

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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.
CHAS. D. BRADGON, 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.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE WAR AND AGRICULTURE.

It may well cause anxiety among farmers, when they look forward to the season now near at hand for the commencement of their usual farm labor. The farmer who brings out his plow to begin preparing for his spring crops, may well pause and ask what is to be the condition of this country when the crop matures and he is to be paid for the labor now about to be expended. The dairyman may well pause as his cows begin to give out their treasures, and ask what is to be the prospect for sale of the butter, or cheese, or pork which is to be manufactured during the coming season. The sheep farmer may well pause, and ponder, and wonder if he is to find the same dull, stagnant market that met him so seriously the last year. All are accustomed to go cheerfully at their spring work when they are dependent only upon the kind blessing of that good Father who has promised "seed time and harvest" to all who, by diligent industry, prepare for the reception of these blessings. But now, when the very foundations of society are broken up, when that peace and security which to the farmer more than any other is the "bright bow of hope," is threatened or overturned, he may well take hold of his plow with serious thoughts.

That the future is clouded cannot be disguised. That this great rebellion is causing a great change in the business relations of society is very manifest. That Government is expending vast sums of money daily, which, in the aggregate, must be counted by hundreds of millions of dollars, is a fact not to be doubted; and quite as certain is the fact that all this vast expenditure of treasure has yet to be met by the produce of the land. In other words, the farmers of the country in the end must pay the debt; for in whatever manner it may for the time be disguised, ultimately all national or public debts are paid from the cultivated lands of the country. The wealth of a country is the surplus of its agricultural products. Were the agriculture of this country to fail, or to become so feeble as to only furnish a bare subsistence to its population, all its other interests would be speedily bankrupt. Heavy taxation then, is before us, heavier than has ever yet been borne in this country. The articles of luxury, and many of necessity, will be high, and the products of the farm will not be advanced in proportionate value. But the duty of the farmer is plain,—the prospect, though clouded, is by no means dark. Cultivate all the land you can, and do it well. If possible, raise greater crops than last year, so that your surplus shall equal at least the increase tax that you will have to pay for the protection of the whole. Remember that war with its desolation, is far from your border, and that so long as it keeps its deadly blight from our peaceful homes, we can well afford to pay for the exemptions.

We have taken the dark side of the prospect. Let us look upon the bright one, for a bright and hopeful one there certainly is.

The wants of Europe have already absorbed the surplus of one, and are gradually absorbing the second, of the most abundant harvests which we have ever had on this Continent. The demand will not be abated until we reach another harvest at least. All our cereals will be in demand and at fair prices, and the next harvest will come in on empty granaries. We may, therefore, sow and plant in all confidence, even if war should continue on the scale of the present armament.

The low prices of butter and cheese during the last two years, have introduced these articles into foreign markets, where they were rarely seen before, and the demand has absorbed our surplus, and created an increased demand abroad. The products of the dairy, then, will meet a ready sale at fair prices, if we only strive to produce a first rate article. For it is by the excellence of our dairy articles in the foreign markets that we have been such successful competitors, and thus control an unflinching demand.

The exigencies of the nation require a high tariff,

which, from the very nature of things, must remain for many years. This will give permanence to manufactures, and capital will readily seek employment in manufacturing. All over the country we are, therefore, to have an increased demand for the products of our flocks and fields and herds at home. The consumers will be rapidly increased, while the producers will, if anything, decrease. The tariff will give permanence to our financial institutions, and we shall have a season of prosperity such as never has been seen in any country.

But over and above all this, we are to be improved in our morals, in our habits of economy, in those of thrift, and we shall come out of this great rebellion strengthened.

Let us all then endeavor, each in his proper sphere, to make what seems a great calamity a great National Blessing, and a kind Providence will crown our efforts with success.

IRISH AGRICULTURE.

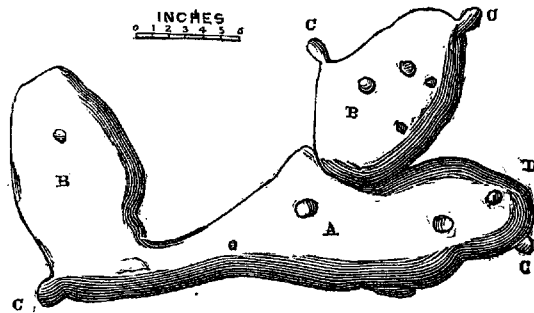
The present state of our country—the unhappy war made upon the Union by a horde of unprincipled slaveholding politicians and their silly dupes—the hatred of the London Times and three-fourths of the English papers towards the North, and their avowed sympathy with rebellion—the honest, manly sympathy of Ireland and the Irish people everywhere with the free North, and the present scarcity of food and threatened starvation in the "green isle," gives Americans an interest in the condition of Ireland that has not been felt since long years ago we sent our ships on their errand of mercy to save the men, women, and children of that beautiful yet unhappy island from a horrible death. For some years the London Times has urged Irish landholders to abandon the culture of wheat and other grains, and even flax, and to lay down the whole island in permanent pasture for the purpose of growing stock and butter for the English market. That this course would rob the laboring people of a great part of the work upon which they depend for subsistence, was of course well known, for but little labor is required under such a system of agriculture; yet this sacrifice was not considered too great to carry out the notions of the Times, and fresh meat to England in exchange for her manufactures. Through the influence thus set to work, the plan has been adopted to some extent, and its ruinous effects are seen and lamented by the best agriculturists of Ireland. It has deprived many industrious men of labor and the means of subsistence and driven them from their homes to seek labor and support in other lands. But even this has been declared by the Times an evidence of prosperity, and the Irish Farmer's Gazette, one of our best European exchanges, says—
"In the estimation of the writers in the Times, a rapid and enormous decrease in the population of Ireland has been considered a sure indication of the rapidly improving and enormously increased prosperity of this country in every point of view; while the abandonment of tillage and the extension of permanent pasture has been no less lauded by them as the most beneficial agricultural change which could possibly have occurred."

Feeling that its wild theories needed support from the attacks of the Irish agriculturists, the Times pursued its favorite course, and last autumn sent a well-known English agriculturist as a commissioner to make a circuit of the Island, and report upon its agricultural condition, believing, no doubt, that the commissioner would see the necessity of serving his masters, and fully realize that his principal work was to sustain by facts and arguments the course the Times had pursued. Had a politician or barrister been selected for this work, all would have gone smoothly, no doubt, but a barrister's opinion on the agriculture of Ireland would of course have no weight, and therefore it became necessary that a well-known farmer should be chosen for this mission. Fortunately, farmers, as a general thing, have not yet learned that it is not good policy to be honest and truthful, and are not quick to take a hint that any dishonest work is required of them. The commissioner entered upon his mission, and soon discovered that the opinions advanced by writers in the Times were calculated to do great mischief, and recommended very urgently a different policy. He found that while "in some localities the farming shows universal improvement, in other parts of the country no perceptible progress had been made, saving that a fearful amount of depopulation had left fewer families to share among them a larger stock of floating and movable wealth." And, as the conclusion of the whole matter, he considered it his business "to press the importance of enlarging the present proportion of plow land by breaking up inferior old pastures; it having been shown that the lighter soils—embracing one-half the entire surface of Ireland, and two-thirds of the area in cultivation—would furnish more meat and store animals, besides the corn, dairy produce, and wool, if farmed as a mixture of grass and tillage land, instead of being purely grazed. And this addition of 4,000,000 acres to the labor-needing area would provide work for about 600,000 men, representing as heads of families probably 2,500,000 inhabitants."

Sadly disappointed and chagrined at the honesty of its practical correspondent, the Times commenced a system of bullying towards Irish agriculturists, similar to that which for months has characterized its course toward America, and with bold impudence declares its opposition to the facts and opinions of its own commissioner, and that it has "no reason to doubt that the green island will one day present the aspect of a vast pasture, studded with towns." In reviewing these articles, the Farmer's Gazette says—
"It is positively painful to follow the editorial writers in the Times through all their misrepresentations of facts, and their unmanly, pettifoggish quibbling. They have been convicted of error by their own correspondent, but from pure obstinacy—that kind of obstinacy which is engendered by the combination of pride and ignorance—they refuse to learn wisdom even from his pen. So far as we are concerned—to use what is now classical language—we 'don't care two rows of pins' for the opinions of the Times on Irish agricultural matters; but there are some among us who are weak enough to see only through whatever spectacles that journal may choose to supply them with—who imagine it to be almost an inspired guide in all subaltern affairs; and there are others, we are sorry to say, who would rather listen to a chorus of Beelzebub's angels than the blithe whistle of a sturdy plowman. It is on that account alone we speak out; for we would desire to save the one party from the consequences of their blind infatuation, and the country from those which result from the line of conduct pursued by the latter. When Ireland realizes the fond wish of the Times, by becoming 'a vast pasture,' England may look to her own stability, chained as she will then be to a lifeless mass. On the other hand, if we improve the talents with which a bountiful Providence hath endowed us, in what we undoubtedly enjoy, a fertile soil and genial climate, then, indeed, Ireland will be England's right arm, and a mighty contributor to the nation's wealth. Let us, then, not submit to be bullied by the Times, to follow a course which has already produced much evil among us, and which, if persisted in, can only end in the general ruin of the country."

THE POTATO.

It will be recollected by those who have been attentive readers of the RURAL for some years past, that when discussing the raising of potatoes in the hill, we stated that the potato is not a root, but an underground branch. As some proof of this, we gave an engraving of potatoes produced above ground. In the London Gardener's Chronicle we



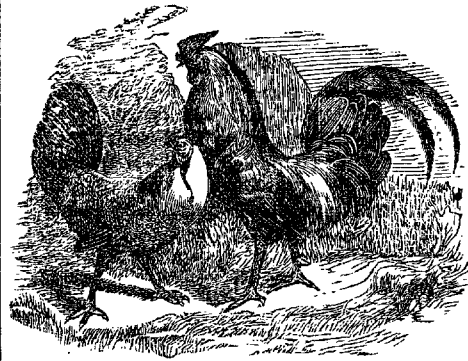
find an engraving and description of a Fluke potato upwards of two feet in length, and its examination, the editor remarks, will be very instructive, "because it assists in demonstrating the true nature of a potato; not that such proof is wanted by men of science, but because there is still a lingering belief in many minds that this vegetable was but a root, as it is commonly called. If anything can remove such an erroneous belief, the monster before us will do it, for it bears unmistakable evidence of being an underground branch covered with buds. How it was formed is uncertain, the specimen not having been examined by ourselves; but it is probable that the base of the tuber was somewhere about *," and that it was formed by three successive growths. Probably the first growth was from * to b, which was what in Ireland is called the "rose end," in which vegetation is most active; this is shown by the direction of the notches, or imperfect leaves on the under side. The part between * and b having been formed, growth seems to have been temporarily suspended. When renewed, the laterals b, c, were formed, and they being formed, growth was a second time arrested. Eventually, towards the end of the season a third attempt at extension was made, the result of which was the little knobs c c c c. All this is just what would happen in an ordinary branch budding repeatedly above ground, and has no resemblance to anything that occurs among roots. The difference between this potato tuber and a potato branch arises from the constitutional peculiarity of that plant to form gouty branches, and from the latter being produced in the midst of the mechanical opposition offered to regular development by a close pressed stony soil."

UNPRODUCTIVE VS. WELL-TILLED FARMS.—A worn out and unproductive farm, like a bloated drunkard, is an unpleasant spectacle to look upon; but a well-tilled homestead, like a robust, healthy, temperate man, standing in his meridian strength, is one of the most pleasing objects that one can meet.

A CHAPTER ON POULTRY.

JUDGING from the tenor of several inquiries now before us, it would almost seem as though the fever which exhibited its violence in a passion for large breeds of fowls was passing away, and that those who have heretofore discarded anything but a mammoth feathered biped, are seeking for a "happy medium" between the gross and the diminutive in chickenhood. To those who have queried us directly, and all others who may be seeking something of a like character, we recommend the following:

Where the Hamburg fowls originated is not definitely known. By some writers it is claimed that they originated in Holland, and by others that they first came from Hamburg, whence is derived their distinguishing title. Be this as it may, the places designated furnish at the present time the best specimens of the breed obtainable, for their highest development has been an object of great care among poultry-breeders.

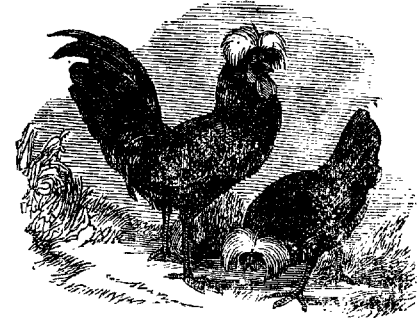


GOLDEN-PENCILLED HAMBURGS.

Of the Hamburg fowl there are two distinct varieties, and these are again sub-divided into two each. The variety figured above is allied to the Silver-Penciled, (of which we may hereafter give an illustration,) and differs chiefly in having a yellowish-buff or a yellowish-bay ground color in its plumage where the other is white. BEMENT thus describes them:—"The cock has a rose comb about an inch and a half broad, with points of uniform height, and with a pike reaching far back; face well crimsoned round the eye; ear-lobe white; neck reddish-yellow; upper wing-coverts, saddle-feathers and breast, light brown; thighs brown; tail black, with bronzed tint upon the feathers, well sickled, and very ample for the size of the bird; legs blue. The height is about eighteen inches, and weight averages nearly five pounds. The hen possesses a rose comb; face paler than in the cock; neckhackle yellow-buff, but not so free from stains as the Silver-Penciled; breast, wings and back, brownish-buff, accurately penciled with black; legs blue. Height about fifteen inches, and weight about four pounds."

All varieties of the Hamburg fowl are reputed to be excellent layers, little inclined to sit, possess flesh of superior quality, and their eggs are good as well as abundant. Among Hollanders, the Golden-Penciled are known as "Dutch every-day layers." The qualifications we have enumerated, together with their great beauty of plumage, have made them favorites with English amateur poultry-breeders living in the vicinity of large towns, who are short of room, and who require a constant supply of eggs rather than frequent broods of chickens.

In choosing this variety of fowl for breeding purposes, the person making a selection cannot be too tenacious in requiring that the cock should not have any marking of black except upon his wings,—if he has, disappointment will result, as he will inevitably produce spurious birds.

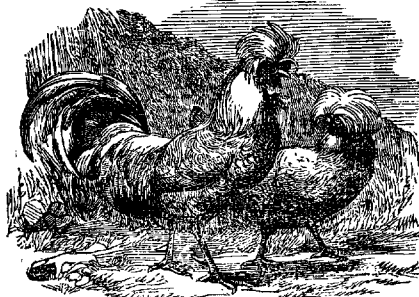


BLACK POLISH FOWLS.

For the purposes of the Poultry Fancier the Polish fowls are well suited. Their flesh is superior and their plumage very beautiful. The great point in this breed is the top-knot, which should be large, compact, well-shaped, and full. In front of this is a small, bright red comb, divided something after the fashion of a pair of horns. The different kinds are distinguished by their colors. The cock and the hen are of the same color. His carriage is good; the arched neck nearly meeting the tail, which is very full and erect, especially when he becomes excited. The breast is wide and prominent, while the short legs and generally compact form are no less pleasing to the eye than valuable in an economical point of view, as indicative, technically speaking, of the comparative small quantity of offal. A full-sized Black Poland cock should weigh from five to five and a half pounds.

When we turn to the hen we require the same color throughout, but the top-knot, of course, must

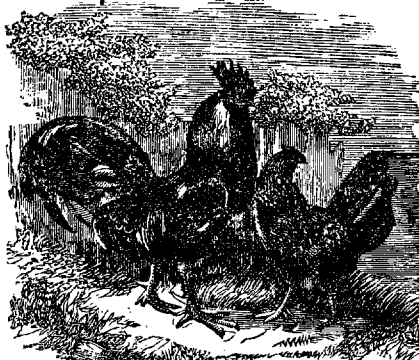
be perfectly white, globular, and free from broken colors. Her wattles are rounded and well developed; the ear-lobe white. In form, she is closer built than the cock, full-breasted, and should weigh about four pounds.



WHITE POLISH FOWLS.

MOWBRAY says "the Polanders are not only kept as ornamental, but they are of the most useful varieties, particularly on account of the abundance of the eggs they lay, being least inclined to sit of any other breed, whence they are sometimes called everlasting layers, and it is usual to set their eggs under other hens. They fatten as quickly as any other breed, and in quality similar to the Dorking; their flesh perhaps a little more juicy and of a richer flavor. They are a quiet, domestic fowl, neither quarrelsome nor mischievous, and their eggs of a good size, fine flavored, and thin shells."

They do not lay quite so early in the season as some varieties, especially after a hard winter; but they are exceedingly good layers, and continue a long time without wanting to sit. They will sit, however, at length, and prove of very diverse dispositions; some being excellent sitters and nurses, others heedless and spiteful.



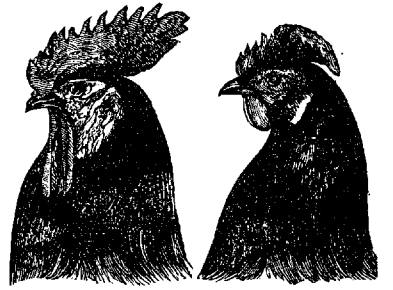
BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.

Among the most beautiful of all our fowls will be found the Black Spanish. When thorough-bred, the feathers should be entirely black, and when in good condition, these will display a greenish metallic luster. The comb is erect, brilliant scarlet, and serrated; clear, milk-white face and ear-lobes; dark blue legs; carriage lofty. Wattles of the hen small, but large and conspicuous in the cock, and, like the comb, light scarlet. The marked contrast thus presented renders the head of the Spanish cock as handsome as that of any other variety; and when they are genuine, the whole form is equally good. The cock bird should be strong and short in the legs as possible; his back, from tail to neck, short; tail large and ample. The weight should not be less than six pounds.

Spanish hens are also of good size and good figure, and are celebrated as layers. The head of the hen is neat, and of moderate size; eyes bright; comb single, very large and pendulous; face entirely white; neck of moderate length, neatly set on; body broad; wings of middle size; legs bluish-white; tail long and well squared; plumage of a glossy black, with handsome tints of green and purple, as in the cock, but less brilliant. Weight of the hen five pounds.

Inferior cross breeds of the Spanish fowl are often met with, and we would caution those wishing to increase their poultry stock against imposition, as such fowls are not worth keeping. Let the pure strain only be adopted. It may be preserved by the occasional introduction of males of the same race, and up to the mark in every point, which have descended by a collateral branch from the same root, and which have, therefore, only a remote connection with the stock to which they are admitted. It is thus that breeders may often benefit each other by mutual exchanges.

The great, and in fact the only, objection to this breed of fowls in our climate, is the fact that the large, thin, and beautiful combs, are very apt to freeze, and thus the great ornament is lost.



HEADS OF BLACK SPANISH COCK AND HEN.

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WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

SWEET POTATO CULTURE.

I do not often find better grown sweet potatoes than I found and ate at Mr. Bussis's place. Mr. B. is very successful in his culture of them, and his mode may be of interest to hundreds of your prairie readers, for the culture of this excellent vegetable is extending annually in the West.

Mr. B. plants the Nansemond variety; he believes it the best for this climate. The best way, he says, to prepare the ground for sweet potatoes, is to fall plow, deep. This kills the grub; and this he regards important, because, he says, he has lost fifty per centum of his crop by this pest when he neglected to plow in the fall. In the spring, a day or two before planting, make high ridges, by plowing four furrows together—two each side. Then let the boys dibble in the plants eight or nine inches apart. This is Nansemond culture. It requires less room than other varieties, as it grows in clusters.

The ground is kept clean. When the potatoes are dug, they are piled in long, narrow, roof-like heaps, and covered two inches deep with dry dirt, and allowed to "sweat." They are then opened, allowed to dry perfectly, and are put in boxes—shoe boxes are best—or barrels—if barrels, only half filled—and stored in a dry, well-ventilated room that is kept at a temperature of about 50°. They must be kept dry, and in as equable a temperature as possible. Many farmers keep them successfully in a dry, warm chamber. They do not harm if the temperature goes down to 35°; but it is better if kept equal. He does not store in sand, leaves, or any other substance; handles the tubers carefully. Mr. B. says, with fair care, it is not a difficult task to grow 160 bushels of the Nansemond per acre. He also says that the vines of the potato, on most soils, are sufficient manure, if plowed under; and the condition of his land improves with such culture. Light straw manure on uplands may be a benefit, but he would not recommend strong stable manure.

TO WESTERN DROVERS.

The RURAL has so large a circulation in the West that I deem it important to announce in its columns the change which has been made in the market days in this city (Chicago) for the buying and selling of live stock, from Saturday and Sunday, as heretofore, to Thursday and Friday of each week. The proprietors of the different cattle yards and the principal dealers have entered into such an agreement, (I learn by an evening paper), thereby wiping out a disgrace that has long outraged the conscientious beef-eating and mutton-munching people of Chicago. It is therefore gratifying to be able to advertise the fact that the scales will no longer be opened on the Sabbath in Chicago for the weighing of stock.

AN EXPERIMENT IN FEEDING PIGS.

The 25th of April last I put one pig in pen, and on the 14th of May another of the same litter. They were of the White Berkshire breed, with a small grade of Suffolk. These pigs were fed three times a day with sour milk and an addition of six ears of corn, until the 22d of August, when I commenced feeding with old corn, barley and peas, equal parts, mixed together and ground very fine. The meal was mixed with milk and left to sour. They gained gradually upon their feed until Sept. 2d. I then settled upon two bushels of feed for seven days, making 9 1/4 quarts of feed per day for the two. This feed was continued until Nov. 8th, when I put them upon old corn meal, ground fine and mixed with boiling water, and left to scald. They consumed two bushels of this feed per week until Dec. 9th, when they were butchered and dressed. After hanging ten hours, they weighed, respectively, 351 lbs. and 339 lbs.

Thus we see the pigs were fed meal 109 days, at the rate of 16 lbs. per day for the two, making 1,744 lbs. of meal in all. This shows that it took a trifle over 2 1/2 lbs. of meal (with slops to mix with) to make one pound of pork. We also see that 1,744 lbs. feed worth 50 cts. per bushel, or 9 mills per lb., would amount to \$15.69. 690 lbs. pork at 4c. per lb. (market price here) is \$27.60,—leaving a profit, aside from milk and the six ears of corn per day for 99 days, (and trouble of feeding,) which manure would balance, and we find \$11.90 the amount.

These pigs were dropped the 23d of March and killed Dec. 9th, making them 261 days old,—showing an average gain of one pound five ounces per day.

H. A. WHITTEMORE.

Fruvans, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1861.

THANKS, friend W., for your model article,—so many facts, figures and conclusions in so small a compass.

FATTENING HOGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There seems to be a diversity of opinion as to what kinds of food are best adapted for fattening this class of stock, and a still greater difference of opinion as to how it should be prepared. I, like many other young farmers, lack a great amount of experience, and am not wholly satisfied to do exactly "as our fathers did," or feel duty bound to abide by the old maxim, that "it is best to let well enough alone." I believe that every day should find us taking "advance steps" to the "march of improvement." Therefore, "respected seniors," give me your ideas upon this subject, endorsed by a thorough experience and a "plain why."

Is ground or unground food the best for fattening hogs? Should it be cooked or raw? Fermented or non-fermented? May charcoal and ashes be fed to good advantage? Is a dark or light pen the best? Should it be a close pen, or with yard attached? Hoping that those "who know" will not soliloquize by saying that "at the present prices of pork he would risk very little in making experiments himself," I anxiously wait for a response.

K. M. P.

Gates, Dec. 20, 1861.

ABOUT DESTROYING WIRE WORMS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am not a scientific farmer, but I have been a farmer's son, and am nothing else now. It so happens that in my peregrinations through the world, my communications with its obstreperous inhabitants, I "occasionally hear" and "frequently see" some things. For instance, I met, a few days since, somewhere, a farmer who affirmed, with all desired vehemence, that he knew from personal experience in repeated experiments that buckwheat would exterminate wire worms. He says that where they had congregated in such vast numbers as to end a wheat crop before it began, he has sown buckwheat, which met with no obstruction from the rebels, and thinks that they must have "died from the want of victuals to keep them from starving to death." I am a little incredulous in reference to this matter. The question is,

why has it not been made known to "all the world and the rest of mankind" before?—or, has it been to others, and "I alone blind"? If it be a fact that so great a plague may be so easily destroyed, is it not worth noting? Let those "in authority" speak—I forbear.

R. W. MCNEAL.

REMARKS.—An intelligent and experienced farmer, of over seventy, to whom we have just read the above, says the conclusion is sensible—that the worms die for want of sustenance. The "varmints" will not eat buckwheat, and the latter tends to destroy all other vegetation upon which they might subsist; hence they must leave or give up. He further avers that it is a mooted question whether the wire worm is the larvæ of some insect, or perfect within itself. It is generally supposed to have a period of three years before changing into a winged insect.

SHADING THE GROUND—SUGGESTION.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am but an occasional reader of the RURAL, and therefore cannot claim a corner in your useful paper; but I will give a suggestion by way of answer to an article which appeared about a month since, accounting for the fact that shading ground will enrich it.

The writer of that article says that it is the "red worm" perforating the ground, and leaving a slime which enriches. I don't believe him. Nature has common store-houses for everything; one for light, the sun; one for water, the ocean, &c. Now, the great store-house for the gases to sustain vegetable life is high up in the air, beyond the reach of doing harm to animal life; and the long attenuated fingers of evaporation carefully gather the particles of water from the ocean, leaving the salt, (or the surface of the earth,) and bear them up until they become impregnated with these gases and again return them to earth in the shape of rain drops, which filter through the soil, leaving these gases, and cause vegetation to grow. The water reappears in springs, perfectly freed from these gases and returns to the ocean. The action of the sun, perhaps the light, causes these gases to rise upwards, and by shading the ground you only prevent their passing off.

SUGGESTION.

[North-Western Correspondence of the Rural New-Yorker.]

GEODES FROM MISSISSIPPI BLUFFS.

LOW PRICES.

THIS season may be priced emphatically one of low prices. Corn—the great Western staple—has been selling all over Illinois and Iowa for six months past at prices ranging from eight to twenty cents per bushel, the old crop; and now the new crop is coming in at about the same figures. And as the hog-killing season arrives, it is manifest that the price of pork is going to be correspondingly low. From \$2.50 to \$3.00 may be regarded as about the maximum quotations at most of the points on the Upper Mississippi. Farmers may live, to be sure, at such prices; but how they may raise money and pay debts, or even taxes and interest, is a query that puzzles many of the most calculating. Corn is now going in large quantities to the distillers in this region at thirteen cents per bushel, for the husking of which the owner has to pay from forty to fifty cents per day to hands. Counting even a low price for the team to haul it, it will be easily seen that the margin over expenses for saving the crop is exceedingly small. The writer of this lately met with a farmer who was thus engaged, in order to raise money to pay for a fine team with which he was marketing his load. How long before he will reach the last payment I did not stop to figure.

CORN BREAD.

Good corn bread is an article of prime necessity in most families, and should be in all; hence it should be nutritious and wholesome. Will some of your intelligent and practical housewives give, through the medium of the RURAL, the best mode of making and baking it? Can it not be made good, and sweet, and wholesome, without the use of soda or saleratus?

AN INQUIRY—FLAX COTTON.

Much is said lately about the new processes for the manufacture of flax fiber, and its growth is strongly recommended by some of the papers. The prairies of the Northwest are supposed to be admirably adapted for the growth of this product; hence an article in the RURAL directing the mode in which it should be grown, and the best means of harvesting and preparing it for market, would be very desirable. Flax, as formerly grown, was invariably pulled up by the roots with the hand; and the labor of so securing even a small crop was very great. Now, is not some new agricultural implement needed for this work; or is it not feasible to cut by means of reaping or mowing machines already in use?

Another inquiry: Do the new processes of preparing the fiber embrace also that of hemp, or of flax only? If the hemp fiber can be cottonized also, in the same way, it will add a greatly increased impetus to the hemp culture in the Western States. Now that King Cotton is dethroned, let us use every due exertion to prevent his again assuming the crown.

PUMPKIN PIE.

As this is the season for pumpkin pies—and every body likes good ones—will some one tell the readers of the RURAL what is the very best variety of pumpkin for that purpose? A reddish-colored autumnal squash I have, makes a better pumpkin pie (a misnomer) than any thing else with which I am acquainted—not excepting the far-famed Hubbard. Speaking of the latter, reminds me to say that the young plants of this variety were very much infested the past season with the bug. These insects will leave every thing else for the Hubbards; and it is a general complaint throughout this section that it was almost impossible to save a plant; hence Hubbard squashes are very rare in these parts this winter.

FARMERS SHOULD GROW FLAX.—Please to recommend all farmers to raise a piece of flax. Linen cloth can be made as well now as fifty years ago, and will answer for over-shirts and overalls, and many other purposes that cotton has been used for. Our women will look just as well, and appear a little smarter, with checked aprons and dresses made of linen. Cotton has risen at such a rapid rate that few will be able to buy. The poor class of women can make linen cloth themselves, and the little boys and girls can be clothed with it. I would recommend, for the benefit of the people, that you tell them where they can obtain flax seed if you know. Instead of using the seed for oil, it should be saved for the greater benefit of the people.—H. LEBRON, Great Valley, N. Y., 1862.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

"Let Farmers take Courage."

So says the editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman. The farmer, in times of general trouble, is better provided for than any other class, for he has the means of providing for his own wants—he can live on his own means better than any class which does not produce the necessities of life, but depends on purchasing them of others. If prices are rather low it is because we have had a more favorable season for the products of the earth than usual. Farmers, therefore, must not be discouraged at what are thought to be low prices—for money cannot fail to be abundant while we send away none to Europe; but, on the contrary, we send out farm produce, and receive in return a cash balance each week.

Consumption of Hay.

THE Annual Register says that the hay, &c., consumed by different animals, does not vary greatly from three pounds daily for each hundred pounds of the animals. The following table is the result of various experiments, by different persons, and will be useful for farmers who wish to determine by calculation beforehand how their hay will hold out for the winter, 500 cubic feet of timothy hay, in a full bay, being about one ton:

Table with 2 columns: Animal, Pounds. Working horses 3.08, Working oxen 2.40, Milk cows (Dorset Shire) 2.25, Milk cows (Lincoln) 2.40, Steers 3.08, Dry cows 2.40, Pigs (estimated) 3.00, Sheep 3.00, Elephant 3.12

Caution about Seed Corn.

We observe this season, remarks the editor of the American Farmer, an unusual quantity of corn sprouting on the ear. It will be remembered that some seasons back there was immense loss to corn-growers by the failure of their seed to germinate. They should look carefully to this matter now, and select their driest corn, and such as has been least affected by the weather. We have seen many ears of corn just from the shock, the germ of which has started and pushed its way through the body of the grain, sometimes making half an inch of growth, and again scarcely perceptible by a green speck on the surface. When one such grain is apparent, a great many may be started but not yet visible, and almost the whole ear is unfitted for seed. This occurs with ears otherwise perfectly fair and sound, and much loss may result if care be not used in selection.

The Potato Trade of Bangor.

THE potato trade seems to bid fair to divide the honors with the lumber business of Bangor, Maine. A correspondent of the Times furnishes the following statement concerning this important branch of business:

"There has been shipped from our city, of this year's growth, about one hundred and forty-five thousand bushels, for which there has been paid to the farmers of this county about fifty-eight thousand dollars. The average price paid has been about forty cents per bushel. There were brought to our city on the 14th of November last, over ten thousand bushels of potatoes, one firm taking in nineteen hundred bushels; and counting the teams from which they were taken, and allowing an equal number for the balance, it required four hundred single and double teams to bring them. The crop this year has been almost entirely free from 'rot,' and of the very best quality; and if the balance of the crop is kept through the winter free from frost, there will be not less than two hundred thousand bushels to be sold in the spring."

Facts for Poor Farmers.

"Those farmers who have most difficulty to make ends meet, always plow most and keep most stock. Now these men take the true plan to always keep themselves poor, because their crops and stock are always poor and bring little." So writes John Johnston, in a letter to the Secretary of the N. Y. State Society; and he thus illustrates his statement: "It is good profit to raise 300 bushels of wheat from ten acres; but when it takes thirty acres to raise that amount, it is raised at a loss. So it is with cattle and sheep. You will see the thinking farmer making four-year old steers worth from \$60 to \$80 each, and his neighbor's at the same age not worth over \$25 to \$40." His advice to the latter is, "If his land is exhausted, he should plow no more than he can thoroughly manure. Seed with clover and grass and let it rest, and that field will not only pay well for tillage, but it will furnish manure (if rightly managed) to make another field of the same size rich also." And then keep it rich; do not run it with grain until again exhausted, or the "latter end of that land will be worse than the first."

Feed and Shelter your Milk Cows Well.

THE editor of the Boston Cultivator truly remarks that there is no domestic animal in regard to which there is generally so much neglect to provide properly, as the milk cow. The idea seems to be too common, that she may give milk for the greater part of the year, supporting at the same time a calf in the fetal state, with no more nor better food than is given to animals which have only their own bodies to support. The consequence is, that the milk cow is worn down by this unnatural tax on her system; her fat is taken away in butter; the substance of her muscles in cheese; and over her bones are weakened by the phosphate of lime which the flow of milk carries off. Surely, such a sacrifice deserves consideration and recompense, which it would be profitable to the farmer to bestow. If there is any animal which policy would dictate the good treatment of, it is the milk cow. It should be remembered that it is only the food she consumes, beyond what is required to support the natural wastes of the system, that can afford a surplus in the way of milk. Hence, the food which would barely support two cows, and leave nothing for the owner, if eaten by one cow, would enable her to return the value of one-half of it in milk. So that the advice of a close observer to a dairyman, to sell one-half his cows, to increase his produce of butter and cheese, had reason at the bottom of it. Cows should be well fed and sheltered; in fact, they should be kept in all respects in the condition that is well expressed by the word "comfortable."

How to Raise Potatoes.

A REPORT in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican of the doings of a Farmer's Club, recently held at a Chicopee farm house, includes the following on the subject of potato raising: One of the party, a large grower of potatoes, and who has at present about 1,500 bushels in store, gave his experience, as follows:—He prefers corn ground that has been manured the year previous.

Strong manure, he said, makes diseased potatoes. After plowing and harrowing unmanured ground, he marks out the rows, four at a time. In these rows he drops single pieces of cut potatoes eighteen inches apart. A medium sized potato is enough for four hills, or about six bushels of seed to the acre. Large seed potatoes give about one-fourth more product at harvest than small ones. Small potatoes have about as many eyes as large ones, but the sprouts from those eyes are not as large or vigorous. The potatoes are covered about two inches deep. The potato vegetates slowly, and usually weeds start before the potatoes. When the potatoes have sprouted so as generally to show themselves above the ground, a hoeing machine is introduced, which covers the potatoes some two inches deeper and destroys the weeds like a plow. Subsequently the potatoes are hoed twice and receive no further care till digging. The common yield is about 200 bushels per acre. He digs with a hook, and from 30 to 60 bushels per day to a man. Davis' Seedlings are his favorites.

Packing Butter in Firkins.

In answer to an inquiry, a correspondent of the Country Gentleman thus details his method of packing butter in firkins, a mode for which he claims the merit of success:

- 1. In the first place, you ask in regard to churning. We use dog power, in warm weather about 53 deg. Fah., which gives the butter a good solid consistency. 2. When the butter comes, it is removed and washed with cold ice water until the buttermilk is all removed. 3. It is then salted—about one ounce of salt to a pound of butter—worked in thoroughly, and set in a cool place for twenty-four hours, when it is worked just sufficient to remove all the buttermilk. 4. It is then packed in the firkin and covered tight, so as to exclude the air. 5. When the firkin is filled, we put a cloth over the butter, put on a good covering of salt, and then put on water, which makes a brine. We keep it thus covered until it goes to market, it being the only way we could ever keep a dairy perfectly sweet through the season. These rules strictly observed, I will warrant never to fail, if the butter is properly made. We use good white oak firkins. The manner of preparing them before putting in the butter—fill them with cold water to soak four days; a handful of salt thrown in will make them better. When we get ready to put the butter in the firkin, we rub the inside all over thoroughly with salt, which forms a brine between the firkin and butter. All the salt used about butter in any form should be good dairy salt, as there is more or less lime in other salt, which renders it unfit for butter. Good soft water is also essential, as hard, limy water is very objectionable.

Inquiries and Answers.

REMOVING THE SCENT FROM SKINS.—Seeing the RURAL is possessed of all knowledge, I would suggest an inquiry in regard to the manner in which musk can be removed from the skin of the musk-rat. As I have been fortunate enough in capturing several of the animals, and wishing to convert the skins into a muffer, and not liking so strong a perfume, I would like to know how it can be removed.—J. J. KNIGHT, Townsendville, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1862.

GATHERING LEAVES FOR MANURE.—Very heartily do I endorse the RURAL's advice to gather leaves from the woods and put them in the barn-yard for manure, (I have done so for years past), but cannot agree with you to haul them on a wagon. I use a sled with wood rack, and haul when there is about one inch of snow and ground frozen hard. The leaves can then be taken up in large flakes with a manure fork. I have alone hauled four large loads and done my chores in a day. The leaves were raked into piles and winrows soon after they fell from the trees, while damp. If left till winter, they are apt to scatter to the four winds.—ALONZO GREEN, Amboy, Ohio, 1861.

BARN-YARD MANURE FOR WIRE WORMS.—In answer to the query, I will say one word in regard to manuring corn in the hill for the benefit of those farmers troubled with the Wire Worm in many parts of our country. I found the past season that common barn-yard manure in the hill would prevent the Wire Worm destroying the corn. I left two rows in the field unmanured to ascertain the result in growth, and upon the second time hoeing, there was more than one-half difference in the growth. I commenced pulling it up to examine the roots, and found them nearly destroyed by the worms, while that by its side, which had the manure, was uninjured.—A SUBSCRIBER, Huron, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1862.

YELLOW BUTTER IN WINTER.—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL in regard to making yellow butter in the winter, I will give our method, which experience has taught us to be best we have tried, and at the same time very simple. Our butter cannot be distinguished from fall butter. Of course the first requisite is that the cows have good, wholesome food, water, and care. When the milk is brought in, we have ready a kettle with hot water, over which set the pans of milk to heat. We fill the pan, when we set it on, full. When it is nearly hot, not scalding, we pour it in with another cold one, which will make it all warm enough, then divide the milk into pans, leaving them about two-thirds full. Our pantry, or milk-room, we keep warm enough for cream to rise all day. When we churn, we seal the churn, then turn in the cream, churn ten or fifteen minutes, and the butter is done. We put nothing into the cream, only treat the butter after it is done as in summer. We churn twice each week.—D., Hambsal, N. Y., 1861.

Rural Notes and Items.

OUR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS are due and gratefully tendered to the numerous friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the very successful efforts they are making in its behalf—to maintain and augment its circulation in their respective localities, and add to its value and interest by appropriate contributions to its pages. We had expected much from agent-friends and subscribers, but our anticipations relative to the opening of the new year have been more than realized, the subscription receipts and orders for the first week far exceeding our estimates. What happened at the RURAL Office on New Year Day, is thus chronicled by the Daily Union and Advertiser, a journal which somehow manages to give all local and other events of importance!

Pleasant and Profitable New Year Calls.—Many of our citizens, and especially his honor the Mayor, were favored with numerous personal calls yesterday, receiving therewith the hearty congratulations of the season. But our friend MOORE, of the Rural New-Yorker, was the most popular and fortunate recipient of New Year greetings, for he received about two hundred calls before noon. These consisted mainly of remittances for the RURAL from almost every loyal State and the Canada. The "calls," though on paper, were very pleasant, the opening one (or first one opened), from Lewis county, N. Y., containing a draft for \$100; and numerous others, as we were informed by a credible witness, were exceedingly interesting. While the greetings from various parts of this and the Western States were very cordial, those from New England and Canada were not as cold as their climate, Canada having concluded not to fight just yet, and New England being compelled to send to Western New York for the best rural and family newspaper. The cash receipts and orders aggregated nearly three thousand dollars, we learn—a very good beginning for the new year, and about a thousand more than neighbor M. had estimated. If the RURAL is not the most popular paper in town, it certainly is "round about," as the calls aforementioned, and which are continued to-day, abundantly testify. And are we not surprised at MOORE's reply to a leading politician, who, on meeting him in the street (a year or more ago), said he understood he (M.) was a candidate for Mayor. "No, sir, I have no aspirations for that position; but there is one office I want and intend to have." "What office?" "The office of a leading politician," said the Rural New-Yorker Official, pointing to the Union Buildings, much to the relief of his friend. Judging from his receipts, even in war times, we reckon M. has the best position.

CANADA WEST COMING!—For some weeks letters and remittances for the RURAL from Canada West were few and light, compared with last season, and we anticipated that the excitement relative to war between the U. S. and Great Britain might possibly cause some thousands of firm friends to "secede" from our subscription list—which would prove far more serious than the loss we sustained by the Southern Rebellion. Quite a number who had obtained handsome lists, wrote us despondingly, fearing to remit the money collected, and stating that many dourous of taking the paper were waiting for the war cloud to pass away. But our receipts during the past ten days indicate that the excitement is mainly over—that the people of Canada are prosperous and peaceful, and inclined to maintain amicable relations. The numerous friendly invitations extended the RURAL to visit their families are most gratifying, and we shall endeavor to "reciprocate" the kindness to the best of our ability. As evidence of the feelings entertained, and kind spirit manifested by Canadians, we quote the conclusion of a letter from a gentleman residing in Ontario Co., who remits for some thirty copies:—"I should have sent sooner, but noticing the warlike spirit which seemed to be manifested between Great Britain and the United States, I was fearful lest it would be of no use. Trusting, however, that these two nations may long work together, hand in hand, for the civilization and improvement of mankind, and that our Land and Country, as well as your own, may be freed and kept free from that worst of all calamities, 'War,' I remain, truly yours."

AGRICULTURAL TRANSACTIONS.—New York and Illinois.—An evening's examination of the "Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, with an Abstract of the Proceedings of the County Societies," (Volume XX, for 1860), has given us a most favorable impression as to the value and arrangement of its contents. We think no preceding volume has been so well edited, or contained (even when more space has been occupied), such a variety and amount of interesting and useful information as is comprised in the 593 pages of the present. Were the printing and paper (which are both faulty, and embrace a decided variety of quality and shades of color,) equal to the general manner and matter of the volume, the whole would bear high commendation. Col. JOHNSON, the veteran Secretary, is certainly entitled to much credit for the admirable manner in which he has discharged the onerous labor of editing and arranging the work. We shall recur to the volume again, and make extracts from its pages.

We are also in receipt of the "Transactions of the Illinois State Ag. Society, with Notices and Proceedings of County Societies, and Kindred Associations—Edited by JOHN P. RYLANDS, Corresponding Secretary: Volume IV—1859-60." It is a handsome volume of over 700 pages, printed on uniform white paper (of a quality superior to that above noticed), and appropriately illustrated. Of the contents we shall speak in future—after examination. From a cursory glance, however, we infer that the volume is in all respects creditable to the Society and State.

AN AGRICULTURAL MISSIONARY.—The Journal of Agriculture Pratique says the Agricultural Society of Flemish, Prussia, has created a professorship to carry healthy ideas concerning agriculture into the villages. The German professor is to commence his operations by making himself acquainted not only with public functionaries, but also with practical farmers. He is to gather information on every subject in connection with the details of farming, and with regard to the different races of animals in the various departments. This agricultural missionary is also charged by the Society to get up clubs, schools, etc., etc., and to embody the results of his observations in a clear and concise manner in a daily journal.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER IN GREAT BRITAIN.—For years the RURAL has had many appreciative readers in England, Scotland, and Ireland—principally persons to whom it was ordered by friends in the United States and Canada. Of late, and especially during the two past weeks, quite a number of copies have been thus ordered, with assurances that the paper is highly valued by those who have received it in various parts of Europe. Accompanying one order is a request to send our Show-Bill, &c., to facilitate the forming of a club. We cheerfully comply, without, however, expecting so favorable a result as our correspondent anticipates.

WHAT THE UNION ARMY CONSUMES.—It is stated that to feed the 600,000 troops now in the Union army, there is required each month 14,625,000 pounds of pork, or 24,375,000 pounds of fresh beef; 136,994 barrels of flour; 48,750 bushels of beans, or 1,050,000 pounds of rice; 1,950,000 pounds of coffee; 2,892,000 pounds of sugar; 195,000 gallons of vinegar; 12,449 bushels of salt; 8,560,000 pounds of potatoes. The supply of candles is 292,500 pounds each week, and of soap, 780,000 pounds.

GOOD ADVICE TO FARMERS.—In a recent address to California farmers, Rev. T. STARR KING pithily and wisely said:—"Farmers must crop less lavishly, and the Agricultural Societies must preach—as the indispensable gospel of economy—smaller farms, more labor on them, and reverence for manure." Such advice is worth heeding in other States and Provinces beside California.

AMERICAN PLOWS ABOARD.—A correspondent of the London Mark Lane Express says:—"The Americans have driven our plow-makers out of the Australian, Indian, and Colonial markets, owing to their lighter and cheaper articles. Unless our makers bestir themselves here, by using steel instead of heavy castings, they will be likely to be 'beaten on their own ground.'"

MANUAL OF AGRICULTURE, for the School, the Farm, and the Fireside. Boston: Swan, Brewer & Tilton—1862.

An excellent work for this object is of very difficult execution. Very many attempts of even fine talents and acquisitions have proved nearly a failure. The reason is very obvious to many a cultivated mind, which has shrunk from the trial. It is not because there is not the required amount of accessible knowledge, or that such a work is not greatly demanded, or that it will not accomplish immense good. It is because the selection requires peculiar tact and judgment, as well as thorough acquaintance with the most urgent intellectual wants of the young in "the School, the Farm, and the Fireside," and an interesting manner of presenting the topics to minds in all these three relations. The author that is thus qualified will live over his educational days again, and realize what he needed and longed for, but could not obtain in any book, and putting himself in the condition of the student, pour out his treasures of knowledge for the younger mind in the way which would once have been a high gratification to him. If this is true, it will be easier to form a correct estimate of such a work, when executed, than to make the book itself. On this ground we take our stand, and say that this "Manual of Agriculture" has great excellencies, if not perfection. From the character and teachings of GEORGE B. BARNSON, the author of about half the book, this excellence we had expected, and are not disappointed. To enter into details is not necessary for this notice. Read the preface, and take in the fundamental facts, which shadow forth the subject and the execution. Then read, as you will with high pleasure, the following chapters, not neglecting in the least the introduction, and become a young chemist; then follow the teachings on the air and the gases in it; the atmosphere and the forces acting in it, and the instruments to show changes in it; water, and all its operations, and uses, and composition; and, to say no more, you will not stop there.

From the fourteenth chapter, except the twenty-first, the work is from another pen, that of CHARLES L. FLINT. The high position and writings of Mr. FLINT do not of course prove his qualification for such a work, but they lead us to expect it. The reader will not be disappointed, but gratified by the facts and the manner of exhibiting them. A great amount of knowledge, on the composition and structure of plants, on their growth and nutrition, and the important elements for their perfection, processes in farming, diseases and enemies of plants, products of the farm and dairy, and economy of household and farm, is presented with clearness, conciseness, and good taste; matter all important to the farming interest, and valuable to every one that intends to have any education beyond that of the most common school. The work must find a place in the schools over our State and country.

Only let the teacher have a tithing of the knowledge and tact properly expected to belong to him, the work will be invaluable as a text-book for a large class of pupils. There will be such a pleasure and profit that the question, we fear, will be, "Why is there more?" We answer, first, make the best use and application of what is already given.—D.

HORTICULTURAL.

PUBLIC GROUNDS.

That there has been great progress in every department of horticulture during the ten years past, the appearance of our orchards, and gardens, and fruit, and vegetable markets bear ample testimony. The demand at our nurseries for fine fruits and flowering plants has increased with unexampled rapidity; and our seedsmen find a ready sale for the choicest seeds of Annuals and Perennials, which are now being imported from Europe in large quantities. People are becoming acquainted with the really good, and will be satisfied with nothing short of the best that can be produced.

In one respect, however, we are still much at fault. Our public parks, wherever we go, with a few exceptions, are a standing disgrace. Almost every city and village, of any size, has one or more parks, established to promote the health and pleasure of the inhabitants and the beauty of the town—to make it pleasant for the citizens and attractive to strangers. Now, we ask our readers, if one park in a thousand answers the purpose for which it was designed? With the exception of a few in our largest cities, instead of being a credit to the places where they exist, they are but "waste places"—an eye-sore to every person of taste. No one need be astonished at this result, when we consider how these parks are got up. On determining to establish a "square," the ground is either purchased by the corporation, or donated by some generous individual, who foolishly imagines it will be an ornament to the town. It is then plowed two or three inches deep, fenced, and a few of the forest trees most easily procured are put into holes in the ground, the man engaged in this work being very careful to put the right ends in the soil, and not to waste labor by making the holes too large. The park is now finished. Half of the trees die during the first summer, and more follow, the second. Others blow over, and stand at a very improper angle for well-disposed trees. Occasionally one stands up, seeming determined to outlive all difficulties; but, unfortunately, the fence, never good enough to keep out pigs, becomes broken, and the cattle get in and browse away at pleasure, always, of course, selecting a thrifty tree if they can find one. The boys, too, try their jack-knives on the bark, and engrave their names very nicely, considering their youth and inexperience. This is the public park, as generally seen—the ornamental grounds of your city or village, kind reader, we fear.

Now, what should be done with such a park? Have a competent person make a plan of the ground, with broad walks meandering in every direction. After the plan is made and examined carefully and corrected, so that you are perfectly satisfied it is the best that could be designed for your grounds, then you are prepared for work. Dig up every dead, dying and unsightly tree, and trench the ground two feet deep with a spade, or, if large, subsoil as deeply as possible with the plow. Then, stake the walks according to the plan, and take the soil from them to the depth of about eighteen inches and use it in leveling off the surface and filling up any hollow places. Next, drag and rake the surface of the ground quite smooth, carrying all stones into the walks. Fill up the walks to within two or three inches of the surface with stones, pack them down level, and cover with fine gravel, which would be better for rolling occasionally, especially after showers. Border the walks with turf about six inches wide, and sow thickly Kentucky blue grass or red top and white Dutch clover. Plant tastefully with the finest shrubs and trees that will grow in the climate, taking especial care to obtain thrifty, well-formed trees—not being too anxious for those of large size. The work should be commenced as early as possible in the spring, though it would have been better had the grading been done the past summer, so that the planting could be accomplished early.

After this is all done, place the park under the especial charge of one man—and one more noted as a man of taste than a politician. Make it his duty to keep every thing about it in the neatest possible manner. Do this, and you will have a park of which you will have no reason to be ashamed—a delightful spot—a beautiful promenade, where hundreds will daily wander their steps as to enchanted ground. The stranger will stop a moment to admire, and the editor, on a flying trip, will make a note as he passes, and seek for no other evidence before transmitting it to the press that you are a people of taste and refinement. In many places a nurseryman or gardener can be found who, for a small compensation, will put the park in perfect order and keep it so. To him it will be a matter of pleasure and pride, as well as a standing advertisement of his care and good taste. We hope these hints will be heeded, and then we may anticipate with confidence a great improvement in our public grounds.

THE PRIMULA FAMILY.

PRIMROSE, POLYANTHUS, COWSLIP, AND AURICULA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—These lovely domestic flowers, which, in the most northern countries of Europe, beautify the cottage homes of the humble, and shed their glowing colors when peeping from beneath the hawthorne hedges and in the fertile meadows of the opulent, combine so many natural beauties that they are always cherished, even by the aged, as the loved ones of early childhood. I have seen the hardy laboring mechanic burst into tears when viewing a bed of these flowers, exclaiming, "Do excuse me, for these were the flowers I played with at home in my childhood."

It is now more than thirty years since I began to make a collection of these classes of flowers. I entrusted their culture to gardeners, and they planted them, as is usual with other herbaceous plants, in the sunny borders. The result was, they gradually dwindled and died out, and although I made frequent importations and grew some from seeds, the same unfortunate result attended them all. At length, recalling to my mind that Wm. Prince, my father, a very long time since, had a flourishing bed of Polyanthus plants in a northern border, where a high fence on the south side shut off the most of the sun's heat, I concluded to make an experiment in a similar way. I forthwith took the management of these plants on myself, and four years ago selected a bed in the most shady part of my garden, and caused all the plants to be removed to that spot. The transition acted like a charm—the plants threw out vigorous foliage and became greatly enlarged, and they have since produced a profusion of bloom that has been the amazement of the numerous amateurs who have visited my grounds. This success

induced me to increase the collection by importations and by seeds, and I have now above two hundred perfectly distinct varieties, combining every hue which nature renders it possible for these species to attain. By cultivating the plants in proximity, the Polyanthus, Cowslip and Primrose varieties have hybridized with each other, and from their seeds I have obtained about thirty varieties, in which the characters of the different families are completely blended—a result which, I believe, has not been attained in Europe.

The common practice in many gardens in Europe, and among the few amateurs here, of cultivating these plants in pots, as if they were tender, is an outrage upon nature. To treat them with tenderness, and even with winter protection, when growing in beds, is destructive to the plants. They must be treated in the most rustic manner, and, if the ground is frozen for months, not one plant will be injured thereby. I have seen them flourishing in open gardens at Montreal and Quebec. Indeed, when it is considered that the Auricula, and six other species of the Primula, are natives of Switzerland, that seven other species grow on the Pyrenees, and that five species are natives of Liberia, and others of Britain, Norway and Sweden, we may well be surprised that pot culture should have ever been adopted for any plants of these hardy Alpine races, whose successful culture only demands that we leave them to take care of themselves.

Flushing, January, 1862. Wm. R. PRINCE.

We are much obliged to Mr. Prince for the above, on a subject upon which we had intended to say a few words. On the north side of a Norway Spruce screen at the nurseries of ELLWANGER & BARRY is a border of these flowers, entirely unprotected, and their fine growth and beautiful blossoms have been to us a source of interest and pleasure the past summer. The Primrose, the Cowslip, and the Auricula are associated with our earliest recollections of the flower garden, and it affords us great pleasure to know that they can be grown here as hardy border flowers.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

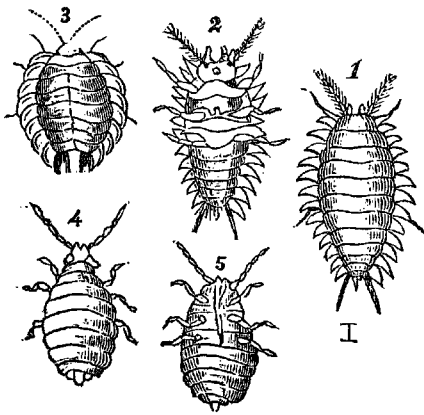
LETUCE FOR WINTER MARKETS.

Do you know how to get it? The writer has seen it grown in green-houses in the border under the plant stagings. But then it was badly "drawn." The heads were long, but solid. The other day, in looking about among the gardeners, a German, named M. MILLER, asked us to go and see his lettuce. He led the way to what I had supposed was a green-house—a lean-to house between 40 and 50 feet long, and 12 or 14 feet wide. Here, in borders, elevated on stagings to within a foot and a half of the glass, were growing hundreds of heads of lettuce, much of it ready for market. A portion of space was devoted to radishes and lettuce for transplanting to the borders, from which the first crop will soon be removed. This first crop is from plants transplanted from the garden. The novelty hereaway—and I am told by gardeners that it is new to them—consists in elevating the borders so as to secure stocky, symmetrical plants. This house has a brick flue in it, and has no front side-light.

A preliminary experiment last year proved profitable not only in the good prices secured for vegetables in mid-winter, but because the little house used enabled the gardener to propagate thousands of plants for transplanting to the hot-beds, at the same time that the neighboring gardeners were sowing seed in their hot-beds. Thus Mr. MILLER is first in the market, and he is secure against the disasters which occur to those who depend upon hot-beds alone. This kind of winter gardening is found very profitable indeed. Lettuce heads sell at sixty-two and a half to seventy-five cents per dozen; and radishes at proportional high rates. The quantity grown under this area of glass is large. The number of heads growing in this house the 15th of December, as estimated after partial count, could not have been less than four thousand—perhaps five thousand. Call it 4,000—and the capacity of the house is much greater than that—and suppose that the minimum price given is obtained for the first crop, the proceeds will be over \$200. And we say nothing about the crop of rhubarb being forced in the lower border under the central staging, and the thousands of plants ready to take the place of the first crop, and go into the hundreds of square feet covered by sash outside. The reader may be sure, that if it were not very remunerative, the parties who practice this mode of supplying winter salad would quickly abandon it.

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—On Monday, December 2, 1861, J. B. GARBER, Esq., residing near Columbia, Lancaster Co., who is quite an amateur in cultivating rare plants, brought me the leaf of a species of guava, (*Syplidum aromaticum*, as I judge it to be,) along the mid rib of which were a number of cottony patches caused by insects, and complaining of the mischief occasioned in his hot-house by them on various plants. I accordingly removed several specimens, and under the microscope discovered



1, Upper side. 2, Under side. 3, *Dortheia cataphracta*. 4, Upper; 5, Under side of the root parasite. I, Natural size. them to be peculiar and quite new to me. Fig. 1 is an upper side view, and Fig. 2 an under side view. These insects are clothed with a white waxen secretion, scale-like. The scollops around the outer margin of the ovate body induces me to judge they are closely related to the genus *Dortheia*. Fig. 3 is copied from Westwood's Fig. of *D. cataphracta* (female.) The males are more elongated and narrowing toward the rear. I saw no winged specimens. These are among the most injurious insects of small size that annoy the horticulturist and arboriculturist, and are too well known to many gardeners. The females by degrees assume the appearance of galls or scales; whence they are termed scale insects—being there fixed as a dead scale, covering

their eggs until a new brood of their minute offspring is propagated, which happens usually in the month of July.

It is not my purpose to enter at length upon a description of this extensive family, the *Cocci*, but simply to illustrate this species, and call attention to it. I am not aware that it ever was described or figured, and in connection will state the curious fact that, on Monday, the 2d of December, I secured several specimens each between separate pieces of glass, gummed air tight, on a piece of card having a circular hole cut in it.

What appears singular is, that while writing this, (the 10th day of December,) the insect is still alive and moving in its narrow abode, between the slips of glass, being the 9th day since its confinement. How long it may continue to live, I shall see. My entomological friend, Mr. S. S. RATHVON, and others, saw it move above last evening, and others to-day. This goes to prove how tenacious their life is. Without air, moisture, or nourishment, it seems as active at this moment as it was nine days ago when taken from the leaf and caged up.

Mr. RATHVON also brought me a species of *Aphis* infesting the roots of the cotton plant. Fig. 4, upper Fig. 5, under side, magnified greatly. The scales are covered with a waxen secretion, in flakes of a white color. Antennae apparently 5-6-jointed, suctorial apparatus rather long, with a dark colored tip; no horns or honey tubes on the body; in appearance much in character with the *Temphigus Pyri*, only that it does not eject the curled threads in the manner witnessed in specimens of that kind. The latter are also of a brownish-yellow color, and found in patches in the chinks of the bark, both on the stem and root of trees, &c.

Mr. HARRIS speaks of some plant lice that live in the ground and derive their nourishment from the roots of plants; found on pulling up China Asters, which seemed to be perishing from no visible cause. He says, "whether these are of the same species as the *Aphis radicum* of Europe," he could not ascertain, as no sufficient description of the latter had ever come to his notice. Nor do I know whether those figures are the same as those noticed by Mr. HARRIS. I simply give the fact without attempting to give names, or declare them as *new genera* or species. J. STAUFFER. Lancaster, Pa., Dec. 10, 1861.

THE NEW FRENCH ROSES.

SCORES of new roses are sent out by the French every year. Some of them, perhaps one in a dozen, prove valuable, and in a few years become popular, and their names are as familiar as "household words"—like *Giant of Battles*, *La Reine*, *Caroline de Sansal*, &c.—but the remainder are forgotten after a few years. A correspondent of the London *Florist*, who has made a sojourn among the rose-growers of the continent, names about sixty new varieties that are to be sent out this winter and next spring as candidates for public favor. He says:

"I thought that the best service I could render during my recent visit to France, was to obtain such information upon the subject of the forthcoming roses as might gratify my own curiosity, and be somewhat of a guide to them. I have made the best use of my eyes and ears that I could; have visited Margottin, Verdier, Marest, Touvais, Trouillard, Portemer, &c.; have obtained lists of the new varieties, and, in fact, done my best to get together some information on the point, and the conclusion that I have come to is, that we are not to expect any very striking addition to our lists this season. There are some which promise well, but when I say that there are, I verily believe, nearly a hundred new ones to come out, it will be seen how difficult is the task of selection, especially as one feels that under the most favorable circumstances not one-tenth of these will be retained in our lists; in such a case one must rely more on the known characters of the vendors than on anything else. Men like Margottin and Marest will not wittingly deceive; they may be mistaken, but they regret it as much as the public when it is so. There was one matter in the cultivation of roses, which I heard from Trouillard, of Angers, which struck me forcibly as one likely to be of service to us, and that is to graft low on stocks of the Dog Rose raised from seeds. However excellent the Manetti may be for strong, vigorous growing kinds, I think no one can say that it is equally good, especially on strong soils, for the more delicate constitution kinds; for they, not having power to receive the sap, are soon overpowered, the stock begins to throw up suckers, and the rose languishes and dies; while stocks of the Dog Rose taken from the hedges, are, on the other hand, generally so defective in root, that they answer badly for that purpose, but by sowing seed of the Dog Rose you obtain nice healthy stocks, with abundance of fibrous roots, not too vigorous in character, and giving a fine healthy start to the rose, and is also more permanent than it is likely to be on the Manetti; it is, at any rate, worthy of the consideration of rose growers, and I am not aware that it has yet been tried in England.

CULTIVATION OF PLUMS FOR MARKET.

We have often called the attention of our readers to the importance of cultivating the Plum as a market fruit, particularly in districts where the peach cannot be grown, or is uncertain. This subject is beginning to attract the attention of practical men. The following we find in the *Horticulturist*, written by JAMES M. BARRET, of Canterbury, N. Y.:

So much has been said and written of late upon the Grape question, that I begin to fear that we may forget that other fruits can be successfully raised. I therefore propose to give you my experience in raising Plums, in which I have made a profitable experiment, willing that my fellow readers of the *Horticulturist* may go and do likewise, if they believe the Yankee maxim, that some things may be done as well as others, and that one man can do what another has done, if he tries.

In 1856, I set out with care what remained of seven or eight hundred Plum trees, which had been stuck out by contract two years before, and up to that time had refused to thrive. This transplanting revived them, and from that period I date the beginning of my experiment, which, including the present season, makes six years that they have been under treatment. The ground between the Plum trees has been regularly plowed and cultivated for the Raspberry crop, the product of which has paid all expenses, including \$50 per year ground-rent, for two acres and a quarter, and a profit besides. In 1859, I spread under each tree half a peck of common salt.

The black knot upon these Plum trees has appeared regularly every year, and has been cut out clean to the healthy wood in the month of June, say within

a fortnight after its first appearance, and while the excrecence was still soft. It is then easily removed without injury to the tree, the wound generally healing over the same season. For the last three years this disease has decreased yearly. The past season I removed the whole from 640 trees in less than half a day. In 1859, these trees began to bear fruit, yielding twenty bushels, which was sold for fifty-five dollars, after paying expenses. In 1860, the crop was nine bushels and one peck, which brought three dollars a bushel. In 1861, I gathered and marketed seventy-two bushels, for which I received five dollars and twenty cents a bushel, after paying expenses. The total receipts for the three years amount to four hundred and forty-eight dollars and seventy-five cents, after paying all expenses, and amounts to about three times the original outlay, including cost of trees, labor of setting, and transplanting. I know of no business which pays a better profit upon the investment. Only about one-half of my trees have yet borne fruit. Many of them produced from six to twenty Plums the past season. Of course, the production may be expected to increase for many years.

The variety cultivated by me is the free-stone front Plum, which is the most prolific. The clingsone is much the finest variety, holds good on the tree two or three weeks later, and brings a higher price in market.

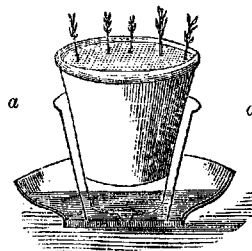
The secret of my success may be summed up as follows:

1. By selecting varieties that are but little troubled by curculio, and that are marketed without damage to the fruit; these, being used for preserves, are gathered before they become soft and mellow enough to eat; consequently, they are not injured by transportation to market, and are sure to bring a good price.
 2. By careful planting in ground previously prepared and mellowed, and kept so by yearly working.
 3. By the use of salt as a manure.
 4. By an unsparing use of the knife upon the black knot in the month of June of each year, instead of waiting until fall or the next spring, or perhaps neglecting it altogether.
- In former years the Plum crop of this country was a source of profit to almost every farmer, but the curculio has attacked and destroyed the finer varieties of fruit, and the black knot made such havoc among the blue Plum trees as to discourage its culture. May we not hope to see this fruit again generally cultivated for market purposes?

Horticultural Notes.

THE FRAGRANT ORCHARD.—This is the singular name of a new paper printed at Brunswick Harbor, Michigan, two numbers of which we have received. It is printed in one of the finest fruit regions in the world, and the name, though strange, is appropriate. The editor says:—"On the North, East, and South of us, at intervals for miles, may be seen the fruit orchards for which this vicinity is so famous, which alone yield fortunes annually. By this, we do not desire it to be inferred that the territory immediately contiguous to this, and in the directions indicated, comprises all the celebrated fruit orchards of this region. South and Southeast of St. Joseph—which lies but one mile from this place—may be seen some of the finest orchards in the country."

PROPAGATING PLANTS BY CUTTINGS.—We have recently read an explanation of an idea of Mr. Beaton that must be of service to amateurs who wish to propagate in a small way, and the principle may be applied by those who are not satisfied with less than wholesale practices. We have made the following sketch of the plan proposed.



A common flower-pot (say four-inch) is taken, and prepared with drainage and sand for the cuttings in the usual way. This is set in another four-inch pot, which we have shown cut in halves, and will only go down about three-fourths of the way, resting on the lower one, as shown in a. When being set in, putty or cement of any kind is set around at the junction a, which will make the passage air-tight. This double pot is then set in a saucer of water, so that the water shall only reach to the bottom of the upper pot. A section of the saucer only is given to show the water-line. The advantage of this plan is, that when the pot is exposed to the sun, it becomes warm—vapor is generated, and circulates around the inside pot, which makes as perfect a warm water tank on a small scale as one can have. On this plan, water will seldom or never be required on the sand,—all being applied to the saucer below. The cuttings, unless very delicate indeed, will not require any bell-glass over them to check evaporation, which glass, after all, is useful in any case only at the expense of rapid growth. —Gardener's Monthly.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE ACONITE AND LUPIN.—What is the name of the common Aconite, growing in some gardens—a pretty blue flower; and where can plants or seeds be obtained? Is it the Aconite used in medicine, and is the plant poisonous? Can the pretty blue Lupin of our hills be transplanted to our gardens? If so, is it not worthy of cultivation?—AMATEUR FLORIST.

The Aconite, or Monkshood, is a well-known handsome perennial plant, usually found in every good collection of perennials. There are several species, some white and yellow, but the best have dark blue flowers, which grow in long



spikes, as shown in the small engraving. The common variety referred to by our correspondent is *A. napellus*, and although a very beautiful, is a very poisonous plant, and extensively used in medicine, especially by homeopathic physicians. *A. tenuifolium* is a very fine variety. Plants can be obtained of nurserymen and florists, and seeds of our seedsmen. The common Lupin of our sandy hills is *Lupinus perennis*. It is difficult to transplant, and does not succeed well in common garden soil. There are a good many species and varieties, some annuals, other perennials.

Domestic Economy.

PLAIN FOOD.—AN INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—What a pity it is that people will study, and invent so many "superb" and indigestible dishes of food, especially where flour is the principal constituent! Why are we not content to eat our grains, fruits, and meats, in a simpler and more wholesome manner, thereby saving a vast amount of labor and skill for better purposes, as well as preserving our health, and thus being able to do more good? Why not serve our meats, boiled or roasted, or broiled, in a plain, substantial manner—properly cooked, without extraordinary seasoning of spices, peppers, greases, &c., and so on? And our vegetables the same?

But this is idle talk to those who will cook and eat their rich cakes, preserves, pies, meats,—who know positively that nothing that people love can ever hurt them, and never do hurt them, though they are groaning with disease from head to foot, never seeking to remember, or to know, that our food is, of course, our blood and life, and should be selected and prepared with reference to life, and not solely to gratify the whims of a depraved appetite. Well, you who will, must eat your knick-knacks, and abide the consequences, but I am fully persuaded that coarse bread is most wholesome and delicious, and those who live on fine, white flour, deny themselves a great and simple luxury. Brown, or Graham flour, makes the sweetest unleavened bread I have ever tasted. However, I have often heard that the old-fashioned rye and Indian bread is excellent, and as some of my family wish to test it, will not some one skilled in the art give a recipe in the RURAL? Also, if it can be baked in a common stove oven, or in a brick oven, or bake-kettle? I have a fire-place, and could get a kettle if it is necessary. L. Y. P.—D.

TOMATO CATSUP.

MY DEAR RURAL:—I was in Baltimore the other day, stopping with a friend, and partook very freely of the Catsup mentioned above. I liked it so well that I thought it should be upon every body's table, and Mrs. R. very kindly furnished me the following recipe, which I hope you will publish in the RURAL.—P.

MRS. RHODES' GREEN TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one peck of green tomatoes, and one dozen large white onions, slice them thin, and to a layer of them sprinkle a small quantity of salt, until all used up; weigh them and let them remain twenty-four hours, then drain them well from the brine. Weigh a quarter of a pound of mustard seed, an ounce of allspice, an ounce of cloves, an ounce ground mustard, an ounce of ground ginger, two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of celery seed, and a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and mix the spices all well together. Take your preserving kettle, and to a layer of the tomatoes and onions sprinkle a layer of your spices, adding to each layer one dessert spoonful of sweet oil. Cover them with vinegar, and let them boil slowly until they are done. For the above quantity two hours will be sufficiently long to cook them.

EXTRA LEMON PIE.—Three eggs, one good sized cup of water, one half cups of sugar, (cups common size,) ten small crackers, rolled fine, one lemon, the yellow peel grated off. The peel underneath this is not to be used, but use the yellow, also the juice and inside, the latter cut fine. Separate the yolks from the whites, and give the former a thorough beating, to which add the water. Mix the above ingredients together, and bake about an hour, the same as custard or pumpkin. Beat the whites to a light froth, and add eight teaspoonfuls of white sugar, giving it another beating, to get the sugar well mixed. When the pie is done, take it from the oven, and spread the preparation over it, then put it in the oven again, and let it brown a little. Be sure and have the pie done before you add the preparation. If you go according to this recipe, you will have an excellent pie.—CHARLES E. AUSTIN, Norway, N. Y., 1861.

DESTROYING CRICKETS AND BEETLES.—I will tell you how I got rid of hundreds, by means of a common white glazed jar, about nine or ten inches high, put in the place they infest, with a slice or two of cucumber in it, and one live cricket or a decoy. They will hop in, and strange to say, have not the power to hop out. When the jar is one-third full of insects, have it filled with boiling water. I got rid of them by this simple method.

Black Beetles may be destroyed in the same way; but the jar should be rough outside, so that the insects can creep up. With a jar of this kind, glazed with white inside, we have seen a great quantity destroyed, without any bait or decoy; the beetles, from curiosity, or some other motive, creep in, but cannot creep out again.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Take sweet milk of sufficient quantity for the pudding desired, salt to the taste, and stir in Indian meal till a little milk will rise on the top by standing. If too thick it will be hard. Fill a pudding crock and tie a cloth tightly over it. Put into boiling water sufficient to keep it covered and boil steadily three hours. Fruit may be added if desired. Serve with sweetened cream. This is an old-fashioned Connecticut pudding, such as my mother always used, and it dispenses with that unhealthy article, saleratus. It is excellent.—MRS. L. H. HIGBY, Piffard, N. Y., 1861.

SNOW RICE CREAM.—Put in a stew-pan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk, boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mold previously oiled, and serve when cold. It will turn out like jelly. If no mold, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than not enough.—Ohio Farmer.

GOOD BLACKING.—Boil three pints of beer with 2 oz. ivory black. As it boils, put in a dessert spoonful of sweet oil, 2 oz. brown sugar, and boil quietly till reduced to a quart.

GOOD BOOT BLACKING FOR POLISHING.—Will some RURAL reader please tell us how to make it.—P., Niagara, N. Y., 1862.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

POOR BISCUIT.—Ladies, if you would avoid the mortification of having poor biscuit for tea, when you have company, use only D. B. DE LAND & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus. It will produce the same happy result everytime, so that you may know what to depend upon. You can get it of any respectable dealer in the country.

Ladies' Department.

THE OLD COUPLE.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,

COMPOSITION FOR FEMALES.—No. II.

COMPOSITION is not only a source of pleasure by increasing our conversational powers, but is a means within itself.

Therefore we are led to see the desirableness of perfection in composition, for in proportion as the effort is imperfectly performed, it falls in force and effect.

The choice of a subject is commonly the first difficulty that presents itself. But my dear Miss, whoever you may be, with all the great and glorious world about you, material and immaterial, celestial and terrestrial,—with that miniature world within,

for having system, each division being a subject in itself, referring each idea to its proper place. It is not always necessary or best that the heads of divisions should be obvious to any but the mind of the writer.

But time is requisite to the success of the author. FANNY FERN seldom wrote any thing she could not complete at one sitting, which accounts for the superficial and perishable character of her effusions.

After selecting a subject and preparing its divisions, it is well not to complete it at once, opportunity for reflection being necessary to insure correct ideas, and many valuable ones that would otherwise be lost.

Every sentence should be carefully weighed as to its clearness, perspicuity and unity, its mode of construction and grammatical propriety.

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.

Do not dismiss your habits of study when you cease to attend school. That crisis is often a hazardous one in the history of a young lady.

CULTIVATE GOOD LOOKS.

A SOUND moralist says:—"It is to be admitted that the grace of the human aspect may be in no small measure enhanced by bestowing a little pains upon it.

CHARITY, rightly understood, is the brightest grace of womanhood; the most beautiful flower in a garden where nature has planted her loveliest; but is a flower which may soon degenerate into a weed if not carefully watched, and which needs intelligent culture to prevent a rank or sickly growth.

Choice Miscellany.

MIDNIGHT—DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST.

Softly!
Tis dying—
The old year has flown;
Time's bell is tolling
Its funeral tone.

BREVITIES.

OF what use to give your child a great man's name? Rather, give him a common name and let him make it great if he will.

THEY but add to our sorrow who endeavor to comfort and console us with the reflection that what has happened cannot be helped.

HYPOCRITES feel more concern about the opinion their neighbors entertain of them than honest men do. The truthful can afford to be either understood or misunderstood, because they have, for comfort, a consciousness of their own right intentions; false men, lacking self-respect, feel the need of others' good opinion, and can ill afford to be known as they are.

THE biography of a person in whom we feel a deep interest, seldom satisfies us. We can hardly learn too many particulars of our heroes; the least word or act of theirs gratifies our curiosity to know; a thousand things that, related of an indifferent person, would appear trivial and tedious, have an indescribable charm when told of these whose genius and power have raised them above common mortals.

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago it was not the highest praise that could be spoken of a man to say "he had not an enemy." As the Christian world understands it, the best man that ever lived had the cruellest of enemies; and was not that sublime pagan, SOCRATES, compelled to drink poison?

A COMPARISON of portions (and those not inconsiderable,) of the discourses claiming to be from the brain of the Very Rev. — with those of some other divines, afford examples of most remarkable literary coincidences. Is it not possible that they are instances of what SWIFT calls "digressing from one's self?"

THE practice of making public pledges to do or to refrain from doing certain acts, while it is in a high degree beneficial to those, in general, who are deficient in ability to keep resolutions made to themselves, has, perhaps, the disadvantage of tending to beget a feeling of self distrust in the naturally self-reliant.

MAY not our habit of lamenting and bewailing the woes of life and the difficulty of living be traced, in part, to the melancholy songs and stories with which we are entertained in childhood? If they who have the care of the young would take pains to place before them only cheerful views of existence, grown people might be happier.

PASSAGE FROM AN ETHICAL DISCUSSION.—Subject: The comparative guilt of Lord and Lady MACBETH. S—O— thought Lady M. was less guilty than her husband, because she died of grief; whereas, M. maintained a hard, stubborn disposition after the commission of the crime. But, there was good reason why Lady M., though she did not herself do the murder, should yet feel the guiltier of the two.

HOME.—It is not the house, though that may have its charms; nor the field, carefully tilled, and streaked with your own foot-paths; nor the trees, though their shadows be to you like that of a "great rock in a weary land;" nor yet is it the fireside, with its cozy comfort; nor the pictures, which tell of loved ones; nor the books; but more than all these, it is the presence! The altar of your confidence is there; and adorning it all, and sending your blood in passionate flow, is the ecstasy of the conviction that there, at least, you are beloved; that there you are understood; that there your errors will meet even with gentle forgiveness; that there you may unburden your soul, fearless of harsh, unsympathizing ears; and there you may be entirely and joyfully yourself.

OUT-DOOR LIFE.—Just as that poetry is the freshest which the out-door life has the most nourished, so I believe that there is no surer sign of the rich vitality which finds its raciest joys in sources the most innocent, than the childlike taste for the same out-door life. Whether you take from fortune the palace or the cottage, add to your chambers a hall in the courts of Nature. Let the earth but give room to stand on; well, look up. Is it nothing to have for your roof-tree—Heaven?

A SUNDAY IN CAMP.

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

THE well known blast of our regiment bugle sounded forth upon the still morning air, admonishing every soldier that it was time, for him to bestir himself and enter upon the duties of the day.

After roll call they gather around the Sergeant to see the mail distributed. All are anxious to receive some news from home, or perchance, as the case may be, from some "fair one" in the far North; but, alas! the majority of them turn away with a look of disappointment, for the mail was unusually small this morning.

Then comes the hour for breakfast, and all rally for the cook-house with their tin cups for coffee; but while they are enjoying their morning repast, the bugle sounds for "dress parade"—and as duty calls louder than hunger to soldiers, they must leave their breakfast and buckle on cartridge-box, &c., and fall in immediately. The parade usually lasts about half an hour, and then the boys have a chance to finish their meal. At ten o'clock they are again summoned to appear in line with knapsacks, overcoats, and all their marching equipage, &c., for inspection of arms, consisting of a thorough inspection of gun, knapsack, cartridge-box, &c., which takes about three-fourths of an hour. After this all military duty is suspended for the day, and the boys have the time to themselves, which is (by many) occupied in writing letters, reading, singing, &c.

Usually, the Chaplain goes to each tent, and kindly invites them to attend service at 3 o'clock. "In front of my tent, I would be glad to see you all present to-day." Some give him encouragement that they will attend; others (but not until he is out of hearing,) say, "I don't want to go; I must finish this letter." One says this, and the other that; and while they are contending who must go, and who stay, they are again interrupted; but this time the interruption is quite agreeable; for the cry is "dinner is ready." Then the cook-house is again the center of attraction, and each one returns with a plate of pork and beans, (a common dish in camp.) As the rations are usually ample, they make out a good dinner, so good that they feel more like taking a nap than going to meeting.

The hour of three reminds them of the Chaplain's kind invitation to attend service, and they begin to make remarks as to who shall go. One starts and says, "Come, JIM and FRED, you will go, won't you?" "Well, I—, no, I guess not. Yes, I will; I'll go to-day." "So will I, if you do," says JIM. "Come, IKE, you go, too." "No, I'll stay and watch tent." "And I'll help him," says ROSSIE. "Hark," says one. "Oh, the brass band is going to play at meeting." And while they are speaking, the beautiful strains of "Old Hundred" greet the ear.

The congregation has gathered, and consists of from 65 to 70 noble-looking soldiers. The Chaplain offers up a fervent prayer for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, and the prosperity of our distracted country; then all unite in singing, "One there is above all others," &c.

aided by the band, after which their attention is called to a few thoughts founded upon that portion of Scripture, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" &c. The sermon is brief, comprehensive, and practical,—beautifully adapted to the circumstances of the soldier. Again, the Throne of Grace is supplicated, that God's blessing may attend the truth spoken to the good of those who hear, and they sing, "Show pity LORD, O LORD forgive," &c., and conclude with the Doxology, the band taking the lead. The Benediction is pronounced and the gathering is dispersed.

The time from this till dark is occupied in various ways. Some meet together in friendly groups and talk over home scenes and remembrances, and some are engaged in singing familiar hymns and patriotic songs, such as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Dixie for the Union." It is evening; the twilight has been eclipsed by the darkness of night, but it only serves to make the bright camp fire look the more cheerful; for one has been made in front of the Chaplain's tent, where a goodly number of soldiers have assembled to enjoy a prayer and conference meeting, as is their usual custom Sunday evening. The exercises are conducted as the spirit directs,

"While heaven comes down the soul to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat."
Too soon they are compelled to close for the evening roll call; and when the final blast is sounded for "tattoo," lights are extinguished, and a solemn calm pervades the encampment. Thus ended a Sabbath in "Camp Clara." C. M. B.

RURAL LIFE.—I confess that, when I pass through a rural town, and see the laborers among the corn, and the boys driving their cattle, and the girls busy in the dairies, and life passing away quietly, I cannot avoid a twinge of regret that it would be impossible for me to be content with the kind of life that I see around me, especially as I know that there is one kind of pleasure—negative, perhaps, rather than positive—which that kind of life enjoys, and in which I can never share. Relief from great responsibilities, and contentment with humble clothing, humble fare, humble society, humble aims and ambitions, humble means and humble labors—ah! how many weary, overloaded men—how many disappointed hearts—have sighed for such a boon, and sighed knowing they could never receive it.—Timothy Titcomb.

THE HUMAN VOICE.—The sweetest music is not in the oratorio, but in the human voice when it speaks from its instant life-tones of tenderness, truth, or courage. The oratorio has lost its relation to the morning, to the sun, to the earth; but that persuading voice is in tune with these.—Emerson.

Sabbath Musings.

HEAVENLY TREASURES.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.—Matthew 6: 19, 20.

Lay not up on earth your treasure,
Where the moth and rust corrode,
Earthly treasures all are fleeting,
And can have no sure abode.

WAITING TO DIE.

DOES it not seem dreadful, when every hope is gone, and all that renders life pleasant and cheerful, for the aged man or woman to sit down, waiting to die? Some may deem the thought a strange one, but I have seen many old people who, to all appearance at least, have finished their work "long ago," and they sit day after day patiently and calmly,—some do, not all,—waiting for the grim messenger that calls but once, and the heart, however earth-loving or weary, is stilled forever.

"I long to die," we hear the aged remark. "I have out-lived my usefulness; my children, that I loved and cherished in youth, need my love and care no longer; they have children to claim their time and affection. I am past labor and all that makes life desirable. I long to be free from the pains and infirmities of old age. "Long to be," says the Christian, "where the weary shall find rest."

But to the aged sinner, who looks back upon a long life crowded with evil acts and deeds, whose every aim and purpose has been selfishness, to the exclusion of all that is good and noble, to one who can recall no acts of kindness, no deeds of benevolence, who ever turned a deaf ear to the cry of the needy, or with a sanctimonious whine snarled out to the pleading voice of charity, "Stand aside, I am more righteous than thou,"—to such, when the spring-time of youth and the vigor of manhood have gone by, and old age sets his seal upon them, how wretched and fearful must be the thought—the stern reality—waiting to die! Not so to the aged Christian, who has taken the Book of Life as his guide and the man of his counsel, who has followed as closely as frail, erring mortals can, the holy and beautiful example of Him who went about doing good, to one whose influence is pure and unselfish, who has lived not wholly for himself but for the good of others,—to die is not dreadful,—it is joyful waiting the Father's time. It is but to lay aside the clay tenement that has grown old and burdensome with the cares and toils of a long pilgrimage for the spotless robes, "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Blessed thought! There is a Land where the eye never grows dim, nor the cheek pale, nor the brow furrowed, nor the firm step feeble,—there is no waiting to die in Heaven. AGNES PATTERSON. Forestville, N. Y., 1862.

THE AGED SERVING GOD.

MAY the old servants of God be dismissed from waiting on him? No; their attendance is still required, and shall be still accepted; they shall not be cast off by their Master in time of old age. Therefore, let not them desert his service. When, through the infirmities of age, they can no longer be working servants in God's family, yet they may be waiting servants. Those that, like Barzillai, are unfit for the entertainments of the courts of earthly princes, may yet relish the pleasures of God's courts as much as ever.

The Levites, when they were past the age of fifty, and were discharged from the toilsome part of their ministrations, yet still must wait on God, must be quietly waiting to give honor to him, and to receive comfort from him. Those that have done the will of God, and their well-doing is at an end, have need of patience to enable them to wait till they inherit the promise; and the nearer the happiness is which they are waiting for, and the deeper should the God be they are waiting on, and hence shortly to be with eternally.—Matthew Henry.

PROMPTNESS IN DUTIES.—There is always a joy in duties performed, and promptness in the execution heightens that joy. To wait and look on a business we ought to do at once, enervates and disheartens; to arise and do it immediately, strengthens and enlarges the heart. Delay begets hesitancy and timidity; direct performance brings zeal and courage. That they wait upon the Lord renew their strength; but they that postpone till-to-morrow present duties, are weaker for them to-morrow than to-day. Promptness in duties, then, gives greater strength for new duties. Enduring hardness as a good soldier in one campaign, qualifies the Christian for more manly feats in the next. We grow on food and exercise morally the same as we do physically. Christian fortitude helps develop that noble, full stature of character and life which the gospel enjoins—gives grace to discipleship, and energy and efficiency to the churches.—Morning Star.

DOES THE WORLD HATE PIETY?—In answer to this question, the celebrated Sydney Smith says:—"It is not true that the world hates piety. That modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with humane charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate cant and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altars which should only be a sanctuary for the righteous and the good."

Useful, Scientific, &c.

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

In a late RURAL, some variety of eyes and the glasses adapted to them, and even necessary for distinct vision, were mentioned. Of the two, short-sighted or long-sighted, children or young persons, the latter are more likely not to get the strongly convex glasses they need for their benefit. Most of those who sell glasses do not understand the defect or the abnormal condition of their eyes, and hence they fear the convex glasses will prove injurious in the end. I have known the seller, in his good intentions, discourage their use by young persons. While children of fourteen years or a little older, are made by the glasses of their grandfather of seventy years to see perfectly well, I have never heard of an instance where they proved injurious in after years. Indeed, it cannot be shown on any reasonable ground that their use is at all dangerous. The good fact too is, that such eyes gradually become better or more like the normal, and hence they will need less convex glasses in after life, as old persons who had normal eyes need the more convex till they reach eighty years or more.

The immediate cause of those abnormal eyes is not as obvious. Some children are born near-sighted, and others long-sighted. In some cases the change has been the result of disease. I knew one girl at twelve years with normal eyes, who became long-sighted immediately after having the measles, and when at the head of a family she used glasses so convex that the seller declined to sell them to her, till she said, "I take the responsibility; for I cannot fear to use the glasses that show me the world in such beauty." Some persons have been made near-sighted by the study of Greek by lamp light, or by being employed on minute objects, as embroidering or very fine sewing; for, to magnify the object it is brought nearer the eye, till the eye is fixed in near-sightedness. It would seem that the muscles of the eye became habituated to continuing the lens of the eye to that short distance.

The eyes of the Albino belong to the long-sighted class, so far as I have seen them. While they have the usual globular form of the eye-ball, they require more convex glasses than are found in common spectacles, even such as have a focal distance of only two or three inches, though the man of seventy years uses those of focal distance from twelve to eighteen inches. The lens in the eye of the Albino must have too little convexity, too little refracting power, or too great distance from the retina on the back part of the eye, or some of these, in order to require such convexity in the glasses as that of two and a half inches. With this case I have been familiar, and rejoiced as I saw the benefit conferred upon such a one by this discovery. The Albino has a horizontal vibration of the eyes which no glass can remedy. This carries the letters back and forth, if he is reading, which he learns to correct, when necessary, by stopping the vibration by the slight pressure of the finger on the lid of the eye. In reading Greek, however, this vibratory motion so mixes the letters, that distinct vision is almost impossible. But he has learned what to do even in that case. By the vibrating motion, the letters seem to go backward and forth; but by turning the page one quarter round and thus looking at it, the letters stand still. Thus he reads with ease. The page being white except the letters, the vibration of the spaces between the letters makes no difficulty, as the letters are and appear to be at rest. If the vibratory motion had been vertical, or up and down, the letters would not appear to run into each other from the distance of the lines, and the defect would be much diminished. C. D. Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1861.

AN EXTENSIVE LIBRARY.—There was once in a certain part of India such a voluminous library that a thousand camels were requisite for its transport, and a hundred Brahmins had to be paid for the care. The king felt no inclination to wade through all this heap of learning himself, and ordered his well-fed librarians to furnish him an extract for his private use. They set to work, and in about twenty years' time produced a nice little encyclopedia, which might have been easily carried by thirty camels. But the monarch found it still too large, and had not even patience enough to read the preface. The indefatigable Brahmins began, therefore, afresh, and reduced the thirty cargoes into so small a substance that a single ass marched away with it in comfort; but the king's dislike for reading had increased with age, and his servants wrote at last on a palm leaf, "The quintessence of all science consists in the little word Perhaps! Three expressions contain the history of mankind: they were born, they suffered, and they died. Love only what is good, and practice what you love. Believe only what is true, but do not mention all that which you believe."

THE TRUE THING.—The end of all learning is to make us wise. Wisdom is not a one-sided, but comprehensive culture of heart and mind, soul and body. The end of wisdom is use. If it does no good it is not wisdom, but something else. Wisdom comes from a good natural understanding, enriched by the dressing of large and wise thoughts. Good books there be, which nourish the mind, as food does the body. In morbid states the stomach may be consumed by the precise activity of the very secretions and chemical agents which give it power. This may serve to intimate to us that the mind, without its fit nutriment and proper digestion, by which it should act, and obey its natural law, may consume itself away. Get wisdom by thought, by observation, by reading, by action.

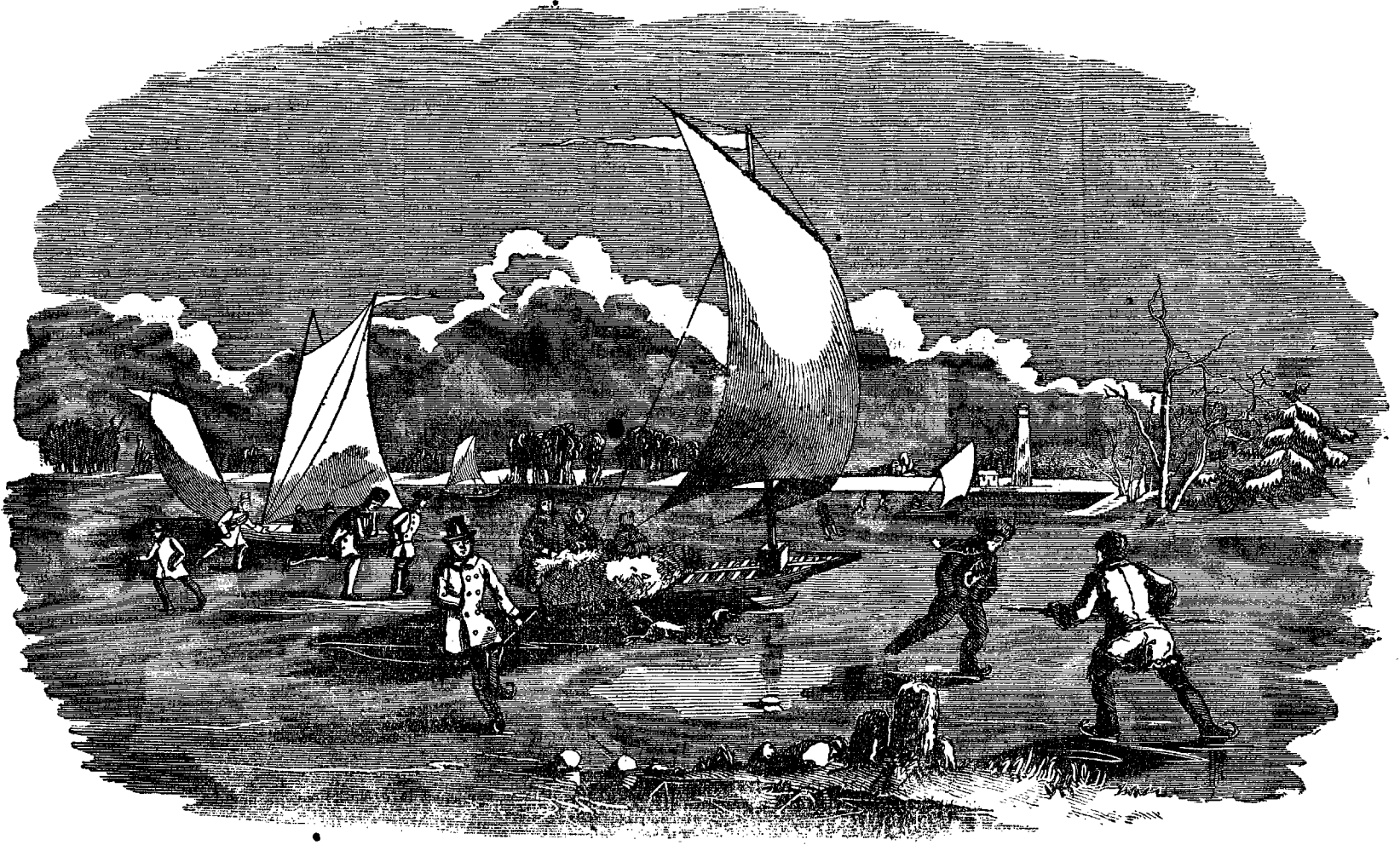
MELODEON.—We venture to say there are few words in the English language, of only eight letters, the letters composing which can be made to spell correctly so many words as the letters composing melodeon:

Table with 4 columns of letters: me, melon, mold, mole, mode, model, moon. Corresponding words: lone, lone, led, lend, lemon, mend.

Those having leisure may add several other words not here given.

DON'T READ WITH TIRED EYES.—The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

To prevent fatiguing them, rest them frequently for half a minute or so, while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects, by looking at things at a distance or up to the sky.



WINTER SCENE---SKATING AND ICE BOATING ON TORONTO BAY.

The illustration above represents a winter scene upon the Bay of Toronto, Canada West, where the sports of the skater are united with excursions of the ice-boat. These are infinitely preferable to coasting, inasmuch as there is no Cissiphus-like toiling up hill for the purpose of riding down again. The ice-boat can be propelled on any tack and as nearly into the

teeth of the wind as a sloop, and its motions are demonstrable on the same principle of the resolution of forces, as the sailing of a ship. It consists simply of planks nailed together, upon the bottom of which skates or pieces of thin iron are fastened. A mast is then erected in the fore part, and large sails attached. An oar is stuck out behind for a rudder,

by means of which the ice-boat may be turned with the utmost certainty and rapidity. The velocity with which these boats are sometimes driven by the wind, exceeds belief. It would be a match for an express locomotive, running at its highest speed, to overtake them, at times. Seats are arranged on the ice-boats, and there, covered comfortably up with

thick buffalo skins, the ladies and gentlemen find happy amusement. It is a beautiful sight to see twenty of these boats, crossing and re-crossing each other's tracks on the wide bay, each of them attended by a knot of skaters, reminding one of the troops of small birds which are frequently seen hovering in the wake of a falcon.

Rural New-Yorker. NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"LIGHT of our firmament, guide of our Nation, Pride of her children, and honored afar, Let the wide beams of thy full constellation Scatter each cloud that would darken a star! Up with our banner bright, Sprinkled with starry light, Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore, While through the sounding sky Loud rings the Nation's cry— Union and Liberty! one evermore!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 11, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Mason and Slidell Seizure.

In our last issue we gave the opening correspondence on the part of England and our own Government relative to the seizure of Mason and Slidell. We now give the reply of Secretary Seward, which was followed by the release of the Rebel Embassadors. After a brief review of the instructions to Lord Lyons, Mr. Seward remarks:

The British Government has rightly conjectured, what it is now my duty to state, that Capt. Wilkes, in conceiving and executing the proceedings in question, acted upon his own suggestion of duty, without any direction, or instruction, or even foreknowledge of it, on the part of this Government. No directions had been given to him, or any other naval officer, to arrest the four persons named, or any of them, on the Trent, or any other British vessel, or on any other neutral vessel, at the place where it occurred or elsewhere.

The British Government will justly infer from these facts, that the United States not only have had no purpose, but even no thought, of forcing into discussion the question which has arisen, or any other which could affect in any way the sensibilities of the British nation. It is true that a round shot was fired by the San Jacinto from her pivot gun when the Trent was distantly approaching. But as the facts have been reported to this Government, the shot was nevertheless intentionally fired in a direction so obviously divergent from the course of the Trent as to be quite as harmless as a blank shot, while it should be regarded as a signal.

So also we learn that the Trent was not approaching the San Jacinto slowly when the shell was fired across her bows, but on the contrary, the Trent was, or seemed to be, moving under a full head of steam, as if with a purpose to pass the San Jacinto.

We are informed, also, that the boarding officer (Lieutenant Fairfax,) did not board the Trent with a large armed guard, but he left his marines in his boat when he entered the Trent. He stated his instructions from Capt. Wilkes to search for the four persons named, in a respectful and courteous, though decided manner, and he asked the captain of the Trent to show his passenger list, which was refused. The lieutenant, as we are informed, did not employ absolute force in transferring the passengers, but he used just so much as was necessary to satisfy the parties concerned that refusal or resistance would be unavailing.

So also, we are informed that the Captain of the Trent was not at any time, or in any way, required to go on board the San Jacinto.

These modifications of the case as presented by Commander Williams are based upon our official reports.

I have now to remind your Lordship of some facts which, doubtless, were omitted by Earl Russell, with the very proper and becoming motive of allowing them to be brought into the case on the part of the United States, in the way most satisfactory to this Government.

These facts are, that, at the time the transaction occurred, an insurrection was existing in the United States, which this Government was engaged in suppressing by the employment of land and naval forces; that, in regard to this domestic strife, the United States considered Great Britain as a friendly power, while she had assumed for herself the attitude of a neutral; and that Spain was considered in the

same light, and had assumed the same attitude as Great Britain.

It had been settled by correspondence that the United States and Great Britain mutually recognized as applicable to this local strife, these two articles of the declaration made by the Congress of Paris in 1856, namely:—That the neutral or friendly flag should cover enemy's goods, not contraband of war, and that neutral goods, not contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag. These exceptions of contraband from war were a negative acceptance by the parties of the rule hitherto everywhere recognized as a part of the law of nations, that whatever is contraband is liable to capture and confiscation in all cases. James M. Mason and McFarlane are citizens of the United States and residents of Virginia. John Slidell and George Eustis are citizens of the United States and residents of Louisiana. It was well known at Havana when these parties embarked on the Trent, that James M. Mason was proceeding to England in the affected character of a Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, under a pretended commission from Jefferson Davis, who has assumed to be President of the insurrectionary party in the United States, and McFarlane was going with him in a like unreal character of Secretary of Legation to the pretended mission. John Slidell, in similar circumstances, was going to Paris as a pretended Minister to the Emperor of the French, and George Eustis was chosen Secretary of Legation for that simulated mission.

The fact that these persons had assumed such characters has been since avowed by the same Jefferson Davis in a pretended message to an unlawful and insurrectionary Congress. It was, as we think, rightly presumed that these Ministers bore pretended credentials and instructions, and such papers are, in the law, known as dispatches. We are informed by our consul at Paris that these dispatches, having escaped the search of the Trent, were actually conveyed and delivered to the emissaries of the insurrection in England. Although it is not essential, yet it is proper to state, as I do also upon information and belief, that the owner and agent and all the officers of the Trent, including the commanding, Williams, had knowledge of the assumed characters and purposes of the persons before named, when they embarked on that vessel.

Your Lordship will now perceive that the case before us, instead of presenting a merely flagrant act of violence on the part of Capt. Wilkes, as might well be inferred from the incomplete statement of it that went up to the British Government, was undertaken as a simple, legal, customary and belligerent proceeding by Captain Wilkes, to arrest and capture a neutral vessel engaged in carrying contraband of war for the use and benefit of the insurgents.

The question before us is, whether this proceeding was authorized by and conducted according to the law of nations. It involves the following inquiries:

- 1st. Were the persons named, and their supposed dispatches, contraband of war?
2d. Might Captain Wilkes lawfully stop and search the Trent for these contraband persons and dispatches?
3d. Did he exercise that right in a lawful and proper manner?
4th. Having found the contraband persons on board and in presumed possession of the contraband dispatches, had he a right to capture the persons?
5th. Did he exercise that right of capture in the manner allowed and recognized by the law of nations?

If all these inquiries shall be resolved upon in the affirmative, the British Government will have no claim for reparation.

I address myself to the first inquiry, namely: Were the four persons mentioned, and their supposed dispatches, contraband?

Maritime law so generally deals, as its professors say, in rem, that is with property, and so seldom with persons, that it seems a straining of the term contraband to apply it to them. But persons as well as property may become contraband, since the words means, broadly, contrary to proclamation, prohibited, illegal, unlawful. All writers and judges pronounce naval or military persons in the service of the enemy, contraband. Vattel says, war allows us to cut off from an enemy his all resources and to hinder him from sending ministers to solicit assistance, and Sir William Scott says, "You may stop the Ambassador of your enemy on his passage." Dispatches are not less clearly contraband, and the bearers or couriers who undertake to carry them fall under the same condemnation.

A subtlety might be raised whether pretended ministers of an usurping power, not recognized as legal by either the belligerent or the neutral, could be held to be contraband. But it would disappear on being subjected to what is the true test in all cases, namely, the spirit of the law. Sir William Scott, speaking of civil magistrates who were arrested and detained as contraband, says:

"It appears to me on principle to be but reasonable that when it is of sufficient importance to the enemy that such persons should be sent out on the public service at the public expense, it should afford equal ground of forfeiture against the vessel that may be let out for a purpose so intimately connected with the hostile operations."

I trust that I have shown that the four persons who were taken from the Trent by Captain Wilkes, and their dispatches, were contraband of war.

The second inquiry is, whether Captain Wilkes

had a right, by the law of nations, to detain and search the Trent. The Trent, though she carried mails, was a contract or merchant vessel, a common carrier for hire. Maritime laws know only three classes of vessels—vessels of war, revenue vessels, and merchant vessels. The Trent falls within the latter class. Whatever disputes have existed concerning a right of visitation or search in time of peace, none, it is supposed, has existed in modern times about the right of a belligerent in time of war to capture contraband in neutral and even friendly merchant vessels, and of the right of visitation and search to determine whether they are neutral and are documented as such according to the law of nations. I assume in the present case, what, as I read the British authorities, is regarded by Great Britain herself as true maritime law, that the circumstance that the Trent was proceeding from a neutral port to another neutral port does not modify the rights of the belligerent captor.

The third question is whether Captain Wilkes exercised the right of search in a lawful and proper manner. If any doubt hung over this point, as the case was presented in the statement of it adopted by the British Government, I think it must have already passed away before the modifications of that statement which I have already submitted.

I proceed to the fourth inquiry, namely: Having found the suspected contraband of war on board the Trent, had Capt. Wilkes a right to capture the same?

Such a capture is the chief, if not the only, recognized object of the permitted visitation and search. The principle of the law is, that the belligerent exposed to danger may prevent the contraband persons or things from applying themselves, or being applied, to the hostile uses or purposes designed. The law is so very liberal in this respect, that when contraband is found on a neutral vessel, not only is the contraband forfeited, but the vessel, which is the vehicle of its passage or transportation, being tainted, also becomes contraband, and is subjected to capture and confiscation.

Only the fifth question remains, namely: Did Capt. Wilkes exercise the right of capturing the contraband in conformity with the law of nations?

It is just here that the difficulties of the case begin. What is the manner which the law of nations prescribes for disposing of the contraband when you have found and seized it, on board of the neutral vessel? The answer would be easily found if the question were, What shall you do with the contraband vessel? You must take or send her into a convenient port and subject her to a judicial prosecution there in Admiralty, which will try and decide the question of belligerency, neutrality, contraband and capture. So again you will promptly find the same answer if the question were, What is the manner of proceeding prescribed by the law of nations in regard to the contraband if it be property, or things of material or pecuniary value?

But the question here concerns the mode of procedure in regard, not to the vessel that was carrying the contraband, nor yet to the contraband things which worked the forfeiture of the vessel, but to contraband persons.

The books of law are dumb. Yet the question is as important as it is difficult. First, the belligerent captor has a right to prevent the contraband, officer, soldier, sailor, minister, messenger, or courier, from proceeding in his unlawful voyage, and reaching the destined scene of his injurious service. But, on the other hand, the person captured may be innocent, that is, he may not be contraband. He therefore has a right to a fair trial of the accusation against him. The neutral State that has taken him under its flag, is bound to protect him if he is not contraband, and is therefore entitled to be satisfied upon that important question. The faith of that State is pledged to his safety, if innocent, as its justice is pledged to his surrender, if he is really contraband. Here are conflicting claims involving personal liberty, life, honor, and duty. Here are conflicting national claims involving welfare, safety, honor, and empire. They require a tribunal and a trial. The captor and captured are equals, the neutral and the belligerent State are equals.

While the law authorities were found silent, it was suggested at an early day by this Government that you should take the captured persons into a convenient port and institute judicial proceedings there to try the controversy. But only Courts of Admiralty have jurisdiction in maritime cases, and these courts have formulas to try only claims to contraband chattels, but none to try claims concerning contraband persons. The courts can entertain no proceedings and render no judgment in favor or against the alleged contraband men. It was replied, all this is true; but you can reach in these courts a decision which will have the moral weight of a judicial one. By a circuitous proceeding convey the suspected men, together with the suspected vessel, into port, and try there the question whether the vessel is contraband. You can prove it to be so by proving the suspected men to be contraband, and the court must then determine the vessel to be contraband. If the men are not contraband, the vessel will escape condemnation. Still there is no judgment for or against the captured persons. But it was assumed that there would result from the determination of the court concerning the vessel a legal certainty concerning the character of the men. This course of proceeding seemed open to many objections. It elevates the incidental inferior private interest into the proper place of the main paramount public one, and possibly it may make the fortunes,

the safety or the existence of a nation, depend on the accident of a merely personal and pecuniary litigation.

Moreover, when the judgment of the Prize Court upon the lawfulness of the capture of the vessels is rendered, it really concludes nothing, and binds neither the belligerent State nor the neutral upon the great question of the disposition to be made of the captured contraband persons. That question is still to be really determined, if at all, by diplomatic arrangement or by war.

One may well express his surprise when told that the law of nations has furnished no more reasonable, practical, and perfect mode than this of determining questions of such grave import between sovereign powers. The regret we may feel on the occasion is nevertheless mollified by the reflection that the difficulty is not altogether anomalous. Similar and equal deficiencies are found in every system of municipal law, especially in the system which exists in the greater portions of Great Britain and the United States. The title to personal property can hardly ever be resolved by a court without resorting to the fiction that the claimant has lost, and the possessor has found it; and the title to real estate is disputed by real litigants under the names of imaginary persons.

It must be confessed, however, that while all aggrieved nations demand, and all impartial ones concede, the need of some form of judicial process in determining the character of contraband persons, no other form than the illogical and circuitous one thus described exists, nor has any other yet been suggested. Practically, therefore, the choice is between that judicial remedy, or no judicial remedy whatever. If there be no judicial remedy, the result is that the question must be determined by the captor himself on the deck of the prize vessel. Very great objections are against such a course. The capture is made, the neutral is unarmed. The captor is interested, prejudiced, and perhaps violent; the neutral, if truly neutral, is disinterested, subdued and helpless. The tribunal is irresponsible, while its judgment is carried into instant execution. The captured party is compelled to submit, though bound by no legal, moral, or treaty obligation to acquiesce. Reparation is distant and problematical, and depends at last on the justice, magnanimity, or weakness of the State in whose behalf and by whose authority the capture was made. Out of these disputes reprisals and wars necessarily arise, and these are so frequent and destructive that it may well be doubted whether this form of remedy is not a greater social evil than all that could follow, if the belligerent right of search were universally renounced and abolished forever.

But carry the case one step further. What if the State that has made the capture unreasonably refuse to hear the complaint of the neutral or to redress it? In that case, the very act of capture would be an act of war, and war begun without notice, and possibly entirely without provocation. I think all unprejudiced minds will agree that, imperfect as the existing judicial remedy may be supposed to be, it would be, as a general practice, better to follow it than to adopt the summary one of leaving the decision with the captor, and relying upon diplomatic debates to review his decision. Practically, it is a question of choice between law, with its imperfections and delays, and war, with its evils and destructions.

Nor is it even to be forgotten that neutrality, honestly and justly preserved, is always the harbinger of peace, and is therefore the common interest of nations, which is only saying that it is the interest of humanity itself. At the same time it is not to be denied that it may sometimes happen that the judicial remedy will become impossible—as by the shipment of the prize vessel, or other circumstances which excuse the captor from sending or taking her into port for confiscation. In such a case the right of the captor to the custody of the captured persons, and to dispose of them, if they are really contraband, so as to defeat their unlawful purposes, cannot reasonably be denied.

What rule shall be applied in such a case? Clearly the captor ought to be required to show that the failure of the judicial remedy results from circumstances beyond his control, and without his fault. Otherwise he would be allowed to derive advantage from a wrongful act of his own.

In the present case, Captain Wilkes, after capturing the contraband persons and making prize of the Trent in what seems to us a perfectly lawful manner, instead of sending her into port, released her from the capture, and permitted her to proceed with her whole cargo, upon her voyage. He thus effectually prevented the judicial examination which might otherwise have occurred. If now, the capture of the contraband persons and the capture of the contraband vessel are to be regarded, not as two separate or distinct transactions under the law of nations, but as one transaction, one capture only, then it follows that the capture in this case was left unfinished, or was abandoned. Whether the United States have a right to retain the chief public benefits of it, namely, the custody of the captured persons, on proving them to be contraband, will depend upon the preliminary question whether the leaving of the transaction unfinished was necessary, or whether it was unnecessary, and, therefore, voluntary. If it was necessary, Great Britain, as we suppose, must of course waive the defect, and the consequent failure of the judicial remedy. On the other hand it is not seen how the United States can insist upon her waiver of that judicial remedy, if the defect of the

capture resulted from an act of Captain Wilkes, which would be a fault on their own side.

Capt. Wilkes has presented to this government his reasons for releasing the Trent.

"I forbore to seize her," he says, "in consequence of my being so reduced in officers and crew, and the danger of the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us. The claim of the British government is not made in a discourteous manner. This government, since its first organization, has never used more qualified language in a similar case.

In coming to my conclusion, I have not forgotten that if the safety of this Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this government to detain them. But the effectual check and warning proportions of the existing insurrection, as well as the comparative unimportance of the captured persons themselves, when dispassionately weighed, happily forbid me from resorting to that defence.

Nor am I aware that American citizens are not in any case to be unnecessarily surrendered for any purpose into the keeping of a foreign State. Only the captured persons, however, or others who are interested in them, could jointly raise a question on that ground.

Nor have I been tempted at all by suggestions that cases might be found in history where Great Britain refused to yield other nations, and even to ourselves, claims like that which is here set up. Those cases occurred when Great Britain, as well as the United States, was the home of generations which with all their peculiar interests and passions have passed away. She could in no other way so effectually disavow any such inquiries, as we think she does now by assuming as her own the ground upon which we stood. It would tell little for our claims to the character of a just and magnanimous people, if we should so far consent to be guided by the law of retaliation as to heap up buried injuries from their graves to oppose against that national consistency and the national conscience compel us to regard as a claim intrinsically right.

Putting behind me all suggestions of this kind, I prefer to express my satisfaction that by the adjustment of the present case upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question was finally and rightly settled between them which heretofore exhausted not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than a half century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all the other nations.

The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your Lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them.

I avail myself of this occasion to offer to your Lordship a renewed assurance of my very high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself.

It will be seen, therefore, that this government could not deny the justice of the claim presented to us in this respect upon its merits. We are asked to do for the British nation just what we have always insisted all nations ought to do to us. The claim of the British government is not made in a discourteous manner. This government, since its first organization, has never used more qualified language in a similar case.

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possession of Ship Island is thus related by a correspondent of the Hartford *Courant*:

On the western end of the island, commanding the channel, is a fortification, commenced by the United States Government some time ago, and abandoned for want of further appropriations. This fort the rebels took possession of and manned it with about 1,200 troops. They built houses and shanties, covered the fort with sand bags, mounted six heavy rifled guns, and were, in fact, prepared to resist quite a navy. A U. S. gunboat was ordered up to spy out the land. Not having force enough to attack the rebels, the commander adopted a clever stratagem. Having on board several prisoners, taken in a fishing schooner, the officers filled their ears with stories of a large fleet coming down to blow the Ship Island fort into the Gulf! Then, when they were sufficiently impressed with the magnitude of the fleet that was to destroy them, they let the prisoners escape. It worked like a charm. Early the second day after the departure of the prisoners a beautiful scene was there to the beholders through the morning shadows. The whole island was in a blaze. The gun-boat went up soon after, and found the rebels evacuating. Not long afterwards the Stars and Stripes were floating from the staff that had been pulled by the Confederate symbol of treason. The report copied by a New York paper from the New Orleans *Picayune*, speaking of "the immense Lincoln fleet" that watched their debarkation, corresponds with the "garn" impressed upon the rebel prisoners. Thus was won one of the most important stations on our Southern blockade, with one steamer of ninety men and four guns.

The report in a recently published letter from St. Louis, in regard to a Texas expedition being fitted out at Fort Leavenworth, to be under the charge of Gen. Hunter, with Generals Lane and Denver as subordinates, is correct in essential particulars. General Lane is at present engaged in the discharge of his duties as a Senator of Kansas. He will leave this position only to take exclusive command over a column organized with a view to demonstrate to the country the correctness of those principles to which alone he believes the war can be brought to a successful close, and the rebellion terminated and permanently overthrown. This position it is generally understood, is cordially endorsed by the Administration.

Reports from the Indian country show war as fairly begun between the loyal Indians against the Texans and rebel half breeds. In a fight in the Cherokee country it is reported that Cooper, Texan General, and McIntosh, the leader of the rebel Creeks, were killed. The loyal Indians lost 14.

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Buckner, ex-Minister Preston, and Edward Crutchfield to the amount of \$20,000 each, and in smaller sums against several others.

A great fire occurred at Nashville, which consumed \$700,000 worth of property, on the 22d ult. C. Q. Armstrong's pork house, formerly of this city, contributed materially to the progress of the flames, and the stored shells exploded terrifically.

Department of Western Virginia.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, writing from Summersville, Va., under date of Dec. 22d, says that portions of companies B, E, and H, about one hundred and fifty men, with Major E. B. Andrews, all of the Thirty-Six Ohio, which is stationed at S., started on an expedition a few days since, the object of which was to investigate the condition of things in the vicinity of Meadow Bluff and Lewisburg. They found no enemy in that region in force. Major Andrews destroyed the barracks, one hundred and ten buildings at Meadow Bluff, which had been evacuated, with some tents, and a few army stores. Floyd's troops are said to have been ordered to Richmond.

The Major returned yesterday, bringing in two notorious rebels, one of whom was a guide to a company of rebel cavalry. He also captured one hundred head of cattle, over one hundred South-Down sheep, eighteen horses, a number of mules and working oxen, twenty-eight rifles, four holster pistols, and a quantity of powder horns. The Confederate mills were also seized. No prisoners taken except four men, notorious as in active sympathy with the rebellion.

Some of the property was taken from the farm and summer residence of W. H. McFarland, a wealthy banker of Richmond. He has a son in the rebel army. His nephew is the Secretary of Legation to Mason, and was captured with him by Commander Wilkes.

The people of that region were bitter in their complaints against the treatment they had received from the Confederate army, and the rebellion in Western Virginia is considered entirely hopeless. The moral effect of the expedition, it is believed, will be excellent.

A special to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, from Huttonsville, Virginia, says an expedition consisting of 400 of the 5th Ohio, 300 of the 2d Virginia, and 40 of Bracken's Cavalry, which was sent out by Gen. Milroy, to attack Huntersville, was a complete success. They attacked the enemy on the morning of the 4th inst., consisting of 400 cavalry and 350 militia. After skirmishing an hour, the enemy retired with a loss of 80 killed and wounded. On our side none were lost. Eighty thousand dollars worth of army stores and clothing was captured and destroyed.

The *Commercial's* dispatch says Huntersville was the depot of supplies in Western Virginia. Their cavalry were armed with Sharpe's carbines, and attacked us two miles from Huntersville. We drove them from point to point, and finally they beat a hasty retreat from town, as we charged through it. Their supplies, consisting of 350 barrels of flour, 300 salted beefs, 3,000 lbs. salt, large quantities of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon, and army clothing, worth from \$23,000 to \$30,000, were entirely destroyed. We captured a large number of Sharpe's carbines, sabers and pistols. The stars and stripes were left floating over the Court House. Our troops returned to Huttonsville in fine spirits.

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Baltimore boat, which was detained for the purpose, took the released prisoners to Baltimore. The number released is 240, nearly all of whom were taken at the battle of Bull Run.

Advices from Port Royal indicate that Commodore Dupont is preparing for a new naval demonstration. Gunboats are concentrating, and large numbers of men and launches are practicing in the work of assisting and landing of troops. About 10,000 troops can be spared from Hilton Head in addition to General Stevens' brigade, to operate against Charleston, Savannah, or the rebel force at Coosawatchie. News by the Ariel from Port Royal, on the 1st instant, is interesting. The British steamer *Fingal* attempted to run the blockade at Savannah, but was foiled. She got ready to make her way through Warsaw Sound, but information having been received from a deserter, the gun boat *Ottawa* was dispatched to the Sound, and on her arrival the rebel Mosquito fleet of *Tatnall* came down to attack her. After a brisk engagement a shell was put through one of *Tatnall's* vessels, when he returned.

A Spanish schooner without a name, but laden with a valuable cargo of Havana cigars, shoes and other stores, was chased, run aground and burned at Cumberland Inlet, on the 15th ult., by the boats of the *Bienville* and *Alabama*. Her cargo was taken off, the crew having previously fled to the woods.

The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch of the 3d inst. says a private telegram has been received here, dated Mobile, yesterday, which states that *Picayune* Butler is at Ship Island; also, that the Federals have nominal possession of Bloxi, and it is believed that they will occupy all the towns on the coast in that region. They captured two cannon at Bloxi. It is stated that they landed there from 5,000 to 7,000 troops; and further, that they express the determination to push forward their forces to Jackson. Sixteen vessels are reported at Ship Island.

The Charleston *Mercury* has a dispatch stating a large force of the United States army had landed on North Edisto, and had seized Railroad station No. 4 on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad.

The official report of Commodore Dupont, in relation to sinking the stone fleet, has been received at the Navy Department. The substantial part of the document consists in the report of Charles Henry Davis, who had command of the fleet. In this report Capt. Davis says:

"On the night of my arrival off Charleston, the light house was blown up, by which the purpose of my visit was essentially promoted. After the bar had been rounded out two ships were sunk, one on the eastern and one on the western limit of the channel, which served to limit the field of operations. After all the ships which were to be sunk—sixteen in number—had been brought here and in a position to be easily moved, they were towed in by smaller steamers and placed upon and inside the bar, in checkered or indented form, lying as much as possible across the direction of the channel in several lines some distance apart, and they are made to nearly overlap each other so that it would be difficult to draw a line to them in the direction of the channel, which would not be intercepted by one of the vessels."

Commander Davis says he was guided by several principles in choosing the place and manner of sinking the vessels, viz:

1st. The bar was selected because it is the principal and culminating point of the natural deposits in this line, by adding the material contained in the hulks to those already placed there by nature. It may be expected that the natural forces which aggregate the latter will tend to keep the former in their assigned position.

2d. By putting down the vessels in an indented form it was intended to create a material obstruction to the channel without seriously impeding the flow of water. If it were possible to build a wall across the channel, the river, which must flow to the sea, would undoubtedly take another path, but if the natural channel is only partial, the water may retain part of its old course and require the addition only of new channels of small capacity.

3d. This mode of sinking vessels is intended to establish a combination of artificial interruptions and irregularities, resembling on a small scale those of Hell Gate or Holmes' Hole, producing like eddies, whirlpools, and counter currents, such as render the navigation of an otherwise difficult channel hazardous and uncertain.

The *Vanderbilt*, from Port Royal on the morning of the 3d, arrived in New York on the 6th inst. She brings 36,097 pounds of cotton. General Stevens' brigade advanced on main land on the 1st, and took possession of the rebel batteries after a short resistance, assisted by the gunboats in shelling them. General Stevens followed up to within six miles of the Charleston railroad. A flag of truce from the rebels requested permission to bury the dead, and an hour was granted for the purpose, when they fell back on their fortifications, which are said to be very extensive, and defended by 10,000 to 12,000 men under General Polk. Their loss is unknown. Our force was 4,500, and had eight wounded, including Major Watrous, of the 8th Michigan, who was mortally wounded. General Stevens now holds possession of the main land, and awaits reinforcements from the North to proceed.

DISPATCHES received at Headquarters on the 2d inst., announce the capture of the notorious Jeff Owens, Col. Jones, and 50 of their bridge burning gang, near Martinsburgh, Adrian County, by Gen. Scofield, commander of State Militia. The various guerrilla bands along the North Missouri railroad have been pretty thoroughly scattered.

One of our men captured by the rebels and carried to Springfield, has just returned to Otterville, having left his former place on Christmas. He says Price with 8,000 men had taken all the horses in Springfield for his troops, turning women and children into the streets. He had unloaded his wagons and was making preparations for a long stay. The people of Arkansas refused to allow Price to enter that State with any other troops than those regularly enlisted in the Confederate service, and he had only 1,500 men in that service. The country north of Springfield was full of men returning from Price's army, who said they were determined to return home and take the oath of allegiance. Price would be left with only his regiment of Confederate troops. Since Pope's rapid operations last week there is a perfect quiet in all the region between the Missouri and Osage rivers, not even a rumor of rebel camps or squads being heard.

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The whole subject will probably be discussed when the resolution is answered.

A Sub-Committee of Ways and Means are engaged in preparing a general tax bill, which will be the basis of a national currency.

It is not probable that there will be a favorable report from the committee on Mr. Gurley's confiscation and emancipation bill.

The opinion of Comptroller Whiteley, acquiesced in by Secretary Chase is, that according to the present law regulating the compensation of members of Congress, they can receive mileage only for regular sessions; therefore mileage for the July extra session remains to be provided for by future legislation.

The agent of the Government who superintended the removal of Mason and Slidell from Fort Warren to the British gunboat Rinaldo, returned on the 4th inst. No papers were exchanged between the agent and the English commander, in connection with the delivery and reception of the Rebel Commissioners.

The Committee on Ways and Means will report and ask the immediate passage of the bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 Demand Treasury Notes, reimbursable for all public and private debts and making them legal tender and exchangeable for six per cent. bonds, and also making them exchangeable for all demand notes now issued.

There is a well-founded belief of serious difficulties to the Rebel government at Charleston, amounting almost to an insurrection, by reason of the apparent abandonment of the South Carolina coast to National invasion, and the immense destruction of property that owners have willingly consigned to the flames.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—President Lincoln's message claims great attention, notwithstanding that public feeling was deeply engrossed with the death of Prince Albert.

The Times argues that by the studied silence the President has left himself a door for retreat, but thinks the chances of peace undoubtedly diminished.

The Post treats the message as undeniably warlike, and though remarking on the silence relative to the Trent affair, says it was scarcely within ordinary scope of the message.

The News considers his silence as indicative of caution and prudence and favorable to peace.

The Star also justifies his silence, and praises his clearness, force, and ability.

The Herald takes a contrary view; fears peace is almost hopeless.

Parliament meets the middle of January.

The death of Prince Albert caused most profound sensation. Great sympathy was expressed for the Queen, who bore her bereavement with much fortitude.

Passengers by the Asia report that the blocking up of Charleston harbor with stone is likely to lead to difficulty with European powers.

FRANCE.—It was current at Paris that the French government had sent notes to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, suggesting the common mediation of the great powers between England and America.

The Paris Bourse was a shade firmer on the 20th inst.—closed at 87 1/2, for rentes.

The Temps asserts that a dispatch has been received from Seward, saying that the American government is ready to guaranty every facility to neutrals, compatible with the rights of belligerents, and would give any satisfaction in case of the infraction of any rule that had been adopted.

ITALY.—Signor Patuzzi had tendered his resignation of Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies; but the Chamber unanimously expressed a desire that he should retain his post, at least until the close of the session.

TURKEY.—The monetary panic had subsided, and the Government suspended financial operations.

Sir Charles Wood had decided to remove the seat of government from Calcutta to Hills.

The Grand Condenser.

— One of the latest inventions is an iron-shod boot. — A street railway for Valparaiso, Chili, is soon to be laid down.

— Sunday preaching is inaugurated at Barnum's Museum, New York.

— The Massachusetts war bill against the Government is \$3,200,000.

— The disbursements in Missouri since the war began exceed \$18,000,000.

— Orders have been issued for the sending of heavy artillery to Portland, Me.

— The cotton from Fort Royal is shortly to be sold at auction by the Government.

— The total number of deaths in Philadelphia, during the year 1863, was 14,210.

— It is reported that Carl Schurz is about to resign his position as Minister to Spain.

— The banking capital of Vermont is \$3,010,000; an increase of \$40,000 over last year.

— The French National Exhibition of 1865 will be the greatest ever undertaken.

— Rome is voted the capital of Italy by the Italian Parliament; eyes, 282; nays, 79.

— John C. Le Grand, ex-Chief Justice of Maryland, died in Baltimore on the 28th ult.

— A Turin correspondent of the Independence states that Mazzini is dangerously ill.

— The Countess-Dowager Grey, widow of Earl Grey, died in London on the 28th ult.

— Seventy-five thousand stand of arms arrived on the Teutonia—all new and excellent.

— Silver is selling at 26 per cent. premium at Richmond, Va., and gold at 38 per cent.

— Sir Christopher Wren, while building St. Paul's, received a salary of only £200 a year.

— Inobers, upward of 200 feet in height, have been seen recently off the coast of Maine.

— Thirty of the counties of Kentucky are in possession of the rebels, and eighty are loyal.

— The banks of Providence, R. I., and Hartford, Conn., have suspended specie payment.

— A hundred bales of cotton were recently sold in Massachusetts for thirty cents a pound.

— A fire in Hornellville last week destroyed property to the amount of \$8,000 or \$10,000.

— Failures have occurred in Chili, since January last, that will sum up beyond \$20,000,000.

— From Oswego to Fondulac, we have not a single fortification which could bear a day's siege.

— The last Chinese exploit was murdering two Protestant Missionaries, near Chefoo, Oct. 17.

— Chas. H. Foster, appointed by the President U. S. Marshal for N. C., has gone to Hatters.

— Two million dollars' worth of cotton has already been gathered by our forces at Fort Royal.

— The Kingston (C. W.) News says the release of Mason and Slidell does honor to Mr. Seward.

— It is proposed to start a military school at Detroit, under the auspices of the State Government.

— The Richmond papers admit that the battle of Drainesville was a serious disaster to the rebel cause.

— The first consignment of goods for the International Exhibition of 1864 has arrived in London.

Publisher's Notices.

ADHERERS TO TERMS.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and no person is authorized to offer the RURAL at less than published rates.

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 premiums are entitled to an extra free copy for every ten subscribers over twenty.

THE RURAL IS MAILED PROMPTLY to all new subscribers, every order being attended to on the day of its receipt.

Another thing. We are endeavoring to rearrange our mailing routes so that all papers will reach their destination as directly and speedily as possible, and will thank Post-Masters or others to inform us by any delay, or omission to send by the most direct route.

A GOOD BOOK PREMIUM.—After examining the Manual of Agriculture, (the new book advertised in this number), we concluded it to be the best work on the subject (especially for Boys and Young Men) which we could offer to those forming clubs, and purchased two hundred copies for distribution as premiums.

BE BRIEF.—In writing us on business, please be as brief as consistent. At this season we receive from 200 to 300 or more letters per day, and it is no easy task to read all carefully and give each proper attention.

ABOUT CLUB TERMS, &c.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to our club rates, which require a certain number of subscribers to get the paper at a specified price—say ten to get it at \$1.50 per copy, twenty to get it at \$1.00, and so on.

NOT A "DOLLAR PAPER."—We reiterate what has often been proclaimed in former volumes, that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is not a dollar paper—that it is never furnished to clubs, however large, at less than our published rates.

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of our last volumes will be ready in a few days—price, \$3; unbound, \$2.

SELECT YOUR PREMIUMS.—If those forming clubs will specify the premiums preferred, where they have the choice, and name Express Office (in cases where they are to be sent by Express), in the letters containing their remittances, we shall be saved some trouble, and perhaps subsequent scolding.

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.

OUR EXTRA PREMIUMS.—There is yet time to compete for the Extra Premiums for clubs of 10, 20, 24, and 40 subscribers. The list of offers was given in RURAL of Dec. 7th, 14th, 21st ultimo.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

or sales at 41¢/42¢ for Canada, and 42¢/43¢ for Jersey, Western and State.

PROVISIONS.—Pork prices steady and active. Sales at \$12.00/12.00/12.00 for country prime; \$10.00/10.00/10.00 for country medium; \$9.00/9.00/9.00 for country extra.

ALBANY, JAN. 6.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—A quiet market for flour, with scarcely the usual retail business doing.

BUFALO, JAN. 6.—The market is quiet, the demand being somewhat limited to the wants of the home trade.

CINCINNATI, JAN. 6.—Hogs advanced 15¢, closing firm at \$3.00/3.00/3.00. The Price Current furnishes the following weekly summary of the market:

Total this season, 515,841. Same time last year, 500,077. Same time in 1859, 404,126.

ST. LOUIS, JAN. 1.—But little has been done this week in the hog market, and receipts have dwindled down to nothing.

NEW YORK, DEC. 31.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

First quality, 80¢/80.00. Ordinary quality, 75¢/75.00. Common quality, 70¢/70.00. Inferior quality, 65¢/65.00.

ALBANY, JAN. 6.—BEVERIES.—The supply is good for the season, fully up to the demand, and the average quality is fair.

MARKET REPORT.—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat hogs) \$2.25/2.25/2.25; first quality, \$2.00/2.00/2.00; second do., \$1.75/1.75/1.75; third do., \$1.50/1.50/1.50.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 1.—At market, 701 Cattle, 620 Beesves, and 51 Stores, consisting of Woolley Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

MARKET REPORT.—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat hogs) \$2.25/2.25/2.25; first quality, \$2.00/2.00/2.00; second do., \$1.75/1.75/1.75; third do., \$1.50/1.50/1.50.

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Married.

In Fairport, on Christmas evening, by the Rev. I. FARGO, WM. H. WILSON and sister of the bridegroom's former lamented companion.

DEARDESS BARKLEY for sale at \$4 per bushel, or smaller quantities at the same rate. It is Spring Barley.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS wanted, to sell Union Stationary Packages and Popular Books. No risk and heavy profits.

DENMANSHIP TAUGHT BY MAIL, by our new process, as thoroughly and cheap as if present.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY BY ADVERTISING.—A Practical Man's Advice. Sent free, by ROBERTSON & CO., 82 & 84 Nassau St., New York.

5 A MONTH.—I want to hire AGENTS in every county to sell a new, cheap SEWING MACHINE, at \$75 per month and expenses.

FARM FOR SALE IN YATES COUNTY, N. Y., containing seventy-five acres of Choice Land, about nine of which is wood land and the balance all tillable and under good cultivation.

Metropolitan Gift Bookstore, No. 26 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

Woolen and Carpeting, 500 Pieces, New and Elegant Carpets!

ROCHESTER LIGHT CARRIAGE FACTORY, No. 145 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

APPLE STOCKS.—1,000,000 one year, and 2,000,000 two years old Apple Stocks, at \$1.50 to \$2.50 per 1,000.

ROCHESTER LIGHT CARRIAGE FACTORY, No. 145 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

Agents wanted to sell Fruit Trees, &c.

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Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, January 7th, 1864.

THE changes noted to-day are few. Corn is drooping a little. Pork is on sale in fair quantity, and the extreme is worth 72 1/2¢.

ROCHESTER WHEAT PRICES.

Flour and Grain. Flour winter wheat, \$3.25/3.50. Flour spring do., \$3.00/3.25.

MEATS. Pork, mess, \$11.00/12.00. Pork, clear, \$10.00/11.00. Beef, cwt., \$4.00/4.25.

THE PROVISION MARKETS. NEW YORK, JAN. 6.—FLOUR.—Market steady and without material change in prices.

GRAIN.—Wheat market may be quoted quite firm, with a more active business done in export and home consumption.

HON. ALFRED ELY "AT HOME."—HON. ALFRED ELY, M. C. from this District, who has been a prisoner at Richmond since the battle of Bull's Run.

Agents wanted to sell Fruit Trees, &c.

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

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

COLUMBIA, thou peerless one, Through glory's gates exulting enter; For thou art Freedom's morning sun, Of all her stars the shining center.

Blest land where tyrants flourish never— On thy green soil we bend the knee, And hail thee God's and ours forever.

Ah! well we know JEROME'S love, When all earth's Eastern flowers did wither, Bade the swift breezes westward move To waft the seed of Freedom hither.

Eden of earth! thy generous clime Gave Freedom's plant sun, wind, and shower; It bloomed—the brightest rose of time, And on our hearts we wear the flower.

Queen of the seas! when o'er the flood Came armies, mad with thirst for slaughter, Upon thy hills our fathers' blood For love of thee ran down like water.

Live on, unshamed and unenslaved, When all that seek thy hurt have perished! By Freedom won, by Freedom cherished!

Buffalo, N. Y., 1861.

The Story-Teller.

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

THE HEIR OF REMSTEAD PLACE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER, AUTHOR OF "UNDER A CLOUD," &C.

[Continued from page 12, last week.] CHAPTER III.

ALONE! How sad and drear it sometimes is to be alone! Alone with agonizing and self-accusing thoughts; alone with unsatisfied yearnings; alone in the dreary wandering back through memory to the beautiful long ago; alone—and all so calm, so still, the very beating of the heart seems to fall upon the air.

PAUL DEVARREUX sat alone. No solemn silence brooded on the air, for the rain beat sharply against the casement, and the storm scarce for a moment lulled. Now and then a quick clap of thunder, or a prolonged roar, added to the fierceness of the night; and recurring either, flashes of lightning shot across the sky, glimmering brightly even in that high old attic.

On the bed in the cold embrace of death, lay his mother. One arm was thrown in a half circle around her head, while the other hand rested where, in its sudden coldness and stiffness, it had dropped from the hand of PAUL. Her lips were slightly apart, as if she were yet murmuring earnest words of love and faith; the lids of her eyes were merely drooped, just as if they had involuntarily closed before the awakening light of which she had spoken; while upon her face lingered a sweet expression of resignation and hope. Her spirit had assumed its eternal embodiment. The grandeur of the soul that had suffered and was strong, that had been tempted and yet did not fall, twinkled a star in the firmament of God's brightness, crowned with honor and glory forever.

PAUL sat in a profound reverie. Thought was busy with his soul, and the changes of light and shadow on his face revealed their alternations of pleasure and bitterness. And so he was the true heir of Remstead Place? to the titled lands, the noble mansion, the sloping lawns, the blossoming orchards, the luxuriant gardens? He could hardly realize the fact—he hardly knew whether he ought to feel happy or sorrowful. And then came thoughts of MIRIAM, and his course of action toward her from the change of circumstances. The property was his, and he could honestly, justly accept of her offer to share it with her. But it was the principle from which she had acted that came up against her in the eloquent pleading of love. The past sacrifice of her love to her pride—the immolation of the gushing affections of her young heart upon the altar of fashion and avarice—these came up against her. No, she was still in the refining fire, and he would watch and wait until she came thence purified. One year had passed, and he would allow another to go by ere he asserted his claims or divulged his secret. He had been schooling his heart, and wild, thrilling, ecstatic as his love had been, he learned to look upon it without tremor or dread; and it came to him like a beautiful dream of the past—a picture on the clouds, that passed away with their shifting vapors. And at times, when it would come up to him as a reality, he would bring her to mind in the light she appeared at the last interview; and thus arrayed in the hideousness of her haughtiness and pride, she stood before him a "deformed beauty," and he almost turned away with a shudder.

But in his reverie beside the dead, it does not seem strange that the memory of MIRIAM should have been tinted with something of its olden beauty. To wed her now would not cause upridings from the voice of his integrity; could she not have mourned in self-reproach, have repented, and be yearning for the sweet reunion again? Ah! love is an eloquent pleader; its voice is the voice of melody; its bribe is the full happiness of life; and its inspiration is the inspiration of the impassioned soul.

And MIRIAM! She, too, sat alone, engaged in communion with her own soul at that night of tempest and storm. The lightning in her vicinity was more vivid and

frightful, and the peals of thunder more quick and startling. As is usual with such storms, it was soon over, and a sort of drowsy yet regular and continuous rain followed.

The thoughts of MIRIAM were upon PAUL—PAUL the beloved—PAUL the spiritually beautiful. And once, as if a magnetic current had been established between their minds, she saw a cold, dim attic, with a corpse lying upon a snow-white counterpane, and kneeling by the bed was one with the dark locks and kindly face of PAUL DEVARREUX. She started, pressed her hands upon her brow, and then the vision vanished.

Ah! had not PAUL prophesied right that quiet eve upon the veranda? Her restlessness at one time, and her vacant, aimless movements at another, fully attested it. Her tapered fingers could not draw from her guitar the witching sounds of the long ago; and the song died upon her lips or wandered into a plaintiveness that made her heart ache. Seldom stood her neighing steed at the gate; it was so dull, so monotonous to ride; the long, shady groves had lost their beauty, for PAUL was not there! The dreamings of the poets no longer contained the rich gems the deep, musical voice of PAUL had held up so gloriously to her mind. Her eyes read, but her heart did not understand. And often the letters seemed to shapen themselves into earnest, truthful, loving words that PAUL may once have said, treasured never to be forgotten in the soul. Yes, she loved PAUL still; with a more calm, solemn, brooding love; and had he come into the room just then, she would have knelt at his feet, no more to be an alien from his confidence and affection.

PAUL seemed more beautiful and glorious than ever to her in the integrity of his soul. Time had wrung the bitterness from her breast; and to be steeped in the very wretchedness of poverty would have been preferable to her present dissatisfied yearning—if PAUL were to share that wretchedness with her.

The sun rose beautifully the next morning over the storm. The birds twittered, the flowers opened their velvet petals, and the river had learned some deeper monotonous. MIRIAM sat in the parlor. She was arrayed in a plain white dress, her hair tastefully arranged and in harmony with the pale, quiet, spiritual beauty of her face. Her lips were expressive of resolution, and there was much of earnestness and thought in her liquid eyes.

Soon a short, portly gentleman entered the room—a middle aged man, with red face, red hair, red whiskers, and a remarkably red waistcoat. He was puffing like a porpoise, and giving expression to eccentricities in every word and movement.

"Good morning, Mr. MORGAN," said MIRIAM; "take a chair."

"Thank you"—and out came a red handkerchief of inexpressible dimensions, which didn't remove any of the redness from his face. "It's warm; it's very warm; it's positively warm; no, it's hot! My head seems on fire, and if I were to stick it into a bucket of water it would s-p-l-u-r-phic! It's a fact; but what is wrong, now?"

"I have a little matter that I wish you to attend to for me, if it is not too troublesome."

"Your commands are never troublesome, never annoying, never executed with displeasure. What a cool air comes in at that window. It is quite refreshing; it is positively refreshing! Well?"

"Would it be asking too much to request you to take charge of the estates for one year?"

"There it is again! So dreadfully afraid of imposing on me. I am provoked—positively provoked. But why do you ask this?"

"I am going to Europe."

"To Europe? Why, you are a little goose."

"Thank you," said MIRIAM, smiling at the abruptness and eccentricity of her friend. "You will think me more of a goose still, when you hear further of my intentions. I want you to have this notice published in the different papers." As MIRIAM spoke, she handed him a slip of paper.

In went the handkerchief and out came the specs. Mr. MORGAN took a pinch of snuff, crossed his legs, pushed back his chair, and opening the paper read aloud:—

NOTICE.—The heirs of Remstead Place, Orange county, New York, are notified that they can have immediate and peaceable possession thereof. The right of possession is hereby voluntarily relinquished to the stronger and prior right of heirship. Call on, or address, CALLEB F. MORGAN, Attorney at Law.

No.—Beekman street, N. Y.

"Humph," grunted Mr. MORGAN, shoving back his specs and again having recourse to the handkerchief. "This is refreshing, positively refreshing! You were right; you are really more of a goose than I thought you were."

"Will you do this for me, Mr. MORGAN?"

"No!" was the abrupt answer.

"Yes—emphatically and positively NO."

"Then I shall apply elsewhere," calmly returned MIRIAM.

Mr. MORGAN rose to his feet, and after passing once around the room, stopped in front of MIRIAM.

"Miss LEE," he said, "are you insane?"

"I am in earnest."

"No, you are not. It is a whim—a positive whim—a superlative whim."

"The sense of right and duty, Mr. MORGAN, is no whim."

"Right? duty? humph! There is no such a thing as right, any more. It is an obsolete term and attribute. But where do you get this sense of right?"

"Within my own soul, Mr. MORGAN."

"It is simply an impulse."

"If it is, it is a holy, earnest impulse. Men often err from judgment—women rarely from impulse. But I do not wish to argue the question. You know, too, what is right, and I do not want you to drive me from my purpose by your sophistry and quibbling—your law phrases and contorted definitions of right. My mind is made up; I am as immovable as a rock."

"A large rock, Miss LEE?"

"You are disposed to be facetious, this morning—positively facetious. But, once for all, will you do this favor for me? You shall be remunerated."

"Since you are in earnest, and cannot be driven from your purpose, I consent. Your will shall be my law. Pardon me if I have been coarse and abrupt."

"I have nothing to pardon, Mr. MORGAN. I have known you for years—and that is enough. My father's friends are my friends, Mr. MORGAN."

"Thank you, thank you, MIRIAM; allow me to call you MIRIAM. Peace to the ashes of the dead!" and the lawyer brushed an honest tear from his eye. "I shall proceed regularly and energetically in this matter."

"That is what I wish. You are fully empowered to do so by virtue of your office."

"And the stronger virtue of your will, MIRIAM." "Yes, bless you for the words, Mr. MORGAN. I am strong; my will is a virtue now. I am doing right, and I shall be rewarded for it. I have come to support me while traveling; it will do me good; it will inspire me with hope; it will bring the warm flush to my cheeks. I shall correspond regularly with you, Mr. MORGAN—in a friendly, business-like way, you know. Keep me advised of what is going on; and when the true heirs appear, and you are satisfied in your own mind of the validity of their claims, give them immediate possession. My address while abroad is to be an inviolate secret."

"And if Mr. DEVARREUX should ask?" questioned Mr. MORGAN, shrugging up his shoulders.

"It is not likely that he will ask. If he does, do not tell him until I consent."

"Which will be in your first letter home."

"Be still, Mr. MORGAN," said MIRIAM, with a blush mingled with a look of pain upon her face. "I may be very sensitive to your jests."

Mr. MORGAN apologized—and in a few minutes afterwards was riding from Remstead Place, moralizing on the different phases in society, and wiping his very red face with his very red handkerchief.

CHAPTER IV.

A YEAR HAD PASSED.

A year of joys and sorrows, of clouds and sunshine, of accessions and disappointments. MIRIAM was still a sojourner in Europe. Almost every city and place of beauty, novelty, or consequence had been visited by her. London, Edinburgh, Dresden, Constantinople, Venice, Naples, Rome, and Paris. In the latter city of beauty and interest, of intrigues and inconsistencies, of alternate revolution and lethargy, we again bring her before our readers.

She was a guest at the Hotel St. James, in the Rue St. Honore, that hotel so thoroughly English in its noise and bustle; its accommodations and its prices. She sat by the window, with something of an air of sadness and weariness. Traveling had done her good. Her form had developed more fully in its beauty; her cheeks were round and ruddy; her eyes were more brilliant and vivacious, and bathed in the earnestness of thought. Her whole air was that of a calm, contented, self-possessed woman.

Yet she was weary of Paris—and her thoughts were turned toward the sunny shores of her own beloved land. Thither she was slowly making up her mind to send her steps. Almost every place of note in popuace-heaving Paris had been visited; the Jardin des Plantes, with its birds, beasts, and flowers, a practical lecture upon natural history; the galleries of the Louvre, awakening the innate taste for the arts and conveying the history of the country by the events they commemorate; the Tuilleries, the Champs Elysees, St. Cloud, Versailles with its palaces and parks—all these MIRIAM had visited—and on that day she had even entered the low gray stone building, the Morgue, that city of the suicidal dead—that last refuge of passion, misery and crime.

The room which MIRIAM occupied was plainly furnished. There were two large airy windows, with red and white curtains; a fine mirror between the windows a round marble-topped table in the middle of the room, a snug bed with befrilled pillows and drapery to match the windows, a clock and flower vases on the mantel, and a beautiful piece of carpet before the hearth, and another by the bed. Upon the table lay two letters yet unopened. At last, as if wear of her silent meditations, MIRIAM left the window, sat down by the table, and slowly opening one of the letters, she began to read. It was one from Mr. MORGAN, filled with his usual eccentricities, his "positive" assurances, his abrupt admissions, his playful railery. The closing part of the letter, however, made her cheek blanch, and a low cry to escape from her lips. The extract ran as follows:

"Well, MIRIAM, as I have told you several times before, the heir has appeared, and the homestead has been passing by a regular process into his hands. To-day the last legal conventionality was entered into, and by the time this letter reaches you the heir of Remstead Place will have taken full possession thereof. I never told you who the heir was, neither have you ever expressed the slightest curiosity about the matter in your letters. It is now both my pleasure and my duty to inform you. I can almost imagine that I hear your heart beat fast and thick,—that I see your cheeks flush and your eyes grow brilliant, positively brilliant, as I whisper his name. MIRIAM, it is your beloved, your betrothed, your worshipped PAUL!"

"PAUL DEVARREUX! O, my God!" cried the girl wildly, clasping her hands in agony together, now pressing them heavily upon her white forehead, and then swinging them vacantly backward and forward as she slowly paced up and down the room. "PAUL DEVARREUX! O, this is bitter! With one fell swoop this has wrecked my hopes, and obliterated all my dreams of beauty and grandeur. O, woe to me, woe to me! How I wish I were dead!"

How black it must be within the soul, how dark and dreary without, how bleak and uninviting the long dim vista of the future,—when the heart whispers that iniquitous prayer, "I wish that I were dead!"—how weary of life, how bereft of all energy, how shorn of all that makes existence worth a struggle or a prayer! [Conclusion next week.]

POWER OF THE WILL.

CHILDREN often rise in the morning in anything but an amiable frame of mind. Petulant, impatient, quarrelsome, they cannot be spoken to or touched without producing an explosion of ill-nature. Sleep seems to have been a bath of vinegar to them, and one would think the fluid had invaded their mouth and nose, and eyes and ears, and had been absorbed by every pore of their sensitive skins. In a condition like this, they are seen them bent over the parental knee and their persons subjected to blows from the parental palm; and they have emerged from the infliction with the vinegar all expelled, and their faces shining like the morning—the transition complete and satisfactory to all the parties. Three-quarters of the moods that men and women find themselves in are just as much under the control of the will as this. The man who rises in the morning, with his feelings all bristling like the quills of a hedgehog, simply needs to be knocked down. Like a solution of certain salts, he requires a rap to make him crystallize. A great many mean things are done in the family for which moods are put forward as the excuse, when the moods themselves are the most inexcusable things of all. A man or a woman in tolerable health has no right to indulge in an unpleasant mood, or to depend upon moods for the performance of the duties of life. If a bad mood come to such persons as these, it is to be shaken off by a direct effort of the will, under all circumstances.—"Lessons in Life."

The busybody labors without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, and dies without tears.

Wit and Humor.

[Re-published from a former Volume, by Special Request.]



DISASTROUS EFFECTS OF TERRA-CULTURE.

First Farmer.—In the name of wonders, neighbor SMITH, what have you got there?

Second Farmer.—Why, you see last year I paid \$1 for the secret of terra-culture, and this year it will cost me \$1,000 to get my farm rid of these pumpkins, and the trunks of corn stalks which we have commenced chopping down this morning. Don't forget to come to the logging bee!

AN INFERENCE.—To a servant who had lived many years with a clergyman, his master took occasion to say:

"John, you have been a long time in my service; I dare say you will be able to preach a sermon as well as I."

"O no, sir," said John, "but many an inference I have drawn from yours."

"Well," said the clergyman, "I will give you a text out of Job—let me know what you infer from it—'And the asses snuffed up the east wind.'"

"Well," said John, "the only inference I can draw from this is, that it would be a long time before they would grow fat upon it."

DON'T JUMP.—Never jump out of a third story window when there is any means of escape. Never jump at conclusions. Try to avoid jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. Never jump off the dock because you are in debt or in love. You'll get wet if you do. Never jump at a flash of lightning—you can't catch it.

"DOES the razor take hold well?" inquired a donkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country.

"Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes, "it takes hold first rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

A STORY is told of a person asking another one whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money.

"What! lend him money! You might lend him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURAL ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 36 letters. My 4, 9, 2, 36 is a kind of soil. My 4, 11, 33, 20, 5 is a very useful domestic animal. My 14, 27, 33, 10, 1, 18, 28, 23, 3, 28, 33, 1, 6, 13 is one who cultivates turf. My 20, 2, 11, 33, 18, 21, 35, 33, 36 is much needed on every farm. My 7, 26, 1, 24, 29, 18, 22, 33, 26, 34, 33 is a kind of potato. My 11, 17, 31 is a kind of grain. My 33, 9, 12, 13, 8, 33 is part of a building. My 32, 19, 28, 18, 14 is a kind of wood. My 33, 16, 8 is a kind of grain. My 16, 30, 23, 23, 11, 7 is to plow, harrow, and break, without sowing. My whole is a sentence pronounced by God upon Adam and his posterity. Mesopotamia, Ohio, 1861. C. N. BATES.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

- 1 is a number, a letter, and a small but useful article. 2 is an animal and a covering for the hand. 3 is an adjective and a gentleman's name. 4 is a color and a lady's name. 5 is a color and something used in winter when riding. 6 is two colors. 7 is a woman, a letter, and a covering for the foot. 8 is wealth and a lady's name. 9 is an animal and an accidental movement. 10 is religious persons and a covering for the head. 11 is a lady's name and a place where metals are found. 12 is a woman, a preposition, the definite article, and a sheet of water. 13 is a hard substance and a color. 14 is a kind of cloth and a fine shrub. 15 is a bird and an article used in riding. 16 two ladies' names. 17 is a part of the day and something much sought after when it signifies fame. 18 is a vehicle and a country. December, 1861. FRANK E. HORTON.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DECAPITATIONS.

- BEHEAD a household article and leave a part of a gun. BEHEAD a craft and leave a grain. BEHEAD a tumor and leave a substance. BEHEAD a fruit and leave a part of the body. BEHEAD a stream and leave a bird. BEHEAD a number and leave a part of the day. BEHEAD a joiner's tool and leave a short rod. BEHEAD a domestic article and leave a part of a house. BEHEAD a pack of goods and leave a beverage. BEHEAD a coffin and leave an animal. BEHEAD a deep utensil and leave a fierce bird. BEHEAD a piece of furniture and leave the name of a shepherd. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

A SEMI-CIRCUMFERENCE of a circle is drawn with a radius equal to 10. Suppose another arc to be drawn within the former, cutting it at its extremities with a radius equal to 14.142 (which is the square root of twice the square of 10). Required, the area of the crescent thus formed. Batavia, N. Y., 1861. J. REAMER, JR.

Answer in two weeks.

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