, and thirty or forty cart loads are often removed from a single acre.

Much has been recently said in regard to the agricultural capacity of these plain lands, and many attempts have been made at cultivating small pieces, none of which have been very successful, however. The stories of enormous crops raised here, which have been circulated in various parts of the country, have been manufactured mostly by land speculators and other interested persons, and I do not know of a single successful example in this town (Islip), where most of them are said to have been made. There is no doubt that this land may be cultivated and large crops raised, but the thing will not pay at present. On the line of the Long Island railroad, about Thompson Station, some land has been cleared and cultivated, and on the road from there to Suffolk Station, two miles east, considerable land has been cleared and cultivated the past season, but the results are not such as to induce emigrants to come here. The cultivation of the cranberry on these sandy plains is now attracting some attention, but what the result will be it is too soon to say. The village of Modern Times, a group of Socialists, is situated on the plains about half a mile east of Thompson Station, and here numerous experiments have been tried in cultivating the soil, particularly with the small fruits, but with only partial success. The truth is, the soil is naturally sterile, and can only be reclaimed by the use of lime, ashes and immense quantities of manure. All the native plants are such as are common to barren soils, as the scrub oak, *Quercus ilicifolia*, which is the characteristic plant, the pitch pine, *Pinus rigida*, the wild indigo, *Baptisia tinctoria*, sweet fern, *Comptonia asplenifolia*, several species of *Vaccinium*, &c. Nothing can be done here without a large capital, as it will cost about fifty dollars per acre to clear the land and bring it into cultivation, and no returns can be expected the first, and but little the second year.

This has been recommended as a good fruit-growing country, but experience does not confirm it. Apples do very well if well manured and properly cultivated, but it is too cool for grapes and peaches. The latter do occasionally produce small crops, but the fruit will not bear comparison with that grown on the north side, and west end of the island, while grapes will not grow at all unless protected. It is a fact not easily accounted for, that frosts occur on the plains much later in the spring and earlier in the fall than in the cultivated districts or the north side of the island. This is supposed by some to be owing to the large amount of herbage which covers the ground and keeps it shaded. The only advantage this region has, is its healthy climate and near proximity to New York, which is easily accessible by the Long Island Railroad; but notwithstanding this, and although no one wishes to see this portion of the island inhabited more than I do, I cannot see any inducements for a farmer to make this his home so long as there are so many better places lying waste and uncultivated. Suffolk Co., L. I., N. Y., 1861. *

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Spaying a Mare. The Maine Farmer says that Dr. DADD, V. S., has recently performed the novel operation of spaying a mare, (removing the ovaries.) The mare was six years old, and belonged to CHARLES H. BALLARD, of Hartford, Vt. We believe this is the first case of the kind in this country, if indeed it is not the first ever tried, and Mr. BALLARD is entitled to much credit for offering so valuable an animal for the benefit of science, as it has been generally supposed that an operation of the kind would prove fatal. The animal was under the influence of sulphuric ether, and the operation proves entirely successful, ten days having elapsed since it was performed. The object to be attained in this particular case, was to render the mare docile, as she had heretofore been nearly unmanageable during her periods of heat. Physiologists are of opinion that removing the ovaries, if successfully performed, will render the animal mild and gentle.

About Cribbing Horses.

In answer to a query, whether the evil propensity of cribbing is not caused by the present manner of feeding horses, Mr. J. FULTONTON writes to the N. H. Journal of Agriculture, as follows:—"I have had the misfortune of having a cribber for the last eight years, and I have studied the habit, (for such I think it may be,) have read most of the authors upon the subject, and have also tried most of the remedies recommended for a cure, but have not been successful in finding a remedy, or fully satisfied myself of the cause of this evil. It will not do any good to 'pitch in the hay,' for they will do as often crib with their mouth full of hay as at any time. A real cribber does not bite, but bears down with the upper teeth, accompanying it with an unnatural grunt. Thinking that the present mode of constructing cribs might increase, if not cause the habit, I took it out and fed in the old way on the floor. This is a preventive while in the stable, but like the tobacco user who has been deprived of his 'precious morsel' for a time, the cribber when he has a chance will lay hold of the first post or fence that he can get at. If turned into the pasture hungry, he must have a 'chaw' before eating. This is about all the 'light' I have obtained after eight years study. If any one has more, I hope he will 'let it shine.'"

Crops, Weather, &c., of 1860.

In an article reviewing the season of 1860, the Boston Cultivator says:—"In reference to this country, the year closed must be recorded as one of bountiful production, in nearly all crops. In regard to the United States and the British Provinces, it is probable that the quantity of breadstuffs of last year's growth was much greater than that of any previous year. But while the country in general has been thus favored, a few districts present a painful contrast. A portion of the territory of Kansas was visited by a drouth of such severity that most crops failed to return the value of the seed. In a limited section of the Valley of Lake Champlain, an unprecedented drouth prevailed, which, with the devastations of great swarms of locusts (grasshoppers) caused nearly a total failure of all crops except wheat. The section that suffered most, is comprised by that portion of Vermont bordering on the lake, southward of Burlington and extending eastward nearly to the Green Mountains.

"In a meteorological view, the season was marked by a dry spring,—affording an early and very favorable seedtime,—and excepting the drouth of a few sections, a general seasonableness of rain, with a temperature during the summer months, considerably lower than the average. The coldness of the weather through June, July and August, was the subject of constant comment, frequently accompanied by the remark that the luxuriant growth of vegetation under such a temperature, was a mystery. It may be stated in this connection, that in the British Islands and over a considerable portion of

continental Europe, the season was remarkable for frequent and heavy rains, with a temperature so low as to greatly retard the growth of some crops. The result of this wet and cold weather was to lessen the yield of the grain crops of Britain to a considerable extent, and to cause an increased demand for American wheat."

How Canada Prize Butter was made.

The winner of the Silver Medal for the best butter shown at the Provincial Exhibition, at Hamilton, C. W., gave the process of making it, as follows:—"My dairy consists of eight cows, which are milked regularly twice a day. I use earthenware pans, which are scalded with hot water and then cooled with cold water every time they are used. I let my milk stand forty-eight hours; I stir my cream every morning, churn twice a week, and use a box churn. I bring my cream out of the cellar over night and let it stand till the temperature is about 60°, then it generally takes from forty to sixty minutes churning. When the globules of cream begin to break, I put a little cold water into the churn, and continue to do so until the butter is well gathered. I have my butter tray well scalded with boiling water, and rinsed with cold water, then take the butter out of the churn with a wooden ladle, and first work out the butter-milk; secondly, wash it well with clear cold water, and thirdly I work in the salt in the proportion of about one pound of salt to twenty pounds of butter; after which I wash it again with cold water, and let it stand in the butter tray in the cellar till evening, then work it again and leave it till morning, then work out all the water possible. It is then ready to pack in the firkin. The manner in which I prepare the firkin for use is as follows:—I first put a handful of salt and one of bran into the firkin, and also one pail of scalding water, and cover it close for an hour, after which I empty it and fill with cold water, and let it stand a day, then empty and rub well with salt; the firkin is then ready for use. I pack the butter with a wooden ladle; when the firkin is full I put a cloth on the butter and cover the cloth with a thick layer of salt to keep the air from the butter. I use the common salt, rolled, and I consider it the best."

Putridity of Wells.

We had a well of beautiful water, says the Connecticut Homestead, soft and cool, which all at once began to taste and smell as if the dead body of some animal were undergoing the process of decomposition in it. We gave it a thorough examination by the aid of a looking-glass, but could discover nothing. We descended to the water, but found no animal or vegetable matter in a putrid condition, and we were forced to the conclusion that the water was of itself putrid. Having reached this conclusion, we set our wits to work to devise a remedy; we remembered that only still water became so. We thought the reason of the continued purity of the latter must be because of its continued agitation, bringing all its particles continually in contact with the atmospheric air when it absorbed the oxygen to the necessary degree for re-invigoration of any property lost in sustaining its teeming, infinitesimal life. Upon this fact we based our action and remedy. We hired a man to work thoroughly the chain pump in the well, working with all his might for two hours, during which time he scarcely diminished the depth of the water. It was not longer than twenty-four hours before the water was as sweet and good as ever. We believe that it was the thorough agitation of the water by pumping, extending to the very bottom of the well, that effected the cure.

Again, we now have a cistern filled with rain water from the roof, which passes through a filter in reaching the cistern. A week ago the water in the cistern became putrid, tasting and smelling, we can't tell how bad. We remembered the experiment with the well, and the supposed reason of its cure; so we procured a long pole, and thoroughly stirred it up, agitating the water as much as possible, perhaps working at the job fifteen minutes. In twenty-four hours the water was sweet and wholesome again.

Inquiries and Answers.

FIRE-PROOF PAINT, OR WASH.—Will the RURAL EDITOR, or some of the RURAL SUBSCRIBERS, inform me of a recipe for making a fire-proof paint, or wash?—A SUBSCRIBER, Champagne City, Illinois, 1860.

PILES IN HOGS.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL inform me, through its columns, what will cure the piles in hogs? I lost two of my best hogs with that disease the past fall.—E. D. STONE, Ninnington, Minn., 1860.

WILL TWIN CALVES BREED?—I have a nice heifer calf, twin to a bull, and would like to know if there is any prospect that I can breed from her? I have heard it said that it depended on which came first. If any of your numerous readers can give me any information on the subject, through the RURAL, I will be much obliged to them.—W. D. P., Florida, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 1860.

BREEDING THE HORSE.—Will the editors of the RURAL NEW-YORKER inform me as to the supposed quality of blood a horse possesses, and how much can be drawn from one in cases of sickness?—ALPHEA, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., 1861.

An ordinary-sized horse contains, on an average, from twenty to twenty-four quarts of blood, and he can better afford to lose four quarts than a human being can one pint. In cases of acute inflammation, we have heard of eight or ten quarts being taken—in fact, the animal was bled until he laid down, and this depletion was claimed to be advantageous, and would have been renewed, had not the disease rapidly subsided.

FLATULENT COLIC IN CATTLE.—A three year old steer of mine has been taken sick, and I send to the RURAL NEW-YORKER for an appellation of the disease, and a remedy. There is a very evident enlargement of the abdomen. The animal is almost constantly either in the act of lying down or getting up; there are gaseous discharges, and he strikes his belly with his hind feet as if in great suffering. What is the difficulty, and what the cure?—A. W. P., Ontario, Erie Co., Penn., 1861.

We think that the difficulty is flatulent colic, a disease which is generally occasioned by a derangement of the digestive organs, whereby the food, instead of being converted into nutritive matter and assimilated by the body, undergoes fermentation, and evolves carbonic acid gas. A considerable pain always accompanies it. We recommend the following prescription from DADD on the Diseases of Cattle:—"This species of colic can generally be relieved as follows:—Take one ounce of hyposulphite of soda, dissolve the same in a quart of water; then add tincture of ginger and tincture of gaultheria, of each, one ounce. Drench the animal with the same. Clusters of soap suds, to which a little salt may be added, should be thrown into the rectum occasionally. The belly should be well rubbed with coarse straw, and in severe cases, I should rub some mustard, moistened with vinegar, on the lower part of the abdomen. After a lapse of two hours, should the patient appear unrelieved, a second dose of the colic draught may be given; generally, however, one dose is sufficient."

TO REMOVE FILMS, CHAFF, OR FOREIGN SUBSTANCES FROM THE EYES OF CATTLE.—Noticing an inquiry upon this subject, in a late issue of the RURAL, and having had considerable experience, I forward my method. Take a fresh water clam shell, lay it upon the coals, cover with fire, and as soon as burned, take it out. When cold, pulverize, and sift it through gauze, fine lace, or sheer muslin, that no particle may remain to irritate the eye. Cut a goose quill at both ends, fill half full of this powder, raise the eyelid, and blow it in. Leave it to its own course, and it will do its office. It is seldom necessary to repeat the operation. Anything of less consequence will require less powder.—H. C. ROSE, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1860.

Rural Notes and Items.

FARMERS' SONS—The Best Business.—While busily engaged in opening letters a few mornings ago, (with over a hundred "sealed proposals" before us,) we became interested in the conversation of two prominent farmers, residents of adjoining counties in this region, who happened to meet in our office and renew a former acquaintance. One, a pioneer farmer of this county—who has wisely trained his sons to the pursuit which has given himself health, wealth, and advanced age—asked the other as to the family of a deceased friend, also an agriculturist. The reply was that the oldest son was in a store at M., the second in a store at A., the third in a store at G., and the youngest (too juvenile for business), was yet at home on the farm. We did not interrupt the conversation, but mentally hoped the youngest son would have sense enough to remain on the farm and become an independent, self-reliant cultivator of the soil, instead of resorting to selling tape, calico, &c., for a livelihood, in the hope of wearing fine clothes and becoming a merchant. And then our thoughts were so busy with the subject suggested that we lost all knowledge of the further conversation of the friends, both of whom are sensible and experienced, and have written many and able articles for this journal. Our thoughts took somewhat this shape:—Three sons of an industrious, worthy farmer, hope to live easier, and in better—or at least in more fashionable style—than their honored sire. They look upon farming as drudgery—upon the position and life of a merchant as one of greater respectability and ease. They expect to acquire a competency in a very few years, or to become so rich that they can retire. Ah, young men, you ought to consider that when so many farmers' sons are rushing to the ranks of merchants, lawyers, physicians, &c., the chances of attaining and retaining position or wealth must be very limited. (Right here we were interrupted by a call from a city friend—a professional—who, on learning what we were writing, thanked God that his city-bred son had not only concluded to become a cultivator of the soil, but had already entered upon and liked the business. And this reminds us that many city men ardently wish their sons to become farmers and horticulturists, in the belief that such occupation is surer, healthier, and more conducive to happiness than any other.] Young men should remember that, though a few—also how very few!—business and professional men succeed, the many fall of securing even a competency for old age, while thousands, who commenced life with high hopes, and better prospects than the three young men above referred to, annually become bankrupts, or die in poverty and obscurity! Let them bear in mind that the Farm is the natural nursery of Health, Virtue, and Contentment, while it guarantees a competence, if not wealth—and that, as a general rule, every young man who leaves it for the counter, desk, physic, or law, foredooms a certainty for an uncertainty.

THE RURAL'S PROGRESS—Large Lists of New Subscribers.

We have often asserted the belief that the RURAL NEW-YORKER had the most ardent, active, and substantial agents of any journal in the Union, and during the past month the truthfulness of the statement has been rendered more apparent than ever before. Did time and space permit, we could give figures, and extracts from hundreds of letters, showing that our friends excel in their efforts and influence in support of the RURAL,—but we can only briefly illustrate the subject at present. The clubs for 1861 are much larger than hitherto—and the large lists are by no means confined to this State. For instance, among those received or mailed previous to Christmas Day, we notice that Canada West, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Connecticut, are quite prominent. The largest list (over 400) was from H. BOWEN, Jr., of Orleans Co.; the second (368) from H. C. BINGHAM, of Brant Co., C. W.; the third from L. WARNER, Orleans Co.; the fourth from Wayne; fifth from Monroe; sixth from Steuben; seventh from Wayne; eighth from Yates; ninth from Erie Co., Pa.; tenth from Winnebago Co., Ill., &c., &c. [We cannot give the exact figures now, but shall soon publish (either in the RURAL or a Supplement), a large list comprising the names and residences of agents, and the number of subscribers obtained by each.] The best arranged large list we have received this season is that of Mr. BINGHAM, of Canada, who sent 353 names at one time, (he has sent others since), all in admirable style—for which our clerks vote an extra premium. Most of the lists are in good shape, but Mr. B.'s takes the palm.

Mr. W. H. HOUSE, of Yates Co., sent 147 subscribers in his first letter—of which eighty-one were new subscribers—all arranged in good order. He writes that the list was obtained solely by his own exertions, and accompanies it with an affidavit that all the subscribers, except one, reside within ten miles of his residence! That will do for one district in "Little Yates." Mr. H. closes his letter thus—"If any agent for the RURAL has got more new subscribers for the same territory, you will please send me his name, and I will forfeit a new hat." Well, we reckon several have done as well in proportion to the number sent, but can't yet say as to the territory—for each of the large lists named above comprise from one-fourth to one-half new subscribers! Indeed, the tenth one—from Mr. G. E. TERRY, of Winnebago Co., Ill.—is mostly new. Of the 106 subscribers sent us in his first letter, (84 of which were at one post-office,) over three-fourths are new subscribers. We are receiving many clubs of ten to fifty from places where we had only one to three or five subscribers last year.

—But we must stop, though we would find mention scores of instances of unusual and unexpected encouragement. We are proud of the RURAL's friends, grateful for their generous efforts, and trust our readers will be glad to receive this brief report of their successful action.

THE DOGS INTERESTED IN "SECESSION."—The Hartford Courant has this pithy allusion to the absorbing political topic of the day as connected with, or likely to affect, an important branch of home industry:—"The course of events at the South may cost three-fourths the dogs in Connecticut their mundane existence. If we have any trouble in getting cotton, it will be the clear policy of this State to kill off, by a peremptory dog-law, every animal for which the owner is not willing to pay a reasonable sum per annum for the pleasure of his society, and then cover our hills with sheep, and raise wool and mutton, instead of buying South Carolina cotton. Nothing but the sheep-destroying dogs prevent us from having a hundred thousand more sheep than can now be found in the State. If they only knew it, the dogs of Connecticut are vitally interested in 'secession.'"

THE BEEF EATEN IN NEW YORK CITY.—It is printed in a metropolitan exchange that the Annual Cattle Showless show the capacity of the people of New York city to swallow annually over 150,000,000 pounds of beef alone, at a cost to the butcher of at least \$12,000,000. The number of beef cattle received during 1860 was 226,747 head; the average weight dressed was 767½ cwt. The average price was \$8.15 per cwt., which is at least one cent per pound cheaper than in 1859, and one cent and a half less in 1858. The total number of live stock slaughtered last year in this city was 1,107,882 head. If they were placed together compactly on a road of 15 feet in width, the mammoth drove would cover 220 miles.

MORE PRIZE SHEEP IMPORTED.—The Boston Cultivator states that "SAMUEL THORNE, the well-known stock-breeder of Dutches Co., N. Y., who is now in England, has purchased of JONAS WEBB, at 210 guineas, the yearling South-Down ram which took the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Society's last Show. He has also purchased of Mr. WEBB ten ewes. We understand that they have all arrived safely at Mr. THORNE'S FARM. These valuable additions can hardly fail to make Mr. T.'s flock the nucleus for improving over a large part of the country."

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.—Late English papers announce the completion of arrangements which insure the progress of the International Exhibition of 1862. Lord GRANVILLE, the Marquis of CHANDOS, and MESSRS. T. BARRING, C. WENTWORTH DICE, and MESSRS. T. FAIRBAIRN, have accepted the position of trustees, and satisfactory security has been deposited in the Bank of England to assure the needful advances.

THE MEAT EATEN IN PARIS IN 1859 amounted to 56,507,021 kilograms, exclusive of game of all kinds, which amounted to 1,259,274 kilograms more, which, altogether, is equal to 177,003,242 pounds, all of which is taken accurate account by the Parisian police, who are in charge of this department.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CURRANT.

We published an article some time since on The Family of Currants, written by Wm. R. Prince, in which Mr. P. charged the English with neglect of this valuable fruit, and even with ignorance of what their neighbors, the French, are doing for its improvement. This article has received a good deal of attention in England. Prof. LINDLEY responded in the London Gardener's Chronicle, and we gave his reply in the RURAL of Nov. 3d. Mr. RIVERS, the celebrated English nurseryman, has undertaken the defence of his countrymen in the same journal, and below we give his article. We are compelled to believe that English nurserymen pay little attention to the Currant, as all who have ordered plants from that country will readily believe. Orders for the Cherry Currant cannot be filled, or are filled with anything but the variety desired, and we have known large orders for the White Grapes, filled with White and Red Dutch and half a dozen other sorts. This, too, has been done by those who were supposed to be the most honorable and correct in their dealings. Our nurserymen, therefore, think they have just cause of complaint.

MR. RIVERS ON W. R. PRINCE'S "CURRANT FAMILY." Mr. Prince, Flushing, United States, has quite a talent for cataloguing, if we may judge from his catalogue of strawberries, which contains the names of 158 select varieties, besides fourscore "rejected varieties," among which are "Myatt's Eliza and all his other seedlings." Poor Mr. Myatt! Mr. Prince's catalogue of grapes rivals his strawberry catalogue in the number of varieties described. I flattered myself that I had been for some years rather energetic in collecting and proving varieties of currants; but if, as you state in Number 36, Mr. Prince enumerates 60 varieties, I am, as compared with him, slow, very slow. The catalogues of the large French nurserymen for the year 1869, enumerate about 20 sorts, exclusive of three or four kinds of Black currants. I am, therefore, quite at a loss to account for the fact of my transatlantic cousin having got together such a collection of currant names. Some of your readers may not know that although currants do not differ much in their nature—for they are nearly all too sour—they do in their names, and so I will venture to give a list of varieties, all of which have borne fruit here:

- RED CURRANTS. 1. Red Dutch, 2. Long-bunched Red Dutch, 3. Long-bunched Red, 4. Red Grape, 5. Willow's Red Grape, 6. Victoria or Ruby Castle, 7. Prince Albert, 8. Knight's Sweet Red, 9. Knight's Early Red, 10. Knight's Large Red, 11. Champagne, 12. Striped-fruited, 13. Fertile de Pallua, 14. Fertile d'Angers, 15. Red Gondouin, 16. La Hative, 17. La Versailleise, 18. La Fertile, 19. Cerise, or Cherry, 20. Imperial Red, 21. Napoleon Red, 22. Cerise a longues Grappes, or long-bunched Grapes, 23. Gloire des Sablons.

- WHITE CURRANTS. 24. White Dutch, 25. White Grape, 26. Transparent White (Blanche Transparente), 27. Imperial Jaune, 28. Napoleon White, 29. Applon, 30. Cerise Blanche, 31. White Gondouin.

- BLACK CURRANTS. 32. Black Naples, 33. Black Black, 34. Black Bang-up, 35. Yellow Fruited, 36. Caucasian (La Causeuse), 37. Common Black.

Mr. Prince beats me by 23 sorts. I should like much to see his list, and I hope you will publish it in your columns so that we may dissect it. I could, I think, make up a list of 60 names, for I have about 250 seedlings, raised from the Transparent White, some of which have produced red fruit, and others white and yellowish fruit of varied characters. I might have named 20 or 30 of these, and thus have beaten Mr. Prince, but I prefer to be slow.

As we are reproached for having produced so few sorts of currants, it is perhaps quite proper that a few words should be devoted to the above list, to point out the origin and qualities of some of the varieties enumerated, and particularly to show Mr. Prince that he knows but little about English currants.

No. 1 is probably of Dutch origin, as I have received it from Belgium under the name of Rouge de Hollande and Rouge d'Anvers. This is probably the best sort known, as it is (for a currant) very full flavored when cooked, and a most abundant bearer.

Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 are all English varieties, more or less remarkable. Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5, produce large berries and remarkably long bunches; they are very ornamental, but on the whole, too acid. It is probable that the bright skies of America may improve them.

No. 6 is now a well-known variety, rather late in ripening, and valuable as succeeding the Red Dutch. No. 7 is a sort with no particular flavor or quality, except being much like No. 6.

No. 8 deserves much more attention than it has ever received. It is not sweet, but its acid is much less powerful than that of other Red currants, and this quality may probably be more fully developed if seedlings are raised from it. A Red currant, sugary, and yet piquant, would set our cooks raving.

No. 9 begins to color and becomes fit for use some eight or ten days before No. 1, and about the same time as No. 16, which is larger in its berries, but more acid. No. 10 is a fine large sort, giving bunches and berries nearly equal to No. 17.

About thirty years since, the Horticultural Society distributed cuttings of the Striped-fruited currant; this is No. 12, which gives pretty but small worthless fruit. No. 21 is either the same or a seedling from it, and was sent out at rather a high price by Monsieur Gloude, a nurseryman at Sablons, France, three or four years ago, and is also worthless. Nos. 13 and 14 are most abundant bearers, but intolerably sour. No. 15 is a remarkable sort; its leaves are so large and its habit so peculiarly robust, it would serve as a stock on which to graft the more weak-growing sorts, as half standards; it gives abundance of fruit, which are late, and so sour that the thought of eating a bunch forces one to make a wry face.

Nos. 16, 17, and 18 are varieties raised from No. 19, by M. Berkin, of Versailles. No. 17 is a most robust grower, and gives very long bunches and large berries. If it were less acid and like No. 1 in quality, it would be the finest currant known. It is, however, quite worthy of culture. No. 18 deserves its name, for it is a prodigious bearer, but like its congeners and its parent, No. 19, is too acid. Nos. 19 and 22 are both alike; they give short bunches and very large berries, which are very acid. Nos. 20 and 21 are alike; they give bunches and berries of moderate dimensions, and are not worthy of much notice.

Of the White currants, No. 24 is one of the best; No. 25 sometimes produces larger berries, which are paler in color; the tree is more horizontal in its growth than No. 24. No. 26 seems to be a seedling from No. 24; when highly cultivated it gives bunches and berries of a very large size, but under ordinary culture it cannot be distinguished from it. Nos. 27 and

28 are the same as No. 24. No. 29 is a curious variety with deeply cut leaves, which I presume are the attraction, for its small bunches and small berries are not so. No. 30, which should rival its red namesake No. 19, is a worthless variety, giving berries of the smallest size, and No. 31 comes under the same category.

Of the Black currants, No. 32 is by far the sweetest and best flavored; it is not, however, a good bearer, and seems to require a warm soil and climate; in this respect No. 33 is greatly its superior. Nos. 35 and 36 are names that tell in a list, for they count for two varieties. No. 35 gives berries of a dull yellowish green, scarcely eatable; a man must be in a dry, hot, hungry place, to enjoy them, and those of No. 36 could not be eaten by any "human" even under such circumstances. I have written this (I fear too long) article to disabuse your readers of the impression Mr. Prince might give them, that we English have raised but few varieties of currants, and know but little about them. It will be seen, on referring to my list, that we have originated as many (or even more) varieties of currants as our neighbors, the French, if we reckon, as we should do, Nos. 13 and 14, 19 and 22, 20 and 21, 27 and 28 to be the same kinds under different names.

MR. GLOEDR CORRECTS MR. RIVERS.

Mr. GLOEDR, as will be seen by the following note to the editor of the Gardener's Chronicle, considers Mr. RIVERS entirely at fault in his description of the Gloire des Sablons Currant:—"Mr. RIVERS publishes a very interesting article on currants, in which, however, I notice a mistake, which I beg to correct. Mr. Rivers, in speaking of my seedling currant, states that it is either the same as No. 12, (Striped-fruited) or a seedling from it, but equally worthless. It is neither the one nor the other, being raised by myself, in the year 1854, from the seeds of the old Champagne or Flesh Colored currant. The seedling tree is still in my garden, and fruits not only abundantly, but is well worth the description at first published of it. If, therefore, Mr. Rivers found it worthless, or identical with another sort, he cannot possess the true one; at any rate he has never been supplied by me direct."

WINE FROM NATIVE GRAPES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In the RURAL of December 15th, I noticed an article on wine manufactured from the Isabella and Clinton grapes, wherein you gave the Clinton the preference, but stated that that lacked sugar, and cane-sugar must be supplied, or we have vinegar instead of wine. Now, I believe it is generally conceded, that if we intend cultivating the grape for wine, we must rely on our native grapes, and new varieties raised from their seed. At Cincinnati they pretend to say that they have found this great desideratum in the Catawba grape, and that wine has been made from it, equalling, if not excelling, some of the best foreign brands. Here, especially, we shall have to rely on some other kind, from the fact that the Catawba does not ripen sufficiently well in most seasons to make a good wine. In this part of the State, especially in the towns that border on Lake Erie, the Isabella takes the lead at present as a wine grape, a large majority of all that are used for that purpose being of that kind.

Wine made at this place received the first premium at the N. Y. State Fair held at Syracuse. This was made from the Isabella grape, and without the addition of sugar. Mr. JOSEPH FAX, of Portland, is the most largely engaged in the making of wine of any other in this county, having a vineyard of some twelve or fourteen acres, mostly Isabella. This wine meets with a ready sale, and at remunerating prices.

At this place, in and near the village, some twelve or fourteen acres have been added to the grape culture (mostly Isabella), within some two or three years, consequently we are progressing, slowly it may be, in the cultivation of the grape.

In the next place, so far as the quality of different wines are concerned, some allowance will have to be made for what we term a taste acquired by the use of a particular kind for a time, and in order to maintain this in part we quote from LONGWORTH. He says,—"We have prejudices to overcome, for a prophet is not honored in his own country. We become fond of the flavor of particular wines from the continued use of them, as some of our citizens have of the bilgewater taste of the Spanish Manzanilla. Our domestic wines have a flavor of their own, and with wine drinkers accustomed to the particular flavor of other wines, it will require time to form a taste for them. It was so with our German population. For a time they gave a decided preference to German wines. They now prefer the domestic." And again, grapes for wine should remain on the vines until very ripe, "dead ripe," as some express it, and in case they are sound and well ripened, sugar is not required in the making of the wine.

As to the advantages of the country resulting from the cultivation of the grape in a pecuniary, social and moral point of view, I shall defer remarks to some future number. GEO. SHERMAN. Westfield, N. Y., Dec., 1860.

EVERGREENS.

At this season, when deciduous trees are all brown and leafless, the value of evergreens for protection or ornament is most apparent, and the importance of planting them most fully realized. Scarcely a dwelling in the country but has some exposed side or corner which a row, perhaps a double row, or cluster of thick-branched evergreens would greatly shield from sweeping winds, and at the same time, serve the purpose of an elegant ornament to house and grounds. As the time when the need of anything is most pressing is felt is generally the best time to calculate the ways of supplying it, it is proposed that we consider now, in winter, how to dispose our evergreen defences so as best to answer the ends of beauty and utility.

In the first place, nothing looks more stiff and ungraceful than to see evergreens all of one variety planted in a single straight line along the fence, parallel with the front of the house, especially if the yard be so narrow as to admit but one row of trees. Evergreens of the same kind are so uniform in their growth that if set in a row, they present a much more monotonous appearance than an equal number of maples or elms disposed in the same manner. But if they are to be placed in a row in front of the house, and there is to be a line of other trees also, by all means plant the maples and other similar large-growing trees next the fence, and the evergreens inside. As a rule, it is in better taste to have the smallest trees nearest the house. Again, if you plant double or triple rows of evergreens, avoid placing the trees in the several rows exactly opposite each other, but rather so that a tree in any row shall stand opposite a point midway between two trees in the next row. This makes a denser shield against the wind, and produces a much better effect.



SPIRÆA LANCEOLATA.

AMONG the numerous flowering shrubs that adorn the garden during May and June, there is nothing more desirable than the LANCE LEAVED SPIRÆA, (Spiræa lanceolata.) It is sometimes, and very appropriately, called the GARLAND SPIRÆA, and its slender drooping branches, when in bloom, are perfect wreaths of flowers of snowy whiteness. The shrub attains a height of four feet or more, with slender, spreading branches, and long, lance-shaped leaves, slightly lobed and toothed. The flowers are produced in clusters, or corymbs, forty or fifty in number, as shown in the engraving. These clusters are somewhat globular in form, and are produced on lateral shoots four or five inches long, the whole

length of the branches, and so close as to form a perfect wreath.

This Spiræa we cannot recommend as new or novel, but we can recommend it as worthy of a place in every collection of shrubs. And it is because that so valuable a plant is so neglected and seldom seen in gardens and door-yards, that we bring it to the notice of readers, our attention being called to the matter by an inquiry in another column. We had never seen a good drawing of this flower, and last season directed our artist to make an engraving of two or three of the clusters, exhibiting their form, manner of growth, &c., which we now publish for the benefit of all lovers of flowers.

But, whether your evergreens are to stand in rows, or groups, or singly, interspersed with other trees, be sure to give them room enough to spread out their branches as widely as nature intended. An evergreen, trimmed up so as to leave the body bare to the height of six or eight feet, is robbed of more than half its beauty. It should send out branches immediately above ground, and when allowed to grow thus, the lower limbs in time cover quite a large surface. One of the evils of planting evergreens near a fence is, that after a few years the longest limbs, those next the ground, must be removed; then, after growing a while longer, another row of branches around the tree needs to be taken off, and so on till the lowest limbs are above the top of the fence.

Perhaps the best, and as cheapest protection for a garden, is a fine belt of evergreens along the side or sides most exposed to cold winter winds. Some of the most rapid growing varieties, like the Norway Spruce, would, in a few years after planting, attain sufficient size to be of considerable use. Tender varieties of the peach, grape, raspberry, &c., would doubtless be greatly benefited by such a screen, while its presence would add a noble and striking ornament to the finest garden, besides attracting hosts of birds to destroy noxious insects and make the region vocal with their music. Indeed, some specimens of the different varieties of pines, firs, spruces, &c., arranged in handsome form, would, of themselves, make a charming winter garden. The rarest flowers cannot exceed in beauty and interest a collection of this sort, even in summer; and, especially when the snows of winter gather on their branches in such diversity of curious but always graceful shapes, the figures of the snow-blossoms varying according to the forms of the leaves and twigs they grow on, they present to the sight objects of surpassing loveliness. A. South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

POISONOUS PLANTS.

IGNORANCE of the true character of many of Nature's products, often leads to disastrous and fatal results. This is especially so in the case of poisonous plants, wild, or everywhere cultivated. Comparatively few persons know that the flowers of the Daffodil, the seeds of the Laburnum, the roots of the Scarlet Runner, the leaves of Fool's Parsley, the spray of the Cypress and Yew, the berries of Belladonna, and many other familiar plants, are extremely dangerous; how many a child has been poisoned by such things while the cause remained unsuspected. The common Acacia is now added to the list, as will be seen by the following extract from the Botanische Zeitung:—"Dr. J. MOLLER, in the Zeitschrift für Naturund Heilkunde in Ungarn, relates the case of a little girl, eight years old, who was made seriously ill by eating a fresh root of the Acacia tree, which she mistook for liquorice. The appearances of the disorder were extremely similar to those which result from eating the berries of Belladonna. A strong emetic of sulphate of copper removed the danger; lemonade and black coffee being afterwards administered. The next day all symptoms of indisposition disappeared, and only the depression consequent upon such attacks remained behind. The physician who was called in considered the following circumstances worthy of remark: Before being poisoned the child was suffering from intermittent fever, which did not reappear after the attack. It is, however, uncertain whether the fever was removed by the emetic or by the eating of the Acacia roots; if by the latter, the action of the Acacia would resemble that of Belladonna. Dr. MOLLER adds that a similar case of poisoning had occurred to himself in the instance of two children chewing fresh dug up roots of this Acacia (Robinia Pseudacacia,) but that also terminated favorably."—Gard. Chron.

Horticultural Notes.

COLORED PLATES.—You are, or mean to be, I doubt not, down on hedges, and, as a nurseryman needing colored engravings of fruits and flowers for the use of agents, I ask what is the use of their having but one sort of fruit or flower on a page, as is now the case with most of the plates furnished us, so that we must have a purse like a sub-treasury vault, (under not the present administration, I admit,) to buy a decent assortment, and then a horse and buggy to cart the book around after it is bought! Now, sir, I go in for less blank paper to these sad plates—less duplicate large fruits, and comparatively useless leaves and branches, so that a book of twenty-five plates of the ordinary size shall afford something of a decent assortment, which it is now utterly impossible to get with four times that number. Why not group the fruits and flowers—for instance, one plate of summer apples or pears, another of fall, another one or two of

winter—a plate of choice June roses, another of Hybrid Perpetuals, another of Bourbons, Noisettes, Teas, and so on, throughout the list. Let the makers charge more for each, if they wish, but give us some chance to get an assortment into portable shape. Respectfully asking you to insert this in your grumbler's corner, and feeling confident (with your approval,) of a speedy improvement, I remain—ANTY-HUMBVO, Oct. West, New Year's Day, 1861.

When the present horticultural editor of the RURAL took charge of the Horticulturist in January, 1863, soon after the death of the lamented DOWNING, he introduced colored plates in that journal, and every lover of art, as well as every judge of fruit, will acknowledge that no plates of fruits and flowers published in this country, either before or since, can bear any comparison to those given in the volumes of the Horticulturist when under his management. Indeed, Europe has produced nothing in the way of colored fruits to excel them. The color and growth of wood, form and color of leaves, &c., were given with the greatest accuracy, and such details were necessary for the information of the pomologist; but these plates were never designed for the use of nurserymen or their agents. We were, however, solicited to allow our engravings to be used in this way, and gave the engraver permission to supply all who desired, without compensation to us. This was the origin of the colored plate business. Dealers have since added to the number, and many of the plates are quite inferior, while few are just what we would like to see them. The improvement suggested by our "Out West" friend, who is one of the best nurserymen of the Great West, is important.

INTRODUCTION OF COFFEE TO THE WEST INDIES.—There may be now seen in one of the hot-houses of the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, a coffee tree in full bearing. At the beginning of the last century, under the reign of Louis XIV., a plant of this kind was brought from Holland, and placed in the Royal Garden, where it thrived, and several offshoots were obtained from it. One of them was confided to the care of a French naval officer, named DeClieux, to carry it to Martinique. The vessel became short of water during the voyage, but DeClieux shared his allowance with the plant, and kept it alive. On reaching the colony, the seed it produced was divided among a few of the planters, and it afterward became generally cultivated. Such is the origin of the vast plantations which now cover the West India Islands, and the warm countries of the American continent. The hot-house at the Museum, where this plant is growing, is kept by four stoves to a heat of 76°, which is precisely the temperature of the natural climate.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are indebted to A. FROST & Co. for fine Camellias, and to ELLWANGER & BARRY for most delicious Easter Beurre pears.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANTING DWARF PEARS.—I am going to set out a dwarf pear orchard in the spring, and I want your advice on one point. FIELD says, in his work on pears, that "if the trees have not been transplanted or root-pruned, select those of two or three years' growth, and plant them in deep, rich ground, in rows four feet distant, and three feet apart in the rows." * * * By pursuing this plan, they receive better care, grow faster, and are not liable to damage." Now, the ground intended for the orchard is a clover lay, seed sown last spring; but can be put in deep and fine earth before planting. Is it best to set them out permanently, in orchard style, or put them out in a garden for a couple of years, according to FIELD? His arguments are that we save the use of the ground for two years, and get far better trees than if set in an orchard at first. What is your opinion?—R. L. R.

Our advice is to plant the trees where they are to remain, at once. They will grow just as fast in the orchard as in the garden; in fact, they will never know the difference, unless you tell them. By doing this, you save the trouble of removal, and the loss of a year's growth; for the trees, as a general thing, make but little growth of wood the first season after removal. The saving of ground is of but little account to a farmer, for almost any kind of a low crop could be grown between the rows for a few years.

HONEY LOCUST FOR HEDGING.—I am in want of a good, substantial hedge fence, would like it ornamental, and, at the same time, defensive and durable. The Osage Orange freezes out with us. I have seen most beautiful specimens of the Three Horned Honey Locust—do you know any objection to them for a hedge? Is its wood durable for posts?—N. H. MARTIN, Binghamton, N. Y., 1860.

The Honey Locust makes a tree of considerable size, and when set close for a hedge, the plants are apt to die out from crowding. The late A. H. ENNS, of Cincinnati, who experimented with hedge plants for over twenty-five years, abandoned the Honey Locust, becoming satisfied that "it is not a plant which will bear crowding, or subjection to the hedge form." Others, and among them Mr. REID, of Elizabethtown, N. J., the well known nurseryman, considers the Honey Locust the very best plant for farm hedges. He says, after twenty years' trial, he is satisfied that "it is more easily kept, and better adapted for a farm fence than any other yet used." The wood is coarse grained, and is not durable.

THE WHITE SPIRÆAS.—Two years ago I saw, in one of the nurseries of Rochester, as well as in some of the gardens in your city, a beautiful white spiræa, with branches covered with snowy flowers, like snow-wreaths. I did not take the name, not noticing any other variety, and the next autumn, while sending for other things from a nursery, ordered a white spiræa. My plant has done well, but it grows larger than I expected, and the flowers are of a dull white, instead of that clear white that I had reason to look for. Now, I think I must have the wrong kind. Please tell me the name of the one that I have tried to describe.—JULIA G. R., Annapolis, Ind., 1861.

The variety you want is no doubt the Spiræa lanceolata, or Lance-leaved Spiræa. We had a drawing taken of this old favorite when in flower, which you will find, with description, in another column. What you have is probably Spiræa ulmifolia.]

Domestic Economy.

PRESERVING BUTTERMILK, &c.

OCTOBER and November is the time to save milk. Have an oak cask, or stone crock, scald it and clean perfectly, put in the milk as soon as churned, till you get the quantity wished for. Keep it in a cool, dry place, and keep it covered. When you add to it, if there is a scum, take it off. Keep the cask clean at the surface of the milk. Every pail of milk you put in add one quart of water, and stir it through. The milk will settle and the water rise on the top. When the water becomes acid, or there is any scum on it, it must be removed, then add the same quantity of fresh water and stir it through again. The milk will become thick and rich. When you wish to use the milk, after pouring off the water, stir and take out as much as you wish to use. When it has time to settle again, add fresh water and stir as before. This will save the buttermilk all winter.

It is not generally known that buttermilk, by adding soda or saleratus enough to take off the acid, with the addition of a little butter or cream, and then using the same ingredients as in sweet milk, will make puddings, fritters, or any kind of batter, equal to sweet milk.

COTTAGE TEA CAKE.—There are so many rich and superb recipes coming out in the RURAL, I will now give one that the most indigent may have the pleasure of enjoying, and an epicure would consider a luxury, if he would fast long enough to get an appetite. Pare some potatoes, boil them, and as soon as done enough to mash, take them out, pour out the water, put in the potatoes, with the addition of a little salt, pound speedily, add some flour, and pound in while hot, then turn on your moulding-board. Be careful not to have it stiffer than soft biscuit. Put your griddle on the stove, greased as for buckwheat cakes, roll out the dough half an inch thick, cut in small squares, bake and turn as buckwheat cakes. As soon as done turn them into a pan, and put on another course to bake. Now split, butter, cover, and so continue till you have them all baked. Take a knife and turn bottom upwards, keeping them warm that they may be saturated with butter. They are very nice and wholesome. H. C. Rose, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1861.

SOAP AND WASHING FLUID.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I copy a few recipes which I have found useful and economical, especially when the soap-barrel is found to need replenishing, before spring opens.

To make matchless soap, take one gallon of soft soap, to which add one gill of common salt, and boil an hour. When cold separate the lye from the crude. Add to the crude two lbs. sal soda, and boil in two gallons soft water till dissolved. If you wish it better, slice two lbs. common bar soap and dissolve in the above. If the soft soap makes more than three lbs. crude, add in proportion of the sal soda and water.

ANOTHER MODE.—Take three lbs. of common bar soap, slice it up, add two lbs. sal soda; boil them in two and a half gallons of soft water till dissolved.

WASHING FLUID.—To one gallon of boiling soft water add one lb. sal soda and six ounces unslaked lime; stir well together and let stand three hours, then drain off and bottle for use. To be used with common bar soap and will not injure the clothes. Newark Valley, N. Y., 1861. ANCOLLA.

HOW TO MAKE CIDER WINE.—In a late issue of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, I saw an inquiry as to the manner of making Cider Wine. A friend of mine has some beautiful wine made as follows:—For a barrel of thirty-one and a half gallons, take fifty lbs. of sugar, two quarts of old Bourbon Whisky, stir well, and bung it, leaving a small vent by boring a small hole through the bung. After a short time, say two or three weeks, stop this vent, and let it stand until about the middle or last of January, then bottle. Be sure the bottles are stopped tight. The cider should be new,—before it works.—ALFRED FISHER, Pawtuxet, R. I., 1861.

RED INK.—The most beautiful red ink used is made by dissolving common carmine in diluted liquid ammonia. The carmine is a preparation of cochineal, which may be produced by boiling ground cochineal in soft water for half an hour; then straining the liquor through a cloth, and pouring into it a little alum or hydrochlorate of tin. A beautiful red coloring matter soon precipitates to the bottom of the vessel; the excess of water is then poured off, and the precipitated matter is dried in cakes, thus forming the unrivalled carmine of the painter.

COARSE BREAD.—Dr. TUCKER, in the Maryland Medical Journal, denies that coarse bread is useful in dyspepsia. On the contrary, he says it relieves the constipation at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. He believes cold and stale wheat bread to be most digestible, and therefore the best for dyspeptics. How are we ignorant, common people ever to know what to eat, if the doctors can't agree themselves about it?

STOPPING CRACKS IN STOVES.—Noticing a call for a recipe for stopping the cracks about a stove furnace, I would recommend the following: Take good slaked lime and the cinders on a blacksmith's anvil block, sift them through a coarse sieve, mix with the white of eggs to a thick paste, and it will last a long time. Lime and cinders equal quantity.—W. W. F., Cascadaga, N. Y., 1861.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP FROM SOFT.—Seeing an inquiry in a late number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for making hard soap from soft, I send the following, which I know to be superior. Take 7 lbs. good soft soap; 4 lbs. sal soda; 2 ozs. borax; 1 oz. hartshorn; ½ lb. rosin,—to be dissolved in 22 quarts of water and boiled about 20 minutes.—S., Hannibal, N. Y., 1860.

CLOTH FOR WINDOW SHADES.—Will some one, through the columns of the RURAL, give directions for preparing cloth and painting window shades with oil paints, also the kind and quality of cloth that is best?—RURAL READER, Mendon, N. Y., 1860.

TOMATO CATSUP.—CEMENT FOR FRUIT JARS.—Will some of the RURAL readers please send a recipe for making Tomato Catsup. Also, for making cement used in sealing fruit jars.—B. P. A., Newtown Conn.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

DO YOU LIKE good, sweet, light, and wholesome bread, cake, pastry, biscuit, &c.? You can have it by using DE LAND & Co.'s Saleratus. It is perfectly pure, healthful, and can be relied upon to do any day what it will do another, and give perfect satisfaction. Sold by most dealers, and sold at wholesale by the principal grocers everywhere. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale, at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. FADED AND DEAD.

By Mrs. S. P. Haddock.

Where are the green leaves, where are the flowers, That brightened with beauty the long summer hours...

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE DEAD WIFE.

The best artist who ever placed chisel on a marble block had never accomplished anything so beautiful.

But one there was, whose sad heart saw no beauty in it all. Surpassing beauty might be revealed to others...

There are sorrows in this world wilder, deeper far than are believed, that they have entered the heart...

My husband, will you always love your MARY, will you think of me sometimes when the snow lies heaped and cold on my grave?

They took her from his arms, they laid her back on the pillow, and this was all. All! Oh, Heaven, if this be all, and naught beyond!

They took her from his arms, they laid her back on the pillow, and this was all. All! Oh, Heaven, if this be all, and naught beyond!

At the residence of her husband, Mrs. Albert Wilde, aged 18 years. A month ago to-day we announced their marriage.

The world never knew that it was worse than dying to part with her, never knew how he deluded himself with the hope that it was a strange dream from which he would soon awaken.

In our ignorance concerning the ways of the Infinite, we would almost dare to question the mercy which could take one dearer to us than life itself to the Better Land.

The Family. — The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth.

THE "BACHELOR'S RELIEF SOCIETY."

Oakland, Oregon, Nov. 27th, 1860.

Eds. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A well written letter I have just received from a distinguished lady residing in Bowling Green, Ky.

She informs me that she could come herself, and have accompany her a circle of excellent young ladies, fitted to act in the various capacities named, and especially as sweethearts and companions.

On reading the letter of my fair correspondent to two young and prosperous merchants in this village, they raised their hands and voices and shouted.

There is a world where every night My spirit meets and walks with thine; And hopes, I dare not tell thee, light, Like stars of love, that world mine.

Let Mrs. JAMES G. HANDY, of Bowling Green, Ky., rest assured that if she comes to Portland with one score, or twenty scores, of amiable, virtuous, intelligent ladies...

P. S.—Let any young or middle-aged ladies desirous of contributing themselves to aid and advance the interests of this novel, yet noble and humane society, communicate with Mrs. HANDY, at Bowling Green, Ky.

BE A MOTHER TO YOUR CHILDREN.

Be a mother to your children; be a companion for your boys and girls. The follies of the young are too often manifestations of the sins of the mother.

My ear is pained, My soul is sick with every day's report Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.

A mother! The fashionable woman whom we once met dancing wantonly at a city ball, when her only child lay at home sickening with scarlet fever, is not the type we urge you to copy.

LITTLE HUNGRY MINDS.—If there is one lesson we would impress upon parents, it is this:—Don't stifle your children's desire at proper times to ask questions.

Our life is determined for us—and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. PAUSE AND REFLECT!

HARK YE! for the winds are wailing, sadly wailing o'er the lee, And methinks they bear upon their mournful warnings to the free.

Have they swept around the grave stones of the fathers of our land? Have they caught the spirit whispers of that noble martyr band?

"Oh! ye heirs of blood-bought freedom, will ye break our golden chain, Will ye madly clasp the viper that would make you slaves again!

"We to thee, below'd Columbia! we to thee, our cherished land, When thou see'st a son of freedom falling by a brother's hand!

"Then shall tyrants hiss upon thee as thy reign of power is o'er; They will mock thee in thy anguish as thou fall'st to rise no more.

Shall the world's eye strike Columbia, famous land of WASHINGTON, As a weak and hapless babe that your bleeding father's wound?

Shall your sun be veiled in darkness e'er your day has reached its noon, Shall your boasted power and honor wear the sable pall so soon?

Shall your spirit of true freedom find upon your soil a grave, And the waves of dark oppression madly triumph o'er the brave?

No! the world shall look upon him, noble bird of Liberty,— As a harbinger of safety, as the watchword of the Free!

Will it vacillate? No, never, while the heavens remain above! But it shall live on forever, nobly great and nobly free.

Yes, and many who are writhing neath a harsh usurper's hand, May, with joy, accept a refuge in our broad and goodly land;

Where no usurpation darkens,—where no tyrant dares to come! Farmington, N. Y., 1861. A. H. B.

THE PEDESTRIAN—No. I.

UNDER favor of the Editor, I am going to relate to you, in these papers, some of the things I have seen and heard in my walks. You, my kind readers, will find our stroll sometimes taking us amid the walls and pavements, the wealth and poverty of the city; and, anon, leading us across the meadows, pastures, and brooks of the country.

Could I but leave the realms of sober Truth and walk in those flowery vales of Imagination, I could serve you such a banquet of wonders that all others would seem tame in comparison.

Every sensible man, as well as every good Latinist, must agree with me that Foot is the chief end of the Pedestrian, and of course everything which concerns the ease and comfort of that member, must in the same degree concern the Pedestrian.

After such an array of logic as that, let no one dare to criticise me for my choice of subject. "What's in a Name?" said the poet. "What's in a Boot?" says some fair reader.

More than a stocking, sometimes, I assure you madam. The subject may well commend itself to all classes of mankind who think. To the Antiquary, the boots of all ages might furnish a motive for years of collecting.

Now AND THEN.—Living was cheap enough in olden time. Socrates was supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but he lived worse than a slave.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things.

of that quality, they may betake themselves to the vendors of "Thrilling Romances," who, for a couple of dimes, will give them such a collection of ghosts, hobgoblins, and men of strange adventure, as shall transport them quite off their feet and render such a sober going thing as a boot unnecessary.

Whatever be the fashion, there are always many kinds of boots to be seen in the streets, for every one makes to himself a fashion in that. In the first place, there is the dandy boot, which is the model of the fashion.

There are shoes, long, short, heavy, light, good, bad, and indifferent. Shoes there are which tie, lace, button, and, worst of all, shoes with elastic bands. They are worn by all classes from dandies in pumps to poor students who are fain to save a few shillings by wearing cheap gaiters.

But there is also the sensible boot. This is always made of the best leather and costs the highest price. It is broad and loose, and respectability lurks in every wrinkle. The soles are long, but thick, and do not turn up in front.

If then you love comfort, reader mine, wear such as these and you may walk as you will, secure that no misplaced corn shall invade your well used foot, and with its small torture spoil your patience.

With good boots, and long walks, gentle reader, may'st thou defy the grim monster a thousand years!

INFLUENCES OF THE DWELLING.

We talk about houses, my friend: we look at houses; but how little the stranger knows of what they are! Search from cellar to garret some old country house, in which successive generations of boys and girls have grown up, but be sure that the least part of it is that which you can see, and not the most accurate inventory that ever was drawn up by appraiser will include half its belongings.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy and woe, Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart; Our eyes see all around in gloom, or glow,— Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

Now AND THEN.—Living was cheap enough in olden time. Socrates was supposed to have lived upon an income of seventy-five dollars; but he lived worse than a slave.

GOOD MANNERS.—Good manners are blossoms of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart, it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as in great things.

If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown!

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE TWO ANGELS.

By MARGARET MLIOTT.

I HAD sweet voices in the night, And lo! my room was filled with light. Two angels stood beside my bed,— One at the foot,—one at the head.

The one was calm, and stern of face, Yet clothed with a celestial grace. The other, fair, and sad, and sweet, Like her who sat at Jesus' feet.

The angel spake—"Come thou with me And list thou what thy doom shall be. Thou hast done evil all thy days, And earnest took the place of praise.

Of such the Master spake the doom "Whither I go ye cannot come!" "Nay," said the other, "he shall live, For much the Master doth forgive,

And much forgiveness works much love, And love to labor quick doth move. Labor and love shall thus atone For all the evil he hath done."

The voices ceased, and in my room The light still banished all the gloom.

Trembling, I bade my heart be still And wait to know the Master's will. The voice said sweetly as before, "Thou art forgiven, sin no more."

Since then I walk as though alone Yet seeing th' Invisible One, And with a witness of earth, Longing, I wait my heavenly birth.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1861.

THE WISH AND THE PRAYER.

"Lay me die," said a little beggar-girl, lying upon a bed of straw; "let me die; earth is fair and beautiful, but what availeth it me? I am but a beggar-girl, with no food, no raiment, no shelter, no friends to love and pity me; for, alas, who feels for a beggar,—let me die."

"Let me die," said an orphan boy, languishing upon his bed of rags,— "let me die; everything is beautiful, nature is arrayed in her loveliest green, but it only brings to remembrance the time when I was the happy child of dotting parents. Now I am an orphan, with no kind father to provide for me, no mother to bathe my heated brow and alleviate my sufferings, no sister to smooth my pillow and minister to my wants, no brother, nor any one to love,—let me die."

"Lay me down and let me die," said the wounded soldier, as his comrades bore him from the field of battle amid the deafening shouts of victory. "I die contented. O, my country forever," and he breathed out his life in the arms of victory. And when the dreadful news had reached the ears of a fair-haired girl, far removed from the din and strife of war, she clasped her hands in agony exclaiming, "O, let me die. I wish for life no longer, for he is dead who was dearer to me than life itself—the peaceful rays of the setting sun are even now smiling upon his grave, and the evening breeze singing his funeral requiem,—without him life is a blank,—let me die."

"Let me die," muttered a drunkard, rocking to and fro upon the cold damp floor of his gloomy hovel; "there is nothing in the future worth living for; my health is destroyed; my character,—the brightest jewel ever committed to mortal charge,—is blasted, and my mind is racked with unheard of tortures,—let me die."

"Let me die," whispered a dying Christian, casting her eyes upward, "O let me die; I can see the pearly gates, and I long to enter. I can see the streets of gold, the river of crystal, the unfading flowers of Paradise, the angelic host with their golden harps."

And then before his glorious throne, Who ruleth earth and sky, Sighed forth, like trembling music's tone, "Oh, Father! let me die."

And even the old clergyman who sat by her bedside, as he listened to the breathings of that gentle spirit, to the glowing descriptions of the "Celestial City" that fell from her lips, softly murmured, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." OMEGA. Columbus, Pa., 1861.

FEAR OF GOD.—There is no grace whereof I find so general a want, in myself and others, as an awful fear of the infinite majesty of God. Men are ready to profess and affect a kind of familiarity with God, out of a pretence of love, whereas, if they knew Him aright, they could not think of Him without dread, nor name Him without trembling. Their narrow hearts strive to conceive of Him according to the signifying of their own strait and ignorant apprehensions; whereas they should only desire to have their thought swallowed up with an adoring wonder of His divine incomprehensibility. Though He thunder not always, He is always equally dreadful. There is none of His works which doth not betray Omnipotency. I blush at the sauciness of vain men, that will be circumscribing the powerful acts of the Almighty within the compass of natural causes, forbearing to wonder at what they profess to know. Nothing but ignorance can be guilty of this boldness. There is no divinity but in an humble fear; no philosophy but a silent admiration.—Bishop Hall.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction and the soul with strength.

USEFULNESS.—How barren a tree is he that lives, and spreads, and cumbers the ground, yet leaves not one seed, not one good work to generate after him! I know all cannot leave alike; yet all may leave something, answering their proportion, their kinds.

If the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The Traveller.

LETTERS FROM CALIFORNIA.

New Series.—Number One.

The State Fair—Great Gathering of People—City of Sacramento, and the Sights—The World represented—Agricultural Horse Races—Exhibition of Camels—Political Displays, Fireworks, etc., etc.

SACRAMENTO, Oct. 10, 1860. The State Fair came off in this city for 1860. It was of eleven days' continuance! The great occasion attracted thither thousands of all classes. The city was too narrow for all the sleepers, but with warm nights, and a queenly moon, a blanket, and six feet by two of earth, afforded tolerable quarters for hundreds, accustomed to the rough and tumble of pioneer life. This was my first visit to this city; the second in size in California. Ten or twelve years since it was the hunting ground of the "Digger" Indians. Here, at that time, Capt. SUTTER had erected an adobe fort, the ruins of which still attract visitors, and also a quay on the river; and it became a kind of general head-quarters for emigrants coming to the country, and a rallying point for the miners after the discovery of gold. Now it is a city of 16,000 inhabitants, with several streets more than a mile in length, thickly built up, and commanding a large and flourishing trade!

I am not going to tell your readers much about the stock, and fruit, and mechanical inventions, all of which far surpassed in extent and merit my expectations; but something of "Life Illustrated,"—life in its wildest, gayest, merriest moods, as it appears in California.

The occasion was made one grand holiday for everybody. At every corner, "Brother JONATHAN" was ready with every ingenious device to catch an honest "bit." There were showmen and show-women, who, for two "bits," would treat you to a sight of real mermaids, and sword-fish, and electric eels, and tropical snakes, and American lions, and oriental monkeys, that could sit in a chair and use knife and fork, and sip water from a tumbler, and wipe their fingers (paws) upon a napkin, with all the grace of a dandy, or a disciple of Lord CHESTERFIELD. There were views through telescopes, microscopes, kaleidoscopes, horoscopes, and some other scopes. There were games of chance under a large canvas tent, near the entrance to the stock grounds, where any fool could get a chance to lose what he staked. The games were various, and, together with the stacks of gold piled on the tables, and the music that was perpetrated on the viol and banjo in the rear of the tent, it was not difficult to create an excitement, and scores would venture up, stake a week or a month's earnings on a throw of dice upon a doubtful game of painted pasteboard.

By 10 o'clock A. M., the streets would be overflowing with men, women, and children, all looking neat and tidy, and bent on having a "good time." There were musicians of all sorts,—harps, and horns, and hand-organs with monkeys, and monkeys without hand-organs, women with violins, and boys with accordions, rent the air distractedly with their instruments and their voices. There were dancers in strange costumes, and pretty Spanish girls with peaches, three for two bits, or jewelry to be raffled for,—there were Italians with bagpipes pironetting through the streets with troops of boys following them; and "Joans" (Chinese) with shaved heads and long cues dangling behind, topping in wooden shoes, with trowsers of blue, large enough to take in a whole family of Celestials; there were dancing dogs and jugglers performing remarkable feats, with plates and hoops, and brass rings, which they would throw into the air and catch upon a false nose like the horn of a rhinoceros,—there was a circus of wooden horses, and for one "bit" you could mount those wooden steeds and prance round the course, outwining the style of JOHN GILPIN, and coming out of it with far less kicks and scratches,—there were chariot races, where dashing women, arrayed in Roman costume, standing erect in Roman chariots, drove two horses each, around a mile course, for a purse of \$1,500, and there were present some 6,000 people—not to mention the thousands dogs—to look on, and witness the strife between these bold and daring specimens of the gentler sex! There were races between footmen, and races between equestrians, and the contagious spirit caught men and boys, and fired with the wild spirit (and quite likely some other spirits), they would ride galloping through the streets, as though the fate of the nation depended on them.

One day we sat in our window until late in the morning, noticing the various nations represented on the street. Jews, Christians, Germans, Irish, Celestials, Africans, Hawaiians, Mexicans, Diggers, and Yankees, all in hot haste to the great reservoir of human life,—the mammoth tent on the stock ground. We finally joined the throng pouring into the mel-strom, and soon found ourselves inside the Pavilion, where we stood so close together that we resembled the straws in a field of grain, head coupled with head. A sudden movement in the crowd would sway us to and fro, like a gust of wind, and then the feathers and ribbons would flutter like the poppies and wild flowers in a wheat field. The center was devoted to gymnastic exercises. The Society had offered a prize of \$50 to the best gymnast. This called out remarkable feats of strength and agility. They were dressed in white, yellow, and flesh-colored tights, and looked as supple as so many eels. The funny fellows would reach up and take hold of a horizontal pole, suspended at each end by long ropes, and pass their bodies first over and then under, and then over and next under, for eight or ten times in succession, with such rapidity, that they looked more like carriage wheels in rapid motion, than like persons! One fellow suspended himself from a similar rod twenty feet from the ground, by hooking his feet over the pole, then with his head down he hung a hoop on his under jaw, and another fellow placing the hoop under his chin, suspended his whole weight to the first, whose feet, still hooked over the rod, held up both! Another took hold of two pins in an upright post, placed his head against the post and threw his body and legs out at right angles with the timber. Here he not only supported his own weight, but allowed another person weighing 175 pounds to stand upon his ribs for some moments!

These and numerous other feats entertained the crowd for two hours, when the band struck up a stirring air, and all came down from their seats, and joining those on the ground, took up their line of march to dinner. "SAMBO" was there, of course, discouraging cracked music on the streets, with his bone fiddle; the learned pony, and talking birds, and fortune tellers, too, were there, who could tell you whom you loved, and who loved you, and there were sham battles acted, at which, after prodigious feats of arms, tremendous peals of musketry, and much waste of gun-powder, with beating of drums and waving of banners, the Americans always remained masters of

the field. The curtain fell, and we proceeded to see the Arabian Giant, who is 23 years of age, seven feet six inches in height, and weighs 442 pounds. He is of the finest physical proportions, not corpulent, a Jew, and is very communicative and agreeable. With our height of six feet, we could stand under his arms, and failed to stretch the crown of our head up to his chin, by several inches. He is a lusty looking chap—a fine specimen of the genus homo.

SIGHTS THAT PLEASE THE MILLION.

We flowed onward with the tide, passed many shows, stopped where fancy took us, and moving onward as inclination prompted. We visited the circuses and laughed at the clown—saw the fat woman, and the woman with a beard, and the small boy with whiskers and moustache, and men climbing greased poles with prizes on top, and we laughed to see the cunning fellows take ashes out of their pockets and rub the soles of their feet. We visited the open air theaters and saw wizards, mountebanks, horse tamers, and wife tamers. Punch was there full of glee, and only BARNUM and TOM THUMB were lacking to make it complete. But the camels—belonging to somebody—I cannot omit. There were 12 or 13 of them in number, brought from the Amoor River, and designed to be propagated and used as pack trains in carrying supplies to the mountains. They have not all recovered from their long sea voyage, and some of them are quite thin in flesh. Humps are coupled with high condition. A poor camel has scarcely any humps. A fat one has large, full humps. They were objects of attraction, and thousands visited these exotics at all hours of the day. From these we passed on and jostled our way along through a hum of human life, like the far-off sound of the sea, and through much edging, and pressing, and pulling, and persuasion, we made our way from place to place until night came, and the city blazed forth like an eastern bride bedecked with jewels.

THE PROCESSION AND FIRE-WORKS.

The grand feature of the evening was a torch-light procession of the Republicans, accompanied with speeches and fire-works. Never have I seen a longer procession, or a richer display of transparencies and banners. One wagon, drawn by sixteen oxen, had on one end a gang of stalwart men splitting rails and getting out tips for a Pacific Railroad, and on the other a blacksmith shop in full blast, making rails and spikes. Another wagon, drawn by several handsome steeds, had a printing press in full operation. The enthusiasm was intense. From every direction,—from tower and dome, from housetop, roof, balcony, and window—the lights flashed out, presenting a scene of enchantment surpassing anything of which I had dreamed. It was an occasion written in light. As we walked down Main street toward the point of gathering, where stern men were to address the thousands of citizens and strangers, we gave ourselves up to the current, and floated with the great human river (for it was like nothing else,) which rolled undisturbed through the streets. The evening was fine, still airs were gently murmuring a requiem to the departed day, and woman was there in all her loveliness to add lustre to the occasion. The speaking was of a high order, characterized by humor, logic, poetic allusion, and most persuasive eloquence. But the center of the lesser glories was in the fire-works. I never saw anything half so radiant before. It was like a grand fairy palace built of gems and gold. The streets were hung with globe lamps of blue, and green, and red, gleaming like jewels! As I looked over the place and saw the thousands of spectators who, silent and absorbed with the scene, hardly uttered a word, and saw everywhere around us this excessive, unnatural light, filling all the air, it produced an impression I shall never forget,—a sort of semi-joyous ecstasy like that which I have sometimes felt in dreams, as if I might suddenly awake and find it all an illusion. But the fire-works, which the sky rent with fiery darts, and great showers of red, white, and blue, came raining down upon the earth, and boquets of flowers, and sheaves of golden grain, entwined with flowers, and silver stars blazed up high in the heavens, putting out all the stars of Nature, and proclaiming to thousand eyes, the peace, prosperity, and glory of a country, whose rich inheritance is *unswerving Freedom*. It was a sight such as I never expect to see again; and so, tired, and yet entertained, I reluctantly wended my weary way hotelward, and gave myself to the embrace of soothing sleep.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

CHARLESTON AND ITS DEFENCES.



At this time, when one of the sister States forming our great family Union, has determined to leave the family mansion in a "huff," and carry off with her not only her own proper baggage, but all the family furniture and fixings that she may consider necessary to set up house-keeping on her own account, a little information in regard to her temper and behavior, the family property that she would like to possess, we know will be interesting to our readers. We therefore take pleasure in presenting a map of the harbor and fortifications of Charleston; and such facts as will give a proper understanding of the present position of things in South Carolina, will be found recorded in our News Department, as they transpire.

FORT SUMTER.

Fort Sumter is one of the most powerful military works in the United States. It is built on an artificial island, immediately within the mouth of Charleston Bay, between Fort Moultrie and the site of old Fort Johnson, of Revolutionary memory, and equidistant from those points about three-fourths of one mile. The ship channel leading from the sea to the city of Charleston is between Forts Sumter and Moultrie, and is entirely commanded within half range by them. Between Forts Sumter and Johnson the water is very shallow, only available for vessels of very light draft, and then only at high water. The artificial island on which Fort Sumter is built is constructed of the refuse

from the granite quarries of New England. Ten years were consumed in its completion, at a cost of half a million of dollars.

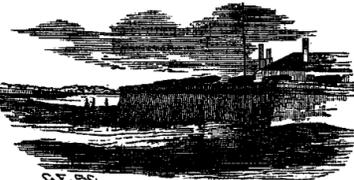
The fortification is of a pentagonal form, built of solid brick masonry. The walls are fifty feet in height, and from eight to ten feet in thickness, and pierced for three tiers of guns, besides having necessary loopholes for musketry, and designed for an armament of one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb proof case-mates, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette*—the lower tier for forty-two pounder Paixhan guns, the second tier for eight and ten inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and twenty-four pound guns. The full armament of the fort, however, had not arrived there when Major Anderson took possession, and it is fair, therefore, to suppose that all the available ordnance will be distributed throughout as judiciously as possible. It is thought that with the present armament of the Fort the guns would be capable of throwing six thousand pounds of shot at each discharge.

In a defensive or strategic point of view, Fort Sumter radiates its fire through all the channels from the sea approach to Charleston, and has a full sweep of range in its rear, or city side, ample to repel any attack from that quarter. The Fort is sufficiently out of range from a land artillery attack, so that all apprehensions for breaching it may be put at rest. The maximum range of the guns from Sumter is three miles.

This Fort is the strongest Fort of its size in the world, and could only be taken by starving out the garrison. It is conceded that it would require a continuous bombardment of six months with guns of the heaviest metal to destroy Fort Sumter, and then it could only be done, if at all, by chipping off the masonry piece by piece. This Fort commands the entire city and harbor of Charleston, as well as Fort Moultrie itself. It can only be entered by an enemy by the embrasures, which an attacking force must crawl through, one at a time, and hence two men at one of these could defend it against five hundred.

The fort at the present time has officers' quarters and barracks for seven hundred men, its regular war garrison. There is an ample supply of shot, powder and shells, for one year's siege, and a large amount of miscellaneous artillery stores. The garrison is amply supplied with water from artificial wells. The fort is now under the command of Major Robert Anderson, of Kentucky. The present force, recapitulated, is as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Count. Officers: 9, Band: 15, Artillery: 65, Laborers: 170, Total: 249.



FORT MOULTRIE.

Fort Moultrie is an inclosed water battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of about 300 feet, and a depth of about 240 feet. It is built, with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defence, either from the attack of a storming party, or by regular approaches. Below we give a rough diagram of the line of fortifications:

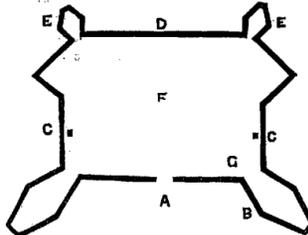


DIAGRAM OF FORT MOULTRIE.

A. Gate. B. New abutment, commanding the approach to the admission. C. Old sally-ports, now closed up with masonry. D. Portion of the moat already finished. E. E. Newly erected bastionette, commanding the moat. F. Furnace for preparing hot shot. G. Powder magazine.

The outer and inner walls are of brick, capped with stone, and filled in with earth, making a solid wall 14 or 16 feet in thickness. The work lately in progress consisted in clearing the sand from the walls of the fort; ditching it around the entire circumference, and erecting a glacis; closing up the postern gates in the east and west walls, and, instead, cutting sally-ports, which lead into strong outworks on the south-east and south-west angles, in which were 12-pounder howitzer guns, enabling the garrison to sweep the ditch on three sides with grape and canister. The north-west angle of the fort has also been strengthened by a bastionette, to sustain the weight of a heavy gun which will command the main street of the island. The main entrance has been better secured, and a trap-door, two feet square, cut in the door, for ingress and egress. The height of the wall from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the parapet is 20 feet. The ditch is from 12 to 15 feet wide at the base and 15 feet deep. The nature of the soil would not seem to admit of this depth being increased, quicksand having been reached in many places. The work on the south side is nearly finished. The counterscarp is substantially built with plank, and spread with turf. The glacis is also finished. It is composed of sand, and covered with layers of loam and turf, all of which is kept firmly in place by the addition of the sections of plank nailed to uprights sunk in the sand, and crossing each other at right angles—making squares of 10 feet each. The purpose of the glacis, which is an inclined plane, is to expose an attacking party to the fire of the guns, which are so placed as to sweep it from the crest of the counterscarp to the edge of the beach.

CASTLE PINCKNEY.

Castle Pinckney is located on the southern extremity of a narrow slip of marsh land, which extends in a northerly direction to Hog Island channel. To the harbor side the so-called castle presents a circular front. It has never been considered of much consequence as a fortress, although its proximity to the city would give it importance, if properly armed and garrisoned. There are about fifteen guns mounted on the parapet; the majority are eighteen and twenty-four pounders. Some "Columbiads" are, however, within the walls. There are also supplies of powder, shot and shell.

In connection with the foregoing, a brief sketch of Major ROBERT ANDERSON, whose name has almost become a household word in consequence of the position assumed by him at these forts, the details of which have been given in recent issues of the RURAL, will doubtless prove interesting.

Major Anderson was born in Kentucky, in September, 1805. In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure well set and soldierly; his hair thin and turning to iron gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him, yet he is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified. On the first day of July, 1821, he entered the military academy at West Point, whence he graduated July 1, 1825, taking a high position in a large class. His first commission was that of brevet Second Lieutenant of the second artillery July 1, 1825, and he was subsequently promoted Second Lieutenant in the Third regiment, dating from the same day. From May to October, 1832, he was acting Inspector General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War. In June, 1833, he was promoted First Lieutenant, and between 1835 and 1837 was Assistant Instructor and Inspector at the United States Military Academy. In 1838 he became Aid-de-camp to Major General Scott, and in the following year published "Instructions for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot, arranged for the service of the United States," which has been highly approved. For gallantry and successful conduct in the war against the Florida Indians, he received the brevet of Captain, bearing date April 2, 1838. July 7, 1838, he became Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, which he relinquished subsequently on his being promoted to a captaincy in his regiment, Oct. 1841.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third regiment of artillery in the army of Gen. Scott, and took a part in the Vera Cruz siege—being one of the officers entrusted, by Gen. Bankhead, with the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his despatch of September 9, says—"Captain Robert Anderson, (acting field officer,) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men, of coolness, energy and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion, we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First artillery, which he now holds.

This is certainly a good record for a soldier. The last service of Major Anderson, previous to his taking command of Fort Moultrie, was as a member of the commission appointed by Congress to inquire into the manner of instruction at the West Point Military Academy. The labors of that commission have already been laid before Congress.

HISTORY OF NULLIFICATION.

There have been ten special attempts to defy the authority of the Federal Government since its formation.

The first was in 1782, and was a conspiracy of some of the officers of the Federal army to consolidate the thirteen States into one, and confer the supreme power on Washington.

The 2d was in 1787, called "Shay's Insurrection," in Massachusetts.

The 3d was in 1794, popularly called "the Whiskey Insurrection of Penn."

The 4th was in 1814, by the Hartford Convention of Federalists.

The 5th, on which occasion the different sections of the Union came into collision, was in 1820, under the administration of President Monroe, and occurred on the question of the admission of Missouri into the Union.

The 6th was a collision between the Legislature of Georgia and the Federal Government, in regard to certain lands given by the latter to the Creek Indians.

The 7th was in 1820, with the Cherokees in Georgia. The 8th was the memorable Nullifying Ordinance of South Carolina in 1832.

The 9th was in 1842, and occurred in Rhode Island between the "Suffrage Association" and the State authorities.

The 10th was in 1856, on the part of the Mormons, who resisted the Federal authority.

GOD'S PLAN IN GEOGRAPHY.

The physical geographer now claims that the particular arrangement of seas, continents, mountains, and rivers, which the earth has received, is the very best that could be given for the purposes to which the earth is destined. As the divine wisdom is manifested in the order and adaptation of the parts of the human body, of animals and of plants, so there is an object in the particular shape the continents have been made to assume. Everything works in harmony with a divine plan, which we claim to be beginning to comprehend.

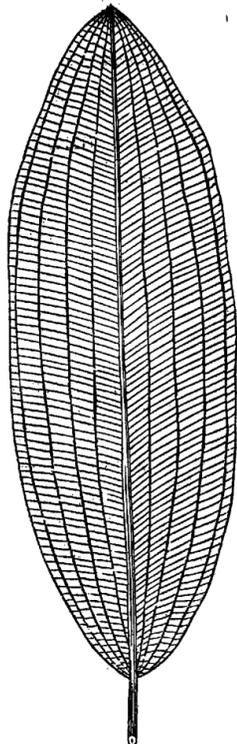
Change the position of Asia and Europe, and you would have ruin and death. Ireland, now always green, would have the climate of Labrador. Compare the British Isles, Norway and Sweden, with the corresponding latitudes upon our own coasts, and we see the dreadful consequences. Take away the Andes, which arrest the rain-clouds, and South America, that most wonderfully watered continent, would be a desert. Take away the Rocky Mountains, or change their direction to east and west, and we have our own fertile country ruined. Elevate our southern coast so as to change the direction of the Mississippi, and what mischief would ensue!

There is literally a face to nature, as there is a face to man. As we have our circulation of the blood, so there is the circulation of the earth's great heart of fire, the circulation of the waters and the ventilation of the air. We have yet to consider these varied shades of nature in their relations to each other, and to man and animal life. But we are not to stop here. The physical geographer claims that the influences bearing upon the intellect of man can be explained by the peculiar arrangement of the earth's surface. We know that civilization has marched from east to west, from Asia to Europe, and even across the Atlantic to the new world—growing and expanding in its course. We can see what has been developed in Asia and in Europe, and may predict something for America.—Prof. Doremus.

The Young Ruralist.

LACE LEAF, OR LATTICE PLANT.

Nothing is more captivating to the inquiring, youthful mind than the investigation of the wonders and curiosities of the vegetable world. ELLIS, in his work on Madagascar, describes a very curious plant, growing on the island, with a leaf like lace or lattice work. Its botanical name is *Ouvirandra fenestrata* Mr. E. thus describes it:



"The Ouvirandra is not only a rare and curious, but a singularly beautiful plant, both in structure and color. From the several crowns of the branching root, growing often a foot or more deep in the water, a number of graceful leaves, nine or ten inches long, and two or three inches wide, spread out horizontally just beneath the surface of the water. The flower-stalks rise from the centre of the leaves, and the branching or forked flower is curious; but the structure of the leaf is peculiarly so, and seems like a living fibrous skeleton rather than an entire leaf. The longitudinal fibres extend in curved lines along its entire length, and are united by threadlike fibres or veins crossing them at right angles from side to side, at a short distance from each other. The whole leaf looks as if composed of fine tendrils, wrought after a most regular pattern, so as to resemble a piece of bright green lace or open needlework. Each leaf rises from the crown on the root like a short, delicate-looking, pale green or yellow fibre, unfolding its feathery-looking sides, and increasing its size as it spreads beneath the water. The leaves in their several stages of growth pass through almost every gradation of color, from a pale yellow to a dark olive green, becoming brown or even black before they finally decay; air-bubbles of considerable size frequently appearing under the full formed and healthy leaves.

It is scarcely possible to imagine any object of the kind more attractive and beautiful than a full grown specimen of this plant, with its dark green leaves forming the limit of a circle two or three feet in diameter, and in the transparent water within that circle presenting leaves in every stage of development, both as to color and size. Nor is it the least curious to notice that these slender and fragile structures, apparently not more substantial than the gossamer, and flexible as a feather, still possess a tenacity and wiriness which allow the delicate leaf to be raised by the hand to the surface of the water without injury."

On a late visit to Philadelphia, we learned that one of these plants had been procured by JAMES DUNDAS, Esq., of that city, and was then growing in the tank of his fine Victoria house. With an old friend, formerly of this city, we made a visit to the beautiful residence of Mr. D., where, although in the centre of a populous city, we found a well kept garden, with lawn, walks, fountain, and a magnificent plant house—altogether a most complete establishment. Our friend gave us an introduction to the gardener, Mr. FROLOCK, whom we found to be a very intelligent and polite gentleman, willing to take a great deal of trouble for our gratification, and ready to afford us all necessary information. Any one could see by the sparkle of his eye how well he loved his plants and flowers. We took out our pencil and made a few notes and a drawing of a leaf, which we now present to our young readers. At first we thought our drawing rather imperfect for an engraving; but having observed in the *Gardener's Monthly* an engraving somewhat like our own, we concluded to place our drawing in the hands of our engraver. The description of Mr. ELLIS is exceedingly full and interesting.

How to FIND SUCCESS.—"That you may find success," said Rev. Charles Brooks, in an address to boys, "let me tell you how to proceed:—To night begin your great plan of life. You have but one life to live, and it is measurably important that you do not make a mistake. To-night begin carefully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your age, and then say to yourself: At the age of forty I will be a temperate man; I will be an industrious man; an economical man; a benevolent man; a well-read man; a religious man; and a useful man—I will be such an one; I resolve, and I will stand to it. My young friends, let this resolution be as firm as adamant; let it stand like the oak which cannot be wind-shaken."

DISSIMULATION.—Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perjury in age; its appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning, obscures the lustre of every accomplishment, and sinks us into contempt. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in our power to stop; one artifice unavoidably leads to another, till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, we are left entangled in our snare.

When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Home Comfort—James Morrison, Jr.
Crested Grape Vine—J. M. Goodwin & Bro.
Fort Edward Institute—Joseph E. King.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 12, 1861.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Affairs at Washington.

The committee on the part of the border States, Mr. Crittenden chairman, had a second meeting on the night of the 5th inst., and at 12 o'clock adopted the following propositions.

The line of 36° 2 min. shall be run through all the existing Territories of the United States, and that north of the line Slavery shall be prohibited.

The following resolutions were adopted on the 3d inst., as expressive of the views and feelings of the Committee of 33.

Resolved, That we recognize Slavery as now existing in fifteen of the United States, by the usages and laws of these States, and we recognize no authority, legally or otherwise, outside of a State, when it so exists, to interfere with Slavery in such States.

Resolved, That we recognize the justice and propriety of a faithful execution of the Constitution and laws made in pursuance thereof, including those on the subject of fugitive slaves, or fugitives from service and labor, and discountenance all mobs or hindrances in the execution of such laws, and that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States.

Resolved, That we recognize no such conflicting interests in the composition, or sufficient cause from any source for a dissolution of this government; that we were not sent here to destroy, but to sustain and harmonize the institutions of the country, and to see that justice is done to all parts of the same; and finally to perpetuate its existence on terms of equality and justice to all the States.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Times on the 5th inst., says that evidences of a purpose on the part of the Secessionists to seize upon the public property here, and usurp the Government at its Capital, have become so clear that energetic measures are taking to defeat their plans, and repress the treason.

Secretary of War Holt has appointed Capt. Chas. Stone, on recommendation of Gen. Scott, to be Inspector-General of Militia in the District of Columbia.

The Navy Department has received dispatches from the Commander of the Pacific squadron, communicating intelligence of the probable loss of the sloop-of-war Levant, which had not been heard from for one hundred days.

Major Anderson informs the Government that reinforcements are not needed at Fort Sumter.

A special dispatch to the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says: There is a much better feeling in Washington. It is well understood that acting Secretary of War Holt, and Attorney General Stanton, are at liberty to take whatever measures they may deem necessary for the public good.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Pacific Railroad bill being the special order, and Mr. Baker having the floor on unfinished business, the Pacific Railroad bill was made the special order for Saturday.

Mr. Mason proposed a resolution of inquiry that the Secretary of War give the Senate the copy of any orders issued from the Department to the officers commanding the fortifications in South Carolina since the 1st of November.

Mr. Davis offered resolutions authorizing the President on application of any State, either through convention or legislation, to withdraw federal garrisons

and take needful security for the safety of public property remaining, directing the President to recognize any State to keep troops and ships of war, and giving permission to all parties concerned by proclamation. Laid on the table and ordered printed.

Mr. Seward presented a petition of the citizens of New York, asking for the passage of the Pacific Railroad bill.

On motion of Mr. Gwin, the Pacific Railroad bill was taken up.

Mr. Rice then offered an amendment providing for another route from Minnesota to Puget Sound.

Mr. Polk moved to amend so as to make the route run from the mouth of the Kansas River.

Mr. Polk's amendment was agreed to. Ayes, 35, nays 23.

Mr. Bragg offered an amendment that the acts of the corporation be submitted to Congress and approved before the bill takes effect.

Mr. Benjamin was opposed to conferring the privileges of the bill on any close corporation. They ought to be given to any citizen of the United States choosing to take advantage of them.

The discussion was further continued by Messrs. Davis, Baker and others. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Sherman an amendment was adopted appropriating \$20,000 in addition to the proceeds of the sale of the old furniture, for refurnishing the President's House. Also, \$4,000 for introducing the Potomac water therein.

Among other amendments adopted, was one appropriating \$136,000 for the purchase of a government Printing Office, provided it be ascertained by the Attorney General to give good title.

Mr. Adrian asked leave to introduce resolutions approving the act of Major Anderson, and promising support to the President in enforcing all laws in sustaining the Union.

Several members explained their votes, when the resolution was adopted by 124 against 56.

The House then passed the Indian appropriation bill.

The House took up the resolution offered by Mr. Davis, of Ind., on Monday, instructing the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into and report to this House at any time, what legislation, if any, has become necessary on the part of Congress in consequence of the Secession position assumed by South Carolina.

Legislature of New York.

SENATE.—The Senate met at 11 o'clock on the 2d inst., when the Governor's Private Secretary presented the Governor's Message, which was read.

Mr. Spinola offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Treason, as defined by the Constitution of the United States, exists in one of the States of the Confederacy, and whereas, it is a religious, as well as a patriotic duty of each State, in its sovereign capacity, as well as that of each citizen, to make every necessary sacrifice for the preservation of this Union of States as they were united by Washington and his associates; and whereas, the State of New York is now, and ever has been, and ever will be, unalterably and uncompromisingly in favor of the Union as it is; therefore,

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the Governor of the State be and he is hereby directed, in the name of the People of the State of New York, to tender the President of the United States the services of the Militia of the State, to be used in such manner as the President may deem best to preserve the Union, and enforce the Constitution and laws of the country.

Resolved, That the Committee on Military Affairs be and are hereby requested to inquire into the condition and efficiency and available strength of the military forces of the State, and to report to the Senate at the earliest possible day, what legislation, if any, is necessary to render that branch of government fully effective for any exigency that may arise, and if requisite, that said Committee report a bill to raise \$10,000,000 to properly arm the State.

Mr. Spinola's resolutions, with parts of the Governor's Message relating to national affairs, were referred to a Select Committee of five.

ASSEMBLY.—The Assembly met on the 2d at 11 o'clock. The Annual Message of the Governor was presented by Mr. Doty, Private Secretary, and was read and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Annual Reports of the Superintendent of the Banking Department, and Auditor's and Commissioners of the Canal Fund, were presented.

Mr. Robinson moved to refer that portion of the Governor's Message referring to Federal relations, to a Committee of nine. Adopted.

Mr. McDermott offered concurrent resolutions deprecating the election of a sectional President, but denying the right of secession, pledging the power of the State to uphold the rights of the South, and at the same time to maintain the Constitution and the laws, declaring it the duty of the people to acquiesce in the election of Lincoln, and calling on the President to avert a national disgrace, the result of any act of violence that would prevent his inauguration.

Mr. Benedict introduced concurrent resolutions eulogistic of the conduct of Major Anderson, and authorizing and requesting the Governor to procure and cause to be presented to him a sword, as a gift from the State of New York. Laid over.

The Governors on Secession.

As the Legislatures of the various States generally convene on or about the 1st of January, and the Messages of the Governors are respectively handed in, it is interesting to note the expression of opinion upon the great topics which now agitate the Union.

New York.—The question is entered into at considerable length by Gov. MORGAN, but we can only make a brief extract, as follows:

The complications which environ the question of a speedy adjustment of existing national difficulties, are not the result of any new and unexpected causes, but are the slow growth of a generation. The events of the past year, among which is the significant disruption of the Charleston Convention in April last, have served to produce a more general conviction that there exists an active and influential class of politicians at the South, deliberately conspiring to destroy the American Union, and construct from the ruins a Southern confederacy.

But I do not question the sincerity of all who threaten secession; on the contrary, I accept the declarations of many as those of earnest and determined men; and while I have faith that time will essentially modify their views, change their purposes, and prevent them from rushing madly to inevitable destruction through the paths of treason, civil war, and proslavery dictation, that this patriotic commonwealth should not hold a position of indifference, but that we should deliberately consider our relations to the questions of proposed secession, as well as the duties which such an event may force upon us.

I fully believe that if justice and moderation shall mark the conduct of the loyal States, we shall safely pass the present crisis, as we have passed many others, without loss of substantial rights or self-respect; for I am unwilling to admit that there are madmen, either at the North or South, sufficiently formidable in power or in numbers to destroy the Union of the States; a Union which has been productive of inestimable good; a Union in which all sections and parts have contributed, in diverse though harmonious modes, to that common result of strength, stability and happiness, manifest to every eye, in every direction, throughout the length and breadth of this extended land.

In view, however, of the momentous questions involved, it becomes the solemn duty of the National executive to act with promptitude and firmness; the national legislature with moderation and conciliation; and the public press throughout the country with that regard to the rights of all sections and interests, which its vast influence and responsibilities demand.

Every State can do something, and ought to do all that it can to avert the threatened danger. Let New York set the example in this respect. Let her oppose no barrier; but on the contrary let her representatives in the Federal Legislature give their ready support to any settlement that shall be just and honorable to all; a settlement due alike to the cherished memories of the past, the mighty interests of the present, and the myriads of the future.

OHIO.—The Message of Gov. DENNING is long, and mainly occupied by State affairs. He recommends a more effective organization of the militia—the present organized militia only numbering 12,000, while the force required can be augmented to 200,000.

The Governor argues at some length on his course in refusing the requisitions of the Governors of Kentucky and Tennessee, for persons accused of aiding the escape of fugitive slaves. He discusses the question of secession, denying the right of any State to secede at pleasure, and affirming that Ohio remains loyal to the Union and Constitution.

He alludes, at length, to their aggressions, and says they have the power to end the strife and restore confidence. Will they do it? He awaits their response not without apprehension. He says our action should be based on the wrongs done our own people. He opposes a State Convention at this time, and suggests first that a commission of two of the most discreet statesmen visit the Legislatures of the States which have passed Personal Liberty bills, and insist upon their unconditional repeal, except the New England States.

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ected and secured; that we must be permitted to pass through the free States and Territories unmolested; and if a slave be abducted, the State where it is lost must pay its value. Fourth—by guarantees that the transmission of slaves by land or water shall not be interfered with. Fifth—a passage or enforcement of laws for the punishment of persons in free States, who organized, or aided in any manner, in organizing companies with a view to assault slave States, and to incite the slaves to insurrection.

THE Southern Intelligencer. THERE has been but little important business transacted by the Carolina Convention during the past week. The President of the Convention received a telegram, on the 5th inst., from Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, which is as follows:

"The citizens of New Orleans fully sympathize with the city of Charleston, in the perils to which she is exposed, and will not fail to support her when the occasion requires."

Mr. Hudson offered an Ordinance that all power necessary to make Postal arrangements and enact Postal laws, be vested in the General Assembly. Passed.

Mr. Curtis offered a resolution that the late Commissioners to Washington be requested to prepare, at their earliest convenience, a written statement of their oral communication to this body, communicating the result of their recent attempt at negotiations with the President of the United States for the delivery of the forts and other State property.

Collector Colcock advertises that all vessels from ports outside of South Carolina, must enter and clear at Charleston.

The President of the Convention has appointed Commissioners to Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas and Georgia. None to Texas.

In secret session, an ordinance was passed defining and punishing treason. It declares, in addition to former definitions, that treason shall consist in levying war against the State, adhering and giving aid to enemies; and the punishment is death, without the benefit of clergy.

An ordinance was also passed providing that all judicial power heretofore delegated to the Courts of the United States, shall be exercised by State Courts. And another, that all power heretofore delegated to Congress, shall be vested in the general Assembly, excepting that during the existence of this Convention, this power shall not extend to duties and imports, the Post Office, declaration of war, treaties with other countries, the rights of citizenship and treason.

The Richmond Enquirer of the 7th inst., has a long letter from Gov. Wise. His leading positions are for an immediate call for a State Convention; a prompt resumption, by the Convention, of all the powers hitherto delegated to the general government, as may be necessary for State protection, especially the position of the forts, &c.

The returns from Georgia indicate that a large majority of the secession delegates are elected. Forts Pulaski and Jackson have been occupied by the Georgia State troops, under the instructions of the State. But for this action on the part of the Governor, the Savannah papers say, there would have been effected a spontaneous uprising of the people.

Gov. Ellis, of North Carolina, has dispatched troops to seize Fort Macon, at Beaufort, the forts at Wilmington, and the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville.

The Legislature of Delaware met at Dover on the 2d inst., and organized by choosing Dr. Mortan, of Sussex, Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. Williamson, of New Castle, Speaker of the House.

Hon. H. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, was received, and addressed both Houses in a strong secession speech, taking ground in favor of South Carolina and secession, and inviting Delaware to join in the Southern Confederacy. He claimed the right of the Southern States to secede, and said if they were not allowed to do so, war was inevitable.

After the speech, the House adopted, unanimously, the following resolution, in which the Senate concurred by a majority:

Resolved, That having extended to Hon. H. Dickenson, Commissioner from Mississippi, the courtesy due him as a representative of a sovereign State of the Confederacy, as well as to the State he represents, we deem it proper and due to ourselves and the people of Delaware, to express our unqualified disapproval of the remedy for the existing difficulties suggested by the resolutions of the Legislature of Mississippi.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—There had been severe snow storms in various parts of England, blocking the Railroads. At Northumberland the snow was preceded by a violent thunder storm. The same phenomena occurred at the Isle of Wight, and in Cornwall. At the latter place the lightning did much damage, the tower of Kenyon church being demolished, and a woman struck dead in the road.

A terrible colliery explosion occurred at Hutton on the 29th. Twenty miners were killed.

FRANCE.—A dispatch from Baron Gros to the Emperor Napoleon, confirms the announcement of peace in China; the ultimatum of Shanghai being accepted and ratifications exchanged. France receives 69,000,000 francs indemnity; 4,000,000 being paid down. Emigration of Coolies is permitted. The churches, cemeteries, &c., belonging to the Christians throughout the Empire, are to be restored to them. A Te Deum was sung in the Cathedral in Pekin, on the occasion of the restoration of peace.

It appears, from a letter of Gen. De Montauban, the French Minister of War, that the Emperor's Palace was not sacked by the French army, as previously reported. On the contrary, nothing was touched until the arrival of the English, when an equitable division of the spoils was made, under Commissioners from both armies.

HUNGARY.—Political fermentations continue in Hungary. Count Teleki, a Hungarian refugee, had been arrested in Dresden, with a false passport, and delivered up to Austria.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Broadstuffs.—Market firm and advancing. Flour on Friday was firm at the full rates of 146 3/4 for cent dealer, with a fair consumptive sale. Really fine sugar, and choice coffee bring 13 1/2 over the quotations. Red jeans from 11 1/2 to 13 1/2, and white 13 1/2 to 14. Corn continues in active demand, at an improvement on the week fully 1 1/2 per cent. Mixed and yellow 58 1/2 to 60 1/2. White 58 1/2 to 60 1/2. Provisions.—York quiet and unaltered. Lard, with a few arrivals, is dull and lower, being offered at 98, without buyers.

The News Condenser.

- The lottery business in the South is gradually dying out.
The Pawnee Indians are making trouble on the Plains again.
It is understood that Gov. Weller accepts the position of Minister to Mexico.
Nearly eight millions in specie have arrived from Europe since December 15.
The white male population of South Carolina, over 20 years, is about 47,000.
Lord Palmerston, now aged 76, is the real, though secret, dictator of England.
The beggars in France are licensed. Any one begging without a license is punished.
Arizona papers praise their Territory as the best stock country in the United States.
Col. Rudler, the filibuster, is said to have been pardoned by the Government of Honduras.
The number of army invalids receiving pensions is 4,846 and the amount paid, \$438,066.61.
Concord, Massachusetts, has exactly the same number of inhabitants now that it had in 1850.
A panther was killed near Kingston, Cal., recently, which measured 11 feet 4 inches in length.
Soup Houses were opened in Philadelphia on Christmas. Only 11 persons called the first day.
The amount of our claim against Peru is \$160,000, and it may cost us \$18,000,000 to collect it.
The 240th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims was celebrated with eclat at Charleston.
The students have all left Madison (Tenn.) College, and the property has been levied on for debt.
Eight counterfeiters were captured at Jonesboro, Ill., last week. They are in prison at Chicago.
Victor Emanuel has had a magnificent reception at Palermo. Over 400,000 people were present.
Luther Cary, of Cooper, Me., lost his entire flock of sheep, 12 in number, by the wolves, a few days since.
The Government of Holland has completed its plan for the abolition of slavery in the Dutch colonies.
The Bank Commissioners of Illinois have made a call on the banks of that State for additional security.
There are but four post-offices in Minnesota, the incumbents of which are appointed by the President.
When Mississippi secedes, there will be no trouble collecting of revenue. She has no port of entry.
A scarcity of corn, amounting to starvation, is predicted for some parts of Alabama in less than two months.
Hon. Wm. A. Palmer, ex-Governor of Vermont, died at Danville, Vt., December 3, in the 90th year of his age.
In California, sewing machines are exempt from seizure—the same of mechanics' tools and farmers' implements.
The badges which the secessionists are wearing about Washington and the South, are made in New England.
Sorghum molasses was very extensively made in New Jersey, last year, with a great improvement in its quality.
The Florence correspondent of the Providence Journal says that 80 American families are domiciled in that city.
The steamship Northern Light, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York, on the 3d, with nearly \$1,500,000 in specie.
The N. Y. Tribune states that, within a month, 3,000 slaves have been taken from vessels fitted out at that port.
Daniel Ayre, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Herkimer Co. Journal, at Little Falls, died in that village, on the 1st inst.
During the past season, nine fishing vessels and seventy-five fishermen have been lost from the port of Gloucester, Maine.
A Fair for the benefit of the Sailors' Snug Harbor, at Boston, last week, realized \$13,000. That will do for a panic season.
Twenty-five thousand pounds sterling have been raised and expended in building a tabernacle for Mr. Spurgeon, in London.
Vermont will retain her three members of Congress under the new apportionment—the third through a large fraction.
Geo. Cardwell, a colored man, who was a member of the Liberator Congress, is now steward of the St. Charles Hotel, at Keokuk.
A little boy, who was bitten by a dog in Norwich, Ct., last summer, died from the poisonous effects of the wound, on the 10th.
Strange panthers had better not go to Richmond, Va., as the Mayor is now empowered to send them to work in the chain-gang.
William McGregor, a lunatic, killed himself, on Tuesday week, by jumping from the mast-head of a propeller, at Chicago, Ill.
A little daughter of J. O. Williams of Winchester, Mass., was smothered to death by being wrapped too closely in bed, on Sunday week.
A sick man was fatally burned in Philadelphia, a day or two ago, by his bed taking fire in a hot brick placed in it to warm his feet.
Muskets, numbering 300,000, from Springfield armory, have been distributed in Southern States by the Secretary of War, the past year.
A telegraph operator in Louisville, Ky., received 133 words on Saturday week, in two and a half minutes—a feat never before equaled.
Daniel McGrath, 110 years old, 6 feet 6 inches high, husband of two wives, and father of 18 children, died last week at Montreal, C. E.
The first premium at the State Fair of Wisconsin, for an elegant work stand, was recently awarded to an inmate of the State Prison of that State.
It has been ascertained that the number of horses taxed in the State of Virginia is 352,000, and that their value is estimated to be \$24,000,000.
In the Memphis market, cotton is a drug. The amount of the staple at that point alone is estimated to be of the value of three million dollars.
At the top of the mast of a vessel lately wrecked off Deal, England, is a sea gull's nest, which, with the aid of a glass, is visible from the beach.
It is a very significant fact that Massachusetts five per cent. stocks bring in England from one to two per cent. more than United States six per cent.
It is proposed to construct in Paris a magnificent Turkish mosque and a Turkish hotel. The object is to attract as many Mussulman travelers as possible.
Forty-two of the county treasurers of Illinois are a little "faultry" in their accounts, and will be proceeded against by the State authorities.
Five hundred spars have been got out this season in Saginaw Co., Mich., for English ship builders. For choice lumber Saginaw is not surpassed.
It is four thousand miles from Cape Race to San Francisco, and news has traveled this distance in the almost miraculously short time of nine days.
Miss Sarah Johnson is under arrest in Detroit under charge of stealing five dollars from one lover to pay the minister for marrying her to another.
The Province of New Brunswick contains fifteen million acres of land not yet cleared, about ten millions of which are still in the hands of the government.
Advices from Tepic, in Western Mexico, state that the large American cotton factory at Santiago, near Tepic, had been destroyed by the Tosa Indians.
The value of goods imported into Montreal, in the last eleven months, is \$15,106,000, or \$248,000 less than in the corresponding months the previous year.
In Philadelphia there are swindlers who watch the obituary columns of the newspapers, and gain a livelihood by presenting fraudulent claims to survivors.
The whole cost of the pleuro-pneumonia affair to Massachusetts, is \$62,000, of which \$38,000 were paid for dead cattle, and \$24,000 to living legislators.

The Publisher to the Public.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

EXPLANATORY.—The last of this week's RURAL is put to press a day later than usual, (as was last week's) in consequence of the delay incident upon enlarging the paper, changing to new material, and printing an enormous edition. Our printers and pressmen are working extra hours, (the steam presses running night and day,) in order to get "up to time," and we hope the next number will be issued and mailed in the season.

THE CURRENCY of several Western States is greatly depreciated, just now, while exchange on the East is exorbitant in many localities. In answer to inquiries from Western Agents, we would say that we will abide by our announcement as to "The Money we Receive," (see item below,) yet hope they will do the best they can in remitting. Our best choice is drafts on New York, &c., (less reasonable exchange,) or New York or New England money; next, Canada, Ohio, and Michigan bills; and last (if our friends can do no better,) bills on the best solvent banks of other States. Postage stamps are good for fractional or any amounts.

THE BOOKS READY.—The books we offer as Specific Premiums are now ready for delivery or mailing, and will be promptly forwarded to all who become entitled to them—or as soon as we know their wishes. Those who are offered a Selection will oblige us by stating their preferences, and giving Post-Office or Express address.

THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and need no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

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

THE DOCUMENTS FREE.—Specimen numbers of our new volume will be sent free to all applicants. We shall take pleasure in also sending, free and post-paid, our large Show-Bill for 1881 (beautifully colored by hand.) Prospectus, &c., to any and all persons disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Reader, please send us the addresses of such of your friends, near or distant, as you think would be likely to subscribe or act as agents, and we will forward the documents accordingly.

LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL write their full names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about other people's errors. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are not attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge us with their sins of omission, &c.

THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER AS A PRESENT.—In cases where a subscriber sends the RURAL to a friend or relative as a present, we only charge the lowest club rate—\$1.25 per year. Our lowest price for copies thus sent to Canada is \$1.50, and to Europe \$2.25. Many are ordering this volume as a New Year's Present to distant friends, thinking it a most valuable gift, and it is certainly one which will remind the recipient fifty-two times of the kind remembrance of the donor.

CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1881 and a yearly copy of either The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, or any other \$3 magazine, for \$4. The RURAL and either The Horticulturalist, Honey's Magazine, Artisan's Magazine, or any other \$2 magazine, for \$3. Canadian subscribers must add the American postage.

ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

IN consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on Monday to secure insertion the same week.

Special Notices.

BRONCHIAL COMPLAINTS, &c.

REV. D. P. LYVENOR, Editor of the Chicago New Covenant, says of Brown's Bronchial Troches:—"We have frequently had occasion to test the efficacy of Brown's Bronchial Troches, and have invariably found them to answer the purpose for which they are recommended. From our own personal experience and observation, we know them to be a superior remedy for colds, coughs, and bronchial complaints."

NOTE.—We publish the above statement as reading matter, because we have confidence in the Troches, having tried them frequently, and always with success.—Cincinnati Christian Herald.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Jan. 9, 1881.

The usual dullness which follows the Holidays is very perceptible at present, and consequently there is but little change in prices, and transactions are light. FLOUR is as last quoted, and the supply of the retail demand is all that is doing by our millers. GRAIN.—The only change is in Rye, which has advanced a few cents per bushel. MEATS.—Beef is a little better in price, and prime will readily bring \$6.00 per 100 pounds. Pork is readily taken at our quotations. Shoulders are drooping. Lard is in a little brisker demand, and is 1 cent per pound better price.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Table listing prices for Flour, Corn, Rye, Wheat, and other commodities. Columns include item name and price per unit.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—The market continues dull and inactive, and since our last the only sales we hear of are some 15,000 lbs. fleeces and a small lot of California, on terms not made public. In foreign we hear of nothing doing. We quote nominally:

Table listing wool market prices for American Saxony Fleeces, Merino, and other types. Columns include item name and price.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—FLOUR—Market is 10c better, with only a limited export demand. Sales at \$3.25, \$3.25, \$3.25 for superfine; \$3.50, \$3.50 for common to medium extra; \$3.75, \$3.75 for choice to shipping brands round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Holders are generally little more disposed to realize than a Canadian dull and a shade easier; sales at \$3.00, \$3.25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN.—The export demand scarcely so active, and market was quoted a shade easier. The firmness of freights naturally check shipping demand. Sales Chicago spring wheat at \$1.15.

1881. 23. 23. Milwaukee club at \$1.25; prime and choice winter Western at \$1.25; choice Michigan at \$1.25; choice Canada at \$1.25 delivered; white Southern at \$1.45; white damaged Corn at \$1.60. Rye quiet at 70¢. Barley nominal at 60¢. Corn heavy; heavy only moderate demand for export and for sale. Sales at 66¢ for mixed Western; 64¢ for mixed delivered. Oats in only moderate request at 40¢.

ASSAYS.—The market for Pot of the new inspection of 1881 has opened at \$3, at which we notice sales of 100 tons since the opening of the year, and which done in Paris, there are, as yet, none of the new brand offering.

ALBANY, Jan. 7.—FLOUR.—There is no new feature to notice; the demand is moderate, and prices are unchanged. Buckwheat flour and corn meal are unchanged.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.—FLOUR.—There is no new feature to notice; the demand is moderate, and prices are unchanged. Buckwheat flour and corn meal are unchanged.

TORONTO, Jan. 5.—FLOUR.—There is a moderate inquiry for desirable lots of flour, but complete absence of stock is an effective barrier to business. The following may therefore be regarded as nominal:

Table listing flour prices in Toronto. Columns include item name and price.

TORONTO, Jan. 5.—The receipts this week were much smaller than last, and the competition was less active. The entire receipt did not exceed 600 bushels. The market was not very active. Light hogs (weighing from 100 to 150 lbs.) brought from \$4.25 to \$4.75; medium hogs (weighing from 150 to 200 lbs.) from \$3.75 to \$4.25; heavy hogs (from 200 lbs. upwards) \$4.75 to \$5.10.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 3.—Under the operation of increased receipts and offerings for future delivery, the market has been depressed, prices declining fully 5¢ general, closing rather quiet at \$2.00, according to quality.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Table listing cattle market prices for various grades of beef, veal, and sheep. Columns include item name and price.

ALBANY, Jan. 7.—BEVES.—The receipts here and the quality exceeding good. But little doing, except in lots of a car load each, and at retail. Prices have declined 5¢ since last week. Beef and veal are being over 5¢, except a few pairs and single bullocks, which brought 5¢.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 10c to the car:

Table comparing receipts at the Central Railroad market. Columns include item name and quantity.

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Table comparing receipts at the Central Railroad market. Columns include item name and quantity.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 2.—At market 622 cattle, about 500 hogs and 92 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three year olds.

BEVES.—Prices, extra, \$5.00; first quality, \$5.00; ordinary quality, \$4.75; second quality, \$4.50; third quality, \$4.25; fourth quality, \$4.00.

WORKING OXEN.—\$7.50 to \$10.00. COWS AND CALVES.—\$2.50 to \$5.00. SHEEP AND LAMBS.—\$1.00 to \$2.00.

BRIGHTON, Jan. 3.—At market—976 Beef Cattle, 330 Stores, 1,600 Sheep and Lambs, and 275 Swine.

BEVES.—Prices, extra, \$7.50; 1st quality, \$6.75; 2nd quality, \$6.00; 3rd quality, \$5.25; 4th quality, \$4.50.

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Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50¢ cents per line per day. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER commences its Twelfth Year and Volume with an edition of over SEVENTY THOUSAND! Though the columns are wider than formerly (giving more words per line), and the circulation much larger, we do not purpose to increase the Advertising Rates before the 1st of March or April, when they will probably be advanced to 50 cts. a line.

THE PORTO GRAPE.—The Wine Grape of America. Sent for a Circular. B. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

THE MOST SPLENDID CHANCES EVER offered Agents and NO HOME! Particulars mailed FREE. Address Box 382, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE CRAWFORD COUNTY RECORD, publishing in the best advertising mediums in Western Pennsylvania. Try it.

FARM WANTED ON SHARES, or would undertake the management of a farm for wages. Address 174 West 12th Street, New York.

NURSERY STOCKS FOR SALE. 150,000 first quality Apple Seedlings. 50,000 Quince Stocks. BENJAMIN BUSH, West End Nursery, Rochester, N. Y.

\$150 PER MONTH AND NO HUSBAND. Medicine or Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address: J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

TO NURSERYMEN.—Grafting Knives, made expressly to order, and warranted, at No. 3 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y. N. B. PHELPS.

ONLY FIFTY CENTS! ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE Good Templar, The official organ of the order, is only FIFTY CENTS!

Those desiring a live, wide-awake, temperance paper, should address B. H. MILLS, Upper Allen Hill, N. Y.

110 EDUCATION—EXCELLENCE—110 with Economy. Examine the claims of the Fort Edward Institute, at Fort Edward, Washington Co., N. Y.

A BOOK WHICH SHOULD BE PURCHASED.—THE ILLUSTRATED HORSE DOCTOR. Being an accurate and detailed account of the various Diseases to which the equine race are subjected; together with the latest Mode of Treatment, and all the requisite Prescriptions.

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE. CONVERTS THE Poorest Hay or Straw INTO A SUPERIOR PROVENDER.

"CREVELING" GRAPE VINES. This Subscriber has for sale "CREVELING" GRAPE VINES (for plate of which see "Horticulturalist" of November, 1880.)

THE CROWNING POINT REACHED IN 1860. Years the Public have desired just what the Inventor has achieved in the NEW AND BEAUTIFUL COOKING STOVE.

THE HOME COMFORT. It is so perfect in all its parts, and made so completely airtight, that even the damper and draft-door are water-tight.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."—Edited by Marie Louise Hankins. A Mammoth PICTORIAL of 65 columns each nearly 2 FEET long, with over 200,000 constant illustrations, and the BEST Family Paper in the World, for only SIXTY CENTS a Year.

"WOMEN OF NEW YORK."—A Curious new Full Page PORTRAITS and SKETCHES of Thirty-Six LIVING WOMEN. 127 Spiritual Mediums, Shop Girls, Lap Dogs, Moch-walkers, &c.

A DAY.—Good Agents Wanted everywhere. Female, School Teachers, Post-Masters, Clergymen, and others. Address MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., 574

TO PERSONS ABOUT Building. A. J. WARNER, Architect, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Getz, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents WANTED. [30] SHAW & CLARK, Bidsford, Maine.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS. Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices. We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oil, Paint, Glass, Putty, Doors, Blinds, Hoses, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoers, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention.

AMERICAN GUANO. FROM JARVIS & BAKERS ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY, Office, 86 York Street, NEW YORK.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION.—Something New. Office, No. 7 Mansion House Block, 38 State Street, Rochester, N. Y. [225-4] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORFORD, Breeders of pure Short-horn and Albany Cattle, South Down and Silurian Sheep, Suffolk and Essex Pigs, Rochester, N. Y. 573-4

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. 505 Broadway, New York.

TIME—Page's Perpetual Alend, Patented July 1, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2 1/2 cords of wood, or 1 1/2 tons of coal, will burn one month. Address [434-4] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

SCIONS.—200,000 Scions of 50 leading sorts of Fruit.

HOW TO OBTAIN PATENTS on Rejected Applications, and in other cases. Send for Circular. J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE.—A Farm of 100 acres within sight of the pleasant village of Palmyra, is offered for sale. Terms made easy. Inquire of J. PHILIP, on the premises.

APPLE GRAFTS.—400,000 Apples, root grafted, for sale in Spring, at \$5 per 1,000 when 10,000 or over are taken. Less amount, \$6 per 1,000. FAHNESTOCK & BAKER, Toledo, O.

THE HORTICULTURIST is the best Magazine of its kind in America. Every admirer of FLOWERS, FRUITS, BEAUTIFUL GARDENS, PLEASANT HOMES, &c., should subscribe for it.

STAR OF THE PRESS. 1861. "GREAT IN MOUTH OF WISEST CENSURE."

THE NEW YORK MERCURY FOR THE NEW YEAR. In accordance with a time-honored custom, the publishers of the President and Vice-President of the United States, &c., weekly in the world, make the opening of a New Year the occasion for issuing a comprehensive prospective prospectus bulletin.

Although the patriarch of the weekly press being now in its twenty-third year, the Mercury teams with the fire and vigor of youth, as well as with the wisdom and dignity of mature years. The present issue is a volume of literature, enriched with the entrancing masterpieces of the greatest romancers in the world—glittering with the brilliant wit and humor of the sharpest pens of the time—abundantly garnished with the rarest gems of native poetry—overflowing with thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B., who contributes to THE MERCURY a side-splitting series of Burlesque Biographies, Lectures, Sermons, Fashion Articles, Criticisms of Paintings, Plays, Statues, &c., under the general and significant title of "DIVERSIONS OF DOESTICKS; OR HARLEQUIN HITS AT THE TIMES AND THE PEOPLE."

THE PICTORIAL Department appear the magnificent Illustrations of that prince of American artists, FELIX O. C. DARLEY. Throughout the present year, the most noted American and English writers, who have been engaged at vast expense to contribute to THE MERCURY. We may name the following regular contributors:

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B. ARTHUR M. GRANGER, JOSEPH BARBER, FELIX O. C. DARLEY, HARRY TYLER, GEORGE ARNOLD, REV. R. M. DEVINS, NED BUNTLINE, WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, COUSIN MAY CARLETON, DR. J. H. ROBINSON, S. R. URBAN, Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON, P. N. R. WELCH, W. O. EATON, GEORGE MARTIAL, HARRY PATTERSON, R. H. NEWELL.

Other celebrated writers will also contribute—making THE MERCURY a great focus of all that is Entertaining, Instructive, Witty, and Wise.

Our special New-Year's Gift to our readers will be a brilliant new novelette, entitled CATHOLINA; OR, THE NICHE IN THE WALL. A Tale of Louisiana. BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

The opening chapters of which will appear in THE MERCURY for January 6, 1881.

THE NEW YORK MERCURY is sold by all newsmen and periodical dealers in America. To subscribers it is regularly mailed every Saturday morning for \$2 a year; three copies for \$5; six copies for \$9; eight copies for \$12, with an extra copy free to the getter-up of the club. Six months subscriptions receive 50% discount. Agents for New York, Post-Office, County and State. We take the notes of all solvent banks at par. Payment must invariably be made in advance.

Sendmen Copies sent free to all applicants. Address all letters and remittances, post-paid, to CAULDWELL, SOUTHWORTH & WHITNEY, Proprietors of the New York Mercury, 46 and 48 Ann Street, New York City, 571-4

APPLE GRAFTS.—I will sell Apple Grafts this winter and coming spring, Apple Grafts got up in the best style, on good healthy stock, and popular varieties, such as are likely to grow in this vicinity, for \$2.00 per 1,000 quantities over 10,000. W. D. STROWGER, Penfield, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1880. 609-4

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.—This Bank has funds to loan on bond and mortgage, on improved farms, in Genesee, Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Orleans, Ontario, and Wayne. EDWARD WHALIN, Sec'y, 622-132

FARM FOR SALE.—A Farm containing 182 1/2 acres, 4 miles west of Geneva, Ontario County, N. Y. Price, \$10,000. Address the subscriber, at Geneva. C. S. BROTHER

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THE PEOPLE'S GREAT BOOKS.

20,000 COPIES ALREADY SOLD. THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES: BY ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S.

Professor of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia. Professor of Veterinary Medicine in the late Agricultural College of Ohio, Secretary of the American Veterinary Association of Philadelphia, &c., &c.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, although but Two MONTHS issued from the press, has already received the unqualified approval of upwards of FIFTY THOUSAND purchasers, and is, undoubtedly, the most complete and reliable work on the Horse ever published. It tells you of the Origin, History and distinctive traits of the various breeds of Horses, of the best management of his teeth; also of Breeding, Breaking, Stabling, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, and the general management of the Horse, and of the best modes of administering medicine; also, how to treat Biting, Kicking, Rearing, Shying, Stambling, Orb-Biting, Restiveness, and other vices to which he is subject; with numerous explanatory engravings.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES tells you of the causes, symptoms and treatment of Bone, Blood, and Straggle, Flatfoot, Distemper, Catarrh, Indigestion, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Broken Wind, Chronic Cough, Roaring and Whistling, Lameness, Sore Mouth and Ulcers, and Decayed Teeth, with other diseases of the Mouth and Respiratory Organs; also, of Worms, Boils, Colic, Strangles, and other diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Urinary Organs.

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SONG OF OLD TIME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings, Nor the stately ermine of lordly things; But monarch and courtier, though great they be, Must fall from their glory and bend to me. My sceptre is gemless! yet who can say They will not come under its mighty sway? Ye may learn who I am—there's the passing chime, And the dial to herald me—Old King Time!

The Story-Teller.

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

SOWING THE WIND AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER III.

"How much money is there in the cash-box?" asked Mr. OVERMAN. It was on the morning after HIRAM had abstracted one hundred dollars.

The young man's heart gave a quick, strong beat, that sent the blood in oppressive engorgement to his lungs. He did not trust his voice in an immediate reply; but gained time by going, with a deliberate motion, to the iron safe, from which he took the cash and check books. Laying these open on the desk before his employer, he took a small piece of paper, and, with a pencil, deducted the sum standing to their credit in bank from the balance called for by the cash-book.

"One hundred and thirty-four dollars ten cents." The young man's voice had in it a slight unsteadiness, which suspicion would instantly have noted. But there was no suspicion in the mind of Mr. OVERMAN. Still, he was disappointed in the amount, and said: "Is that all? I thought we had over two hundred dollars."

"Look at it yourself, sir." And HIRAM pointed to the figures in the cash and bank books, and then went over, aloud, the subtractions he had already made. "Just one hundred and thirty-four dollars and ten cents. That is the sum which ought to be in the cash-box."

And HIRAM opened the box and counted the money in the presence of Mr. OVERMAN, who expressed himself satisfied; but not in a tone of sufficient heartiness to relieve the clerk's mind, who felt two burning spots on his cheeks for more than an hour afterwards. Twice, during the day, he saw Mr. OVERMAN examining the cash-book; and his heart trembled each time, in anxious fear.

"I thought PERKINS settled his bill yesterday," said Mr. OVERMAN, as he looked up from the cash-book on one of these occasions.

"No, sir; he called for his account, and said he would pay it in a few weeks."

"Ah, that was it. I got the impression that he paid."

"His bill is seventy dollars," said HIRAM. "If he had paid, the cash in hand would have been over two hundred dollars."

"I see—I see! How singularly things take hold of us sometimes," answered Mr. OVERMAN, in a cheerful, satisfied way, that put the young man's fears for the time to rest.

In the evening HIRAM called to see HELEN. She was a pure, true, gentle-hearted girl; refined and delicate in her tastes and appreciations; confiding and loving. She had given up her whole heart to him. In her eyes he was noble, honorable, good.

But now, as HIRAM grasped her hand, and looked into the pure, deep well of her blue eyes, he saw an expression in them never seen before; and felt something like an outward moving sphere, that seemed as if it would bear him to a distance from her. After a few minutes, the sweet, loving welcome which had smiled in the face of HELEN, gradually faded out, and her mouth grew almost sober in its calm expression, as her eyes dwelt on the countenance of her lover. HIRAM felt the searching inquiry that was in her gaze, and it disturbed him. What could it mean? Was her clear-seeing vision going past the screen of his concealing face, and looking at the dark secret he had taken into his heart? The thought chilled him.

"I have good news, darling," he said, throwing as much gladness of feeling into his voice as he could assume. Assume? Alas! How quickly had a will assenting to evil robbed him of true gladness! Yes, as he could assume. "Mr. OVERMAN spoke of you, last night."

"Of me!" A warm glow lit up the face of HELEN, and pleasure sparkled in her eyes.

"Yes; he sent for me, and said that he had heard of our engagement. You are one of his favorites, HELEN. I can't tell you of all the nice things he said. He insists that there shall be no long postponement of our marriage; and to remove all objections on the score of means, has raised my salary."

"Oh, HIRAM!" It was as if a sunbeam had kissed her gentle face. "How good in Mr. OVERMAN!"

"It was kind and thoughtful in him, certainly; but only just, as to an advance of salary," answered the young man. "In all fairness, this should have been done a year ago. Still, better late than never, and I'm very much obliged to him."

"How much has he increased your income?" asked HELEN.

"To six hundred dollars." He saw a slight shade of disappointment dim the radiance of her countenance.

"That for the present," said HIRAM, quickly. "But a larger increase will soon follow. I saw as much in his countenance, as well as in the intimations of his not very guarded sentences. I am everything to him in his business, and he knows it. The way of advancement is plain before me, HELEN, dear, and I shall walk on, steadily, to success. To-day I stopped to look through one of the pretty cottages that PARKER is building, on the new street just opened across the hill. They are to be the sweetest and cosiest of little places—real dove's nests. The only drawback is, that he is building to sell, and not to rent. However, this may not be a serious hindrance. PARKER said that I might have my own time for payment—in all two, or three, or four dollars, if required. He only asks twelve hundred dollars."

"I'm afraid of debt, HIRAM," answered the young girl. "Father was in debt once, and I can never forget the trouble of mind through which he passed, until the final dollar was paid." Don't think of buying a house. I could not bear to see you troubled as my father has been."

"Never fear for me, HELEN. I shall take good care not to be in trouble from this account. Whenever I take upon myself an obligation, it will be with so fair a prospect, that no embarrassment can follow. You must go around and look at these cottages. If they please your fancy as they have pleased mine, one them shall be our dove's nest. Leave all the ways and means to my providing. I will secure the home, and you shall fill it with sunshine."

And thus they talked on, as lover's will talk, of their future, in which a heaven of enjoyment awaits their advancing steps. But, in each mind was a consciousness that some change had occurred; that, instead of being internally nearer, they stood further off from each other than at their last meeting. So strong was this impression with HELEN, that after parting with HIRAM, she fell into a musing, half-dissatisfied state, that increased until her eyes grew dim with tears, and she went weeping to her pillow.

Mr. OVERMAN'S kindly-manifested interest in his clerk was genuine. When his mind went out in favorable regard towards any one, his generous nature led him to confer benefits. He liked the minister—who was a true man—and the daughter had always been one of his favorites. As soon as it became known to him that HIRAM FOSTER was HELEN'S accepted lover, he was almost as much pleased as if one of them had been his own child. In a few days he called to see Mr. PRUSSOTT, and spoke in such hearty praise of the young man, that all opposition to an early marriage was removed; and the time fixed some three or four months distant. One of the cottages on the new street was taken, with the knowledge and approval of Mr. OVERMAN, who negotiated a purchase with the builder, obtaining from him a long extended time of payments in quarterly sums. Nor did his generous interest stop here. More than half the neat furniture that adorned the cottage in which HIRAM installed his bride on their wedding day, was the gift of Mr. OVERMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the morning of HIRAM FOSTER'S wedding-day. He was sitting at his desk, the cash-book open before him, and his pen just touching the bottom line of the page. The footing of a column had been pencilled on a slip of waste paper, and he was recording the figures in ink; not, however, we are pained to say, in exact correspondence with the ascertained result, but in deviation therefrom, with dishonest purpose.

"HIRAM." What a start and sudden confusion of manner! The young man turned only in part. He would not, for the world, have the eye of Mr. OVERMAN upon his face until a mask was on it.

"Sir."

"You remember JASPER LLOYD?"

"Yes, sir."

"He was with FELTON, and went to Thornley as clerk in one of the mills."

"Yes, sir. I recollect him."

"Well, he's turned out a scamp! It's in the paper to-day. He's been robbing the Company!"

"It isn't possible! And yet, I am not surprised." With a bold, impulsive effort HIRAM, tried to repress all feeling, and to meet the eyes of his employer with a face in which no revelation of his own true state of mind could be seen. "Not at all surprised, sir."

And he turned full around from the desk. "JASPER never struck me as a fair young man. What is the extent of his depredations?"

"It hasn't been fully ascertained; but will not, it is believed, fall short of twenty thousand dollars."

"He played a high game, upon my word! Have they caught him?"

"Yes, and got him in prison."

As Mr. OVERMAN said this, HIRAM saw, or thought he saw, something of scrutiny or suspicion in his eyes, which were fixed steadily on his face. He felt a shudder and sinking of heart—a sense of impending ruin. His breath did not come and go for some moments. Slowly, and with a questioning look, as if doubts had been cast into his mind, Mr. OVERMAN withdrew his eyes from HIRAM, and let them fall upon the paper in his hand. The young man turned to the desk, and there was silence between them again. What a weight had been thrown upon the young man's bosom! As he brought his pen down to the paper, his hand trembled so that he could scarcely make the figures that were to be recorded. Did he make them correctly, or in fraud—alas, in fraud!

"Foolish, foolish young man!" said Mr. OVERMAN. He was thinking of JASPER LLOYD. HIRAM started and turned pale. The words seemed spoken to himself. His heart stood still. There were a few moments of appalling suspense. He waited for the next sentence as for words of doom.

"The way of dishonesty is the way of destruction. The end is always certain. Misery is the sure result. You cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, HIRAM."

"HIRAM! Why did he say HIRAM in that connection! The still heart of the young man gave a frightened bound, and then sunk down almost motionless again.

"Poor JASPER LLOYD! I pity him, while I execrate his crime!"

A customer entered the store, and Mr. OVERMAN laid down the newspaper, and went to meet him. HIRAM breathed more freely again. Did he correct the wrongly recorded figure? No—alas for him, no! There was a death's head at the feast, for HIRAM FOSTER, on that memorable evening. As he stood, in the holy and impressive marriage ceremonial, the small white hand of HELEN PRUSSOTT laid confidingly in his, listening to the minister's low, tender, solemn voice, there seemed hovering just behind him that same evil presence which had haunted him on the night of his first guilty departure from the way of honor and safety, chilling back the warm pulses that tried to leap up joyfully. In every word of truthful congratulation that came to his ears, was a low undertone of warning. Alas, how was the fine gold dimmed! His wrong deed, secret though they were, and known only to himself and God, were, cursing him in this hour, which should have been one of unalloyed happiness. If grasping at external good, unlawfully, he had lost all those who thus act, internal peace; and in the place of conscious safety, had come an oppressive sense of danger. The shadowy presence stood all the while near, scowling and threatening. His evil counsellors had become his tormentors.

"Be true and loving," said Mr. OVERMAN, as he held a hand of both the bride and husband. "Be true and loving, and prudent, and not too eager to grasp the good of this world, and you will be happy—happy beyond the lot of most men and women who enter this holy estate. Don't, like thousands and tens of thousands around you, look outwardly, but inwardly

for happiness. Never, in even the smallest things, do what reason and right judgment disapprove; for, so surely as you act contrary to reason and right judgment, will peace depart from you. Remember, that godliness, with contentment, is great gain; and also remember, that possession never brings any pleasure to the mind, unless it comes as an orderly, safe, and equitable result. Never desire worldly things for the present, beyond what present means afford; but, in thankfulness, receive from the Giver of All Good that measure of earthly blessing which He, in His wise Providence, knows to be best. We can only enjoy what we have—not what we restlessly desire."

In every sentence HIRAM felt a rebuke. He could not look at his kind moaner, but kept his eyes turned aside; and not until Mr. OVERMAN stood at a distance from him, did he breathe in any freedom. It was remarked by more than one present on the occasion, that the young husband had, for most of the time, the soberest face of any in the room. Up to that time, some four months from the fatal day on which he so insanely elected to walk in an evil and dangerous path, he had, through a system of false entries, succeeded in robbing his kind, confiding employer, to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars. No wonder that he looked sober! No wonder that congratulation and friendly counsel from Mr. OVERMAN, oppressed him! No wonder that there was a death's head at his marriage feast!

CHAPTER V.

Time passed on. This marriage would have been blessed beyond the usual degree, had it not been for HIRAM'S secret sin. HELEN was a tender, loving, dutiful wife, whose heart, like a vigorously growing vine, was all the while putting forth tendrils, and seeking to grasp the heart of her husband. But, though he never repelled; was never unkind; somehow, tendril after tendril failed to gain the support after which it reached forth eagerly, and curled back feebly and helplessly upon itself. Only here and there were attachments made, and they held on with such a strain, that weariness and trembling fear came often, —too often,—instead of sweet security and repose.

The young wife was never certain of the mood in which her husband would return at day's decline. Sometimes he would come home with cheerful countenance—sometimes with a shadow on his face—sometimes with words on his lips that made her heart leap up with pleasure—sometimes in silence and seeming coldness. Often she would watch his face, as he sat lost in thought, and feel a shrinking fear, as its expression altered from one strange aspect to another; sometimes lighting up with a sudden gleam, and sometimes retreating as suddenly into shadow and darkness. If, on these occasions, she intruded upon him, he would seem annoyed or confused. He did not often speak of his worldly prospects; when he did so, it was in a general way, and in a tone of encouragement.

For three years they occupied their little cottage on the new street, by which time the payments on account of the purchase were all completed. Many tasteful improvements in the grounds had been made during this time; walks laid out, trees and shrubbery planted, a small summer-house built, and also an addition to the cottage—this addition was to the extent of a single room, to be used as a breakfast and sitting-room. HIRAM wanted to have the addition two stories, which would have made the cost at least a hundred and fifty dollars more; but, his prudent wife urged his abandonment of this plan so strongly, that he gave it up. Her dread of seeing her husband fall in debt was very strong; so strong that she had known little true enjoyment of the tasteful things with which he was steadily surrounding her, and which she felt could not be obtained, under their limited income, without certain embarrassment.

"I'm afraid you'll get into trouble, husband, dear," she would say, now and then, as she saw his mind beginning to run on some new expenditure. "Don't go in debt. We've all that is required for enjoyment. There's no true possession in anything not justly our own. Debt robs of beauty even the choicest picture or statue."

"Don't fret yourself for nothing, dear," he would answer. "I'm as much afraid of debt as you are, and shall not put myself in anybody's power. My salary is a thousand dollars, you know; and, thanks to your prudent house-keeping, I am laying up a few hundred every year."

If HELEN had carefully counted up the cost of living for the three years, adding to this the twelve hundred dollars paid for the cottage, and nearly as much more expended in improvements and additions, she would have been appalled at the result; for this startling fact would have been revealed: Against an income of six hundred dollars for the first year, eight hundred for the second, and one thousand for the third,—twenty-four hundred dollars in all,—stood an expenditure of forty-three hundred dollars; showing a called for deficit of two thousand dollars!

And yet, HIRAM FOSTER owed no man, in a legal and acknowledged form, anything; but, on the contrary, held stock certificates in a sound banking institution, located three hundred miles away, to the value of fifteen hundred dollars. But of this property his wife knew nothing. That was his own secret.

"HIRAM!" The young man had locked the fire-proof and put on his coat. It was after sundown, and the front windows of the store were shut. Mr. OVERMAN had seemed dull and distant all day, and was now sitting in the back part of the store, not seeming to notice the usual preparations for going home. His utterance of HIRAM'S name gave the young man a start. It did not take much now to give him a start. The evil are always in fear. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

"Sir." His back was towards Mr. OVERMAN, but he turned only in part around.

"I have a word or two I wish to say, HIRAM; it's been on my mind for some days." The heart of HIRAM FOSTER leaped with alarm. Poor heart! It had become habitually afraid. It was no longer a brave, calm heart, beating on in conscious innocence. No—no. Alas, poor heart! The rustle of a garment; a sudden step behind; an unusual tone of voice, or look, from Mr. OVERMAN—these, and a hundred other insignificant things, had power to send through it a pulse of terror.

"Sit down—there," HIRAM had not ventured to speak in response, but stood in silence, and with his face a little turned away. He took a chair, and drew it towards Mr. OVERMAN. The imminent peril that seemed impending, gave him power to control his exterior.

"HIRAM, I'm afraid you're living a little too free for your income. It has been on my mind to say this for some time." The young man could not keep the blood back from his face. It rushed there, crimsoning it to the brows.

"I see you've been putting an addition to your house; now this has cost at least three hundred

dollars. You'll get in debt, if you have not already involved yourself, as surely as the sun shines."

"We live very frugally," answered HIRAM, his voice so hoarse and unnatural that the words almost choked him. "And you know my salary is a thousand dollars."

"And that brings me to another thing I must say," remarked Mr. OVERMAN. "Something is wrong in the business, I'm afraid. Some miscalculation, or some leak. Things are not working out in the old way. My payments crowd me more closely than in former times. I have to borrow, frequently, from day to day, and this worries me."

Mr. OVERMAN'S eyes were fixed steadily on HIRAM'S face; their expression was severe; and HIRAM saw doubt, if not suspicion, in them.

"I'm sorry to hear you say this, Mr. OVERMAN. I thought everything going on prosperously." The clerk's answer was not well considered. He felt that he must say something, and uttered what first came to his lips.

"You must have been blind then," said Mr. OVERMAN, with some impatience of manner. "Things are not going on prosperously. I'm losing instead of making money. There's a leak somewhere, and it must be found."

"I can't imagine where there can be a leak," replied HIRAM, "unless it is in pricing the goods. You've been cutting down the profits, you know."

"And largely increasing the sales," said Mr. OVERMAN. "No, it's not there."

"Our stock of goods is heavier than usual," Mr. OVERMAN shook his head. "No; it doesn't lie there."

"If there's a leak it should be found," said the young man, emphatically. His first tremors were passing away, and he was gaining steadiness of tone, and confidence of manner; and "I'll do all in my power to reach the cause of evil."

How closely duplicity and lying follow upon the steps of crime! They are its natural offspring. A man may not enter the ways of evil, without the companionship of lies.

"The leak must be found!" Mr. OVERMAN'S manner was imperative. "For more than a year I've had a troubled impression that something was going wrong. It has haunted me day and night. And now, in looking my affairs in the face, doubt is no longer admissible."

"I'm sorry." There was an affectation of sympathy in HIRAM'S voice. "Very sorry, sir; and if there's anything I can do in the matter, you know that only your word is required. Just say in what direction you would have me work, and I'll neither rest night nor day until a result is reached."

"One thing is clear," answered Mr. OVERMAN. "Expenses will have to be reduced. And, to begin, HIRAM, your salary must be cut down. I shall not complain if you seek for and find a better situation—indeed, it would give me pleasure, instead of regret, to see you in the service of another person, if with decided advantage to yourself. You have a wife and two children, and must look to them. But as things are, six hundred dollars is all the salary I can afford to pay. I'm sorry, but cannot help myself."

"I shall not leave you, Mr. OVERMAN." There was so much feeling in the young man's voice, that his kind hearted employer was deceived, and the vague suspicion which had crept into his mind, cast out. "You have been so generous, that I would despise myself if I turned meanly away and thought only of my own affairs when things seemed going wrong with you. I can live on six hundred dollars a year, thanks to the prudence and economy of my wife; or, on five, if necessary. So do not let this trouble you, Mr. OVERMAN. In every possible way I will help you in the work of reducing expenses, and in finding out the leak, if any exists."

"You meet me in the right spirit, HIRAM. It is what I should have expected," said Mr. OVERMAN. But there was a dead level in his voice, that failed to give assurance to the young man's heart. "You can go home, now. I will ponder these matters to-night, and come to some conclusions by to-morrow." [To be continued next week.]

Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS.

WHEN is a sailor not a sailor? Answer—when he is a board.

INDIANS may be considered the "copper-faced" type of mankind.

WHAT is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on? Answer—war fare.

You have a splendid ear, but a very poor voice, said the organ-grinder to the donkey.

WHAT means of conveyance by land, and what by sea, are ladies fondest of? Buses and smacks.

HAPPY is the husband whose wife never asks him for any jewelry, save black diamonds.—Punch.

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse, in consequence of using them too much.

Two men undertook to see which would run the fastest. One was a constable and the other was a thief.

DON'T undertake to throw cold water on your wife's darling schemes, unless you want to get into hot.

"MANY," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?"—"The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

The money-maniac is fond of money because he owes all his importance to it. He is nothing without it, and very little with it.

SOME malicious person asserts that the letters M. D., which are placed after physicians' names, signify "Money Down."

"Do you believe, Sir, that the dead ever walk after death?"—"No doubt of it, Madam; I have heard the 'Dead March in Saul.'"

WHEN his cousin Chaglotte Dunne was married, Jones said "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

Two men made a bet as to who could eat the most oysters. One ate four hundred and ninety-nine, the other ate five hundred and won. How many did the winner eat?

A GENTLEMAN, just married, told Foote that he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. "She is truly your dear wife," replied the wit.

In the Mississippi Legislature a proposal was made to alter the name of a county and call it Cass county. A member, by way of burlesque on the old Michigander whom it was proposed thus to commemorate, moved as an amendment that the first letter should be omitted. Upon this the original proposer said it was the first instance he had ever known of a member having the assurance to name a county after himself.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 58 letters. My 28, 5, 22, 30, 12, 6, 40 is a large island situated on the equator. My 35, 40, 17, 5, 42, 54 is a river in Germany. My 66, 41, 44, 23, 38, 42, 5, 16, 37 is a city in England. My 22, 11, 44, 62, 30 is a small island in the Mediterranean Sea. My 16, 65, 14, 49, 49, 23 is a city in Asiatic Turkey. My 39, 45, 3, 38, 4, 51 is a city in Maine. My 18, 14, 55, 49, 13, 50, 38 is a town in Ohio. My 7, 11, 6, 19, 30, 27, 9 is a country in Asia. My 8, 2, 36, 46, 47, 26, 45 is a river in China. My 24, 20, 30, 39, 43, 38 is a river in England. My 38, 28, 31, 33, 4, 22, 56, 38 is a small island near the Western coast of Africa. My 44, 23, 67, 13, 2, 46 is a city in England. My 68, 32, 25, 14, 3, 27, 21 is a city in Ireland. My 29, 45, 55, 34, 63, 43, 11, 58 is an island near the coast of Wales. My 10, 40, 55, 39, 23, 48, 32, 33 is a city in England. My 1, 4, 55, 44, 26, 21, is a town in New York. My whole may be found in the book of Exodus. Napoleon, Ohio, 1860. J. HERBERT. Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters. My 1, 14, 12, 8, 7, 1 is to be found in every town. My 2, 8, 5, 1, 14, 3, 12 is the name of a vessel. My 3, 8, 4 is an animal. My 4, 6, 13, 2 are the trouble of every housekeeper. My 5, 14, 3, 10, 6, 13, 2, 5 is that for which men are paid. My 6, 12, 9, 11, 7 is the name of an ill-treated American. My 7, 14, 8, 1 is what every housekeeper should be. My 8, 4, 14, 3, 8, 13, 11 is my home. My 9, 6, 13, 2 are what you should avoid. My 10, 8, 3, 6, 2, 9 is the style of this enigma. My 11, 9, 10, 8, 7, 13, 2, 4, 14, 12, 1, 6, 12, 5, 13, 6, 2, 7, 13, 14 is one of the glories of the American people. My 12, 14, 3, 10, 2 is that which all need in these times. My 13, 11, 3, 9, 5 are dangerous playthings. My 14, 12, 9 is what you have come to. My whole is important to all subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER. "PETER." Plymouth, Luzerne Co., Pa., 1861. Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

This word of two syllables you easily may Apply in more senses than one in a day. The M. C. who wishes a seat to obtain, Must actively try it, or seek it in vain; The lady who chooses fine work to produce, In cushion, chair, slipper, must find it of use; The hero who chafes for his country to fight, After work in the trenches, sees it with delight. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A PUZZLE.

B not Y Y in u r o w n I, or U L c w a t a fool u b. Palmyra, Jef. Co., Wis., 1860. W. B. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 572.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Love thy neighbor, as thyself. Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Truth is mighty, and will prevail. Answer to Mathematical Problem:—The greater is 75; the less 25.

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