

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

THE season continues wet—very unfavorable for ripening seeds of many nice things that rot when exposed to an unusual amount of moisture.

For several nights past we have had slight frosts, just enough to kill tomato plants and other things equally tender.

But little time now remains for completing fall work. After this time everything that will suffer from heavy frost is in danger until secured.

PRESERVING CELERY FOR WINTER.

JUST at this time all who have celery that they wish to keep for winter use, will be anxious to know the best way in which it can be preserved.

"An elevated piece of ground is chosen, where the water can easily run off. A double row of celery is then laid along on the ground, each row slightly elevated to throw out any moisture that may chance to get in.

This white grape, transparent almost as crystal, and of fine size, was hanging in large bunches on the vine which had been exposed, with the many thousand others of the company, to all the vicissitudes of winter and summer, in a position facing the north, and upon lands elevated four hundred feet above St. Louis.

PRICES OF FRUITS, &c., IN NEW YORK.

As navigation will soon close, for the benefit of those who design to ship to New York the present autumn we give present prices in the commercial metropolis of our State, and of the country.

Table listing prices for various fruits such as Potatoes, Apples, Peaches, and other items with their respective market prices.

Table listing prices for various apples including varieties like Red, Yellow, and White, with their market values.

POTATOES. It will be observed, are too low to allow of shipping to a great distance, and on account of the rainy season few of the large growers, we think, will be prepared to market their crop before spring.

APPLES do not sell at such prices as we had looked for, considering the smallness of the crop. As buyers forward rapidly just before the close of navigation, a depression is the usual result.

PEARS are selling at highly remunerative prices, and this shows that the low price of other fruits is not occasioned by scarcity of money, or hard times.

eight to sixteen dollars, is such as to show the necessity of growing fine specimens. A poor Duchesse is a poor thing, and the New Yorkers seem to be aware of the fact.

GRAPE.—The highest price paid for grapes is ten cents a pound, but there were only Catawbas and Isabelas in market. Foreign grapes never before, we think, sold so low as during the past season.

QUINCES always sell high, East and West, and everywhere. From five to seven dollars a barrel is a price sufficient to induce the more general cultivation of this fruit, which is so much neglected.

FOREIGN GRAPES IN MISSOURI.

THERE exists in St. Louis an Association called the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, established for the purpose of testing the adaptation of various fruits for that locality.

SIR.—The undersigned Committee, appointed by you in behalf of the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, to inspect the vines and fruits grown upon their lands at this place, and particularly the new white grapes of European origin, first grown here in the open air by the Secretary, Mr. Charles H. Haven, (and which they believe are the first grapes of the kind grown in the Western States.)

They witnessed with surprise and pleasure the successful growth of the choicest foreign grapes in the open air, without any aid from artificial heat or shelter, either from glass or any other means, up to this time.

This white grape, transparent almost as crystal, and of fine size, was hanging in large bunches on the vine which had been exposed, with the many thousand others of the company, to all the vicissitudes of winter and summer, in a position facing the north, and upon lands elevated four hundred feet above St. Louis.

They found, upon measurement of one of the bunches in question, that it was seven inches in length, and nine inches in average circumference, besides being very compact throughout; the grapes were oval in shape, and equal in size most if not all of hot house growth ever seen by them, and this notwithstanding a large extent of new canes allowed to the vine, which, upon being measured, they ascertained to be fully one hundred feet in aggregate length, while, as regards flavor, entire absence of pulp, and all the requisites of the most luscious grapes, they could not be surpassed.

In view of these important facts to us as Missourians, made so on account of the now ascertained acclamation of this noble grape, as well as the Burgundy among us, and the consequent rapid spread of their cultivation likely to ensue, your Committee believe that they are destined to give the strongest inducement to the people of this country and of Europe to select for settlement the highland regions south and west of St. Louis, which equal in extent and adaptability for grape culture the whole vine districts of France or of Hungary.

All which is respectfully submitted. J. H. LIGHTNER, JOSIAH FOGG, R. W. OLIPHANT, M. D. Committee.

To the President of the St. Louis Vine and Fruit Growers' Association, Hon. BERNARD PRATTE.

THE TREE TOMATO.

LAST winter we learned through the European journals that Messrs. VILMORIN, ANDRÉUX, & Co., of Paris, had obtained a Tomato of an entirely different habit from our common varieties, needing neither trellis nor anything of the kind for its support, but growing like a small tree, with a stout stalk and branches, and entirely self-supporting.

They are very singular in their habit, the stem being about as thick as a lead pencil when the plants are only an inch or two in height, and continue very robust, with short, strong branches and dark-green



TREE TOMATO.

foliage. They grow from eighteen inches to two feet in height, and bear from ten to fifteen specimens of fruit of good size.

The appearance of the plant is well shown in the engraving, and the one from which the drawing was taken had on at the time nine well ripened specimens, of good medium size and tolerably smooth.

This tomato is not entirely self-supporting; for the weight of fruit is too great for the main stem, which will bend until the head rests upon the ground, unless supported by a pretty strong stake well driven into the soil.

PERFECTED TOMATO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In a late number of the Country Gentleman I see it stated that the flavor of Lester's Perfected Tomato is inferior to that of the common red variety. Now, I am aware there is no accounting for taste, and every one must enjoy his opinions, and like and dislike just what he chooses.

The old red is pretty much made up of a pasty mass abounding in seeds, with very little flesh, and the outside covering little more than skin. The Perfected has thick flesh, with few seeds, and the flesh is soft and pleasant. The Pejee and some other sorts have a hard center that is almost or quite unfit to eat in a raw state; but not so with the Perfected, unless it is used before becoming ripe.

Monroe County, Oct., 1861.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY IN MICHIGAN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—As promised, I send you Mr. CHARLES MERRITT's method of cultivating the Lawton Blackberry in Battle Creek, Michigan. Three years ago last spring he procured one thousand plants from Baltimore, which he set six feet apart, each way, on about an acre of clean sod, a gravelly loam, well pulverized and clear of weeds.

After he had commenced cultivating the Lawton, Mr. M. looked around among his neighbors who obtained their plants before he did, and found it a great multiplier, but that very little fruit was obtained, and that of an indifferent character. In endeavoring to ascertain the cause he came to the conclusion that the extreme cold weather of the winter and the late spring frosts injured the wood of the plants materially.

kill the blossom. Mr. M. left exposed twenty hills last fall, and they produced but a very few indifferent berries, not enough to pay for cultivation.

The land is kept plowed out with a one-horse plow, so that it is at all times mellow and clear of weeds, and in the early part of June each hill is given a wheel barrow full of coarse manure. The hills should be kept six feet apart, with four to six good bearing stalks in a hill. This gives plenty of room to work among them.

Mr. M. has a young peach orchard of one thousand trees that should have borne fruit the two past years, but failed. This fall he intends to protect them, so as to secure a crop another season, in the following manner:—Early in the season, when the leaves were on, he cut oak brush, and is laying the peach trees down so far as to be able to cover them with this brush, and he thinks the leaves and snow will afford sufficient protection to save the buds from injury.

Mr. MERRITT thinks the Lawton will do well on any soil or locality where the wild blackberry flourishes. JAMES BULL, Detroit, Oct. 11, 1861.

Horticultural Notes.

FALL PLANTING AT THE WEST.—Many have thought that fall planting is particularly objectionable at the West. STELL FORSTER, of Muscatine, Iowa, writes in the Northwestern Farmer:—"I am of opinion, if the work is well done, fall is the best time to set out the orchard. My own experience is that the trees make an earlier start if planted in the fall, and the droopings of the first summer do not affect them so much as spring planting.

"Another way to avoid the hurry of work and bad roads of spring, is to take your trees home in the fall, and bury them on a dry piece of land. Dig a trench to contain the roots, and lay the trees flat down, and bury them root and branch, having the soil carefully packed about the roots, with about six inches of earth above the top of the upper roots, and the branches barely out of sight. I tried this mode last fall, and the trees came out in the very best order in spring.

Dr. KENNICOTT, who lives near Chicago, Ill., says:—"Most of you are afraid of autumn planting. A mistake, I think, in many cases, especially South, and in dry soil that is seldom moved by frost. The soil is oftener too wet than in autumn, and the spring is almost always the busiest season of the two; and when planted early in autumn, the roots of trees get well embedded, their wounds well healed before winter, and if properly protected, the tree or plant grows right off, and makes a larger growth against a very small one in late spring planting. Still, in thoughtless hands, we must admit the spring to be the safest season for most trees, and especially evergreens."

NEW USE FOR APPLES.—It appears from the following statement, which we find in several of the English journals, that the people of that country are threatened with a cider famine, not from the failure of the apples, although a partial crop, but because they are likely to be applied to a more profitable purpose (so far as the growers are concerned), than in making a household beverage.

Strange things happen in these days; and in a few years the manufacturers of England may be as anxious to obtain American apples as they now are to get our cotton. FLOWERS ARE NOT TRIFLES.—Flowers bloom in beauty, not only in the gardens of the wealthy, but in the field, on the side of the highway, and on the mountain slopes.

DOUBLE FOURTEENS.—The double Fourteens have been greatly improved, both in habit, vigor of the plant, and size of the flowers. Some of the new French and Belgian kinds are very remarkable, especially Solferino, which is nearly as large as a moderate-sized rose; truly astonishing in its dimensions.

FIRE BLIGHT OF THE PEAR.—REMEDY.—J. J. Thomas says: "There are two remedies for the fire blight; both taken together will maintain any pear orchard undiminished. The first is the well known one of cutting away the diseased parts; doing it promptly and continually, and two or three feet below the blackened portions. This will save many trees. When the tree dies in spite of this treatment, adopt the other remedy, namely: Whenever one tree dies, plant out two more."

BEST TWELVE APPLES FOR WESTERN NEW YORK.—An old and experienced orchardist, who has grown and sold apples extensively for the last forty years, handed us the following list as the best for the farmer who desires to grow both for market and family use:

- Summer—Early Harvest, Early Joe, Red Astrachan, and Sweet Bough.
Autumn—Fall Pippin, Fameuse, and Hawley.
Winter—Baldwin, R. I. Greening, Tomp. Co. King, No. 5, Red Canada, Green Sweeting.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Will you please give the botanical and common name of the inclosed plant? It is a labiate plant, with calyx equally five-toothed; corolla purple-rose color, in a spike of crowded whorls; stem square; leaves elliptical, and the whole plant tomentose; about one and a half feet high.—L. W., Johnson's Creek, N. Y., 1861.

Domestic Economy.

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

IT not infrequently happens that serious and distressing results are occasioned by the accidental employment of poison, and it occurred to us that we might possibly do a service to some of our readers by presenting them with a brief and compendious list of the more common poisons and the remedies for them most likely to be close at hand.

ACIDS.—These cause great heat, and sensations of burning pain, from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies—Magnesia, soda, pearlsh or soap, dissolved in water; then use stomach pump or emetics. ALKALIES.—Best remedy is vinegar.

ARSENIC.—Remedies—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate. LEAD.—White lead and sugar of lead. Remedies—Aloin, cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts, especially.

OPUM.—First give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head. LAUDANUM.—Same as opium. NUX VOMICA.—First emetics, then brandy.

EMETICS AND WARM DEMULCENT DRINKS, such as milk and water, flax-seed or slippery elm tea, chalk water, &c., should be administered without delay. For insects, stings and bites, such as bees, gnats and the like, take a small piece of saleratas, moisten and apply to the part once or twice, and almost immediate relief will be experienced.

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HOP YEAST, COLORING BLUE, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Being a constant reader of your excellent paper, and noticing an inquiry for a recipe for hop yeast, I send you mine, which I know to be good, and I think all my neighbors can testify to the same, for since I have commenced using it, I have distributed both recipe and the yeast among my friends for miles around, and all think no yeast is quite equal to it.

Take a handful of hops, pour in water and boil them ten or fifteen minutes; then strain it off, take a half pint of thinly sliced potatoes to a quart of the hop juice, boil the potatoes in the hop juice till they become tender; then add half a cup of flour, well mixed with some of the boiling juice; half a cup of sugar, and a quarter of a cup of salt. Cook five or ten minutes, and if the quantity is reduced by boiling, add sufficient water to make a quart of the liquor; then cool and add your rising, and after it is light, it should be kept in a cool place for use. Half a cup of this mixture is sufficient for four loaves of bread.

CURING BEEF.—Father wishes some RURAL reader to give a recipe for curing beef, so that it will keep sweet through the summer. ANNA HUNGERFORD.

DOUGH-NUTS.—Everybody and his wife, and particularly his little folks, love the good old-fashioned "dough-nuts," or "nut-cakes," or "crullers," or whatever name you call them. But many persons are troubled with "weak digestion," (dyspepsia,) and the large amount of grease absorbed by the said dough-nuts does not always "set so well," but produces a "rising in the stomach." When this is the case, try the following invention:—The dough-nuts being prepared just before immersing them into the hot fat, plump them into a well-beaten egg. This will give a thin coating of albumen, which will keep out the grease effectually. Furthermore, this coating retains the moisture, and keeps them in good condition much longer.

HARDENING TALLOW FOR CANDLES.—I shall be much obliged if any of the RURAL'S contributors will inform me by what method tallow, saved from beef while cooking, can be hardened so as to make good candles. If there is any such mode please inform—A READER, Mott's Corners, N. Y., 1861.

TOMATO MARMALADE.—Take full grown tomatoes while quite green, cut out the stems, stew them all quite soft, rub them through a sieve, set the pulp on the fire, season highly with salt, pepper and pounded cloves; stew all together till thick. It is excellent for seasoning gravies, and keeps well.

Inquiries and Answers.

INDISPENSABLE.—If you want healthy, light bread, bicuit, and pastry of all kinds, use only D. B. DE LAND & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus. It is truly the "housewife's favorite," and is indispensable in producing the above results. You can get it of all respectable dealers everywhere.

Ladies' Department.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) DREAMLAND.

BY MYRTA MAY.

PLEASANT were my dreams last night, Even till the morning light;

I had wandered all the day, Through a rough and thorny way;

Then the weariness and pain Passed away from heart and brain;

And the friends of long ago— Those I loved and trusted so—

Tender words, like holy balm, Filled my soul with wondrous calm.

But too soon the morning hours Called me back from Dreamland bowers;

But the joy within my heart Does not with the night depart;

Surely blessed are the hours, When, like dew upon the flowers,

I've been humming all day long Snatches of an old-time song.

Hemer, N. Y., 1861.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) THANKS.

We are all pleased that our kind offices should be appreciated. Few of us have benevolence so disinterested,

We are generally fond of expressions of gratitude. By them we understand that we have made another happier, and are consequently better pleased with ourselves.

Thank God, there is a better sympathy than this. We feel it in our souls in harmony with everything pure and beautiful in nature, and everything noble and true in human action.

Why, then, need sympathy ever be expressed? Why must thanks be uttered? Simply because the veil of mortality between us and our friends is so thick that we cannot always see through it the spirit of beauty.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) GOOD BYE.

GOOD BYE! How strangely mingled are the memories of pleasure and pain which this expression causes to throng upon the soul of one who has been torn from dear friends by the call of duty or the decree of death.

Unless its better instincts have been blighted or totally changed by wrong passions, the human heart will love. Its love naturally fastens upon, and clings with fond tenacity to, those with whom we associate and are intimately connected, until they seem essential to our earthly happiness.

hour has come, there is nothing so expressive or dear to tell the heart's utterance as Good Bye.

After the good bye has been spoken, how precious and sacred are the mementoes of friendship and affection. The eyes gaze fondly even upon the book-mark bearing a familiar name neatly wrought by a dear hand, or upon the little locks of hair given in affection, and recalling the lingering good bye of the last hour.

How sad was the parting when that noble young volunteer was about hastening away to engage in the battles of his country. How sad were the sisters as they gave him the parting kiss, praying that retributive justice might speedily be visited upon the bad men who have brought such ruin upon our loved and once happy country.

How sad was parting to that widowed mother and her fatherless boy, as he was about leaving to dwell in the family of a stranger. How bravely she met the parting hour, in order that the little lad might go the more cheerfully.

How often we are called upon to bid a last and sad good bye to some cherished joy or darling hope.

"How vain are all things 'neath the skies, How transient every earthly bliss."

Academy, New Haven, Ct., 1861. A. T. E. CLARKE.

DELICATE WOMEN.

We cannot be far from right in saying that almost all the mental and physical ailments of "delicate women" may be traced to a defective education. And those who are now engaged in training girls, whether at home or in schools, cannot too seriously consider the weight of responsibility resting upon them.

As requisites to the promotion of bodily vigor, we will mention: A strict attention to personal cleanliness, which children should be taught to cultivate, because it is healthy and right that they should be clean, and not because "it would look so if they were dirty!"

Entire freedom from any pressure upon the person by the use of tight clothes. A sufficiency of nourishing and digestible food. And in the winter the use of such firing as is needed to keep up a healthful warmth.

All these will tend to promote health, but we shall have no security against "delicate women" unless there also be added the cultivation of mental health. For this it is necessary that girls should be taught to cultivate mental purity and mental activity by sufficient and well regulated exercise of the mind.

But much is learned from example as well as precept; therefore, let no affection of languid airs in a teacher give a child the idea that there can be anything admirable in the absence of strength.

If you are conscious of the least feeling of satisfaction in hearing yourself spoken of as delicate, be assured it is a degree of mental disease that allows the feeling. If you ever suppose that you gain your husband's sympathy by weakness, remember you might gain more of his esteem, and satisfied affection, by strength.

Could women only know how many husbands are bankrupt because their wives are "delicate,"—how many children are physically, mentally, and morally neglected and ruined, because their mothers are "delicate"—how many servants become dishonest and inefficient, because their mistresses are "delicate"—the list would be so appalling, that possibly we might hear of an anti-delicate ladies' association, for the better promotion of family happiness and family economy.

LIFE, to the young, is a fairy tale just opened; to the old, it is a tale through, ending with death.

Choice Miscellany.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) AUTUMN RAIN.

The raindrops patter softly On the many withered leaves That scattered o'er earth's bosom lie—

The clouds are a leaden color, The winds go moaning by, Sighing, weeping in their mourning.

With the merry, joyous Spring-Time, With the pleasant Summer dawn, How many bright hopes faded,

Rome, N. Y., 1861.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) AUTUMNAL FOLIAGE.

The various colors of the autumnal foliage are now spread out before us. Where there is enough of hill or mountain and vale, it is the object of annual and universal admiration. The mind must have its curiosity arrested, and the eye must have a portion of cultivation, that the whole scene of splendor and beauty may not be passed unnoticed.

The leaves have begun to fall without any frost, because they were mature and had accomplished their purpose; and they fall not all at once, because all do not mature at the same time. So they fall in hot countries where frost is unknown.

Well, the good old man grew old and weary, and fell asleep at last, with blessings upon his lips for me. Some of those who called him father, lie side by side in the same calm place. The others are scattered and dwell in new homes, and the old house, barn and orchard have passed into the hands of strangers, who have learned, or who are learning, to look upon them as I do now.

Many years since, DR. DWIGHT, the President of Yale College, asked an intelligent Englishman of taste, while admiring with him this autumnal foliage near New Haven, why the poets of England ever used the terms brown autumn, or russet, in their descriptions, and received the answer to this effect: "Because they never saw any other; such a scene as this never blest their vision."

Still, this is the decay and death of the year, on which, as on the departing day, some of the brightest tints appear. It is the Creator's design, when the year has fulfilled His beneficent purpose, to crown nature with higher beauty. It has been called the hectic of the year, the fatal flush of nature. True, so let it be. But, the lovely face of the consumptive shows its richest beauty and subduing power when the hectic glow rests upon it, so transparent seems its covering, and so lustrous the eyes of the soul.

He that abuses his own profession, will not patiently bear with any one else that does so. And this is one of our most subtle operations of self-love. For when we abuse our own profession, we tacitly except ourselves, but when another abuses it, we are far from being certain that this is the case.

PICTURES OF HOME.

I RECALL a home long since left behind me in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts, toward whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower.

The first little lambs of the season tottled by the side of their dams, and utter feeble bleatings, while the flock nibbled at the hay-racks, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play.

The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof, and think of last year's swallows—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress.

But I look into the house again, where the life abides, which has appropriated these things, and I find among them its home. The hour of the evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life—though very old he seemed to me—takes down the Bible and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages.

After breakfast the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again is the worship repeated through all the days of my golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproof and approval, the sympathy that meets the pangs of every sorrow and sweetens every little success, all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in Heaven, and straying, lost my way.

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.—English landscape has a minutely finished look; it lacks grandeur; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like a carpet to a rich drawing room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to a perfect smoothness; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draperied air, and strike the eye rather as a part of the charming whole, than as possessing an individual interest.

SUCCESS IN BUSINESS.—The grand secret of success in business is to stick to one thing. Who ever knew anybody to do this for ten years, without accomplishing his ends? Continual dropping wears away the rock; the highest obstacles become as length as cobweb barriers before a never flagging energy.

SOME men who know that they are great, are so very haughty, and insufferable, that their acquaintances discover their greatness only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be turnpikes only by the toll.

Sabbath Musings.

(Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.) OUR SAVIOR.

"Unto you who believe His name is precious."

YHS, dearer than all else on earth The knowledge of the SAVIOR'S love, The study of His truth and worth The coldest might to kindle'st move.

Precious His name who died to save His people from each sin, Dispelled the terrors of the grave For these who trust in Him.

Precious the precepts given to us, To guide our way through life; If heeded, they our hearts will bless— Will silence passion's strife.

Precious the promises to those Who walk the heavenly way; On such how peacefully shall close Life's darkest, dearest day.

Precious His name, His works, His love, Unto you who believe; You shall from Him, in heaven above, Eternal life receive.

Geneva, Wis., 1861.

B. C. D.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

WE want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner table is late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon and makes the happy hours like the eastern fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit.

It will not put Jenkin's stamp upon Jenkin's kid gloves, nor mark Paris bonnets in the back room of a Boston milliner's shop, nor let a piece of velvet that professes to measure twelve yards come to an untimely end in the tenth, or a spool of sewing silk that vouches for twenty yards be nipped in the bud at fourteen and a half, nor the cotton-thread spool break to the yard stick fifty of the two hundred yards of promise that was given to the eye, nor yard wide cloth measure less than thirty-six inches from selvedge to selvedge, nor all-wool delaines and all-linen handkerchiefs be amalgamized with clandestine cotton, nor coats made of woolen rags pressed together be sold to the unsuspecting public for legal broadcloth. It does not put brick in five dollars a thousand into the chimneys it contracted to build of seven dollar materials, nor smuggle white pine into floors that have paid for hard pine, nor leave yawning cracks in closets where boards ought to join, nor daub ceilings that ought to be smoothly plastered, nor make window-blinds of slats that cannot stand the wind, and paint that cannot stand the sun, and fastenings that may be looked at, but are on no account to be touched. The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given is according to the Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has fallen in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars upon demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.—Congregationalist.

THE VICTORY.—There is a victory, and a way of making it mine. A man of flesh and blood like me—a man defiled by sin like me, was able in this life to defy that enemy to his face; was able to turn the terror into an anthem of joyful praise.—"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" A happy man was he; when death is no longer dreadful, life becomes tenfold more sweet. Nor let the reader suppose that this was Paul's experience, and that he was a great apostle, and that common people need not expect to be on a level with him. The way by which he entered into peace is open still; and we are as welcome as he. It would be contrary to the Scripture, and dishonoring to Christ, to suppose that it was in any respect easier for Saul of Tarsus to get into peace with God than it is for you and me. The gate is open, and the inscription over it is, "Whosoever will." If any reader of this page is kept out from pardon and peace with God through the blood of Christ, it is because he will not close with the free offer now held out to all. "Seek, and ye shall find." Lay your mind to it as you have laid your mind to your education, your craft, your shop, or your farm, and you will not fail.

"I MEANT RIGHT."—There are multitudes of men who all their life long fall of earnest Christian duty, but always hold before themselves this ready shield: "I meant right." Now, the proper evidence of meaning right, is doing right. There is no other evidence that can justly be accepted. An imbecile good nature is not meaning right. There are thousands of men who, if mere amiableness is meaning right, if a kind of useless benevolence is meaning right, have right intentions. There are thousands of men that pass through life without any distinct purpose, apparently, without any seeming desire to do right, who hold themselves to be excusable for their faults and failings simply on the ground of meaning well, of having good intentions.

THE Bible is the bravest of books. Coming from God, and conscious of nothing but God's truth, it awaits the progress of knowledge with calm security. It watches the antiquary ransacking among classic ruins, and rejoices in every medal he discovers, every inscription he deciphers; for from that rusty coin or corroded marble, it expects nothing but confirmations of its own veracity.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Up! up with the Stars and the Stripes, and go forth To save our great Union, brave men of the North...

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

THE REBELS TO WINTER IN CINCINNATI.—The New Orleans Delta thus threatens the good people of "Porkopolis" with a visit from the rebels...

REASONS FOR SUSPENDING.—Morton Fannahill & Co., a large grocery house in Petersburg, Va., have closed their doors, and give, in an advertisement, the following reasons for doing so...

BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA ISLAND.—For several days rumors have reached us, from rebel sources, of an attack upon Col. Wilson's Zouaves, stationed upon Santa Rosa Island...

CAMP STEVENS, PENNSACOLA, FLA., Oct. 9, 1861.

During last night, an expedition, composed of detachments of several Confederate companies and regiments, set out for Santa Rosa Island for the purpose of breaking up the encampment of the notorious Billy Wilson...

About two o'clock this morning we landed on the island, and marched about five miles through the enemy's lines, and into his camp, which we completely destroyed, burning up his tents, &c., and killing his sentinels as we proceeded...

Later correspondence of the same journal gives additional particulars of the fight on Santa Rosa Island, which presents that affair in a different aspect from that in which the telegrams left it...

The Mobile Tribune of the 11th, in speaking of the Santa Rosa affair says, the coup was made at considerable loss on our side, but doubtless the Federal loss much exceeded ours.

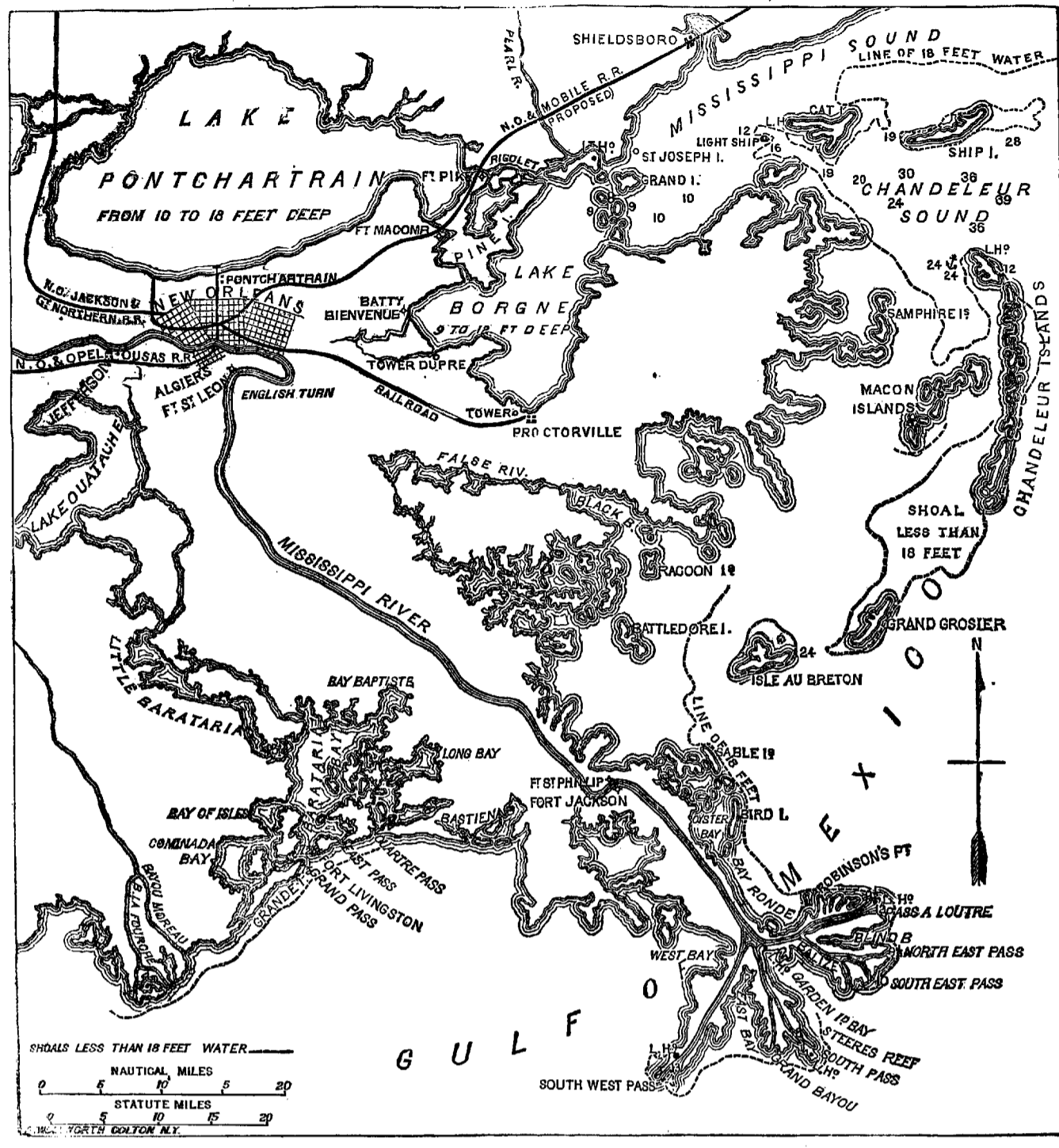
The sequel to this affair is a correspondence between Bol. Crown and Ben. Gragg, published in the Pensacola Observer, in which the former gives the rebel leader due notice to remove the women, children, and sick from the building hitherto used as a hospital...

GETTING SICK OF THE WAR.—The Richmond Whig, in an editorial on the war, says all indications point to protracted fighting. After commenting upon what it terms a safe policy of acting on the defensive...

"The possibility of success is not within the range of accident; to prevent our subjection or extermination is all that we can hope for. We have no skill and strategy, and know nothing of the means at the command of our generals...

It is not to be denied that a sense of unqualified distrust is gradually supplanting that generous confidence; that the suspicion is gaining ground that all

MAP EXHIBITING THE APPROACHES TO NEW ORLEANS.



the advantage of our position has not been profited by as it might have been; that the war has not been prosecuted with the vigor and energy demanded by the emergency. We hear muttering complaints...

FLOYD A COWARD AS WELL AS A THIEF.—The late Secretary of War has become the subject of very unkind treatment at Richmond, where he is publicly taunted with being a coward as well as a thief...

The Retreat from Chicamcomico.

From letters sent home by the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, and published in the Indianapolis Journal, we select the following thrilling incident preceding the engagement...

"A rebel fleet of seven steamers, carrying at least three thousand men, two schooners, one floating battery, and a number of barges, appeared off Chicamcomico on the morning of the 4th. The regiment was drawn up to the left of the camp to avoid exposure...

The sun was shining on the white sand of the beach, heating the air as if it were a furnace. The men had neither provisions nor water. The haste in which they had rushed to repel the enemy had prevented this, and it was too late to go back to camp...

leaving their homes from fear of the enemy. They could be seen in groups, sometimes with a little cart carrying their provisions, but mostly with nothing, fleeing for dear life. Mothers carrying their babes...

We still toiled on, the heat most intense, and no water. Hunger was nothing in comparison with thirst. About sunset the enemy were reported in force in front. After some delay the army marched by the right flank, skirmishers ahead...

At midnight we reached Hatteras Light House, having made a march of twenty-eight miles. Here we found water, and using the Light House as a fort, we encamped for the night...

Here we were re-enforced by eight companies of Col. Hawkins's Zouaves, and at 12 o'clock left for Hatteras Inlet, and after a tiresome march through the sand reached there at 8 o'clock...

A more gallant retreat was never effected—promptly, masterly—the plans and intents of the foe guessed with a correctness like prophecy, and the only means that could have possibly saved the regiment put in execution...

The Fight at Harper's Ferry.

FROM the correspondence of the Washington Star, we obtain the following interesting intelligence of this spirited encounter: On the morning of the 16th ult., at 8 o'clock, Col. John W. Geary, of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment...

McCook and Benjamin G. Owens, of Illinois, were attacked by twenty-five hundred or more of the rebels, including the celebrated cavalry regiment of Col. Ashby. The rebels had six pieces of artillery...

Two Wisconsin companies, led by Captain Henry Bertram, then made a desperate charge upon the enemy's guns, and took a 32-pound columbiad, but were driven back by a cavalry charge...

The Wisconsin men, commanded by Captain H. Bertram, were on the left; the Massachusetts men, under Lieut. Jackson, a Pennsylvania company, and one of the "Amateurs," composed the right wing...

The rebels disgraced themselves more than ever by taking off the clothing, rifling the pockets, and then running their bayonets through the Federal killed. A team of a dozen horses was brought up from the Ferry with remarkable expedition...

Near the close of the action, and after the day was irretrievably lost, the two recently arrived companies of the Tammany regiment made a desperate charge on the enemy, but were met with a terrific fire. The brave Lieut. Braunnhill, of the 9th New York battery, lost one of his guns, and was himself wounded, but not fatally...

or two other cannon of the New York Ninth crossed the river and ascended Bolivar Heights, and the woods in the direction of Halltown, as well as Loudon Heights, were completely shelled, but with no reply.

Our loss was four killed and eight wounded; theirs must have been very heavy, as they have had all the wagons of the neighborhood busy in hauling off the slain. Two wagons were seen full of the killed. The Chaplain admitted their loss to be very heavy, and much blood was found upon the hill from which they were driven...

Col. Geary was ordered by Major-General Banks to cross the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, in order that he might capture a large quantity of wheat, most of which was stored in a mill belonging to a gentleman by the name of Herr. The order aforesaid was obeyed, and twenty thousand bushels of wheat were taken. The object of the mission was accomplished before the battle began.

The Battle at Ball's Bluff.

The following report of the battle at Ball's Bluff, midway between Conrad's and Edward's Ferry, and opposite Harrison's Island, which occurred on the 21st ult., has been gleaned from authentic sources:

On Sunday night Col. Diven, of the 15th Massachusetts regiment, who had for some time guarded Harrison's Island with one company, ordered Capt. Philbrick, of Company H, and Quartermaster Howe, of his staff, with a detachment of 20 men, to scout the Virginia shore in the direction of Leesburg...

Capt. Philbrick's company took an advanced position, while the remaining companies were concealed as a reserve in case of an attack on the advance. When about a mile and a half from the river and 500 yards in advance of Col. Diven's reserve, Capt. Philbrick, accompanied by Col. Diven, attacked and drove back a company of Mississippi riflemen...

At daybreak, and at the same hour that Col. Diven's command left the shore to make an advance, Col. Lee, of the 20th Massachusetts, sent out one company of his regiment, which remained on shore to cover his return. Col. Diver maintained his ground, and was re-enforced during the night by three hundred more of his regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Wood...

Col. Baker then took command, first complimenting Col. Diven for his successful resistance to a superior force, and giving his command, less than 600 men, right of the line of battle, the center and left wing being formed of about 300 of the Massachusetts 20th, under Col. Lee, and the California battalion of 500 men, under Lt. Wistar...

An order was now issued to transfer the 14th Massachusetts from the right to the left, which was executed as calmly as battalion drill. Col. C. now became satisfied of the impossibility of reaching Edward's Ferry as desired, and gave the order to fall back towards the river, which was executed as well as circumstances would permit...

The troops remaining on shore made a desperate resistance, and it is believed that the enemy took comparatively few prisoners in consequence. Those who could swim plunged into the water, those carrying arms who could, and others throwing them into the river to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy...

Near the close of the action, and after the day was irretrievably lost, the two recently arrived companies of the Tammany regiment made a desperate charge on the enemy, but were met with a terrific fire. The brave Lieut. Braunnhill, of the 9th New York battery, lost one of his guns, and was himself wounded, but not fatally...

PRAYER FOR THE UNION.

BY H. CLAY FREW.

A LAND of law and Gospel peace,
Of richest fruits and flowers—
God's Eden of the Western World,—
What land so blest as ours?

her murdered body, slain, it is true, not by the hand
of violence, but by a crushed and mangled heart, and
you may be sure my whole soul was filled with loathing

"There were dark weeks following this; they
lengthened themselves to months, and finally to
years. How I spent them I hardly know.

"My mother had educated me, and at seventeen I
resolved to bear it no longer. So taking with me my
slight wardrobe, my mother's Bible and her picture,

"It is sweet to all, no doubt, to be loved; but to
one whose life has been as mine had, so lost and for-
saken, it was beautiful, glorious!

Here poor ESTHER's voice was lost in a passionate
burst of grief, and when I raised her head and looked
into her agonized face, I begged of her to rest and

"I have commenced my story, and must finish it,"
said ESTHER, an hour later, as she lifted her pale
face from the pillow, and motioned me to be seated

"Well, if he is, it isn't the first time by a good
many dozens," replied one, coarsely. "Don't fret,
madam, he'll come to."

forward never could be, my husband. Then I left
him. Before the sun rose and looked upon my
torture, I was far away from what had been my
home.

"During the first two years I was here, I never
once bent my knee,—never once lifted up my heart
or voice to 'Our Father which is in heaven.'

It was a year after this when the cholera broke
out in our little village. Its poisonous breath tainted
the air, and for a time death reigned triumphant

When we reached the house, ESTHER hesitated a
moment in the hall, and I followed my father to the
bedside. I would have shrieked with terror, only

A quick, wild shriek startled me, and the next
moment ESTHER, pale and almost gasping for breath,
knelt at the bedside. I comprehended the truth, and

A STRING OF PEARLS.

SUSPICION is the virtue of a coward.
The tongue is the worst part of a bad servant.
When you cannot see both ends, the middle is
uncertain.

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICE-ISMS.

JEFF. THOMPSON, the noted secession leader, says,
in his proclamation to the citizens of South Mis-
souri: "Come and join us; we have forty thousand

A MEMPHIS paper complains of a systematic at-
tempt of certain Kentucky papers to rob Gen. Polk
of his reputation. We have heard of an unfortunate

THE New Orleans Bee says that Louisiana has
contracted for a large amount of heavy ordnance.
Probably she has reason to hope that this ordnance

BULWER'S "Last of the Barrons" was not last.
There was one more Barron left, and we've got him
in Fort Lafayette.

How the Rebels smoke our plans.—By way of
Port Tobacco.

QUITTE NATURAL.—At the last accounts from Vir-
ginia, the Rebels were still on the Cheat.

WHERE Berden's riflemen should be stationed when
they get to Washington—at Shuter's Hill.

FLOYD'S latest exploit—He ran away—by Gaily.

IMPORTANT to National Hymners—A Prussian
Salem has just been introduced into our army.

LATEST stock intelligence from Missouri.—Southern
bonds are falling off.

WARRANTED SAFE IN ANY CLIMATE.—"I have
joined the Home Guard," said Mr. Furguson.

"What for?" said Mrs. Furguson.
"When so many of our soldiers are away, Mad-
ame," said Mr. Furguson, "our country needs some

"Well," said Mrs. Furguson, "you have certainly
joined the Safest Guard I know of!"

A CHAP, calling himself Reuben Hill, recommends
a quack nostrum known as "Dyspeptic Cordial,"
which, he says, cured himself of the rheumatism,

"Will you let us alone?" a hero cried,
And a bold financier was here,
"A loan" all the bulls and bears replied
"Nor sary a red from me!"

And they looked at King Cotton, as he sat on his throne,
With Jeff. Davis for prince, and they "let him alone."

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for
boarders. One of his boarders mesmerizes the rest,
and then eats a hearty meal—the mesmerized being

"Well, Jeems," said Zeb, "I kissed Julia for the
first time last night, and I declare it electrified me."

"No wonder," said Jeems, "it was a gal-vanic
battery."

A Seasonable Announcement—Which please Read, and then Show or Proclaim to your Acquaintances.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AND MOST POPULAR

Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME XIII, FOR 1862.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, widely known as the most valuable and popular journal in
its sphere—as the BEST AND CHEAPEST combined Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family
Newspaper—will enter upon its Thirteenth Year and Volume in January, 1862.

COMPLETE RURAL, FAMILY AND NEWS JOURNAL,

One which ardently seeks to promote the Pecuniary Interest and Home Happiness of the tens of thousands
of Families it visits. For years it has excelled in Variety and Usefulness, and Reliability of general
Contents, as well as in the number and quality of its Illustrations;—and now the Correctness of its
RECORD OF THE REBELLION and other NEWS OF THE DAY renders it, more than ever before,

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE HOME WEEKLY

This fact is abundantly manifested by the recent large additions to its immense circulation, which prove
its increasing popularity throughout the Free and Border States, the Canadas, &c. Its recruits include
numerous Farmers, Horticulturists, Mechanics, Manufacturers, Professional Men and Sensible Women,
from Maine to Minnesota and Canada to California. THE RURAL has long been pronounced the

BEST JOURNAL OF ITS CLASS ON THE CONTINENT!

Recently, however, its pages have been rendered more interesting and valuable to the general reader
than formerly—for, in addition to a great amount of Practical, Timely and Entertaining Reading, (upon
AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, SCIENCE, ART, EDUCATION, &c., &c., with a variety
of ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, TALES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE, POETRY, &c.), it contains a
complete and carefully prepared Weekly Summary of

THE LATEST WAR NEWS,

So that every reader may be fully and reliably informed of the Events of the WAR FOR THE UNION. In
former years THE RURAL has kept aloof from partisan questions, but during the great struggle for the
perpetuity of our National Union, it cannot be neutral concerning the vital issue before the People and
Country, and therefore ardently sustains "THE UNION, THE CONSTITUTION, AND ENFORCEMENT OF THE
LAWS." In fact, the RURAL NEW-YORKER is and will continue to be

THE PAPER FOR THE TIMES,

Furnishing a weekly variety of appropriate and interesting reading for the various members of the Family
Circle. We trust its earnest advocacy of the Right and condemnation of the Wrong will commend it, as
hitherto, to the friends of Pure and Instructive Literature in both Town and Country. To its
readers, who know how instructive and valuable are its Practical Departments,—and that its Literary
and News pages cannot fail to interest and entertain, while the moral tone of the whole paper is
unexceptionable,—we especially appeal, in the confident belief that they will aid in augmenting its
circulation and usefulness at a time when encouragement will most strengthen the enterprise.

VOLUME XIII, FOR 1862,

Will, in both Contents and Appearance, maintain the enviable reputation THE RURAL has acquired.—
It will be published in SUPERIOR STYLE—with New Type, good white Paper, and many fine Engravings.
Its Form will continue the same as now—Double Quarto—with an Index, Title Page, &c., at close of
the year, rendering the volume complete for binding and preservation.

TERMS, Always In Advance—Two Dollars a Year. To Agents and Clubs: Three copies for \$5; Six for \$10;
Ten for \$15; Fifteen for \$21; Twenty for \$25, and any additional number at the latter rate, (\$1.25 per copy),—with a free
copy to every person remitting for a club of six or more according to terms. As we are obliged to pre-pay American
postage on all papers sent abroad, our Canada friends must add 13 cts. per yearly copy to above rates.

Now is the Time to Subscribe and form Clubs, as Subscriptions can begin with the volume or any number.
Efficient Local Agents wanted in all places reached by the United States and Canada mails, to whom we shall try to
give Good Pay for Doing Good. Specimen Numbers, Show-Bills, Inducements, &c., sent free to all disposed
to benefit their neighbors and community by introducing the paper to more general notice and support.

OCTOBER 22, 1861. ADDRESS D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Corner for the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 10, 7, 4 is a cloth made of cotton.
My 2, 7, 18, 3 is a solemn affirmation.
My 3, 7, 9, 18 is to stop.
My 4, 14, 7, 8 is not far distant.
My 5, 2, 6, 10, 11 is a waterfall.
My 6, 7, 9, 11, 10, 8 is a small cable.
My 7, 13, 15, 9, 10, 18 is a bracelet.
My 8, 7, 10, 11 is to rub out.
My 9, 16, 7, 10, 13 is one who gleans after the reapers.
My 10, 17, 18, 6, 13, 2, 4, 14 is to exalt.
My 11, 18, 16, 13, 15 is a commotion of the elements.
My 12, 8, 14, 11, 3 is not old.
My 13, 10, 7, 9 is no whim.
My 14, 7, 8, 9 is a nobleman.
My 15, 16, 17, 18, 6 is a part of the year.
My 16, 8, 4, 7, 15, 14, 17, 18 is liked by ladies.
My 17, 14, 5, 18, 7, 13 is the beverage of the gods.
My 18, 7, 9, 17, 11, 10, 16 is a part of a ship.
My whole is the name of a man who was once a candidate
for President.
Rochester, N. Y., 1861. G. VAN INGEN.
Answer in two weeks.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 9, 13, 14, 9, 12 is a country in Asia.
My 12, 4, 12, 15, 9, 12, 13 is a sea in Asia.
My 14, 12, 13, 17, 15, 18 is a river in Europe.
My 11, 17, 4, 12, 16 is a mountain in Europe.
My 5, 6, 16, 12, 7, 12, 4, 11 is one of the United States.
My 13, 3, 7, 15, 3, 4, 13 is a town in North Carolina.
My 1, 4, 8, 13, 18 is a river in Canada.
My 2, 12, 7, 12, 9, 9 is an island in Oceania.
My 8, 17, 3, 10 is a county in Texas.
My whole is what every American citizen should cherish.
October, 1861. GEO. W. EARNEST.
Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

My form is slender and frail, my complexion is light,
I am active in business and appear rather bright;
I was drawn from my bed where in contentment I lay,
Banged, beaten, and bruised, in a most savage way;
My temper aroused, and it yet remains high,
I would break sooner than bend, such plainly have I.
I am made of hoar stuff, as my looks plainly show,
And innocent blood I oft cause to flow;
I cause premature death—many a heart-rending sigh,
Yet the tear of affliction never moistened my eye.
I am the tool of peace-makers, and render my aid
In closing up breaches imprudently made;
I work for the living—I work for the dead—
But for me many thousands would lack daily bread.
I am pushed, pulled, and twisted, from morning till night,
My motions are swift as a bird's in its flight;
No creature of earth is more useful than I,
You can't live without me, it's of no use to try—
I seek not your pity, nor your sympathies claim,
All the favor I ask is to just tell my name.
Honeyo Falls, N. Y., 1861. J. C., JUNR.
Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 614.

Answer to Geographical Enigma.—The good alone are
great.
Answer to Charade.—Broom-stick.
Answer to Charade.—Poplar.

The Story-Teller.

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

ESTHER MILLER'S VOW.

BY ANNA DANFORTH.

"Your friend, Mrs. LEIGHTON, has left us. Her
work on earth is done, and she has gone higher."
I read this sad news from a letter just received, and
as I read it exclaimed aloud, "Dear Mrs. LEIGHTON."

"ANNA DANFORTH, what do you mean?" The
voice of ESTHER MILLER rang out sharp and intense
at the first word, but at the last it was low and

"What is it, ESTHER," I cried, nervously. "What
have I said? What have I done? I am sure I said
nothing."

"Well, I grew to womanhood, wept over my own
shame; wept, too, over my mother's living death;
and at last, when I saw her die, I wept alone over