

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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[WHOLE NO. 600.]

**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.  
CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

### DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

We have just returned (July 2d) from a visit among the farm and farmers in this vicinity. Potatoes are looking exceedingly well; in fact, we never saw better promise of a fine crop at this season of the year. Corn has suffered from our cold, backward spring. On high, warm land, it is tolerable, but in low fields it is very small and yellow, and needs good hot summer weather, which we hope we may yet get, though we are now enduring a cold, drenching rain, which has continued for twenty-four hours without any prospect of cessation. The cut worms are making sad work with the corn in many places, and altogether the prospects are not flattering.

One of our old correspondents, upon whom we called, remarked that this had been a strange season—not a caterpillar had been seen in his orchards, although he usually had about a hundred nests to destroy, nor had he been able to find one in the orchards of his neighbors. Not a rose bug had made its appearance, although, for the past six or eight years, he could have gathered quarts. Much permanent good therefore may result from what we have looked upon as evil.

Speaking of insects, reminds us that we have a letter from our faithful correspondent, J. STAUFFER, Esq., who, it seems, has been more troubled of late by the Southern *big bugs* than any of the little bugs that we send him occasionally, as prisoners, for examination and a righteous verdict. But to the letter:

#### DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS OF THE SOUTH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Early last fall I had come to the conclusion to arrange my matters so as to enable me to devote special attention to the various insects injurious to our living vegetable property, such as the *field crops*, the *garden crops*, the *orchard and fruitery*, including plantations and groves. However wide the field, from previous acquaintance with the subject, I did not doubt but close investigation and accurate observation, would enable me to clear up some doubts, and add my mite to the valuable information already published on the economy of these depredating creatures, with a view of illustrating them by accurate drawings, and describing their size, color, habits, and general history, and means for checking their ravages so far as known.

This would, of course, include numerous *species*, *genera*, *orders* and *classes*, and prove a host sufficiently formidable to alarm those interested in vegetable products, if they did not also reflect that in the wise economy of creation, checks and restraints are laid upon them so as to confine them within certain limits, beyond which they can not pass—otherwise the fair creation would retrograde and prove a failure, and the labor of man be in vain.

The decree, however, in my humble opinion, is "onward and upward." Progression is a fixed law, however it may be interfered with, or in certain localities or seasons be set aside. The higher law triumphs and bursts forth to make longer strides. This truth will be made manifest by inspection of the past. Experience is a school, however severe it may be, that advances the knowledge of men, and "fools learn in no other," is an old adage.

But alas! from field-bugs, locusts, &c., that depredate the ordinary farm, my attention was arrested by another class of *big-bugs*, like COBB, FLOYD, THOMPSON, DAVIS, and a host of traitors, who it seems were determined to devastate the entire farm of our good old Uncle Sam, and render it worse than useless. The enormity of such a scheme as has been and continues to be enacting, has completely engrossed all my attention, and made me feel like applying myself to the study of round shot and shell, and arresting the mad folly of the South by force of arms, as to reason with such men as, as BUTLER says,

"Waste of soap and labor out of place  
To try to wash an Ape's face."

Such self-conceited gentry will receive no instructions, nor will I attempt to teach them. SHAKESPEARE says,—

"To woful men  
The injuries that they themselves procured  
Must be their schoolmaster."

The upstart DAVIS, with his self-sufficient impudence, may have some experience, without honesty—however, he vainly undertakes to overthrow the glorious old Constitution!

So much for these big-bugs. "Scotch snuff" for squash-bugs, but "squash" for the "Southern bugs." I do not feel vindictive, but perfectly conservative so far as honor and the advance of society is concerned. I believe the same law holds good, referred to in the outset, and that the whole affair is a natural consequence arising from the ingredients mixed up in the mass. The combustible elements will astonish us by the thunder, blind us by the lightning's flash, and deluge us with a shower, perhaps unroofing our houses as the tornado sweeps along, only to bring forth a brighter sun, a more luxuriant verdure, and purify the political atmosphere, so that a long stride will be taken onward and upward in the glorious cause of true Liberty, good will among men, and a repudiation of political gambling, and the growth of a purer, holier democratic creed. So when the thunder is stilled and the darkening clouds dispersed, or in the lulls between, I may still find leisure to ride my hobby, in the old orbit, jostled aside by this erratic comet of a rebellion in our midst. J. STAUFFER.  
Lancaster, Pa., May, 1861.

#### A NEW CORN WEEVIL.

But Mr. S. has found time to examine a number of minor insects, and among others "a small beetle, which is making sad havoc with young green corn," in the neighborhood of Skaneateles, and sent us by a correspondent in that section. It seems to be a new enemy, unknown to our entomologists. Our entomologist remarks as follows:

The small beetle inclosed by Mr. E. L. SHEPHERD, of Skaneateles, which he states is a new depredator to him, and is desirous to know its name and the method of destroying it, has been examined. Its habits, in attacking the young, green corn, with which it "makes sad havoc," I confess is new to me, nor can I learn anything from FITCH, HARRIS, KOLLAR, or SAY, respecting the habits of this creature. True, Mr. SAY describes it among his *Rhynchophorus* of HERBST, but it belongs to the genus *Sphenophorus* of SCHONHERR, which embraces thirty-six species found in the United States. The insect in question is a member of a highly destructive family of small-sized snout beetles, CURCULIONIDÆ, commonly known as the weevil tribe, of which there are upward of one hundred known genera.

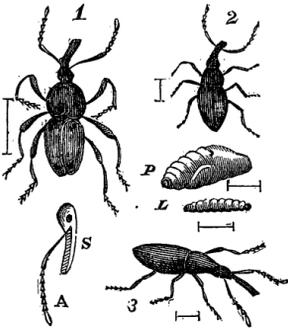


Fig. 1. *Sphenophorus*—Corn-leaf Weevil.  
Fig. 2. *Barridius trinoctata*—Potato-stalk Weevil.  
Fig. 3. *Callandra granaria*—Wheat-grain Weevil.  
S. Snout of fig. 1. A. The antennæ.  
P. Pupa of fig. 2. L. The larvæ, of grub.

I will not perplex the reader with the hard names employed to designate the various genera, some of which are as unpronounceable as those of some Russian Counts, and the wonder is how the little creatures came by them; suffice it to say that fig. 1 illustrates the insect sent by Mr. SHEPHERD, showing the elbowed antennæ (a) inserted at the base, or near the eye, on the long, slightly-curved snout (s). The color is a dark brown when the short, stiff scales are removed, which, in the fresh specimen, gives them the appearance of being covered with a powdery substance, producing a mottled appearance.

Fig. 2 shows a similar insect, the *Barridius trinoctata*, or potato weevil. The lines indicate their natural size; in the latter the antennæ are inserted near the jaws, while others have them inserted intermediately; thus the modifications of structure are almost endless. They are all herbivorous, some feed upon the leaves, others upon and inside the stems, and others again on the grain or seed like the *Callandra oryzae*, the rice weevil, and the *C. granaria*, or wheat weevil (fig. 3). Their cushioned tarsi are better adapted for adhesion to plants than for locomotion, hence they are slow travelers on foot. But the majority by far are provided with wings, yet it is true some genera have their elytra, or wing covers, soldered together, so that they cannot fly. When alarmed, they either take wing, or fold up their legs and drop to the ground, lying perfectly still, and can hardly be distinguished from a grain of sand or pellet of clay; but look sharp and you will find them, though they may soon hide.

Those infesting fruit trees are often caught by extending a sheet beneath the tree, and striking the trunk with a mallet or billet of wood, protected by a cloth from bruising the bark. They drop down when the tree is jarred, though, when the female is busy at work in depositing her eggs, she is more obstinate, and does not yield on a slight or single jar. Their

larvæ are fleshy grubs, entirely destitute of articulated legs, having simply a double series of retractile fleshy tubercles, by means of which they can wriggle along slowly. (See my article in the *Rural* of Nov. 6, 1855, which refers to this family on the potato question.)

As to the remedy to arrest the mischief, I am forced simply to suggest such Mr. SHEPHERD says he tried, without effect—plaster of Paris. Perhaps lime and wood ashes before a shower of rain would prove effectual. On a small scale, the decoction of walnut leaves has proved beneficial. Warm soapsuds could be tried also. The truth is, they are hardy little villains, and, like the New York Zouaves, not easily routed.

I would advise friend S. to keep an eye on them, and discover where they came from, whether the grubs were hatched in his corn-field, or, in other words, whether they underwent their change from the grub to the beetle in his field, or came there on the wing from some neighboring plants, which they abandoned, preferring the corn. It were well to discover where they lay their eggs, and what the larvæ feed on before they become small beetles. Having had no opportunity to observe their habits, and unable to find any author who has published anything concerning this class, I of course can only reason from analogy—a field so vast, and presenting such a diversity of facts, as to admonish me to say no more.

Since writing the above article, I find that the corn weevil is called "*Sphenophorus antiqua*" by Dr. LE CONTE, being identical with one so named by him in Mr. RATVON'S cabinet. This insect was not known to SAY, or to MELSEIMER, and others of their day, or it would have been in the catalogue. It seems to have been equally unknown to HARRIS and FITCH, hence this is a creature whose history is yet to be developed by observation.

#### THE DAIRY.—No. IX.

##### BUTTER.

In the manufacture of butter, the best guide to a new beginner would be the knowledge obtained by visiting some of the best dairies in the State. But as that would hardly be convenient, I have selected from various volumes of the *Transactions of the State Society*, statements made by those who obtained premiums for their butter in different years. It will be noted that there is a diversity in the minor details, showing that there is, as yet, no absolute rule which can be applied to all places and persons. The first statement is made by Mr. B. S. CARPENTER, of Chemung county, who is among our best and most successful dairymen, and who churns the milk and cream together. He says:

"The milk, when drawn, is strained into tin pails, holding twelve quarts each, and set on the bottom of the cellar, which is a water lime cement, where it remains until it becomes loppered. It is then, both milk and cream, poured into churns holding a barrel each; a pailful of water to six of milk added, and the whole brought to the temperature of 68 degrees. The churning is done by horse-power, and requires about two hours. Just before the butter has fully come, another pailful of water to six of milk is put into each churn, to thin the buttermilk, so that the butter may rise freely. The butter is taken from the churn into large wooden bowls, thoroughly washed with cold water, and salted with about one ounce of Ashton salt to a pound of butter, and lightly worked through with a common ladle. It is afterwards worked at intervals of about three or four hours, for four or five times, with a common ladle, and packed into firkins the next morning. The firkins are filled within an inch or so of the top, a thin cloth spread over the butter, and that covered with salt and brine through the season. When the weather becomes cool, to hasten the thickening of the milk a quart or two of buttermilk is left in each pail when the milk is strained."

Mr. ZOLLER, of St. Lawrence county, early in the spring and late in the fall, sets his milk and churns the cream in the usual manner. In the summer he strains one day's milk into six churns, and churns the next morning by horse-power, the milk being sour but not loppered. Churns the milk in preference to the cream because it is less labor, and because he obtains more butter from the same quantity of milk, and the butter is more readily produced from sour than from the sweet milk. The butter is freed from the milk and whey by washing in cold, hard water; and when the milk is washed out, the butter is put in a butter worker and rolled with a heavy, smooth roller, using no water. This renders the butter free from all milk or whey. Water is used for freeing the butter from the milk. Salts with ground rock salt to taste. At the request of the Secretary, Mr. ZOLLER made the following experiments to test the difference in churning the cream and milk together, or only the cream.

Sept. 10th.—Took 208 quarts of milk and strained into pans,—set till cream had thoroughly risen,—skimmed and churned cold,—produced 17½ lbs. of butter ready for packing.

Sept. 11th.—Took 208 quarts of milk, strained into churns, stood till sour but not loppered—churned and treated in same manner, gave 19½ lbs. of butter ready for packing; being a gain of 10 per cent. over churning the cream. Perhaps a longer continued series of experiments would have varied the results, but 7 per cent. may be considered as the established difference,—an important item to the dairymen.

Mr. CARPENTER follows the English and Dutch method more nearly than Mr. ZOLLER, in preparing the milk for churning. The custom there is to so arrange their vessels, (they use what we call crocks, or jars, rather than tin,) that three milkings shall be strained together, and churn cream and milk as soon as the whole mass is well loppered. They do not add water to the milk before or while churning. And I think Mr. CARPENTER'S butter would retain a higher aroma and flavor if he omitted the water, though I know his butter is excellent.

I now give the methods where the cream alone is churned, and the first statement is by Mr. HENRY N. KIMBALL, of Jefferson county, in the same volume: "Milk is placed in a well ventilated room with as much surface exposed to the north as possible, the rest shaded so as to keep cool,—is warmed in fall and winter by means of stove. The cream is taken off as soon as the milk becomes thick, and sometimes before. It should be taken off before any specks show themselves on the cream. The cream is kept at about 55° to 58°, by means of coolers suspended in the wall. Milk should be closely watched and not let stand too long, as it injures the quality of the butter. Cold water is used to rinse the butter, as being the best and most expeditious way of freeing it from milk. Good butter cannot be produced in hot weather without the use of water. Use Ashton salt, three-quarters of an ounce to the pound. Pack in shaved ash tubs, made from heart stuff, as all sap timber in the tub will soak the brine and become mouldy. Pack as solid as possible and cover with a cloth and a thick coat of salt, and exclude from air as much as possible."

Messrs. M. C. & G. H. NORTON, of St. Lawrence county, say,— "In summer, if the heat of the weather require it, ice is kept in the strainer pail while straining. The milk is allowed to stand in tin pans in the milk-house till thick. The cream is then skimmed into stone jars, and allowed to stand in a cool cellar, being occasionally stirred till a sufficient quantity accumulates, when it is churned with a dash churn by dog-power, ice being added if necessary. In the winter the treatment is the same, except the milk-house is warmed by a stove, and the cream is warmed in the jars by the stove before churning. The butter, on being taken from the churn with a ladle, is washed with hard water, as long as it is tinged with the milk. After being washed, it is salted with ground rock salt, five and a half pounds in winter, spring, and fall, and seven and a half pounds of salt to one hundred pounds of butter that is to stand in the cellar through the summer. The next morning after being salted, the butter is worked on an oak worker and packed in oak firkins or ash tubs, with ash or oak covers. Reject basswood covers, as they injure the butter to the depth of four to six inches. Firkins preserve the butter best in going to market."

Hon. J. C. COLLINS, of Lewis county, "strains the milk into pans and sets them upon racks made expressly for the purpose. It stands from thirty to forty-eight hours, as the weather may require, when the cream is taken off and placed in Schooley's Patent Preservatory, where it is kept and set,—churned every day. The butter is taken from the churn with a ladle and put into a machine to extract the milk from the butter without washing. It is then again placed in the Preservatory for twelve hours, when it is worked over and packed in tubs. Water is not used in cleansing butter, because I consider salt a better purifier than water. Ground Liverpool salt is used, an ounce to the pound."

That Mr. COLLINS makes first quality of butter, I can bear personal testimony, from having eaten it at his own pleasant home, in Turin. The attention of the reader is called to the use which he makes of his Patent Preservatory; and it will be found almost an invaluable and indispensable adjunct to every farm of any magnitude, whether grain or dairy. It is easy of construction, cheap, and combines all the advantages of the ice-house with those of the most perfect Preservatory. It will not answer for a milk-room, being too cool, but is admirable for cream and butter. The temperature is maintained so low that fresh meats, fruits, indeed every thing in the eating line, can be kept as long as desired in perfect condition.

Mr. J. HOLBURY, of Chemung county, (Vol. 14 *Trans. Ag. Society*), "Has his cellar thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed early every spring. Keeps his milk in one cellar and butter in another. Too much care cannot be taken by dairymen to observe the time of churning. Usually churns from one hour to one hour and a half. Puts from one to two pails of cold water in each churn before commencing to churn, and one pail more in each churn when nearly done, in order to thin the milk and make it produce all the butter it contains." His after treatment is similar to Mr. CARPENTER'S. He continues: "Great care should be taken not to let the milk stand too long before churning, as in that case, in hot weather, it becomes sour, and the butter will be sour also, and in cool weather it becomes bitter; all of which can be prevented—in cool weather by putting about a quart of buttermilk in each pan or tub, before straining the milk; and in hot weather by churning as soon as the milk becomes thick and moist on top of the cream." He churns the milk and cream together. The best temperature for the cream or milk is at 50° to 60°. If below, the butter will be too long in coming; if above, it will be soft, and not as good flavor. To make good butter, requires good pasturage,—the older the sod the better, if intended for long keeping,—good pure water,

pure air around the milk-room, pure cream, pure salt, and a good dairymen. Care and cleanliness must be had, for without them good, sweet, luscious butter is an impossibility.

Having had opportunities for examining the products of the best dairies, both at home and in foreign countries, I affirm without fear of contradiction in fact, that there is no better butter made than can be produced in this State, and it is our own fault that the great mass which goes to market is not of the very first quality. We have made great improvements in the last ten years; let us still further improve, for no other State has so much good butter land as the State of New York.—F.

#### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

##### THE BUTCHER BIRD—GREAT AMERICAN SHRIKE.

TALKING of birds, with Mr. WAKEMAN, he commended, with a good deal of enthusiasm, the bird with the above name. He regards it the most useful bird he has about his place. One of the greatest difficulties he has to contend with in his orchard culture is the depredations of the mice. He asserts that they kill more trees for him than the severe winters, or than all other causes. This Shrike destroys mice in great numbers, eats them, and when filled, hangs all it can get a sight at on the spurs or thorns of trees. Two or three years since the mice were over-running his orchard. They suddenly disappeared, and he noticed that the Butcher birds were very active. Mr. WAKEMAN has seen a dozen mice impaled on the short spurs of a single tree; snakes, frogs, small birds, young rats, moles, &c., are victims of their butcherous propensities.

##### THE SAPSUCKER.

We asked about this bird, of which so much has been written, and about whose usefulness there is so much question. Mr. WAKEMAN replied, "It is of no benefit to me to have them around, I assure you. I saw that my nice, healthy pines were suffering from some cause, and I resolved to know the reason. I soon found out, for I did not have to watch long before I saw these rascally Sapsuckers pegging away into my clean, healthy, smooth-barked pines. I shot one or two of them in the act, and immediately dissected them. I found the fresh, healthy, green bark in their claws, but no insect of any sort. They are not to be tolerated."

They seem to do the most damage in September, when on their way south. They are regarded as migratory, but Mr. W. says he has frequently seen them in the timber belts in mid-winter, when they hunt a rotten limb all over to get a grub.

##### PEAR CULTURE IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

Your western readers are aware, and perhaps most of your eastern readers also, that there has been a great deal of croaking about this country as a fruit region. Even among us now are men who wisely shake their heads and assert that it is useless! The apple and the pear will not thrive here. I am writing this the first day of July—and within two weeks I have seen at least two thousand healthy, thrifty, (and most of them,) bearing dwarf and standard pear trees,—not in one locality, nor on the same kind of soil, with like exposure,—but on the light soil I have described as WAKEMAN'S, on the pure sand, on gravel and sand, on the stiff clay, and on the low, black prairie,—with partial protection, with complete protection, and without any protection,—near the lake, and under the influences of the lake winds, and away from the lake and its influences. At WAKEMAN'S I saw 1,200 trees in a body, many of them in bearing, thrifty, healthy, and as promising as any like number at Mt. Hope. The favorite pears here, (at WAKEMAN'S) because of their hardiness and productiveness, are the Flemish Beauty, Louise Bonne de Jersey, and Virgalieu. The Flemish Beauty is the one he would choose for extended culture, if but one.

"These trees look healthy," said I.  
"O, the pears are all right. I find it about as easy to get a bushel of pears as a bushel of apples. My exertions are to keep pear trees down. If I use the knife, it is on the top, not the side limbs. They come in quite early bearing when kept down. It pays to cultivate pears and other fruit a great deal better than corn. People, and especially western people, do not believe it, but I tell you it is so."

There are other cultivators beside Mr. WAKEMAN, who talk in much the same style. From what I can gather, from present prospects, the show of pears at our western exhibitions this year will be large and fine. We shall hope for an opportunity to show beside eastern fruit.

I should say here that those who have the largest pear orchards are planting and intend to plant more. The culture given these trees is varied in character. Mr. WAKEMAN'S pear culture is not unlike that heretofore described as practiced with his apples. He plants close, believing that the trees will quickly protect each other, and will need no other protection. His pear orchard has a southern and eastern exposure with scarce any western protection. The base limbs of his trees are as near the ground as they can be got—some of them lying directly upon it. It should be remembered that this ground has nothing but surface drainage—the water, in a wet time, standing within two feet of the surface unless drained off. The writer is convinced it is not safe to assert that this is not a fruit country.

TOADS AND BEES.

We had been watching the work of fifty swarms of bees which stood on the edge of a locust grove, as they came sweeping down to their Langstroth hives. "Wonderful workers!" said I.

"Yes, they are that,—and how they do travel!—I believe they have a range here of a circle of at least twenty miles, which they glean. And yet you would hardly believe that these lively bees, armed as they are, are the victims of great clumsy, black, filthy toads?"

"I have seen it so asserted, but have no further evidence that toads eat bees."

"Well, they do. I did not believe it; but I met an old gentleman at a fair who told me to kill all toads I caught about bee-hives—said they ate bees—I determined to know. Last year at fair swarming, I was watching my bees, and saw a large fat scamp of a black warty toad near the hives. There were a good many bees on the ground, about on the grass where I had just hived a swarm. I determined to watch Mr. Toad, though with little faith that I should prove him guilty."

Pretty soon I saw him show signs of animation. He gave one or two pretty good jumps in the direction of the bees, then began to crawl, like a pointer after a prairie chicken, until he got within three or four inches of the bee, when smack! went his chops, and the bee was gone! "My stars!" thought I, "is it possible that fellow took a bee then?" "Now hold still," says I, "just let me watch you a little longer, my fellow." I waited and watched. Pretty soon snap! went, and another bee was gone, and I saw the fellow take up a half dozen in that manner. I tell you my dander was getting up by this time, and I up with a piece of board and keeled the fellow over, and out with my knife and ripped open his pouch of a stomach, and I am willing to take my oath that I took fifty-two bees!—whole bees, mind you, beside the partially digested ones. There was nothing but bees in the stomach.

"Now sir, none of those black dirty rascals stay about my bees. The thing ought to be generally known. Why, they will destroy two or three small colonies in a season. If any one doubts the assertion that toads eat bees, let them cut open the first one they find about a hive. I have cut open a great many since, and have never found one that did not have bees in his stomach, and little else."

Such is WAKEMAN on Toads!

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CROPS, &c., IN SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—About ten days ago I started in company with a friend up the country about twenty-five miles, for a visit. We intended spending about a week in visiting friends in two adjoining counties. We found them in the midst of the wheat cutting. A finer crop of wheat I think has never been raised in Southern Kentucky than has been raised this year. Large and beautiful fields of it were being chiseled down by the reapers. The land is gently rolling in its character, free from all obstructions in many places, and consequently fine for the reaping machine.

In the vicinity where I was, there were six planters who together would, at the lowest estimate, raise 12,000 bushels of wheat. This, taken in consideration with the fact that such vast quantities of corn are planted, and tobacco also, (as this is the central tobacco region), shows an uncommon wheat crop. The Hon. Mr. B., late member of Congress, said there would be wheat enough in Kentucky this year to feed both the federate and confederate armies for six months.

The weather of late has been extremely warm and dry. The prospect for tobacco is rather poor, and if we do not get rain soon it will be bad enough. Poor chance this year, at all events, for the sale of tobacco, and probabilities are that but a small crop will be raised.

War of course stagnates every thing. I remarked to my friend, as we were riding on horseback through a large plantation, listening to the reapers as they were doing their noble work, that it was a sad thought that perhaps in many places within a sound of the glorious reapers, might be heard the booming of cannon. It seems to me many times, as I witness the quiet and ennobling works of agriculture going on, that all this clangor of arms is but a dream, but a moment of reflection tells me that it is true—painfully true.

I still pray that God may preserve us from the dire ravages of civil war. Oh! for the time when the sword may be again beaten into the plow-share in our own land, and when the golden harvests may not be required to feed devouring armies.

Princeton, Ky., June 21, 1861.

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the soil, it produced remarkable crops, without manure,—much more, even, than the rest of the piece. Mr. H. C. HUNT tells me that in setting a young orchard, he dug the holes the fall before. On planting the field to corn, for experiment, he put a hill on each knoll thrown out, the original hole being filled with surface soil. The result was a miserable growth of stalks. The next year, repeating the trial, the knoll hills were heaviest of all, though the field was highly cultivated. In this case, probably, the increase was owing to the decomposition of the soil by exposure, producing vegetation where it had been impossible. In the first case one soil happened to furnish just what the other lacked—air and water, too, having much to do in producing the result.

Now, we have a piece of muck, light and pretty to handle when in the right state of moisture. On plowing into the subsoil, a complete poity clay was torn up, for it would scarcely plow at all. This has proved a serious damage to the productiveness of the land, although it has been exposed to the action of air and water for three years. So we must be guided by experience and reason, as well as "book knowledge."

A. J. STOW.  
New Haven, Vt., 1861.

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the basin, and spill a little into the mouth; if he gets any he is learned. Make a small pen outside of the pen, and cut a small hole, not large enough for the old sow, but for the pigs to come into the little pen; then put a small flat trough in it, and feed them each time of feeding the sow; but at first with sweet milk, and as they advance in age, give them of the same as the sow."

Harvesting Timothy Seed.

S. EDWARDS TORD gives his methods of harvesting this crop in the *Country Gentleman* of the 4th inst. He says:

I have been accustomed to practice several different ways of gathering timothy seed, being influenced by circumstances.

If the timothy was very tall, not too heavy, we cut it with a grain-cradle, cutting it as high as practicable, after which it was raked and bound, and set up in long shocks, and allowed to cure about three or four days,—according to the state of the weather,—when it was hauled to the barn. The stubble was then cut close to the ground for hay. Sometimes, when the bottom of the grass was not very thick, we cut it with a machine close to the ground, and left it in small gavels for a day or two, if the weather was favorable for making hay, when we would turn them over, and stir them up a little, and then bind them, and as they were cured they were hauled to the barn, and not put into a large solid mow, but spread over a large surface, so as not to injure the vitality of the seed.

Another way, which has been my most uniform practice, is, to mow the grass with a scythe, as soon as the seed is ripe enough to be cut, and allow it to remain about one day in the swath, just as it was mowed; and the next day, if the swaths were rather thick and heavy, we would turn them upside down, by running a long fork handle, or a smooth light pole, under the swath near the tops of the grass, and turn it over bodily. Should there be some very thick and green bunches in some places, they should be stirred up, so that the whole would dry out in a day or so if the weather were favorable. As soon as it is cured, we would bind in small bundles, and shock it and allow it to cure for several days, when it may be stacked or put in the barn.

Most farmers allow their seed to remain too long in the field after it is cut. The seed is very small when compared with kernels of cereal grains, and consequently does not require as long time to cure. As soon as the straw is well cured, there will be no fears about the seed.

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Rural Notes and Items.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—The heavy rain of the 1st and 2d inst. which lasted nearly forty hours, was greatly needed, and proved of immense benefit. Though the temperature was quite cool during the storm, (so much so that many sheep, recently shorn, died from exposure), the warm showers which succeeded was most favorable to the crops. The wheat is to have entirely "headed" the wheat ridge in this section, temporarily at least, and winter wheat is now too far advanced to be materially affected. We had heard little of it previous to the rain. The prospects of most crops have greatly improved during the past week. The very warm temperature of the last few days has given corn a decidedly upward tendency, while wheat, barley, and other crops, are maturing rapidly.

We learn from Genesee county that the midge has been prevalent, but most of the early wheat has escaped, while portions that were injured by the winter and were late have suffered materially. Grass is a fair crop. Corn is backward, and many pieces light. Spring wheat has been extensively sown through the southern counties, and promises well; it is too late to be affected by the midge. Apples in that section will be very scarce.

UP THE VALLEY.—A flying trip was paid to portions of Livingston county last week, and from the few brief opportunities afforded for making observations upon agricultural affairs, we should judge the present prospects of the farmers quite encouraging. Wheat is sown in goodly breadth, and though the crop will be materially lessened because of dryness, still it will turn out comparatively well. We heard nothing concerning the midge. Corn looked slim enough until the rain of the 1st and 2d inst., but the moisture of that period, and the warmth which has since prevailed, have pushed it forward, and it now looks and promises satisfactorily to those most interested. Barley is, generally speaking, magnificent. Oats will prove light. Peas are beginning to claim more attention at the hands of farmers in the southern portion of the county. In the town of Avon they have been extensively grown for some years. Root Crops seem to be all that can be desired.

The Horse Show, held under the auspices of the County Ag. Society, at Genesee, on the 4th inst., was a triumph. Competitors were numerous in all the classes, the animals exhibited were superior, and, as a consequence, the treasury of the Society received a "benefit."

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The News Condenser.

Flour is selling at \$20 per barrel at Galveston, Texas. Protestantism is spreading rapidly throughout Sardinia. The papers of St. Louis are advertising for a Governor. There are now three Iowa regiments in Northern Missouri. An immense mail is received and made up daily at Fortress Monroe. The Mobile Mercury has been changed from a daily to a weekly issue. Admiral Sir Richard Dundas, one of the Lords of the British Admiralty, is dead. Fifteen hundred acres have been planted with cotton in Jamaica as an experiment. The Boston Post has been reduced in size, owing to the falling off in advertisements. Persons from Georgia represent that a strong Union feeling prevails at several points. The liberal and patriotic Philadelphians fed four thousand volunteers on Friday week. The Leavenworth Conservative complains of hot weather—thermometer 95° in the shade. The New Orleans papers are boasting of the fine ripe peaches for sale in their markets. Small change is so scarce at Nashville, Tenn., that bills for 25 and 50 cents are now issued. It is announced that the Indian tribes which succumb to the rebels will forfeit all future annuities. The withdrawal of troops from Utah has caused apprehensions of Indian raids in that Territory. The tobacco crop of the United States for 1860 amounted to 195,000 hogheads, valued at \$10,000,000. The reported death of Mr. Charles Lever, the celebrated Irish novelist, is authoritatively contradicted. A tete-de-pont is a field fortification in front of a bridge to cover the retreat of an army across a river. Specie exportation from New York during the last fiscal year, \$23,845,000. Previous year, \$68,009,000. The specie in the banks of New Orleans decreases at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars per week. Gov. Buckingham, it is said, has dismissed Col. Colt from any control over the 6th Connecticut Regiment. The Vicksburg Whig says that its expenses are now one hundred dollars per week in excess of its receipts. Six hundred thousand men are deemed necessary by the French Government for the defence of the Empire. The population of New York State by the official census, is 3,887,512; of the wards of New York city, 805,657. One hundred thousand cotton spindles are now running in Bombay, and they are to be increased to a million. The steamer Hammonia, which has just arrived, brought about 20,000 arms for our troops. Others are coming. Dr. Alexander B. Mott, Inspecting Surgeon of N. Y. State Volunteers, has arrived in the city of Washington. The Clay statue at Lexington, Ky., has been successfully placed upon its monument, and the scaffolding removed. The State of Virginia has spent money and incurred debts together to the amount of \$4,000,000 since the war began. The seventeen year locusts have made their appearance in several counties of Illinois bordering on the Mississippi. They talk of having a statue of the Prince of Wales in Montreal. Subscriptions for that purpose are being raised. The law under which the Buccaneers of the privateer Savannah had been tried, was passed by Congress in April, 1790. The Wheeling Convention has adjourned to the first Tuesday in August. The Legislature met in that city Monday last. The Government has ordered fifty batteries, consisting of six field pieces each, of what is called the Griffin rifle gun. The Irish papers announce the death of Mrs. W. Smith O'Brien, wife of the celebrated revolutionary patriot of 1848. The case of the condemned British schooner, Tropic Wind, will probably be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. Four millions of whites in England are dependent on the production of cotton by four millions of blacks in the United States. Applications from 375 ladies have already been filed at the State House in Boston, for positions as nurses to the troops. Three negroes, who evinced an insurrectionary spirit in Richmond county, N. C., last week, were shot dead by their master. Receipts of California gold into New York for the year ending 30th June last, \$34,073,000. Previous year, \$39,784,000. Kansas will furnish seven regiments, to be commanded by Brigadier Gen. Lane, who received his commission on the 20th inst. The Mobile papers are urging the necessity of confiscating all the property in that city which is owned by Northern citizens. The exports of ice from Boston this year to June 1st, amounted to 60,948 tons, against 74,717 tons in the same period last year. The total number of vessels employed in trade and commerce in Great Britain, exclusive of river steamers, is 20,019, of 4,251,730 tons. The amount of deposits in the New Orleans banks decreased, between the 8th and 15th of June, over six hundred thousand dollars. Grain of all kinds has been lavishly sown in Southern Pennsylvania and Maryland, and gives evidence of a superabundant harvest. The exports of domestic produce from New York for the year ending 30th ult., amounted to \$117,933,000. Previous year, \$70,250,000. At a recent sale in London, 80 manuscript poems of Burns, in his own hand-writing, many of them unpublished were disposed of. The price of the Enfield rifle has risen from sixteen to twenty-one dollars in England, in consequence of the demand from this country. During the first four months of the present year the British importation of foreign breadstuffs amounted to ninety millions of dollars. At Havana, an Angle-Spanish Cotton Company, capital \$4,000,000, has been established for the extension of cotton cultivation in Cuba. Forty thousand cartridges—musket, Minie, Enfield, revolver and artillery—are now daily manufactured at the Indiana State Arsenal. The Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company have completed arrangements for building a line between Keokuk and Burlington, Iowa. Richard D. Morris, aged 98, died at his residence, in Pittsylvania county, Va., on the 30th ult. Deceased was at the surrender of Yorktown. The population of England and Wales, in 1860, was but 20,000,000. The number of paupers in Great Britain the same year, was about 1,000,000. The notice of the American Postmaster-General about the stoppage of the mails to the seceded States, has been published in Paris without comment. An English gentleman, who lately traveled through Virginia, says that when he passed through Manassas, the rebels were drilling with pikes and axes. The steamer Golden Fleece from England, with troops and military stores for Quebec, passed Farther Point Monday week. She left Ireland on the 17th of June. The first Congregational church in Toledo, Ohio, and two dwellings adjoining, were destroyed by fire on the 17th ult. Loss \$16,000, which is partially insured. The rebels are short of tents; they have no cloth; "the troops must blame Lincoln's blockade, which has cut off the supply of cloth," says the Richmond Dispatch.

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Inquiries and Answers.

CARE OF MILKS.—Will some one acquainted with the use of mules, state through the columns of the RURAL, whether there should be anything in their care, or feed, different from horses, and oblige—T. R. A., Fond du Lac, Wis., 1861.

LAYING WALL ON HARD-PAN LAND.—Will not some of the RURAL readers inform us how we can, on our hard-pan land, lay wall under-pen barns, so that the frost will not throw it down?—INQUIRER, Alfred Center, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1861.

GRAIN FOR GRASS-FED HORSES.—I would like to hear the opinion of the RURAL'S numerous correspondents upon the subject of feeding grain to grass-fed horses. This is a subject I never have seen treated in any work on the horse, and I have examined several for that purpose. Farmers often have occasion to drive their horses two or three days fresh from the pasture where grass cannot be obtained, and in the opinion of some, grain is of no benefit for so short a time, either on hay or grass. Light upon this subject would be gratefully received by many.—M. L. B., New York, 1861.

OXEN VS. HORSES.—I am about to commence farming on my "own book"—having 30 acres of rolling limestone clay, situated seven miles from the city of Lond du Lac. But what I want to know is, What team can I work with the most profit, Oxen or Horses? Now I am rather inclined to believe that a good yoke of heavy, smart Oxen are the team for a small farm of 80 acres. Horses command \$250 to \$275; harness, \$30; whiffletrees, \$4. And if you work horses hard the consequence is a small amount of oats and hay. Oxen sell for \$50 to \$85. I suppose it would answer to keep one good easy-keeping horse to go to mill, and to town to meeting, making him generally useful by working him ahead of the cattle. We do not feed our working Oxen any grain in the spring; think good timothy and clover good enough; they are always in good order. I want some experienced old farmer to answer the above and oblige—OSCAR BERRY, near Fond du Lac, Wis., June, 1861.

P. S. How would mules or asses do, friend H. T. B.?

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HORTICULTURAL.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE USE OF SYNONYMS.

COMPLAINT is made, and should be made, and should continue to be made, in consequence of the dodge which nurserymen resort to in order to sell their stock. All nurserymen do not act dishonestly; neither do all nurserymen know that they are selling their customers one thing with the name of another thing attached; but these ignorant nurserymen are hardly less deserving punishment; for such ignorance disqualifies them for their business, and people will quickly learn to place no confidence in them whatever.

To illustrate:—Within a week, in company with two or three intelligent amateur horticulturists, the writer has visited several private establishments in and near this city of Chicago, and has during that time found the same strawberry growing under the name of the Mammoth Prolific, Ohio Mammoth, Omer Pasha, (1) Early Washington, Iowa, and Iowa Male.

It is natural to ask the question, Which of these names is the right one? According to Western nomenclature, it is the "Early Washington" or "Iowa;" for that is the title by which it was recommended for general cultivation by the Illinois State Horticultural Society last winter. But why not make it Iowa, which is a short and beautiful name, and drum out of the ranks of reliable nurserymen such men as resort to the despicable practice which we disclose in the following paragraph?

In the garden of a wealthy citizen we were invited to "look at the strawberries." The gardener, who is a most excellent plantsman, remarked that he had the "Cremont," the Omer Pasha, Ohio Mammoth, and Mammoth Prolific varieties. A gentleman present, who had grown the "Cremont," pronounced it true to name. But a careful examination and comparison of the three last named varieties discovered the fact that they were all identical with each other,—Omer Pasha being no more of a Turk than the Buckeye berry! The gardener was astonished at the discovery. He said a nurseryman just outside the city limits had sold him the plants under the three different names—recommending the three varieties highly at the same time. This was—not a Yankee but a French trick, which deserves, as it receives, hereaway, the severest condemnation.

And it is proper to ask several other nurserymen who have the Mammoth Prolific, which they are distributing over the country, to tell the public the difference between it and the Early Washington or Iowa. It will be our duty to publish a list of such dealers in fruits unless there is speedy reform. They are a disgrace to their profession, as well as an evil in community.

A CHERRY ORCHARD.

June 21st we, for the first time, visited the cherry orchard owned by JAMES WAKEMAN, at Cottage Hill, Du Page Co., Ill.—a half hour's ride from Chicago, by rail. This orchard has been somewhat noted for its productivity and consequent profit, in contradistinction to other attempts to grow this fruit on our prairie soil. It has been claimed by some western writers that the cause of this exceptional productivity was to be found in the protection given the orchard, the peculiar geological formation of the locality, and the mechanical and chemical adaptability of the soil. WAKEMAN claims, on the contrary, that his success is due to the hardness and productivity of the variety upon which he depends for a crop, and upon the culture given it—that anybody can grow the Early Richmond Cherry anywhere on the prairies—that his soil is by no means better adapted to cherry culture than his neighbors—that were he going to select a soil peculiarly suited to cherry production, he would go far away from home—that planting the trees is the first and most important step, and taking care of them the second and only necessary additional step to secure with each successive season an abundance of excellent fruit and tenfold return for the expense and labor of planting and culture.

It was to look after the truth that we visited Cottage Hill. The reader shall have our impressions and the facts gained.

Mr. WAKEMAN'S fruit farm—for it is a fruit farm—is on a somewhat elevated undulating prairie, which is frequently broken by sloughs, which are drained into the Des Plaines river, a few miles east. One of these sloughs enters Mr. W.'s farm at its north-west corner, runs south-east until it reaches about the center of the farm, then nearly—a little north of—east, affording excellent outlet for either surface or under-drainage. The reader will find no difficulty in comprehending the physical peculiarities of this farm, or of that part of it on which the orchard stands—it inclining to, and being drained by, this slough. On the west and south-west of the slough are the cherry and pear orchards. South-west of them, on the summit of the prairie, is a small locust grove. It will be seen then, that the cherry orchard has a northern and eastern exposure, with the protection of a grove on the south-west, and a trifling protection from a row of poplars on the west. On the east of the cherry orchard, is an apple orchard covering nearly fifty acres, densely planted. Thus it will be seen that the cherries are protected on the east, south, and west. Hence, if timber protection is any advantage, it has it. The surface soil is a light prairie mold, containing some lime, yet humid enough to make it look black. It not only absorbs water but holds it until it evaporates or is drained off by careful surface drainage. It is aided in holding it by an extremely stiff, tenacious, yellowish clay, which underlies the entire farm—a deep bed. This soil, therefore, is not naturally underdrained, as has been asserted; neither is its natural inclination toward the slough effectual to procure its thorough surface drainage without the cultivator ridges or back-furrows his ground, leaving deep dead furrows at frequent intervals. Only a portion of the ground occupied by the cherry orchard has been surface drained—none of it underdrained. Those trees on the undrained portion are quite as thrifty, handsome, large in proportion to their age, and as full of fruit as are any in the orchard, and the land on which there has been no surface drainage is the lowest, wettest, and the most nearly level of any portion of the orchard, and, when we passed over, it was baked so hard that it had cracked open, as the stiff, undrained clay soils of the east crack during a severe drouth. It is also true that this portion of the orchard is the least protected from the west and south-west winds, and is fully exposed to the sweeping north and north-west winds.

"Why have you not surface drained this?" we asked. "Because this ground has been covered with nursery trees. I shall back furrow toward the trees hereafter. But I cannot give you any good reason why these trees grow here and will not grow anywhere on the prairies. This tree, (the Early Rich-

mond,) is the hardest fruit tree I know of,—indeed, I do not know of any harder among the forest trees. Shall I tell you how I planted them five years ago this spring?"

"Yes, if you please." "Well, sir, it was getting rather late, and we had a great deal to do, and too little help, and these trees must be planted. I went through the orchard and stuck stakes where I wanted the rows; a man and team followed with a plow, going one 'bout in the same furrow; he was followed by a man with the trees, who set them in the furrows, kicked a little dirt over them, and another team turned a back furrow up against them, the trees being laid leaning so that the team could pass them. A man followed and straightened them up. It was done in double quick time, I assure you, and I called it "shiftless" then, but with good culture, you can see what those trees have become. The crop on them this year will pay for the land they occupy at a high valuation, and for all the labor and care expended upon them. They did it last year, and if I never get another cherry from them, I should be satisfied with the experiment and the profits of the investment, and plant more. There are 160 of them on an acre, and they will average at least two bushels of cherries each; I have already been offered \$4.50 per bushel for them; last year I got \$6 per bushel. You can see what people are crying about when they assert they cannot raise fruit in this country."

That is the way Mr. WAKEMAN rattled off his cherry talk as we walked through his thousand trees of all ages, all burthened with fruit, whether one year transplanted, or five.

"But," said he, "take from me the Early Richmond, and I have nothing to say of the profits of cherry culture. Other varieties seem to thrive here, but do not produce."

From what we saw, we are inclined to believe that other varieties will produce when they shall have acquired sufficient maturity. These varieties, which make wood so rapidly in their early history, will not produce fruit in appreciable quantities until they have reached a certain size, or an age of puberty. Those who cultivate the Sweet Cherries, must, in most cases, lay in a store stock of patience.

That the productivity of the Early Richmond does not depend on drainage, we have already seen; that protection is unnecessary, we saw abundantly established in the case of the cherry orchard of JOHN R. CASE, Esq., two miles distant from Mr. WAKEMAN'S, where we found seven hundred trees planted on ground with a southern and eastern exposure, with no protection whatever from the south-west. The land was not drained, but the trees were quite equal to any we saw at Mr. WAKEMAN'S in healthfulness, vigor of growth, and symmetrical beauty. And what is of quite as much importance, the crop on them was, we think, heavier than on Mr. W.'s trees. A ride of ten or fifteen miles, subsequently, enabled us to see this fruit in bearing in all sorts of situations, with all sorts of exposures, soils, &c. It is, without doubt, the early market cherry for Northern Illinois; and, we learn, thrives in Central and Southern Illinois, where it has been planted.

The only essential, perhaps, is good culture; a clean, well stirred soil will insure large crops of good quality; and the figures given above prove that it pays quite as well to cultivate cherries exclusively as corn, and a little better.

The crop is late this season—at least ten days later than last year. Few ripe ones—none, indeed, fully ripe—could be found on the trees the day of our visit. They were beginning to color considerably.

A TELL-TALE TREE.

It is too late, perhaps, to tell the RURAL reader that it does not pay to let fruit trees take care of themselves, or that it does pay to tickle them with a hoe. But we noticed an illustration of the doctrine which we wish to record.

Very close to the carriage road leading from Mr. WAKEMAN'S house to his barn, stood an Early Richmond Cherry tree—at the end of a row of trees. One half of this tree hung over and shaded the road. This half was dwarfed,—full of small, green fruit. It was not more than two-thirds the size of the other half of the tree, which had been cultivated by frequent plowing, and otherwise stirring the soil underneath it. The cherries on the cultivated half were double the size of the others, and ripening rapidly. Mr. W. said many of his visitors, when asked to account for the difference, supposed there were two varieties of fruit, with different habits of growth, on the same tree. It is wise to treasure up such lessons.

WAKEMAN vs. TERRA-CULTURE.

"While one philosopher affirms That by our senses we're deceived, Another, in the plainest terms, Declares they are to be believed. The twain are right. Philosophy Correctly calls us dupes when e'er Upon mere senses we rely; But when we wisely rectify The raw report of eye or ear, By distance, medium, circumstance, In real knowledge we advance."

It is apparent there is no "harmonic affinity" between WAKEMAN and Professor COMSTOCK. At least it will be apparent when we shall have written what we know of the former's mode of tree planting. Mr. WAKEMAN does not confine his effort to cherry culture alone. He believes there is no better fruit country in the world than this prairie country, all croakers to the contrary notwithstanding. He believes in apples and pears, also plums. He plants, cultivates, grows, and harvests all these kinds of fruit. But he believes also that different kinds of soil require different kinds of treatment,—that the stiff clay, and the light, porous prairie soil are unlike in their constituents, and necessarily involve dissimilar processes to produce the same effect.

In the planting of a tree, he says if there should be two to three inches of stiff, compact soil packed over the roots, there should be more of the light, loose soil,—the weight of soil should be made equal as nearly as possible, regardless of bulk. Acting upon this theory, he plants his trees deep in the first place, and then plows to them, back furrows, each year—the dead furrows between the rows growing deeper, and the quantity of soil over the roots greater at each plowing. He has eighty acres planted in apples, the trees being four and five years old. When he plants an apple tree, he plants it so deep that it does not require a stake to hold it up. His trees all have low, compact heads. He never thins the inside branches. His pruning,—and he says he does little,—is to cut back the top limbs, and shorten-in the sides. In this windy country he finds the most fruit at harvest on the inside branches of the densest trees. There is no want of sun or air. The greatest difficulty is there is too much of it. The limbs of most of the ten thousand orchard trees we saw growing, start within eighteen inches of the

ground. We did not see an unhealthy tree. And it should be remembered that the roots of most of these trees are from two to three feet below the surface of the ground!—away (Mr. WAKEMAN says,) from the influence of frost, wind, and drouth, yet completely surface drained, and with a kind of soil—light, loose and cultivated—that admits air and heat.

"What do you think Prof. COMSTOCK would say to that?" we asked Mr. W.

"Why, sir, he has been here—was here some three years ago, and told me I had not got a healthy tree on the place—that I did not know anything about the culture, and that in less than three years every one of those trees would be dead. He did not tell me who he was, but I asked him what was the trouble with the trees—to point out the indications of unhealthfulness. The Professor told me that any fool could see they were doomed by their complexion—their complexion was bad. I told him he did not know what he was talking about, whereupon he flew into a passion, and we had a pretty warm time. I thought my trees were the perfection of health—were as thrifty as I could desire, and I could not believe I could be so mistaken in my knowledge of a healthful tree. After he was gone I learned at the depot that his name was COMSTOCK!—that he was all over the country examining trees, &c., &c. Well, sir, I knew then, from the fact that he made me get a spade and dig down in one of the ridges to find the new roots which he said the trees were making near the surface, and which we did not find, that he was "Terra-culturist COMSTOCK." Last fall I was absent from home one day, and my boy said the same man called then, and he went with him to look at the same trees which two or three years ago he had predicted would die. They were loaded with fruit, and every way prosperous. The boy said the gentleman said he was astonished to find those trees alive—much more to find them bearing fruit."

Such is Mr. WAKEMAN'S account of the visit he received from the persevering "Professor." From the description given of his personal appearance, there is little doubt that it was the veritable "Professor."

There are some things gained by this mode of planting and after-treatment. The tree, be it remembered, is not set deep in a hole in the first place, but the roots are covered deep—so deep that the tree will stand alone. Then the after-culture adds to the loose soil in which the roots may grow, and insures after each succeeding plowing a more perfect drainage—giving the roots and the tree all the advantages of deep culture and thorough drainage. This course has been adopted because the expense is less than by any other system of drainage and deep culture. It is common, even in the best staked orchards, to find the trees more or less—and in most instances more—inclined to the North-East, in consequence of the strong and prevailing South-West winds of the prairies. But there is not a tree in this orchard—that we noticed—so inclined as to expose the bark to the burning rays of the sun. Indeed, we did not see a single tree on which the bark seemed diseased or in the least affected by sun scald.

There are many of the old Eastern orchards—especially those exposed to the winds on the lake shore—in which we have seen trees destroyed by the sun after having been trimmed up until it was necessary to get a ladder to reach the first limb, in order that they might be plowed up to—that horses might travel under them, &c. And the fact that so many Eastern men, when planting orchards in the West, select whip-stocks or bean-poles for planting, instead of trees, and then pursue the same old regime of "trimming up," leads the writer to believe that the old practice is still in vogue there, and that the giving this subject a little thought, and the old orchards a little examination, will enable them to perceive that the chief value of orchard trees does not consist in the facility with which one may plow about them—that said value is not proportionate to the number of feet the first limbs are from the ground. Let "the raw report of eye or ear, by distance, medium, circumstance," be rectified. Let common sense help and reason aid us in arriving at the truth, even though old axioms are proved to be no axioms at all. New laws follow a change in the civil and political character of a people. Why may not the laws of culture change with each change of climate and soil? They do change, and the world is fast finding the fact out.

A HINT TO GARDENERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In reports of Fruit Grower's Conventions and descriptions of fruits, it is often said a certain variety is "good for market." This means, that it is productive, hardy and looks well, I suppose, though not of first quality. Now, we never hear that certain flowers are good for market, from the simple fact that here there is very little market for flowers, but the growers of flowers around Paris, and many other of the large cities of Europe, could use this expression with propriety. There flowers have a market value, bring the cash as readily as fruit or grain, and many varieties are found profitable for market culture on account of their profuse bloom, hardiness and the little labor their culture requires, though they may not be as beautiful as the camellia, or many other choice flowers.

We grow flowers for the pleasure they afford, and this pleasure is supplied by single fine specimens which we may gather and carry in the hand or the button-hole, or allow to remain on the parent plant; by the beautifying of our tables and rooms with well arranged bouquets; and by the adornment of our gardens. Perhaps we derive more pleasure from the last than from the other sources. A garden brilliant with gay flowers from May until November, in which we can walk and meditate in early morn and dewy eve, and repose under the shady trees at bright noon, is truly a "joy for ever." But, the beauty of the garden depends not upon choice specimens, but upon a good arrangement and constant bloom; hence flowers that are not particularly beautiful in themselves, become so when grown in masses in appropriate places in the garden.

The Petunia is nothing as a single flower, yet it makes a brilliant bed. But these reflections were induced by a bed of *Carnation Poppies*, an improvement on the Corn Poppy of Europe, which has really afforded me more pleasure this season than any other bed of flowers in my garden. The seed was sown in the Autumn, but may be sown early in the Spring, and from the latter part of May until the present time, I have had a shower of gay flowers—scarlet, crimson, white, red and variegated. I would not lose it now for any sum, for it will continue bright until frost, and is so hardy that hundreds of plants will come up next Spring from the seeds that will drop. It is a cheap flower, but deserving a place in every garden. Did you know, Mr. Editor, that the *Datura Wrightii* is hardy here—that the roots will live through the Winter, and in the Spring send up a cluster of shoots that will flower beautifully. How long it will

continue in this way I cannot say, as this is the first season I have noticed the fact. It is classed in all seed catalogues, I believe, as an annual.

OLD GARDENER.

EARLY RICHMOND CHERRY.

THE Richmond Cherry spoken of in our Western Correspondence, is the true *Kentish*, though generally known in this country by the former name. It is also called Virginia May, and is known by many other names in England and Florence. It is extremely hardy, is particularly adapted to the West, and valuable anywhere for cooking, preserving, and drying. It is grown in large quantities in New Jersey, for the New York market. The engraving of this cherry we take from Elliott's Fruit Book, showing the corolla remaining on the stalk, as it is usually found. The stone also adheres to the stalk with remarkable tenacity, and this is taken advantage of to draw out the stones for drying. For this purpose the *Kentish* or Early Richmond is doubtless the best variety grown, and it is not excelled by any dried fruit.

This cherry in ordinary seasons begins to color before the first of June, and from that time is useful for tarts; but as it hangs upon the tree it grows larger and loses its acidity, until the last of June or early in July, when it is a very agreeable dessert fruit, and is relished by many in preference to the sweet varieties. The tree grows from fifteen to twenty feet in height, with a round, spreading head, is exceedingly productive, and bears early. It is an excellent family and market cherry.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUIT PROSPECTS IN WAYNE COUNTY.—Apples.—The crop last year was very large, and we could not therefore expect a very abundant supply this year. The trees, however, blossomed pretty fully; but those on the highest hills and in exposed situations had their blossoms and sets injured to a considerable extent by a violent wind, and many of the sets have since fallen. Under these circumstances we do not expect more than half the usual crop.

Pears.—The trees look healthy, but there will not be as many bushels of fruit as usual this year. Peaches.—There will be but a small crop of Peaches. One severe night in winter killed most of the buds, and only the hardy varieties, such as *Hill's Chick*, and those in protected situations, will have Peaches. There will, however, be enough, we hope, for a taste, which is vastly better than no Peaches at all.

Plums look well where they are not injured by the "little Turk."

Apricots are a failure, generally.

Cherry trees were injured by the cold nights, and some of the more tender trees are dying; but as a general thing they look finely, and some varieties are well thrived. But we cannot expect more than one-fourth of a crop, and the birds have stolen most of those which have ripened up to this time.

Lavender Blackberries have blossomed very full, and promise a plentiful crop where they have received even ordinary attention.

Currants and Gooseberries set full, but the foliage has been, in many gardens, eaten off by a worm.

Quince look better than for many previous years.

Raspberries.—The more tender kinds were injured by the winter; but the *Doctille*, *White American*, *Black Cap* and *Red Cap* are loaded very heavily with fruit; the *Doctille*, especially, yielding an abundance never before seen in this vicinity.

Grapes.—The *Isabella*, and some other tender vines which were not laid down, were injured by the cold nights; but where they were laid down, they promise an abundant crop. The more hardy vines, such as the *Diana*, *Delaware*, *Union Village*, *Clinton*, *Oporto*, &c., are full of fruit, whether laid down or not.—S. in Lyons Rep.

LARGE VEGETABLE CULTURE.—Charles Backus, a Long Island farmer, has under cultivation eight large farms devoted to raising vegetables for New York market. During the past year he has raised forty acres of potatoes, fifteen to twenty acres of parsnips, carrots and beets, fifty of corn, eighty acres of cabbages. One hundred acres are devoted to asparagus, and forty to currants. Three and a half acres are under glass, for raising early salad, radishes, cucumbers, etc. From three hundred to three hundred and fifty laborers are employed in the summer season, and twelve large wagon loads of produce are every day sent to the city. His business in a single year amounts to \$100,000. Only thirteen years ago two wagon loads per week were the whole amount of produce raised by Mr. B., who has every year since extended his operations, until they now probably exceed those of any market gardener in the Union.

A JAPAN DWARF FIR.—Mr. Fortune, in a recent letter from Japan, speaks of an extraordinary specimen of a dwarfed Fir Tree. Its lower branches were trained horizontally some twenty feet in length; all the leaves and branches were tied down and clipped, so that the whole was as flat as a board. The upper branches were trained to form circles one above another like so many little tables, and the whole plant had a most curious appearance. A man was at work upon it at the time, and I believe it keeps him constantly employed from day to day throughout the year.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT CORNING.—A fine Horticultural Exhibition was held last week in the village of Corning, of which we find a full account in the Journal of the 4th inst. Flowers, fruits, and vegetables, were shown in great abundance and in the highest perfection. The Committee on Wine made a very interesting report, and premiums were awarded for grape, currant, blackberry, elderberry, raspberry, cherry and strawberry wines.

NEW HAND-GLASS.—We have been shown an invention of Mr. O. S. Cadwell, Jr., of this city, designed for the early starting and protection of vegetables in the spring. It is simply an earthenware, hollow cylinder, of about ten inches in diameter and eight inches in height, with a sloping top, to which is fitted a pane of glass. Holes are provided for ventilation. It can be furnished cheaply, and seems in many ways preferable to the hand glass now in use.—Homestead.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From JOSEPH DEWEY, Gates, N. Y., a fine dish of strawberries. On examination we found two varieties, CURSING, and the other we could not name with confidence.

Inquiries and Answers.

STRAWBERRY RUNNERS.—Please inform me through your paper at what time strawberry runners should be cut.—JULIS, Wellington, Ohio.

The object of cutting off the runners is to give the fruit and original plant all the nutriment furnished by the roots. They should be cut away as fast as they form.

PEACH UPON THE WILD PLUM.—During the past year I observed several statements from what seemed to be reliable sources, stating that the peach budded upon the wild plum stock is much more hardy and long lived than when propagated upon its native stock. In accordance with this information, I ordered through a friend, residing in Illinois, in a region where the wild plum abounds, a quantity of pits, which I intended to plant this spring. Now, if some of your correspondents who have had actual experience in cultivating the peach in this manner will state their success, they will confer a favor. The well matured experiments of those who have given this method of propagation a fair trial, should be known to all interested in improving and making more hardy this delicious, but rather uncertain fruit.—D. B. Zabolville, N. Y., 1861.

Domestic Economy.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN CARPETS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This is a subject which claims the attention of people generally, and to which I have given no little time, studying the instinctive habits of the moth, and a practical remedy for destroying them. Having written an article on the subject of the moth for the *Reveille*, in which I gave a certain remedy, and seeing in your paper of June 22d, the question how to destroy these pernicious little animals in carpets, I will quote therefrom: "During the month of March, and sometimes as late as April, we find them, in the chrysalis state, under the edge of ingrain carpets—in Brussels and Tapestry carpets we find them close to the foundation under the worsted. The reason of their being found under the edge of ingrain carpeting is, that they are all wool, in which the moth finds its element. Brussels and Tapestry carpets have a linen or hemp foundation, hence the cause of their being found above the linen. From this chrysalis state they change to a miller, or moth with wings. This moth varies in color in accordance with the color of the carpet which they have eaten, and are from a light color to a dark drab. You can see them flying about usually in the fore part of the day, looking for places to deposit their eggs, after which the female dies. The egg hatches in a few days, and a worm grows, from a quarter to half an inch long. As soon as sufficiently supplied, it will spin its cocoon and pass into the chrysalis state, then requiring no more food until a moth again."

While in the worm state, sprinkle salt (common Syracuse salt), over your carpet and sweep thoroughly. This will kill them, and the salt will not injure the carpet, rather brightening than dimming the colors.

Instinct leads them to places where they will not be disturbed—under sofas, divans, tables, libraries, and like places.

THE PLAN FOR DESTROYING THEM IN EITHER STATE.—Camphor, two ounces, well cut, to a quart a whisky,—a hot flat iron to pass over a piece of muslin wet with this solution and thin enough to allow the steam produced by the hot iron to penetrate through the carpet. Carpets that are taken up entirely, spring and fall, are more free from the work of this insect, but this remedy is practical in all cases—perhaps more particularly where a velvet tapestry carpet is put down by patent machine, and is so heavy as cannot be easily taken up. This hot flat iron should be applied wherever there is evidence of the worm eating."

These facts have been accurately ascertained by my own practical observations, and I give them through the RURAL as was requested by E. C. I. MILTON G. ALMY, Farmer, Seneca Co., N. Y., June 26, 1861.

QUICK DRYING PAINT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In my RURAL of May 25th, came an inquiry for a "quick drying paint for kitchen floors," to which I have seen no reply. Please insert the following which I know to be good, and oblige many:

DRYING IN PAINT.—There is a liquid called Japan, which is used for drying in paints,—can be purchased for \$1.00 or \$1.25 per gallon. Two teaspoons of good Japan is sufficient for a pint of paint. Use in proportion to your amount of paint. My motto is pay well for a good article,—there are inferior kinds of Japan,—get the best. This should not be used in white paints; for, being a dark liquid, it would injure its purity; but for all paints that are colored it is superb. The inquirer may paint her floor after tea and it will be perfectly dry by breakfast time, if she have a good article of Japan for the dryer. I have used this myself, and am therefore able to recommend it as good. Any lady may paint a modern sized kitchen after tea, herself. I do painting of this kind, first, because I like it; second, because it is economy. I do not understand mixing paint, but my information in regard to the dryer I have obtained from an experienced painter. CANOGA, Sen. Co., N. Y., 1861. CARRIE.

LEMON PIES, COLORING YELLOW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I send you recipes for lemon pies and for coloring a bright yellow: LEMON PIES.—One large lemon, or two small ones; three pints of water; three cups sugar; three eggs; three tablespoonfuls flour; one-half nutmeg; one-half cup good vinegar. Grate the lemon, beat the eggs and sugar together, then mix the ingredients, and it is ready for the platters. Cover with a thin crust.

Noticing in a late RURAL a recipe for coloring yellow, I think that I can give a better one. Take hickory bark, boil it about six hours, or until the strength is all out. Then to a pailful of the dye, add a large spoonful of alum.

Will some of the lady readers of the good RURAL give a recipe for coloring cotton red. ROCK ISLAND CO., Ill., 1861. NETTIE TAYLOR.

CUCUMBER TOAST.—Select your cucumbers—fresh, crisp, medium size—just such as you would prefer if served up in the usual manner. Pare, and slice up lengthwise in cuts a quarter of an inch thick. Rinse in cold water, dip each slice singly in flour, and hurry them into the dripping-pan, using for material to fry them in, the gravy in which either beefsteak, veal cutlets or mutton chops were cooked; or butter may be used; but be sure to fry briskly until the slices are a light brown on both sides. Have your bread toasted, buttered, or dipped, as you prefer, and close at hand. Slip the slices of cucumber hot from the pan between slices of toast, and serve at once. Any one following these directions implicitly will find cucumber toast really good to eat.—Am. Farmer.

TO DRIVE AWAY MUSKETOES.—Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camp or bag hung up in an open casement will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirit applied as perfume to the face and hands will act as an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

TO MAKE CIDER WINE.—Seeing an inquiry for making cider wine, I send my recipe. Let your cider ferment; then heat it till it boils. Skim it, and add to each gallon of cider one pound of sugar, and one pint of whisky. To give it a high color, boil in the cider a small bag of dried black raspberries.

MOULDY LARD.—Please say to "A Young Housewife" her lard moulded because it was not sufficiently cooked. Heating and straining will arrest its progress.—A FARMER'S WIFE, Manchester, N. Y., 1861.

Ladies' Department.

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

BY MARGARET ELLIOTT.

A SAD, sweet face returned to mine,  
Haloed with locks of gold,  
Whose glory waxeth brighter still  
The longer I behold.  
Eyes of a tender, saintly blue,  
Still gazing into mine,  
Through whose clear depths I see her soul  
Look from its earthly shrine.  
But with an earnest, wistful look,  
As if forgetting earth,  
Her thoughts were centered on the land  
Which gave her spirit birth.  
Gainesville, N. Y., 1861.

HEART DEATHS.

HEARTS oft die bitter deaths before  
The breath is breathed away,  
And number weary twilight o'er  
Ere the last evening gray.  
I've sometimes looked on closed eyes  
And folded hands of snow,  
And said, "It was no sacrifice;  
The heart went long ago."  
Oh, blest were we, if every pang,  
Like harshest discord given,  
Proved a celestial bird, which sang  
And lured us up to Heaven!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] OUT IN THE WOODS.

WONDER if all country girls enjoy the woods as richly as I. Do they, in sweet Spring-time, fair Summer, or glorious Autumn, stray into the pleasant open woods near by, in quest of an hour or two's companionship with its interesting inhabitants; gayly climbing the miniature bluffs, anon amounting and alighting from an old brown weather-beaten log, which may have been a vigorous sapling that your great great grandmother's eyes gazed upon two hundred years ago; now crossing the creek in the vale below as it hastens with glad music to tell the peasant lake, but a few miles distant, "of the concert it gave upon the side" of the bluff; now watching the evolutions of the numerous feathered songsters, whose jubilant songs repel all dreariness or loneliness, awaking in us a vivid consciousness of life in the quiet of the woods; now pursuing the lively, frolicsome rabbit that has popped out from its burrow to enjoy the clear sunshine, its timidity and harmlessness so touching your humanity as to prevent a spirited chase on your part, till suddenly it sinks into the ground and out of sight; now enjoying a glimpse at squirreldom, that most interesting species of the rodentia, beavers excepted:

"What a springing,  
Running, leaping,  
Up and down, from tree to tree."

We were pleasantly reminded of nutting-time, when we spied those bright eyes in the branches o'er our heads, fixed jealously upon us a moment, then the playful little animals sliding down the great trunk right into our faces, winked gayly, and were off out of reach in a moment. A picture of by-gones is vivid in your mind, as you near that mound of moss of the clearest, loveliest, intensest green, seated upon which, in rambling past, with a genial companion, you pleasantly beguiled the time in cheerful conversation. Lovely, romantic retreat. The wide-spreading branches of the giant trees bend caressingly over you; and as you gaze up into the blue ether that overarches all, a holy quiet reigns. You feel impressed with the sublimity of the scene, and gaze with intense admiration; that azure dome never looking more brilliant or serenely beautiful by day, than when seen through the opening foliage. Snatches of gay songs from the tree tops suddenly interrupt your meditations of the ethereal; you look around; vigorous Beech, Birch, and Maple, shoot up here and there, proud as young palms, while the meek-eyed Violet reposes at your feet; Solomon's Seals, nodding, seem to acknowledge your presence; the pretty Orchis plant lends her rich bloom and gentle grace to the scene, while Jack in Pulpit, in his native dignity, greets you from all sides. Let me oft retire to this favored spot, and drinking in the inspiration of the scene, be carried up above the petty concerns of this selfish life.

Not the least attractive portion of wood scenery are the flowers,—those creations embodying so much which is beautiful in nature. Such wondrous architecture,—such brilliant design, adapted to please the eye, refine the taste and lead the mind to the great Architect,—they justly claim a large share of our attention. The extensive woodland near by is rich with flowers of all forms and colors,—the white, the purple, the pink, and the blue. I rejoice in meeting a new acquaintance among them, and invariably improve the earliest opportunity of analyzing and classifying the stranger, ever delighting in the acquisition of plant-acquaintance. Thus every visit made in this agreeable research is amply repaid in my mind. I well recollect the odd-looking, nodding flowers, borne on a scape six inches high, that met my anxious gaze in this favored seclusion about two years since. I had often observed the pretty plant, had admired its smoothness and finely cut leaves, but of its singular inflorescence I had not the faintest idea. It utterly eclipsed in oddity all the flowers I had yet seen. I immediately referred to my trusty companion, the Botany, which gave it the very significant name of Dutchman's Breeches. I am now in pursuit of the Dutchman's Pipe, not however, because I have any predilection for this particular solace of so many of the human race, except it appear in the vegetable kingdom, and there principally for its oddity. Here allow me to publicly express a wish. May his lordship and all young America's, who delight in the venerable namesake of this curious little plant, the Dutchman's Pipe, soon experience a millennium in the utter laying aside, as abominable and detestable, that most ruinous practice, of indulging, in any way whatsoever, the use of the nauseous, poisonous weed—tobacco. Happily the tobacco plant is not an inhabitant of woods, the domain of nature I much love and admire. Were I deprived of their companionship,—were I in a country where the woodman's axe had told the fearful story of annihilation,—I would pine for the dear old woods, which have been mine to enjoy from childhood.

Elie Co., Pa., 1861.

LIZZIE LICHEN.

MANY who would not for the world utter a false hood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others, respecting facts, characters, and opinions.

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

OF the many things I find to *dislike* in the little word-picture of "Matrimony," in your issue of June 15th, I find one to like. The one pleasing feature is the cross sign ("X") at its close, so appropriate, so suggestive. I am quite sure the author of that sketch must be either an unhappy wife, or a loveless and unlovable "old maid." But there is another side to the picture quite as truthful as the one given. There are "humans" who have hearts even after they are married,—women who love to please their husbands (as well as, a pretense, their lovers) by "neatness of dress," "sweetness of temper," and the thousand little attentions and kindnesses which serve to strengthen the golden chain of affection, binding heart to heart indissolubly. And there are men, too, who have not forfeited their rightful claim to that enabling title by any display of selfishness, and a disposition to sway an iron sceptre where only love should rule.

Very unwilling am I that the uninitiated should believe married life so unmitigatedly bad as "X" would make it appear. While there may be exceptional cases, from which the sad picture was drawn, I cannot believe it to be generally true. Observation and experience have led me to a different conclusion. Here is my advice to you, young men and women. Be in no haste to marry, and observe much. When you find one who, in the most trivial matters of life, is truthful; who is kind and affectionate to all, and ever considerate and forbearing (to others, as well as yourself); who is industrious and economical, so you may never fear of finding yourself some day a homeless wanderer; when you meet with one in whom your soul finds ever some new delight, whose tastes and opinions coincide with (yet are not borrowed from) yours,—then never fear that life, with such an one, will be a wretched existence. Cares may come, so will they to the unmarried, and too, united, can battle to conquer them better than one. Mutual concessions, mutual forbearance and affection, will insure you a "prize" even in that "lottery."—Marriage. Livonia, N. Y., 1861. M.—LY.

BABY CULTURE.

A MOTHER who has evidently acquired experience in this most important science, writes as follows, from New Haven, to the *American Agriculturist*: "How are most babies treated? Are they not smothered with blankets, kept in close rooms, and cool, fresh air avoided as if it were a pestilence? Do they not worry and cry for this very want, and then don't nurse come to helpless mamma and insist that the little creature is hungry, though nursed but a short time before? Then, hungry or not, its cries are stilled with food it does not need, bona fide pain comes, diseases often follow in dire succession, and mother and nurse are well worn out before many days with such a worrying child. Who would not worry under such treatment? Babies appreciate oxygen thoroughly, and there would not be so many 'terrible infants' were there more of it in sleeping and living apartments.

"Well, to be practical, and 'give my experience,' which consists, at this present time, of as healthy specimens of boys and girls as ever made parents' hearts brim full of thankfulness. I have pursued with them from their birth undeviating regularity in sleep, food, and out-door life, nothing but downright rain preventing the latter. Mothers tell me, 'Oh, it's a very good way, if you can only carry it out,—I can't.' Well, if children are not worth self-denial; if they are not better than calls, or company, or visiting, then they must go to the servants; but to those mothers' warm hearts which make light of all fatigue and care for the sake of the baby, who accept the sweet task committed to their hands by a Heavenly Father, how much better to have the key of sunny faces and joyous rippling laughter, than dry faces and shrieks 'that make night hideous.' If a child is born healthy, all it needs to thrive, is the carrying out of simple, natural laws. For the first two weeks, every two hours is often enough for nursing; it will then be regularly hungry and as regularly satisfied; if it cries, you will know it is not hungry; and its stomach will never be over-loaded.

"Let it sleep in a crib by your side, never with you; then the sleep is longer, sweeter, and more refreshing. Never wake a child,—no, not to show it to the Queen of England. Wrap it well, all but the face, and take it daily into the purest air you can find. Let its baths be not decidedly cold water, and before nursing, and then another nice nap will follow. As it grows a few months older, keep it out of doors half the time, and in summer its best naps will be under the broad roof of heaven; if you want to see the little one's cheeks take on the rose, let it feel the splendid tonic in a sharp nor'-wester, and it will smile at the snow flakes as they softly melt on its velvet cheeks, and grow daily so strong, and fat, and happy, that the little life will be one continual hymn of praise to God for its own existence.

"The observance of regular hours for the morning and afternoon nap, and laying the child in its crib, wide awake, when the time comes, is of the greatest importance. It all turns on commencing right, and then there's no trouble. How infinitely better to lay a laughing, playful creature, with a good-night kiss, to sleep its long healthful sleep, than the common rocking and hushing so often repeated, and often in vain,—or the watching by the bedside, or the leaving a light to go to sleep by. Never reward a child for crying, by giving the articles desired; wait till it stops. Teach it to amuse itself often, and not require some one to be constantly shaking a rattle, or tapping a window, but lay it on a bed or floor, with a playing thing—a slipper is an unailing amusement when all other objects fail. Lastly, always endeavor to have a serene, pleasant face when you nurse your child; Chameleon like, it is taking hues to its soul, that color and shape it for life and eternity."

"I ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT I HAVE BOYS AWAY FROM HOME!"—Such was the remark we overheard the other night from the lips of an aged mother, who addressed a female friend of hers. It had reference to comments that had been upon the conduct of a young man who was "away from home." We did not see the face of the speaker, but we will wager our existence that a great woman's heart beats under her bodice. She always remembered that she had boys away from home. There is a world of tenderness and forbearance in this matronly language. It would be well in this age of virulent gossip, if all mothers would acknowledge the potency of the simple social law which this mother had written upon her heart. Her boys were "away from home," and subject to the temptations of those upon whom her neighbor had passed a merciless judgment. She would not so far violate her own instincts as a mother as to pass condemnatory sentence on the children of any other.

Choice Miscellany.

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

BY A. H. RULLOCK.

"Oft! wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us."

"And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Such, reader, dear, were well-described defects In eyes of ancients, in the Hebrew line,  
And, truth to tell, in spite of wondrous "specs,"  
Same blemish yet remains in yours and mine.  
With more than microscopic power such beam Will magnify the faults of others all,  
Who, sailing with us on life's turbid stream,  
Are bound to quaff the wormwood and the gall.  
Hence charity demands that mantle broad  
Should o'er their frailties oft be thrown with care,  
More just allowing Wrong to pass unawed  
Than causing Innocence with Guilt to share.

In social circles, neighborhoods, and towns,  
In church and State, in nations great and small,  
This sore disease with each and all abounds—  
Prolific cause of woes that earth befall.  
Traced to their source, the evils we endure,  
Heart-burnings, discord, anarchy, and war,  
Spring from desire to show our own hearts pure,  
And other's name with infamy to mar.

Prompted by envy, jealousy, and pride,  
In brother's eye the mote proclaim to see,  
Self-righteously assume to be his guide,  
From his reproach asserting we are free.  
Exemplified in panorama grand,  
The truth of this is now within our view  
In the dimensions which distract our land,  
And in the fount whereat they sprang and grew.

The over-zealous, in both North and South,  
From other's eyes for casting moles will preach,  
Without concern for beams of giant growth  
That in their own obscure the sight of each.  
Fiercely denounce the other's acts, so seen,  
As being flagrant crimes, beyond compare,  
Shelter their own with hypocritic screen,  
To make "outside of cup and platter" fair.

Such pure pretence and philanthropic feint  
For killing weeds in neighbors' fields to roam,  
Would aye far more the virtues of a saint  
Uprooting each the wickedness at home.  
Communion, then, with "Damon" be enjoyed,  
And each unruffled in our hearts remain,  
Our earthly blessings never more alloyed  
With this wild germ of bitter hate and pain.  
Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] CULTIVATION OF SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

AFFECTION is one of the crowning attributes of our nature. To cherish feelings of sympathy toward another is both productive of a high degree of pleasure, and in accordance with the dictates of reason. He who formed the human soul not only designed that it should be the seat of strong social affections, but that their cultivation should conduce at once to enjoyment and to virtue.

The existence of the social affections is universal. They are not confined to persons of taste and refinement, but have a place in the breasts of the rude, the unlettered, and uncivilized. The dweller in the forest wigwam, and the inmate of the princely mansion, both feel their power. They may be cultivated, and on their judicious cultivation depends many of the fairest productions of the human heart. I envy not the man who has no sympathy with his fellow in his sorrows and in his joys,—who feels no flow of delight in his success,—who has no tear to shed over the grave or over the misfortunes of his friend. Nor do I envy the ascetic, who fancies himself out of the reach of the world's temptations. His recluse manner of life makes him a hater both of mankind and of himself. True retirement has its pleasures and its advantages, but absolute seclusion from the world is not only wrong in itself, but also precludes the attainment of happiness.

It is natural for man to love society,—to be united in interest and feeling with those to whom he can impart his joys and reveal his sorrows,—to long for some kindred spirit, animated with similar emotions, to whom he can make known the secrets of his heart,—one who can sympathize with him in his anxieties, and participate in his pleasures.

When a person witnesses scenes that awaken in him emotions of admiration or sublimity, how greatly is his pleasure enhanced if there are those to whom he can reveal his emotions. The traveler, as he looks upon the beauties of nature or the embellishments of art, feels additional happiness in discoursing of them to his friends. The lover of study, and admirer of eloquence and poetry, though he devote himself assiduously to the former, and witness the sublimest exhibitions of the latter, may have his mind and senses delighted, but is still unsatisfied until he has imparted to others a knowledge of his investigations, or descended upon the noble efforts of the orator and the sublime productions of the poet.

The beautiful is doubly beautiful to eyes which see other eyes looking upon the same landscape—especially if the hearts that feel the light of those eyes are concordant and friendly. We are receiving creatures, and imparting creatures; we know nothing of property in thought—we never hoard—we give away. We are poor in mind when shut out from others. We are rich in mind and rejoice instinctively in its affluence, when thought meets thought, and they quarry and build together, or like gleeful harvesters bind joyfully the sheaves of life.

How tediously would pass the years of childhood were it not for the social affections! What is more irksome to a youthful mind than solitude,—to be without any with whom to share the amusements and activities of juvenile innocence? Associations judiciously formed in early life, aside from present advantages and enjoyment, give to the mind in its maturity a memory fragrant with the Good and the Pure. We live in the past. The associates of our childhood are the associates of our youth and of our manhood. In thoughts from visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on us, their images are before our eyes; in the silence, we hear their voices,—we engage again in our school-day sports,—again we see the eye sparkle with delight at reunion, and moisten with regret at separation.

There is connected with this subject a pleasing thought, which I cannot pass without naming. It is the durability of those connections formed on religious principles. The fashion of this world will pass away,—the grandeur of human actions will cease to be remembered,—the elements that compose this beautiful world will be dissolved; but the union of believers, formed in the present, and consummated in the future state, while in the highest degree tender and endearing, will exist as long as the Throne around which the redeemed shall cluster. Rochester, N. Y., June, 1861. T. W. S.

GOING TO BED—PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW.

SOME fling off their garments as if they wore the shirt of Nessus—wasn't that his name?—and were particularly anxious to get at it. Here whirls a vest in one corner—its contents jingle to the floor as it lies. There goes a boot *ricochet*. The stockings are turned inside out; the hapless coat hangs by its skirt on a nail; and the bed is attained with a bound. Pillows tumbled this way and that; the feet are inserted between the sheets, and, like a shuttle through a loom, down goes the body; one arm flung under the head; lower jaw and eyelids droop together, and the man is asleep—sleep all over—asleep for all night.

Another goes *lazing* about on his toes. He puts his watch here, his coat there, and his vest *there*. His boots stand side by side, like a brace of grenadiers; the tips of his stockings peep out systematically at the top; and if it be winter, he lingers upon the bed's edge like one about to take a bath—dreading, yet desiring, and finally *steals* into bed by degrees, draws the quilt and the counterpane over his head, and is motionless—is gone—arrives in the land of Nod.

If one only thinks of it, sleep, in a great city, is a queer thing. Think of fifty thousand in this city all sleeping at once. Fifty thousand, in tiers, one, two, three, four, five deep, from cellar to garret. Fifty thousand in rows a mile long. Ten thousand in red nightcaps, tasseled and untasseled. Ten thousand in dingy ones that were white, Mondays and Mondays ago. Five thousand in silken ones. Some edged beautifully, some hemmed with a sail needle, and some uncapped altogether, with locks dishevelled and ruffled like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." Five thousand snoring alto—five thousand snoring bass. Twenty thousand under calico. A hundred or so beneath silk. Some weeping—some smiling in their dreams—others dreamless as the grave. Ringlets twisted up in cigar lighters—tresses streaming over the pillow—no tresses at all.

Even asleep, humanity preserves its peculiarities. Even in dreams, men are distinctive still.—*Chicago Journal*.

THE GLORY OF THE PINES.

MAGNIFICENT!—nay, sometimes almost terrible. Other trees, taunting crag or hill, yield to the form and away of the ground, clothe it with soft compliance, and partly its subjects, partly its flatterers, partly its comforters. But the pine rises in serene resistance, self-contained; nor can I ever, without awe, stay long under a great Alpine cliff, far from all house or work of men, looking up to its companions of pine, as they stand on the inaccessible juts and perilous ledges of the enormous wall, in quiet multitudes, each like the shadow of the one beside it—upright, fixed, spectral, as troops of ghosts standing on the walls of Hades, not knowing each other—dumb forever. You cannot reach them, cannot cry to them—those trees never heard human voice; they are far above all sound but of the winds. No foot ever stirred fallen leaf of theirs. All comfortless they stand, between the two eternities of the Vacancy and the Rock; yet with such iron will, that the rock itself looks bent and shattered beside them—fragile, weak, inconsistent, compared to their dark energy of delicate life and monotony of enchanted pride; unnumbered, unconquerable.—*Ruskin*.

GREAT MEN BORN, NOT MADE.

GENERALLY speaking, the greatness or smallness of a man is determined for him at his birth, as strictly as it is determined for a fruit whether it shall be a currant or an apricot. Education, favorable circumstances, resolution, industry, can do much; in a certain sense they do everything; that is to say, they determine whether the apricot shall fall in the form of a green bead, blighted by the east wind, and shall be trodden under foot, or whether it shall expand in tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet. But apricot out of currant, great men out of small, did never yet art or effort make; and in a general way men have their excellence nearly fixed for them when they are born. A little cramped, and frost-bitten on one side, a little sun-burnt and fortune-spotted on the other, they reach, between good and evil chances, such size and taste as generally belong to men of their calibre; and the small in their serviceable bunches, the great in their golden isolation, have these no cause for regret, nor those for disdain.—*Ruskin*.

THE NEEDFUL COURAGE.—Whatever you be in rank, fortune, or abilities, be not a coward. Courage is the armor of the heart, and the safeguard of all that is good in this world. Not the valor that faces the cannon, or braves the perils of the wilderness and wave. That is a useful quality, and much to be respected, yet only after its kind, as a thing which a man may share with his dog. But courage to speak the truth, though it be out of favor and fashion; to stand by the right when it is not the winning side; to give the wrong its true name, no matter what other people think or say—that is the bravest most wanted in these days of much profession and little practice.

CONSCIENCE.—There is nothing in the whole frame of man which seems to be so unaccountable as that thing called conscience. Had the troublesome yelping cur powers efficient to prevent a mischief, he might be of use; but at the beginning of the business, his feeble efforts are to the workings of passion as the infant frosts of an autumn morning to the unclouded fervor of the rising sun; and no sooner are the tumultuous doings of the wicked deed over, than, amidst the bitter native consequences of folly, in the very vortex of our horrors, up starts conscience, and harrasses us with the feelings of the damned.—*Robert Burns*.

THERE is a mutual relation existing between external circumstances and inward propensities; the latter would not be excited without the former, the former would be inoperative without the latter. Company, books, habitation, pursuits, must all leave their impress upon us; but reason, analogy, Christ, all teach us to look chiefly within for the character of the man. Out of the heart proceeds the life. If murder, adultery, &c., dwells there, whatever our external circumstances, we ripen into devils; and if faith, love and hope are within, whatever our paths, we mature into angels.—*Dr. Thompson*.

GOOD HABITS.—There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and dispatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest, and that of others, may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

Sabbath Musings.

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

O, TRAVAILING SOUL,  
What mean these throbs and throes that rack thy frame?  
What thou struggling but in vain to name,  
Which leaves thee fruitless, writhing, e'er the same  
In happy pain?

What seekest thou,  
When, spell-bound 'neath the rich soft canopy  
Of fading blue, which shades the galaxy  
Of golden stars, while zephyrs soothingly  
And sweetly chime,—

And thou dost seem  
To strive thyself to clothe with wings, and near  
To Heaven, there bathe thy pinions in the clear  
Ethereal waves which sparkle 'bove this sphere,  
A sea of bliss?

And when the notes  
Of song come gushing forth, and light ascend  
In strains so sweetly wild, or soft descend,  
Until the heart's most sensitive strings extend  
With thrill of joy,—

O, God, it seems  
Couldst perfect beauty greet my vision clear,  
Couldst perfect symphonies strike on my ear,  
My soul would melt, and, rising, disappear  
In mists of praise!

O, may I be  
At last permitted, sitting at Thy feet,  
My spirit, with Thy glories, too repeat,  
And join the Heavenly harmonies that greet  
Thee age and age.  
Rochester, N. Y., 1861. C. E. B.

REFUGE FROM STRIFE.

I HAVE all along been vastly too much disquieted by the misconception of those who did not comprehend me, and have suffered much, both from the fatigue of refuting and explaining the same thing an hundred times over, and from the vexation felt in finding that, in spite of every effort, there is a character assigned my views the very reverse of every principle by which I am actuated. But why should the opposition of men thus affect me? Does it not test my belief in the reality of an all-perfect mind that is now looking on when I suffer so painfully from the adverse understanding of the limited and subordinate minds by which I am surrounded? Would it not nobly accredit my faith in God that in a quiet communion with Him I find a resting-place when sorely urged by the strife of tongues? To Him may I at all times patiently commit my cause, and be still in the thought that He is my God. Let me consider Him who endured, not merely the controversy of adverse judgments, but of adverse wills, the contradiction of sinners, and let me not be weary, nor faint in my mind. "If any man among you seemeth to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, that man's religion is vain."—*Dr. Chalmers*.

THE DIVINE IN HUMANITY.—What so wide, what so high, even by the confessions of the mere common instincts of humanity, as voluntary sacrifice? Why, this, in some mighty operation of it or other, is the awakener of all the most blood-stirring enthusiasm, and theme of all the most living literature, and the object of all the hero worship in the world. Willingness to suffer and to die for another's good, brave forgetfulness of self, hearty self-sacrifice,—when men ascend to the loftier moods of even their natural feelings, this is what they know to be the glory of man. And because, in the atoning work of the blessed Redeemer, the power and the mercy spring from the same glorious principle, acting with divine efficacy to deliver man from his worst enemy, even the horror of sin and its penalties, therefore it is that the cross is the center of the largest and most liberal fellowship known to mankind. They whose faith stands in it are knit together in the most catholic brotherhood possible. It is love, the largest and freest sentiment men ever feel, that joins them. It is usefulness, service, love's proper work, that binds them. It is self-sacrifice, what they all admire, that animates them.—*Church Monthly*.

OBEY AND YOU SHALL KNOW.—Never was there a truer or more beautiful saying—as every Christian experience will testify—than that of our Savior:—"If any man will do my will, he shall know of the doctrine." Obedience opens the heart to the Great Teacher, the Holy Spirit, and gives us a practical insight into former mysteries. Not only so, but we become keenly appreciative of the beauty and harmony of all God's plans, in nature as well as in grace. None can have so high an appreciation of the noble relations of this life, and of God's educational discipline to fit us for those relations, as the obedient, working Christian.—*Advocate and Jour.*

GOD IS EVER NEAR TO THE SEEKING HEART.—Our souls are touched, quickened, purified, calmed, by the soft beauty of the spring morning, by the "almost spiritual light" of stars, by the glory of the evening sky, or the grace of the woodland flower; by the word of friendly lips, by the noble deed of virtue; by converse with the pure and true; and every sincere word of kindness, every deed of charity and self-sacrifice, and every act of fidelity to conscience; these are all channels for the entrance of a Divine influence into our souls. God's spirit enters through them and with them; His spirit of redeeming grace, and of regenerating power.

COMFORT FOR THE SICK.—Some people imagine that they are not serving God unless they are visiting the sick, or engaged in some outward service; whereas the highest of all service is adoration in the soul. Perhaps God gets more glory by a single adoring look of some poor believer on a sick-bed, than from the outward labors of a whole day. You have your work to do for Christ just where you are. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have your work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for God where you are.—*M. Cheyne*.

HE who never forgets his old friends and cherishes his attachment for them as ever, no matter how much time, space or fortune have kept them apart, is one of those rare beings with whom God has endowed the earth, that society may not utterly wither through the influence of ingratitude, selfishness, and the incessant changes in life.

SPARE MOMENTS.—Spare moments are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptation finds the easiest access to the soul.—*Selected*.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

CURIOSITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

We have in this country, we believe, one photographic journal. England alone has no less than six, all ably edited. London boasts of six photographic societies; and it is stated that every considerable town in England has such a society.

SAND PILLARS.

ATKINSON, in his travels in the Amoor country, says:—"I have often witnessed a phenomenon on the sandy plains of Central Asia, which accounts in some measure for the innumerable sandy mounds that are found in some regions.

DUST IN THE AIR.

M. POUCHET finds that the dust floating in the air contains the detritus of the mineral constituents of the globe, atoms of animals and plants, and the finest debris of all the materials we make use of.

WORDS IN THEIR FIRST MEANING.—The time was when every word was a picture. He who used a word first—almost any word—had a clear and vivid presentation to his mind of some object, and used that object as a type, and analogy to certain ideas, and pictured images present to his mind.

SCREAMING FISHES.—From the letter of an intelligent lady, we make the following extract:—"In the early part of December I called upon a Quaker gentleman at Darlington, for whom I waited in a room in which stood a small aquarium, containing, along with the usual allotment of sea-anemones, star fishes, &c., five fishes not larger than minnows—a species of blennies, as I was informed.

UNINFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—A patent has been taken out in England, by M. J. Latta, for the employment of the sulphate, carbonate, or chloride of magnesium, mixed with starch, for muslin and linen, so as to render them uninflammable after being dressed.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

SUMMER.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

Musical score for 'SUMMER' by A. WEBER. Includes lyrics: '1. Days of summer glory, Days I love to see, All your scenes so brilliant, 2. All the day I'm live ly, Tho' the day is long, And from morn to eve - ning'

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Wo! wo! to the traitor who drags to the mire The flag crimsoned deep with the blood of his sire; If he rouse up the legions on land and on sea, We are ready to die for the Flag of the Free!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 13, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Sketches of Our Army Officers.

LIEUT. GREBLE.—Among the painful incidents of the engagement at Great Bethel, is the death of Lieut. John T. Greble. Lieut. Greble was a native of Pennsylvania, and belonged to the Second Artillery.

CAPT. JUDSON KILPATRICK, commanding Company H, of Duryea's Zouaves, who is mentioned with honor in the engagement near Fortress Monroe, where he received a severe wound in the leg, but still gallantly led on his command, is a graduate of West Point, and is not much over twenty years of age.

COL. WILCOX, of the Michigan Regiment, in command at Alexandria, graduated at West Point in 1847; served in the Mexican war; continued in active service until two or three years since, and re-entered the country called. He enjoys an excellent reputation.

BRIGADIER GENERAL SCIENCE, just now a prominent object in the public eye by reason of Vienna, was a member of Congress from Ohio, from 1843 to 1851. President Fillmore appointed him Minister to Brazil, where he was a most efficient officer.

MAJOR THEODORE WINTHROP, Aid-de-camp to Gen. Butler, who was killed at Great Bethel, was a son of the late Francis R. Winthrop, of New Haven, and a nephew of President Woolsey, of Yale College.

The party who were sent to Big Bethel to bring away the remains of Major WINTHROP, were informed by the rebels that during the action the Major was distinctly seen for some time leading a body of men to the charge, and had mounted a log and was waving his sword and shouting to his men to "Come on!"

In referring to the death of this noble soldier, the Tribune speaks of him in the following eulogistic but truthful manner:—"To the private grief brought by this event upon a very large circle of friends, we are permitted only to allude; but it is entirely proper to say of one who was as yet but little known to the public, that the country has lost in him another young soldier, who, had he lived, was sure to have served her with unusual fervor and ability.

GENERAL JOSIAH HOLMES, who is to command the Kentucky cavalry regiment, is a native of Pennsylvania. For nearly twenty years he was actively engaged in military operations in India, having assisted in organizing the forces of Runjeeth Singh, prince of the Punjab, and afterward performed the same service for Dost Mahomed of Cabul.

An English View of Gen. Scott.

ONE of the London journals, not many weeks ago, remarked that "Gen. Scott is proverbially a slow commander. He is always unpopular during his campaigns. It is only when the campaign is over and he has won—as he always has done—that the wisdom of his action is understood, and he becomes popular."

Let one more point be fairly remembered. Winfield Scott has been in arms for more than half a century. During all that time, as youth, man, and veteran, when in command of any description of force, he has never retreated one foot. Not that he is any braver than officers who have made nearly as many retreats as advances, but that he cannot be induced to move until he is certain of his ability to maintain his position.

A Canadian View of the War.

THE tone and spirit of the following article from the Toronto Globe, is in such striking and honorable contrast to the snarling and bitter assaults of the ministerial press, that we take pleasure in transferring it to our columns:

"As we predicted yesterday, the secessionists have not defended Grafton, in Western Virginia. They have retreated without firing a gun. They are also preparing to evacuate Harper's Ferry, which is in an utterly untenable position. Their cause is as good as lost. One month ago, they thought they had Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Virginia, and Maryland within their grasp.

Virginia watching the advance of the United States forces with joy, eager to re-establish the power of the Federal Government, we cannot suppose that there will be any great difficulty in accomplishing that work. There may be some fighting before Richmond; but raw Virginia levies, ill armed and worse fed, if they lose heart in retreat will, soon disperse to their homes, and the more Southerly rebels will fall back on their own States.

A Dissolving View of Jeff. Davis.

THE departure of the rebels from Harper's Ferry and the rumored evacuation of Manassas Junction has encouraged Mr. Forney, of the Philadelphia Press, who writes as follows from Washington to his paper:

"And when Davis retires where will he go? Beaten in Virginia, disgraced and humiliated, where will his army, like a wounded snake, drag the length of its poisonous and bleeding body? Of course to the Cotton States—to North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi! And what to do there? To resuscitate, to feed, and to plunder. What an invocation, this, to the misguided people to whom he has presented himself as a great Deliverer! What a sequel to all his promises! Well may they behold the retirement of his troops upon the field and thresholds with terror. He can never advance to the positions he has lost and is losing. He must fall back—fall back—all the time. And what a retreat! Before him a Government stronger than any in the world, and a people united by the consciousness of a good cause.

The Reaction—A Maryland View.

THE Baltimore Clipper is now one of the most outspoken denunciators of the Southern rebellion. After reviewing, in truthful but severe terms, the course and action of the conspirators up to the time that they removed the scene of military devastation and despotism from their own soil to that of the Border States, the Clipper says:

The people there are already tired of this subjugation. They have been subjugated by the Davis conspirators. They have less freedom, fewer rights, and infinitely less protection of life and liberty than the slaves in their midst. They are the victims of a merciless, relentless and unreasoning military despotism. They are beginning to rise against their oppressors. The loyal men of Western Virginia have already taken means to restore their State Government, and to oust the boastful and lawless invaders from their soil.

Missouri and Tennessee are preparing to follow the example of Virginia. A convention similar to that in session at Wheeling, has been called to meet at Knoxville. It will adopt similar action. It will repudiate the idea of a division of the State, and re-organize the State Government, and rally the true State's rights men to its support.

present the Cumberland Gap road is the one upon which they depend for reinforcements and supplies. When this has been closed, as it soon will be, the story of the South Carolina rebellion will have been told. The rebel army in Virginia will soon be starved out, and compelled to surrender or evacuate.

A little while ago the people of Maryland were called upon most lustily to take part with Virginia. There are now two State Governments in Virginia, one established by the people, the other set up by the rebel army from South Carolina and Mississippi. Sympathy, the ties of blood, of trade, of association, of interest, all combine to unite Maryland with Western Virginia and Eastern Tennessee in this struggle.

Effects of the Blockade.

NOTHING will more clearly illustrate the utter dependence of the South upon the North, not only for the means of moving and marketing its own products, but for the means of sustaining life, than the following comparison of prices at Charleston, South Carolina, and New York. The Charleston prices are obtained from the Courier of the 7th:

Table comparing prices of goods in Charleston and New York. Items include Hay, Bacon, Corn, Rice, Flour, Lard, Butter.

New Orleans market reports continue to afford melancholy evidence of the effectiveness of the blockade. We quote from the Bee Price Current of the 3d:

Tobacco—We do not hear of a sale. Sugar and Molasses—Nothing reported. Flour—Nothing reported. Coffee—We did not hear of a sale. Oats, Bran and Hay—Nothing reported.

The marine lists exhibit a like aching void, thus: Saturday—No arrivals from sea. Sunday—No arrivals from sea.

Table of prices of various articles of food at Memphis and Chicago, as we find them quoted in the papers of those cities of the 5th inst:

Table of food prices at Memphis and Chicago. Items include Flour, Wheat, Corn, Potatoes.

Since the foregoing was put in type, we have received the annexed comparative prices of corn, flour, and mess pork, as ruling in four of the Southern and a like number of Western cities:

Table of comparative prices for Corn, Flour, and Mess Pork in Memphis, New Orleans, Montgomery, and Charleston.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Scientific American, writing from Texas, says:—"Owing to the present national difficulties, Northern travel, as a matter of course, has fallen off, and it leaves some of our principal hotels in rather an embarrassed state. The hotels in this city have been supported almost entirely by Northern custom; now that prof fails them, their prosperity ceases. The Island City House, the finest in the city, is about to succumb to the hard times; the Tremont House, a fine hotel, will soon follow. The Strand, the principal business street of this city, which at this time of the year has been usually lively, now looks deserted and lonely. Business in this city is perfectly stagnated. Merchants are disheartened, and most of them are closing out their stocks at an immense sacrifice. There is no sale for anything but corn, bacon and flour, and these are held by speculators at enormously high prices."

Western Va. Declaration of Independence.

THE following declaration was reported to the Wheeling Convention by the Committee appointed for that purpose, put upon its passage and adopted unanimously:

The true purpose of all government is to promote the welfare and provide for the protection and security of the governed, and when any form or organization of government proves inadequate for, or subversive of this purpose, it is the right, it is the duty, of the latter to alter or abolish it. The Bill of Rights of Virginia, framed in 1776, reaffirmed in 1850, and again in 1851, expressly reserves this right to the majority of her people, and the existing Constitution does not confer upon the General Assembly the power to call a Convention to alter its provisions, or to change the relations of the Commonwealth, without the previously expressed consent of such majority. The act of the General Assembly, calling the Convention which assembled at Richmond in February last, was therefore a usurpation; and the Convention thus called has not only seized the powers nominally entrusted to it, but, with the connivance and active aid of the Executive, has usurped and exercised other powers, to the manifest injury of the people, which, if permitted, will inevitably subject them to a military despotism.

The Convention, by its pretended ordinances, has required the people of Virginia to separate from and wage war against the Government of the United States, and against the citizens of neighboring States, with whom they have heretofore maintained friendly social and business relations.

It has attempted to subvert the Union founded by Washington and his copatriots in the purer days of the Republic, which has conferred unexampled prosperity upon every class of citizens, and upon every section of the country.

It has attempted to transfer the allegiance of the people to an illegal confederacy of rebellious States, and required their submission to its pretended edicts and decrees.

It has attempted to place the whole military force and military operations of the Commonwealth under the control and direction of such confederacy, for offensive as well as defensive purposes.

It has, in conjunction with the State executive, instituted, wherever their usurped power extends, a reign of terror intended to suppress the free expression of the will of the people, making elections a mockery and a fraud.

The same combination, even before the passage of the pretended ordinance of secession, instituted war by the seizure and appropriation of the property of the Federal Government, and by organizing and mobilizing armies, with the avowed purpose of capturing or destroying the Capital of the Union.



which no government can possibly endure. If all the States have one...

These politicians are subtle and profound on the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution...

So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known...

Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our late friends, now adversaries...

There are some foreshadowings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some declarations of independence...

This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union, it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government...

But the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors...

Our popular hero has often been called an experimenter. Two points in our people have already settled: the successful establishing and the successful administering of it...

Such will be a great lesson of peace—teaching men that what they cannot take by an election, neither can they take it by war...

Least there be some necessity in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government toward the Southern States...

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him...

In full view of his great responsibility, he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours...

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, July 4th, 1861.

The Publisher to the Public.

WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present devalued state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money...

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

The Second Half of the Twelfth Volume of RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced July 6th. Now, therefore, is the time for renewals...

ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities...

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, July 9, 1861.

We make but two changes in the rates current at the date of our last report. Best white wheat has declined materially...

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES. Table listing prices for Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, etc.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 8.—FLOUR.—Market heavy, unsettled and low. A moderate business doing for export and home consumption...

GRAIN.—There is a firmer tone to the wheat market, and good shipping parcels may be quoted at 12 1/2c for common...

PROVISIONS.—Pork market quiet and prices scarcely so firm as last week. Beef market quiet and prices scarcely so firm as last week...

ALBANY, July 8.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market is very quiet, but prices are unchanged. Common to good State...

TORONTO, July 4.—FLOUR.—We hear no actual sales reported upon which quotations can be based, and though offers have been made for fresh ground, holders are not disposed to accept the figures...

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

Table listing cattle market prices for New York, July 3, including various grades of cattle and calves.

ALBANY, July 8.—BEEVES.—The low rates that have ruled here week after week...

Table listing Albany market prices for various goods like Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

BRIGHTON, July 2.—At market 1,100 Bees, 90 Stores, 1,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 3,000 Swine.

CAMBRIDGE, July 3.—At market 373 Cattle, 340 Bees, and 33 Stores, consisting of Young Oxen...

TORONTO, July 4.—BEEF.—Very little live stock has been offered during the week—the price paid is from 52c to 54c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The week has passed thus far without any change in demand, or variation in prices. There are yet no indications of improvement in any kind of business...

Table listing wool market prices for American Saxony Fleece, Saxony Fleece, etc.

CHICAGO, July 3.—There has been a fair demand for Wool, and the sales of low and medium grades fleece and pulled have been fair...

TORONTO, July 4.—Wool is in request but without much change in price; we quote 25c to 26c as the prices paid—Globe.

Married

At Galen, on Thursday evening, June 20th, by Rev. W. H. Moore, Mr. JOHN DEUBL, of Galen, and Miss ELIZA S. ROGERS of the same place.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a notice for extra display, or 50c cents per line of space.

AGENTS WANTED.—Everywhere to sell Mansfield's LIFE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT. The only full and authentic edition...

SEND 15c. in Postage Stamps to SERRAVALLO'S BOOKSTORE, Rochester, N. Y., and get by return mail Culver's Fruit Preserver's Manual.

FARMERS, PLEASE NOTICE.—BARTLETT'S DITCHING PLOW, the cheapest and best ever offered to the public. Price \$30. Orders for Plows promptly attended to.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, INDIANA.—This Institution, favorably known to the public for the last sixteen years, is now able to offer greater inducements than ever before.

Bright on Grape Culture.—SECOND EDITION.—This is a new invention, got up simpler than any other machine...

GENESSEE VALLEY MOWER AND REAPER. The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS. Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices. We offer you, at 75 Main St. Rochester, N.Y., Hardware, Oil, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, etc.

COUNTRY AGENTS WANTED.—\$3 A DAY. Mrs. Hanks' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City is very interesting, and strictly moral.

I WANT 100 SMART MEN (unemployed) to sell WAR BOOKS! Sure to sell fast and large profit given. Address, GEO. EDWARD BEARS, 699-44.

ATTENTION! BEE-KEEPERS.—Kilmer's new system of Bee Management, whereby a swarm of Bees will collect from one to three hundred pounds of honey in one season.

OHIO MOWER AND REAPER. A Machine that is a perfect Mower, and a perfect Reaper. Circulars with full description sent by mail or furnished by agents in each county.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL FRUIT TREES. We wish to employ a number of experienced and trustworthy men to sell trees, &c., from our Nurseries at liberal wages.

WOMEN OF NEW YORK.—Mrs. Hanks' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City is very interesting, and strictly moral.



PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON AND STEAMER. This Engraving represents the Apparatus for Cooking large quantities of Food for Stock at a time, and at any point, thus saving all danger from fire.

PRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON AND STEAMER. For Cooking Food for Stock and for all other Domestic purposes where a Caldron Kettle or Steam Boiler is required.

What Practical Farmers Say. The following is a sample of many letters recently received.

Homes for the Industrious! IN THE GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

MECHANICS, FARMERS AND WORKING MEN. The attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE 1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS, in Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

PRESENT POPULATION. The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,063, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS. The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL. Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any of the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS. Since 1854, the company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY. As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 500,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION. Mechanics and workmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT. The prices of these lands vary from \$5 to \$25 per acre according to location, quality, &c. First-class farming lands sell for about \$10 or \$12 per acre, and the relative expense of subdividing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former.

One Year's Interest in advance, at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent. each, respectively. The notes are sent out during the past year, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES. WITH NEW Glass Cloth Presser and Hemmers, AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. beg to state that they have reduced the prices of their SEWING MACHINES, while they have added new and important improvements. The reduction is made in the hope that the Company will have no more legal expenses defending their patents.

"FAMILY NEWSPAPER."—Mrs. Hanks' Mammoth Pictorial is in its Sixth Volume and has 300,000 readers. Full of Engravings and Fashion Plates. Largest, nicest and best in the world for 75 cts. a year.

JUNE.—Page's Perpetual Kilm, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood, Coal, 2 1/2 cts. of wood, or 1 1/2 tons of coal to 100 lbs.—coal not mixed with stone. Address (454-4) C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

AMERICAN GUANO, FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY, Office, 66 William Street, NEW YORK.

WOMEN OF NEW YORK.—Mrs. Hanks' Curious New Book of Female Characters in the City is very interesting, and strictly moral. Fancy binding, 25c; Paper, 50c; Engravings, 50c; Portrait, Mailed in for \$1.

DRINDLE'S PATENT AGRICULTURAL CALDRON AND STEAMER. This Engraving represents the Apparatus for Cooking large quantities of Food for Stock at a time, and at any point, thus saving all danger from fire.

Messrs. BENNETT & Co. The Steam Caldron that you sent me came safely to hand. I have found no difficulty in the manner of using it, and I take much pleasure in informing you that it gives perfect satisfaction.

Good reliable Agents wanted, to canvass every County in this State for the sale of the above Steam Caldron, for which a liberal commission will be allowed. Terms of Agency can be obtained by letter inclosing postage stamp, and illustrated Circulars sent if requested.

Address BENNETT & CO. Agent and Manufacturers, 159 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y. Rochester, June 24th, 1861.

AGENTS WANTED.—Everywhere to sell Mansfield's LIFE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT. The only full and authentic edition. 500 pages; Steel Portrait, Maps and Illustrations. Price \$10.00 by mail, post-paid. A liberal discount to Agents. Sent by return mail. N. C. MILLER, 25 Park Row, New York.

SEND 15c. in Postage Stamps to SERRAVALLO'S BOOKSTORE, Rochester, N. Y., and get by return mail Culver's Fruit Preserver's Manual.

FARMERS, PLEASE NOTICE.—BARTLETT'S DITCHING PLOW, the cheapest and best ever offered to the public. Price \$30. Orders for Plows promptly attended to. Farm, Tavern, County, and State rights for sale on reasonable terms. Address, A. J. BARTLETT, Romulus, Seneca Co., N. Y. 694-261.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, INDIANA.—This Institution, favorably known to the public for the last sixteen years, is now able to offer greater inducements than ever before. In consequence of recent improvements, the College buildings can accommodate two hundred and fifty boarders, and a more healthy and delightful location cannot be found. It is situated near South Bend, on the Michigan Southern R.R., with a few hours' travel of all our principal cities.

Bright on Grape Culture.—SECOND EDITION.—This is a new invention, got up simpler than any other machine, made of iron and steel, with only 200 wheels. Warrented to cut in any grass or grain, wet or dry, long or short. Cut 4 1/2 feet. Price, \$75 for a new one; for a Combined Machine, \$100. Very strong and light for 2 horses; no side draft or weight on the horses' necks. For particulars call on EZRA BARTLETT or M. S. ORS, Rochester, N. Y.; or C. T. CUTLER, Currier, N. Y. Co.; or G. MILLIS, Newark, and HARVEY SHURBURN, Walworth, Wayne Co.; BURTON HAM, East Blooming, Ontario Co.; and GEO. W. KIRK & BRO., Burlington, Ontario Co.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, & BUILDERS. Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices. We offer you, at 75 Main St. Rochester, N.Y., Hardware, Oil, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, etc.

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J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois. For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 189, 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

OUR ORDERS.

WEAVE no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delight!
The crimson tower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the nights.

The Story-Teller.

THROWN TOGETHER.

THE hero of this story is Mr. Festus Buckle, aged thirty-four, a lawyer, and unmarried. He is tall, symmetrical, broad-chested, and, but for a slight stoop in the shoulders, perfectly imposing.

I have said that Mr. Buckle was a lawyer; but although he had an office in the fourth story of a building in Wall street, his principal avocation consisted in being the mainstay of his worthy parents: consulting large books in the Hall of Records, to discover whether his father had sufficient title to his back yard to warrant him in erecting a system of clothes lines therein, and such like profound investigations.

So much by way of introduction. Now for action. Time—Three P. M. of a delicious, sunny September afternoon. Place—The open window of a second story front room in Twenty-third street, being Mr. Festus Buckle's apartment.

As he gazed Piper's door opened. A jolly, round-faced man, of a decided family look and about the middle age, came rushing forth. He was in a high perspiration about something, and did not look up till Mr. Buckle called,

"Hello, Piper! Whither away?"
The round-faced family man threw a quick glance at the window, and instead of rushing down the street, as he had apparently intended, ran out into the middle of it.

"Hello yourself, Buckle! You're just the very man I want to see!"
"Ah, Mr. Buckle! I'm just the man that wants to see you. Come up, old boy!"

"I'm in an awful hurry! Run down and open the door!"
"Open it you—I'm lazy!" And with this Buckle tossed that rather superfluous utensil, his night-key, to the pavement.

"Oh, bless me!" said Mr. Piper, entering, "I'm in such a hurry I don't know where to begin first!"
"Begin any where, then, and trust to luck for coming out right."

"The steamer Montgomery sails for Savannah at half-past four!"
"It always does on Thursday afternoon."
"From Pier 4, North River?"

Ferry stage—get out at Morris street, and go right west—takes you straight to Pier 4."
"You say she's a widow!"
"Talk about her affliction another time. When you get to the pier ask for the Purser—"

"Accomplished, eh? Knock at the door?"
"Of she isn't in the state-room she'll be outside, see you, and ask what you want. Give her my love, and hand her the letter. If she doesn't see you, call out 'Mrs. Godfrey' at the top of your voice."

With a face of the most abject despair Buckle crowded his hat over his eyes, and permitted himself to be pushed down stairs. At the door Piper left him to hurry off after his "case of leg;" and Buckle, wondering what the nightmare was like, if it wasn't this, sped for Broadway. Here, as prearranged, he took the first South Ferry stage.

He asked the mate if he knew where the Purser was. The mate, who cherished ideas of discipline from having been in the navy, assumed a defensive attitude, and wanted to know if he looked like a Purser? Mr. Buckle had no distinct idea how a Purser did look, and forbore to reply.

"I declare I do believe she's in there!" said Mr. Buckle, speaking very much as if "she" were a ferocious individual of the gorilla family. The door-knob turned. Yes, she was coming out.

The door opened—the woman appeared. There she stood, projecting her head in an attitude of inquiry, a little woman, plump and riant, her face set in the middle of that make-believe saintly halo of tarleton known as a widow's cap.

"Did you knock, Sir?"
"Yes, Ma'am."
"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes—no—well, not particularly. I mean to say—that is—well, I've brought a letter for you. Dr. Piper requested me to."

"Oh, pardon me, Sir. Mr.—what may I call your name?"
"Buckle—Festus Buckle. Mr. Festus—Mr. Buckle."
"Ah, Mr. Buckle! A near neighbor to my cousin—just across the way, I believe. Please be seated. I have had the pleasure of meeting your mother. I have also seen you—smoking at your window," she added, archly.

"Have you, indeed?" said Buckle, perturbedly.
"Of not at all! I am very fond of a good cigar."
"You are, really?"

"I am, really. Let me introduce myself. I am Mrs. Godfrey—Mrs. Belle—Mrs. Belle Godfrey. Perhaps you have heard my name before?"
"Of yes! Piper has mentioned you—that is incidentally you know."

"Well, it would have been quite an omission not to. But how absurd for me to introduce myself when you knew, of course, whom you were so kind as to bring the letter to! Ha-ha-ha!"
Her laugh was so fresh and silvery, so full of unrestrained bonhomie—to make a French bull by using a man's noun of a woman—that Buckle could not help assisting it with an antistrophe in that deep, gruff, pirate's chorus voice of his own.

"My acquaintance with your mother," continued the widow, "makes me feel quite as if we were old friends. I was therefore going to ask you to sit for a moment, excusing me while I read this letter, and then troubling you further to carry back a few lines if its contents need reply. I see it is quite an important one, judging from its handwriting. Can you easily spare time?"

"Oh, certainly!" returned the always obliging Buckle.
As Mrs. Godfrey sat reading, the first bell rang. "Ah!" said she, finishing the letter hurriedly, "I must be quick about my answer. One moment, and I will get my writing-desk out of the state-room."

away in the hold, and we can't get it out till we're at sea. Though you're not going. I really wish you were—it would be so nice not to be among strangers! Well, here's the desk. I'll have the note ready in five minutes."

Mrs. Belle Godfrey immediately opened her desk, sat down at the table in the saloon, took out a quire of black-rimmed note, straightened on the thumb-nail of her left hand the nibs of a tiny gold-pen, dipped it in the ink, and leisurely put down her heading, forgetting no circumstance of time or place, with all a woman's sublime faith in the indefinite stretchability of "five minutes." She had got halfway down the first page, when a singular noise arrested simultaneously the attention of both writer and waiter.

"Chik-rik-rik-rik-cher-r-r-r-r!"
"Dear me—dear me!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, springing to her feet with an expression of intense distress, "Beppo has got out!"

"Beppo?" said Mr. Buckle, dreamily, debating whether this highly intelligible expression were some normal development of the unfamiliar animal, woman.

"Yes, Beppo," continued the widow, distractedly—"my pet red squirrel! Oh! where is he? He was in the state-room when we were unlocking the hat-box, fastened by a ribbon round his neck to the wire of the berth-curtain. We must have frightened the little precious so that he bit himself loose. Oh, do find him for me, Mr. Buckle! do catch him, or I shall never, never forgive myself!"

Mrs. Godfrey was trembling with grief, and might at any moment break out in that fresh spot known to Natural Historians who have cultivated her speciality as "a real good cry." Whatever that phenomenon might be, Mr. Buckle's admiration for scientific pursuits had never led him to witness it, and he didn't want to. So he straightway set about hunting the squirrel in good earnest.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Godfrey, "he'll get down into the machinery, and be ground to death!"

But the power which takes care of squirrels as well as sparrows and men prevented such a lamentable denouement. Beast still kept the straight line over all obstacles—and, to cut a long story short, eventually leaped through the steerage door, down the ladder, and, like Gill in the poem, Buckle came tumbling after.

Oh, the obliging Buckle! What a pickle he was in! He introduced himself to the astonished steerage passengers by shouting out, "A dollar to any body who'll catch that squirrel!" then remembering that Mrs. Godfrey had forbidden any assistance to his sole efforts, and seeing the imminent danger which might result from a scramble of twenty pair of hob-nailed brogans, he was on the point of amending his offer to "A dollar to any one who won't catch him!"

Nothing but the tenacity of despair at that moment prevented his dropping Beast, pillow and all, to do what they liked with themselves.

"Oh, Heaven bless you, my kind friend!" exclaimed that lady, as she caught up her pet and fastened his ribbon to her berth once more.

"Thank you, Ma'am," replied Buckle; then, in the same breath, "We don't stop any where, I believe, before we get there?"
"Stop? Get where?"
"To Savannah, Ma'am. I think that's where you're going? Because I find we've started."

"You don't tell me so! Oh, it must be a mistake! Stewards, isn't there time for this gentleman to get off?"

"He could get off almost any where, Ma'am, but it would be rather wet," replied the stewardess, smiling.

the opportunity of realizing his boyhood's dream. The Narrows were right before him!

But the Narrows did not seem to be exactly what he wanted. He retired to a sheltered place upon the poop-deck, and sitting down on the sky-lights of the after-hatch, drew from his breast-pocket the well-worn wallet, which, from the merry Christmas when it happened in his stocking at the age of fourteen, had carried all the funds necessary for the accomplishment of his modest desires.

"One receipt for waterproof blacking—cut from Scientific American. Key to my secretary. Shoe and Leather Bank—one dollar. Singular coin, brought from the ruins of Pompeii—value supposed to be one cent. Two three-cent pieces. Mem. to have my next pantaloons cut looser in the knee. Eight postage stamps. Bank State of New York—another dollar. Extract from Tennyson's 'Maud'; 'Oh that it were possible!' Member's ticket to Historical Society."

"Four cents and one dime make fourteen, and a quarter makes thirty-nine cents. Two dollars and seventy cents!" exclaimed Buckle, the cold perspiration stand on his forehead. "Two dollars and seventy cents! Oh, Piper, Piper! A cabin passage is fifteen; and I don't believe the steerage is under eight. What shall I do?"

With a countenance of the extremest anguish Mr. Buckle walked to the larboard netting, and beheld Fort Hamilton, gold-leafed by the setting September sun. Each window on the palatial heights of New Utrecht was a square of fire. The scene was one naturally fitted to inspire the artist, the poet, or the philosopher—unless he were hard up. Mr. Buckle leaned over the side, with no responsive echo in his soul to Nature's beauty; and for a moment took into consideration the mathematical question whether, if he jumped over he would be able to swim ashore. But it immediately after occurred to him that he had forgotten to learn how. And then he thought of old Mr. and Mrs. Buckle—what would they think when they found him spending the night out for the first time since they had the pleasure of his acquaintance? Night? Yes, three nights before he could even telegraph them!

"Your ticket, Sir—the Purser."

"I am, Sir. Do you doubt it?"
"No; only I wish I had seen you a good while ago."

"I haven't the money to pay for a state-room!" said Mr. Buckle, his anguish visibly increasing.

"Then you're out of place, Sir," replied the Purser, mildly; for he thought he saw in Mr. Buckle a poor gentleman in distress. "You will find pretty good quarters in the steerage."

"I haven't money enough for that," gasped Mr. Buckle.

"Then," said the Purser, with asperity, regarding Mr. Buckle in the less lenient light of a Jeremy Diddler, "what the d— did you have the impudence to come on board that?"

"Sir! you are speaking to a—" began Mr. Buckle, in a defiant note; then recollecting that \$2.70 is an inadequate specie basis for notes of that kind, terminated in a mild, soft voice—"I didn't want to come on board, Mr. Purser. I came to oblige a friend—Dr. Piper, of Twenty-third Street—and got left. No! didn't get left, I mean. You may know Dr. Piper? He's a rising young physician—"

"Don't try that on me, Sir! I'm acquainted with Piper—your kind of Piper that is, that smuggles himself aboard to hook a passage! That's a Piper that don't pay! You'll get Piper when the Captain sees you! You'd better go forward to the steerage-deck, and then perhaps he won't be so hard on you when I bring him up to you."

In the last stages of mental collapse—his hands in his pockets and his piratical beard upon his breast—poor Buckle clambered forward, and sat down over the forecastle. He didn't want a row with the Purser right in hearing of the cabin. [To be continued.]

Corner for the Young.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 23 letters.
My 7, 14, 11, 5, 12, 20, 1 is a book of the New Testament.
My 11, 6, 16, 8, 5, 19, 18, 3 is a city mentioned in Acts.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 9, 16, 5, 2 is a Spanish coin.
My 12, 15, 3, 6, 18 is a county in Ohio.

A RIDDLE.

PRAY tell us, ladies, if you can,
Who is that highly-favored man
Who, though he's married many a wife,
May be a bachelor all his life?

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THERE is a tower, the height of which is in feet. Suppose the visible distance of the horizon to be a certain number of miles, such that the square root of the sum of 25 + the product of 1.20 of the height of tower, into the square root of the visible distance = 1.6 of the height of the tower; also, the square root of visible distance + 5 = 3/4 height of tower. What is the height of tower, the visible distance, and, according to these suppositions, what would be the diameter of the earth?

SURVEYING QUESTION.

FROM Fort Pickens there can be seen three batteries, A, B, and C, which are to operate on the Fort, and whose distances from each other are known, viz: A, B, = 800, A, C, = 600, and B, C, = 400 chains. They measured the horizontal angles, and found them to be as follows: The angle at the Fort, subtended by the batteries A and C, = 33° 45'; the angle at the same place, subtended by the batteries B and C, = 22° 33'. Required, to find the distances between the Fort and the batteries.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c. IN No. 598.
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The cat in gloves catches no mice.
Answer to Arithmetical Puzzle:—The four figures are 8989, which, being divided by a line drawn through the middle, become eight 0's, or nothing.
Answer to Geometrical Problem:—\$2,916 + rods.

Advertisement for Howe's Improved Hay Scales, featuring text about the scales' accuracy and availability.

Advertisement for Moore's Rural New-Yorker, including subscription rates and contact information for D. D. T. Moore.

Advertisement for Moore's Rural New-Yorker, detailing subscription terms and pricing for different regions.

Wit and Humor.

SOME LITTLE JOKERS.

WHY is money like the letter p. Because it makes an ass pass.
WHAT sea would make a sleeping room? A dry attic (Adriatic).
WE guess Kentucky will stay in the Union.—her Legislature has passed a "Stay Law."