

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE    HORTICULTURE    RURAL LIFE    EXERCISES    LITERATURE    SCIENCE    ARTS    NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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**MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,**  
THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY  
**RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.**

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,  
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAR. D. BRADDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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.

### VALUE OF MANURES.

No question is of more importance to farmers than the comparative value of manures. Without some knowledge on this question, he acts blindly, and may use his labor and means for naught. The manufacturer who should buy his stock recklessly, without regard to the use to which it could be applied, its adaptation to his wants, or its real value, would be considered very far from being a wise man, and it would not require a prophet to predict his speedy ruin. The farmer, if he would work to the best advantage, must possess some knowledge of the value of the manure which he makes or purchases, know a little of its effects upon soils and crops, and at what price he can afford to buy or sell. If the soil in its natural state, without manure, will produce twenty bushels of oats, or seventy of potatoes, the increase effected by manure will show its value. Thus, if twenty-five loads of good stable manure to the acre increased the yield of potatoes fifty bushels, and the market price was fifty cents a bushel, the value of the manure would be shown to be one dollar a load, or, making deduction for cost of application, profit on the work, &c., full seventy-five cents. If the experiment is repeated so as to make this result certain in all ordinary cases, the farmer may set this down as the real value of good stable manure. Of course the price of produce affects its value, for should potatoes only bring in the market twenty-five cents a bushel, this would reduce the value of the manure one-half.

A few weeks since we gave the results of our own experiments with guano, and we are now indebted to JOHN JOHNSTON, of Geneva, for a copy of the *North British Agriculturist*, containing a valuable paper on "The Extent to which Artificial Manures can be Profitably Employed," in which we find several passages marked for our special consideration. The first thing that strikes us, on reading this paper, is the large quantity of manure used per acre, and its great cost, ranging from five to fifteen dollars an acre. The following table shows the manure used per acre by JOHN HUDSON, of Castleacre, in Norfolk, who has 800 acres of arable land, and 200 in meadow and pasture:

FOR WURZEL.	
10 3-horse cartloads of farm-yard manure.....	£ s. d.
3 cwt. of Peruvian guano, at 18s.....	1 19 0
3 cwt. of common salt, at 1s.....	0 3 0
2½ cwt. of superphosphate of lime, at 6s. 6d.....	0 16 8
	2 18 8
FOR WHITE TURNIPS.	
10 3-horse cart-loads of farm-yard manure.....	
1 cwt. of superphosphate of lime.....	1 0 0
FOR SWEDES.	
10 3-horse cart-loads of farm-yard manure.....	
3 cwt. of superphosphate of lime.....	1 0 0
FOR WHEAT.	
8 loads of farm-yard manure as soon as the hay is off, and in February or March a top-dressing of.....	
1½ cwt. of Peruvian guano.....	£1 0 0
¼ cwt. of nitrate of soda.....	0 7 6
2 cwt. of common salt.....	0 2 0
	£1 9 6
FOR BARLEY AFTER WHEAT.	
2½ cwt. of Peruvian guano.....	£1 12 6
2 cwt. of common salt.....	0 2 0
	£1 14 6

In addition to this, oil-cake, producing manure to the value of \$5 per acre, is used, making the average cost of manure over \$13 dollars per acre.

Various experiments are given in the use of special manures for top-dressing grass land, and JAMES PORTER, Esq., to whom was awarded the Highland Society's gold medal, for the most successful experiments in top-dressing, says he has come to the conclusion that guano, sulphate of ammonia, nitrate of soda, and soot, are the best light-dressings for new grass, and either of these, to the value of \$7.50, a fair dressing for an acre of land.

A very interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper of Mr. JOHNSON, on the use of lime as manure. Mr. THOMAS said "among the fertilizers there was one, the value of which was sadly overlooked in a considerable part of England; he meant

lime. A few years ago, while farming in Bedfordshire, he entered into the occupation of a small tract of land, in conjunction with the farm of Liddington. He applied to it 20 quarters of limestone per acre, and, to his astonishment, after a summer's fallow, he got something like 55 bushels of wheat per acre, on land which was scarcely supposed to be worth cultivation. He was surprised that Mr. JOHNSON had not mentioned lime among the fertilizers to which he alluded. The proper mode of applying lime was a vexed question; and it would take a very long time for him to enter into it thoroughly. And he wished to call the attention of gentlemen who were farming lands which had recently been reclaimed, or who occupied very strong and heavy clay soils, to the extreme value of lime as a manure. The value of lime was not half so much recognized in England as it ought to be; and he was sure that, if all those who had never tried it were to try it on a small scale, its use would soon become much more extensive. In Scotland, its value was, thoroughly recognized. Scotch farmers did not think much of sending their teams 20 miles to bring lime to the land; and it was evident, from the success in their calling, that it answered extremely well."

Mr. COUSSMAKER thought much evil might be done by the free use of lime. "The soil might easily be stimulated to do a great deal which it would not do otherwise. A man might be stimulated to perform almost any extraordinary feat by means of two or three glasses of brandy, but then his constitution would suffer in proportion; and in like manner they might stimulate the soil to an extraordinary extent by artificial manures, and leave it afterward more barren than it was before. With respect to lime, he recollected the old saying—'Lime makes rich fathers and poor sons.' It certainly stimulated the soil, so as to bring out of it everything that was in it; but unless they supplied the land with good farm-yard dung afterward, it would suffer from the stimulus."

Mr. TRETHEWY said "his own experience of lime was, that it was extremely beneficial in virgin soils, soils which had just been reclaimed from a state of Nature. He could mention many instances in which lime had been applied to such soils with the greatest benefit. So highly was it appreciated in that respect that he knew many districts where land having been drained by the landlord, and the tenants charged 5 per cent on the outlay, it was afterward limed, and the tenants paid 6 per cent on the cost of liming. He had, in fact, seen greater results from the application of lime to recently reclaimed lands than he ever saw from any other kind of manuring. He knew one instance in particular in which land was almost worthless, being let at 5s. per acre, was drained and limed, and within three years after, it was let at £2 per acre, and after being broken up produced some of the finest crops he ever saw. He considered lime a very valuable manure. Of course liming might be overdone. If they went on doing it for years, it would certainly produce bad effects, but then that arose not from the use, but the abuse of lime."

### FIRE WOOD.

SPECULATORS—not army "contractors," but theorists—hold that we are all rushing pell-mell after "happiness." What roundabout ways to get at it! Cruising for it among the icebergs, digging for it in the mines, higgling for it in the markets, fighting for it on the field. About the last place to find the prize is at fashionable assemblies, in tight clothes, amid unmitigated cake, and coffee, and wine, and nonsense, and noise.

A simple, direct, unquestionable, unequivocal mode of attaining happiness, is to get plenty of first-rate fire wood! Here is no circumlocution; you put the wood into the stove—I beg pardon, unless you are green, and the wood too, you will by no means put the wood into a stove, (unless it is a cook-stove,) but into a fire-place, where a bright and cheerful blaze will pay back, right on the spot, all your outlays.

Yes, good wood is a good paymaster, and pays down. Invest in Minnesota lands, Mississippi bonds, banks, railroads and factories, and though your friends will "wish you much joy" over your investments, you will frequently be bothered to get much "happiness" out of them. Not so with good wood. You may wade through mud to office, only to find that "happiness" is still further on. Not so with good wood—you have only to apply a loco loco match, and enter upon your joys!

Your wife may put extra flourishes on her dress, extra bows on her bonnet, extra tails on her victorine, extra lard in her crust, extra lies in her compliments, extra yards in her skirt, and get no nearer the haven of happiness than before. Good wood never disappoints you.

Almost all the things we chase after in this world are circumlocutory;—the good there is in them, if any, is so far off, and is reached by such a circuitous path, that we half the time fail to find it. There is no indirection to good wood.

One soggy stick puts out the fire, spoils the bread, delays the dinner, and turns mirth to madness. Novelists delight, apparently, to ventilate and fumigate human sorrows; but so far as I know, the peculiar miseries of miserable wood defy their descriptive powers. They freeze a poor woman and

her babes to death for pastime; but they do it by taking away the supply; they seem to judge that the long drawn out agonies of "soggy" wood belong to that department of human woes and human wickedness where slow tortures are applied, where victims are killed by inches, and which the delicate nerves of modern civilization should not be required to contemplate.

"A few practical observations, and I close." The common practice of cutting wood and letting it remain in the woods to season, is highly reprehensible. Wood should season in a dry and airy place. If there is not room in the wood-house, draw it where the air circulates and cover it with boards. Every round stick over two inches through should be split while green, as it splits easier while green, and seasons better after it is split.

Wood, if seasoned and preserved in the best possible manner, will burn well, give more heat, and last much longer, if the sticks are good size, than if they are made small. When you reduce wood to a very small size, the heat passes off in a blaze, a strong current of hot air carries it up the chimney, and the mass of splinters or small wood is soon reduced to ashes; whereas larger wood creates a less current, and makes more coals, which remain a long time to radiate heat. Bat round wood rots in seasoning, unless it is very small, and should be split on that account.

It is necessary to have some small wood to start fires with; and in the summer, when you wish a fire for a little while, you may use small wood. When you want a hot, continuous fire, use large wood, and select stoves and fire-places that will receive such; if you follow my directions in preparing the wood, it will burn if it is large. It is, however, very important to observe that very great injury often occurs from putting a large mass of green wood into a tight wood-house. It is a nice business, to season wood exactly right. It is as difficult to get a task as to get the best temper on the "Danaeus blade," the real aromatic flavor to a cup of coffee, the nice balance between "the sublime and the ridiculous" in oratory, the exact line that divides courage from rashness in battle, or prudence from parsimony in every-day life.

Seasoning wood belongs to "the fine arts." You want to avoid all fermentation of the sap, or incipient decay, and this can be secured only by the free circulation of the air in a dry place. Wood-houses are frequently too tight, and then the wood in them loses materially in weight and quality without notice being taken of it. If much wood is to be put in a tight wood-house, it should be partially seasoned before putting it in; or a space should be left between the piles, and windows or doors constructed so as to be opened when necessary, and secure a free circulation of air through the wood. My friend, Mr. SEYMOUR SHERMAN, of Warsaw, constructed a house to season wood, after the plan of a corn-house—a very excellent arrangement for seasoning.

I tell you, gentlemen, seasoning wood is like preparing tea, or curing herbs—there should be no must or mold, but a perfect state of preservation. But there is a Charybdis as well as a Scylla—wood may be too dry. If exposed too long in a very dry place, it will burn too rapidly, and so lose in quality. A dry cellar is thought by some to be the best place to keep wood in; it may be so after it has been partially seasoned. There can be no doubt that you will get the most heat from wood that is not thoroughly seasoned—it spends better. Bass wood, and other soft woods, if burned before they are entirely seasoned, are much improved. If wood-houses are constructed with proper ventilation, and could be made quite tight after the wood is sufficiently seasoned, I think that much would be gained thereby.

Wood should be cut in the summer, fall, or early winter—never in the spring. If you have wood of different qualities, it should be assorted so that you can get the quality suited to your immediate necessities. It may happen, that in spite of all, you may have to burn some poor wood; any wood that is dry will burn, but it is horrible to "bake" with light wood, and it should never be attempted, but you may boil a tea-kettle with a piece of an old "rail."

A chip room, in a dry place above the ground, where splinters, chips, and broken fragments can be deposited for starting fires, may save you from an unsightly wood-shed and yard, and supply you with much valuable material. It is a "crime against civilization" to burn green or wet wood, or to suffer wood to deteriorate, when care and calculation can keep it good.—H. T. B.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

TO CALBO AND RETURN.—NO. II.  
SPRING WHEAT

WILL soon be put in the ground here. The earlier the better, is the rule. And this soft surface and frozen bottom invites the farmer to do this work now. The subject is being agitated, seed being selected, and tools prepared. Western farmers who have had any experience here need no prompting in this matter of early seeding.

GRASS SEED

May be sown just now, either on the winter wheat ground, or with the spring seeding of wheat or oats. Some of the most successful grass growers in North Illinois aver—and practice what they preach—that oats put in as early as the farmer can get on the

ground to do it, is the best crop to sow grass seed with. But on this point there is a great diversity of opinion. I will not stop to discuss this question, but since it is pertinent here, will transcribe notes furnished me last fall, by one of the best grass farmers I know of in the State, in answer to the question, "WHAT KIND OF GRASS SEED SHALL THE FARMER SOW?"

The author is H. B. PATRICK, Esq., whose name has appeared in the RURAL before. He says: "For reclaimed sloughs and other low lands, covered some part of the year with water, red top, with a small quantity of timothy and red clover, is the best adapted of any grass I am acquainted with. Red clover will not live in water, but is perfectly at home very near it. The red top will not make much of a show on such land till the second year. It gradually displaces other grasses, and by the fourth year will have almost entire possession, yielding from one to two tons of hay per acre.

"On lands that can be plowed, timothy and clover grow equally well. On such lands, some farmers sow timothy, and some clover; and some both together, mixed in different proportions. These three practices are adopted, undoubtedly, because they are most profitable—having in view what will be best for the land, and put most dollars in the pocket.

"The farmer who grows clover, claims—1st, That it is the best fertilizer. 2d, That it produces more feed both in pasture and meadow. 3d, More economy in seeding; for when once seeded, always seeded. Cropping two or three years does not exterminate clover. 4th, More profit when grown for seed; for he takes off a crop of hay the first of July, and a second crop the same year for seed.

"The farmer who raises timothy alone, takes issue on the very first and strongest point. He denies that clover is the best fertilizer. He admits that the first crop on a clover sod will be better than that on a timothy sod; for the reason that there is less of it, and what there is, decomposes sooner. But he claims that all following crops are best after timothy, because of more sod and more manure."

The second point he replies to in this way. "It is true you get more bulk in hay and pasture, but not more feed. For I read somewhere that it takes 500 cubic feet of timothy in a large mow to make a ton of hay; and 800 cubic feet of clover to weigh a ton—a greater disproportion in weight than in bulk."

And further. The timothy-man would as soon feed pea straw as clover hay. For pasture, clover falls with frosts; and in fields where corn is planted, the second growth of clover cannot be got until corn is out, when it is worthless in consequence of frost, while timothy is good for pasture till covered with snow.

The third point—"When once seeded with clover; always seeded." Mr. Timothy-man does not know about that—something new. He believes it when he knows it. 4th, He believes timothy straw after thrashing is worth nearly as much as clover hay; and timothy seed quite as much as clover seed, when taking into account the extra expense in securing, thrashing, and fitting for market.

Mr. PATRICK avers that he believes in compromises when no principle is sacrificed thereby, and he has therefore adopted the third practice, to wit, seeding with timothy and clover mixed, claiming therefor most of the benefits accruing to the other two parties, with none of the objections.

### QUANTITY OF SEED.

With Mr. P. this depends upon the strength of the land, and the use which is to be made of it. If for pasture, he uses a liberal quantity of seed, say ten quarts of timothy with two or three pounds of clover per acre. He would cover the ground all over, having no regard to strength of land.

If designed for meadow, or for the production of timothy seed, the quantity should be regulated by the strength of the land. About eight quarts of timothy and two pounds of clover for good land, and a less quantity in the same proportion for poorer land; because when sown thick, but a small portion matures, growing but a few inches high, and only a fraction of it heading out.

Clover sown with timothy reduces the yield a trifle only, which is more than made up by the feed of clover which is protected from frosts by the high timothy stubble.

### LAND SHOULD NOT BE PASTURED

The first year after seeding, Mr. PATRICK says, because the sod is not perfected, and the ground is too mellow, and will not bear up heavy stock in wet weather. Stock should not be turned on timothy pastures and meadows when the frost is coming out in the spring. The ground is then soft and is liable to be trodden up. At this season stock is better off in well littered yards, till they can get a full feed of grass.

### GRASS SEED AS A CROP.

On this subject Mr. P. talks intelligently also, for he has had a pretty large experience. He says the yield of grass seed, like most grains, is in proportion to the amount of straw, with few exceptions to the contrary. Land producing one ton of hay to the acre will yield about three bushels of seed; two tons, six bushels, and so on—the more straw the more seed.

In 1857 HARRISON HANCOCK received from the

Illinois State Ag. Society ten dollars as a first premium for fifteen bushels of clean timothy seed grown on one acre. Mr. P. reasons concerning it thus: Timothy seed will not mature well unless the straw stands up. He believes three tons of straw all that can stand up on an acre. Hence, if his premises are correct, HANCOCK did not raise that amount of seed; for practical, intelligent farmers do not believe that five tons of timothy on one acre can stand and mature seed.

### TIMOTHY VERSUS CLOVER.

There is one more item occurs to me here. It is a fact that on most western soils red clover is a rampant weed—that once in the ground it stays and thrives and spreads there to the exclusion of other grasses—"running out" the timothy in a short time.

This is not the case in the Eastern States where I am acquainted. After a few years the timothy only remains. About the third season, especially on clay soils, the timothy predominates, no matter how much clover may have been sown at the seeding. Talking with Mr. PATRICK on this subject, he said I would find by inquiry and observation in the prairie country that the clover runs out the timothy when the subsoil is clay; but when it is gravel or sand, the timothy predominates after a year or two.

But I have failed to become convinced that such is the case, and give the statement here that experience may be elicited.

It is my impression that only in such soils as heave badly is the clover destroyed. But let the reader tell us what he knows about it.

### SHADING YOUNG EVERGREENS.

I notice as I travel through the nursery here, at my friend DUNLAP's, the young evergreens are planted between the thickets of peach trees, where they are completely protected from the sun and are acclimated without unusual care. The hail storm of last season, which destroyed thousands of dollars worth of stock for Mr. D., did not injure these evergreens at all. I have found that there is little difficulty in acclimating any evergreen here, if properly shaded, and the soil is thoroughly drained. Unless shaded, they burn up; and if the soil is not drained, they damp off. Even the Hemlock, (*Abies Canadensis*), so hard to make live, becomes acclimated nearly 200 miles south of Chicago after two years protection in this manner.

### BRICK OR STONE PAVEMENTS.

The character of our prairie soils is such as to annoy greatly any but a thoroughly prairie-bred or prairie-acclimated housewife. As before said, the condition of the soil as I traveled over the Champaign Nursery and Farm, was anything but comfortable. This discomfort was not confined to the fields. About the house and out-buildings, where teams are arriving and departing, and the tread of many feet is constant, the surface does not become swarded, and no gravel has yet covered the mud.

I refer to this matter here, that I may commend what I have found to add much to the cleanliness and comfort of prairie homes, at the same time preventing tell-tale lines in the face of the housewife. Brick or stone paved areas at the back door, where the workmen most congregate, with a paved trench leading to a compost heap to receive the Monday's suds; also paved walks from house to gates and out-buildings. Whether brick or stone, these pavements can be washed or swept clean. They are better than wood because wood decays. With such walks a man will not need a balancing pole and a Blondin's senseless brain in order to keep out of the mud. How many gray hairs, wrinkles, scrubblings and sighs just a little time and money will save the mothers of our children!

### SUNKEN WALKS.

Ditches of discomfort! I noticed that my friend DUNLAP condemned them tacitly and silently, yet emphatically, for he shunned them and preferred the elevated flower border, notwithstanding his heavy boots. I, too, followed in his footsteps, leaving the water-filled ditches called "walks" to the enjoyment of amphibious animals.

I do not know what my editor-friend thought, as he stalked meditatively across his flower borders—he do not know whether he was mentally molding an article on the folly of such walks in a prairie country, where the soil, when wet, is as adhesive as gudgeon grease—do not know whether he was chiding himself for neglecting to fill them up, or whether he was wondering if B. wouldn't make a text of it and "give him Jessie." But I do know that I was resolving to cry out against it by the loudest scratching of my sharpest pen. Elevate the walks above the border, all ye Suckers, and Hoosiers, and Badgers, and Hawkeys!

### FAWKES' STEAM PLOW, LANCASTER.

Stands here in the field where he left it November 22d, 1859, after plowing 2 9-16 acres of tough prairie sward in eighty minutes. It is a monument to his genius, perseverance, and failure, for the time being. The last time I saw FAWKES, he was at work with one of his machines, drawing mole-ditchers—he said, with considerable success. If he can profitably apply steam to this work it will be the best kind of steam plowing he can possibly do.

### CAIRO.

A ride of 12 hours from Champaign, and we wake up in Cairo—365 miles from Chicago. The salient feature of this place is mud—almost fathomless



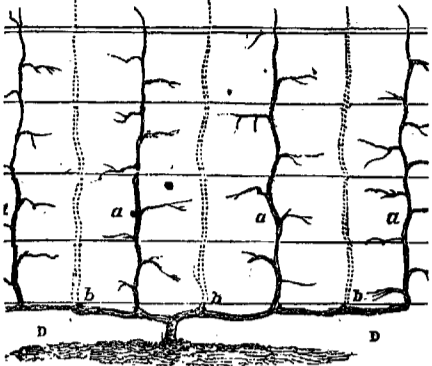




HORTICULTURAL.

PRUNING THE GRAPE.

The pruning of the grape is simple, and the labor is not so great as most persons suppose. When the vine is once under perfect control, its after training and management is a pleasant work; but it is something of a job to subdue an old and neglected vine, and a perfect nuisance to have a neglected or half-cared-for vine around the premises. We give our plan of pruning and training the vine. It is simple, and requires no more skill than every intelligent amateur or farmer may possess, with a few hours thought, and a little practice. If good, strong two or three year old vines are planted, the following is the course of treatment.



The first year after planting, train two branches horizontally along the bottom of the trellis, in the direction of D, D, as far as good ripe wood can be obtained. All the old wood must be cut away at the time of planting, leaving only two good eyes to form these horizontal branches. The second year train up six shoots from these horizontal branches, three from each, as shown by the dark lines or branches in the engraving, a, a, a, a. If the horizontal branches are not long enough to cover the trellis, one branch at each end may be bent down the next spring, for this purpose. The third year rub off all shoots that push from the horizontal branches, except six, one between each of the perpendicular shoots, as shown by the dotted lines, b, b, and train these up as in previous years. This season the first upright branches will bear fruit, after which they should be cut down to the horizontal branch, and the bearing shoots for the fourth year will start from those trained upright the third. This cutting down every winter the shoots that bore fruit the previous season, must be repeated every year. This we know is forming a bearing vine in a short time; but if the plants set out are strong, and the soil deep and rich, and kept well cultivated, it can be done.

If the plants set out are small, little can be done the first year more than to give them strength, and they may be allowed to take their course, merely supporting the branches with stakes. In this case, cut back to two eyes the second spring, for the formation of the horizontal branches. As a branch grows much better perpendicular than horizontal, those intended for the main-arms or horizontal branches should be kept in an upright position by fastening to the trellis or to stakes during the growing season the first year.

This system, it will be seen, is very simple, the winter pruning consisting only in cutting down one-half the horizontal branches, and the summer work in pinching off the lateral branches as fast as they appear, leaving only one leaf to each, and in pinching off, or stopping, as it is called, the fruit-bearing branches some three or four leaves beyond the last cluster of fruit. This should be done as soon as the fruit is set. The longer it is delayed, the looser the bunches. If you wish the clusters very compact, pinch when in flower. The laterals must be removed as often as they appear during the summer.

PEACH CULTURE IN ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—A communication in the RURAL of March 15, from South Haven, Michigan, alleges that my article of February 22d, under the above caption, "so abounds in misrepresentations, that it seems due to truth and the readers of the RURAL that the facts in the case be briefly stated." Then he goes on and tells you what the "facts" are, I suppose. He also speaks of "ungenerous reflections."

Now, sir, I am unwilling to rest under these imputations, being conscious of no motive for exaggeration; and I believe I can substantiate every proposition as understood by the general reader. So far from casting "ungenerous reflections" upon South Haven, it was not thought of during the writing. South Haven is some eleven miles east of St. Joseph, by the gradual widening of the lake from the head. Further north the land puts out into the lake, leaving South Haven in a kind of bay; consequently it is not protected by the north winds from the lake. Hence, north-west, west, and south-west, are the prevailing winds there, while at St. Joseph the north winds are known to prevail as much as any other. At such times "this little patch of equatorial warmth," "the isothermal line," or the milk in the cocoa nut, may be accounted for by our South Haven philosopher. The west and south-west winds we care nothing about, they are harmless with us, T. T. LYON to the contrary notwithstanding. But he takes me on the comparative degree of cold between St. Joseph and any point 25 miles from there. The reader could not have understood the comparison as applying to a point similarly situated, but to any point that distance from the lake. The writer, however, chooses to make it mean South Haven, so that he may have a chance to indulge in a strain of grandiloquent irony.

All the difference between your South Haven correspondent and myself, is, that gentleman has manufactured a theory for South Haven to be equal if not superior to St. Joseph for peach growing, without the facts to support it; while all the theories I have advanced are supported by pre-existing facts, from which the theory was derived.

The writer says that after the severe winter which killed nearly all of the peach trees throughout the State, "the thermometer at South Haven sank as low as 10 degrees below zero; the peach trees were uninjured, but the fruit buds were materially destroyed." The ensuing summer, he says he visited St. Joseph, and from "personal observation and the representations of fruit growers, ascertained that the degree of cold, and the effect upon fruit buds, had been the same there as at South Haven." Now I cannot help his "personal observation," nor the "representations of fruit growers." The fact is, there was a good showing of peaches at St. Joseph that year, which was 1856. There was at that time

an inconsiderable number of peach orchards of suitable age to bear; but almost every one who had gardens, had peach trees in them, and the most of these bore a good crop of fruit; while CURTIS BOUGHTON picked from a three-acre orchard of about 350 trees, 433 three-peck baskets of peaches, and sold them in Chicago as follows: 232 baskets at \$4, and 201 baskets at \$6; making the snug little sum of \$2,134 off from three acres of ground. If that was not the year the writer refers to, so much the worse for him, for that was the worst year we have ever had for peaches since the attention of the people has been directed to them. I can further mention the names of as many as a dozen farmers, who live from five to ten miles back from the lake, who brought peaches into this market, and sold them the same year. This does not look much like fruit buds being "materially destroyed" in St. Joseph.

One more fact on this subject. CURTIS BOUGHTON has never failed of having a good paying crop of peaches since his orchards first came into bearing, which was, I think, in 1849. He gives his trees the very best of care and attention. If others have occasionally failed, it is more attributable to a want of care than to any other cause.

I think the writer's charge of misrepresentations falls to the ground, and his "facts" due to "truth," with it. If he will take the trouble to come to St. Joseph, (only 25 miles,) and I do not substantiate what I have said, I will then submit to the charge of "arrogation."

Now, Messrs. Editors, if there is any other locality that claims equality or superiority in the natural advantages for the peach culture, including the superior mode and facilities of transportation, and the extensive range of markets, I, and no doubt many other readers of the RURAL, would be most happy to hear from it. Until some locality makes a better showing than your South Haven correspondent, I shall have to claim what you seemed to think other localities might question, "that St. Joseph is the center of the universe." H. W. GUERNSEY, St. Joseph, Mich., March 17, 1862.

CULTURE OF THE RADISH.

THE RADISH is one of the most important of the early spring luxuries furnished by the garden; that is, when well-grown, tender and crisp. To be fit for the table, radishes must make a quick growth. If they grow slow, and are a long time in the ground, they become hard, woody, and hot, and are wormy, generally. We presume all are aware of this fact, yet how to obtain them in perfection is not so well understood. If grown in a hot-bed there is no difficulty, if they are not too thick, and sufficient air is given. If these two points are neglected, they will run up to tops, and be worthless. It is useless to try to grow radishes in a frame with cucumbers, for they will not bear the heat necessary to perfect the cucumber. This is the reason why a correspondent, whose inquiry we now have before us, failed. Radishes, lettuce, and annual flowering plants, may be grown together, always placing the lettuce in the front of the frame where it will get the drip of the sash. This is injurious to most plants, but of great benefit to lettuce.

For out-door culture, it is not best to sow radishes too early. The soil should first be warm and dry. Select a warm, sheltered border, and a sandy soil, and if possible add to it a little new soil from the woods, or commons, or the corners of the fences. A barrel of this soil will prove of great advantage if spread on the surface, or slightly mixed with the surface earth. After the seed is sown, sift on a little coal ashes or charcoal dust. If this culture is pursued, radishes of the most crisp and delicate character will be obtained, at least in almost all cases. Of course success depends somewhat upon the weather, which is best if warm and showery. After the plants appear, if the little black beetle is troublesome, throw over the beds a sprinkling of dry ashes every day or so until the rough leaf appears.

The quality of the radish depends a good deal more upon the manner in which it is grown than upon the variety, and yet there is considerable difference in the sorts. The Olive-Shaped Rose, of which we give an engraving, is the best variety we have ever grown, being very tender and mild. The Early Frame is excellent for the hot-bed, and the Long Scarlet and White Turnip are desirable sorts. Those who require but a few for family use will do well to mix three or four varieties and sow them in the same bed. This gives a pleasant variety of color and form, making a fine appearance on the table; and as some sorts require a little longer time to arrive at maturity, it gives somewhat of a succession.

ABOUT FLOWER GARDENS.

READER, do you cultivate flowers? If you do, you can appreciate what I write; if you do not, you have lost a deal of pleasure in this world. Almost every one in the country, and nearly all in the city, can have a few beds of flowers with a very little labor and expense. That there are very few people in this world who do not love flowers when their attention is drawn to them, is a fact I have learned by observation and experience. Then, mothers, cultivate them for your children's sake. I will tell you a little of my experience, kind reader, and leave you to draw your own conclusions. I had been waiting patiently for two or three years to get our front yard into shape, to have my flowers arranged in some order, but came to the conclusion that I would wait no longer; so one spring, with a little assistance from hired help and children, I commenced and spaded a couple of rows between house and road, gave them a good coat of muck and manure, and set out what flower roots I had been collecting for two or three years, and between them a small purchase of annual seeds and contributions from friends. I had quite a display and variety of flowers the first summer and autumn; the second year still greater.

And now to sum up the enjoyments derived from my flowers. In the first place it improved my health to be out in the open air an hour or so each day in pleasant spring time; the pleasure afforded my

children of cutting bouquets for their little visitors and friends; their love and admiration of each new variety as it blossomed; and many a lesson of instruction was learned in connection with those few flowers. Then there was little NELLIE A., and one or two other little faces, used to peer through the fence at our flowers so wistfully that I divided my treasures with them as far as practicable, and it has been a source of great pleasure to me to see her love for the beautiful in nature increase with her years. If there is one who reads the RURAL who does not cultivate flowers, commence this spring, and those who do, encourage those who do not; divide with the poor and needy your seeds and plants, and especially encourage your children to love them, for it will refine their taste. Almost every one can do a little good in this way; fulfill your mission on earth, exalt human nature. Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return to thee. D. J. S. Saltfleet, C. W., 1862.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANTS FOR NAME. EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Will you please give the names of the enclosed grasses, &c.? They were handed me by a lady subscriber, who requested me to send them.—R. H., Hooper, Broome Co., N. Y., 1862.

The specimens accompanying the above are very nearly preserved, but some of them are so imperfect as to render it exceedingly difficult to ascertain names.

GRASSES.

No. 1. A grass which we do not recognize. Specimen too imperfect. When this grass is in flower next summer, will our correspondent please send us an entire plant—roots, stems, leaves, and flowers.

No. 3. Paspalum angustifolium, LAM.—(Panicum, L., Digitaria, Scop.)—Purple Finger Grass; Crab Grass. A troublesome weed.

No. 4. Optisemus Crus-galli, KUNTH.—(Panicum, L.)—Cock's-spur Grass; Barnyard Grass. Generally regarded as a weed, though FLINT says "some experiments have been made to cultivate this species in the place of millet, to cut for green fodder. It is relished by stock, and is very succulent and nutritious, while its yield is large."

No. 5. Setaria viridis.—Wild Timothy; Green Fossil; Bottle Grass. Worthless, though not regarded as a serious nuisance.

No. 10. Agrostis alba.—White Bent; English Bent; White-top; Dew Grass; Bonnet Grass. Sometimes used in the manufacture of bonnets.

No. 11. Poa annua.—Annual Spear Grass. FLINT says this grass "forms a very large part of the sward of New England pastures, producing an early and sweet feed, exceedingly relished by cattle."

No. 12. Please send a perfect specimen of this when in blossom.

No. 14. Glycyrrhiza leucorrhiza.—Meadow Spear Grass; Nerved Manna Grass. A tolerably good pasture grass.

No. 15. Panicum depauperatum, Muhl.—Worthless Panic Grass.

No. 17. Panicum latifolium.—Broad-leaved Panic Grass. Of no value for cultivation.

RUSHES.

No. 2. Eleocharis obtusa, SCHULTER.—(Scirpus obtusus, WILLD.; Scirpus capillatus, Muhl.)—Obtuse Spike Rush.

No. 8. Scirpus atrovirens, Muhl.—Dark Green Club Rush.

SEDGES.

No. 6. Carex intumescens, Rudge.—(C. folliculata, Schk.)—Swollen-fruited Sedge.

No. 7. Carex vulpocarpa, Muhl.—Long-pointed Sedge.

No. 9. Carex vulpocarpa, Muhl.—(C. multiflora, Muhl.)—Fox Sedge.

No. 13. Carex festucacea, Schk.—Festuc-like Sedge.

No. 15. Dulichium spathaceum.—Dulichium.

None of the Sedges are of any real value, though they constitute a large portion of what is called "swale hay" in some parts of the country.

OTHER PLANTS.

No. 18. Spergularia arvensis.—Corn Spurrey. This plant is known only as a weed in this country, though it is cultivated for forage in some parts of Europe.

No. 19. Penthorum sedoides.—Ditch Stone-crop.

No. 20. We are unable to ascertain the name from the specimen before us.

GROWING PEARS FOR MARKET.—I contemplate setting out about eighty pear trees this spring, with the view of raising fruit for the New York market. Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me through the RURAL what kind is the most profitable? Is it best to plant all of one kind or an assortment? The ground depends to the west. How near will they do to be set? Are standards or dwarfs best?—W. M. EASTWOOD, Savannah, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1862.

The above embraces pretty much the whole subject of pear culture, which we have been discussing in our columns for several years. We must refer our friend to the discussions before the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, and the various communications from practical men. The grower for market should not have a great many varieties, as this causes extra labor in picking and marketing, without any benefit. In fact, it is often easier to sell ten barrels of pears than one, for in the former case the quantity is sufficient to make it an object for the wholesale dealer to take some pains to obtain the crop. As to the best varieties, it would be difficult to get three pear growers to agree exactly. A gentleman, and one of the most extensive pear growers in this part of the State, to whom we have just handed the above for his opinion, says nothing but Louise Bonne de Jersey and Duchesse d'Angouleme—both dwarfs. He would not have a standard in his orchard. We will name a few good varieties for orchard culture—Louise Bonne de Jersey, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Beurre d'Anjou, Beurre Superfin, Beurre Diel, Jaminette, Vicar of Winkfield, and Cadillac. All hardy, and free growers on the quince.

PRUNING THE GRAPE.—Some time last winter I applied to Dr. FAULKNER, of Henry, for information in relation to the culture, pruning, &c. of grapes. He referred me to the RURAL. I at once became a subscriber, and hope I will in due time gain as much satisfaction on that as I have on various other subjects from your valuable paper. If you do not have occasion to publish anything in relation to the culture of the grape, you will please send me a back number containing a treatise on the subject.—W. M. H., Winona, Ill.

In another column we give the desired information. The many requests we receive asking the republication of articles already given, we consider no small compliment. We have now before us requests for the republication of articles that would fill at least three pages of the RURAL. We cannot now comply with the solicitation of our friend at Lebanon, Pa., as we have not in our possession the engravings illustrating the article.

A YOUNG NURSERYMAN.—My father has just given me a small piece of ground, upon which I wish to plant a small nursery, so that I can learn more about horticulture. The people around here have very little to do with raising fruit of any kind, and the consequence is I know nothing about even how to commence. All the farmers seem very much engaged in raising corn, but none of them seem inclined to try fruit. I am determined to try, however, if you can spare a little corner in the RURAL to tell me how to begin, and also what is the best book on this subject that I can get to aid me in my endeavor? Please tell me what kinds of fruit to get.—C. A. H., Leroy, Ill., 1862.

Get Barry's Fruit Book. It costs only a dollar, and in it you will find just the information you need.

ANIMAL CHARCOAL, &c.—Will you please inform me, through your RURAL, how animal charcoal is made, and what it is made of? Also, if there is more than one variety of vegetable oyster; and if more than one, which is the best variety? When should it be sown, and how treated to insure large roots?—J. B. S., Oakfield, 1862.

Animal charcoal is charred bones, bones being used instead of wood in making it. We know of but one variety of vegetable oyster. It requires the same treatment as the parsnip, and a deep, rich, mellow soil.

TREATMENT OF A YOUNG ORCHARD.—I have an orchard, three years planted the present spring; each year it has been planted with corn. Would it be the best policy to grain plant with corn, or sow and seed down for one year? How is a young orchard managed in this respect?—AGRICOLA.

If the soil is rich, it might be well enough to grow a crop of potatoes or roots the coming season; but don't go near the roots of the trees with anything. We don't like grass in so young an orchard.

Domestic Economy.

CURING AND KEEPING HAMS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I see in a late issue of your journal, that C. S. MORLEY, of Ripon, Wis., wants to know what can be done to preserve his hams. Our practice has been after this wise. Slice the ham, cook half done, pack in a firkin, or stone jar, putting the gravy from the meat, and a little brown sugar, on each layer of the meat. Cover with melted lard to exclude the air, and your ham will keep perfectly sweet "till the close of the war."—MRS. A. E. PATTERSON, Richmond, Wis., 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Mr. C. S. MORLEY, of Ripon, Wis., in the RURAL of March 15th, asks what to do with his hams, which he has smoked, and finds them not salt enough to keep through the summer. If you will permit me, I will tell him how he can keep them. Slice them as you would for cooking; fry them a little, and put them down in layers in an earthen or stone jar, pouring the lard that fries out of them upon each layer, adding enough to cover them, until the jar is full. Leave the meat covered with lard; use at pleasure, and fry to suit your taste when using. In this way they will keep for years.—D. L. FITCHER, Johnson's Creek, N. Y., 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing an inquiry in the RURAL for curing hams and keeping them through warm weather, I send mine, knowing it to be good.—Heat a quantity of salt in an iron kettle, and when well heated through, rub the hams thoroughly for three mornings in succession, if of common size. Large hams will require more rubbing than small ones.—A. J. M., New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing the inquiry of C. S. MORLEY, in the RURAL, how to save his hams, which are not salt enough to keep through the summer, I will send you my way of keeping hams, which we have found to be very good. You will first dry the hams well, and then pack in a barrel or box, in fine salt. Set in a cool, dark, dry place, and you may keep them as long as you please.—W. M. BEATY, Pontiac, Mich., 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing in the RURAL an inquiry how to preserve hams through hot weather, that had not taken sufficient salt, I will give you what I have tried to satisfaction. In the year 1856 I salted hams out of hogs of 450 to 500 cwt, and in the spring they were perfectly fresh. I took a store box and put it in the third story, where it was dry, packed the hams in salt, and they kept fresh and nice all summer, and the salt was good for next fall salting.—L. L., Chester Co., Pa., 1862.

DOUGHNUTS AND A HINT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Having an excellent recipe for making doughnuts, I thought I would send it to you for the benefit of your lady readers. This is the way to make them:

Take one pint of sour cream; three eggs; two cups of white sugar; one teaspoonful of soda; season to taste. If the cream is not sour, add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Fry in good hot lard to a light brown.

To my young lady friends I would say, you had better try my recipe immediately; for it was through the agency of some of these doughnuts that I won an ardent admirer; and to the married ladies I would say, when your husband comes home from his business cross and ill-natured, (as men sometimes will,) set before him a few of these delicious doughnuts, and see how soon he will become communicative and pleasant. If you happen to have children, (which heaven grant you may,) and they are troublesome, just give each one a doughnut, and their cries will cease immediately. Try them; for they have proved peace-makers in every family of my acquaintance where they have been used. Sandy Hill, N. Y., 1862. MINEEVA S.

CURRENT WINE.—The following method of making superior current wine, is recommended in a French publication:

For currants, 9 pounds of honey are dissolved in 15 gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, is added the juice of 8 pounds of red or white currants. It is then fermented for twenty-four hours, and two pounds of sugar to every gallon of water are added. The preparation is afterwards clarified with the whites of eggs and cream of tartar. White currants are said to make the best wine. It is much sweeter and pleasanter flavored, when ripe, for table use. The wine made from it is nearly colorless, of sweet and pleasant flavor, resembling the light sweet French wines. Bottled at a particular stage, before the fermentation has entirely subsided, it makes a very fair champagne.

APPLE BREAD.—A French officer has invented and practised with success, a method of making bread with comoo apples, very far superior to potato bread. After having boiled one-third of pealed apples, he bruised them, while quite warm, into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being sufficient. When the mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to raise for about twelve hours. By this process he was enabled to obtain a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and very palatable and light.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—For Six Persons.—First put on 1 1/2 pints of sweet milk to boil; as it begins to boil, stir in almost one pint of Indian meal, and a little salt. Let it boil a few minutes, remove and add 1 1/2 pints milk, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 4 eggs, and spice, currants, raisins or plums, to suit convenience. Bake one hour, in a deep tin or dish. To be eaten with butter.—D. I. S., Saltfleet, Canada West, 1862.

DYSPEPSIA.—If any of the numerous readers of the RURAL know a remedy for dyspepsia, will they please inform me through its columns.—L. C. J., Niagara Falls, N. Y., 1862.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

GET THE BEST.—As a general thing the best article is the cheapest in the end, and especially is this the case with W. B. DE LAND & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, an article which every one who has tried it will say is just the thing for the purposes it was made for. It is manufactured and for sale at wholesale by the proprietors, at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y., and for sale by most retail dealers everywhere, and by wholesale dealers in Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Milwaukee, &c., &c.

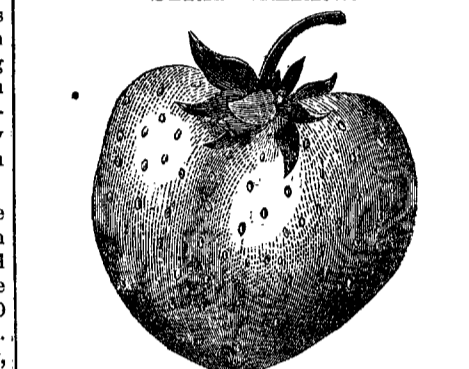
New Horticultural Advertisements

6,000 FINE 4 year T. Co. KING Apple Trees, by J. COPE LAND, Genesee Nurseries, Lima, N. Y., 1862.  
30,000 ISABELLA GRAPE VINES, 2 and 3 years old, with at 750 per 1,000 by G. D. FREER, New York, N. Y.  
25,000 DOUGLASS' RASPBERRY PLANTS for sale at low prices, by E. J. POTTER, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

NATIVE EVERGREENS, 5 to 12 inches high, at \$4.00 per 1,000, of the following varieties: Balsam Fir, White Pine, Hemlock, Spruce, Spruce, and Larch. JAMES A. ROOT, Watkins, N. Y.  
TREES, TREES! and GRAPES VINES.—A large stock of the choicest fruit for the Orchard and Garden, fine healthy, and well grown trees. Standard and Dwarf trees, embracing all the new and rare sorts. Beautiful Ornamental Trees and Greenhouse Plants. Seedlings and Stocks for Nurseries. All cheap by the dozen, 100, or 1,000. Now is the time to buy. All warranted true to name. Send for a Catalogue. W. J. & E. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

SEEDS AT LOW PRICES, FOR SPRING OF 1862. J. RAPALJE respectfully invites the attention of the public to his present large and select stock of seeds, he has now in store, and offers at the lowest prices the following:  
250 bushels Early Kent Pea.  
25 do Black Eye Marrowfat Pea.  
100 do Fish do.  
25 do Champion of England do.  
100 do Dwarf Blue Imperial do.  
15 do Daniel O'Rourke do.  
100 do Canada Creeper do.  
5 do Strawberry, or Tom Thumb Pea.  
25 do Top Onions.  
20 do Potato Onions.  
100 do Timothy Seed.  
20 do Clover Seed.  
50 do Red Top Seed.  
40 do Kentucky Blue Grass Seed.  
25 do Orchard Grass do.  
1000 do Hemp do.  
500 pounds Long Orange Carrot do.  
25 do White and Yellow Sugar Beet do.  
1000 do Turnip do.  
1000 do Long Blood and Blood Turnip Beet Seed.  
25 do White and Yellow Sugar Beet do.  
1000 do Mangel Wurzel do.  
1000 do Long Blood and Blood Turnip Beet Seed.  
25 do White and Yellow Sugar Beet do.  
1000 do Mangel Wurzel do.  
Also, a full stock of SUPERIOR GARDEN SEEDS. Parties wishing any of the above, will please call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere.  
All orders from a distance promptly attended to, and seeds shipped by Railroad Express, as directed. 1862-63  
J. RAPALJE, Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y.

TRIOMPHE DE GAND STRAWBERRY.



For description of this superb and unrivalled Strawberry see our Circular. Our stock of plants is unexhausted any where, which we offer at 50 cts. per doz.; \$2.00 per 100; \$10.00 per 1,000. Large quantities furnished at greatly reduced rates.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS BY MAIL.—We will send to any post office address in the country, post-paid and carefully put up so as to carry safely, one hundred good plants of any variety found in our Catalogue, at the prices there annexed. For instance, 100 Wilson's Albany for \$1; 100 of the Victoria King, 100 Triomphe de Gand, &c.  
No orders filled for plants by mail for less than one dollar's worth, of any one kind, and when less than 100 are ordered, it is sent by express, at the usual rate.  
For prices of SELECT Lists of Strawberries, Raspberries, and Blackberries, and of Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, &c., &c., see our Circular, which will send to all applicants, including stamp. J. KNOX, Box 125, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. M. THORBURN & CO.'S Seed Warehouse, 15 JOHN ST. NEW YORK.

SEEDS BY MAIL. SEEDS FOR THE FARMER. SEEDS FOR THE GARDENER. SEEDS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD. SEEDS FOR THE NURSERYMAN. SEEDS FOR THE AMATEUR. SEEDS FOR THE DEALER.

Send for our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE OF Vegetable and Agricultural SEEDS for 1862.  
Send for our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE OF FLOWER SEEDS for 1862.

The two combined contain the largest collection of seeds to be found in this country, embracing every standard and improved variety, together with all the novelties of the day.

GARDEN CHILLI POTATOES.—A seedling introduced by C. H. Goodrich. It claims for itself a higher degree of hardiness and adaptation to all soils and weather than any other sort known, and in good soils and seasons, and with fair culture, they will yield from 250 to 350 bushels to the acre.  
Price per peck, 50 cents; per bushel \$1.50; per barrel of 2 1/2 bushels, \$4.00.

All the following varieties of SEEDS mailed, post-paid, to any part of the United States, (with the exception of those marked thus \*, which may be mailed to those wishing them by this conveyance, at an additional expense of one cent per oz.) in receipt of the amount annexed. Cents.

Table listing various seeds and their prices, including items like New Speckled Lima Beans, Corn, Wheat, and various flower seeds.

Send for our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE OF Vegetable and Agricultural SEEDS for 1862.  
Send for our DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE OF FLOWER SEEDS for 1862.  
Splendid French Hybrid Gladiolus. From \$1 to \$20 per dozen—for varieties and description see our Flower Seed Catalogue.  
J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John Street, New York.



Ladies' Department.

I SHALL KNOW HER AGAIN.

BY E. F. TAYLOR.

O, HAVE you not seen, on some morning in June, When the flowers were in tears and the forests in tune, When the billows of dawn broke bright on the air, On the breast of the brightest, some star clinging there? Some sentinel star, not yet ready to set— Forgetting to wane, and watching there yet? How you gazed on that vision of beauty awhile; How it wavered till won by the light of God's smile; How it passed through the portals of pearl like a bride; How it paled as it pass'd and the morning star died? The sky was all blushes, the earth was all bliss, And the prayer of your heart, "Be my ending like this."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] SKETCHES BY CANDLELIGHT—NO. 1.

THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS.

EDUCATION—what is it? Is it simply knowledge derived from books, mankind, or from the elements of earth, air, or sky? One possessing a thorough of the acquaintance with all of these would be deemed highly educated. But in acquiring this useful information, what effect has it had upon the heart? How has it expanded and elevated it in the scale of human perfection? Has it given the student enlarged views of life, and of his obligation to his Creator, to himself, and to society? Too often is this, that should be the basis of all knowledge, sadly neglected, or so superficially inculcated that it is forgotten while accumulating other knowledge from books and surroundings.

Our system of education is replete with errors. The majority aim only to develop the intellectual faculties, while the social and moral faculties are left to grope their way through the dark by-paths of ignorance as best they can. For instance—a youth graduating in one of our best seminaries, feels confident that he has done the best he could in improving the talent given him. The parents congratulate themselves with the fallacious idea that they have performed their duty, in defraying the expenses of his education. With the diploma in his hand, the youth is supposed to be fully equipped, and is permitted to go out into the great world, to buffet with its conflicting elements highly educated; yes, polished, as the mass term it. But, alas! success and happiness do not attend him; and why? A want of moral courage drags down the intellectual soul, so that it dares not stand boldly forth in self-defense, proclaiming the lofty, divine principles of humanity. Social and domestic discord adds its bitter alloy to the cup of life, that might have been beautiful and blest had a thorough knowledge of self, of human nature, of its wants, its frailties, been early inculcated.

Who is at fault? Dare I say the mother? Let me question her conscience a little. I would lead her back through the long labyrinth of years and ask her a few questions relative to the early training of her child. Did you suppress the first outburst of passion in your prattling little one, and with gentle, yet firm and unremitting care, impress upon its plastic mind the great importance of self-control; of keeping all its selfish propensities in subjection to its higher powers? Did you teach it by example, as well as precept, to be true to itself, and to acknowledge its Creator as "the giver of every good and perfect gift"? Ah! I see memory is at her post—she is calling up from the past the first attempts of your little one to deceive you in trifles. You then thought it an evidence of superior genius; therefore, it passed unchecked, until that vicious propensity had become strong with years. Had you then taken your little one on your knee, and in a calm but earnest manner portrayed the sinfulness of deception, and the errors to which it would lead if persisted in, you would have rejoiced to see how your child's heart would have regained its natural tone and begged to be forgiven by you and its God; for Nature will be true to itself if we are true to it. Did you with the same earnestness check all feeling of jealousy, self-love, and vanity, remembering that "the child's mind is wax to receive and marble to retain"?

Oh, mothers! yours is a life-long task. Ere your child can lip your name, it reads your thoughts, and indelible impressions are made upon its mind—the effect of which will cease only with eternity; therefore, do not enter lightly upon your task; consider the great responsibility of training an immortal soul. Remember that you are accountable for the manner in which you direct its course; you hold, as it were, your child's destiny in your hand; mold it carefully, guard it jealously. Think not to keep it from temptation; for in time it must go out from your watchful care. Therefore, give it that firmness of character and self-reliance it will need—strengthen all its moral faculties, that it may have power to resist temptation. Look earnestly to Him who is light and truth for that wisdom you will daily require. Write upon the tablet of your mind this simple rule:—"Know and govern thyself." And, if you are ever vigilant, ever true to your noble mission, you will reap your reward here, and it will be great in your Father's kingdom. G. T. W. Meadville, Pa., 1862.

The Head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lightened it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of superfluous ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbons, and bone lace.—Addison.

MODESTY.—The choicest buildings have the lowest foundations; the best balsam sinks to the bottom; those ears of corn and boughs of trees that are most filled and best laden, bow lowest; so do those souls that are most laden with the fruits of Paradise.

WISE SAWS.

I HAVE read in some of those sage books, which appear to have been written in the clouds, so far are they out of reach of anybody whom the writer professes to wish to benefit, that the sovereign rule to obtain peace and paradisaical content in this sublunary sphere, is never to attempt more than one can accomplish. Now I find that most of the great discoveries and inventions that have blessed mankind, have never been perfected by the inventors and originators. A germ, a glimmering taper light, twinkles out of some chaos, which some poor soul puffs, and fans, and feeds, and starves over, and finally dies broken-hearted that he cannot illuminate the world with it. Then somebody minus brains, but plus money, strides over his grave, flitches and gilds his idea; gains credit as the original inventor, and lives in luxury the rest of his life, while never a headstone marks the place of the world's benefactor—this foolish man, who "undertook more than he could accomplish." Then again, does not a mother and mistress of a family, every day of her life, "undertake more than she can accomplish?" Was there ever a day on which her best arranged plans for providing for that day's one thousand-and-one family needs, in order that there be no unnecessary addition to the morrow's cares, was ever accomplished? Can she ever, with a young family, have a necessary plan or system which she can be sure of carrying out, without interruption or the arising of unexpected and unpostponable emergencies? And yet, notwithstanding these oft-repeated trials of her patience, would she not fold her hands in despair, if love for her household did not give her, each morning of each day, the renewed desire to attempt again that day what very likely she can "never accomplish" before its close? Oh! could I but get all those super-human saintly books, filled with these wise old saws, and make one huge bonfire of them, how it would relieve my mind. A blessed world this would be indeed, if there were no pioneers; if everybody sat perched on a conservative stool waiting till a railroad track was laid across the Atlantic ocean.—Fanny Fern.

MATRIMONY IN FRANCE.

A MARRIED Frenchwoman is in every respect her husband's equal; he is not her lord and master, but her friend. "Mon ami," is the title by which she addresses him. The law may require her to love him, to honor him by virtuous conduct, but not to obey him. He has, indeed, a certain superiority in the management of their common interests, but her rights are none the more effaced for that; in certain cases her concurrence is indispensable, and she has a deliberate voice with an absolute veto. She remains the mistress of her whole fortune, by making a reservation respecting her personal property. The husband and wife are two partners who club their capital for mutual advantage, but who keep it distinct in their accounts, to facilitate any partial and complete dissolution. She can make her will, and leave her husband without a sou of hers; if she dies intestate, her property, in some cases, slips completely through his fingers. She must will it to him, for it to be safe and sure. The profits arising from the industry of the husband and wife, and the savings they may be enabled to put by, form a common stock, to the half of which the wife is entitled. The law places such confidence in her, that in the event of her widowhood, she, by right, is the guardian of her children. Between brothers and sisters there exists a perfect equality as to their rights of inheritance from their father and mother. If the parents are inclined to disturb this equality, or to favor a third person to the prejudice of their children, the law fixes limits to the power of bequeathing. A Frenchman cannot put off an offending son or daughter with a shilling, nor can he impoverish his neglected family by leaving large sums to charitable institutions.

WOMAN.

PLACE her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and sometimes folly—annoyed by a dew-drop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, and ready to faint at the rustle of a beetle; the zephyrs are too rough, the showers too heavy, and she is overpowered by the perfume of a rose-bud. But let real calamity come, rouse her affections, enkindle the fires of her heart, and mark her then; how her heart strengthens itself—how strong is her purpose. Place her in the heat of battle—give her a child, a bird—anything she loves or pities, to protect—and see her in a relative instance, raising her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of earth, awaken her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the stride of the stalking pestilence, when man, the strong and brave, shrinks away pale and affrighted. Misfortune haunts her not; she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her bridal. In prosperity she is a bud full of odors, waiting but for the winds of adversity to scatter them abroad—pure gold, valuable, but untried in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle—a mystery, the center from which radiates the great charm of existence.

A TRULY AGREEABLE HELPMATE.—Instead of turning every young woman into "a heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," better let us have her a "neat-handed Phyllis," cooking savory messes, and looking at lambs, like Lady Walter Scott, with a chief eye to their speedy appearance in pastries. She holds all the husband who holds his stomach. That is the true piano-forte for the accomplished instrumentalist to play upon who wishes to be mistress of her own household. The car never tires, the heart never nauseates of that music, if pitched on the right key. Literature, drawing-room accomplishments, graceful manners, a fine bearing, an elegant conversation, are admirable charms, no doubt, but they don't make and they don't keep a home. The woman who in middle society—I hardly know why I should make this limitation—has quartered herself upon a husband whose future is but a contingency, and cannot be cook, nurse, seamstress, and house-keeper on an emergency, enjoys her establishment under false pretences.—Dublin University Magazine.

A LADY'S SMILE.—The authoress of "Loving and Being Loved" compares a man to a silk umbrella in these quaint terms: "A man is like a strong silk umbrella—trustworthy, and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking-stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune."

Choice Miscellany.

A WAKING DREAM.

BY MRS. A. J. BORTON.

O, PLEASANT to-night is the firelight's gleam, For the storm is wild without; So I'll summon up a sunny scene In the midst of this winter rout. It shall be spring-time—balmily the air— The robin on the wing; Blossoms opening, pale and fair, While loudly the brooklets sing.

Through meadows, where the willows nod, Where the skies bend clear and bright, Where, daintily fecking the emerald sod, Gleam violets, blue and white; While the pine, with air that is staid as can be, Shakes her fringes out in the sun, Fresh, fragrant, and green; and the maple tree Is putting her cereals on. Then, with a garland of roses crowned, Reigns the gay and laughing summer; Flowers bloom where her light steps have touched the ground, And o'er them the wild bees murmur. Now a summer eve, when the shadows long Away in the darkness creep, And the night-wind comes singing a lullaby song, Rocking the flowers to sleep.

Or 'neath quiet skies, on fair smooth seas, Hath the summer drifted away, And bright hues grace the forest trees That made her flowers so gay; Autumn, crowned with vines and sheaves, Is shaking her fruitage down, And spreading a carpet of brilliant leaves Over the earth so brown.

O'er the silent fields dark shadows go 'Neath the hazy, hovering clouds, Sunbeams glance through their rifts, and lo! They vanish in hurrying crowds. But hark! 'tis the shout of the "Winter King," As he sweeps from his frozen halls; O'er the snow-clad hills hear it fiercely ring, As loud as his forces he calls. His winds are out, and "cloud-ships" throng From the realms where the snow is stored, And their glittering freight, as they drift along, They are tossing overboard. Dundee, N. Y., 1862.

HEART-LINKS.

"How many among us at this very hour Do forge a life-long trouble to ourselves, By taking true for false, or false for true." —And this prayer I make, Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege Through all the years of this our life, to lead From joy to joy."

THE Cartesian philosophers held that the brain had one single point, the pineal gland, which was occupied by the intelligent principle; and that the Deity, on the occasion of an impression being received on the senses from the external world, produced a corresponding impression in the soul. Let us fancy that the heart has three "blood-tinged" points at which its holy impulses throb, and that it is connected at these, to the heart of Infinite Love, by three precious links.

The hour when I thus began to muse was after the fretting, feverish world had been wrapped up in its dusky mantle for its accustomed rest, and the "mother of wildly-working visions," on her regular round, was beaming complacently on her winking and sparkling train, and I was left alone with my own heart to con the lesson which another day's experience had written upon it. Susceptible humanity, I continued, like the great tide-wave, thou art ever tending grandly, but unconsciously, over the sea of time, following whither some mysterious power draws thee. Like that wave when under the opposing influences of the sun and the orb which steals his brightness, thou art wont to fluctuate between the good and the evil, more often yielding to the latter because he is nearer to thee; like that when both luminaries conjointly affect it, so doest thou, when error in the garb of truth leads thee in the way of truth for the sake of drawing thee beyond it, dash high thy billows, until they bring up the black settlements of thy sinful under-current. Thou art like the deep itself in this activity; now tossing up one by depressing another; here, so impelling one by the power of cupidity that he sweeps up a great heap before him, and rises with haughty crest,—but directly the re-action of social and moral forces gives a turn to his own reckless speed, and he falls back with a hollow splash into the void which himself has created; here the roaring of contending factions, there the gentle ripple within the coves of contented retirement; and there, upon the eternal breakers, comes one after another white-capped with passion, to dash his transparent character into a brilliant ruin! And why do I pray for thee; selfish, thou carest naught for me; haughty and self-reliant, thou wouldst overlook me; in distress, thou art even suspicious of me?

Why do I love to linger on the speaking lineaments of the faces that crowd by me, day by day, each telling a different history, its lines cut by its own cares and sadnesses, and pointing outward as if seeking for a new hope? One bears evidence of victories won, another of fruitless struggles; one, of a consciousness of power or attractiveness; another, of resignation or suffering; yet all—the grave, the lively, the cheerful, and the sorrowful—are veiled with a guarded, yet searching expression, as if to say, "I watch to recognize a true heart." So when the artificial dress of pride, prejudice, and envy, is replaced, from a lofty independence, or by force of circumstances, by the resture of charity, I discover a silken chord that unites heart to heart, through which a grateful joy may thrill the disponding, and a surcharge of sorrow be distributed, to increase the richness of the experience of us all. An indissoluble link is universal brotherhood.

When the mind has been hard at work during the day, collecting, here and there, pearls of truth whose crust it has taken ages to remove, whose polish, another to effect, and whose value to recognize, another; when it has been stimulated by contact with the world's master spirits, and by following in their trains of investigation, has caught some of their inspiration,—the very fatigue which is occasioned, throws over the whole spirit a delicious lassitude and an indefinable feeling of enjoyment, which makes one peculiarly disposed to solitary communion with nature, and fitted for it. And evening is the time when nature seems most sympathetic, and responsive to those who would hold communion with her; sneering and dusty-souled men have withdrawn from sight, and she is not afraid to play the coquette with those who love and understand her beautiful arts. In her stillness and

loneliness, a mighty pensiveness seems to have stolen over her, and her bosom seems to heave with a soft tremulousness, and her thousand eyes to be suffused with a luster of tenderness. Every tree which in daylight is unnoticed amidst the noise and activity around it, now stands out in distinct individual importance, like a muffled "Carthusian," holding mysterious converse with its neighbor, or, towering up in awkward freedom, improving the moonlight to renew its stealthy amours; and the very flowers, under cover of the darkness, seem to be clustering their little heads together, exchanging their fairy gossip, or mingling their tears over a little grief.

Thus listening in the open air and in the state of mind determined by the above reflections, I seemed to feel the spiritual presence of an everlasting friend; one who will ever be the same in all imaginable vicissitudes, ever ready to cheer and to "lighten the burthen of the mystery of all this unintelligible world;" one who, enabling us to "look into the life of things," inspires us with a hope which nothing can destroy, teaches us to feel for the great, warm, beating heart, both beneath the royal gown and the peasant's coat, and puts the stamp of its approval upon simple and earnest manhood and womanhood which is seeking to live true life. All-sentient nature, I fancy that thy pulses are still keeping time to the "still, sad music of humanity," and sensitive to the beating of my own heart; and though I may not embrace thee, yet I feel that the vital link that unites us can never be separated!

But are human destinies embraced within the limits of space and time, and must our heart-reach be co-extensive only with these categories? And when these fall? Listen, and from the infinity of darkness do you catch any sound of explanation?

"At last I heard a voice upon the slope Cry to the summit, 'Is there any hope?'"

Then I turn to Thy Word to find an answer, and to seek an explanation of each life-paradox which I have this day witnessed; and as I read, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge," every word becomes a living form informed with aspirit that through the eyes of the intellect burns into the central place of the heart; and as I dwell upon it, I imagine that the Word and the Spirit become one, and reaching ever upward, fastens in the Sovereignty of Love. Rochester, N. Y., 1862. C. E. B.

"THEY SAY."

We shall not attempt, for we could hardly expect to succeed, in portraying the deformities of a character so repulsive as the "They Say" of society. The reputations of men and women, good and bad, old and young, are alike withered by its blighting influence. "They Say" is a convenient mask for the slanderer from behind which to emit the foulest libels, the most scandalous rumors, and vilest insinuations. It is astonishing how many thoughtless persons there are to seize the petty scandal or malicious insinuation, and give it currency, without pausing to consider its probability, or the consequences of promoting its circulation. "They Say" is a demon who spreads a moral malaria that invades every circle, destroys the peace of families, blasts reputation, sows discord, engenders strife and heart-burnings, withers friendship, poisons the fountain of love, and even desecrates the altar. The habit of repeating its utterances grows apace with the least indulgence, and produces results of the most painful character.

How many feelings and affections are sorely lacerated, and that not for the time only, but how often do the slanders thus germinated live to injure the good name and fame of many for years after. Who has escaped its baneful influence? How many can trace their most poignant sorrow to some heartless utterance, exaggerated by repetition, and to be traced in its origin only to the ubiquitous "They Say?" This fiend is ever busy scarring the reputation, magnifying the frailties, and torturing the most innocent conduct and actions of men. Private reputation is a priceless jewel, and we envy no man's or woman's heart who will lightly trifle with it, by heeding or giving currency to "They Say" rumors, affecting the character of a neighbor. How much more wicked it is when it assails the absent, who cannot meet its accusations, but must suffer without the opportunity to repel it, it may be, until too late to avert the evil it has entailed. It is a very safe rule, when you have nothing good to say about your neighbor, to keep your mouth shut. Above all, let the "unruly member" be stilled against the utterance of "They Say" rumors.

POLITENESS.

THERE is nothing more difficult to attain, or necessary to possess, than perfect good-breeding, which is equally inconsistent with a stiff formality, an impertinent forwardness, and awkward bashfulness. A little ceremony is sometimes necessary; a certain degree of firmness is absolutely so, and an awkward modesty is extremely unbecoming. In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to take part in them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest, and consequently every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. There is nothing so little forgiven as a seeming inattention to the person who is speaking to you. We have seen many persons, who, while you are speaking to them, instead of looking at and attending to you, fix their eyes upon the ceiling, or some other part of the room, look out at the window, lift a book or newspaper, and read it. Nothing discovers a little, futile, frivolous mind, more than this, and nothing is so offensively ill-bred. Be assured that the profoundest learning, without good-breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry. A man who is not well-bred, is unfit for good society, and is unwelcome in it. Make, then, good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions. Observe carefully the behavior and manner of those who are distinguished by their good breeding. Imitate and endeavor to excel, that you may at least equal them. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it.

THE laws of nature are just, but terrible. There is no mercy in them. Cause and consequence are inseparable and inevitable. The elements have no forbearance. The fire burns, the water drowns, the air consumes, the earth buries; and perhaps it would be well for our race if the punishment of crimes against the laws of men were as inevitable as the punishment of crimes against the laws of nature—were man as unerring in his judgment as nature.—Longfellow.

Sabbath Musings.

OUR GOD IS JUST.

BY E. H. FORD.

BRIGHTER through cloud-rifts shining The sun's warm light appears; Fairest the earth when smiling In heavy showers of tears; Sweetest the breath of roses When smitten, crushed, and torn; Purest the streams that murmur Through channels deepest worn.

So man grows ever better As trials deep and sore Purify his nature And cleanse his heart's vile core.

'Tis the sorrows of our life-time That make its joys so bright, As midnight darkness maketh sweet The early morning light.

The deepest, gloomiest caverns The brightest gems conceal, And flowers on desert islands Their fairest forms reveal.

So many timely blessings Have fallen to our lot, Buried in care and anguish, Although we knew it not.

Then, in all life's allotments, Why not, with perfect trust, Resign ourselves to heaven's decrees, Knowing our God is just? Geneva, N. Y., 1862.

PASSING AWAY.

"Passing away." 'Tis told by the dewdrops that sparkle at morn, And when the noon cometh are gone, Ever gone."

YES, all things earthly are passing away. The morning cloud and the early dew, the flowers of spring that in childhood filled our hearts with joy, the companions in whom our young souls delighted — at morn they sparkled — when the noon cometh they are gone, ever gone. And as now, with maturer minds and stronger hearts we go forth and find in communion with nature, in the society of worthier friends, and in higher intellectual pleasures, a nobler enjoyment, we find the same truth written on all. The same notes, like a mighty tenor, predominate over all the song, "Passing Away." This is the one bitter ingredient that neutralizes the sweetness of every earthly cup of pleasure. And even to the bitterest sorrow and anguish it adds a keener sting, for all for which we grieve, when "passed away," is "gone — ever gone."

But how true it is that when we take hold of the promise of eternal life, old things are "passed away," and all things become new. God, whose countenance was so dreadful, looks on us with the sweetest smiles of His love. The very thought that gave us pain is now a source of joy. The glory of the morning and the beauties of the setting sun are "passing away," but we may enjoy all the pleasure that can be derived from them without a regret; for we know that when for us they "pass away" forever, we have a city that hath no need of the sun, for the glory of God and the Lamb are the light thereof. The murmuring streams, the flowers and verdure of the spring, the emerald foliage of the forests, are "passing away," but all their beauties, while they last, are ours, and when they "pass away," we have a river whose streams make glad the city of our God, a tree that bears twelve manner of fruits, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. The companions of our childhood, the beloved of our riper years, the friends that remained true through life, all are "passing away," but we know that we shall meet them again with the spirits of the just made perfect, and the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven. Our own life is "passing away," but we know who has brought to light life and immortality beyond the grave, and in His presence there is fulness of joy, and at His right hand there are pleasures for ever more. JAMES A. McMASTER. Murray, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1862.

MOTIVE TO HOLINESS.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon — he knows not how soon — to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of their companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the court of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory and on the ascending Redeemer? Then these feet and eyes and lips should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world and live for heaven.—Albert Barnes.

INTERCESSION FOR OTHERS.—Even in prayer we may grow selfish, hence the Savior teaches us to say "Our Father," and carries the plural all through the model he gives us. Often we need to forget ourselves, and especially when we think our case at the worst, and have fallen into a perfect bewilderment of doubt. At such a time, to seek and to dwell upon suitable objects of prayer outside of us, is like emerging from a confined, dark chamber, to the living freshness and glorious prospect of the mountain's brow. The heart expands as it takes in its brother Christians and its brother man, as it pleads before God the woes of a race of fellow beings, as it wrestles with him for the fulfillment of his great promises to the church, and breathes forth, in varied forms, the petition, "Thy kingdom come."—American Presbyterian.

HUMILITY.—How great is human frailty, forever prone to evil! To-day we confess our sins, and to-morrow commit the same sins again; this hour we resolve to be vigilant, and the next, act as if we had never resolved at all. What reason therefore, have such corrupt and unstable creatures to be continually humble, and reject every vain opinion of their own strength and goodness!—Thomas A. Kempis.

DEATH.—If to banish the thought of death would banish death itself, there would be some reason in striving to forget it. But how strange is the infatuation to strive to forget what is of infinite moment that we should remember and feel!—to shut our eyes on the brink of a precipice!—Lowell.



Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"O, God! may the shout of the nation ring out  
Till the babe in the cradle its chorus shall falter;  
Till the land  
Of brave men,  
Heart and hand  
Joined again,  
Shall swell but one hymn, around one common altar;  
Till the hymn, as it wakes  
All the seas and the lakes,  
Shall rise to the dawning of peace as it breaks—  
And breathe, by the banner no brother forsakes,  
'The Union—Now and Forever!'"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 29, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Picketing and its Duties—No. III.

AN ALARM.—As the night wears on, the report of a rifle suddenly disturbs the silence. As will readily be conceived, the firing of a piece at this hour on the lines is an event, and everybody is instantly on the alert to know what it means. It soon turns out that one of the pickets has accidentally shot himself while going to relieve his file-leader, and the poor fellow dies before half of his comrades comprehend the nature of the alarm. "Accidentally shot" is a term often uttered and written in the army of the Potomac; and it really seems as if there can be no end to the carelessness of the soldiers in handling their weapons. There is scarcely a regiment in the service but has lost from one to a half dozen members in this most saddening manner. The mangled remains are borne away to headquarters to await honored burial; yet it is not certain but that some of those most affected by the event will meet their fate in the same careless manner.

THE PICKET HEADQUARTERS.—The headquarters of the picketing detachment is an old barn or other building, so situated as to be in a central position from the several posts. It is here that the men get their meals, that the *cuisine* department is carried on, that the officer in charge is usually to be found, and that the majority of the men who are off duty congregate. Let McClellan say what he pleases about having fires on the posts, he has not yet abolished the fire in the "kitchen," nor prescribed its size, and lo! what a consumption of logs and rails is therefore in progress at these headquarters! The lieutenant in command is asleep, wrapped up in a blanket before the fire, and many of the men are imitating his example—so that the scene inside of this rickety old barn presents quite a cheerful contrast with the cold and gloom which prevail out-of-doors.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.—The next shot that is fired will have a different meaning. Jake is now on the post. In his turn, as fiercely wrathful and wakeful as the toothache can make him, and he sees the shadowy horse moving against the southern horizon long before that horse can take the distinct outlines of men and horses. The instant he is certain what is coming he fires his piece. Immediately there is an outpouring of pickets from the headquarters and a lively excitement along the lines. The lieutenant is instantly on his feet and reconnoitering the approaching rebel horsemen, while quietly making his dispositions for their reception. Like a thunder-cloud they come on, with here and there a flash, while the pickets rally on Jake's post to receive them, it being already seen that they are not in force, but only a dozen or so daring and reckless troopers on a scout. The question of their character is speedily decided by a few straggling shots they send in advance, and a sharp volley from the pickets is the answer they receive.

The next moment they rush in upon our brave boys, striking right and left with their long swords; but they have reckoned without their host this time, —the sad accident before described having left the pickets in a situation to quickly and intelligently rally. For a few minutes there is an active *melee*, the tall leader of the horsemen doing wonders; but it is soon evident that the assailants are getting more than they bargained for, and the next instant they commence a retreat in considerable confusion, all save the three or four of their number who will never again beat a retreat. A general cheer breaks from the lips of the pickets, even as they proceed to raise the poor fellow the tall trooper has cut down, and the two or three others who have received more or less injury in the affair; for it is an exciting and jubilant thing to see your enemy flying before you.

EMPTYING A SADDLE.—Another cheer of delight is soon heard along the post; for it is seen that the daring leader of the rebel party is going directly across the ravine in a course that will bring him near the advanced post number two. He is speedily beyond the sight of Jake, and his comrades fading away in the gloom on the right of his followers; but the report of several rifles is heard a minute or two later, and a cry of triumph from the "boys" at post number two announces the result. The horse of the doomed man is seen by these latter ascending the side of the plateau, bounding onward with renewed speed, *ridersless!* The rebel is dead—shot through the heart. He lies there, a stranger dead among strangers, surrounded by those who do not even know his name, and who never saw him before. He has come for blood, and taken it, made just such another desolate home as his own was fated to soon be,—and these are the fortunes and the fates of war!

HOBNOBBING WITH REBEL PICKETS.—It is probable that there will be no hobnobbing between our pickets and those of the rebels along these lines to-night. But the interchange of these courtesies is common. It is decidedly comical to see two men who have lain behind a couple of trees or logs, on the opposite side of a river, all the forenoon, each seeking for an opportunity to put a bullet into the diaphragm of his adversary,—it is comical, I say, to see these same men wear a handkerchief at last as a flag of truce, lay down their arms, and advance to a meeting in the middle of the river, (up to their waists in water,) where they shake hands, "treat" one another,

exchange New York papers for Richmond, and discourse most amicably for an hour. It is still more comical to see these same men, the instant they get back to their respective posts, renew their dodging behind the logs, and repeat their efforts to get a good opportunity of blazing away at each other; yet this scene is a literal statement of proceedings the writer has repeatedly seen on the Potomac and elsewhere.

PICKET GOSSIP, INCIDENTS, ETC.—When the Fire Zouaves first went picketing in Virginia, last summer, they used to receive a great deal of attention from the rebellious citizens in the vicinity of their outposts, especially after nightfall. Lurking around the neighborhood in the day time, the would-be assassin was accustomed to get the spot where the picket could be found after dark pretty well located in his mind, and so creep up to him, rifle or knife in hand, to dispatch him. On one occasion, a Zouave, who was picketing on the Centerville road, suspecting that this sort of game was to be tried on him that night, secreted himself a short distance from the spot his comrades had occupied during the day. As he expected, his adversary failing to find him in the usual spot, commenced to "feel him out" by throwing stones in various directions, wherever he presumed the picket to be. Having been duly warned by the death of a companion of the danger of springing up and demanding, "Who goes there?" (which question had been answered by a fatal volley,) the Zouave remained still as death, with his rifle at half-cock, behind the bush where he had hidden himself, and quietly awaited results. The would-be assassin, after vainly endeavoring to "sift up" his enemy by throwing stones, finally went in search of him, with a cocked revolver in his grasp, looking here and there in the bushes, and moving stealthily about in the vicinity, until he finally stumbled upon the hiding-place of the Zouave, when it was discovered on the following morning that one of the most active and influential secessionists of that county had been shot dead near the post of that same Zouave!

Not the least of the charms of picketing is the freedom it gives the picket, when off duty, to rove about in the vicinity of the advanced posts. With the pass of a picket in his pocket, it is not difficult for him to lay the inhabitants of the vicinity—if inhabitants there be—under involuntary contribution for such objects as please his sharp appetite and keen sight. A turkey or a chicken never comes amiss to him, and a nice sheep has an attraction for his digits which even that of the pole for the magnet cannot excel. In all his goings and comings, the picket is especially mindful of what he shall eat and drink, and never falleth to be in possession of a goodly store of provisions which the quartermaster's accounts do not mention—never, albeit he may not have seen the color of Uncle Samuel's gold for two months! His greatest delight is to make a descent upon some rich old rebel, and secure a peace-offering from that same which shall furnish his mess with an abundance of feasting. The one thing he knoweth, beyond all other knowledge, is that a good dinner is the *primum mobile* of a soldier's valor, as it is his chiefest enjoyment. And if his hardships appear harder to him than all other hardships known to man, so do the comforts to which we have referred appear more comforting to him than any other comforts whatever.

RELIEVED.—Having seen the principal things to be seen in picketing, we will return. The way lies through dark ravines, over slippery hill-sides, and through lonely woods all white with snow and frost. Before we leave the advanced posts of the army, however, we will see the wounded pickets cared for, the tired ones asleep, and our friend Jake shall be relieved. We smile our adieux as we hear him go growling to the washhouse, declaring that he is tired of picketing, it is so much the same thing over and over—a little danger, a little hunger, a little to eat, a little blanket to cover one's self, and a little sleep; and then a repetition of all these littlenesses, day after day, forever.

THE END COMING.—And yet—not "forever!" Even in the embittered mind of this picket, as he goes to his rude couch, there is a speaking consciousness that this order of things will not always endure. Beyond all the pains and hardships of this service, beyond all the darkness of these perilous times, is seen, with the eye of faith, the day when this arraying of man against man shall cease, and when our beloved and glorious Union, purified and redeemed, shall be still more beloved and glorious—the day when even these stern and rugged picketing grounds will be beautiful beneath the blended smiles of summer and of peace!

The Retreat of Price into Arkansas.

THE Cross Hollows (Ark.) correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, under date of the 25th ult., gives the following interesting details of the retreat of Price, and his pursuit by General Curtis:

In leaving Springfield, Price undoubtedly supposed he could make good his retreat. But he was mistaken. The same night of our arrival came orders to march at day-break, in pursuit of him, the following morning the divisions of Generals Sigel and Asboth taking the Mount Vernon road, while those of Generals Jeff. C. Davis and Carr took the direct route to Cassville. Pushing rapidly forward, twelve o'clock of that day found the latter divisions passing the famous battle field of Wilson's creek, where the enemy had bivouaced the night previous, leaving early that morning. Here the camp fires were still burning, lying of the meat that had been killed for the troops lying about uncooked, with every evidence of having left "in something of a hurry."

Onward we pushed, never halting until 12 o'clock that night. The division of General Davis was in the advance, with the cavalry of Colonel Ellis and Major McConnell. The enemy, it seems, had halted on Crane Creek, and here were captured quite a number of prisoners. First was the rebel Colonel Freeman, so well known as the marauder at Salem, below Rolla. Our pickets were close upon the enemy's camp, and Freeman's horse escaping from him, ran up the road, followed by the Colonel. In a very few moments he was on his way to headquarters. Soon after came a dapper little major, walking right up to our pickets, and asking if they could show him General Price's headquarters. "Certainly," was the reply, and in a trice he was before Gen. Curtis. Afterward our men captured an engineer and several other commissioned officers.

Had not the night been so terribly dark, it is more than likely Gen. Curtis would have attacked the enemy; but he determined not to be drawn into an ambushade. The troops lay on their arms awaiting the break of day. At an early hour, February 15th, the column moved forward, but during the night Price had again fled, leaving a large proportion of his camp equipage and a number of wagons. Dur-



"PARSON" BROWNLOW.

THERE can be but very few men in our country who have not heard of W. G. BROWNLOW, and we doubt not that his portrait, together with a brief sketch of his life, will prove acceptable to all readers of the RURAL.

Mr. BROWNLOW was for many years editor of the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Whig*, and a Presbyterian clergyman in that State. On the 24th of October, 1861, he published a "Farewell Address" to the readers of that journal, and on the 6th of December exchanged the editorial chair and the sweet endearments of home for a prison cell. The reason of this, to quote his own words, was because he would not "write and select only such articles as met the approval of a pack of scoundrels in Knoxville, when their superiors, in all the qualities that adorn human nature, are in the penitentiary of the State." The secession leaders had determined to break down, silence, and destroy the last Union paper left in the seceded States, and thereby keep from the people of East Tennessee a knowledge of the facts daily transpiring. When proffered the current mode of establishing his loyalty to the Confederate States, he replied:

"According to the usages of the Court, as heretofore established, I presume I could go free, by taking the oath these authorities are administering to other Union men; but my settled purpose is not to do any such thing. I can doubtless be allowed my personal liberty, by entering into bonds to keep the peace and to demean myself toward the leaders of secession in Knoxville, who have been seeking to have me assassinated all summer and fall, as they desire me to do; for this is really the import of the thing, and one of the leading objects sought to be attained. Although I could give a bond for my good behavior, for one hundred thousand dollars, signed by fifty as good men as the county affords, I shall obstinately refuse to do even that; and if such a bond be drawn up and signed by others, I will render it null and void by refusing to sign it. In default of both, I expect to go to jail, and I am ready to start upon one moment's warning. Not only so, but there I am prepared to lie in solitary confinement or die from old age. Stimulated by a consciousness of innocent uprightness, I will submit to imprisonment for life, or die at the end of a rope, before I will make any humiliating concession to any power on earth!

"I have committed no offense. I have not shouldered arms against the Confederate Government, or the State; or encouraged others to do so. I have discouraged rebellion, publicly and privately. I have not assumed a hostile attitude toward the civil or military authorities of this new Government. But I have committed grave, and I really fear, unpardonable offenses. I have refused to make war upon the Government of the United States; I have refused to publish to the world false and exaggerated accounts of the several engagements had between the contending armies; I have refused to write out and publish false versions of the origin of this war, and of the breaking up of the best Government the world ever knew; and all this I will continue to do,

if it cost me my life. Nay, when I agree to do such things, may a righteous God palsy my right arm, and may the earth open and close in upon me forever!"

The soul was not to be conquered; and as an exhibition of the power possessed by the rebels, he was imprisoned. But little was heard of the Parson until shortly after the Federal army under General BUELL took possession of Nashville, and the hosts of rebeldom were fleeing on their journey to the Gulf, when a telegram from Nashville conveyed the intelligence that he and his son had arrived within the Federal lines. His statement to our officers was to the effect that he was in the common jail at Knoxville, in violation of the agreement of the rebel Governor. He was confined in a small, damp room, but being affected by typhoid fever, he was removed to his residence, where he was laid up eight weeks with a strict guard over him. Having partly recovered, he obtained a pass from the rebel Governor, left Knoxville, but was afterwards detained for ten days at Shelbyville by order of Gen. HARDEE.

The editor of the *American Phrenological Journal* says that there is not in the United States, probably not on earth, another specimen of the genus *homo* who may be called a parallel for Parson Brownlow. His organization is most marked. His features, as may be observed by the portrait, are full of angles and ridges, and drawn into stern muscular positions, as if his mind were wrought up to positive decisions, and his feelings wound up to a high pitch. His features also indicate perfect self-possession and independence of mind. His phrenology shows uncommon energy, courage, determination, pride, force, and will-power, arising from very large Combativeness, Self-Esteem, Firmness, and an excitable temperament. His temperament and whole organization indicate strength rather than fineness, which, joined to very great strength, hardihood, and endurance, gives to his thoughts and feelings the quality of roughness, boldness, positiveness, and sharpness. He cannot say anything in a tame, pliant, smooth, plausible way—is bold and audacious in the style of his comparisons and in his invective; in word and action he is original, copies nobody; and could hardly do it if he would.

He is a man of kindly sympathies, and were it not for his frascible spirit, his love for contest, and desire to annihilate his opponents, or the subject against which he speaks or writes, he would have an entirely different reputation from that which he now has. In the social circle, among his personal friends, he is doubtless cordial, kind, obliging, sympathetic, generous, and magnanimous, but he is a hearty hater.

In answer to certain inquiries respecting his birth-place, antecedents, etc., in January, 1861, he replied through his journal, the *Whig*, thus:—"I was born and raised in Wythe county, Va., and my parents were both natives of the same State. I have lived in East Tennessee for thirty years; and although I am now fifty-five years of age, I walk erect, have but few gray hairs, and look to be younger than many persons of forty years."

ing that day the chase was very exciting, there being constant skirmishing between our advance and his rear guard. The road was strewn with broken wagons, dead and dying mules and horses, and every conceivable kind of goods. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the booming of cannon notified us that Price had made a stand.

The Dubuque battery was pushed forward, and for an hour we had a fine artillery fight. By the time our infantry got up, the enemy had precipitately fled. On the 16th inst., we pushed on, finding many evidences of the hasty flight in that day's march. During the afternoon our cavalry again overtook the rebels at Cross Timbers, and here was made a gallant charge by Col. Harry Pease. This charge was really one of the most brilliant things that occurred on the route. On the 17th instant we had several skirmishes, and at last discovered the enemy in position on the South side of Sugar Creek.

Skirmishing between the pickets of the two armies occurred during the morning, when Price moved out of sight beyond the brow of the south-western hills. His army, as was since ascertained, then formed in two lines on both sides of the road, and two Louisiana regiments under command of Col. Louis Herbert, which had arrived from Cross Hollows to re-enforce Price, marched with their batteries, determined to give us a warm reception. Two of the enemy's cannon were planted on the brow of the hill overlooking Sugar Creek, and their pieces were also ranged along the road, about two hundred yards apart, for half a mile or more. These pieces had prolongs attached, indicating that a running fight was intended in case of pursuit.

In the meantime our cavalry formed on the opposite side of the valley, and marched across the creek to a point near Trot's store, and halted. The enemy then opened fire from their batteries. One shot fell short, and a shell exploded over the heads of our men stationed on the opposite hill, doing no dam-

answered the enemy's batteries, which had opened upon our advancing columns, with a brisk fire. The cannonading was kept up for a few minutes, when the enemy precipitately fled, taking away most of his killed. Other regiments were coming into the field to take part in the ball. Among the latter was the 4th Iowa; the men anxious for the fray had pulled off their coats and threw them aside. There is little doubt that if the rebels had been followed up closely, the rout would have been complete, and no time would have been given them to burn their barracks at Cross Hollows.

The Colonel Herbert who commanded the rebel brigade was the gentleman of California notoriety, who slew the waiter at Willard's Hotel, a few years since. The other Confederate Colonels under him in the fight were McKee and McNair.

Our troops rested a short time and took a circuitous road by Ossago Spring for Cross Hollows. When they arrived there they found the enemy had skiddadaddled. Only three men were found in Cassville when our army arrived. At Keetsville nearly all the inhabitants fled. From that point to Cross Hollows about two-thirds of the inhabitants on the road have deserted their dwellings. In several houses the tables were spread for breakfast, and in the hurry of flight were thus left.

The stampede of these deluded people was exceeded by the hurry of the rebel army to get away. Camp Benjamin, located in a beautiful place three miles West of Cross Hollows, in the principal valley, had 108 commodious huts erected, with chimneys in the center. The rebels burned all but five, and in the hurry of their flight left 50 game cooks; some of these brandished silver spurs. Their best fighting material was thus evidently left behind. A book containing the general orders, and a quantity of brass knuckles were also left behind by the chivalry.

Ben McCullough arrived from Fort Smith the day before the fight at Sugar Creek, but did not participate in any part of the action except the retreat. He insisted on making a stand at Cross Hollows, but Price objected.

Our line extended ten miles—the right, under Sigel, resting at the Osage Springs, and the left, under Col. Carr, extending to Camp Benjamin. Col. Carr's headquarters are at Cross Hollows. The region east, eighteen miles to War Eagle Creek, is broken, intersected by but a few paths, rendering it impracticable for an enemy to turn our left, so that our position at present, with only one half the force, would be considered perfectly secure. Benton county was nearly unanimously opposed to the calling of the Convention which carried, by a juggle, the state over to the Confederates, and it has been stated that a suppressed Union feeling generally prevails.

Gen. Asboth was sent last Saturday on a reconnoitering expedition to Fayetteville with the cavalry. The grist mills and half a dozen other buildings were destroyed by Price when passing through. The inhabitants expressed a wish that our troops would occupy the place. Gen. Asboth has hoisted the stars and stripes, and calls for re-enforcements.

Col. Dodge made a visit with a small squad of cavalry to the War Eagle Creek, 18 miles East. Several fine mills were found. The owner of Von Winkle's mill, an Eastern man, was killed by the secession, and his wife had been detained a prisoner. The shaft of this mill was broken by the rebels, but Blackburn's and Winsel's mills were in running order. Five thousand bushels of corn were found in the latter.

Several regiments have sent back for their tents and camp equipment. This is an indication that we have taken hold of the rebel plow and do not design to turn our backs to the great work before us.

The Victory at Newbern, North Carolina.

WE gather from the N. Y. *Tribune* the following interesting details of the glorious victory over the rebel forces in another of their strongholds. The *Tribune's* correspondence is dated Newbern, N. C., March 15:

Our arms have again been crowned with victory. The city of Newbern, with its entire line of defenses, has been captured, and the routed enemy have fled to Goldsborough, leaving their cannon, camps, immense quantities of ammunition, equipage, horses, provisions and stores of all kinds in our hands. The battle has been more severe than at Roanoke, the victory more important. The field of operations was so extensive that, with every desire to be fair, and in giving a comprehensive sketch of the whole, to do justice to each of the brave regiments engaged, it is simply impossible to avoid errors. Every man of the division is jaded and worn out by the long march and the desperate battle, and we are to be allowed barely a few hours of rest before our forward march is to be resumed. Burnside fights like no sluggard, and now that he has tried the mettle of his troops, in two such battles as Roanoke and Newbern, his blows are likely to be struck as quickly as prudence dictates and circumstances permit.

I resume my narrative from the time of landing. At daylight on Thursday morning the rain was falling heavily, and it seemed as if we were to have every disadvantage of weather added to the obstacles which lay in the path of our advance on the city. By 8 o'clock, however, patches of blue sky were to be seen here and there, and in a little time the rain ceased. The signal to prepare for landing, hoisted on each of the brigade flag-boats, was greeted with cheers throughout the fleet, and it was not long before the different regiments were in the launches, ready for the signal to land.

At 9 o'clock the Patuxent, laden with troops, headed for the mouth of Slocum's Creek, followed by the Alert with fourteen boats in tow, the Union with the Fourth Rhode Island aboard, the Pilot Boy with twelve launches, Levy with thirteen, and the Alice Price, Gen. Burnside's flag-boat. The Price, steaming past the others, led the advance, and, running to within a few yards of the shore, stopped and signaled the Pilot Boy to follow in her wake. From the transport fleet to the shore the boats sailed in a long graceful sweep, with flags flying, bands playing, and 5,000 bayonets flashing in the sunshine, which now streamed over the fleet. The picture was really beautiful, artistically speaking, while the solemn nature of the business before us lent to the pageant an air of grandeur peculiar to itself.

It was almost 10 o'clock when the Alice Price stopped near the shore. Her paddles had hardly ceased their revolutions when a mail boat, containing Sergeant Poppe and three men of Capt. Wright's Company, of the 61st New York, put off from her side, and carried the Stars and Stripes to land. When the Color-Sergeant planted his colors, and the rear flag was given to the breeze, one long, loud shout went up from the flotilla and fleet. The signal to cast off tows was now given, and the swarm of boats made the best of their way to the beach; but the water shoaled so gradually to the westward



of the creek, that they grounded while yet sixty yards away. In a moment the soldiers were over the gunwales, and the water was swarming with them, as they waded to land, carrying their pieces and ammunition under their arms to keep them dry.

In the boat flotilla there were six navy barges, with mountain howitzers, the whole battery being under command of Lieut. McCook, of the Stars and Stripes. Each gun was drawn by twelve sailors, assisted as occasion required by soldiers who stepped from the ranks and lent a hand with cheerful alacrity. Besides this battery of navy guns, two Ward rifled 12-pounders were landed from the transports. Along the river, by the mouth of the creek, the ground is marshy, and while not so much so as the landing place at Roanoke Island, was still miry enough to make the labor of dragging the field-pieces very heavy. Our path led for a little distance through a fringe of woods, in which the Spanish moss was hanging from almost every tree—a sad-colored drapery, but quite appropriate, I thought, for the journey to the spirit-world that many were then treading. I recollect standing beneath a thick canopy of this moss, with the gallant young Hammond, who fought so bravely at Roanoke, to watch the men as they labored to get his gun through a bit of mire, and thinking which of these twelve would meet his death before we got to Newbern. Alas! every man of them was killed or wounded.

After leaving the woods we came upon a strip of beach, and, after marching a mile through the sand, ankle-deep, struck across a piece of fallow land and came upon the country road. A little way up the road we found an extensive cavalry barracks, some distance back, in a wooded ravine. So great had been the hurry of leaving that the officers had left their breakfast untouched—the men theirs in the mess-tins. Furniture, books, clothing, all the conveniences of camp life, were strewn about the cantonment.

The rains of the week preceding had brought the country road into a sad plight, and our troops marched for five miles through mud and water, such as one would hardly expect to find this side of the heavy clays of Yorkshire. There was no straggling or hanging back, however, for the officer met every loiterer with the order to close up ranks and keep together. We had proceeded perhaps five miles, when the skirmishers came upon a clearing, with a line of breastworks and batteries, apparently a mile in extent. The column was immediately halted, and a reconnaissance being made by Capt. Williamson, topographical engineer on Gen. Burnside's staff, it was found deserted. The work must have required the labor of a thousand men for a month; being constructed in the most thorough and scientific manner. A deep and wide moat extended along the front, and an abatis of felled timber had been made on both flanks. No guns had been mounted, the enemy probably thinking the division was to move first on Norfolk, and that no great haste was required in preparing the nice little thing for our reception.

A mile further, on a road crossing, our line of march ran down to the river. Thinking that the enemy might have a fortification on the beach, with a large supporting body of infantry, a reconnaissance was ordered by Gen. Foster, and Lieuts. Strong, Pendleton, Capt. Hudson, and other of his aids, riding down, found a large battery, which had been deserted in haste. They waved a white handkerchief as a signal to the gunboats, and a boat put off immediately from the Delaware, and the National flag was hoisted on the parapet.

All the afternoon it had been raining by showers, the intervals being filled with a continuous drizzle, which alone would have wetted the men to the skin, so that when night was approaching, without our having met the enemy, it is not strange that we should have looked with anxiety for the order to halt. Gen. Reno's brigade had been turned off on the railroad at the first point where the country road crossed it, with the view of flanking the enemy, while the main body attacked them in front. The two bodies met at another crossing, and here a man coming on horseback from Newbern was arrested, and gave us the information that Manassas was evacuated. The joyful news was passed along the columns from regiment to regiment, and was hailed by such a tempest of cheers as made the welkin ring indeed. Imagine the cheering of a whole army, itself on the march to a battle, on hearing such joyful tidings as these! Whether true or false, the effect of the story was excellent, for when the order "FORWARD" was given, the men sprang into their places with a cheerful alacrity, which could hardly have been expected of jaded men.

At 6 o'clock we had advanced to within a mile of the enemy's line of fortifications, and a halt was ordered. Gens. Burnside and Foster and their staffs were riding some distance in advance, even of the skirmishers of the 24th, and I certainly expected that we should all (for I happened to be with the party for an hour or so) be bagged by some marauding squadron of rebel cavalry, who would dash out and take us in the rear. Capt. Williamson, Capt. Pelter and Lieut. Strong were sent ahead to reconnoiter, and after riding half a mile, came upon some cavalry pickets, by whom they were hailed, and whom they challenged in return. On their reporting to Gen. Burnside, the column was ordered to halt and bivouac for the night on both sides of the road. It was a wet, miserable night, the rain drops showering down upon us from the trees, and the sodden leaves and wood-molds making anything but a comfortable couch. However, we cut down some yellow-pine trees for fuel, and by the genial warmth of bivouac fires, were soon smoking pipes and making feeble attempts to forget our weariness and wetness.

In the morning, at 6 o'clock, all the Generals were in their saddles, and at 7 the column was in motion. The column of Gen. Reno, on the railroad, was the first to move, the 21st Massachusetts, as the right flank regiment, leading the advance. The regiment had not proceeded far before, on turning a curve in the road, they saw a train of cars, which had brought re-enforcements to the enemy, standing on the track. In front of the locomotive, on a platform car, had been a large rifled gun, which was evidently to be placed in position to take the road. Our men, however, advanced at the double-quick, and poured in a volley with such accuracy of aim that the enemy, who had already rolled the gun and caisson off the car, did not stop to unload the carriage, but ran into the intrenchments, and the train was backed toward Newbern, leaving the platform-car standing on the track. The 21st had got within short range before discovering the formidable nature of the enemy's earthworks, but now fell back, and, forming line of battle in the woods, opened fire. The 51st New York was moved to the left and ordered forward to engage a series of redans, the 9th New Jersey occupying the left of the line, and the 51st

Pennsylvania held in reserve, in rear of the 9th, a little to the left.

Meanwhile Gen. Foster's brigade had advanced up the main road to the clearing, when the 24th Massachusetts was sent into the woods on the right of the road, and opening a heavy fire on the enemy, commenced the action of the First Brigade. The 27th was sent to their left to support them, and, news being received that the enemy were trying to outflank us on the right, the 25th was sent out to resist the movement. The 23d being moved to the front, next in line of battle, opened fire upon the enemy, which was replied to by very heavy volleys, and a cannonade from a park of field-pieces behind the breastwork. The very first cannon shot killed Lieut.-Col. Merritt, of the 23d, the ball passing through his body. Gen. Foster's line of battle was completed by moving the gallant 10th Connecticut to the extreme left, to a position where they had to fight under the most discouraging disadvantages. The ground was very wet, swampy, and cut up into gullies and ravines, which mostly ran toward the enemy, and, of course, while offering no protection from his fire, exposed them on elevations and in valleys. The regiment had shown, at Roanoke, however, the behavior of veterans, and nothing else could have been expected at this time, but that they would stand their ground to the last.

Gen. Parke's brigade, which had followed the 1st brigade up the main road, was placed in line between the 10th Connecticut and 21st Massachusetts, the 4th Rhode Island holding the right of the line, the 8th Connecticut the next place, the 5th Rhode Island next, and the 11th Connecticut on the left. Our line of battle was now complete, the 24th Massachusetts on the extreme right, and the 51st Pennsylvania on the extreme left, and extended more than a mile. The naval battery was in position at our center, with Capt. Bennett's and Capt. Dayton's rifles alongside, and were all worked with the greatest gallantry throughout the day. The officers in charge of the pieces, without exception, I believe, displayed perfect coolness, and stood by their guns in some cases when a single man was all the assistance they had to work them. This was the case with Acting-Master Hammond, of the Hetzel, and Lieut. T. W. B. Hughes, of the Union Coast Guard, the former losing every man, and the latter all but one.

The battle had waged for something less than an hour, when the 21st lost one of its noblest officers, in the person of Adjutant Frazer A. Stearns, the young man who bore himself so bravely in the difficult and dangerous charge on the right of the enemy's battery on Roanoke Island. Poor Stearns received a bullet in his right breast, and fell dead in his place. He was the son of the President of Amherst College, and possessed the love of his commanding officer and the whole regiment.

The fire of the enemy was now telling so severely upon the 21st, that Col. Clark ordered the regiment forward on a double-quick, and at the head of four companies entering the breastworks from the railroad track in company with Gen. Reno, the colors were taken into a frame house which stood there, and waved from the roof. The men at the nearest guns seeing the movement, abandoned their pieces and fled, and the four companies being formed again in line of battle, charged down the line upon the battery. Col. Clark mounted the first gun and waved the colors, and had got as far as the second, when two full regiments emerged from a grove of young pines and advanced upon our men, who, seeing that they were likely to be captured or cut to pieces, leaped over the parapet, and retired to their position in the woods.

On being driven from the battery, Col. Clark informed Col. Rodman, of the 4th Rhode Island, of the state of affairs inside, and that officer, unable to communicate with Gen. Parke, in the confusion of the fight, acted upon his own responsibility, after consultation with Lieut. Lydig, one of the General's Aids, and decided upon a charge with the bayonet. When the command was given to charge, they went at the double-quick directly up to the battery, firing as they ran, and entering at the right flank, between a brick-yard and the end of the parapet. When fairly inside, the Colonel formed the right wing in line of battle, and at their head charged down upon the guns at double-quick, the left wing forming irregularly, and going as they could. With a steady line of cold steel, the Rhode Islanders bore down upon the enemy, and, routing them, captured the whole battery, with its two flags, and planted the stars and stripes upon the parapet. The 8th Connecticut, 5th Rhode Island, and 14th Connecticut, coming to their support, the rebels fled with precipitation, and left us in undisputed possession.

Gen. Reno's brigade were still attacking the redans and small battery on the right of the railroad, and the firing was very heavy. The 31st was engaging the battery of five small pieces, the 51st New York the first of the redans, the 9th New Jersey the next two, and the 51st Pennsylvania were still in the reserve. Lieut.-Col. Robert B. Potter, of the 51st New York, when in advance with Capt. Hazard's company of skirmishers, was shot through the side and fell; but making light of the wound, he got his servant to put on a bandage, and in a few minutes had returned to his place and was cheering on his men. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow, or ravine, from which they would move up to the top of the eminence, discharge their volleys, and retire to such cover as the inequalities of the ground might furnish. Gen. Reno, becoming impatient at the loss of life which his regiments, and particularly Col. Ferero's, was suffering, wished the regiment to advance as soon as possible, so Lieut.-Col. Potter took a color over the brow of the hill into another hollow, and from here charged up an acclivity, and over brushwood and abatis, into the redan. The 51st Pennsylvania, for a long time held in reserve, was ordered up to participate in the decisive charge of the whole brigade upon the line of redans, and passing through the 51st New York, as it was lying on the ground after having exhausted all its ammunition, came under the heaviest fire, and without flinching or wavering moved to its place, and rushed, with the other regiments, upon the defenses of the enemy. The movement of Col. Hartman's regiment was executed in the most deliberate manner, and proved a complete success.

The movement of the Third Brigade was supported by a charge of the 4th Rhode Island from the capture. main battery upon the works which were being assailed, and the enemy, already demoralized by the breaking of their center, fell back before the grand charge upon the left and front of their position, and fled in confusion. On our extreme right the brave 24th, and its supporting regiments, had been advancing inch by inch, standing up against the enemy's musketry and cannonade without flinching, and at about the time when the 4th Rhode Island charged in at the right flank, the colors of the 24th were planted on the parapet at the left, and the whole of the First Brigade poured into the forti-

fication. The whole line of earthworks was now in our hands, and the cheers of our men, from one end of it to the other, broke out with fresh spirit as each new regimental color was unfurled on the parapet.

While the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their Generals, certain regiments, by the peculiarity of their distribution, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the 24th Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, 21st Massachusetts, and 51st New York. When the charge of the 4th Rhode Island had been made, and the colors were carried along the whole length of the main battery, Gen. Burnside asked some one what regiment that was. On being told the 4th Rhode Island, he said, "I knew it. It was no more than I expected. Thank God, the day is ours."

#### FEDERAL KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The Union loss in the fight was estimated, at the latest moment, at 91 killed and 466 wounded. The loss by brigades and regiments is exhibited in the following tables:

FIRST BRIGADE.	Killed.	Wounded.
Twenty-seventh Mass. Vol.	6	78
Twenty-third Mass. Vol.	5	39
Twenty-fourth Mass. Vol.	4	41
Twenty-fifth Mass. Vol.	5	16
Tenth Connecticut Vol.	5	16
Total	25	190
SECOND BRIGADE.		
Fifty-first New York Vol.	14	78
Ninth New Jersey Vol.	4	38
Twenty-first Mass. Vol.	17	40
Fifty-first Penn. Vol.	(unknown)	10
Total	35	166
THIRD BRIGADE.		
Fourth Rhode Island Vol.	10	27
Eleventh Connecticut Vol.	6	21
Eighth Connecticut Vol.	3	4
Total	19	52

#### THE WORK OF THE NAVY.

The following are the details of the naval portion of the battle:

Commodore Rowan was in command of the fleet of gunboats, and had sunken vessels, torpedoes, and other rebel obstructions to overcome and pass; but surmounted all with but slight damage to only two of his fifteen vessels. Two brigs, three barks and nineteen schooners were sunk by the rebels above their two batteries. After the latter were silenced, the sunken vessels were passed, "Old Glory" being hoisted over the silenced batteries as our forces passed along. This was on Saturday afternoon, and night closed in with a heavy fog.

On Sunday morning the fog lifted, and our boats passed up rapidly, silenced Fort Thompson with its two heavy Columbiads, and the old flag was again hoisted; then Fort Ellis, with nine guns, was captured, after pretty brisk fighting, but the rebels soon fled in a panic, and "Old Glory" waved over another fort. Only one fort was left to be engaged, and Newbern would be at the mercy of our troops. This was Fort Lane, but the rebels had had enough of the boats, and offered little if any resistance, and fled.

The rebels fired a large number of scows, filled with rosin and turpentine, intending to float them down and burn our gunboats, but they got stuck and burned away furiously, consuming only their own combustibles. The gunboats then shelled the depot and track, but our troops had by this time crossed, and a white flag was hoisted. Our navy did not lose a man.

#### Department of the Mississippi.

DIRECT and positive information arrived at Cairo on the 21st from Gen. Grant. He is at Savannah, 60 miles from Florence. The troops are in fine health and spirits. Beauregard was in command at Corinth with 15,000 men from Pensacola. Generals Cheatham and Bragg have divisions near. About 600 men in the vicinity of Savannah, enlisted in the Union army recently. On the night of the 13th a division of the 5th cavalry put a part of Cheatham's forces to flight, and burnt the railroad bridge. The forces in that vicinity are divided into five divisions, under command of Sherman, Hurlbut, McClelland, Wallace, and Langman.

The Cattlesburg (Ky.) correspondent of the *Commercial* says:

The boat has just arrived from Picketon, bringing the particulars of Gen. Garfield's expedition to Pound Gap, forty miles beyond Picketon. There were five hundred rebels entrenched on a summit of the Cumberland Mountains at Pound Gap. Garfield ascended the mountain with his infantry by unrequented paths, while his cavalry, by advancing along the main road and making a vigorous attack in front, drew the rebels a short distance down the summit; the infantry advanced along the ridge, completely routing them. After a fight of less than twenty minutes the rebels abandoned everything. Garfield pursued the rebels six miles into Virginia, and after quartering his men over night in the captured camp, burned their barracks, consisting of 60 log huts, with a large quantity of stores. The rebels lost seven killed and seven wounded. Nobody hurt on our side.

The reporter for the Associated Press now on board the flag ship two miles above Island No. 10, sends the following under date of the 16th inst.

The flotilla got under way at 5.30 this (Sunday) morning, and dropped down slowly till about seven o'clock, when the flag ship being about twenty miles ahead, and six miles above Island No. 10, discovered a stern wheel steamer run out from the shelter of a point on the Kentucky shore and steam down the river. Four shells were thrown after her, but this distance was too great for the shots to take effect. At nine o'clock the fleet rounded to about three miles above the island. The Commodore then ordered three of the mortar boats into position. At this hour, two o'clock in the afternoon, we are within range, but as yet have heard nothing from the enemy.

There appears to be a large force on the Kentucky shore. We have counted thirteen guns in position on the bluffs. A large number of transports can be seen across the lower point near the Missouri shore busily engaged around the island, but what they are doing cannot be determined. The mortar boats are momentarily expected to open fire. We discovered the much talked-off floating battery at the island.

At night of same date he further telegraphed:—The rebels at Island No. 10 have a very strong position. Forty-six guns have been counted. Eight mortars shelled the battery above the Island to-day. The rebels left it several times but returned. They only fired with two guns. Our shells reached the Island easily. Gen. Pope sent dispatches to Com. Foote, saying that his heavy guns command the

river so that neither steam or gunboat of the enemy could pass. Firing has been heard in the direction of New Madrid all day. It is supposed that the rebel gunboats were trying to force a passage. Seven transports near Island No. 10 are hemmed in. The enemy's encampment is visible, and is supposed to be large enough for 15,000 or 20,000 men.

A dispatch to Washington on the 18th from the flag ship Benton, dated near Island No. 10, 17th, says:

We had hard work this afternoon with the upper battery of all at this point. Only four shots struck us. One shot, after striking the upper deck twice and the lower deck once, and breaking some half dozen beams, finally lodged in the flag officer's desk, depositing itself as quietly as possible. We have battered the forts all to pieces, dismounting one gun, but night came upon us, and we had to leave without finishing the work, but will to-morrow go at him again. A rifled gun burst in the St. Louis, killing two men outright, wounding mortally two more, and wounding ten others. These are the only casualties. The mortars are doing well.

A. M. PENNOCK, Senior Officer.

The St. Louis *Republican* has special dispatches, dated Island No. 10, March 20, which says that cannonading by guns and mortar boats continued all day yesterday. All the guns but one in the upper battery on the Tennessee shore have been silenced, and one gun on the island dismounted. Shells from mortars are constantly falling in the rebel camps and batteries, and a number of killed and wounded are being carried away on litters. A large number of loaded wagons are leaving the Tennessee shore, from which it is believed the rebels are making preparations for the evacuation of their works. The floating battery of the rebels has been moved nearer the Island.

Gen. Pope allowed a rebel gunboat to approach within thirty yards of a masked battery on Tuesday, and then sunk her, killing fifteen of those on board. He had previously allowed five rebel steamers to pass on toward New Madrid, and they are now between his batteries, unable to escape. Over a dozen rebel vessels, their floating battery, and their battering-ram, are now above Gen. Pope's batteries, and will be sunk or captured.

An official dispatch to Washington from Commodore Foote, received at twelve o'clock on the night of the 19th, says:

Island No. 10 is harder to conquer than Columbus, as the shores are lined with forts—each fort commanding the one below it. I am gradually approaching the Island, but still do not hope for much until the occurrence of certain events which promise success.

Commodore Foote adds, we are firing day and night on the rebels, and are gaining on them. We are having some of the most beautiful rifle practice ever witnessed. The mortar shells have done fine execution. One shell was landed on their floating battery and cleared the concern in short notice.

A short time since—anticipating the rebel movements in Texas county, Missouri—Gen. Halleck ordered five companies of troops and two light steel six pounders, mounted on two wheels, and drawn by two horses, under Col. Wood, to repair to that vicinity. Finding no enemy there, Col. Wood pushed on to Salem, Fulton Co., Ark., about 100 miles east of General Curtis' position, where he encountered a largely superior force of rebels, and after a sharp fight routed them, killing about 100 and taking many prisoners. Among the latter were three Colonels. Our loss was about 25 killed and wounded.

The prisoners taken by Gen. Curtis at Pea Ridge are now en route for St. Louis under proper guard. The report that Gen. Curtis is in a dangerous position is false. Forage for cavalry is scarce, but in other respects the situation of our troops is cheering. The demoralized and crippled forces of Price and Van Dorn are moving South.

The official list of the Federal loss at Pea Ridge is as follows:—Killed, 212; wounded, 726; missing, 176.

There are no rebel troops in Northern Arkansas except the marauder Pike and his Indians, who kill and murder friend and foe indiscriminately.

A gentleman who has been a contractor at Memphis, who left there on the 17th, arrived on the 22d, and states that Gov. Harris disappeared from Memphis the second day after the one to which the Legislature adjourned to, and he has not since been heard from. He is supposed to be at Corinth, Miss. The Legislature has adjourned and gone no one knows whither. The subject of burning the city in case an evacuation was necessary was still openly discussed.

There has been no impression of Union men into the Confederate service to any extent, except for guard duty, until since the fall of Donelson. Since Gov. Harris' proclamation, impressions have been general. Hundreds have been picked up in the streets, and taken from stores and dwellings and marched off to the camps of instruction at the point of the bayonet.

The floating battery is so constructed as to be sunk to the water's edge, leaving nothing exposed except the armament, which consists of nine Dahlgren guns. It was built for the protection of Memphis, and has been towed to Island No. 10. Hollins' steam ram was also sent there.

Union men are leaving Memphis in great numbers, leaving their property to be confiscated, glad to escape with their lives. Quarrels in the streets are of frequent occurrence between Union men and secessionists. Shots are hourly exchanged.

The rebels greatly need iron, and have offered \$35,000 to any artisan who will discover the process of making malleable iron. Ammunition is plenty. Manufactories are in operation day and night in the vicinity of Memphis.

On the 10th instant, Lieutenant J. D. Joak, of the 1st Iowa cavalry, with thirty men, encountered a band of marauders posted in a log hut and barn in Lafayette Co., Mo. The enemy were defeated after a short engagement, in which they had nine killed and three wounded, and our loss was one killed and four wounded.

The following dispatch was also in St. Louis, dated Kansas City, 18th inst.:

Geo. T. Beale, bearer of dispatches to Washington, brings advice from Santa Fe to the 3d inst. He confirms the previous accounts of a battle near Fort Craig on the 21st ult. The Federal loss was 62 killed and 140 wounded. The Texans captured a part of our field pieces. Col. Steele commanded the Texans, who were at Socorro, 33 miles north of Fort Craig.

Col. Canby's command was concentrated at Fort Craig. Nothing has been heard from them since the 25th, all communication being cut off. A large amount of government stores were destroyed at Albuquerque, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

Texans with two pieces of artillery entered Albuquerque on the 2d. Major Donelson, commanding the district of Santa Fe, was preparing to abandon that place and fall back to Fort Union.

Mr. Beale met three companies of Colorado Volunteers, under Lieut. Col. Tappan, at the Hole in the Rock, 60 miles south of Bent's Fort, en route for Fort Union. Seven more companies had crossed the river above; they would meet at the Purgatory, 40 miles south of Bent's Fort.

#### Department of the East.

The following telegraphic dispatches, dated the 23d inst, were received from Washington this (Monday) morning:

A slight skirmish occurred this afternoon, about a mile and a half from Winchester, on the Strasburg road, between a portion of General Shields' troops and the rebel cavalry, with four pieces of artillery. The enemy retreated with loss as soon as our guns opened fire. One man was killed on our side, and Gen. Shields suffered a slight injury in the left arm above the elbow, from a fragment of a shell which burst near him.

A prisoner, brought in, says that they were under the impression that our troops had left Winchester, and Gen. Jackson's forces were on the road from Strasburg, under the same impression.

WINCHESTER, March 23—8 P. M.—I have just come in from the very front of the battle, which occurred three miles out. We have achieved a complete victory over Jackson's forces, taken two guns and caissons, killed, in all, at least one hundred, and wounded as many more. Our loss is large, but probably not over 150 killed and wounded. Our men did well, and took a great many muskets. The enemy is in full retreat.

10 P. M.—We have this day achieved a glorious victory over the combined forces of Gens. Jackson, Smith and Longstreet. The battle was fought within four miles of this place. It raged from 10 A. M. till 3 o'clock. The enemy's strength was about 15,000. The strength of our division was not over 8,000. Our loss in killed and wounded is not ascertained, but is severe. The enemy's loss is double that of ours. We have captured a large number of prisoners and some of their guns, and the ground is strewn with the baggage they left.

A contraband who has just arrived within the Federal lines, reports that Jeff. Davis issued a proclamation on the 16th inst, calling upon all the male inhabitants between the ages of 16 and 60, to form themselves into companies, and report immediately at headquarters. Virginia, he says, demands every sacrifice to maintain the integrity of the soil. Many are fleeing from their homes, anxious to reach our lines. Everything is now at a stand still, from the Potomac to Richmond. Trade is totally suspended from Fredericksburg and the interior towns.

The steam tug Leslie, which has arrived in Washington, reports that, when she passed Aquia Creek, the buildings and wharves there were on fire—the supposition being that the rebels had evacuated the place and burned it.

Dispatches received at the Navy Department from Flag-Officer Dupont, announce that the flag of the United States floats over Fort Marion, at San Augustine, Florida. The town was surrendered without firing a gun. The town authorities received Commander Rogers in the town hall, and after being assured that he would protect the loyal citizens, they raised the flag with their own hands. The rebel troops evacuated the place the night before the appearance of the gunboats. This is the second of the old forts taken.

Jacksonville, Florida, was also surrendered in a like manner. The Governor of Florida has recommended the entire evacuation of East Florida.

The United States steamer Niagara, on the 19th of February, captured twelve small schooners and sloops, with their crews, about thirty fishermen and oystermen, who had been engaged in piloting some small vessels engaged in attempting to run the blockade and reporting to the rebels the movements of our squadron. The majority of the prisoners were released on signing parole, but seven of them, though expressing no objection to take the oath, refused to return to New Orleans, and remained on board the Niagara.

On the 5th of March, the United States steamer Water Witch captured off St. Andrews Bay, on the west coast of Florida, the rebel schooner Wm. Malory, of Mobile, from Havana the 28th of February, and bound wherever she could make a port. She is of 108 tons burden, a remarkably fast sailer, having been chased five hours, and fired at several times before she would leave to. Her cargo is an assorted one.

February 25th, the United States bark King Fisher boarded a schooner under English colors, after chasing her 420 miles, during three days and nights, and thrice losing sight of her. She had refused to heave to or show any flag after having four shots fired at her, and only did so on a shell being sent so close as to show that escape was impossible. She proved to be the Lion, formerly the Alexander, of Parkersville, Texas, and sailed from Havana, February 21st, for Matamoros, with a cargo of 250 bags of coffee, 30 boxes of soap, 50 boxes sheet tin, 100 boxes and 1 quintal of gunpowder. A Confederate flag was found in her cabin.

The following is Gen. Burnside's congratulatory address to his troops:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBERN, March 18, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 17.—The General Commanding congratulates his troops on their brilliant and hard won victory on the 14th. Their courage, their patience, their endurance of fatigue, exposure and toil, cannot be too highly praised. After a fatiguing march, dragging their howitzers by hand through swamps and thickets, after a sleepless night passed in a drenching rain, they met the enemy in their chosen works, protected by strong earthworks mounting many and heavy guns, and in the open field themselves, they conquered. For such soldiers to advance is victory.

The General Commanding directs with peculiar pride, that as a well-deserved tribute to valor in this second victory of the expedition, that each regiment engaged shall inscribe on its banner the memorial name "Newbern."

By command of Brig.-Gen. Burnside.

L. RICHMOND, Adjt.-Gen.

The telegraph this (Tuesday) morning conveys the gratifying intelligence of the capture of Beaufort, N. C., by Gen. Burnside. No particulars received.

#### AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

MANY exaggerated statements having been made as to the mortality in the army, it is ascertained from official sources that the number of deaths among the regulars stationed here for the quarter ending March, 1862, was twenty-eight. For the quarter ending with June, 33 regulars and 46 volunteers. For the quarter ending with September, 50 regulars and 749 volunteers; and for the quarter ending with December, was 108 regulars and 2,970 volunteers. Total deaths 3,990, of which 100 arose from wounds; but the above deaths were in 257 regiments, including those in the army of the Potomac.



The Senate was in Executive session several hours on the 18th inst., and confirmed the following nominations as Major-Generals of Volunteers: Don Carlos Buell, John Pope, Samuel R. Curtis, Franz Sigel, John A. McClelland, Charles F. Smith, and Lewis Wallace.

The following Brigadier-Generals were also confirmed: J. C. Cook, R. J. Oglesby, Wm. H. L. Wallace, J. McArthur, J. Y. Lanman, John A. Logan, Robert L. McCook, Speed S. Fry. All these were Colonels. The Senate also confirmed as Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers the following named: Maj. J. Barnard, Corps of Engineers, Capt. W. Judah, of 4th Infantry; Capt. James B. Ricketts, of 1st Artillery, for meritorious conduct at the battle of Bull Run; James Craig, of Missouri; H. P. Van Clive; Alexander Asboth.

A new military Department, to be called the Department of the Gulf, is constituted. It will comprise all the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola, and so much of the Gulf States as may be occupied by the forces under Major-Gen. B. F. Butler, United States volunteers. The headquarters for the present will be movable, wherever the General Commanding may be.

The States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, with the expedition and forces now under Brig-Gen. T. W. Sherman, will constitute a military Department to be called the Department of the South, to be under the command of Gen. Hunter.

The Provost Marshal-General of the army of the Potomac, and his subordinates, have, in obedience to a general order, turned over to Brig-Gen. Wadsworth, Military Governor of the District of Columbia the buildings and premises occupied in the city of Washington and all the property belonging thereto. The Provost Marshal's office has been withdrawn from Washington, and all the force employed in the military police of the city of Washington is under Gen. Wadsworth. He has established his headquarters in the buildings heretofore used and occupied by the Provost Marshal. The Provost Marshal-General and his subordinates have also turned over to Brigadier-General Wadsworth all the State prisoners within the District of Columbia, and all contrabands now in custody, and the same shall be henceforth under the Military Governor.

The complaints made of slow disbursements from the Treasury attract notice here, but the assurance is given that all requisitions upon the Treasury Department will be responded to whenever a want of funds does not render it impossible. Secretary Chase has used all possible exertions to meet the demand of public creditors.

As our forces extend the authority of the United States on the Atlantic coast, numerous applications are made by merchants and shippers to the Treasury Department for permission to trade with the recaptured ports, but they are generally refused. Nothing is done to interfere with the blockade. Permits, however, are granted by the Departments for internal trade elsewhere.

The Secretary of the Navy has addressed the following letter to Lieutenant Morris and the brave fellows on the Cumberland, for their unparalleled bravery in the recent engagement in Hampton Roads:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 21st, 1862. SIR:—In the calamitous assault of the armored steamer upon the sloop Cumberland and the frigate Congress on the 9th inst., which were comparatively helpless, the Department has had occasion to admire the courage and determination of the officers and men associated with you, who, under the most disastrous and appalling circumstances, boldly fought your formidable assailant, exposed as you were to an opponent secure in his armor, while attacking the Cumberland. To your honor, and those associated with you, the guns were coolly manned, loaded, and discharged, while the vessel was in a sinking condition; and your good ship went down with the flag at the gaff, and its brave defenders proved themselves worthy of the renown which has immortalized the American Navy.

The gallant service of yourself and the brave men of the Cumberland on the occasion is justly appreciated by a grateful country, and the Department, in behalf of the Government, desires to thank you and them for the heroism displayed and the fidelity with which the flag was defended.

I am, respectfully, &c., GIBDON WELLES, To Lieutenant Geo. W. MORRIS, United States Navy, Washington, D. C.

The Clothing Inspection Board concluded its labors on the 21st inst., and submitted its report to the Quartermaster-General. Over \$2,000,000 worth of clothing was condemned. The testimony taken revealed gross frauds perpetrated against the government. These frauds are consequent upon collusion between contractors and inspectors.

The Government is assured, from a perfectly reliable source, that there is not an Armstrong gun in this country, nor has Sir William Armstrong ever made a gun for any other service than that of the British Government. The large rifled ordnance procured from England by the rebels, were made at the Lowden Works, and are made after the designs of Capt. Blakely, formerly of the Royal Artillery.

About twenty of these Blakely guns, 100-pounders rifled cannons, have been delivered to the rebels, which, with thirty smooth siege cannon, constitute all the heavy ordnance of the enemy obtained from abroad which has escaped capture. Most of the rifled cannons used by the rebels have been smooth navy guns, and many of them have burst from the enormous strain put upon them, which they were not designed to bear.

The Navy Department has ordered the builders of the Monitor, Messrs. C. S. Bushnell & Co., six more iron clad vessels, similar in construction but more formidable. They are to be 204 or 205 feet long instead of 170, and to carry two fifteen-inch instead of eleven-inch Dahlgren guns. The pilot house is to be mounted on the top of the turret, and be candle snuffer shaped. The mail protection of both will probably be a good deal thicker than the Monitor. In some respects these new vessels will differ from the Monitor. It is intended that they shall be able to run 10 knots an hour, and shall be thoroughly sea-going.

The proposal under the Navy Department's advertisement for iron clads, was to be opened on the 24th. It is not unlikely that a dozen similar to the Monitor will be contracted for.

It is asserted as the generally prevalent opinion in naval and military circles, that by this time (March 22), the National banner floats over New Orleans, and it is believed that our mortar fleet attacked the rebel fort at the Regoulets within two days after the departure of the steamer from Ship Island bringing North the last intelligence from that point.

A Union meeting was held on the 22d inst., in Fairfax Court House, and speeches were made by Chas. H. Upton, J. C. Underwood and others. Resolutions were adopted expressing thanks to President Lincoln and Secretary Seward for their skill and wisdom in managing our domestic and foreign affairs, and appealing to Gov. Pierpont to order an early election for county officers.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

J. M. Thorburn & Co.'s Seed Warehouse, New York. Timothy de Gand Strawberry—J. Knox. Seeds at low Prices for Spring of 1862—J. Rapalje. A New and Important Invention—Douglas Bly, M. D. Trees and Grape Vines—W. T. & E. Smith. Employment—A New Enterprise—Harris Brothers. Native Evergreens—James A. Root. Isabella Grape Vines—M. D. Freer & Co. Doolittle Strawberry—E. J. Potter. Tompkins County King Apple Trees—J. Copeland. Flower Seeds—J. Rapalje. To Nurserymen.

SPECIAL NOTICES. Rochester City Scale Works—E. A. Forsyth & Co. Brown's Bronchial Troches for Cough. Metropolitan Gift Bookstore.

The News Condenser

A Union newspaper has been started in Columbus, Ky. Counterfeit \$5 bills on the Bank of America, R. I., are in circulation. The Mayor of New Orleans advertises for 100,000 pounds of saltpetre. The official garb of chaplains in the army is prescribed—a plain black suit. A large number of bogus twenty-cent Canada pieces have been put in circulation. The thermometer at Ship Island, Miss., stood, on Feb. 22d, at 95° in the shade. Gen. Hunter started on the 15th inst. for his new command in South Carolina. Great success is reported among the teachers of the contrabands at Hilton Head. Postal communication with Accomac and Northampton counties, Va., is re-opened. Gen. Fremont will assume active command of his department at an early day. In Philadelphia, there are 13 horse railroads, which last year earned over \$1,100,000. The Pennsylvania railroads have made a profit of \$11,250,000 during the past year. The Government pays thirty thousand dollars daily for the support of steam canals. Twelve steel canal boats are being built for operation on the Erie canal this season. W. W. Fosdick, the "poet laureate" of the West, died on Monday week, aged 42 years. The Trenton, N. J., locomotive works are rapidly preparing for the manufacture of guns. An early opening of navigation on the lakes is anticipated, as they are less frozen than usual. They have an icicle estimated at forty feet long and four feet diameter at Worcester, Mass. The Cincinnati Gazette says Gen. Halleck will soon establish his head quarters at Memphis. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the light-house to be re-established at Hatteras Inlet. Seventy two whalers are expected to arrive at New Bedford, Mass., during the present year. The Senate has passed a bill making the pay of army chaplains in all cases \$1,200 per year. About LaCrosse, Wis., there has been uninterrupted sleighing since the 29th of November. Capt. Semmes, of the rebel steamer Sumter, has sent his family to reside in Connecticut for safety. Parties in Memphis, who refuse to take Confederate paper at par, are immediately imprisoned. It is stated that \$20,000 in gold and Treasury Notes were destroyed by the burning of the Congress. Nelligh, a French artist of genius, has for his easel a spirited picture of the battle of Mill Spring. The cotton factories in Great Britain are now consuming at the rate of 30,000 bales of cotton per week. "Feelers" have been put forth in Peru, in view of a proposition to increase that republic to Spain. Eight hundred men are employed in the manufacture of arms in the Bridesburg Arsenal, near Philadelphia. The ship Audubon was chased by a long, black schooner—a privateer—on the 11th inst., off the cape of Virginia. Samuel H. Edwards, Esq., a prominent member of the Onondaga county bar, died suddenly in Syracuse, on Thursday week. Mr. Patterson, lately appointed U. S. Consul at Maranhau, Brazil, died ten days after arriving at that yellow fever locality. Diphtheria is raging in the Gaspé District, Canada. There have been upward of fifty cases, and several deaths have occurred. Out of 68 Confederate prisoners, taken by Capt. Oliver at Blue Spring settlement, Jackson Co., Mo., only 14 could write their name. A silver mill at the Washoe diggings in California, with a "claim" attached, has recently changed hands for the sum of \$205,000. Col. Harvey Brown, Fifth Artillery, has been nominated a Brigadier-General for his gallant conduct at Fort Pickens, in November last. A son of Com. A. H. Foote, U. S. Navy, aged thirteen years, died at New Haven, Ct., on Friday week. His disease was scarlet fever. The Louisville Democrat states that during the occupancy of Bowling Green by the rebels, between 4,700 and 4,800 graves were made there. George Francis Train's railway in Westminster, London, has been decreed a nuisance, and notice has been served for its early removal. The Pitt street evening school for adults, in Boston, has just closed a term of 18 weeks. This school has numbered nearly 600 scholars. Up to Sunday night week, 83 of the rebel prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago, had died. On Monday there were 868 in the hospitals. Our armies have reclaimed 155,000 square miles of territory that one year ago were either in open rebellion or bordering on revolution. Hon. Lorenzo Sabine, of Massachusetts, has been appointed Commissioner to England and France, in reference to the fisheries question. Nashville would rather give half a million dollars than have the Federal army leave her limits and the rebel army return for even 30 days. It is stated that, on the levee and bluffs at Memphis, great quantities of molasses and sugar are stored, all available space being occupied with them. Cassius M. Clay will not be able to assume command much before May, as he is ordered to remain at St. Petersburg until Mr. Cameron reaches there. Com. Pendergrast reports officially that the Merrimack fled persistently into the Congress after she had struck her flag. This is chivalric Southern honor. Nearly nine hundred thousand persons, four and a half per cent. of our population, are (says the London, Eng., Spectator,) now receiving parish relief. From present indications, says the Delawarean, the largest peach crop ever gathered in Delaware will reward the labors of our husbandmen this year. An advertisement appears in the Louisville-Nashville Courier for 50 pairs of bloodhounds to hunt down Union men in Eastern Tennessee and Kentucky. In Philadelphia, last year, there were 2,900 more deaths than in 1860, partly owing to the prevalence of epidemics, of small pox, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. Among the trophies captured in the recent engagement at Pittsburg, Tenn., was a drum, on which was painted, "captured from the Federal army at Manassas." The fortifications at Columbus were much more formidable than was at first supposed. For four miles out on the railroad, the bluffs were all strongly fortified. A pig in Lewiston, Me., some three months ago strayed under a stable, where he was locked in by snow. He was found a few days since, alive and kicking, although emaciated.

OUR SPRING CAMPAIGN!

NO TAX ON KNOWLEDGE, BUT PREMIUMS FOR ITS DIFFUSION!

MORE GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!

PREMIUMS FOR SMALL LISTS!

EVERY CLUB AGENT REWARDED!

Now that the period of competition for the Premiums offered last November for early lists, (and the largest clubs remitted for on or before Feb. 1st,) has expired—and as the large lists have already been received—we purpose giving every friend of the RURAL who will obtain a small number of subscribers (say 6 to 24 or more), a valuable Reward for his or her effort in so doing. Our Programme for the Spring Campaign is in this wise:

CASH AND OTHER PREMIUMS.

I. TO EACH OF THE TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS remitting according to our terms, for the largest Twenty-Five Lists of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER between this date and APRIL 15, 1862, we will give a United States Treasury Note for FIVE DOLLARS, (or, if preferred, \$5 in gold),—in addition to one of the premiums offered below.

II. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, for Twenty-Four or more subscribers, as above, we will give (in addition to a free copy of the RURAL), a perfect and handsomely bound volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1861 or 1860—price \$3; or, if preferred to bound RURAL, a copy of LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—(an Imperial 8vo. volume, with 300 illustrations—price \$3.50).

III. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, either \$15 for 10 copies, \$21 for 15 copies, or \$28 for 20 copies, we will give a free copy of the RURAL, and either THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, (price \$1.25), or EVERYBODY'S LAWYER, (price \$1.25), as preferred, or, either one of the books, or package of flower seeds, offered below, if the person entitled to prefer.

IV. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, \$10 for six copies, we will give a free copy of RURAL, and either the MANUAL OF AGRICULTURE, or LOSSING'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES, (price \$1), or a dollar package of choice imported Flower Seeds.

All books (except bound Rural and Lossing's Illustrated) and seeds will be sent by mail, post-paid. Persons entitled to book or flower seed premiums can also compete for the cash premiums! In order to give all who compete a fair and equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders, citizens of Rochester, and persons (or their agents or aliases) who advertise by circular to receive subscriptions (from a distance, at club rates), for the RURAL in their "clubs," (whether called "Empire," "Keystone," or by other title), are excluded from competition for any of the above premiums.

Comment upon the above offers is unnecessary. Every person who forms a club of six or more is sure of a free copy and valuable book, or as our regular agents have already sent in their large lists, of course the premiums now offered will be taken mainly by new agents, or those who form new clubs, though they are open to all. There is yet abundant time to form new clubs, to commence with the volume (we can still furnish back numbers,) or at any time, and we trust subscribers, those who have sent for specimen numbers, and others who receive this, will at once commence the Spring Campaign.

TERMS OF THE RURAL—Always in Advance.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, Three Copies, one year, \$6; Six Copies, one year, \$10; Twelve Copies, one year, \$18; and any greater number at the same rate—only \$1.25 per copy! Club papers sent by rail, or by express, if desired. All Subscriptions Remitted by Draft on New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange,) MAY BE SENT AT THE RISK OF THE PUBLISHER, if made payable to his order.

Please write all names plainly, that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly printed in Mailing Machine. All remittances should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y. FEBRUARY 3, 1862.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN—PREMIUMS, &c.—Now that the times are improving, Rebellion ceasing, and the season for active (but peaceful and profitable) operations in Field, Orchard and Garden coming on apace, many will subscribe for the RURAL if opportunity is presented. Will not agent, friends, and all readers disposed to become such, give the matter attention? Additions to present clubs, either for the full year from Jan., or this date, (or from this or a subsequent date to the end of the year), are now in order at the club rate, and in proportion for less than full year. New clubs, to commence with Jan., March or April, (when a new Quarter begins), are also in order during the Spring Campaign, while single subscriptions will prove acceptable at any time. For Premiums offered, see above list!

FREE COPIES, PREMIUMS, &c.—We give only ONE FREE COPY to each person competing for premiums, however large the list procured; but those who do not compete for any premium, are entitled to an extra free copy for every ten subscribers over twenty. Most agents understand our offers correctly, and remit accordingly; but as some suppose we give both extra copies and premiums, we make the above statement that none may be mistaken.

DIRECT TO ROCHESTER, N. Y.—All persons having occasion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER will please direct to Rochester, N. Y., and not, as many do, to New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c. Money letters intended for us are frequently directed and mailed to the above places. Please note.

THE LEGAL RATE OF POSTAGE ON THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is only 3¢ cents per quarter to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free), and 6¢ cents to any other State or Territory, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

Special Notices.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza. Any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. "That trouble in my throat for which the 'Troches are a specific' having made me feel a mere whisperer."

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. "I recommend their use to 'Public Speakers.'" REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK. "A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c."

DR. G. F. BIGELOW, BOSTON. "I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The Troches are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice."

REV. GEO. SLACK, Minister Church of England, Milton Parsonage, Canada. CAUTION.—As there are many imitations, ask for and obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," which by long experience have proved their value, having received the sanction of physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents per box.

IN LOOK.—REV. CHARLES MACKEN, of Riga, last week received a beautiful Six-Bottled Silver-Plated Caster, valued at \$25, as a gift accompanying the purchase of a Family Bible at the Metropolitan Gift Book Store in this city. MARY HOMER, a beautiful Gold Watch, valued at \$50, with a Photograph Album. Mr. JAMES WILSON, of Le Roy, a Silver Ice Pitcher, valued at \$25, with a Farrier Book. Many other valuable articles, too numerous to mention, were also given away. A Gift accompanies each Book sold, varying in value from 50 cents to \$100.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM OF THE CLASS, IS MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

ER the leading and largest circulated Agricultural, Business and Family Newspaper in America. Business Men who wish to reach, at once, tens of THOUSANDS of the most enterprising Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., and thousands of Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professionals. Men, throughout the loyal States, should give the RURAL a trial. As the business season is at hand, now is THE TIME for all who wish to advertise widely and profitably, to select the best medium—and that the above is first of its class, many prominent Manufacturers, Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Dealers in Agricultural Implements, Machinery, &c., Wholesale Merchants, Educational Institutions, Publishers, Land and Insurance Companies, Agencies, &c., in various parts of the country, can attest.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, March 24th, 1862. FLOUR AND GRAIN.—As a general thing are in the condition noted last week. The only movement is in Corn, and at a decline from our last quotations equal to 1/2 cent per bushel. MEATS.—There has been quite a change in rates within the past few days. Mess Pork has declined 50 cents to \$1 per barrel. Dressed Hogs are down 2¢/100 per 100 pounds. Beef and Mutton have advanced slightly. DAIRY, &c.—Choice Butter is in demand at 14¢/100 cents per pound. Eggs were worth 14¢/100 cents per dozen. HIDES AND SKINS.—Hides are drooping, the extreme price being 5 cents. Calf skins 7¢/100 per pound, a slight advance.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and other goods.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24.—FLOUR.—The market is without decided change, but a moderate business doing for export, and home consumption. Sales at \$1.15/100 lbs for rejected; \$1.20/100 lbs for superfine State; \$1.25/100 lbs for extra State; \$1.30/100 lbs for superfine Western; \$1.35/100 lbs for extra Western; \$1.40/100 lbs for superfine Ohio; and \$1.45/100 lbs for extra Ohio. CORN.—The market is quiet, with a moderate business doing. Sales at 5¢/100 lbs for superfine; and 4¢/100 lbs for common to choice extra. RYE FLOUR.—The market is quiet; small sales at 8¢/100 lbs for superfine; and 7¢/100 lbs for common to choice extra. BUTTER.—The market is quiet; small sales at 14¢/100 lbs for superfine; and 13¢/100 lbs for common to choice extra. EGGS.—The market is quiet; small sales at 14¢/100 cents per dozen.

ALBANY, MARCH 24.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is nothing of moment doing in this market beyond supplying the demands of the retail trade, and very limited, at unchanged prices: Common to good State, \$1.15/100 lbs; Extra State, \$1.20/100 lbs; Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c., \$1.25/100 lbs; Extra Ohio, \$1.30/100 lbs; Common to good State, \$1.15/100 lbs; Extra Canadian, \$1.20/100 lbs; Family Genesee, \$1.25/100 lbs; Dutch and city brands, \$1.30/100 lbs; Corn meal is in limited supply at \$1.25/100 lbs; and only a moderate milling inquiry. Sales in Flouring State at \$1.15/100 lbs for No. 1 to prime, the latter an outside price. Butter in moderate quantities is selling at 14¢/100 lbs for choice, and 13¢/100 lbs for State. Cheese steady at 6¢/100 for good to choice, and 5¢/100 for common and steady, at 5¢/100 for Pota, and 4¢/100 for 4¢.

BUFFALO, MARCH 24.—FLOUR.—The market has a slightly improved tendency for the higher grades, but without quotable change in prices, and as continued to the local trade. The sales were at \$1.15/100 lbs for superfine; \$1.20/100 lbs for extra; \$1.25/100 lbs for superfine Ohio; and \$1.30/100 lbs for extra Ohio. CORN.—The market is quiet, and nothing doing in the way of sales. Corn remains quiet and nominal at 4¢/100 from the way of State. Oats steady at 5¢/100.

TORONTO, MARCH 24.—The business done in our Produce Market for grain has been exceedingly limited. The receipts of grain both by sea and rail have fallen off in consequence of the impassable condition of the roads throughout the country. Dealers are not anxious to accumulate stock in the way of grain, and holders are reluctant to sell to any extent would rather hold it until the opening of navigation in June to a decline. The latest accounts from Anglo-Saxons "feed" our market favorably.

FLOUR.—Since our last, one or two buyers having withdrawn on the market, prices have suffered a slight decline, and with a moderate inquiry for superfine, at 14¢/100 lbs, and in limited supply could only be obtained for a round lot. Family and extra are neglected; the quotations are therefore nominal. BUTTER.—The market is quiet, and nothing doing in the way of sales. Butter remains quiet and nominal at 14¢/100 for choice, and 13¢/100 for State. Cheese steady at 6¢/100 for good to choice, and 5¢/100 for common and steady, at 5¢/100 for Pota, and 4¢/100 for 4¢.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: BEEF CATTLE. First quality, \$1.00/100 lbs; Second quality, \$0.95/100 lbs; Common quality, \$0.90/100 lbs; Inferior quality, \$0.85/100 lbs. COWS AND CALVES. First quality, \$4.00/100 lbs; Ordinary quality, \$3.50/100 lbs; Common quality, \$3.00/100 lbs; Inferior quality, \$2.50/100 lbs.

NEW YORK, MARCH 24.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: SHEEP AND LAMBS. Prime quality, \$1.00/100 lbs; Ordinary quality, \$0.95/100 lbs; Common, \$0.90/100 lbs; Inferior, \$0.85/100 lbs. SWINE. First quality, \$3.00/100 lbs; Ordinary, \$2.50/100 lbs; Common, \$2.00/100 lbs; Inferior, \$1.50/100 lbs.

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ALBANY, MARCH 24.—Butter was the market opened and closed in favor of the seller. Owing to the advance in New York, last Wednesday, the market opened stiff, and most sellers evinced a carelessness about selling, unless at an advance of 1/2¢ per lb. The weight, on last week, was 1 1/2 lbs, and their views were met by the New Yorkers, most of whom were anxious to take down a supply on speculation. The Eastern men held out, saying they could not afford to sell at 1 1/2 lbs, and their views were met by the New Yorkers, most of whom were anxious to take down a supply on speculation. The Eastern men held out, saying they could not afford to sell at 1 1/2 lbs, and their views were met by the New Yorkers, most of whom were anxious to take down a supply on speculation.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car: Cattle, This week, Last week, Cor. week. Sheep, 2,551, 1,824, 4,710. Hogs, 230, 230, 70.

PREMIUMS.—The market closes comparatively firm at the following quotations: This week, Last week. Premium, 60 c, 5 1/2 @ 5 3/4. Extra, 44 1/2 @ 44, 4 1/2 @ 4 3/4. Second quality, 38 1/2 @ 38, 3 1/2 @ 3 3/4. Third quality, 32 1/2 @ 32, 2 1/2 @ 2 3/4.

SHREY.—Supply light and demand good. Prices range from 5¢ to 5 1/2¢ per lb, one drove averaging 125 lbs, selling at the outside figure. HOGS.—But few are coming forward now, and the market is weak. We hear of a few, and 1 1/2 lbs, and their views were met by the New Yorkers, most of whom were anxious to take down a supply on speculation.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 19.—At market, 875 Cattle, about 400 Beets, and 27 Stoves, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one two and three year old. MARKET BEEF.—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat-sided Oxen) \$0.22/100 lbs; first quality, \$0.20/100 lbs; second \$0.18/100 lbs; third, \$0.16/100 lbs; ordinary, 6¢/100 lbs. WORKING OXEN.—Pair—\$90/100. COWS AND CALVES.—\$80/100. SHEEP AND LAMBS.—1400 at market. Prices in lots, \$3.75/100, \$4.00/100, \$4.25/100, \$4.50/100, \$4.75/100, \$5.00/100. FATS.—\$1.50/100. Calf Skins—6¢/100 lb. W. VALLALLEY. None.

BRIGHTON, MARCH 20.—At market, 550 Beef Cattle, 150 Steers, 150 Sheep and Lambs, and 1 1/2 Cows. MARKET BEEF.—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat-sided Oxen) \$0.22/100 lbs; first quality, \$0.20/100 lbs; second \$0.18/100 lbs; third, \$0.16/100 lbs; ordinary, 6¢/100 lbs. WORKING OXEN.—Pair—\$90/100. COWS AND CALVES.—\$80/100. SHEEP AND LAMBS.—\$4.00/100. FATS.—\$1.50/100. Calf Skins—6¢/100 lb. W. VALLALLEY. None.

TORONTO, MARCH 20.—BEEF.—Several lots have been offered. The local demand is nominal, and limited, quotations are lower, although \$6 was paid for a choice lot designed for the Montreal market; the ruling prices are from \$4.00/100 to \$5.00/100. LAMBS.—\$5.00/100 each. SHEEP.—\$4.00/100 each. HOGS.—\$1.00/100 lbs. SHEEPSKINS, each, \$1.00/100 lb. CALVESKINS, 1/2 lb, 8¢. GIBSON.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 20.—The demand is moderate, but prices are without important change; sales of 30,000 lbs fine raw fleeces at 42¢; 10,000 lbs low do. at 40¢; 500 lbs super extra pulled, on private terms; also, 100 bales Turkey, about 20¢ do. Mexican, and 2,000 lbs washed Dunlop, on private terms. We quote: American Fleeces 3/4 blood, \$1.00/100 lbs; American half blood Merino, \$0.90/100 lbs; American Native and Merino, \$0.80/100 lbs; Extra pulled, \$0.70/100 lbs; Superfine pulled, \$0.60/100 lbs; No. 1 pulled, \$0.50/100 lbs; Lamb's pulled, \$0.40/100 lbs; California fine, unwashed, \$0.30/100 lbs; California common do., \$0.20/100 lbs; Peruvian washed, \$0.10/100 lbs; Valparaiso unwashed, \$0.05/100 lbs; South American Merino unwashed, \$0.02/100 lbs; South American Corvado Rio do, \$0.01/100 lbs; South American Corvado Rio do, \$0.01/100 lbs; Cape Good Hope unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; East Indian unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; African unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Smyrna washed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Smyrna unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Mexican unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs.

BOSTON, MARCH 20.—The following are the rates for the week: Saxony and Merino, fine, 40¢/100 lbs; Texas, \$0.00/100 lbs; Full blood, \$0.48/100 lbs; Smyrna, washed, \$0.20/100 lbs; American half blood, \$0.44/100 lbs; California, \$0.30/100 lbs; Extra pulled, \$0.48/100 lbs; Superfine pulled, \$0.42/100 lbs; No. 1 pulled, \$0.30/100 lbs; Lamb's pulled, \$0.20/100 lbs; California fine, unwashed, \$0.15/100 lbs; California common do., \$0.10/100 lbs; Peruvian washed, \$0.05/100 lbs; Valparaiso unwashed, \$0.02/100 lbs; South American Merino unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; South American Corvado Rio do, \$0.01/100 lbs; Cape Good Hope unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; East Indian unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; African unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Smyrna washed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Smyrna unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs; Mexican unwashed, \$0.01/100 lbs.

Married

In East Lansing, Tompkins Co., N. Y., March 4th, by the Rev. E. SMITH, Mr. L. H. MEAD, of Locke, Cayuga Co., and Miss ADDIE F. LUDLOW, of the former place. On the 20th inst., at the residence of ISAAC A. SMITH, Esq., in Genesee Falls, Wyoming Co., N. Y., by the Rev. J. OLNEY, of Castle, Mr. ARON W. APP, of



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] SONG—UPON THE SEA.

BY JANE JONES.

A HOME, a home, on the rushing sea! Where the waves are wild and the winds are free; Where the billowy spray is tossed in glee, And the foam is as light as foam can be.

There bright at eve is each kindling star; The matin vespers are borne from far, Where the ocean echoes lie and dream Down in the light of the pale pearl's beam.

A fairy bark must this wee craft be— The rigging light and the top-mast free. The billowy sails of the purest white, The spars all gold in the gleaming light.

The banner 'd hoist should flash in view The glorious three—red, white, and blue— At eve its stars should seem to be Reflected from the "upper sea."

With these to charm me while I sail, I'll challenge wave, and tide, and gale; Will live a "merry sailor boy," And envy not the landsman's joy.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1862.

The Story-Teller.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] MRS. F.'S NEW PHYSICIAN.

BY ALINE M. WARREN.

Mrs. F., the heroine of this short sketch, was as bright and healthy looking a woman as you would wish to see. Her cheeks glowed with health, or at least one would have supposed such to be the case, but according to her own account it was a deceitful glow.

Allopathy was discarded for homeopathy, and that in its turn for what she called mesmeric influences; and when I met her a few months since, she was in reality what she had feared to become, a confirmed invalid,—pale, suffering, and sad, like the majority of American women.

Her parlor scarcely seemed like the same room where I had spent so many pleasant hours "lang syne." The melodeon was closed, and every thing had a cheerless, desolate aspect. There were no flowers on the mantle, and when little WILLIE came in, fresh and rosy with exercise, bringing a sheaf of blue gentian and golden rods, and begged to place just a few in the vases, she complained, languidly, that she could not bear their fragrance.

There were saucers of soft velvet moss that he had gathered by the river's brink, and these were filled with tiny scarlet flowers that looked like sparkles of flame. A large white lily just opening, contrasted finely with a rare and beautiful rose which his father had given him only the day before.

When I returned to the parlor, Mrs. F. waxed eloquent on the subject of hydropathy, and I observed that the small table which stood near her lounge was loaded with books treating upon that subject. She had already spent some time, at a celebrated Water Cure establishment without receiving any perceptible benefit, yet she wished to return at once.

At last I ventured to inquire about her flower garden, which had once been her especial care. I remembered the pride with which she had once shown me her roses of every shade, from the purest white to the deepest crimson.

Just then WILLIE came in, his face in such a glow that I knew something very pleasant had happened. "Oh, mother," said he, "you cannot guess what uncle HARRY has sent me?"

"What is it my son?" she asked, with so much interest that the boy was evidently astonished. "A whole box of tulip bulbs and some of those beautiful Japan lilies that Mrs. ALLEN has. It seems as if uncle HARRY knew just what I wanted."

"Where will you set them WILLIE?" I asked. His countenance fell as he replied, "I don't know, when papa comes perhaps he can find a place."

WILLIE was in ecstasies, and when Mr. F. came home an hour later he was agreeably surprised to see the warm tints of his wife's shawl among the shrubbery, and a little further on she and WILLIE were earnestly engaged at work. That evening she looked fresher than I had known her for weeks, and as I bade her good-by the next morning, I earnestly prayed that the afternoon's experience might be of benefit to her.

Nearly a year has elapsed, and I am once more seated in the pleasant parlor of the F.'s. I can scarcely believe the evidence of my senses that this is the same place I visited last autumn; and the genial, social little woman, seated opposite me now, the fretful, complaining invalid of that time. Yet it is even so, and to understand the reasons of the change, listen with me to her story.

"After you left us, your words haunted me for months, yet I had not energy enough left to rouse from the torpor, mental and bodily, in which you found me. But when spring came, I had resolution enough to superintend WILLIE's work out of doors, for he had kindly offered to take the whole charge of my little "parterre." Gradually, as I became interested in the work, my hands were busied as well as my brain, and it was wonderful how soon the yard grew into beauty under our care.

Hillsdale Farm, Vermont, 1862.

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.

WESTERN EXUBERANCE.—The Frankfort (Ky.) Commonwealth, of the 19th ult., contains the following letter to the rebels:

My Dear Rebs:—I now take my pen in hand for the purpose of holding communion with you, through the silent medium of pen and paper. I have just learned that the lines are now open as far as Fort Donelson, in Tennessee, and I avail myself, with alacrity, of the opportunity now presented of resuming our correspondence.

How are you, anyhow? How does "dying in the last ditch" agree with your general health? How is the "constitution" down your way? Do you think there is any government? How is "King Kottling"?

Is Lloyd Tilghman still hanging Union men in the first district? Is Floyd still "rifling" cannon and other small arms? How's Pillow's last "ditch," and when will he gratify his numerous friends by "dying" in the same?

How is the "Southern Heart"? Are you still able to whip five to one? What is your opinion of the Dutch race? Did the recognition of the S. Confed. by England and France benefit you much?

Where is the "Provisional Government" of Kentucky, and what is it kept in? Where is the Louisville-Nashville-Bowling Green Courier now published? Say!

A prompt answer will relieve many anxious hearts. Yours in a horn, A LINCOLN MAN. United States, February 18, 1862.

A REPORT prevailing in Norfolk that the Burnside expedition had gone to Davy Jones' locker, an excited individual exclaimed:—"My gracious! oughten Davis to have defended that pint!" He thought it was some approachable Southern port. THE New York Commercial says the black flag which the rebels displayed at Fort Donelson on Saturday, turned "white with fear" on Sunday. In other words, during Saturday night the "black flag" was transformed into a "white feather."

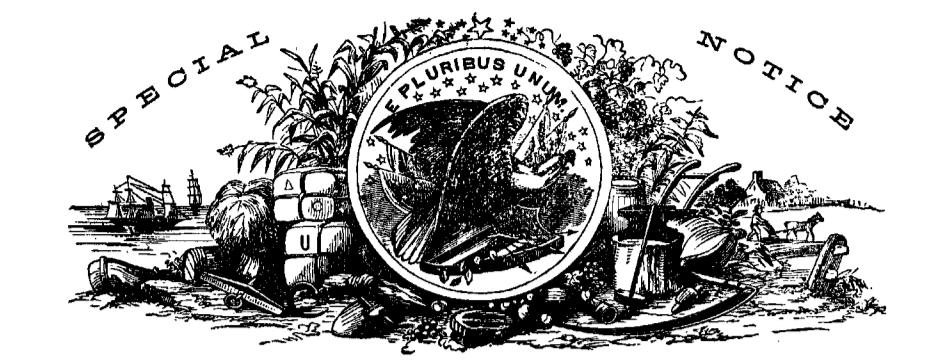
THE rebels are fleet of foot, but they couldn't escape Foote's fleet. Corner for the Young. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 26 letters. My 12, 8, 24, 26, 7 is a pronoun. My 21, 7, 18, 23 is worn by men. My 5, 13, 1, 22, 2 is a man's name. My 17, 19, 9, 20 is an animal. My 15, 14, 25, 23 is a part of the body. My 6, 16, 10 is to plunder. My 3, 4, 11 is a Latin pronoun. My whole is what all should do. Genoa, N. Y., 1862. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. 1. A bird and a blossom. 2. Smallness and the name of a common flower. 3. A loss of remembrance, a pronoun, and a word expressing denial. 4. Liveliness and a plume. 5. A month and a flower. 6. A part of the day and a word denoting fame. 7. Zeal and a blossom. 8. Preciseness and a flower. Farmers' College, College Hill, O., 1862. J. M. C. Answer in two weeks.

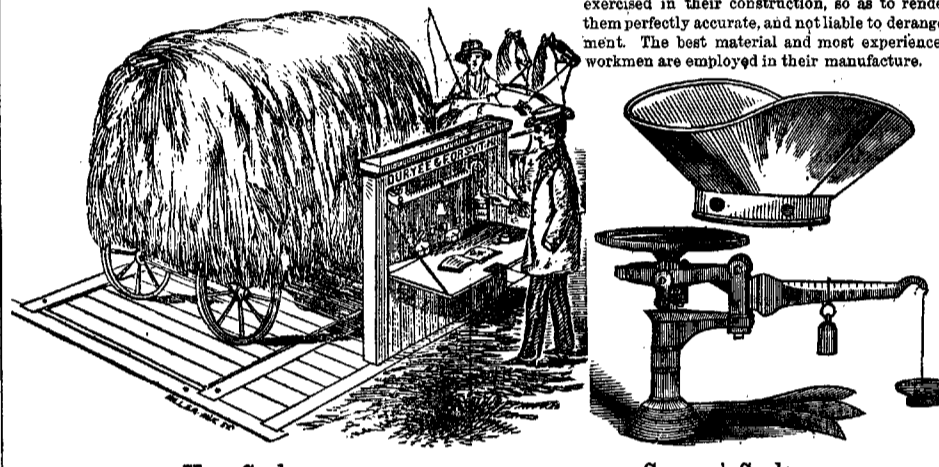
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM. THE sum of two sides of a plane triangle is 1,400 feet; the perpendicular let fall from the vertex upon the base is 450 feet; the perpendicular is 1 5/7 times as much as the difference of the segments of the base. Find the area of the triangle, and the length of the base, and each side. A. MILLER. East Zorra, Oxford Co., Canada, 1862. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 635. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigmas—Double Acrostic—Union now and forever. Answer to Charade.—Portugal. Answer to Arithmetical Problem.—\$400.



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