

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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

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

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AGRICULTURAL.

FARMING EAST AND WEST.

In an article designed to induce attendance on the Agricultural Lectures in New Haven, *The Homestead* utters the following significant language:

"We are going to have a use for all that we know or can learn about agriculture. There is going to be a closer strife than ever between Eastern and Western farmers, and the battle will be won by those strong in the knowledge of their profession."

There can be no doubt but our contemporary's point is well taken. If a contest between East and West in the matter of farming is to be entered into, there will be need of more theoretical and practical science than can be got from Prof. FOSTER and his collaborators, to enable the East to come out victorious. The West has better land, a better climate, more enterprise, and equal intelligence. There are many men of leisure in the Eastern States who have become rich in other pursuits, who work farms for occupation and amusement, whose results in the way of fancy agriculture are praiseworthy. But such men do not get a living from their farms. Their farms are pets, like their horses or boats, upon which they spend their income for amusement and exercise. When we come to look at the farms in the New England States, which are cultivated in good faith as a means of livelihood, they cannot for a moment bear a comparison with our own part of New York and the older States of the Northwest. Here, men cultivate farms with the confident expectation of becoming wealthy. The relation of the farmer in all financial matters to the manufacturer and the merchant is altogether different from what it is at the East. Consequently there is more capital employed on farms, and also in general a higher order of intelligence is devoted to agriculture as a business. This may sound strange to those who have been bred in the conviction that all the forces of civilization diminish in the inverse proportion of their distance from the site of the Charter Oak or Bunker Hill Monument. It is an undoubted truth that our friends in Connecticut "have a use for all they can know or learn about agriculture." That we have a better soil and climate for farming and horticulture than they, is no credit to us, and no disgrace to them. But our Eastern periodicals must wake up to the truth that we, in the West, are their equals in knowledge of scientific farming and in skill to put it to practice. We are aware that the prejudice obtains in New England that a sound, liberal, professional, or practical education can hardly be obtained out of her limits. New England is not yet aware that it is becoming provincial, and from the nature of human progress cannot maintain the position relatively to the West, that it did twenty-five years ago. It is a fact that she no longer controls the finances or the trade of the United States. She no longer leads, as formerly, the science or scholarship of the country. She no longer leads in politics. Though her civilization was the first to ripen, it does not follow that it still holds its place in advance. She must recognize the fact that she does not give an adequate career to the enterprise of her own sons,—that the vigorous, the bold, the enterprising, leave her soil for a wider sphere of activity. By the law of natural selection, the least vigorous are left, while the strong seek for conditions of life adequate to develop their conscious internal power. The Yankee man, like his fruit and cattle, thrives by transplanting. The New Englander in the West shows the good points of the old stock, but he shows them raised to a higher power. The California and Kansas migrations took away twenty years' growth of talent and enterprise from New England.

There are multitudes of villages in the older Eastern States which have been almost stripped of their young men by these migrations. Compare for a moment those who go, with those who stay. It is self-evident that the dash, the pluck, and ambition of such a village, as a general rule, goes away, while

the timid, the weak, and unenterprising stay at home. Man is the joint product of internal force and external conditions. Let a young man be subjected to the intense activities of new Western life, and he is enlarged, elevated, invigorated. Go to a town meeting in any of those old towns at the East—look at the boys as they come in; you can tell almost at a glance who among them will go West, and who settle on the old homestead. Look at one with an eye like a hawk; muscles of steel and whipcord, a brain full of electricity, with a step and action as if he had a ten-horse power steam engine in him; you may be sure that he is already laying up money to buy his time of his father, with his face already set like a flint towards the Rocky Mountains. The time is already upon us when the intellectual and moral, as well as industrial leadership of our land, is to be sought for out of New England.

Light and power will be sought from the West instead of the East. Even within a few days, we have responded to orders of clubs as large as fifty, for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, from the old State of Connecticut. Trees and flowers are already sent East by thousands on thousands from Monroe County. Last year one of our nursery establishments sent twenty thousand rose plants to the city of Boston alone. In what we have said we have not the slightest disposition to underrate the glory or the excellencies of New England. We would aim only to correct the notion so confidently put forth, that the West must look East for all high education, science, culture, and scholarship—that in our own and the Western States there are not all the elements for the highest precept and example in agriculture and the mechanical arts: We bid the Homestead God speed in its efforts to promote good farming in Connecticut, and hail it as a worthy fellow laborer in a good cause.

THE DAIRY—NO. II.—THE COW.

In the present state of society in civilized countries, it would be difficult to determine which class of animals,—the cow, the sheep, or the hog, is the most useful, or could be dispensed with at the least inconvenience to man. Perhaps the hog should not be included in the category, since good olive oil can be made from cottonseed oil, and the sunlight in coal is being bottled up for daily, or rather nightly use, in the shape of Kerosene or Stone Coal oils.

My award would favor the cow first, and the second premium would be to the sheep. No animal upon the farm can return so much value to the farmer on capital invested as the cow. And if any man were told, for the first time, how much a well fed cow could earn in a year, he would consider the statement simply absurd. It is true the value is much enhanced by locality, for a cow near a great market, where milk can be sold at a high figure, will pay a higher per centage upon her value and keeping, than one on the hills of Cattaraugus. Still, when compared with other branches of farming, the cow everywhere pays a wonderful profit upon the capital she represents.

The dairyman's success depends upon his cow. If he have a choice animal, that gives him a large quantity of milk, it is evident that for the food consumed he is getting a larger yield from the land than would be the case with an inferior one. But one thing is manifest in all the dairies which have been examined in this State,—there is not a single one where the farmer makes the most judicious use of his cows. No one seems to be aware of the burthen which he places upon her, nor how much he loses by not aiding her to the best of his abilities in bearing it. The Israelites, when in bondage and compelled to find their own straw and deliver their regular tale of bricks, had not a harder task than is everywhere allotted to the patient, toiling cow.

To comprehend the extent of that task, let us examine, in the first place, the constituent elements of milk. The question before us then is, "What is milk?" The answer would depend upon locality, in a good degree, if left merely to the knowledge of the milkman, or the consumer. In New York, for instance, among the masses it would be defined a bluish, whitish liquid, that has a tendency, when left at rest, to deposit a good deal more substance at the bottom than on the top. If the milkman were to define it, he would call it still-slops, diluted and strained through the cow, and slightly improved by the addition of a little starch and water.

But if seen and tasted when drawn from the cows under up among the mountains of Delaware county, where the cow feeds upon the richest herbage, and drinks from the purest streams, it would be defined an opaque fluid, of a white color, sweet and agreeable to the taste, composed of a fatty substance representing butter, a caseous substance, for cheese, and a watery residuum.

These constituents vary in different animals. The following table, from the analysis of HENRY and CHEVALIERE, exhibits the milk of several animals in its ordinary state:

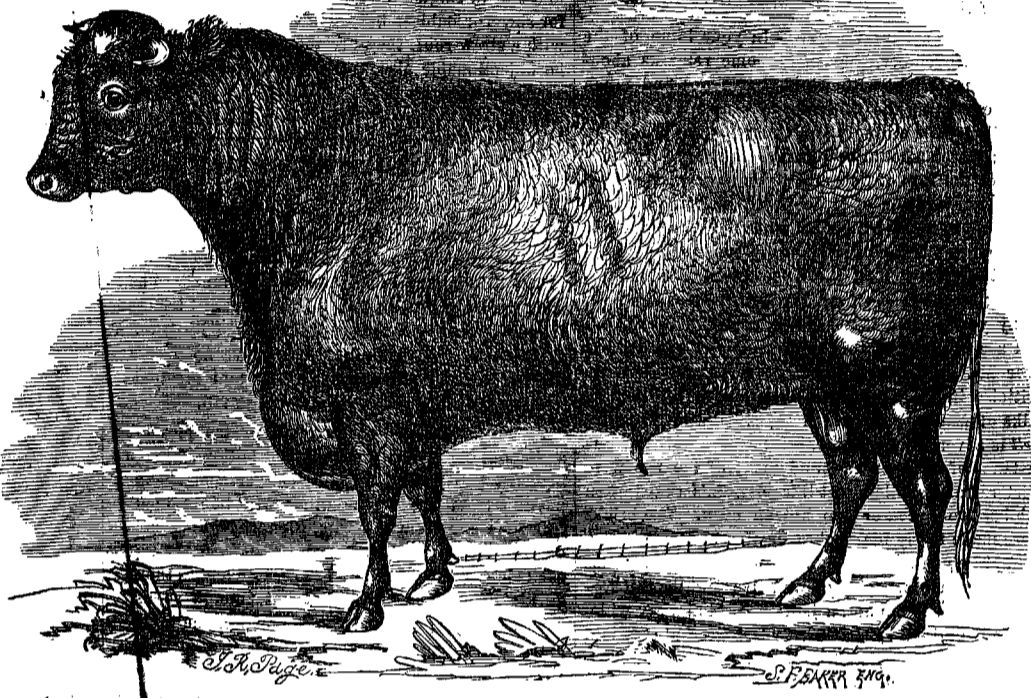
	Woman.	Cow.	Jass.	Goat.	Sw.
Casein (cheese),	1.52	4.45	1.82	4.08	4.50
Butter,	13.55	3.13	0.11	3.32	4.30
Milk sugar,	6.50	4.77	6.03	5.28	6.00
Saline matter,	0.45	0.60	0.34	0.58	0.68
Water,	57.98	87.02	81.85	82.80	83.62
	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00

In view of the large proportion of water which nature has put into the composition of the milk, it would seem rather unfair to further dilute it before it

"APRICOT'S GLOSTER."

AMONG the breeders of Short-horn Cattle in this State, Mr. S. P. CHAPMAN, of Madison County, held a prominent position for several years. He had an excellent herd, and bred many fine animals. On retiring from the business (to discharge the duties of a responsible county office,) Mr. C.'s herd was disposed of at public sale, and a number of its best and most promising members passed into the possession of other breeders. The one here represented is said to be a superior animal, and his pedigree (which we copy from the American Short-horn Herd Book) indicates good blood,—an item considered important by most stock men.

Pedigree of Apricot's Gloster.—Red, bred by S. P. CHAPMAN, Clackville, Madison Co., N. Y., the property of Messrs. BUTTS & CASS, Manlius, Onondaga Co., N. Y., calved Jan. 15, 1858, got by Duke of Gloster (11382) out of imp. Apricot, by 3d Duke of York (10186).—Anna, by 4th Duke of Northumberland (3649).—Anna, by Short Tail (2621).—Acomb, by Belvedere (1706).—a cow bought of Mr. BATES, Kirkleavington, England.



passes into the hands of the consumer. Perhaps erroneous opinions are formed on this subject.

HARDEN gives the analysis of forty pounds of milk, reduced to dry material.

Dry material, 5.20 of which was—	
Fats casein,	2.00
Butter,	1.25
Sugar,	1.75
Mineral matter,	1.20
	5.20

As the secretion of milk in the mammalia is designed by Nature for the reproduction and sustenance of the race, all the food consumed beyond that required for the sustenance of life in the parent is absorbed in the milk, and that becomes rich, or poor, or scant, or abundant, just in proportion as the food is abundant and nutritious, or scant and of a poor quality. If, then, it be the object to make the cow the most useful, by the richness and abundance of her milk, she must be supplied with that kind of food which will furnish for use the elements found most abundant in her milk. She must have a certain amount of food to enable her to maintain her body in its normal state. It is claimed that three per cent. of her live weight daily will accomplish this. But to supply the drain upon her system, in the milk she is expected to furnish, she must have additional food, and it is in the power of the farmer to so adapt that food to her wants that she shall not only maintain herself in good condition of body, but maintain a large flow of milk, rich in the elements of butter and cheese.—P.

HIGH FEEDING.

FARM stock, as well as farmers, should always maintain a condition of healthy development,—that condition is incompatible with a very low, or a very high state of flesh, and is measured and determined very accurately by the strength and vigor of the subject.

The low state of flesh is deplorably common, and justifies all the interest and anxiety of our friend JOHN JOHNSTON in regard to it,—the high, or excessively fleshy condition, generally occurs when animals, for commercial purposes, are made to assume great rotundity and sleekness. So, also, young animals, like young children, are frequently petted and pampered, to be neglected afterwards; but it remains true that mankind lean very generally to the poor side. From birth to maturity, growth should never cease, nor should the strength and vigor of the animal be permitted to decline.

I deem it proper, however, to re-affirm some positions heretofore taken, viz: First—It is better to keep an animal, not employed in labor, in the proper condition, without grain, when that is possible. Second—This is sometimes possible with animals peculiarly adapted to take on flesh, when they can be furnished in summer with plenty of good grass, and in winter fed very judiciously with excellent hay, adding, perhaps, apples or roots. Third—Immense loss occurs from raising poor grass, curing it in a poor way, and feeding it in poor style.

When, therefore, Mr. JOHNSTON lends his high authority to the orthodox doctrine of keeping animals in good order, I would be glad if he would leave no body to infer that the result should be attained mainly by a large consumption of grain. I may be permitted to refer to Mr. POWELL, of Livingston Co., who is known hereabouts as a "good feeder," and yet it is known that he feeds grain very sparingly, and so of everything else. Just enough at just the right time, is his motto—a point of incalculable importance. Racks should sometimes be empty, and should never be excessively filled.

In grain districts, it may be an object to work in a good deal of straw and stalks, and in that case the amount of grain mentioned by Mr. JOHNSTON is not too large,—say a half-pound of corn, or beans, or other grain, to a sheep per day; but I do know that Merino sheep can be kept with first-rate hay twice a

day and straw once a day, in first-rate order, upon less than half a pound of grain per day.

If Mr. JOHNSTON keeps long-wooled sheep or grades, feeding them with particular reference to market, he doubtless adopts the right practice, subject, however, to some modification with different sheep and different circumstances.

Having said this much, I wish to say, with most decided emphasis, that the depreciation of our stock during our long and severe winters, by which we lose their growth and their flesh, keeping them thro' long months at great expense, while they go down hill every day, is a frightful loss, which, if paid by the Insurance Companies, would sink every one of them below resurrection. I say, then, keep all your stock in thrifty, growing condition, and use as much grain as you find necessary to secure that result.—M. B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FARMING.

THE mechanic who undertook to put up a building, could lay little claim to sense or philosophy unless he commenced at the foundation. A good manure hill, in my view is the foundation—the corner stone—of all good farming. Occasionally, some correspondent of the agricultural papers—some fanciful theorist, no doubt—will argue that manure is not of much consequence, that tillage is everything. It would be just as sensible for the jockey to say that feeding of a horse was of no consequence, currying was everything. Both important, but feeding is that which supports life. The past summer, I was in Philadelphia, and happened, one evening, to be in a meeting of practical gardeners. Some one spoke rather lightly of the value of manure, when the gardener of Girard College arose, and stated that he had a family of five hundred to feed. He found that the ease with which he was able to do this, depended upon the amount of manure he had on hand at the commencement of operations. With abundance of manure, he could supply all wants with ease; but if the manure was short, he was obliged to work hard and accomplished less. When manure was scarce, he worked to disadvantage and wasted labor.

I know a gentleman in Herkimer County, who bought a farm at a low price, for it was considered so poor as to be worthless. It would not grow grass or corn, and there seemed no way to commence improvement. He bought guano one season and made a crop of corn, which cost about all it was worth, but it was fed out, and the manure put on the soil. This laid the foundation of other crops, and now the farm is one of the most fertile in the county—made so with manure produced on the farm, with the exception of the first purchase of guano. This farmer is a true philosopher, and some of the readers of the RURAL have, no doubt, heard him relate his experience at agricultural meetings.

A farmer, not a score of miles from your sanctum, Mr. Editor, grew potatoes on a light loam, occasionally turning under clover until they got so small and so few in number, that they would not help suggesting the use of a comb to get them out. I advised manure. This is my remedy for almost all complaints. If the ground is drained and don't produce crops, I know what the trouble is. I was told all the manure produced upon the farm was used. But, on inquiry, I found that there was no composting, no effort to increase the manure pile—no gathering muck or leaves—no drawing of ashes—no saving of liquid manure. I proposed a remedy. The next lot, at planting time, received good dressing of compost in the hill, and there was no cause to complain of a small crop.

A good many farmers who about half of their manure, or rather they do not make half as much as they might. It is just about well to throw manure into the creek, as to throw it out of the stable in summer time, and let it lay to burn. It should be mixed with some material that will prevent its rapid

fermentation and destruction. Common earth and swamp muck will do this. The farmer should think as much of his manure pile as he does of anything about his premises. I knew one farmer who really seemed to appreciate a manure heap. He would take his visitors to see his pile of compost with as much satisfaction as the lady would show them to the parlor, or exhibit her flower garden. As he stood over it with his eyes glistening with delight, he would thrust his hand down deep, pull out a handful of the black looking compound, rub it in his hands, and exhibit it to his friends, saying—"capital stuff, that, sir—capital stuff." He was a philosopher. No cart or wagon and team was idle on his farm. Some headlands needed cleaning up, or the ditches by the road-side were partially filled and overgrown with grass, and must be cleaned out, or a load of ashes or muck could be obtained somewhere,—all of which he declared would make "capital stuff."

Now, be it understood that a farmer who is thus looking out for his manure pile, will make three times the quantity and "better stuff" with the same land and stock, than the farmer who uses the manure he obtains without any efforts to increase the quantity, or any special regard to the quality. But it may be said that by putting two lots of manure together, or a quantity of mold with manure, we create nothing. That each will contain all the elements of fertility separate that they would united. This is true. The object of the union is to prevent the loss of valuable elements, and also to bring them to a condition to be conveniently used, and in a state fit for the food of plants. In my next I will speak of the different sources of obtaining manure open to the farmer, the comparative value of each, with such remarks upon the best methods of saving and applying as I think will be of value to my agricultural friends. CERES.

TILE FOR ROOFING.

OUR correspondents, it would seem, are determined to give this subject a thorough discussion in the columns of the RURAL. Our first article was in answer to the inquiry of a correspondent of Illinois. We then gave a few facts showing the way in which tile were made and used in Europe, and the objections to their use in our climate. This brought out a response from Wm. LYMAN, Esq., who seems determined if possible not only to roof our houses with burnt clay, but to cover and line them, and furnish caps and floors and fence posts, and a variety of other articles, of the same material. In reply to our objection, that tile would become destroyed from freezing when filled with moisture, which they will absorb very freely, our correspondent argued that hard burning, so as to vitrify the material, would make tile as impervious to moisture as glass. A practical brick maker replied that this could not be done by any known process, as such severe burning would destroy the form of the tile, leaving it a shapeless mass. In our last we gave another article from Mr. L., the import of which our readers will remember.

A large portion of our country is destitute of lumber, while it is becoming scarce in all sections; shingles at best are of short duration and objectionable on account of fire; tin and slate are too expensive for common use; many of the patent roofing materials have failed to satisfy expectations; and if brick clay can be made into tiles so as to form a cheap and durable roofing material, we shall hail proof of the fact with a good deal of pleasure. The discussion of the question can do no harm and may result in good. Formerly nearly all the buildings in England and other portions of Europe, except those of the most costly character, were covered with tiles.—Latterly slate has been more generally used, and now we believe form the covering of the majority of the better class of new buildings. The tiles used are of two forms, one called Plain Tiles and the other Pan Tiles. Plain Tiles are flat sheets and generally made about ten inches long, six inches wide, and five-

Ladies' Department.

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

HER work is done. Closed are those azure eyes that gleamed with light. Slant those lips that opened but with smiles.

SCOTCH ARGUMENT FOR MARRIAGE. JENNY is poor, and I am poor, Yet we will wed—so say no more!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LIVE WITHIN YOUR INCOME. It is a lamentable fact that a great many people have not the tact to accommodate themselves to the various changes and circumstances of life.

Choice Miscellany.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] KEEP THE HEART BEAUTIFUL.

MAKE the world beautiful—gather bright things And plant them to-day round your home. Then brilliant and gems, with fairy-like wings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] CHOICE OF READING. "OF making many books there is no end," was long ago written, and needs no confirmation in this day of letters, and of steam.

Choice Miscellany.

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

"OF making many books there is no end," was long ago written, and needs no confirmation in this day of letters, and of steam. Our numerous authors, aided by our active publishing houses, are sending forth a constant and never-failing supply.

From this mass of reading matter, we are free to make our own selections,—our own "choice of reading"—and perhaps nothing more plainly shows the great diversity of taste and talent among men than this.

Our choice of reading is, in a greater or less degree, modified by the influences surrounding us, and the circumstances and situations in which we are placed.

But "our choice of reading" is not confined to books. We have papers,—monthly, semi-monthly, weekly, semi-weekly, tri-weekly, and daily,—some of which do or should find their way regularly into every household.

THE HUMAN EYE. THE eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over.

THE OLD YEAR. THE almanac for the year died without a groan. He seemed as vigorous only the day before as the first day of his life, and held his own to the last moment.

A REPROOF TO ULTRA-PURITANISM.—I am not of opinion that all the arts are to be rooted out by the Gospel, as some ultra-divines pretend; but would wish to see all the arts employed, and music particularly, in the service of Him who has given and created them.—Luther.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE BLESSED OF GOD.

BLESSED are they that dwell in Thy house; they will be still praising Thee.—Psalms 84: 4. THINE house above! Dear Lord, how more than blest are they Whose weary feet have found the way, And share Thy love.

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

WERE some kind, benevolent parent, who had the well-being of his posterity at heart, to take down the history of his son, and from the earliest period of his existence, carefully and truthfully to note every act, deed, and, if possible, every thought, of the little mortal, and continue the history up to his manhood and mature age, and then present to him this curious history,—and, without giving him any intimation whose life it portrayed, tell him carefully to study it, the first few pages would perhaps be read with a smile of credulity, as to whether it were not a fable; and, perhaps, in contempt, he would throw it away, as not worthy his perusal.

Thus, man now, in this "age of progress and reform," is told to read and study the Bible—the only Book which the God of Nature has ever given as a key to His whole work.

But let the intelligent, honest reader, turn to that page of the Great Book which gives the history of the "last time,"—that is, the Christian Dispensation, which is the last, because it shall endure "till time shall be no longer."

Let the doubter ask himself—Did not Christians meet last Lord's Day, in honor and in memory of JESUS CHRIST? Did they not meet in His name the Lord's Day before last? And so back, did not Christians, many Christians, meet every Lord's Day, at some place, for the same purpose, during the last eighteen centuries?

If men would study the Bible as diligently, for the purpose of eliciting the truth of the facts therein stated, as they do for the purpose of finding fault with it, and "picking flaws" in its morals, its history and its prophecies, it is doubtful whether even one honest man could be found to doubt its Divine origin.

I have seen unlearned men look through a telescope from the wrong end, and declare that it did not aid their eye a bit, while by a little instruction, as to its use, they were enabled to see distant objects very clearly.

By the removal of prized and cherished earthly props and refuges, God would unfold more of His own tenderness.

The Reviewer.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Volume VI. [Macgillivray-Moza.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume of the American Cyclopaedia begins with Mac and ends with Mox, being entirely occupied with one letter. This volume fully sustains the reputation secured for the work by those heretofore published. We cannot expect in a work of this size and price, elaborate Treatises on points of Literature Science and History; but we have what, for the general reader, is far better, a clear and condensed account of the principal facts and ideas required for a general understanding of the subjects and characters named.

RAILWAY PROPERTY. A Treatise of the Construction and Management of Railways: Designed to afford Useful Knowledge in a Popular Style, to the Holders of this Class of Property, as well as to Railway Managers, Officers, and Agents. By JOHN B. JARVIS, Civil Engineer. (8vo.-pp. 341.) New York. Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.

PERHAPS there is no public improvement involving so great an outlay of Capital for construction and maintenance, as the American railway, that has so defective a system in the management. Upward of \$1,000,000,000 have been invested in the railways of the United States, upon about 26,000 miles, giving to the area properly benefited by this great outlay of capital, about one mile of railway to thirty-eight square miles of territory.

This work by Mr. JARVIS, one of the most eminent engineers of the present day, embodies the results of a long and extensive experience, and is calculated, if properly studied, to produce great good to those who are really interested in the prudent management of the property committed to their care.

EDUCATION: Intellectual, Moral and Physical. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Social Statics," "The Principles of Psychology," and "Essays-Scientific, Political, and Speculative." (pp. 283.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a remarkable book, fitted to lead to no inconsiderable change in the matter of education. It treats of four great subjects, of the most extensive and most important application. The first, which should have the controlling power over the other three, is an admirable answer to the question, asked by the author, "What knowledge is of most worth?"

THE UNION TEXT BOOK: Containing Selections from the Writings of DANIEL WEBSTER; the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States; and WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address. With Copious Indexes. For the Higher Classes of Educational Institutions, and for Home Reading. (12mo.-pp. 562.) Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

HERE is a judiciously compiled and most opportune work. Were its contents carefully read, studied, and the lessons taught fully heeded by the people of extreme sections of the Union—like by the fire-eaters of the South and the fanatics of the North—we should hear little of disunion, and have no practical demonstrations in the line of secession.

HERODOTUS. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Bros.

We have before spoken of the new and hitherto untried enterprise of the HARRIS in publishing a series of texts of the Greek and Latin classics. We have here the republication of the works of the father of history. Twenty years ago it was the fashion among scholars to ridicule HERODOTUS, decried his authority, and call him an old and untrustworthy gossip.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER—with the Hymns and Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Literally translated, with Explanatory Notes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a continuation of the series of translations of the Greek and Latin classics which the HARRIS have been for some time engaged in reprinting. It is better adapted to merely English readers than any of the poetic translations. They can get from this a better idea of the poet and the poem than from LOWELL or POPE. The explanatory notes are valuable for learned as well as English readers.

FAMOUS BOYS: and How They Became Great Men. Dedicated to Youths and Young Men, as a Stimulus to Earnest Living. (pp. 300.) New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

TRUE STORIES OF THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON. Illustrated. (pp. 312.) New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. The above entitled are capital books for the young. The first named inculcates good lessons in an entertaining and impressive manner, and the last imparts important historical facts and incidents in a pleasant, instructive and attractive style.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Volume XI. [Macgillivray-Moza.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CONSIDERATIONS on some of the Elements and Conditions of Social Welfare and Human Progress. Being Academic and Occasional Discourses and other Pieces. By C. S. HENRY, D. D. (pp. 415.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE FABLE-BOOK—Containing One Hundred and Sixty Fables. With Sixty Illustrations by HARRISON WARR. (pp. 280.) New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERTY & CO.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOK OF BRDS. Illustrated with Sixty-one Engravings by W. H. BERRY. (pp. 276.) New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERTY & CO.

Spice from New Books.

Physical Training of Children.

Is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin; yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy—joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his folly, and look for disastrous consequences.

To tens of thousands that are killed, add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be; and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their life-long injury or benefit; and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right; and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use.

Morbid Nervousness.

THE morbid nervousness of the present day appears in several ways. It brings a man sometimes to that startled state that the sudden opening of a door, the clash of a falling fire-iron, or any little accident, puts him in a flutter. How nervous the late Sir Robert Peel must have been when, a few weeks before his death, he went to the Zoological Gardens, and when a monkey suddenly sprang upon his arm, the great and worthy man fainted!

Another phase of the same morbid condition is when a human being is oppressed with a vague, undefined fear that things are going wrong, that his income will not meet the demands upon it, that his child's lungs are affected, that his mental powers are leaving him,—a state of mind which shades rapidly off into positive insanity. Indeed, when matters remain long in any of the fashions which have been described, I suppose the natural termination must be disease of the heart, or a shock of paralysis, or insanity in the form either of mania or idiocy.

Chinese Views of Death.

THERE is nothing in the Chinese character more striking than the apathy with which they undergo afflictions, or the resignation with which they bear them. There is so much elasticity in their disposition that the most opposite changes in their condition produce but little effect. A Coolie can admirably ap-



MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON.

In the last issue of the RURAL we gave an interesting sketch of the life and services of Major ROBERT ANDERSON, the gallant soldier now in charge of Fort Sumter, and we are very much gratified at being enabled to present his portrait to our readers. The engraving was made from a painting in possession of his wife, and is by her pronounced a perfect likeness.

We have already given a biography of Major A., and as we doubt not that a mention of those who are in Fort Sumter with him, and are nobly assisting in the performance of his entire duty to the country, will be received with feelings of pleasure, we give the following brief sketches of his second officer, Capt. ABNER DOUBLEMAN, Brevet-Capt. TRUMAN SEYMOUR, and Lieutenants TAYLOR and DAVIS.

Capt. DOUBLEMAN entered West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842. He was at Corpus Christi, with Gen. TAYLOR, and with him at the Rio Grande. He bore himself bravely at Monterey, and, as an officer of PARENTISS' heavy battery, made a forced march of thirty-five miles on the night of February 23d, 1847, from the Rinconada Pass to the battle field of Buena Vista, to take part in the action which it was sup-

posed, SANTA ANNA would renew on the 24th. He was one of the Commissioners sent by Mr. FILLMORE to investigate the Gardiner fraud. In 1856 he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in 1858, ordered to Florida, where he remained till 1859, when he was sent to Fort Moultrie. Brevet-Captain TRUMAN SEYMOUR is a native of Vermont. He entered West Point in 1846. He was in Mexico, as an officer of light artillery, and behaved with such gallantry at Cherubusco, as to receive the brevet of captain. He is at the head of the list of first lieutenants of his regiment.

First Lieutenant THEODORE TALBOT, of D. C., was appointed in 1847, from Kentucky, to a second Lieutenancy. A Southern man by birth and feeling, he is loyal to the Union. First Lieutenant JEFFERSON C. DAVIS is an Indian by birth, and was a lieutenant in the third Indiana Volunteers, under the command of Colonel HENRY S. LANE, Governor elect of Indiana, and did good service at Buena Vista, and for good conduct received a commission in his regiment during the year 1848.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

MISFORTUNES OF IGNORANCE.

If any one doubts the importance of an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of physiology as a means to complete living, let him look around and see how many men and women he can find in middle or later life who are thoroughly well. Occasionally only do we meet with an example of vigorous health continued to old age; hourly do we meet with examples of acute disorder, chronic ailment, general debility, premature decrepitude. Scarcely is there one to whom you put the question, who has not in the course of his life brought upon himself illness which a little knowledge would have saved him from. Here is a case of heart disease consequent on a rheumatic fever that followed reckless exposure. There is a case of eyes spoiled for life by over-study. Yesterday the account was of one whose long-enduring lameness was brought on by continuing, in spite of the pain, to use a knee after it had been slightly injured.

Not to dwell on the actual pain, the weariness, the gloom, the waste of time and money thus entailed, only consider how greatly ill health hinders the discharge of all duties—makes business often impossible, and always more difficult; produces an irritability fatal to the right management of children; puts the functions of citizenship out of the question; and makes amusement a bore. Is it not clear that the physical sinis—partly our forefathers' and partly our own—which produce this ill health, deduct more from complete living than anything else, and to a great extent make life a failure and a burden instead of a benediction and a pleasure?

To all which add the fact that life, besides being thus immensely deteriorated, is also out short. It is not true, as we commonly suppose, that a disorder or disease from which we have recovered leaves us as

before. No disturbance of the normal course of the functions can pass away and leave things exactly as they were. In all cases a permanent damage is done—not immediately appreciable, it may be, but still there; and, along with other such items, which Nature, in her strict account-keeping, never drops, will tell against us to the inevitable shortening of our days.

When the coffin is decayed, the bones are carefully gathered; and in a country walk one very often comes upon jars containing "potted ancestors." Money is saved for the purpose of a coffin, and is put by till ready for use. The first time I saw this was in a little cottage near Shanghai. There was an old cob-webbed coffin in the corner; I asked a young lad why it was there; he quietly pointed with his thumb over his shoulder to his grandmother, standing close by, and said it was for her; she was very old, and was nearly wearing out the coffin before she was put into it. At funerals females are hired to do the "inconceivable grief" parts of the performance. It seems very ridiculous that such a custom should be kept up when it is known by everybody that the mourners howl for hire. They certainly work hard for their money, and their piteous moans would be heart-rending if they were real.—Twelve Years in China.

DIPHTHERIA.

As the newspapers are full of remedies for this dangerous affection of the throat, some of them very good and some of them very silly, we will give one which we know to be used by some eminent physicians, and which we have never known to fail, if applied early. Diphtheria in its early stage may be recognized by any person of ordinary capacity, by two marked symptoms; the sensation of a bone or hard substance in the throat, rendering swallowing difficult and painful, and a marked fetor, or unpleasant smell of the breath, the result of its putrefactive tendency. On the appearance of these symptoms, if the patient is old enough to do so, give a piece of gum camphor, of the size of a marrowfat pea, and let it be retained in the mouth, swallowing slowly the saliva charged with it until it is all gone. In an hour or so give another, and at the end of another hour a third; a fourth will not unreasonably be required; but if the pain and unpleasant breath are not relieved, it may be used two or three times more, at a little longer intervals, say two hours. If the child is young, powder the camphor, which can easily be done by adding a drop or two of spirits of alcohol to it, and mix it with an equal quantity of powdered loaf-sugar, or better, powdered rock candy, and blow it through a quill or tube into its throat, depressing the tongue with the haft of a spoon. Two or three applications will relieve. Some recommend powdered aloes or pillitory with the camphor, but observation and experience have satisfied us that the camphor is sufficient alone. It acts probably by its virtue as a diffusible stimulant, and antiseptic qualities.—N. Y. Examiner.

A WONDERFUL ISLAND.

A MISSIONARY describes, in a late Pacific newspaper, a visit which he paid to a little-known island of the Marquesas group, whose formation is volcanic. His observations were made during the month of May last. "After two hours," he says, "of great heat and extreme toil, we stood on the dividing ridge of the island, some 3,500 feet above the ocean. Our path had led up steep and narrow ridges, down which we looked into awful depths of 500, 1000, and 1,500 feet below. In one place I measured the width of the ledge on which we were walking, and found it to be two feet and four inches. Sometimes the sides of the precipice below us were at an angle of 60 to 70 degrees, and sometimes they were perpendicular. We walked along on the crest of spurs, climbed over cones, and threaded our way along the steep sides of hills, holding on to grass and shrubs, and scarcely holding on at that.

"From the central summit of the island the view was magnificent. Such a wild assemblage of hills and valleys; of spurs and ridges; of profound gulfs and yawning chasms; of needles, more wonderful than Cleopatra's; of leaning towers, outviewing the famed one of Pisa; of cones, rounded, rent, rugged, upright, inclined, truncated, inverted; of precipices at every angle, bold, green carpeted, festooned, grooved,

fluted; of rocks piled upon rocks; of mountain towering above mountain; of battlement frowning against battlement! It seems as if a sea of molten rocks had been suddenly solidified, while rolling in lofty and elevated waves, sinking in awful gulfs, boiling in caves or domes, or spouting in fiery pillars against the sky."

The Young Ruralist.

LETTER TO FARMER BOYS—NO. IV.

DEAR BROTHERS:—PAUL MORPHY is a noted chess player. You have all, I dare say, heard of him, and read of him. He has become very renowned merely because he excels all others in playing chess. He has spent many years—utterly wasted the precious time that God gave him to benefit his fellows—to enable his own soul—and which he should regard as the most precious boon of Heaven—recklessly squandered it in moving bits of ivory over a checkered board! And yet PAUL MORPHY is not the only one who plays away his time. We hear men say, Oh, but chess playing is discipline for the mind—it rouses and quickens the intellect—it causes one to think, &c. If mathematics, philosophy, or metaphysics will not develop your intellect—if they will not discipline your minds—if the wonderful creations all around you—if the scene, that God painted but yesterday, where the sun first gilds the orient clouds—if these will not cause you to think, then if there be any virtue in chess or checker playing, resort to it. If after you have exhausted the great store house of knowledge, and have no more to learn—have no more good to accomplish—no more deeds of kindness to perform—when there are around you no more ignorant ones to be taught—no more sorrow; ing ones to be cheered and helped—then if any time remains to you, sit down and learn to play chess.

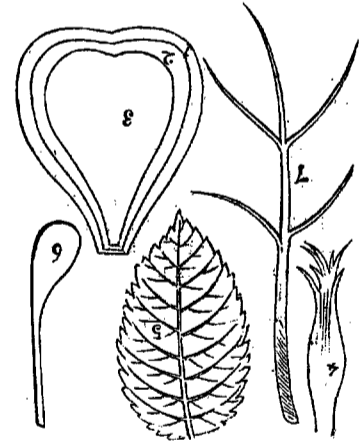
But, young brothers, you may say, "Why, many great and learned men play chess and even cards!" A great many do, and they have a wonderful weak spot somewhere, they're not half as smart as they might be. If you wish to imitate others, take for your example a character in which no weakness has ever been displayed. It is not well to imitate the follies or the vices of those who are called great.

MONSIEUR BLONDIN made the discovery that he could walk upon a rope. Hagging to his bosom the idea that the "Fools were not all dead yet," he came to our glorious Empire State, and proved the truth of it, for hundreds of people—who thought themselves possessed of considerable intellect and common sense—flocked to see a man do that which the most diminutive squirrel that runs the length of your father's fence can do! What an amount of self-respect, what a bulk of manhood a man must possess, to pride himself on a thing which a creature wholly destitute of intelligence can perform better than he! And I can but see a great similarity between the performers and the lookers-on.

I trust your good sense your elevated manhood, will tell you of a better way of spending your time and money, than in running to see a Blondin-like performance, even if visiting the rural districts, in that essence of all nuisances, the most vulgar of all vulgarities, the circus. Seek to make far better men of yourselves—to be of infinitely more use to the world—to have your bodies hold greater and nobler souls than those of a MORPHY, a BLONDIN, or some silly low bred clown. MINNIE MINTWOPP. Alfred University, N. Y., 1880.

TO MAKE A ROSE FROM SHAVINGS.

We have received from a lady correspondent in Michigan, Mrs. E. C. PAULL, the following method of making a rose from wood shavings.—Cut out 14 petals same as No. 3, and 18 of No. 2; then 20 of the larger size. Cut them on the length of the shaving, and curl them slightly at the edge with the scissors, then form a loop of wire as shown by No. 6 in the diagram, and having twisted a strip of shaving round it, commence to tie on the petals with some strong thread. Tie on the 14 small ones; then the next



size, and so on till the flower is complete. Cut the rose leaves also on the length, and vein them with the scissors, holding the points a little apart, so as to give the vein a raised look. Gum them on the wire stalk, which you will form same as design No. 7. Be careful to bind the spray neatly to the main branch with a slight strip of the shaving, and fasten off by a little gum at the end.

CUTTING-ANT OF TEXAS AND ITS DWELLING.—The Cutting-Ant of Texas builds subterranean habitations, consisting of cells, sometimes filling an area of ground twenty-five feet square, to the depth of sixteen feet. Their cells are from six to twelve inches in height, and are connected by passages from one to three or four inches in diameter. From these caverns, where they dwell in myriads, they have been known to dig a passage under a stream in order to get at a garden on the opposite side. Their food is both animal and vegetable, consisting of insects, berries, grain and the leaves of trees. They will sometimes entirely strip a tree in a single night. In Western and Central Texas, they are regarded as a terrible scourge, and many efforts have been made to exterminate them, but their immense number has made it impossible. They appear to be divided into classes, some building and repairing the cells, some procuring food, some tending the sick—and all having peculiar duties to perform.

It is the love of truth that clothes the martyr with a name which outshines the blaze that kills him. It binds the soul to all true spirits on earth, in Heaven, and to God. Compare emulations of argument, pungencies of sarcasm, dealings of fancy, pride of logic, and pomp of declamation, with the simple thoughts which the love of truth suggests, and they are but as the sound of an automaton to the voice of man.

THE FIRST SNOW FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming, And bustled all the night Had been heaping fields and highway With a silence deep and white. Every pine, and fir, and hemlock, Wore ermine too dear for an earl, And the poorest twig on the elm tree Was fringed deep with a pearl.

The Story-Teller.

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

SOWING THE WIND AND REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Continued from page 20 last number.]

CHAPTER VI.

"Isn't she sweet, HIRAM," said Mrs. FOSTER, as she held her youngest babe, a baby in its fifth month, up for a kiss. "Sweet as a rose," he answered, touching his lips lightly to the baby's lips, but in so cold a way that the mother's feelings rebelled against such strange indifference.

until he stood on the narrow pavement, bordering an alley but little frequented, that ran down beside the building, and close against the window. His steps were noiseless as the steps of a cat. He held his laboring breath, and harkened eagerly. But no sound came from within. After listening for some time, he was about moving away, when his ear caught the well-known rattle of paper, that often accompanies the turning of leaves in a blank-book. It sent a thrill along every nerve; for in that sound was a confirmation of every worst fear.

CHAPTER VII.

It seemed an age to HIRAM,—the period that elapsed before Mr. OVERMAN went away. He heard the intermitted and intermingling sounds of voices below, but no articulate words reached his ears. When, at last the jar of a closing door gave notice that the visitor had retired, and his wife came up to the chamber, he was lying in a nervous chill.

time, when HIRAM FOSTER reached the store of Mr. OVERMAN. Nearly a quarter of an hour had been spent in trying so to arrange his hair as to conceal the wound on his forehead; but without a satisfactory result. His great desire to conceal this scar, coupled itself in the mind of his wife with the unusual visit of Mr. OVERMAN on the night before, and his anxiety to give the impression that he had not been out since tea-time; and in doing so, cast a vague fear into her heart.

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 84 letters. My 1, 5, 43, 16, 18, 66, 67, 49, 71, 13 is a juicy, sweet, and rich autumn apple. My 78, 14, 42, 11, 16, 2, 21, 77, 65, 6, 38 is a beautiful little summer pear.

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

I AM composed of 16 letters. My 2, 15, 5, 9 every person has. My 14, 3, 6, 12 is food for man and beast.

A PUZZLE.

Insert one vowel, in proper places, between the following letters, and make six lines of rhyme: G y l d y d t b i l, O n e h a t a d t i k n d p l y;

SURVEYOR'S PROBLEM.

BEGINNING at the northeast corner of a certain piece of land, and running south sixty rods, thence west eighty rods, thence north fifty rods, thence to the place of beginning, it is required to lay off ten acres from the southeast corner or south line.

A NICE LITTLE EXPERIMENT.

A RING SUSPENDED BY A BURNED THREAD.—Put a teaspoonful of salt in a wineglass of water, stir it up, and place in it some coarse cotton, such as mother calls No. 16; in about an hour take out the thread and dry it. The piece of this prepared cotton to a small ring, about the size of a wedding ring; hold it up, and set fire to the thread. When it has burnt out, the ring will not fall, but remain suspended, to the astonishment of all beholders.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 573.

Answer to Floral Enigmas: Supply the wants of each, and they will pay. For all your care through each succeeding day.

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Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS.

Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles. "Sir, you have broken your promise." "Oh, never mind, I can make another just as good."

It was after eight o'clock, an hour beyond his usual