MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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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. BRAGDON, Western Corsesponding 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,—renderidg it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

VALUE OF MANURES.

It is hard for people to understand the comparative value of manures. Many times have we known persons to purchase and draw manures a long distance, that were hardly worth the carriage, while perhaps they had on their own grounds a far more valuable material that could be put into proper condition for food for plants, with a very little labor. Then, how often, especially during the summer season, is one-half the manure wasted or rather destroyed, for want of attention, while a little labor in composting with materials at hand, and costing nothing, would have made the whole of great value. All farmers who live near large cities or manufacturing villages, can often obtain manures of great value and sometimes at a very little cost. It is therefore very necessary that there should be a pretty general knowledge of the comparative value of different substances used as manures, at least sufficient to enable all to act understandingly. On this subject we find an article in the *Industrial Chemist*, a part of which we extract, and which we think will be valuable for present perusal and for future reference:

"Nitrogen is one of the constituent principles of the bodies of animals, in which it enters in considerable quantity. This fluid is powerfully absorbed by vegetables, principally through the means of light, which is the reason that vegetation renders the air purer in increasing the proportional quantity of oxygen gas, inhaled by plants.

Nitrogen is not of service in respiration nor combustion; but evidently plays a very active part in vegetation. It is met everywhere, in more or less quantity; it is an essentially organizing principle. Rain water always contains nitrogen, and that which falls in summer during thunder storms contains it to a large amount. Nitrogen constitutes the real value of a manure, first of which we shall place *Dry Blood*, which has the essential condition of a manure of the first order. While nitrogen is of great importance, we cannot deny the equally importat fact, that matters not nitrogenized perform a part in the act of vegetation; but the agriculturist should prefer to use for manures, substances which in a small volume contain the most nitrogen.

We give now the quantity of nitrogen contained in the principal natural substances used for manure. We take for basis the farm manure, which contains four per 1,000 of nitrogen. If a certain space and quality of land require 10,000 pounds of that manure, it will take only 5,000 pounds of a matter containing eight per 1,000 of nitrogen to obtain the same results, and so forth.

Farm manure contains four-thousandths of nitrogen, i. e., 4 parts nitrogen in 1,000 parts of manure.

	Thousandths.	*Hundredths of Thousandths.*
The straw of Peas contain	17	9
" Millet		8
" Buckwheat	4	8
" Oats	2	8
" Barley	2	3
" Rye	1	7
" Wheat	4	9
Leaves of Madia	5	7
" Beet	5	0
" Potatoes	5	5
" Carrots	8	5
Autumn leaves of Oak	11	7
" Poplar	5	3

Leaves, principally autumnal leaves, contain a quantity of nitrogen, which explains the goodness of the manure they furnish. Green leaves are less nitrogenized than autumnal, then in all their perfection.

Fucus Digitatus (sea weed)	8	6
" " "	9	5
" Saccharinus (dry)	13	8
" " "	5	4
Burnt sea weed	3	8

The Fuci, (family of sea weeds,) collected to be burnt and manufactured into natural soda, make a superior manure, especially when mixed with farm manure.

Radicles of germinated Barley, residuum of brewery	45	1
Roots of Clover	1	6
Seeds of Lupine	34	9

Seeds of lupine, used for manure, form in Tuscany the basis of an important trade. To make these lose the germinative properties, they are slightly burned, or boiled by steam.

Torteaux, or residuum of oil manufacture, obtained by pressure, are a superior manure. The less oil they contain the better they are, for oil is noxious to vegetation; if well divided, their action is greater.

Pulp of Potatoes	5	3
Juice "	3	8
Water of starch factory	0	6
Deposit " "	3	6
" " " dry	15	4
Water of farm manure	0	6
Locust wood (sawdust)	2	9
Oak " "	5	4
Solid excrements of cow	3	2
" " horse	5	5
Urine of cow	4	4
" horse	2	6
New excrements of cow	4	1
" " horse	7	4
" " pig	6	3
" " sheep	11	1
" " goat	21	6

Thus we see the urine of the herbivorous animals is richer in nitrogen than their excrements, so it is advantageous for farmers to collect it carefully. The quantity of nitrogen contained in the excrements of sheep and goats indicate the effects to be obtained from their mixture with those of cows, horses, etc., which consist of mixed excrements.

Normal guano	49	7
Guano passed to the sieve	53	9
Excrements of pigeons	83	0
Oyster shells	3	2
Soot of coal	13	5
Soot of wood	11	5

Coal by its distillation gives carbonate of ammonia, which explains why its soot is richer in nitrogen than that of wood.

Marl	5	1
Ash	6	5
Dry musculary meat	130	4
Salted codfish	67	0
Washed codfish, pressed	168	6
Dry blood, soluble	121	8
Liquid blood, soluble	27	1
Coagulated blood, pressed	45	1
Dry blood, insoluble	148	7
Feathers	153	4
Oxen hair	137	8
Woolen rags	179	8
Sawdust of horn	143	6

These last manures are very rich in nitrogen, but they require five or six years before they are entirely decomposed; they are used for orchards, vines, etc. They follow slowly the progress of vegetation.

Bone, dry to the air	72	2
Bone without grease (wet)	53	1
Bone with grease	62	1
Residuum of bone glue	5	2
Residuum of melted tallow	118	7
Marc of bone glue	37	3

The residuum of melted tallow is formed of adipose membranes extracted from greases; it is a very rich substance.

Animal black of refiners	10	
Black animalized	10	

Animal black of refiners is used to decolorize sirups; it contains 15 per cent. of coagulated blood. It is one of the most highly estimated manures."

Many, on reading the above, no doubt, will be struck with the great value of many things to which little attention has been paid. Feathers, hair, woolen rags, horn dust and shavings, and bones, are of the very highest manurial value, and yet how little care is taken, usually, to save these materials, some of which are made and wasted on almost every farm. A few pounds of hen's feathers or rags will add immensely to the value of the compost heap, and in this situation will decay more rapidly than if applied directly to the soil. The sweepings of chimneys, too, may be used in the same manner, but this substance is almost invaluable in the kitchen garden, and may be saved for this purpose. A few bushels for melons, cucumbers, radishes, &c., will do much towards keeping off insects and add materially to the warmth of the soil.

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CHICORY

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Looking over the Albany *Cultivator* for 1856, I observe that a gentleman near Philadelphia, F. A. Nauts, by name, highly recommends Chicory as a plant to be cultivated both for forage for all kinds of stock and for the sale of the roots, estimating the net profits in the fourth year at more that $500 per acre. I would like to know your opinion of it in the two respects mentioned; and as coffee will probably be dear for sometime to come, would you advise its culture? If so, please state the method, and where and at what cost the seed can be obtained.—A Subscriber, *Birmingham, Mich.*, 1862.

Chicory is grown extensively in some portions of Europe for feeding, and is said by the best authorities to give several good cuttings of herbage in a season, besides from eight to sixteen tuns of nutritious roots to the acre. We have had but little experience with this plant, though we have cultivated a little for several years. It grows very freely, and spreads rapidly; and it may become somewhat obnoxious as a weed, though we have never heard any complaints of this kind from European growers. Darlington says, "in this country it is generally, and I think justly, regarded as an objectionable weed, which ought to be expelled from our pastures." Anything, however, is a weed that is out of place, growing where it is not wanted.

Chicory is a perennial plant, which is found wild in many parts of England, and in various countries of Europe possessing a similar temperature. It has a root similar in shape to the parsnip, or white carrot, but smaller, growing from one to two feet in the ground, and in some instances sending its fibers downward for four or five feet. The plant grows in the form of a lettuce; bearing, after the first year, blue flowers upon a rough, leafy stem, which shoots up from one to six feet high. Chicory has long been extensively cultivated on the continent of Europe as an herbage and pasturage plant, and is much used as a salad; while in Flanders and Germany the roots are in great request, as a substitute for coffee is prepared from them. Morton says: "It was introduced into field culture in Europe, by Arthur Young, in 1780, and was grown principally for sheep feed, and found to be very profitable, as it will flourish upon almost any kind of land, and probably keep more sheep per acre, during the early summer months, than any other kind of herbage plant. Lucerne requires a rich soil, or its cultivation will not be accompanied by much advantage; but chicory has been found to be abundantly profitable upon poor sandy lands, and soils which were weak and wanted rest, as well as on richer and more productive soils. It also thrives on fen and peat soils; and will last for seven or eight years, yielding several cuttings during each year, though the full crop is not obtained until the second year.

CHICORY.

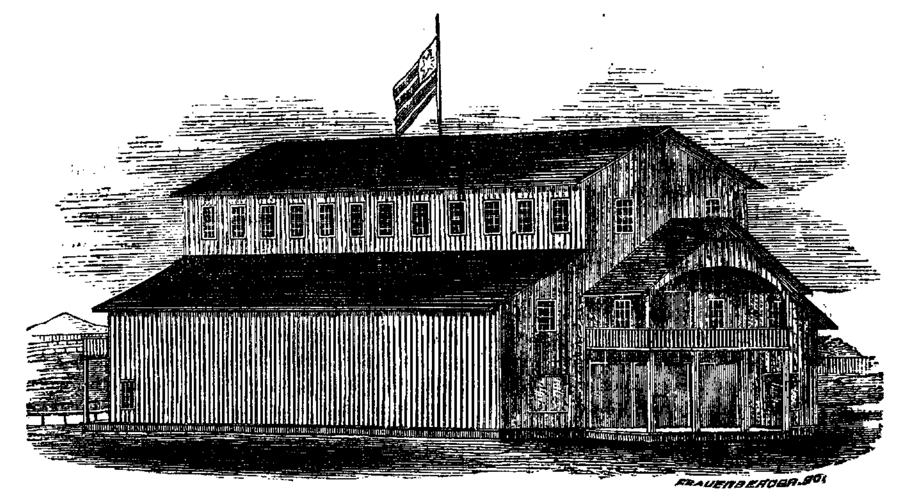
"When it is intended to grow chicory for grazing purposes, the seed is usually sown broadcast, in April, upon land that has been dug or deeply plowed, from seven to twelve pounds per acre; and growing in this manner, it forms a considerable proportion of many of the best meadows in the south of France and in Lombardy. The best mode of culture, however, for *a fodder or herbage crop*, is as follows:—Prepare the soil, by thorough cleansing and pulverization, as early in the spring as the season will admit; apply a good coat of partially decayed fold-yard dung, and drill in the seed during March, four pounds per acre, at about nine-inch intervals between the rows. When the plants are about five inches in height, carefully hoe them, and single out, leaving them about six inches apart, after the usual method of turnip culture,—that is, by boys following the hoers. Some recommend that the seed be sown in a bed, and when the plants are fit for transplanting—which will be when about five inches high—they are to be set out in rows nine inches apart, and at six-inch intervals from plant to plant in the rows. In either case, the land must be kept clean, and well hoed, particularly in the first season; ordinary attention will afterwards suffice, and the crop will continue luxuriant and profitable for five years at least, and frequently from eight to ten. When the plants begin to exhibit symptoms of failure, the ground should be cleared of the roots, another course of cropping pursued for a few years, and it may then be again sown or planted with chicory.

"Chicory is of far more value to mow than to graze. It has been much used as a pasturage for sheep, and found to be very useful in this respect, for a small extent of chicory ground will fatten a large number of sheep; but then it is only the radical leaves shooting up close to the ground which are continually cropped by the sheep, the stalks not affording them proper nourishment. The best way is to let the plant reach its full growth, the full succulence being retained until the flower-buds appear, in which state (not being permitted to flower) it has attained its greatest perfection; it may then be cut off near the ground, and will be eaten by all kinds of stock with the greatest relish and benefit.

"As it is a plant of such speedy growth, and in all seasons, wet or dry, it cannot be too strongly recommended for general use, and more particularly for the smaller occupiers. Cow-keepers would do well to cultivate it, and cottagers ought by all means to employ it in a double manner."

Chicory is now grown in many parts of England, chiefly for the sake of preparing a "substitute for coffee" from the root—a practice which has existed on the Continent for nearly seventy years; "and of all plants," says Von Thaer, "which have been prepared as substitutes for coffee, and which, when roasted and steeped in boiling water, yield an infusion resembling coffee, chicory is the only one which has maintained its ground."

Great quantities of chicory are imported into this country, and used in the adulturation of coffee, or as a substitute for this article. It is this that is now so largely advertised as *dandelion coffee*. Much of it must be used at the West, for in the autumn of 1856 we saw very large quantities in the warehouses at Chicago.



EXHIBITION BUILDING—ELEVATION.

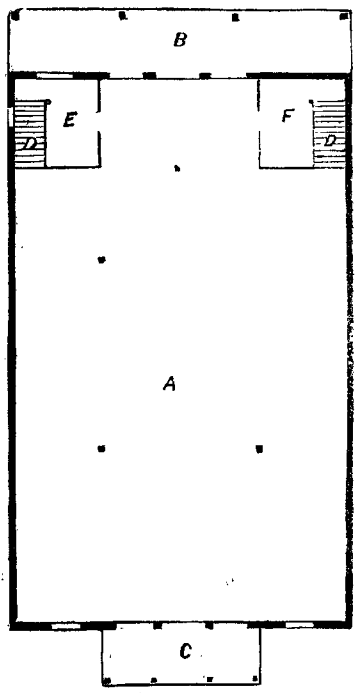
FAIR GROUNDS AND EXHIBITION HALL

OF THE PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY.

[We are occasionally inquired of, verbally and otherwise, relative to the arrangement of Fair Grounds, Buildings, &c., for the Exhibitions of Agricultural Societies,—and as the season of preparation for the annual shows of such associations is at hand, we re-publish the accompanying description and illustrations of the model grounds and building of the Palmyra Union Society, in the belief that the same will prove of interest and value to all desiring information on the general subject. Though neither the same arrangement of grounds or plan of building may be adopted entire, we are confident that those engaged in arranging grounds and fixtures for Rural Exhibitions must derive useful hints and suggestions from a careful examination of the diagram and plans herewith presented.]

The Fair Grounds of the Union Agricultural Society at Palmyra, (Wayne County, N. Y.,) are among the best we have ever seen—most creditable to all who participated in their arrangement and completion, and a good model for similar associations. So thinking, we present the accompanying diagram of the grounds, and plan of the main exhibition building,—with such references as will convey a clear idea of their arrangement, capacity, and convenience.

The Grounds of the Society are situated on Jackson Avenue, within the limits of the village of Palmyra, and comprise about nineteen acres—the whole being inclosed by a substantial board fence, eight feet high. The main entrance is four rods in width, bordered with shade trees, and otherwise adorned. The arrangements for entrance of pedestrians and carriages (with ticket office convenient to both,) and also for exit, are admirable. The separate entrance for stock, machinery, etc., is very convenient,—while the abundant "water privileges" (two wells and a living stream,) should not be overlooked among the items of comfort and convenience for man and beast.



GROUND PLAN OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

A, Center of Hall.
B, Rear Piazza, 60x10, with balcony above.
C, Front Piazza, 28x10, with balcony above.
D, *D*, Stairs to gallery.
E, Business Office and Com. Room, 16x16.
F, Ladies room.

The posts surrounding *A* support the gallery, which extends around the hall, and is 16 feet wide.

There are three large doors at each end of the hall.

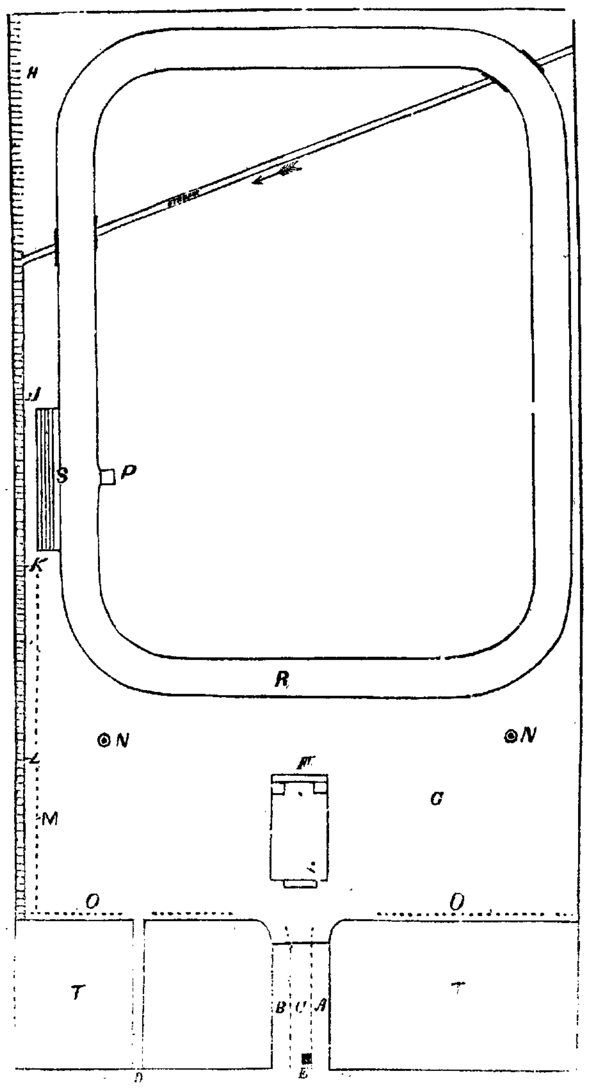


DIAGRAM OF FAIR GROUNDS.

A, Entrance for carriages.
B, Exit way for carriages.
C, Way for persons on foot.
D, Entrance for Stock.
E, Ticket Office.
F, Floral Hall (60x96.)
G, Ground for Farm Implements, &c.
H, Stalls for Horses.
I, Stalls for Cattle.
K, Pens for Sheep and Swine.
L, Stalls for Cattle.
M, Posts for hitching fat cattle.
N, *N*, Wells.
O, Posts for hitching teams.
P, Judge's Stand.
R, Track for horses (half mile long—40 feet wide.)
S, Seats (150 feet long.)
T, *T*, Village lots.
Two parallel lines, stream, bridged over at track.

The principal exhibition building—Floral Hall—is 96 feet long, 60 feet wide, and two stories high, with a spacious gallery extending around the whole interior. It is finished throughout in a substantial manner, at a cost of over $3,000, and is lighted with gas. The building has a fine, commanding appearance, (as shown in our engraving.) For beauty of location, convenience of arrangement, and adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, it is probably at least equal, if not superior, to any structure of the kind which we have examined in the State—the Amphitheatre of the Ontario County Agricultural Society (heretofore illustrated and described in the Rural,) alone excelling it in cost, extent and convenience; but that is not an exhibition building of the style and class we are describing. From the elevated balconies at each end, a fine view can be had of the village and surrounding country—a panorama which would delight the poet, painter and lover of natural scenery, *improved* by art and industry. [We believe the building was designed by Carlton H. Rogers, Esq.]

The arrangement and conveniences of the Grounds are so well shown in our diagram, and its references, that any detailed description is unnecessary. Could the reader have viewed the grounds (and their varied contents or covering,) during the recent Fair of the Society, as we did, he would have concurred with us in pronouncing all most complete and commendable. Be that as it may, however, we regard the subject of our notice worthy of this illustrative description, and trust its presentation will awaken a spirit of emulation in such matters among the numerous Societies within the somewhat wide range of the Rural's circulation.

— As a large number of Agricultural Societies, in this and other States, have secured permanent Fair Grounds, with a view of ere long constructing durable buildings and fixtures, we shall be glad to receive and publish any suggestions calculated to cheapen or otherwise facilitate the early adoption of the desired improvements. The best style of constructing the requisite buildings, stables, sheds, pens, etc., having regard to economy, convenience, and durability, is the great desideratum.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHO IS ISAAC NEWTON?

THERE are very many men in the West asking this question. They would like it answered. The *name* is famous enough, they say, but what of *the man* who owns it now, and who awaits confirmation as Superintendent of the new Department of Agriculture recently created? It is important that the question be answered—important, in order that the Agriculturists of the country may know whether they are to reap adequate benefit from this new Department created for their benefit, nominally at least. It is important to Mr. NEWTON that this question be answered, if he would receive peace of mind and a comfortable position. If he has qualifications which eminently fit him for that position, he had better employ a biographer at once, and let the world know who he is, what his antecedents have been, agriculturally, scientifically, &c. For the farmers are in no mood to tolerate longer the charlatans who have fattened on the plunder obtained through the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office. Senators should post themselves thoroughly as to this man's qualifications for the position; for they will be held strictly accountable for the manner in which this Department is organized and conducted. There are men in the country who are qualified for this work. If Mr. NEWTON is, no one will complain. But if the result should prove that he has only a *political* qualification, all interested at Washington may be assured that they will have the whole country about their ears.

Now, we away off here in the benighted West are not so fortunate as to have Mr. NEWTON'S acquaintance. We don't know him as an agriculturist—never heard of him as associated with horticulture in any manner—and could not assert positively whether or not he is any relation to the Sir ISAAC NEWTON of whom we have seen some account. It would be interesting to us to know something about him. Who will tell us?

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THE DISEASE AMONG LAMBS.

FRIEND MOORE:—I noticed in the RURAL of May 24th an inquiry by D. COONRADT with regard to a disease among lambs—born with bunches in their throats, &c. I have had some experience with this or a similar disease, which is as follows:

In the fall of 1851 I used a buck lamb with a portion of my flock, which, by being tended, served about 50 ewes. He was fed high, did well, and gained several pounds during service. His lambs when dropped were affected similar to those of Mr. C.; had swelled glands or bunches under the throat, were limpsy, breathed hard, ears thick and lopped, like a hound's—would frequently lie twelve hours or more without making an effort to get up. A great proportion of them died. Such as I saved, however, made good sheep and never showed any signs of the disease in their offspring.

I had other ewes of the same flock, served by other and older bucks, and kept in the same manner, the lambs from which were all right. I was inclined to think the disease was caused by using the buck when too young, and tried him again the next season to 100 ewes, tending and feeding high, with the same results—every lamb, with one exception, being diseased as the year before. From 106 lambs I lost 45. Both seasons my ewes were in high condition. I then condemned the buck, and sold him to a neighbor who wished to try him further, and did so by turning him with a small flock of ewes the next season, the lambs from which were healthy and strong. The same buck was used here several seasons after with good results.

In 1853 I procured the services of a buck from a friend in a neighboring town, to serve a portion of my ewes. The buck was four years old, was fed all the grain he would eat, was tended, and served about 70 ewes. His lambs were dropped with the same disease of those the years previous, with the exception of those from a dozen ewes, brought here by a friend, that were culled from a large flock and were very thin in flesh, the lambs of which were entirely free from the disease. I used five other bucks the same season in the same flock of ewes, the lambs from which were all right. My ewes that year also were in high condition.

I was inclined in the first place to think the disease was caused by using the buck when too young, but the two subsequent years' experience upset that theory. I next believed the fault to be in the buck, but his subsequent use upset that also. I was next inclined to attribute it to the high condition of my ewes, but the fact that the lambs from other bucks and the same flock of ewes, and in the same condition, were all free from the disease, upset that likewise. In the next place I should have attributed it to the high keeping of the bucks, but the fact that the lambs from the culled ewes were all right, knocks that in the head. None of the bucks used were highly fed, except the two mentioned, and all were tended. I shall now be inclined to charge the trouble to high keeping of both bucks and ewes, until I discover something further. I am not satisfied, however, that this is the cause, but have been guarding against both, and have not been troubled with the disease since.

Since the rage for heavy fleeces, this disease among lambs has been quite frequent. Much inquiry has been made of me by individuals with regard to it, and it being rather a long story, thought I would give it to all through the RURAL after seeing COONRADT'S inquiry. W. D. DICKINSON.

Victor, N. Y., May 28, 1862.

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KANSAS—ITS SOIL, CLIMATE, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A brief epistle from Kansas may not be amiss, yet we trust you are familiar with most of its general features. Unlike most prairie countries, it is rough, but without a mountain, and the arable parts without stone. The substrata is limestone, and the soil, loam—more or less sandy. The water in the rivers and streams runs with a gentle current except the rapids, where it tumbles over rocks for distances of from five to thirty rods. The rivers, creeks and ravines are skirted with timber—several kinds of oak, black walnut, hackberry, soft maple, cottonwood, ash, red and white elm, sycamore, cedar, mulberry, basswood and hickory. The native prairie grass is exceedingly nutritious for stock. Fowering trees, shrubs and plants, yield the fragrance, and singing birds the native melody.

The climate, like that of New York and New England, is changable, but not cold. Your servant has lived here seven years, and the extremes of mercury in that time are 19¼ degrees below zero and 115 above. With you farmers, cannot work their oxen with the mercury at 80 to 85 degress; here they work comfortably with it at 100. The stirring breeze makes the difference. In the winter the wind is generally northwardly; in summer, southwardly. With you, nights in hot weather are oppressive from sultry heat; here a balmy south breeze fans up the night, and sleep is repose.

The edges of the table land along the rivers, streams, and ravines, are a continued quarry of the choicest square-edged building stone. The table lands are gently undulating and fertile, and as beautiful farming land as the globe affords. Lest I be tedious I'll close, but perchance write you again.

LORENZO WESTOVER.

Manhattan, Kansas, May, 1862.

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CORN AFTER BUCKWHEAT—AGAIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed in a late RURAL that a correspondent, of Michigan, says, in respect to raising corn after buckwheat, "It is said that it is a good crop to use up wire worms. Well, I agree with the friends there, because you cannot raise enough on the same land to keep them from starving to death, and that would be cruel, indeed."

Now, sir, I beg to differ with him, and I will give you a little of my experience. Seven years ago the coming season I had a piece of ground upon which I had raised two crops of buckwheat. It had been a piece of clover sod and grown up thick with June grass. My object in raising buckwheat was to kill the June grass sod, which I failed to do. I then made up my mind to plant it to corn, if I did not get any thing but stalks, as my great object was to subdue the sod. I well knew the old story that you can't raise corn after buckwheat, but to my surprise it was one of the best crops I ever raised, and that, too, without manure. Since that time I have raised more or less corn after buckwheat, and I have had a good crop invariably. Last year I had a piece of ground upon which I had raised two crops of buckwheat the previous years; I planted it to corn in connection with a piece of clover sod, manured both pieces alike, as much as I could plow under, and cultivated all the same, and the corn on the buckwheat ground outstripped the sod ground, and was the best corn by a great odds.

And now, Mr. Editor, two things I have learned—one is, that I *can* raise corn after buckwheat, and prefer it to a stiff sod, (the ground not to be "run down" previous to raising buckwheat;) and the other is, I have never been troubled with worms of any kind when I have raised corn after buckwheat.

Elmira, N. Y., 1862. EDWARD D. ROSS.

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COUCH GRASS A REMEDY, AND AS FOOD.

AN infusion of the *Triticum repens* (couch-grass,) in the proportion of one ounce of the dried and cut stem to a pint of water, and given in the course of the day, has been found by Mr. H. Thompson, of the University Hospital, to be very beneficial in irritable conditions of the bladder. According to him, it is important that the plant should be gathered in the spring, shortly before the leaves appear; the stem is then to be slowly dried without artificial heat, and cut into the requisite lengths for use.

Professor Burnett, speaking of this grass, says: "The couch grass of the farmers, which is here regarded as a noisome weed, is collected on the continent as food for horses. Cattle of all kinds are fond of the underground shoots of this plant, which are sweet and wholesome. Sir Humphrey Davy found them to contain nearly three times as much nutritious matter as the stalks and leaves; and it has been stated on the authority of a French veterinary surgeon that exhausted and worn-out horses are very speedily restored to strength and condition by giving them daily one or two bundles of couch grass, of ten or twelve pounds weight each, mixed with carrots.—*English Paper.*

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The Bee-Keeper

Bees Dying—Answer to Inquiry.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the RURAL of April 5th, "A RURAL READER" makes the following inquiry: "Can any bee-keeper inform me through the columns of the RURAL what is the cause of so many of my swarms of bees dying?" He says that "they have plenty of honey left, and they are set in a warm place, and appeared all right in the fall.'

Had "A RURAL READER" been more explicit, the *true* cause of his bees dying could probably be given. Many different causes will make bees die in winter, leaving plenty of stores. Sometimes when a colony is well supplied with stores the bees will die from *starvation.* This is accounted for in the following manner: At the beginning of cold weather the bees occupy the combs last bred in—generally those most central—and cluster together as compactly as possible. These occupied combs may not be very well supplied with honey, while the outer combs on either side are filled. The combs in shallow hives are generally in this condition. Bees often consume the honey—their principle food—in the central combs, in shallow hives, before the middle of January; sometimes earlier. Suppose that the weather should become *very cold* about the time the honey is consumed in the occupied combs, and that it should remain so for a week or ten days, or longer, then it must be evident that the bees cannot change their locality to supply themselves with food without becoming instantly chilled. Bees will chill in a temperature of about 50 degrees above zero. If bees cannot move without danger of being chilled, they will usually prefer to remain and starve among the empty combs. How long bees can live without food I do not know, but probably not more than a few days. No treatise on bees that I have yet seen gives any information on this point. When bees have starved, the fact may be known by the presence of a large number in the empty cells, with their heads towards the bottoms.

Another cause of bees dying in winter, leaving plenty of stores, is an insufficient quantity of bees. A colony may be very weak as regards bees, though well supplied with honey, at the beginning of cold weather, in consequence of casting too many swarms. Some colonies have been known to have forty and even seventy pounds of honey at the beginning of cold weather, and yet not to exceed two quarts of bees, in consequence of over-swarming. There are so few bees that, if wintered out of doors, they are unable to maintain the proper temperature. Such colonies are very liable to be affected with dysentery. If they cannot maintain a proper temperature, of course they must die, leaving plenty of stores. Another cause is loss of queen. It matters little if the colony has cast a swarm, overswarmed, or not swarmed at all. If the queen of the colony becomes lost, say two or three months before the beginning of cold weather, as bees are short-lived,—about one hundred days in summer,—there will be only a few left by December. This is on the supposition that no queen is reared by the colony, nor supplied with one by their keeper. The colony would die from the want of the requisite temperature, leaving plenty of stores, as in the other case. Another cause is an excess of stores during the working season. When all the combs nearly are filled with honey and bee-bread, it is plain that but few bees can be reared. The result, generally, is no swarms, no surplus honey, but little work done by the colony during the season, and, finally, either an abandonment of their home, or so few bees that they die from cold in winter, leaving plenty of stores.

But there is no use of assigning any more causes. Enough have probably been assigned to show "A RURAL READER" what caused his bees to die, though having plenty of honey. These causes will also show my contemporary that bees are liable to die in winter, though they *appear* "all right in the fall."

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1862.

Why Bees Die in Winter.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In answer to the inquiry of your correspondent of the signature "A RURAL READER," published April 3d, for the cause of many of his swarms of bees dying, while plenty of honey remained in the hive, I would say that there are many different causes for the loss of swarms, which are not apparent, the most common of which is (and ever has been in a cold climate,) from starvation, arising from inability of the bees to uncap their honey, or sufficiently change position in the hive in cold weather to take in a supply. And the loss from this cause is increased by so constructing the hive as not to contain much honey, except in the surplus boxes, immediately above the clustered bees, where it would be warmed by their animal heat. But it is profitable to take all or nearly all the surplus honey, provided we leave the swarm in a condition to "stand the storm;" for by so doing we not only save so much honey, but also prevent the bees from occupying much brood comb with honey. I. I.

East Shelby, N. Y., 1862.

Italian Bees—Bee Worm.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wish to know through your medium, from some one who is not interested in selling queens, whether the Italian bees are a real acquisition, or whether their large yield of honey is not due to their robbing other bees. Also, whether wintering bees in a room does not preserve many millers' eggs, as I understand from Mr. QUINBY that freezing kills them.—M. RICHARDSON, *Corunna, Mich.*

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Rural Spirit of the Press.

Application of Manure.

N. REED, of Dutchess Co., this State, says in the *Country Gentleman*, that farmers in that section are becoming more in favor of applying their manure to grass land. The immediate effect is a diminution of the crops of corn and other grain, but in a few years the whole farm is increased in fertility. He advocates applying manure to grass land at the time of seeding. A heavy crop of grass is the result, and this, fed off by stock, he says, "is the best preparation for corn."

Jewels in Sheep's Ears.

MR. H. G. WHITE, of New Hampshire, says the *Maine Farmer*, has published his mode of marking sheep, which is quite a novel plan, but we think a pretty good one. His mode is to make a hole in the lower margin of one of the ears and near the head. In this hole he suspends a copper or zinc label, with a number or anything else stamped upon it he wishes. The label is circular, three-quarters of an inch across, and is suspended in its place by means of the common split steel rings used for carrying keys on; or galvanized wire may be used for the rings. This mode may not be quite so cheap as cutting or slitting, and there is a possibility of its being lost or taken off, but where you wish to number the sheep with reference to a register, or other purpose, it must be very convenient.

Chloride of Lime for Soaking Seeds.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Boston Cultivator* writes to that journal that Daniel S. Cobb, of Morton, Mass., has, for two years past, derived much benefit in his corn crop by soaking the seed in a solution of chloride of lime and copperas, in equal parts. He thinks a pound of each would be enough for twenty acres, although if made much stronger no injury would ensue. Use boiling water, and the chloride will very soon dissolve. Then put in the corn, with liquid enough to cover it when swelled. Let it remain twenty-four hours. Mr. Cobb planted half an acre, with seed thus prepared, on the 16th of June, where the birds had destroyed the first planting. The corn on the fourth day was an inch above ground. The fifth day it had three leaves. It assumed a dark green color, and grew rapidly, so that at harvest time it was only three days later than that of the first planting. Where the seed has been treated in this manner, the birds will not disturb it much, if any. Mr. Cobb says that his neighbors are so fully convinced of its utility, that they have adopted the practice; and where corn that has been prepared in this manner is planted side by side with corn not soaked, it shows a decided advantage in size and color.

Kindness to Animals.

VISITING a large Dairy and Stock Ranch in Marin county lately, says the editor of the *California Farmer*, we were exceedingly gratified to listen to the practical remarks of the proprietor upon the utility and value of kindness to cattle; and having often urged this matter in our columns, we take this opportunity to call the attention of all dairymen and stock owners, especially those who are *dairymen*, to the remarks of this humane man:

"In the first place," said he, "I never allow any man in my employ to whip, beat, kick, or abuse, any animal on my farm; as it is inhuman to beat or maltreat a dumb beast, I will not allow it on *principle.* And again, I wish everybody would act on the same principle, and those who have no humanity, if they would look at the *cost of beating cows*, they would desist. For example," said he, "let a coarse, rough man go among thirty or forty cows at milking-time, and begin to speak loud and harsh to the cow he is to milk; or, as such a man will often do, thump or kick the cow, or strike her with the stool, as unfeeling men often do, and *that cow and every cow within his influence, will hold up her milk;* some more, some less. This is an established fact; and every such man among a band of cows will thus take away from the product of the dairy from three to five gallons of milk daily in a band of forty cows. As it is customary for one man to milk twelve or fifteen cows as his portion, these cows will be scattered over the yard or in different stalls, and as he will have to pass among nearly the whole band, they will all feel and fear his influence, and I am confident a man of this character will always lose his employer *more* than his wages. With this view of the case, I never will keep a man on my premises who is of this character."

We now plead with all dairymen, and ask them to review these facts, give us their opinions, and copy the example of this humane and wise man, and whose words are here quoted, and they will find themselves the gainers largely by a decisive action. If our dairymen and stock raisers would discharge all men who are harsh and cruel to their stock, they would have better stock, more butter, and be in a better condition every way.

About Wire Worms.

THESE pests, says the *American Agriculturist*, terribly severe on some land, and quite unknown on others, baffle the efforts of the most ingenious to work their destruction. They abound in light, moist land, in which inert vegetable matter is found, and attack, as most of us know by experience, roots of grass, grain, turnip, potatoes, etc., in all ages and conditions. The worm is the pupa of a small beetle, and lives, it is said, for five years, ever committing its depredations before it arrives at maturity and assumes the form of the perfect insect.

A writer in the *Scottish Farmer* makes the following interesting statement: "The late Mr. Pusey found that rape-cake had the effect of destroying large numbers of wire worms. He caused it to be broken into pieces of the size of beans, and to be sown over the land. The insects eat their way into the rape-cake, and whether from dying the death of gluttons, or being destroyed by other qualities, he found numbers of dead wire worms imbedded in it." Rape-cake is an excellent manure, and may be applied at the rate of five to seven cwt. per acre.

This writer also recommends Peruvian guano, applied in the spring, alone or mixed with rape-cake, as a preventive, and esteems it of especial virtue, sowed with the seed of turnips and similar crops. The experiment may well be made to see if cotton-seed oil-cake will not answer the same purpose as rape-cake, which it is difficult to obtain in this country.

Weaning and Fattening Lambs.

A LATE issue of the Philadelphia *Dollar Newspaper* contains an article on this topic from a Pennsylvania sheep-breeder, from which we extract the following:

Experience is teaching us that sheep are the most profitable stock that can be raised. And until the cotton fields of the South are placed in other and safer hands, the demand for wool will increase, and the sheep business will become more important and more lucrative. Loyal men ought to feel themselves under obligation to assist each other in getting a start in independent living. We must use more wool than heretofore, and, therefore, must prepare to raise on our fertile hills that which, in getting to us, has almost ruined our happy country—our wear.

In this letter I propose to call the attention of sheep raisers to the care which must be exercised in weaning lambs. It is not generally known that, to a great extent, the condition of sheep during life depends on the care that is taken of them at weaning. Farmers, I trust you have more lambs this spring than usual. If so, take care of them. They are valuable. If you separate them from the ewes before the proper time, they will become sickly, puny, and never grow into healthy, thriving sheep. Too little attention is given to this matter by most farmers. Their own convenience, rather than the health and stamina of the flock, is too apt to be consulted. Usually, lambs are far enough advanced at four months of age to be weaned. To do this, inclose them with the ewes in the yard, and having caught them, place them in a well fenced inclosure, out of sight and hearing of the ewes. Let them have fresh grass of sufficient quantity to compensate for the loss of milk, and yet not so rich as to cause disease by over-feeding. If they are disposed to be wild, one or two tame sheep should be admitted into the fold, which will exercise a taming influence over them. After separating, the ewes should be kept for about a week on poor pasture, to prevent inflamed udders or garget, which frequently ensues. At the end of one week they can be removed again to good pasture land. Meal, or other fattening food, should be fed to those lambs intended for butchering, till the day of taking them to the shambles. If they are to be reared, plenty of grass will answer. Give them salt and water occasionally. After the expiration of three weeks they can be turned into the flock. If not attended to at shearing time, the lambs will become infested with ticks. To kill these, immerse the lamb up to the eyes in a strong decoction of tobacco water.

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Inquiries and Answers.

BASKET WILLOW—PREPARING FOR MARKET.—Will any of the numerous readers of the RURAL be so kind as to inform a subscriber as to the proper time and mode of preparing the willow used in the manufacture of baskets? Also, where they will find a market, and what price they bring? A great many of these grow wild along the streams on my farm.—A. SHEELY, *Gettysburg, Pa.*, 1862.

ROOTS FOR SHEEP—BONES AS MANURE.—Will some of the RURAL'S readers, who have had experience in the culture and feeding of root crops, inform me if it is profitable to raise them to feed sheep in the winter and in spring before they are turned out on pasture? If they are, what kind is the most profitable? I would also like to know the kind of soil most suitable; the mode of preparing it; the time to plant; and any other information that it would be necessary for a person to know who has never had any experience in root culture.

As the RURAL affords such good means for farmers to get information on any agricultural matter, I shall ask another question or two. Are bones that have been exposed to the weather for several years as good for manure as if they had not been thus exposed? What is the best method of preparing bones for manure?—W. E. S., *Laceyville, Harrison Co., Ohio*, 1862.

HOW TO RID A BARN OF FLEAS.—In looking over your columns of May 24, I saw a request to be informed how to get rid of fleas around a barn. I can tell from experience. Take quicklime, slake it, and sow freely. It will exterminate them in pig-sties, or any place they inhabit.—L. P., *Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1862.

GREEN SALVE FOR HORSES.—One oz. of olive oil; 1 oz. of oil of spike; 1 oz. of amber; 1 oz. of verdigris; 1 oz. of hog's lard; 1 oz. of mutton tallow; 1 oz. of beeswax; 1 oz. of rosin. Simmer the beeswax, tallow, lard, and rosin together. When nearly cold, stir in the oils and verdigris.—JOS. W., *Groton, Tompkins Co., N. Y.*, 1862.

COWS' TEATS CRACKING.—In perusing your columns, I noticed an inquiry made by one of our RURAL friends, asking how to cure cows' teats from cracking after milking. This is often caused by wetting the teats when milking, which should never be done. But if our friend will keep a dish of grease in his stable, and apply freely after milking, he will quickly perceive that the teats will cease cracking. Furthermore, he will save himself besides a great deal of milk from being kicked over by the domestic but angry beast.—MARK B. NEWTH, *Herkimer Co., N. Y.*, 1862.

ANOTHER.—In reply to J. B., of RURAL of May 3d, take a a little molasses and apply to the teats just after each milking, and in a few days they will heal, and is a sure cure. Try it, friend B.—O. B., *Fond du Lac, Wis.*, 1862.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON.—After the drouth with which May closed, and which was becoming serious in some localities, it was refreshing to have June open with a warm rain. Though little water fell, hereabouts, we had cloudy and showery weather the three first days of the month, so that the drouth has been checked. We have accounts of a heavy rain on Monday, in the region of Albany, and trust this section will be thus favored soon. Reports of the weather and crop prospects are generally favorable, especially from the West.

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THE SEASON IN THE WEST—*Chicago, May* 30, 1862.—We've had showers, cold and warm, chill winds and balmy breezes, sunshine and storm, alternating here the past week. The chill on the air has been the predominant feature here within the influence of the lake. But we record no frost since the 19th, and I do not hear that the fruit was materially injured then. Planting continues. I cannot learn that the low prices that have ruled for corn will at all diminish the breadth being and to be planted this season. From the south-west part of the State I hear good reports of fruit; but the wheat prospects are not so flattering. A letter just at hand from Iowa City, Iowa says:—"We shall have hereabouts a bountiful crop of all the small fruits. Pears that have been planted three or four years are bearing finely; and those planted five and six years, bountifully. Apple trees that did not bear last year are bearing full this year. The prospects for a full crop of all the products of the farm were never more encouraging than now."

Strawberries are selling at from ten to twenty cents per quart at retail in this city. This fact leads me to suppose that the crop in South Illinois is large. The berries are of uniform size, and are, almost without exception, Wilson's Albany. It will require some time and a good deal of demonstration to make market gardeners believe that there is any better market berry than the Wilson's Albany for long carriage. The gardens in this vicinity promise an unusually bountiful crop of this fruit, with few exceptions. The exceptions are where the vines have not been properly protected with litter during the winter.—C. D. B.

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A GOOD DRAIN-TILE MACHINE.—The Drain-Tile Machine manufactured by Mr. A. LA TOURRETTE, JR., of Waterloo, N. Y., and advertised in this paper, is a great labor-saving invention. We recently witnessed the operation of one of these machines, and were surprised at its perfection and capacity. It is constructed entirely of iron, grinds the clay, and turns out the tile at both ends at one operation. The machine makes all sizes and shapes of tile, from 1½ to 12 inches in diameter, at the option of the manufacturer. We saw it mold 2-inch pipe tile, 16½ inches long, at the rate of 1,500 per hour; and were assured that, with one span of horses and three men, from 1,000 to 1,500 tile could be turned out, easily, for ten consecutive hours. The machine certainly worked well in every respect, and hence we voluntarily commend it to tile-makers and others. It makes good tile, rapidly, and hence cheaply. We believe Mr. LA TOURRETTE was one of the first (if not the very first) manufacturers of tile machines in this country, and he has now in his possession the first one ever used in America—a machine imported from England. As a pioneer in aiding an important improvement, he is therefore entitled to consideration.

—Such machines as the above named must greatly facilitate and cheapen the production of tile, and there is no good reason why they should be held at the high prices asked. If, as we believe, tile can be made as cheaply as brick, why charge nearly or quite twice as much for them? This is an impartant matter to farmers, and we hope tile making will no longer be a monopoly here or elsewhere. With improved machinery, the cost and market price should be materially lessened. At present prices, tile-makers must be coining money, and we trust others will obtain machines and enter into competition. This would soon reduce prices to a reasonable standard, and enable farmers to adopt more generally one of the greatest improvements of the age—tile underdraining.

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THE NEW DOG TAX LAW.—The Legislature of New York passed some wise acts at its recent session—among others one to prevent animals running at large in the public highways, (published in the RURAL of May 17,) and another taxing dogs, which latter ought to put an exterminator on sheep-killing canines, and enable farmers to raise and keep flocks in peace. The tax upon female dogs will, if enforced, be likely to put an embargo on puppy breeding, unless the business is very profitable. We hope "curs of low degree," as well as all evil disposed dogs, will be effectually *cur*tailed by the rigid action of assessors and collectors, or owners. The following is the substance of the new Dog Law:

In all the counties of the State, except the city and county of New York, there shall be annually levied and collected the following tax upon dogs: Upon every bitch owned or harbored by any one or more persons, or by any family, three dollars; upon every additional bitch owned or harbored by the same person or persons or family, five dollars; upon every dog other than a bitch owned or harbored by one or more persons or by any family, fifty cents; and upon every additional dog other than a bitch owned or harbored by the same person or persons or families, two dollars.

SECTION 2. Section four of said title, chapter and part is hereby amended so as to read as follows: "The assessors of every town or city, or ward of a city, except the city of New York, shall annex to the assessment roll of real and personal estate therein, made by them annually, the name of each and every person or persons liable to the tax imposed hereby, together with the number of bitches and dogs for which such person or persons is or are assessed, and return the same to the supervisor of their respective towns, cities, or wards of cities, to be laid by said supervisor before the Board of Supervisors, to be by them collected in the same manner as other State, and county, and town taxes are collected. And if any person duly assessed shall refuse or neglect to pay the tax so assessed within five days of the demand thereof, it shall be lawful for any person, and it shall be the duty of the collector, to kill the dog so taxed."

—And the collector will be very likely to kill, for he is allowed one dollar for every dog killed. It is also made lawful for any person to kill any dog that cannot show his tax receipt. The law was evidently designed to effectually abate a great nuisance, and we trust it will.

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AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The Provincial Exhibition of Canada West is to be held at Toronto, Sept. 23d to 26th, instead of a week later, as first announced—the time having been changed so as not to conflict with the New York State Fair. ——The Wisconsin Ag'l and Mechanical Society will hold its next Annual Fair at Milwaukee, commencing Sept. 8. In character it is intended to resemble usual State Fairs, and will include a horse show and trial of speed.——The Cortland Co. Fair is to be held on the Society's Grounds, between Homer and Cortlandville, Sept. 23—25.——The Wyoming Co. Fair is to be held Sept. 23d and 24th. It is said "the Society never stood better in the estimation of the citizens of the county than it does now, and it will without doubt have a good Fair next fall."——The next Annual Fair of the Genesee Valley Ag. Society is to be held at Nunda, Sept. 17th and 18th, and that of the Canaseraga Ag. and Mech. Society at Dansville, Sept. 19th and 20th.——The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Ag. Society of Canada East is to be held at Sherbrooke, Sept. 17—19.——The Putnam Co. (N. Y.) Fair is to be held at Lake Mahopac, Sept. 24—26.——The Dryden Ag. Society's next Fair is to be held in Dryden Village, Oct. 9th and 10th.

Horse Shows.—The Cortland Co. Ag. Society announce a Horse Show on June 17th and 18th; and the Wayne Co. Society a like exhibition at Lyons, July 3d and 4th.——The best thorough-bred stock in the Union is to be exhibited at the World's Horse Fair, in Chicago, to commence the 2d day of September. It is said the Kentucky stables will be largely represented.

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INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.—Several correspondents will find responses to their inquiries in articles published on first page, though not perhaps in the form they expect, nor in specific answers to the questions proposed. G. H. S., of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, we refer to the article on Comparative Value of Manures, and others to the article on Chicory, in which they will find the desired information. We often give articles designed to answer inquiries, without quoting or referring to the queries propounded, and hence those who do not find direct answers to their questions will be likely, on careful perusal of the paper, to find the information sought.

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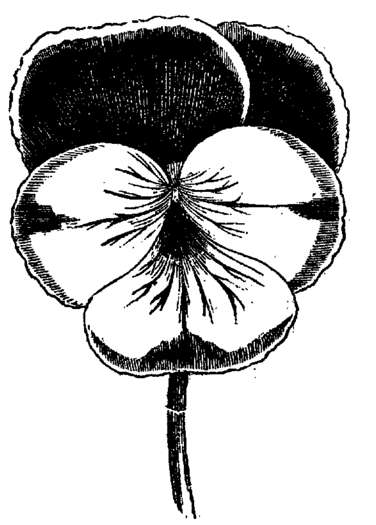
THE WOODEN WATER PIPE, advertised in this paper, and strongly commended by scientific and practical men, as well as by the press, is worthy the attention of farmers and all others wishing to convey water any distance. We have given some attention to the subject, have witnessed tests of this pipe, noted the process of its manufacture, banding, &c., and are confident that it possesses great merit. Its cheapness, strength, and durability, commend it to the public, and as it is warranted, no one will be likely to lose by giving it a trial. Thus much we freely say in its behalf, without solicitation.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE PANSY

We wish all the lovers of flowers among our readers to understand that no flower we cultivate in our gardens is more worthy of attention than the Pansy. We have before intimated this fact, but our beds have been so exceedingly brilliant since early in March, and have attracted such general notice, that we determined once more to urge upon our readers the cultivation of this very desirable flower. The Pansy has long been a favorite with the florists of England, but the English varieties, though very large and perfect flowers, are of a loose, straggling habit of growth, and under ordinary culture seem unsuited to our warm and dry seasons. The Germans have produced varieties much better suited to our wants. The flowers give a great variety of colors, mottled, striped, crimson, and other colors bordered with white, looking so nearly like the fancy geraniums that a single flower would be taken for a pelargonium, sky-blue, and almost black.

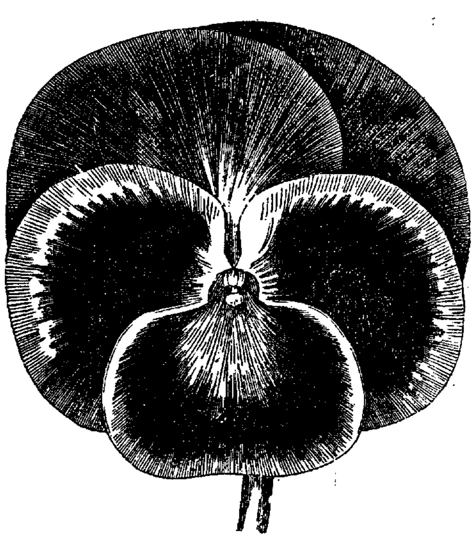


We give an engraving of a flower just taken from our beds. The portions that show dark in the engraving are a beautiful crimson, and the light parts a delicate, creamy white. We have others with the ground a clear white, while the coloring is of a most delicate rose. The plants have a very compact habit, and flower very freely, from fifty to a hundred blossoms being often seen on a single plant at one time. The flowers are borne on a short, strong stem, and stand erect, above the leaves, producing a most charming effect.

The German varieties are very hardy, and if seed are sown in a hot-bed or cold farme in April, or even in the open ground in May, a good show of flowers will be had during the latter part of summer and until they are covered with snow. They are the first flowers seen in the spring, and even a mild spell in mid-winter is improved to produce a few blossoms. From early spring until the middle of June every plant is almost a bouquet of flowers. If the weather is dry and hot after this time, and the bed exposed, the flowers after this will be small until the cool nights, and dews, and rains of autumn. From this, until heavy frost and snow, the pansy bed will not be surpassed by any in the garden.

Late in the spring an examination of the bed will show many young plants produced from the fallen seeds of the past summer. These can be transplanted to a new bed, and if they produce superior flowers this course may be continued; but if the flowers exhibit deterioration in size, form or coloring, obtain fresh imported seed, and start a new bed.

We cultivate flowers for the pleasure they afford us, and there can be no pleasure to any person of taste or intelligence in half doing any work, or in producing inferior flowers. All will therefore like to learn how to grow the pansy well. Select a place for the bed, if possible, where the soil is cool and shaded a little from the noon-day sun,— the north side of a fence, or building, or where trees will afford a shade, at noon, though not too much, or the plants will become "drawn," that is long, slender, and weak. Give a heavy dressing of cow manure and dig the soil very deep—eighteen inches at least. Make it fine and mellow, and do this work in a dry time, when the soil can be well pulverized. When prepared, set out the plants, and water until they are established. In such a bed you will have abundance of flowers during the whole season, though in very dry weather it is best to give a good watering —a thorough soaking—occasionally.



The English florists claim that they have much improved these German blotched and marbled pansies, retaining the habit of the plant and the delicate coloring, while giving greater size and better form to the flower. We have never seen these, but give an engraving from an English work, of what is said to be one of the best specimens.

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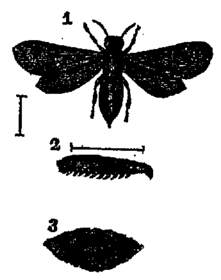
THE ROSE SLUG.

For several years the Rose Slug, the product of a moth which Prof. Harris calls *Selandria rosea*, or Rose Saw-fly, has proved exceedingly injurious to our roses and annoying to rose cultivators. It first makes its appearance as a fly, and afterwards as a slug, and when numerous, it has been found very difficult to save the foliage from destruction. The insect is thus described by Prof. Harris:

"These Saw-flies (fig. 1) come out of the ground, at various times, between the 20th of May and the middle of June, during which period they pair and lay their eggs. The females do not fly much, and may be seen, during most of the day, resting on the leaves; and, when touched, they draw up their legs, and fall to the ground. The males are more active, fly from one rose bush to another, and hover around their sluggish partners. The latter, when about to lay their eggs, turn a little on one side, unsheathe their saws, and thrust them obliquely into the skin of the leaf, depositing, in each incision thus made, a single egg. The young (fig. 2) begin to hatch in 10 days or a fortnight after the eggs are laid. They may sometimes be found on the leaves as early as the first of June, but do not usually appear in considerable numbers till the 20th of the same month. How long they are in coming to maturity, I have not particularly observed; but the period of their existence in the caterpillar state probably does not exceed three weeks. They somewhat resemble young slug-worms in form, but are not quite so convex. They have a small, round, yellowish head, with a black dot on each side of it, and are provided with 22 short legs. The body is green above, paler at the sides, and yellowish beneath; and it is soft, and almost transparent, like jelly. The skin of the back is transversely wrinkled, and covered with minute elevated points; and there are two small, triple-pointed warts on the edge of the first ring, immediately behind the head. These gelatinous and sluggish creatures eat the upper surface of the leaf in large irregular patches, leaving the veins and the skin, beneath, untouched; and they are sometimes so thick that not a leaf on the bushes is spared by them, and the whole foliage looks as if it had been scorched by fire, and drops off soon afterwards. They cast their skins several times, leaving them extended and fastened on the leaves; after the last moulting, they lose their semi-transparent and greenish color, and acquire an opaque yellowish hue. They then leave the rose bushes, some of them slowly creeping down the stem, and others rolling up and dropping off, especially when the bushes are shaken by the wind. Having reached the ground, they burrow to the depth of an inch or more in the earth, where each one makes for itself a small oval cell, (fig. 3,) of grains of earth, cemented with a little gummy silk. Having finished their transformations, and turned to flies, within their cells, they come out of the ground early in August, and lay their eggs for a second brood of young. These, in turn, perform their appointed work of destruction in the autumn. They then go into the ground, make their earthen cells, remain therein throughout the winter, and appear, in the winged form, in the following spring and summer."



This insect became so destructive in Massachusetts that the Horticultural Society of that State offered a premium of $100 for an efficient remedy. This was awarded to David Haggerston, and his remedy was diluted whale oil soap, at the rate of two pounds to fifteen gallons of water, applied with a syringe. It must be applied every few days until the insects disappear.

While on this subject, we give the following by a correspondent of the *Gardeners' Monthly*:—"Whale oil soap, if properly applied, is a sure and speedy remedy for the rose slug. Having used it with my own hands, and witnessed its results for eight or nine years, I think I can speak with confidence of what I know. While I have preserved my plants from the ravages of the pest, I have very materially reduced their number in my garden, so that, while the number and size of my plants have very much increased, the labor of protecting them has been perceptibly lessened. To attain this result, I have proceeded in this wise:

"As late as may be in the season, before the opening of the blooms, put into a bucket, say about four pounds whale oil soap, (of late years I have not been particular to weigh or measure, being governed by the color, taste, and smell.) Upon this pour a kettle of boiling water. With a stick, with a square end, stir and "mash" the soap till it is all dissolved. Let it stand a few hours, and strain through a piece of coarse sacking into a tub, which fill with water. As you use it, dilute still more, to as many as eight pails of water. Apply it at night in fair weather to the plants by means of a good garden syringe, with a *fine* rose. And here let me say, the work must be thorough. Commit it to no hired help; if you do, it may be slighted. But grasp the syringe yourself, and make a furious attack upon the plants. Charge upon them at every point; go round and round, and round again each bush, and drive, with all the force you can command, the fluid into every part, and under every leaf. Get down upon the ground and force it up, wetting the under side of the leaves, where the insects at this time of the day most abound. After feeling sure you have thoroughly drenched the entire plant, you will find, by turning up the under side of the leaves, they have not all been wet. But charge into them again, and draw them through the wet hand; for, if you have been faithful, your hands and clothes will have become pretty well wet. But no matter for that; you are engaged in a just war, and you must not count the cost. And if your good wife should turn up her nose at the offensive odor which, for a while, attaches to you, she will excuse it when she comes to look upon the clean, glossy, healthy foliage of her rose bushes, rescued from ruin by so efficacious an agent. I have found one application sufficient. But should they show themselves "in force" again, you must repeat the application. But be assured that every one you thoroughly wet will commit no more ravages."

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HOGS IN THE ORCHARD.

There is no practice more injurious than allowing fallen, wormy fruit, to remain under the trees to rot, affording the insects every opportunity for development and increase. This is no doubt the reason why we hear so much complaint of "*wormy*" fruit; and there can be no question but the evil is on the increase. It has long been the practice of some to allow their hogs to run in the orchard, and in this way the fallen fruit is disposed of, while others gather it up for feed. An Oswego correspondent of the *Country Gentlemen* gives his experience with two orchards, as follows:

"The principal object I had in buying the farm on which I now live, was the fine orchards of fruit. They were then in a very thrifty condition, loaded year after year with large crops of fruit; but when we came to picking and packing, we were obliged to throw out large portions of them on account of the worm holes and curculio stings with which they were more or less affected, rendering them unsalable and fit only for cider.

The lower orchard (the orchards are divided by a public highway,) I have for several years past used as a hog pasture, with very satisfactory results. The apples, which were heretofore wormy and knotty, are now as fair, smooth, and free from blemish, as one would wish to see. I allow my hogs and pigs (the more the better,) free access to the orchards the year round, except a few days in October, while gathering and packing the apples.

"It is seldom apples fall before they are ripe unless something ails them, and that *something* is usually an apple worm or curculio, and as the pigs are not very particular about their diet, all goes down with a relish, thereby destroying millions of troublesome insects which could not otherwise be got rid of.

"The hogs keep the orchard thoroughly plowed and manured without any assistance from me; keep down the grass and weeds, rendering the orchard much thriftier than could be done by broadcast cultivation, as the hogs do not disturb the roots, but a plow would, besides the inconvenience of working among trees, where you are liable to do more injury than good.

"My upper orchard I am obliged to mow, and one would be astonished at the comparative quantity and quality of the fruit in the two orchards. The difference in quantity is as six to one, and the quality 100 per cent.

"The pear and cherry trees inclosed in the orchard in which the hogs run, are loaded nearly every year with crops of fruit which would make an amateur's mouth water—while on trees of the same varieties just across the road, can only be found knotty, wormy, unpalatable specimens. Now I can no more afford to be without hogs in my orchard, than I can afford to be without fruit; for without one I should be almost certain to be deprived of the other; and by adopting this course I seldom fail of having a good crop, and *never* fail of finding a ready sale at remunerative prices, even when there is a large crop.

"If any of the readers of your excellent journal are skeptical on this point, let them try it for a term of years, and I believe their skepticism will vanish with the increase in their crops.

"Now, neighbors, don't try the experiment with any of your *long-tailed Shanghai racer breeds, with a snout like a ten feet pole*, for you'll surely be disappointed with the result. Such hogs you can never satisfy; they will tear the bark from and undermine your trees, besides soon acquire the knack of standing on their hind legs and helping themselves to the best fruit. This I know from experience. But instead of the above mentioned breed, try the Yorkshire, Suffolk, or Essex, and you will be doubly paid."

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Horticultural Notes.

SCIENTIFIC GARDENING.

While other professions have been thought worthy of all the development of American enterprise, gardening, which ministers at once to our moral and physical wants, has been sadly neglected; yet in our hearts we acknowledge that

> "The rose which lives its little hour
> Is prized beyond the sculptured flower."

It is the high province of horticultural associations to make gardening popular with all classes, and raise the social position of the gardener by directing his attention to botany, as well as landscape gardening. Some account of the origin of these two branches may not be uninteresting. Passing over the description of the garden of Alcinous, which had its origin in the imagination of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," we find that Aristotle first imbued his disciple, Theophrastus, with a desire to study the nature of plants; and that Rome knew little of our science till the time of Dioscorides, who lived in the reign of Nero, and of Pliny, the naturalist, who died in the latter part of the reign of Titus. Pliny has given very full accounts of his own gardens. In the days of the Emperor Hadrian, Rome kept up vast standing armies upon her frontiers. Into these, to guard against the heat of July and August, they introduced long colonnades and verdant cloisters, and hence arose the "Topiary art," so called from a Greek word meaning rope, since ropes were used to bend over the trees. This art, revived in Europe in the 17th century, was carried to such perfection that Casaubon tells of a specimen near Paris, representing the Trojan war, men, horses, and all, being admirably represented by figures of living verdure. This art has now become well known through various treatises on arboriculture.

Our own expedition to Japan shows us the perfection to which that people had brought the process of dwarfing and enlarging shrubs at pleasure. Under the heading "Horticulture," we read: "In this department the Japanese were very skillful. They possessed the art in a wonderful degree, either of dwarfing, or of unnaturally enlarging all natural productions. As an evidence of the first, may be seen, in the miniature gardens of the towns, perfectly mature trees of various kinds, not more than three feet high, and with heads about three feet in diameter. These dwarfed trees are often placed in flower pots. Fischer says that he saw, in a box, four inches long, one and a half wide, and six in height, a bamboo, a fir, and a plum tree, all thriving, and the latter in full blossom."

The Japanese, in order to thus subjugate nature, must have studied deeply the science of botany; and I shall now attempt a slight sketch of the rise and progress of that science in Europe. During the middle ages, botany made little progress; but in the 15th century it revived, and Brunfels, of Mentz, Jerome Tragus, and Leonard Fuchsius, wrote the results of their observations in Europe. In the 16th century, Lecluse, called Clusius, described with precision plants that he had noticed; so also did Conrad Gesner, of Switzerland, Cesalpin in Italy, the brothers Bauhin and Magriol in France, and Ray in England. In the 17th century, the microscope was discovered, and by its aid Malpighi, so early as 1676, and Graw in 1682, discussed almost every question of vegetable structure. The 18th century produced Joseph Pelton, better known as Tournefort, from the name of his place. He first discovered the genders of plants, and classified them according to the presence or absence of the corolla. Next came Linnæus, of Sweden, who perfected and simplified the system of Tournefort. But the most perfect classification upon natural principles is due to Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, who published his great work in 1789.

This attention to the science of botany naturally led to the estalishment of botanic gardens. The first of these was that of Pisa, in 1543. The first opened in France was that of Montpellier, in 1597. That of Paris was not erected till 1636. It now contains over 60,000 living plants. In imitation of this, every capital of Europe has now its botanic garden. Landscape gardening was introduced into France by Louis XIV, who employed Le Notre and La Quintinie in laying out the gardens of the Tuilleries and Versailles, about the same time that Sir Wm. Temple was describing Moor Park, and William III was teaching Swift to cut asparagus.

Then, too, was the Chinese school introduced into England. Kent was the father of the English school of gardening; Brown perfected it. But England is indebted to America for her choicest plants and trees. The London *Times* acknowledges this as follows:—"The private exhibition of American plants attracted a brilliant assemblage to Ashburnham Palace, the abundance of Rhododendrons producing a brilliancy of effect that could scarcely be excelled." The *Morning Post* speaks of a collection at Woking as being the most extensive in England, and adds:—"Those who only know the Rhododendrons by the examples we see in our parks and public gardens, or in private, can form but a faint idea of the gorgeous splendor which a collection of many hundreds of that beautiful evergreen in full blossom and arranged with due regard to form and hue is capable of displaying." How humiliating to the American traveler must it be to learn the names of these gems of his native land from strangers, and not to have a scientific knowledge of those trees which cause America to take a high place in the gardens and parks of Europe. I trust that some patriotic individual will yet establish a professorship in some of our universities, devoted to the study of American plants, and that a botanic garden may arise, where foreign and native-born plants may meet the eyes of foreign and native-born citizens, and, typical of the union of the offspring of two hemispheres, minister equally to the glory of the American Union.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

Saving Seeds—Vitality of Seeds.—I have been for years in the habit of selecting my seed—that is, for instance: I have, during that period, never sown a pea that was the produce of a pod containing less than six or seven in it. By this means I have, as I think, improved them. I reserve the most promising rows for seed the ensusing year, and pick off for eating all pods that seem defective in number from these rows; of course this would be too much work except for a garden. From carrots, parsnips, &c., when put out for seed, I pinch off all side blossoms, leaving only those on the main stem, abstracting even from these last the side blossoms, and, in my opinion, the seed is very much improved.

The vitality of seed, I find of greater duration than is usually supposed; but then it must be saved with some degree of care. To prevent any mistake, I always label the year in which the seed is gathered. On referring to my book, I observed that I sowed in 1851 double curled parsley and asparagus beans, the produce of 1845; and on the 24th of May, 1850, yellow turnip radish of 1839. On the 25th of August, 1851, I sowed black Spanish radish seed gathered in 1838. On the 30th of the same month, these radishes appeared above ground, and there is this observtion in the margin: "The radishes of 1838 grew very well." The season was very dry, but the radishes were watered.—C. E., *Sandwich, county of Essex, C. W., in Horticulturist.*

New Texan Grapes.—Among the new plants recently described by Mr. Buckley, in the proceedings of the *Academy of Natural Sciences*, are three new grapes. We omit the mere scientific characters, and give only the popular account Mr. B. furnishes with the descriptions:

Vitis monticola.—Leaves 1½–2 inches long, and nearly of the same width; petioles about an inch and a half in length. Fruit ripe in July and August, ¾ of an inch in diameter, skin thin. Grows in the mountainous districts of Burnet, Bell, and Hays counties.

Vitis Linsecomii.—This grape has larger leaves than any other American species; 6–10 inches wide, and of nearly the same length. Its fruit ripens the first of July; skin thin, and berry ¾ inch diameter, juicv, and of a pleasant acid taste.

Vitis mustangensis.—This is called the Mustang grape in Texas, where it is very common. It makes an excellent wine; but it is little esteemed for eating on account of an acrid juice beneath the skin, which, if swallowed, gives a burning pain in the throat. It climbs high, bears abundantly, and has large fruit, which is sometimes nearly an inch in diameter. Its leaves are either toothed or mucronate.—*Gard. Monthly.*

Kitchen Garden and Cookery.—The following sensible remarks are by P. Barry:—"It should be borne in mind that a constant supply of vegetables, of the best quality, cannot be kept up without good management in regard to successive sowings. This is especially the case with radishes, peas, and string beans, which are only fit for use when in a young state, and for a short time. Lettuce is another thing of which a continual supply of young plants should be kept up by every one who wishes a good salad for the table every day. Too little attention is given to the culture of vegetables for soup. Our American housewives give too much attention to cake and confectionary, and far too little to soups. No dinner table in this country should be without its soup. The kitchen garden should send into the cook a regular daily supply of small carrots, turnips, leeks or onions, parsley, with a little of such flavoring herbs as thyme, sweet marjoram, summer savory, mint, &c."

Abies alcoquiana—Mr. Alcock's Spruce Fir.—Among the Conifers that have been sent to England by Mr. John G. Veitch, is one which he has named in honor of Mr. Rutherford Alcock, Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of Yeddo. It is said to be "a noble Spruce Fir, in some respects resembling the Abies potita of Zuccarina, from which it differs in having much smaller cones, with scales of a different form, very small leaves, glaucous on the under side, blunt or emarginate, not mucronate, and flat, not four-sided.

Mr. Veitch found this on Mount Fusi-Yama, at an altitude of 6,000 to 7,000 feet. The tree is 100 to 120 feet high, and the wood is used for light house work.

Budding the Grape.—I have a matter of interest to many of your numerous subscribers and perhaps to yourselves. Listen, and I will tell my story. Last August (1861) I was pruning my grape vines a little, finished, and stood thinking about vines. The thought of inoculation came up. I obtained a branch of Diana, and put two buds carefully into a vigorous Isabella. One of them is now growing nicely, about six inches in length. Some grape growers laughed at me last fall. But they give it up now. Perhaps I am telling you an old story; but never mind, tell it, and it may interest others, for it strikes me that inoculation is better than grafting.—Doctor, *Brownhelm, Lorain Co., O.*, 1862.

Mignonette from Cuttings.—Having to grow Mignonette for winter bouquets, a thought struck me to try cuttings; accordingly I went to work, got a quantity of cuttings, planted them in a 48-sized pot, and placed them in bottom heat. This was in September, and in a very short time all of them struck root. I then potted them singly in the same sized pots, and I flowered them in them. So satisfactory was this trial, that I determined to strike another lot, and this time, however, I planted three cuttings in each pot of the size just named, so as not to disburb them by repotting, and now I have plenty of Mignonette to cut from.—*Gard. Chron.*

To Destroy the Currant Worm.—Col. Cuyler, of Cuylerville, informs us that he finds no difficulty in keeping his currants entirely clear of the worm that has proved so destructive of late. His plan is to make a smudge by burning small pieces of leather in a tin pan, to which a handle is attached. Over this he throws sulphur occasionally, of course placing the pan under the bushes attacked by the insects. This causes all to drop. This process of course must be repeated as often as a new crop appears, and a little care must be exercised not to burn the leaves.

Glycine or Wistaria magnifica.—A correspondent of *Revue Horticole* says, this was raised in Paris, from seed of W. frutescens, and praises it as a splendid addition to hardy climbers. It has flowered in America, and proves one of the most beautiful of new plants.

The Gooseberry and Currant Slug.—This pest is again making its appearance. Some persons are trying coal oil, and they think with success; but we have always observed that the insects usually conquer in the end.

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Inquiries and Answers.

Rose Slug.—Will any one please to inform the readers of the Rural the best method of protecting our rose bushes from their enemy, the worm? I, for one, am anxious to begin in season, if anything can be effectually done for their preservation.—Mary, *Newark, N. Y.*, 1862.

For information, see another column.

Barberry for Hedging.—By reading a description of the barberry in your paper, I found it was just what I wanted, as I wished to grow a hedge around my farm which would be cheap and durable. Will you be so kind as so inform me where I can get some barberry seed? Also, the best plant for hedges around gardens and door-yards. The barberry is not good for this, it being some ten feet in height. Also, please give the manner of planting, and oblige a friend and reader of the Rural.—A. E. C., *Chautauqua Co., N. Y.*

The barberry is a prickly shrub, growing from five to ten feet high, but of course can be kept at any required height by pruning. It is very hardy, and of rapid growth, bearing almost any kind of ill usage. It throws up a great many suckers and young shoots, and soon forms a thick bush. This disposition to spread is the only objection to the plant for a hedge, for it would require some care, we think, to prevent its spreading much more than would be desirable. The flower is pretty, and the fruit is of a pinkish scarlet. It is propagated by seeds, but mostly by suckers and offsets. Small plants, fit for a hedge, can no doubt be obtained at most of our nurseries, and also large plants, which can be divided like currant bushes, making a large number of each plant. Seeds could doubtless be obtained in the autumn, if there was any market for them. The branches are not very strong, but they grow up thick, so as to leave no opening, and are furnished with sharp spines.

Domestic Economy.

PICKLING RIPE CUCUMBERS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker.—In answer to a request made some time since through the Rural, I send the following, which I know to be good:

Cut in pieces of the size you wish, then scrape, peel, and put in weak brine for 24 hours, then in weak vinegar and water the same length of time. Take from that, and boil them till tender in sweetened vinegar—one pound of sugar to one quart of vinegar. Then add cloves, cinnamon, and boil a little longer.—G. E. W.

Eds. Rural.—I have a recipe for making ripe cucumber pickles I know to be good, which I send to you for the benefit of A. E. C., Chatsworth, Ill.

Pare and cut in slices two inches wide, scrape the inside neatly, then put them in vinegar enough to cover them, for twelve hours, and to one quart of vinegar add one pound of brown sugar and such spices as you like best. Put in the cucumbers, and boil them till tender, then take them out into bottles. When the vinegar has boiled down enough, pour it *hot* over the cucumbers, and *cork tight.*

They will keep for a year if made according to *rule.*—Mrs. F. A. Cobb, *Andalusia, Rock Island County, Ill.*, 1862.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an inquiry in the Rural of January, 1862, wanting to know how to make cucumber pickles, I send you one that I have used and found to be good. Select your cucumbers, the thickest meated ones, pear, and slice them in the seams, scrape the seeds out, boil twenty minutes in a little salt water—a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. Take out, put into your vinegar, already heated, with a teacup of sugar to a quart of common vinegar. Season to suit the taste.—R. E. Beardsley, *Ogle Co., Ill.*, 1862.

Seeing an inquiry in the Rural for a recipe for pickling ripe cucumbers, I send you mine, viz:—Pare and split ripe cucumbers, take out the seeds, and all the soft part. Soak in salt water twenty-four hours, then scald in alum water till soft enough to put a fork through, place in a jar and cover with hot vinegar. Allow one cup of sugar to a pint of vinegar. Flavor with cinnamon.—Mrs. R. C. N., *Broadalbin, N. Y.*, 1862.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—An inquirer wishes to know how to make ripe cucumber pickles. Here is a recipe I have used for years and call it *good*:—Three quarts of vinegar; half pound of sugar; half teacup of unground spices; (cinnamon, cloves, and pepper,) for four quarts of cucumbers. Put all in together. Simmer two hours, or until tender. To be cooked in tin.—Mrs. M. M. Agan, *White Creek, N. Y.*, 1862.

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CORN BREAD.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing in the columns of your paper an inquiry respecting the best method of preparing *corn bread*, I will give my method of so doing.

One-third rye flour, or the coarse part of wheat flour, and two-thirds corn meal, well mixed together. Pour on boiling water until it is wet through, stirring the while. When sufficiently cool so as not to scald the yeast, put some in, mixing it thoroughly with the hand, then put it in a tin pail, well greased, to rise. As soon as it begins to rise nicely, have a pot of boiling water ready to set the pail, (which must have a cover fitting tightly,) into it, and let it boil briskly for three or four hours—which will be sufficient to cook it through. If the pail does not hold over eight quarts, a cover to the pot is also necessary to keep in the steam as much as possible. This method of boiling will furnish a nice loaf without the waste of a thick crust, as is the case when it is baked, although it is good when baked either in an oven or stove.—B. M. R. Davis, *Belmont*, 1862.

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Papering Walls.—A voice from L. R. L., Wis., wishing to know how to make thick paper stay smooth while drying, I have heard through the Rural. Having seen so much of the baneful effect of rich paper loosening for want of knowledge to prepare the paste, and having had experience in this art enough to satisfy myself, any who are disposed to try it, may do so. I take either wheat or rye flour, make it in a batter with water too cold to scald the flour, stir it till every lump is broken, then turn on boiling water, stirring it quickly till it is as thin as we generally make batter for a thin pancake. See that you give thick paper a good dampening through, then stretch it as well as it will bear.—Desire Stone, *Norwich, N. Y.*, 1862.

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Whisky Pickles.—Three quarts of water to one of whisky. As you pick your cucumbers, or whatever you wish to pickle, put them into this preparation, and in three weeks you will have good strong pickles.

Baked Eggs.—Did you ever try them? Have a very little grease in your tin, let it be hot, and break your eggs as for frying. Salt them, set in a hot oven a few minutes, and they are done.

How to Freshen Meat.—Freshen salt pork in sweet or sour milk over night; it will have the taste of fresh meat, and the gravy is much whiter.—S. J. Q., *Zittle's Corners, N. Y.*, 1862.

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Paste for Papering Walls.—Noticing an inquiry for a recipe for making sure paste for papering walls, I send mine, which I know is genuine, having tested it upon old walls that have been whitewashed for years. Take the white of four eggs, well beaten, one quart of cold water; thicken with rye flour to the consistency of common paste.—J. A. L., *Clyde, N. Y.*, 1862.

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To Color Drab on Straw.—Take one tablespoonful of good tea, boil it in iron five minutes, put in copperas, skim your dye, wash your straw in suds, then put it in the dye until the desired color is given. By adding more tea you can have a good black. When drying on the block, rub thin glue over it.—Susan, *Groton, Tompkins Co., N. Y.*, 1862.

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Pickles.—Will some of the Rural's numerous friends please inform me as to the best method of laying down pickles in barrels for market, having them already for use in vinegar, the kind of vinegar, and quantity per barrel? Please give us all the particulars, and oblige—I. F. P., *Perrinsville, Mich.*

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Indian Bread Steamed.—Three cups of Indian meal; one do. of flour; two of sweet milk; one of sour; one-half cup of molasses; one teaspoon of soda; little salt. Steam two hours and a half. Best eaten when warm, but very good when cold.—Mrs. A. P. Hunt, *Four Towns, Mich.*, 1862.

Ladies' Department.

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

YOU AND I.

BY FRANK FORREST.

Standing in the moonlight
'Neath the clear blue sky,
Talking low together,
Only you and I.
Talk of how the breezes
Round us gently sigh;
How the lovely moonlight
Falls o'er you and I.

Talk about Time's angel
Passing swiftly by,
Waiting not for any,
Even you and I;
Talk how summer flowers
Fade away and die;
Sink into a silent tomb,
So must you and I.

Talk of how the church spires,
Pointing to the sky,
Mark the way of wisdom,—
So should you and I.
Talking thus together
'Neath the clear blue sky,
Sweet was our communion,
Loved one,—you and I.

If for aye we've parted,
Earnestly we'll try
To meet again—if not on earth,
In heaven—you and I.

Ottawa, Ill., 1862.

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

SOMETHING FOR "GIRLS."

Everybody said (and of course what *everybody* says must be true) that Alfred Lambert would never amount to *anything*. "He is too much like his father to ever be anything or anybody." To be sure, old Tom Lambert *was*, at the time of which we write, a dissipated loafer, who spent most of his time and much of his money at the village tavern, and had never been seen in the pretty little church upon the hill. Rumor said that Tom was once a handsome man, but dissipation had long since obliterated all traces of manly beauty. Rumor also said that in his youth he had been highly respected and loved by all who knew him; but in an evil hour he had fallen, perhaps to rise no more forever. Years fled, and the once gifted youth had become a beastly man, shunned by all. As a crowning act of degradation, he married a miserably low and degraded woman, and then removed from his native place to a village in New England. After the birth of his son, there seemed for a time to be a change in the father; but it was a feeble rally, and he was soon with his "cups" again.

As I have said, everybody "*knew* that Albert would never rise in the world." "There was not a more ragged, filthy or disagreeable boy in the district school than he. His hair never presented an appearance of having been combed, his face was always dirty, and his shoestrings always untied." The boy was *not* absolutely homely; indeed, his eyes were so beautiful as to be often the occasion of remark; his hair was naturally quite fine and soft, though the sadly neglected state in which it was always seen, together with the slatternly appearance of his person in general, confirmed people in the belief that he was reckless and indifferent to the opinion of every one. In short, "he was like his father, and would never be anybody."

Albert was not in ignorance of the light in which he was held up to every stranger who visited the place, nor of the disparaging remarks so often made about him, though a knowledge of both facts seemed to produce no effect upon his feelings. Opposite to the seat which he occupied in the school room, sat a little girl of about the same age as Albert, who, strange to say, seemed to take an interest in him. Once or twice had she been detected in passing little notes over from her desk to his, one of which had been publicly read before the school as punishment for the misdemeanor. She had written merely to ask if he would not "*please* tie up his shoestrings and cravat, for he would look *so* much better if he would."

Sarah was a sweet girl, and the favorite of all her schoolmates. Her teachers wondered what she could see to admire in Albert, when all the handsome boys in school were vying with each other to lay upon her desk the largest apple. But one day as Albert was being punished for some act of disobedience, he willfully struck his teacher, and, a day or so afterward, accidentally overheard Sarah say that she "had never thought Albert so bad as *that*." The words produced a strange effect. He was very fond of the gentle Sarah, although, judging from his uncouth and uncivil manner, no person would have surmised that he possessed such an attribute as affection. That *she* should thus speak, who had often spoken so kindly of him, caused him to feel very badly, and awoke within his breast a desire to do better, and to "be somebody." Then and there he resolved that, notwithstanding everybody's opinion to the contrary, he would become a different boy.

The following day the scholars (and, most of all, Sarah) were greatly astonished to see Alfred Lambert make his appearance with a clean face, his cravat and shoestrings tied, and his hair neatly smoothed. In a few days, in the place of the ragged clothes, was seen a neat and whole, though plain, suit of brown; and not only was his personal appearance vastly improved, but there was a visible change in his manner, and the change was perceptible to all. As a matter of course, every one wondered at the sudden transformation, but none, save Albert himself, knew the cause. About this time, an uncle of Albert's residing in a Western city sent word to his brother that he was in need of a clerk, and would give Albert a place in his establishment if he would part with him. Albert went. Nothing more was heard from him in ten years, at the end of which time he came back a noble, handsome and influential man, as well as a wealthy merchant. Everybody was for once compelled to admit that they were mistaken. When the merchant returned to the Far West, he took with him a lovely and affectionate wife, who answered to the name of Sarah. It was the same Sarah who, through the influence of gentleness and kindness, had, when but a child, won the wayward boy from a gulf of sin and misery, and placed him upon heights of eminence and respectability. Let all of my readers who are girls, then, learn from this short though true story, that through their influence much good may be accomplished where nothing else can avail.

Brockport, N. Y., 1862. H. F. P.

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The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practices old experiences.

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

HOME

A sacred name is that of home. Other words may please the ear, other joys enrich the soul; but insignificant do they ever become when contrasted with the pleasures and benefits of this cherished spot.

Unlike are the abodes of all in symmetry and style, in influence and discipline, in power and worth,—while, at the same time, each brings its possessor advantages and interests no other place can ever afford. Though magnificent or humble in its architecture and surroundings, many peculiar fascinations cluster around it, forever separated from the outward world. As a lock of hair, or precious gift from the departed, are choice mementoes for the recipient only, so do our silent and frequent reviews of home, and the most trivial or weighty associations connected therewith, retain for us alone their vigor and beauty. Memory now recalls with vernal freshness to many of us, our childhood's valuable estimate of everything connected with that haunt we then called home. Whose boundaries ever possessed such avenues for utility and amusement as ours; such delightful meadows and petted herds; such beautiful flowers and luscious fruits; even such another house the sunlight never reached, and the mechanic never built. Its very crevices were sacred for whispering strains of music from the sighing winds. Its spacious fire-place was charming for the light and warmth it gave the winter evenings long.

So free and constant were our childish delights, that any interruption seemed sad and strange. But fatigue and sorrow are felt by all; and when they came, and even gayety grew tiresome, who had a better grandma to calm the troubled spirit, and fold the arms to rest? The much-loved grandmother—her spirit has flown, but not the memory of her kindness.

When childhood passed, and youth, with its golden hopes and joyous anticipations, took possession of our being, how precious still was home. Its influences to woo us were none the less, though changed to suit our years. Yea, well do we remember how the merry musical gatherings enhanced the joy of all; how fond parents, even, forgot the while their toils and heart-aches as the invisible power of song recalled for them the past and revived associations half buried.

Though each period of our existence is fraught with change, we still may realize that within a happy home the most perfect lessons of life are given, and the soul receives its sweetest music. 'Tis here that children early learn the unremitting value of affection and forbearance. 'Tis here that their unfolding capacities receive the impress of impartial heart-work and the pledge of constant love. 'Tis here that the star of forgiveness shines with the loveliest brightness, and the mantle of charity is wrapped most fondly around the erring.

Austinburg, Ohio, 1862. Mrs. Myra Shelburne.

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

GIRLS.—No. IV.

If there is anything which I positively detest, it is an affected piece of femininity. 'Tis sometimes really amusing to see Miss Jones twitching and jerking herself, first this way, and then that, for the express purpose of putting her dress in a horizontal swing.

Her half hour's practice before the mirror will not permit the admission of *r's* into her chattering with her adorable Adolphus, for fear of drawing her mouth out of its bewitching pucker. She squeals most terrifically at the sight of a stray mouse, and goes into hysterical convulsions if her Adolphus chances to find her darning her father's socks, or engaged in any useful employment.

Miss Jones has a long train of sisters who are *fac simile*. You find them simpering and donning hi-fa-lu-tin airs in every other drawing-room and millinery establishment. You hear them expatiating upon pa's carriages, pa's horses, and ma's fine dresses and furniture. Miss Jones never gives vent to a hearty, gushing, ringing laugh, for that would be *natural!* But she gives utterance to a faint giggle, as though her mouth were corded with wrought iron wire. In church she attracts undivided attention by her late entrance and wiggling manner. And the lady thinks 'tis all owing to her superior charms, instead of the peculiar mouth-expression, that makes one think it had not opened in *ten years*.

Girls, throw aside your affectation. If you want red cheeks, let nature paint them for you. Don't sport the "fever spots" that my chum says a "little warm water and soap will rub off." Unloosen the puckering strings in your mouths, and don't talk as though the hinges of your jaws had not been oiled in a decade. If nature has given you waists thirty inches in circumference, thank her for it. If she had intended you to look like a wasp, she would have made you so. Never be ashamed of any employment that is honorable. If Adolphus elevates his nose because you feed the pigs and poultry, stick up yours so high at him that he will never see it come down. Be natural in every thing. 'Tis the only true beauty and the only mode of being lady-like. Affectation renders the finest form uncouth and the sweetest face insipid.

Minnie Mintwood.

Alfred University, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1862.

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THE MOTHER.

Around the idea of one's mother, the mind of a man clings with fond affection. It is the first deep thought stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have through life. Our passions and wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head, and smiles among her tears. Around that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the earlier period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of our remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues which we doubt not that she possessed.

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If the body is, as an old author calls it, the bridegroom of the soul, many a good looking body is worse married than Socrates was.

Choice Miscellany.

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

THE COTTAGE BY THE RIVER SIDE.

BY W. E. KNOWLES.

Though palaces and halls may boast
Of costly sites, and pomp, and pride,
I cannot help admiring most
The cottage by the river side.
However dazzling wealth and art
May be to those who worship show,
That home is dearer to my heart
Than any other one below.

It is not always that we prize
The costly gems of sand and ore,
For often, in our simple eyes,
Some humble treasure may seem more.
To him who wishes to behold
Only a humble cot like this,
Tinsel and show are blank and cold,
And home and comfort earthly bliss.

That, I suppose, is why I cling
To such a plain but dear abode,
And of its homely virtues sing
To friends at home and all abroad.
And let the hall and palace boast
Of costly sites, and pomp, and pride,
I cannot help admiring most
The cottage by the river side!

Wilson, N. Y., 1862.

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

EVERY-DAY LIFE.*

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

I mounted my horse—half dreaming I mounted him. That Havana was having its effect upon my nervous system.

An hour ago I was in a state of intense mental excitement. The high reaching, rocky sides of the Blue Ridge on the one side, and a spur of the Alleghanies on the other, with the beautiful, radiant valley through which I was traveling, and the galloping pace of my horse, had stimulated thought and imagination. I was happy—as happy as a lover of home and friends could be, a thousand miles away from both. My mind was my kingdom, and I a reveller in its capital.

It was noon. My horse was wet with perspiration. A hotel was before me—such an one as is only found in the South—the host, a large, brown-faced, black-eyed, straight-haired, tobacco-mouthed Virginian planter.

"Will you order my horse fed and carefully taken care of?—for I have been riding like the dickens."

There was no answer direct, but a "Ho, Bob!" (crescendo) brought a male counterpart of Topsey to the door.

"Take care of that horse, you young rascal; do it right smart too—none of your shamming, now."

Mr. Topsey had mounted and was galloping towards the airy, whitewashed Virginian shed before his master's speech was finished. I stood watching him and his antics, as he performed them in the saddle, thinking of the sprightly, docile nature of this people, when I was interrupted in my thinking with—

"You want dinner, I reckon—(hesitatingly) may be you're a trader."

"Yes, I want dinner, for I am hungry. Have rode from S—— since breakfast, and have earned an appetite." Then looking at him sharply, I asked, "Why did you ask if I was a trader?"

"Thought you took a right smart fancy to that boy. Stranger, I'll sell him if you want him. He's killed two pigs for me to-day, and will knock the head off a chicken or turkey with a stone, wherever he can find one—destroys more than he is worth, and I'll be dogged if I don't sell him. You're going to Richmond, I reckon—can take him along just as well as not, and shall have him at your own figures. Make me an offer!"

He sat reclining on a bench, on the piazza, with his back near an open window. I was seated in a chair, fronting him, leaning against one of the columns of the piazza. A dusky figure appeared at the window a moment, met my eye with a glance, and disappeared. I cannot describe the sensation that glance produced, or the impression it made; but I watched earnestly for another view. I hesitated to respond to the proposal of the planter, and seemed to be consulting my own convenience and means, the probability of sale, and the promises the market held out for realizing my money again, when the planter impatiently exclaimed:—"No use thinking, stranger; give your own price. I'm bound to get rid of the cussed nigger. He has made me trouble enough. He is the only pest I've got about me."

"*You'll have another if you sell him,*" hissed a shadow inside the window.

The planter started from his seat as if he had been shocked with a battery. "Who the d—l was that?" he shouted. There was no shadow to be seen when he looked, and turning to me again, greatly excited, he asked, "Did *you* hear that?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?—did you see anybody?"

"Not then,—no."

"Well, well; if it has come to that"—and he was getting in a great rage, when I said, "No, my friend, I am *not* a trader—never owned a negro in my life, and never expect to—wouldn't own one if you would give me a bill of sale of the best boy or girl on your place. I am a Northener—am down here on business for an —— firm, and am traveling all over the State. I keep my eyes and ears open, and intend to represent things just as they are, when I go north. I like you fellows—you Southerners—pretty well; but I shall find some fault with your institutions—not half as much as I expected to be able to do, however. I do not know as I could tell you the best way to get rid of slavery, but I do not like the idea of separating families—children from parents, brothers from sisters, and husbands from wives. It is unnatural; you know it is, and that the mother of that boy will feel the parting from her offspring as acutely as you would from your own child. Brutish and ignorant as they may be, they have natural affections that can never be smothered. This very system of oppression strengthens their sympathies for and attachment to each other to an extent you can hardly appreciate. I know you are not hard-hearted—that you are provoked with the freaks of this boy; but you had better endure something from him than be obliged to endure more from those who will be afflicted by his sale. Better think of that. My advice has been pretty freely given, I know, but with the best good will."

"Well, stranger, I'll go hanged if I ever had one of you Northern fellows take the liberty to talk like that to me before. But you *are* sensible. I'll be dogged *if* you aint! What a row and hullabaloo Deb would make! She's quiet and contented like now; but I b'lieve, on my soul, *that was her said that* a little while ago; and she dont say things she dont mean, *I* tell you. Come, let's see if she's any dinner for you.—Ho, Deb!" And "Deb" appeared with, "Yes, Massur!"

"Come, how long must this gentleman wait for his dinner, Deb?—he is mighty hungry."

"I t'o't he looked like he's hungry, Massur, and I'ze done dressed that chicken that orful 'ch'ev'us Bob (wish you'd 'spose of him some how,) of mine killed this mornin'. T'o't I'd turn him to some 'count, no how, Massur; so I did. Dinner ready d'rectly, sir." And away she went with a bound that might be called elastic for a woman of her years.

The master turned to me as she disappeared, and with a peculiar and mysterious expression, said, "That wench has heard every word we've said. I told her, this morning, I would sell the pesky boy to the first trader that came along, and she heard me offer him to you; it was her that said 'you'll have another if you sell him'—and then did you hear her say, 'Wish you'd 'spose of him some how'? You can see the devil is in her if she gets waked up. But she is worth her weight in gold to me—couldn't manage my plantation without her, that's a fact, and do not believe I could keep her twelve hours if I should cross her path by selling Bob—for she sets right smart by him. He's her last chid—all the rest are gone. Well, for her sake I'll endure him, that's a fact. Poor Deb!"—and he subsided into a sort of remorseful musing, I imagined.

"Deb" afterwards told me she had "raised five boys, which Massur had sent to Richmond, and 'twould break her up, no how, if Bob should go."

After dinner, and after a talk about wheat, clover and tobacco prospects, I bade my host "good day," at the same time receiving assurances that I had "likely saved him the price of that wench," and I was "welcome to the chicken Bob killed" and I had eaten, and I would be "mighty welcome" if I came that way again.

There was an illumination of Deb's and Bob's dark visages, when I gave them the customary coin; and as I said, "Bob, you must not kill any more chickens," Aunt Deb responded, "He wont Massur, 'cept you is 'spected," at the same time indulging in a low chuckling laugh.

—I mounted my horse—half dreaming I mounted him. That Havanna was having its effect upon my nervous system. A reaction was taking place, and I fell into a fit of musing upon the origin, growth and magnitude of an institution that finds defenders among those who suffer most from it—upon a burthen that is crushing the manhood out of a people who are now fighting to retain it.

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* In the Valley of Virginia—an actual occurrence (and personal adventure) in 1856. The sketch was written then and has just turned up in my port-folio.

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FRETFULNESS.

"It's the fretting horse that sweats," said the coach-driver. Up hill and down, over the smooth hard sand, and over stones and through ruts, it was all the same to the steady gray. But the young black champed his bit, and pranced over the sand. The foam lay in streaks under his haunches and on his chest. After an hour's drive, he was more fit for the stall than the harness.

It is quite as true of men as of horses, that "the fretting one sweats."

In our common toils occur many little annoyances which we wish were out of the way. Some pin loose, some article mislaid, when we are in instant need of it, disturbs the mind. It loses its balance by the vexation, and foams and complains till its fit place is a solitary bed. Others, better disciplined, take these things as a matter of course; they let nothing worry them. If a pin is lost, while peevishness is fretting they have a new one made and are off. If a tool is missing, they have the calm eye, which will find in five minutes that which eludes the fretful for half a day.

Give a composed, patient man, oversight of laborers, or a patient woman charge of a large household. That patience oils every wheel; things run smoothly, and run well; while an irritable, fretful mind, with twice the help and half the cares, will keep all in a foam from January to December.

With some, fretfulness becomes a habit. Even those professing the virtues of piety are sometimes the victims of this chronic plague. Nothing contents them. Surrounded by bounties that are enough to gladden into a grateful repose, they have no eye for mercies. At much and little, they carp alike. If a pin is lost, or a servant beyond call, they complain as loudly as over a year's rheumatism. There is no joy of harvest, if half a hundred of hay spoils. The journey is tedious if the sun shines; dull and gloomy if it does not. The servant is absolutely vicious and good for nothing, who once a week errs, or is late or slow.

There are several reasons why such a disposition should be overcome, especially by the children of God.

It is foolish; nothing is gained, but much is always lost, by losing one's patience and equanimity of mind. When difficulties beset or trifles annoy, we overcome them only by a cool head and a firm hand, while fretfulness increases every annoyance. It is hurtful to others. They, perhaps, are already sufficiently reproved by a glance at the results of their carelessness, or have erred by accident, when honestly endeavoring to do well. It is a cruelty which debases and hardens them, at such a time to be obliged to endure an undeserved or severe reproach. It is sinful. We are less than the least of the mercies we enjoy. If truly grateful, whatever our estate, we shall find occasion for praise. Seldom—never, indeed—do we suffer or endure so much that we do not deserve far more. To repine, chafe, fret, complain, is therefore wicked. It is to stand before God, holding in our hands the manifest blessings which he has in wise mercy given, and say, like proud beggars, "Lord, is this all? Why did you not give me more? or, why did you give me a tarnished good?"

O, this fretfulness! It destroys the comeliness of piety, wastes its strength, robs it of commendation. Let us then cease from it, as unbecoming the household of faith—as being really what it is, a sin.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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As gold is found but here and there upon earth, so it is with love in human life. We meet a little in the hearts of children, and in our households; but it is here and there a scale of gold and a whole continent of dirt.—*Beecher.*

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The three doctors who cure more than all the rest of the faculty, are Doctor Diet, Doctor Activity, and Doctor Merryman.

Sabbath Musings.

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

A PRAYER.

BY GRACE GLENN.

How long, oh, Lord, before this weary toil shall cease,
This over-burdened heart from care find sweet release?
How long before these way-worn feet may rest,
This aching head be pillowed on Thy loving breast?

When shall these longing eyes shed no more bitter tears,
And only words of Peace fall on these list'ning ears?
When shall the life-blood warm no more my pulses fill;
These hands, their labor done, lie folded, calm, and still?

How long before this glow from out my cheek shall fade,
And, from the waters pure, this burning be allayed?
These faltering lips and tongue be turned to harmony,
And, all its fetters loosed, the prisoned soul go free?

When may the Pearly Gates for me be open thrown,
That I may drop the Cross and go to wear the Crown?
Earth once was fair, but all that made it then so bright
Is faded now,—I grope alone in sorrow's night.

My eyes are weak and dim,—I cannot see my way.
Oh, Father, lead me hence into Thy perfect day.
No stars shine through the cloud, to lighten up the gloom;
Oh, "say it is enough,"—in mercy take me home.

Michigan, 1862.

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

MYSTERY.

The mantle of mystery has been thrown around everything connected with the earth and our earthly existence, from the growth and perfection of the fragile flower to the origin and various motions of matter and the operations of mind. There is much on every hand—grief, pain and sin—which God has permitted while exercising His authority as Supreme Ruler, which cannot be reconciled, by beings of finite intelligence, with the assertion, "God is love." The reasons of things are hidden from human vision, so that we can only say, "'Tis mystery all." What gives vitality to vegetation, and causes the nourishing juices to flow upward? Why is the beginning of our earthly existence 'mid suffering, and its end 'mid wasting pain? Why were sin and death permitted to come in, to blight the glories of man's earthly heritage? Why do tears so often flow, and hearts so often bleed? Why are the fiery darts of pain so often thrust into our weary frames, until every nerve has thrilled with suffering? These are a few of the innumerable problems which overmatch human wisdom. The mind is, indeed, continually enlarging its range of knowledge; yet we have only understanding sufficient to be conscious of certain facts, and the moment we attempt to advance further, we fall heavily against the high walls limiting us to a finite state. "We see in part."

And "it doth not yet appear *what we shall be*." We can form but the faintest conceptions of our future state. But—blest assurance!—we know "we shall be like Him" when the pains connected with this life are past. When we shall, like the nautilus, "cast off our shells by life's unresting sea," "we shall know even as we are known"—launching out upon the infinite sea, "clear as crystal," extending to the very throne of God. Meantime, we may bid our weary souls to rest on this sweet assurance, that behind the mysterious laws working seeming ill, there sits, in His calm majesty as Infinite Sovereign, One who is so controlling them as to draw from the puzzling and distracting events of this life the highest ultimate good of His creatures; and that the most darkly mysterious dispensations of His providence are ordered by the infinite love of One who is infinitely wise. A. T. E. C.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1862.

◆

BEAUTIFUL PRAYERS.

The prayers are beautiful that reach the ear of God. The fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much, and is beautiful. The prayer of the widow and the fatherless, who have no helper, is beautiful. The prayer of the infant, who takes God's promise in his "moist, implicit grasp," as he does his mother's hand, is beautiful. The prayer of the lowly saint, unlettered and ungrammatical, is beautiful. The prayer of the poor man when "God heard him and delivered him out of all his troubles," was beautiful. The prayer of the publican who smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," was beautiful. The prayer of Stephen, when amid the storm of stones he cried, just before he "fell asleep," "Lay not this sin to their charge," was beautiful. There is a grammar and rhetoric of heaven; but it is foreign to the culture of this world. The courtiers there wear "wedding garments," and they speak the celestial language; but sometimes they seem ragged and ignorant to the eyes that are blinded with the clay and dust of our earthly roadsteads. We cannot always discern the fashions of heaven. There is a frippery that sometimes claims to be the garb divine, but is mere tinsel. There is an "excellency of speech" which is jargon and mockery in the ear of God. There is "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal"—mere clatter, and not celestial music at all. There are "beautiful prayers" that are unlovely and abominable before the Searcher of hearts.

◆

Good Deeds Rewarded.—Our blessed Master gives us the grace to do good, and sends the reward for it. In a blessed sense, heaven is the place of compensation. In contemplation of such, Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he had respect to the recompense of reward. It is not wrong, then, for the Christian to expect the reward which God has promised; for what says our Lord to those whom he has gathered together before Him?—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world;" "I was hungry, and ye fed me," etc. Oh! let us rejoice together if God so blesses us that at last we shall sing around his throne the song of salvation, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men."

◆

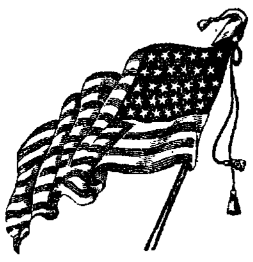
When I see how much has been written of those who have lived—how the Greeks preserved every saying of Plato—how Boswell followed Johnson, gathering up every leaf that fell from that rugged old oak, and pasting it away—I almost regret that one of the disciples had not been a recording angel, to preserve the odor and richness of every word of Christ.

◆

Ignorance.—A wilfully ignorant Christian is a contradiction. He is a barren fig tree. He is the indolent servant who returned his talent, which he had kept wrapped up in a napkin. When the Master shall ask what he has gained by trading, what will he reply?

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Our flag on the land and our flag on the ocean,
An Angel of Peace wheresoever it goes,—
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
The Angel of Death it shall be to our foes.
True to our native sky,
Still shall our eagle fly,
Casting his sentinel glances afar—
Though bearing the olive branch,
Still in his talons staunch
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 7, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Battle of Williamsburg.

Although but little prominence has thus far been given by the press to the contest at Williamsburg, Va., it is evident from the daily unfolding details that it was one of the fiercest and bloodiest conflicts of the rebellion. We gather an account from the various sources accessible. The N. Y. *Evening Post* gives the following description:

The *corps d'armee* of Heintzelman and Keyes had first moved forward, the divisions of Hooker and Smith taking the lead, the former by the road from Yorktown, and the latter by a road from Warwick Court House, which joins the Williamsburg road at the Cheesecoke Church, an antiquated building erected in colonial times, and some six miles from Yorktown. Here again the divisions parted, Hooker going to the left and Smith advancing to the right. Both were preceded by cavalry and artillery, and on the afternoon of Sunday, at a distance of not more than two or three miles from the church, there were two considerable skirmishes. In the first of these, to the left, General Emory was in command, and had with him Gilson's battery, detachments of First and Sixth regular cavalry, including the McClellan dragoons, under Major Barker, and the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, Col. Averill. Meeting the enemy's cavalry, they were thoroughly routed by one of Gilson's guns, and a charge of the dragoons and the Third Pennsylvania cavalry.

On the right, at Whittaker's Mill, Gen. Stoneman, chief of cavalry, with three batteries and portions of the First and Sixth regular cavalry, also Farnsworth's Eighth Illinois cavalry, captured a fine 12-pounder gun, which had been moved from an earthwork and drawn to the edge of the pond. A couple of miles further on, and beyond Whittaker's house, which subsequently became the headquarters of our generals, Stoneman was met by a strong force of the enemy, and fell back, for want of infantry, after a short and unprofitable skirmish. He had imprudently approached the very works of the enemy, and charged them without any adequate support, and the result was a repulse, with the loss of a gun and a dozen wounded men. His troops fell back to the old church before referred to, and that building was made a hospital for his injured, as well as for those of Emory's command. Here, too, our prisoners, some score or more, were detained, and a bevy of contrabands of all shades, who had come to our lines during the day, with their effects upon their backs, were halted for the night.

During the night, Hooker's and Smith's divisions of infantry pressed forward to their respective destinations on the left and right. At midnight it began to rain, and the darkness, before oppressive, became absolutely impenetrable. As the companies filed by, they were at once lost to view, and speedily the moistened earth began to quiver under the tramp of the troops. Far away to the left Hooker's men approached the enemy's position, while to the center and right Smith's division formed in front of his forts.

A dark, dreary morning, with torrents of rain, found the contending armies face to face. Flushed with their repulse of Stoneman, the rebels early began to advance their pickets on the left, and as quickly the determined Hooker drove them back. Bramhall's and Smith's batteries, both from New York, were soon in action, but their progress was thwarted by the condition of the roads. The former was eventually lost, after a gallant defense, the horses being unable to move the guns. It was retaken on Tuesday. Throughout the morning, Hooker struggled manfully against the rain, the mud, and the rebels, who appeared on the left in great strength. Gen. Heintzelman was on the field much of the time, and pronounces the contest extremely severe; other experienced officers represent it as terrible beyond precedent. Grover's, Patterson's, and Sickles' brigades were battled with a fury under odds, and with a slaughter which had well nigh exhausted and driven them from the field, after the artillery had withdrawn, but for the timely arrival, at two o'clock, of Kearney's division, consisting of the brigades of Berry, Birney, and Jamieson. These good troops, though weary with long and rapid marching, under the sturdy lead of Heintzelman, were not long in turning the tide in our favor, though it cost them, especially the Scott Life Guard and Mozart regiments of New York, a heavy outlay of life. Troops of less experience and hardihood would have flinched where these faced the music with a stubbornness which must have surprised the enemy.

Meantime Smith's division was doing nobly on the right and center. Hancock's brigade, composed of the Fifth Wisconsin, Thirty-third New York, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, and Sixth Maine regiments, was on the extreme right, while Brook's Vermont brigade occupied the center, and both bore the heat of battle most nobly.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the battle was at its height. Skirting the woods to the left, to the right, and before us, forming a half circle two or three miles in extent, were thousands of our infantry pouring a steady fire into the dense forests, where the enemy was steadily advancing. Now for the first time the rebel artillery began to be effective in the center of our lines. The hissing shells were thrown nearer and with greater precision, and even burst beyond headquarters. Now, also, our own reserves were coming up. General Keyes had, in person, driven back a mile or two, and urged them forward. Casey's division, headed by that venerable officer, who has so long and faithfully served his country, reached the plateau to the rear of headquarters. Couch's division also appeared. Now, too, the artillery and cavalry held in reserve drew near to the scene of action, and prepared for an immediate engagement. Several additional batteries were sent forward. Ayers was throwing his screeching missiles far into the enemy's ranks, and Mott opened an "infernal fire" on the center, while far on the right and left the din of our guns was incessant, the tumult of battle loud and furious. Yet messengers, their steeds

"Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste,"

flew to headquarters with the report that on our left the desperate enemy were again pressing us in, while from the right Hancock sent for re-enforcements without delay. The somber clouds, dispensing their copious waters upon the marshalled armies, were not darker than our prospects now appeared; but the arrival of additional forces, their careful placing and strength, and the knowledge that the main body could not be far behind, inspired fresh confidence in our ranks. The battle waged savagely. Men never fought more doggedly. Death was never met with more of genuine heroism. The vacancies in the lines were speedily filled, the enemy was met shot for shot and gun for gun. The army of the Potomac, long drilled, long in waiting, eager to avenge the slaughter and repulse at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, knew no such word as fail.

When the firing was the most terrific, and the anxiety the most intense, there came from the rear of our ranks a sound which seemed for the moment to subdue the roar even of the artillery. All eyes and ears were turned to discover its origin, which proved to be the approach of General McClellan and staff. Throughout the day he had been momentarily expected, and his opportune coming was hailed with long and enthusiastic cheering. Regiment after regiment, as he was quickly recognized, gave utterance to a welcome of which Napoleon might have been proud. Arriving at headquarters, he — without dismounting from his horse — held a brief consultation with General Keyes, and approving his course, and especially his order for re-enforcements to General Hancock, joined him in a ride throughout our lines. His appearance was everywhere the signal for an outburst of the wildest applause. The rapidity of his ride to the field had well spattered him with mud, and the drenching rain had penetrated his every garment. He, however, showed no sign of fatigue, and in person soon familiarized himself with the entire field, and by critical observation studied the exact position of the enemy.

Hancock's artillery fired with precision and rapidity, the fort answering gun for gun. But the rebel infantry seemed to have their hands full managing Hooker, and so our own, it not yet being practicable to storm the fort, found little to do, and stood under the fire of the artillery with small loss, awaiting their share in the business. It was not long coming, and it came in a shape which more than one observer had feared from the outset. It was preceded by one of those dead, ominous half-hour pauses which so often mark the decisive turn of an engagement. Both sides ceased their fire on the right, and a few echoes came to us on the left. Many thought the enemy used up and retreating. Others, who have had occasion to dread such still and awful lapses from the bloody work of a field-day, prognosticated an unknown danger impending close at hand suddenly. Then burst from the woods on our right flank a battalion of rebel cavalry. Then to the right and left of the horse, four regiments of infantry supporting it. A terrible moment! Four thousand infantry marching in at the same period of the battle turned and routed our 18,000 at Bull Run. But a year has passed since then. Yankees have learned how and when to fight. Gen. Hancock was equal to the crisis. Forming his infantry in a minute against this sudden attack, he held them in magnificent order, while the rebel foot and horse came on, cheering, firing, and charging in gallant and imposing style. Our artillery wheeled and poured hot volleys into them as they came, and over 5,000 muskets riddled them through and through. But they kept on—nearer—nearer—closing up, and cheering, and sure of their power to sweep us before them. Thus, swifter than I can write it, until their line, now broken and irregular, was panting within 200 yards of our own unwavering columns. Then Hancock showed himself the coolest and bravest of the brave. Taking off his hat, and using the courtly prefix of the olden time, he said: "*Ready, now! Gentlemen,* CHARGE!" Our whole line swept forward as the reaper's sickle goes through the corn. Its keen edge had not yet touched the enemy, when the latter broke simultaneously, fled in confusion to the rear of his stronghold, and the right of the field of Williamsburg was won.

McClellan at Williamsburg.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* thus describes the coming of McClellan to the field of battle:

In the very middle of the rage of musketry, shouts that grew into continuous cheers were heard away down the road toward Yorktown. What could it mean? There could be no fight there. But conjecture had no chance; for in the minute a group of desperate riders swept up the road and into the lawn, and there at the head was the unmistakable figure of the Commander-in-Chief. As he swept by the cavalry, they took up the shout, and on it went, across to the infantry, and on still to the other infantry in the wood, and Virginia was electrified with enthusiasm. There was not a heart at headquarters or near it that did not feel the lighter for that shout. Somehow it seemed to clear the air. To speak very plainly, nobody had felt very certain how the day was to go until then. We knew that we had been at it for nearly nine hours, but no one could say that we had done more than repulse the enemy, and that seemed but very little. When your enemy has been in full retreat before you, and you follow so fast that he has to stop and fight for life, your success ought certainly to be more than the negative one — of not being beaten; but ours, till then, simply came to that. So there was a large welcome in every heart for that stout little figure and blue soldier's overcoat, and a welcome, moreover, for all beside whose presence spoke of him—for Sweitzer, and Colburn, and Hudson; for portly Astor; for that pleasant German-French prince, the Count of Paris; for the girlish figure of the Duc de Chartres; and for the tall form and blue eyes of the Prince de Joinville.

Affairs took shape almost immediately, as if there were something magnetic in the mere presence of the leader — in the master's eye. He came, and listened, and spoke—that was all—and the mass of blind, purposeless movement unravelled itself, and there was a plan and a battle. Quietly he sat in the midst of the crowd of officers that gathered around, and in a few minutes, when each had spoken, the best right hand on this continent was raised and pointed off to the North in the direction that Hancock had taken, and away went Keyes, away went Smith, and away went Negley. Soon a column of infantry filed off up the edge of the wood, a steady stream of seven thousand, closed by your correspondent's "own," the dear old Massachusetts Tenth. All felt that, fight when we would, we were now in the hands of one who would give us the best chance, and that a whole day of struggle and exposure was not likely again to be wasted in mere combat without aim. After this order had been given for this movement to the right, General McClellan rode over other parts of the field on the center and left, took a look at the hospital arrangements, and near dark made his headquarters in the east room of the Whittaker House. What transpired there, of course this deponent knoweth not; but the result of his arrival is the best of all, and that is before the world in the victory of Williamsburg, and the first battle of the "Army of the Potomac" under Major-General George B. McClellan.

Evacuation of Pensacola by the Rebels.

The correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Pensacola on the 11th ult., furnishes a complete account of the surrender of that city to our forces, and the destruction of Fort McRae, the Marine Hospital and the Navy Yard. According to their usual custom the rebels signalized their departure by destroying all they could lay hands upon.

About half-past eleven o'clock on the night of the 9th, the garrison of Pickens and the troops encamped on the island were startled by the report of two hundred muskets, which the rebel picket guard on the opposite shore fired in rapid succession. These were followed by two volleys of musketry, when signal lights were sent up from McRae to Pensacola, and the work of destruction commenced. The rebels set fire to the combustible material in the water battery below McRae, and immediately after flames burst out from that fort, the Light House, the Marine Hospital, and the Navy Yard, and from an extensive oil factory in the outskirts of Pensacola. The vandals had made every preparation for the execution of their infamous design, intending to make a clean sweep of everything that had the stamp United States upon it, as well as the town of Pensacola itself and the Confederate steamers which they could not remove beyond our reach.

When the sentinels discharged their pieces, the officers at Santa Rosa thought the Confederates had gained a victory, and took this method to manifest their joy. But when the flames leaped up at the well known points, within a radius of ten miles, their doubts were quickly dispelled, and the truth flashed upon their minds as the guns, left loaded and spiked in the forts and batteries, heated by the flames, went off one after another, keeping up a brisk cannonade along the entire line of defense. By the light of the conflagration the rebels were seen running along the beach, carrying torches, with which they were firing everything that fell in their way — barracks, officers' quarters, wharves, the buildings in the Navy Yard, and the frame of the ship Fulton, on the stocks.

The facts being reported to Gen. Arnold, the commander of Fort Pickens, he immediately ordered the beat of the "long roll," and opened a tremendous cannonade from the barbette guns and the water batteries above the fort, for the purpose of compelling the rebels to abandon their work of destruction and hasten the evacuation of the place. The firing was kept up five hours with the desired effect. The enemy were driven from the fortification, and in their haste to escape abandoned and left standing their camp, near the house of General Chase, between the Light House and Barrancas. Their tents and a large amount of equipments were secured.

As soon as the rebels had been dispersed, General Arnold sent an officer to the blockading schooner Maria J. Wood, then lying off Fort Pickens, requesting the commander to come into the bay, which he did—being *the first vessel that has passed under the guns of McRae and Barrancas for twelve months.* The schooner proceeded up to the city of Pensacola, taking Capt. R. H. Jackson, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Arnold, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, who was charged with a demand for the unconditional surrender of the place. He landed, and was met by about one hundred and fifty people, and who, with one single exception, manifested unbounded joy at the arrival of a representative of the United States authority. He found the wharves in flames, and directed the people to extinguish them. They promptly responded to his request.

Capt. Jackson proceeded to the house of Mayor Bobee, discovering, as he went, that the town appeared deserted; grass growing in the streets, and everything wearing a sad and forsaken appearance. Upon the appearance of the Mayor he made the demand for an unconditional surrender of the town and its defenses. To which demand the Mayor said he complied to the extent of his authority, and added, "the Confederates had so long held sway there, and usurped the power which rightfully belonged to the municipal authorities, that he did not know really how much authority he had left."

The wharves at Pensacola are but slightly damaged, long wharf being the principal sufferer. By the surrender of the town, Gen. Arnold secured between six and seven thousand feet of lumber. While the conflagration was at its height, the steamer Harriet Lane, with Commander Porter of the mortar flotilla on board, was running down the coast from Mobile. The unusual and startling appearance of the sky indicating that something of a serious nature was transpiring, Capt. Wainwright steamed into Pensacola harbor.

Last evening Lieut. L. L. James, Second Artillery, of Gen. Arnold's staff, with a boat's crew, crossed the channel to Fort McRae. Lieut. James raised the Stars and Stripes on the staff where the Confederate rag has so long hung; a salute was fired in honor of the old ensign, and three cheers given for the Union and three for the flag. The fort presented a sad spectacle of charred and smoking timbers, blackened walls, and demolished masonry. The timber flooring in all the casemates, which had sustained the upper tier guns, was entirely consumed, as were the gates of the main *salle porte*, and the timbers of the blindages. Only three pieces of ordnance remained in the fort—two 32-pounders, from one of which a shot had been discharged during the conflagration, and the casemate howitzer, both spiked and dismounted.

The Light House was set on fire, but only slightly injured. Fort Barrancas sustained little injury from the vandals, owing to the incessant shower of grape poured into that work from Fort Pickens. It was damaged more by the bombardment of December and January than by the rebels, but still is in excellent condition.

The Navy Yard presents a scene of ruin and desolation. Smoke and flames still rise from the burning timbers of the extensive storehouses, workshops and the wharves, all of which are destroyed. The skeleton frame of the old Fulton has vanished into thin air, and the stocks on which she stood so long are now an ash heap. The splendid granite dock appears to be unharmed, and its wooden duplicate lies a wreck under Deer Island. The shears are standing in the yard, the foundry building and the blacksmith shop are safe, and the tall chimney is still erect.

Bragg took away with him, in March, a large rifled cannon and ten-inch columbiad, which constituted the Light House battery. The armaments of the different batteries and forts at Pensacola at the time of the bombardment, as near as it can be ascertained, was as follows:—There were forty-two guns on the island on which Fort McRae is situated, including the armament of that work and the water batteries. There was a battery of two ten-inch mortars and another of two ten-inch columbiads, just above the residence of Col. Chase, which also mounted, between them, three forty-twos and two eight-inch guns. The Light House battery, rendered famous by the destructive fire it poured into Pickens during the January bombardment, remained intact. The guns have been removed. In the rear of the light was a mortar, supposed to be a ten-inch sea coast.

Corinth to be taken by Siege.

The Chicago *Journal* says it is now believed by good judges of military movements that Gen. Halleck designs to circumvent the rebels at Corinth by sieve and strategy, just as Gen. McClellan did at Yorktown. Instead of an immediate and precipitate attack, that would result in a terrible battle and the loss of thousands of lives, he will, it is thought, resort to an extensive siege, and either capture or drive out the enemy from their strong entrenchments by slow but sure degrees.

We are inclined to the opinion that this is General Halleck's policy. We judge so from the fact that he is now fortifying within two or three miles of the rebel entrenchments, and that he has given explicit orders to all the division and brigade commanders to avoid bringing on a general engagement, if possible. This is the secret of the falling back of Gen. Pope's division when recently attacked. Had Pope stood his ground, and called for re-enforcements, no doubt a general engagement of all the forces would have been at once brought on; but Halleck, appreciating the fact that a victory achieved with as little bloodshed as possible is the greates triumph, wisely refrains from provoking a general fight until he shall have the enemy so completely besieged and so firmly in his clutches that success will be easy and comparatively bloodless.

Supposing this to be Gen. Halleck's plan, it may be two or three weeks before the great fight will take place, unless, as is not probable under the circumstances, Beauregard will venture out of his entrenchments to give us battle.

Conversations with Rebel Officers.

Very many of the rebel officers are men of education, courteous in manner, and gentlemanly in deportment. After a battle, such as are taken prisoners are generally examined, and some interesting intelligence generally obtained. The special correspondent of the N. Y. *Evening Post* says that among those taken in the pursuit of the enemy after the evacuation of Yorktown, were Captain W. G. Connor, "Company A of Jeff. Davis' Legion of Cavalry," from the vicinity of Natchez, Mississippi; Captain W. B. Newton, of the "Fourth Virginia Cavalry;" and Captain Frank Lee, of the "Thirty-second Virginia Infantry." These officers were sent to the headquarters of the Forty-fourth N. Y. Volunteers, (People's Ellsworth regiment,) which regiment was assigned to the duty of garrisoning the town, where they have remained since the date of their capture. Captain Conner graduated at Yale College in the class of 1845, and I believe was distinguished for his ability as a scholar. At the same college the writer of this became acquainted with the brother and family of the captain, and, while residing at Natchez during the year 1855 often had the opportunity of partaking of their kind hospitality. To renew this acquaintance, under such circumstances, was at first embarrassing; but embarrassment soon gave way to military courtesy and kindness, and college ties, even amid the fortunes of war, were not entirely forgotten. With these officers I have spent some very interesting evenings, and gained much interesting information. This information may be considered worthy of record, and therefore I propose to give to the readers of the *Evening Post* the details of an evening's conversation with these officers, which was as follows:

Question.—"Why was the official report of the battle of Manassas so long withheld from the public by your generals?"

Answer.—"Principally because Generals Johnston and Beauregard did not consider it expedient to disclose the strength of our force at that battle. Your official and newspaper reports had greatly exaggerated the strength of our army at that battle. It was not the policy of our commanders to disclose the true strength of our force, as our army of the Potomac was designed as an army of menace merely, and not of attack. The design of our President was not to attack Washington, but to so continually threaten it that you would be obliged to hold a large army in the vicinity to protect the city, thus obliging you to withdraw your troops from other points of attack at the South or West, or preventing you from re-enforcing those points. Again, the battle was so dearly won that the official report of it at an early day would have given your troops more encouragement than ours."

Q.—"Why did Mr. Davis reject the policy of Gen. Beauregard in regard to the attempt to take possession of Washington?"

A.—"Because we could not have held the capital so long as you had possession of the Potomac. It was the policy of General Beauregard and other of our leaders to capture that city and liberate Maryland.

Q.—"What regiment of our army fought the most gallantly at Manassas?"

A.—"The Fourteenth of Brooklyn and Griffin's and Rickett's battery fought by far the most gallantly. This is the opinion of all of our officers."

Q.—"What errors do your officers think we committed at this battle that caused us to lose the day?"

A.—"If you had fought the battle Thursday or Friday, you would have won it. The delay at Blackburn's Ford was fatal to you. You made a great military error in allowing Johnston to re-enforce Beauregard. You fought the battle by regiments, while we fought it by brigades and divisions. There were many times before one o'clock in the afternoon of that day in which you might have won the battle if you had vigorously attacked our center, since the center of our line of battle had become very weak by reason of the continal re-enforcements Gen. Johnston was obliged to send to the left, which was so fiercely pressed by your right. It was a severely contested battle on your side. Your soldiers fought gallantly, but were not commanded."

Q.—"Why did you not follow up our retreat?"

A.—"We had no idea of the completeness of our victory at the time, and besides we were in no condition to follow up the retreat."

WHY MANASSAS WAS EVACUATED.

Q.—"Why did you evacuate Manassas?"

A.—"Because General McClellan had so strongly fortified the city of Washington that fifty thousand of his well disciplined troops could as well have held the position as two hundred thousand. *Our generals knew that he designed, as early as February, to send a large part of his force by water to some point near Richmond to take that city.* It was the desire of our commanders, during all the winter, that McClellan should attack Manassas, but as he avoided to do so, it became necessary for us to secretly withdraw our forces, so that we could concentrate them at once in the vicinity of Richmond, inasmuch as your army, by water, could reach that city much sooner than ours could fall back by land. Our evacuation is considered by our officers as the most masterly movement in the history of warfare."

Q.—"What was the number of your troops at Centerville and Manassas during the winter."

A.—"I do not feel at liberty to state the number. However, it was greatly exaggerated by your newspaper reports."

THE REBEL FORCE AT YORKTOWN.

Q.—"What was the number of your troops at Yorktown and Gloucester when our army first made its appearance?"

A.—"Not far from ten thousand."

Q.—"Why did you not evacuate at once?"

A.—"Because it was necessary to gain time for the concentration of troops from all quarters about Richmond. We were strongly re-enforced at Yorktown during the time you were pushing forward the siege, supposing it was the policy of Gen. McClellan to land a sufficient force in the rear of Gloucester to take that place, and then, if possible, to cross the York river and cut off our retreat. It was the expectation that this might be accomplished, with the aid of your gunboats, that determined the council of war to evacuate Yorktown and Gloucester."

Q.—"Does not the frequent retreat of your troops tend to discourage and demoralize them?"

A.—"Not in the least. They have the utmost confidence in General Joe Johnston. He has got them out of so many worse scrapes that they now believe that whatever he does—no matter what—is strategical. Our forces retreated from Yorktown in good order. History will so record it. Our small loss in the retreat, against so many adverse circumstances, is conclusive as to this. That division of your army which pushed forward on land seriously threatened our rear guard, but the delay in getting up your troops by water to West Point allowed our army to escape."

Q.—"What was your force at the time you evacuated Yorktown?"

A.—"Of course I am not at liberty to state the number of our troops, but the strength our army in Virginia to-day is much larger than at any other time during the war. Every inch of ground after your army reaches the vicinity of Richmond will be contested by at least an equal force to your own."

Stirring News from Fort Wright.

Telegrams seem to indicate forward movements in the vicinity of Fort Wright, (or "Pillow," as it is also called,) and down the Mississippi. We gather such intelligence as is at hand.

A special from Fort Wright dated May 27th, says that the enemy is believed to have been largely re-enforced during the last three days. Two transports are known to have arrived from Memphis, bringing two regiments of infantry and three batteries of artillery. A part of this force landed at Randolph, while the remainder occupied the Arkansas shore, nearly opposite the foot of Island No. 33, where they are reported engaged in throwing up batteries. Deserters and refugees continue to arrive at the fleet. Several just arrived bring the report that the enemy is about to assail the flotilla. A refugee from Memphis, on Sunday, says that a rumor was current in that city that ten Federal vessels had reached White River, at the mouth of which they had established a blockade. Steamers were thus cut off from their last avenue of escape.

A short time before the steamer left the fleet, the mortars, which had been silent some days, again opened fire on the fort.

Gen. Quinby is down at Fort Pillow with a land force, as reported by the Chicago *Post*. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, with the flotilla, wrote on Wednesday last:

"Arrival of Land Forces.—It was easy to see yesterday that Flag Officer Davis was uneasy about something. He came upon deck very often, and while the Quartermaster on watch kept his glass pointed constantly in the direction of Fort Pillow, the Flag Officer always looked *up* the river. 'Any boats down to-day?' he asked. 'Ay, Sir—the mail boat,' replied the Quartermaster. 'None since?' 'None, your honor.'

"Toward evening, the cause of the Flag Officer's solicitude was apparent. A fleet of steamers came in sight, and it did not take us long to discover that they were black and blue with troops. The flash of their glittering bayonets in the rays of the setting sun, was a gratifying sight indeed. It assured us that the end of the siege was drawing nigh. It promised that Fort Pillow should not much longer obstruct the navigation of the river. It looked like business. It undoubtedly meant work.

"How many or what troops arrived, it would be improper to state; but the reader can rest assured that there are now enough here to insure the inauguration of active hostilities without delay."

The correspondent of the Chicago *Post*, under date of Saturday, sends the following up from the flotilla:

"Some of our scouts who have returned from Island No. 34, report seeing three rebel transports coming up from below with troops. Upon the strength of this report, it is supposed the rebels are apprised of our intentions with relation to the fort, and are preparing to make a vigorous defense. General Quinby, who is here with—I must not say what force—went down on Capt. McGonigle's steam ram yesterday to within a short distance of the rebel batteries, to make a reconnoissance of the position in front.

"It may also be that the approach of the Federal fleet from New Orleans has something to do with this new movement of the rebels here. But if they expect to hold the place against an attack from below as well as from above and behind, they will need to bring hither more than three steamboat loads of troops."

This movement of General Quinby gives new interest to the operations against Fort Pillow, the dullness of which was relieved by the gunboat fight a couple of weeks since, but again settled down immediately after.

Interesting Intelligence from New Orleans.

TRADE seems to be reviving in the Crescent City. The *True Delta* announces the arrival, on the 15th ult., of a load of cotton by the steamer Diana, from Plaquemine. Cattle had come in from the Red river, and an arrival from Carolina Bluff is reported, with corn, oats, flour and bacon. In order to encourage the shipment of cotton, General Butler issued the following order, promising protection to the cargoes:

The Commanding General of the Department having been informed that rebellious, lying and desperate men have represented and are now representing to the honest planters and the good people of the State of Louisiana, that the United States government, by its forces, have come here to confiscate and destroy their crops of cotton and sugar, it is hereby ordered to be made known by publication in all the newspapers of this city, that all cargoes of cotton and sugar shall receive the safe conduct of the forces of the United States, and the boats bringing them from beyond the line of the United States forces may be allowed to return in safety after a reasonable delay, if their owners shall so desire. Provided, they bring no passengers except the owners and managers of said boats, and of property so conveyed, and no other merchandise except provisions; of which, such boats are requested to bring a full supply for the benefit of the suffering poor of the city.

The city, however, is in a deplorable condition because of the scarcity of food. To such a state of want have many of the citizens been brought that Gen. BUTLER has taken cognizance of the fact and is doing all in his power to alleviate the distress. He has issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, May 9, 1862.

The deplorable state of destitution and hunger of the mechanics and working classes in this city has been brought to the knowledge of the Commanding General. He has yielded to every suggestion made by the city government, and ordered every method of furnishing food to the people of New Orleans that that government desired. No relief by those officials has yet been afforded. This hunger does not pinch the wealthy and influential, the leaders of the rebellion, who have gotten up this war, and are endeavoring to prosecute it, without regard to the starving poor, the working man, his wife and child. Unmindful of their suffering fellow citizens at home, they have caused or suffered provisions to be carried out of the city for Confederate service since the occupation by the United States forces.

Lafayette Square, their home of affluence, was made the depot of stores and munitions of war for the rebel armies, and not of provisions for their poor neighbors. Striking hands with the vile, the gambler, the idler, and the ruffian, they have destroyed the sugar and cotton which might have been exchanged for food for the industrious and good, and regulated the price of that which is left by discrediting the very currency they had furnished, while they eloped with the specie, as well that stolen from the United States as the banks, the property of the good people of New Orleans, thus leaving them to ruin and starvation.

Fugitives from justice are many of them, while others, their associates, stay because too puerile and insignificant to be objects of punishment by the clement government of the United States. They have betrayed their country. They have been false to every trust. They have shown themselves incapable of defending the State they have seized upon, although they have forced every poor man's child into their service as soldiers for that purpose, while they made their sons and nephews officers. They cannot protect those whom they have ruined, but have left them to the mercies and assassinations of a chronic mob. They will not feed those whom they are starving. Mostly without property themselves, they have plundered, stolen and destroyed the means of those who had property, leaving children penniless and old age hopeless.

Men of Louisiana. Working men. Property holders, merchants and citizens of the United States, of whatever nation you may have had birth, how long will you uphold these flagrant wrongs, and by inaction suffer yourselves to be made the serfs of these leaders!

The United States have sent land and naval forces here to fight and subdue rebellious armies in array against her authority. We find, substantially, only fugitive masses, runaway property owners, a whisky drinking mob, and starving citizens with their wives and children. It is our duty to call back the first, to punish the second, root out the third, feed and protect the last.

Ready only for what we had prepared ourselves, but not to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed with provisions, still to the extent possible within the power of the Commanding General it shall be done. He has captured a quantity of beef and sugar intended for the rebels in the field. A thousand barrels of those stores will be distributed among the deserving poor of this city, from whom the rebels had plundered it, even although some of the food will go to supply the craving wants of the wives and children of those how herding at "Camp Moore" and elsewhere, in arms against the United States.

Captain John Clark, Acting Chief Commissary of Subsistence, will be charged with the execution of this order, and will give public notice of the place and manner of distribution, which will be arranged as far as possible so that the unworthy and dissolute will not share its benefits.

By command of Major-General Butler.
GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

We also gather the following items from the mails of the steamer Mantanzas, which left New Orleans on the 18th ult.:

A communication from Jacob Barker to the press argues against the destruction of cotton. It also says if our brave soldiers don't win for us satisfactory peace we must fall back on the ballot box, and suggests an amendment to the constitution so as to allow people to vote for a President.

An order from Provost Marshal French says that all coffee houses, bar rooms, hotels, gaming establishments and billiard saloons must procure licenses immediately, under penalty of confiscation.

Gen. Butler ordered the circulation of Confederate note bills to cease on the 29th.

All sales or transfers of property on and after that day, in consideration of such notes or bills, will be void and property confiscated to the United States, one-fourth to go to the informer.

Another order is to suppress the *Bee* for an article in favor of the cotton burning mob.

The office of the *Delta* was taken possession of for publishing an article discussing the cotton question in violation of Gen. Butler's proclamation of the 1st. Its business is to be conducted by the United States authorities.

Adams' Express office had been opened.

Thomas U. Laster was announced as a Union candidate for Recorder in the 4th District. Victor Wiltz was announced as the candidate for Mayor, irrespective of party.

Six persons had been sentenced to be shot for violation of parole given at Fort Jackson, in organizing a military company for service in the rebel army.

The prize steamer Fox had arrived from Havana, also the prize steamer Gov. Morton, from Sabine.

John M. G. Parker, formerly at Ship Island, is Postmaster at New Orleans.

The transport ships Gen. Butler, James Hovey, City of New York, and steamer Mississippi, from Ship Island, arrived on the 12th. The ships Parliament and Wizard King, from Ship Island, with troops, arrived on the 15th. Also the brigs Yankee Blade from New York, and Golden Lead from Philadelphia, and the bark Isaac R. Daw, rom Philadelphia, are below.

Some cotton had arrived from Plaquemine, and considerable provisions from the interior.

Gen. Butler forbade the observance of Jeff. Davis' day of fasting and prayer.

Strict health regulations had been established at Quarantine.

Department of the Mississippi.

FROM the date of the expulsion of reporters for the press but little intelligence has been received from Maj.-Gen. Halleck, yet that is of the greatest importance. We give it as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
Camp on the Corinth Road, May 28.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton:—Three strong reconnoitering columns advanced on the right, center and left, to feel the enemy and unmask his batteries. The enemy heartily contested his ground at each point, but was driven back with considerable loss. The column on the left encountered the strongest opposition. Our loss is twenty-five killed and wounded. The enemy left thirty dead on the field. Our losses at other points are not yet ascertained. Some five or six officers and a number of privates were captured. The fighting will probably be renewed to-morrow at daybreak. The whole country is so thickly wooded that we are compelled to feel our way. H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

NEAR CORINTH, May 30.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton:—Gen. Pope's heavy batteries opened upon the enemy's entrenchments yesterday about 10 A. M., and soon drove the rebels from their advanced batteries.

Maj.-Gen. Sherman established another heavy battery yesterday afternoon within one thousand yards of their works, and skirmishing parties advanced at daybreak this morning.

Three of our divisions are already in the enemy's advanced works, about three-quarters of a mile from Corinth, which is in flames. The enemy has fallen back on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

NEAR CORINTH, May 30.

Our advance guard are in Corinth.

Accounts are conflicting as to the enemy's movements, but he is believed to be in force on our left flank, some four or five miles south of Corinth, near the Mobile and Ohio Railroad.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS CAMP NEAR CORINTH, May 30, 1862.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The enemy's position and works in front of Corinth were exceedingly strong. He cannot occupy a stronger position in his flight.

This morning he destroyed an immense amount of public and private property, stores, provisions, wagons, tents, &c. For miles out of the town the roads are filled with arms, haversacks, &c., thrown away by his fleeing troops. A large number of prisoners and deserters have been captured, estimated by Gen. Pope at 2.000.

Beauregard evidently distrusts his army or he would have defended so strong a position. His troops are much discouraged and demoralized. In all the engagements for the last few days their resistance has been slight.

H. W. HALLECK, Major-General.

Beauregard's official report of the battle of Shiloh states his losses in killed outright, 1,728; wounded, 8,012; missing, 957, making the aggregate of 10,699.

The following was received at the War Department on the 2d instant:

HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS, DEP'T OF MISSISSIPPI,
Camp near Corinth.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The annexed dispatch has been received from Gen. Pope:

To Major-General Halleck:—It gives me pleasure to report the brilliant success of the expedition sent out on the 28th inst. under Col. Elliot, with the 2d Iowa cavalry. After forced marches day and night through a very difficult country, and obstructed by the enemy, he finally succeeded in reaching the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, at Booneville, at 2 A. M. On the 30th he destroyed the track in many places north and south of the town, blew up one culvert, destroyed the switch track, burned up the depot and locomotives and a train of 26 cars loaded with supplies of every kind, destroyed 10,000 stand of small arms, three pieces of artillery, and a great quantity of clothing and ammunition, and paroled 2,000 prisoners which he could not keep with his cavalry. The enemy had heard of his movements, and had a train of box cars and flat cars, with flying artillery and 5,000 infantry, running up and down the road to prevent him from reaching it. The whole road was lined with pickets for several days. Col. Elliot's command subsisted upon meats alone, such as they could find in the country. For daring and dispatch this expedition has been distinguished in the highest degree, and entitles Col. Elliot and his command to high distinction. The results will be embarrassing to the enemy, and contribute greatly to their loss and demoralization. He reports the road full of small parties of the retreating enemy scattering in all directions.

Major-General JOHN POPE.

Rumor has had Beauregard in Richmond for the past ten days. The following has been received at the War Department, in reply to an inquiry from General Meigs:

CORINTH, May 31, 1861.

To M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General:—If Beauregard has been at Richmond, others have forged his signature, as I have received letters from him about exchanging of prisoners nearly every day for the last fortnight. The evacuation of Corinth commenced on Wednesday and was completed on Thursday night, but in much haste, as an immense amount of property was destroyed and abandoned. No troops have gone from here to Richmond, unless within the last two days. H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General Commanding.

Department of the East.

FURTHER accounts are received of Col. Crooks' brilliant victory at Lewisburg, Greenbriar county. On the 23d Gen. Heath attacked Col. Crooks with 3,000 infantry and cavalry and six cannon. After a spirited fight of an hour, the rebels were put to flight in utter confusion, and their flight soon became a rout. Col. Crooks captured four rifled cannon, one so near his position that it was loaded with cannister, and caissons with eight rounds of ammunition. The rebels in the early part of the fight carried off their killed and wounded, but left on the field 38 dead, including several officers, and 60 wounded. One hundred prisoners were captured, among them Lieut.-Col. Finney, Maj. Edgar, and other officers. Three hundred stand of arms were taken. The enemy, to secure their retreat, burned Greenbriar bridge, beyond which they could not be pursued. Col. Crooks' victory was only won by hard fighting against greatly superior numbers. We lost 14 killed, 70 wounded, and 5 pickets captured. Some of our wounded were shot in the streets of Lewisburg, as they were returning to the hospital, by citizens of the town.

Gen. Banks has received re-enforcements of at least 18,000 well disciplined troops at Harper's Ferry. Several cargoes of siege guns, each weighing about six tuns, have also been sent up from the Washington Navy Yard.

A dispatch received at the War Department states that a brigade of our troops, preceded by four companies of the Rhode Island cavalry, under Maj. Nelson, entered Front Royal on the 30th ult., and drove out the enemy, consisting of the 8th Louisiana and four companies of the 12th Georgia and a body of cavalry. Our loss was 8 killed, 5 wounded and 1 missing, all of the Rhode Island cavalry. We captured 6 officers and 150 privates.

Among the officers are Capt. Beckwith West, of the 48th Virginia; 1st Lieut. Genwell, of the 8th Louisiana; Lieuts. J. K. Dickinson and Waterman, of the 12th Georgia.

We recaptured 18 of our troops taken by the enemy at Front Royal a week ago, among whom were Maj. Wm. F. Collins, 1st Vermont cavalry; Geo. H. Griffin, Adjutant 5th New York cavalry; Lieut. Dryee, 5th New York cavalry; Lieut. Farr, Adjutant Maryland infantry.

We captured a large amount of transportation, including five engines and eleven railroad cars. Our advance was so rapid that the enemy was surprised, and therefore not enabled to burn the bridge across the Shenandoah.

The following order relative to the publication of army news, was issued by Maj.-Gen. McClellan:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Camp near Whitehouse, Va., May 18.

General Orders, No. 125.—1. The attention of the General commanding has been called to the publication of letters from officers and others connected with the army, containing information which must have been of much value to the enemy, should it have reached him. To communicate precise intelligence of the strength, position and movements of the army, in private letters not designed for publication, is itself highly improper, and liable to prove of serious disadvantage to our operations; but when such intelligence is allowed to pass into the public prints, the proceedings deserve grave censure, if indeed the offense does not become one demanding the exaction of the penalty pronounced by the law for giving information to the enemy. Henceforth the communication, for publication, of any intelligence likely to prove of advantage to the enemy, is prohibited, and the utmost circumspection is enjoined upon correspondents in their private letters.

2. The publication of official reports of military events, or the circulation of copies of the same for private purposes in advance of their having reached the War Department and of the authorization of their publication by the Secretary of War, is improper and unmilitary, and is strictly prohibited. Official reports are the property of the government; they cannot be published or put in circulation without the consent of the proper authorities.

3. The forces commanded by Brigadier-Generals F. J. Porter and W. B. Franklin are designated the fifth and sixth provisional army corps.

By command of Major-General MCCLELLAN.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

The following dispatch was received at the War Department on Sunday, June 1st, from the field of battle:

We had a desperate battle, in which the corps of Sumner, Heintzleman and Keyes have been engaged against greatly superior numbers. Yesterday at 1 o'clock the enemy, taking advantage of a terrible storm which had flooded the valley of the Chickahominy, attacked our troops on the right flank. Gen. Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably. This caused a temporary confusion, during which the guns and baggage were lost, but Generals Heintzleman and Keyes most gallantly brought up their troops, which checked the enemy. At the same time, however, we succeeded, by great exertion, in bringing across Generals Sedgewick's and Richardson's divisions, who drove back the enemy at the point of the bayonet, covering the ground with his dead.

This A. M. the enemy attempted to renew the conflict, but was everywhere repulsed. We have taken many prisoners, among whom are General Pettigrew and Colonel Long. Our loss is heavy, but that of the enemy must be enormous.

With the exception of General Casey's divisions, the men behaved splendidly. Several fine bayonet charges have been made. The 2d Excelsior regiment made two. G. B. MCCLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

During the whole of the battle on the 1st inst., Prof. Lowe's balloon was overlooking the terrific scene of carnage from an altitude of about 2,000 feet. Telegraphic communication from the balloon to Gen. McClellan, by the military wires, was maintained, Mr. Parke Spring, of Philadelphia, acting as operator. Every movement of the enemy was instantly reported. This is believed to be the first time a balloon reconnoissance has been successfully made during a battle, and certainly the first time a telegraph station has been established in the air to report the movements of the enemy and the progress of the battle.

The prize steamer Stetton, of London, arrived in New York on the 29th ult., in charge of a prize crew from the gunboat Bienville. She was captured on the morning of the 24th off Cape Romaine, while attempting to run the blockade at Charleston. Her cargo of brandy, wine, saltpeter, &c., is valued at one-half million dollars. She was from Nassau, New Providence, and her crew reported another large steamer expected from Nassau the same night to run the blockade. The Stetton is only six months old—an iron propeller of 1,000 horsepower and 800 tuns burthen.

McClellan telegraphed to the Secretary of War on the 29th, that the battle at Hanover Court House resulted in a complete rout of the enemy. It is stated that he had taken 500 prisoners, and more are coming. The enemy's loss is set down at 1,000. Our men buried 100 of their dead. Our loss is 379 in killed, wounded and missing, of which 53 were killed. The forces opposed to us were principally from North Carolina and Georgia. The prisoners from the former State express themselves very tired of the war. They also say that their defeat will have a very demoralizing effect on the rebel army.

The prize steamer Patras, of London, arrived on the 30th at Philadelphia. She was captured on the 25th, off Charleston, by the steamer Bienville, while attempting to run the blockade. She is an iron steamer, and has 1,400 kegs of powder, 50 cases of rifles, 800 bags of coffee, and a quantity of quinine. The vessel and her cargo are valued at $300,000. She had no papers on board.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

A NEW treaty with Mexico has just been received here. Its terms do not meet the views of the Government, and it will undoubtedly be rejected by the Senate, when submitted.

The provisions of the Homestead Bill, as agreed upon by the Committee of Conference and passed by both Houses, are extended to all in the military and naval service of the United States, whether naturalized or not, and whether 21 years of age or not. Disloyal persons are precluded from availing themselves of it. Forty, eighty, one hundred and twenty, or one hundred and sixty acres can be located, and the settler of a tract of forty acres bordering upon Government lands can take enough to complete his section.

The Secretary of the Interior responds to a resolution of the Senate for information relative to persons who have been arrested in the Southern District of New York, from the first of May, 1852, to the first of May, 1862, charged with being engaged in the slave trade, with the names and number of vessels arrested and bonded, charged with being engaged in that traffic. Forty-one persons are named, none of whom were convicted, or their bonds forfeited, which ranged from $250 to $20,000. In some cases they were tried and acquitted; one or two escaped, but most of the cases are marked "bond not forfeited, complaints dismissed." The number of vessels is forty-six.

A gentleman just arrived here on official business from the city of Mexico, having left on the 5th inst., reports that toward the latter part of last month the British Minister, Sir Charles Wyke, concluded a treaty at Puebla with Senor Doblado, by which all difficulties with the English were amicably settled, and had it not been for the sudden action of the French, a treaty with Spain would have been concluded also with Senor Doblado and General Prim. The latter person, however, left the shores of Mexico on good terms with the Juarez Government, and a Minister will be sent to Madrid to arrange satisfactorily all matters in dispute.

The President of the United States, in reply to a resolution of the House, asking, if not incompatible with the public interests, to be furnished with copies of such correspondence as may have been received since the late message relative to the condition of affairs in Mexico, and the breaking up of the treaty with the latter by the allied powers, says it is not expedient to comply with the requirement at the present time.

On the 26th ult. the President sent the following Message to Congress. As it is part and parcel of the history of the rebellion, we give it in full:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:—The insurrection which is yet existing in the United States, and aims at the overthrow of the Federal Constitution and the Union, was clandestinely prepared during the winter of 1860 and 1861, and assumed an open organization in the form of a treasonable provisional government at Montgomery, Ala. On the 18th day of February, 1861, and April 12th, 1861, the insurgents committed the flagrant act of civil war by bombardment and capture of Fort Sumter, which cut off the hope of immediate conciliation. Immediately afterwards, all the roads and avenues to this city were obstructed, and the Capital put into the condition of a siege. The mails in every direction were stopped, and lines of telegraph cut off by the insurgents, and military and naval forces which had been called out by the Government for the defense of Washington, were prevented from reaching the city by organized and combined treasonable resistance in the State of Maryland. There was no adequate and effective organization for the public defense. Congress had indefinitely adjourned, and there was no time to convene them. It became necessary for me to choose whether, using only the existing means, agencies and processes which Congress had provided, I should let the Government fall into ruin, or whether, availing myself of the broader powers conferred by the Constitution in cases of insurrection, I should make an effort to save it, with all its blessings, for the present age and for posterity. I thereupon summoned my Constitutional Advisers, the Heads of the Departments, to meet me on Sunday, the 20th day of April, 1861, at the office of the Navy Department, and then and there, with their unanimous concurrence, I directed that an armed revenue cutter should proceed to sea to afford protection to the commercial marine, especially to the California treasure ships then on their way to this coast. I also directed the commandant of the Navy Yard at Boston to purchase or charter, and arm, as quicky as possible, five steamships, for purposes of public defense. I directed the commandant of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia to purchase an equal number for the same purpose. I directed the commandant at New York to purchase or charter an equal number. I directed Commander Gillis to purchase or charter, and arm and put to sea, two other vessels. Similar directions were given to Commodore Dupont, with a view to opening the passages by water to and from the Capital.

I directed the revenue officers to take the advice and obtain the aid and efficient services in the matter, of His Excellency, E. D. Morgan, Governor of New York, or in his absence, Geo. D. Morgan, Wm. M. Evarts, M. Blanchford, and Moses H. Grinnell, who were by my direction especially empowered by the Secretary of the Navy to act for his Department in that crisis, in matters pertaining to the forwarding of troops and supplies for the public defense. On the same occasion I directed that Governor Morgan and Alexander Cummings, of the city of New York, should be authorized by the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, to make all necessary arrangements for the transportation of troops and munitions of war, in aid and assistance of the officers of the army of the United States, until communication by mail and telegraph should be completely re-established between the cities of Washington and New York. No security was required to be given by them, and either of them was authorized to act in case of inability to consult with the other.

On the same occasion, I authorized and directed the Secretary of the Treasury to advance, without requiring security, $2,000,000 of public money to John A. Dix, Geo. Opdyke, and Richard M. Blatchford, of New York, to be used by them in meeting such requisitions as should be directly consequent upon the military and naval measures for the defense and support of the Government, requiring them only to act without compensation, and report their transaction when duly called upon.

The several Departments of Government at that time contained so large a number of disloyal persons that it would have been impossible to provide safely through official agents only, for the performance of the duties thus confided to citizens favorably known for their ability, loyalty, and patriotism. The several orders issued upon those occasions were transmitted by private messengers, who pursued a circuitous way to the seaboard cities, inland, across the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio and the northern lakes. I believe that by these and other similar measures taken in that crisis, which were without any authority of law, the Government was saved from overthrow.

I am not aware that a dollar of the public funds thus confided, without authority of law, to unofficial persons, was either lost or wasted, although apprehension of such misdirections occurred to me as objections to these extraordinary proceedings, and were necessarily overruled.

I recall these transcations now, because my attention has been directed to a resolution which was passed by the House of Representatives on the 30th of last month, which is in these words:

"*Resolved,* That Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, by investing Alex. Cummings with the control of large sums of the public money, and with authority to purchase military supplies without restriction, without requiring from him any guarantee for the faithful performance of his duty, and when the services of competent public officers were available, and by involving the Government in a rash number of contracts with persons not legitimately engaged in the business pertaining to the subject matter of such contracts, especially in the purchase of arms for future delivery, has adopted a policy highly injurious to the public service, and deserves the censure of the House."

Congress will see that I should be wanting equally in candor and in justice if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the Heads of the Departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Cameron to say, that although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President, but all the other Heads of Departments, were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault, was committed in the premises. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1862.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prince & Co.'s School Organ—Geo. A. Prince & Co.
Steel Amalgam Bells—Cowing & Co.
Sorghum, Imphee, Northern Cane—Wm. H. Clark.
Annual Register of Rural Affairs—Luther Tucker & Son.
Open Air Grape Culture—D. M Dewey, Agent.
Removal—Wind Mills—E. W. Mills.
Tree Agents Wanted—Frost & Co.
Rebel Notes and Postage Stamps at Half Price—S. C. Upham.
A Beautiful Microscope—F. M. Bowen.

The News Condenser.

— Sugar mills have just been established at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

— The President has signed the Homestead bill, and it is now law.

— Gen. Curtis has succeeded in forming a junction with Gen. Halleck.

— There was a Union meeting at Murfreesboro, Tenn., on Saturday week.

— Forty rebel naval officers, captured at New Orleans, have reached Boston.

— The liabilities of rebeldom are reported at $410,000,000. Who will pay them?

— A tornado swept over Wheeling, Va., May 21; 3 school children were killed.

— John Hickman, of Pennsylvania, positively declines a re-nomination for Congress.

— There is to be a grand "general trainin'" of the militia of Ireland, this summer, for 21 days.

— An earthquake shock has been experienced in the South of France. It was particularly severe at Dijon.

— Sir Thomas Wyse, the English Minister to Athens, has recently died. He was a brilliantly educated man.

— According to advices from Havana, Gen. Santa Anna is about to enter upon the troubled scene in Mexico.

— At New York a number of steamers and sailing vessels are loading for New Orleans with assorted cargoes.

— The Nashville Union reports the return of large numbers of Tennesseeans who have served in the rebel army.

— Missouri, it is said, will raise four times more tobacco this year than she has done in any preceding 12 months.

— At an auction sale of a grocer's stock in Richmond, on the 1st ult., butter sold at a dollar and a quarter per pound.

— The attempt is to be made, by a French expedition, to obtain water in the desert of Sahara by boring Artesian wells.

— Gen. Butler has about seven thousand troops quartered about the city of New Orleans, in public buildings, squares, &c.

— The State Treasurer of Illinois denies a report that he has exacted coin from the tax-payers instead of taking Treasury notes.

— W. H. Harris, who advertised for bloodhounds to catch the Lincoln bushwhackers, is now a prisoner at Nashville, his home.

— The Republic of Switzerland is the first nation of the continent to adopt Mr. George Francis Train's plan of horse railway.

— W. H. Cools' powder mills at Beaver Meadow, Pa., blew up Wednesday morning week. Loss about $7,000. No one injured.

— A fine flock of loyal rams have gone down the Mississippi river to take part in the next naval fight near Fort Wright.

— On May 2d, Mr. Maguire, in the British Commons, reported forty recent deaths by starvation in one district in Ireland!

— The people of Sweden—his native country—have voted Captain Ericsson a medal for services in connection with the Monitor.

— There are fifty ships under the English flag laying off New Orleans and Mobile, to buy cotton at any price when the ports are open.

— The President has appointed, and the Senate confirmed, John A. Hendrick, Collector for the port of Beaufort, North Carolina.

— There is a break in the Champlain canal, at Coveville, Saratoga county. Thirty thousand yards of embankment have gone out.

— There was a sharp frost in some parts of Connecticut on Saturday and Sunday night week, and tender vegetation was destroyed.

— Barnum's last acquisition is a baby eight months old that weighs only one pound eight ounces. It was raised in Cincinnati.

— The greatest catch of shad within the memory of old fishermen—25,000 in one night—was made at Saybrook, Ct., on the 14th.

— The Nashville Union of May 22, says: "Large quantities of tobacco arrive here daily from the interior. Cotton keeps pouring in."

— A carrier in the postoffice of Vienna has been detected in stealing letters. No less than 62,720 unopened were found at his lodgings.

— Our Government has refused to recognize the revolutionary "government," so called, of Gen. Mosquera, in Central America.

— The crew of the English steamer Bermuda, which was captured while trying to run the blockade, have arrived in Philadelphia.

— Hon. William Scott, formerly one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri, recently died at his residence near Jefferson City.

— A shoal of whales ran ashore lately near Whiteness, on the Isle of Shetland, and getting into shallow water, some 400 were captured.

— The Syracuse Journal says there were one hundred and forty-seven salt blocks in operation in that city and vicinity, Thursday week.

— The corporate title of the Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania has been changed to that of the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania.

— Gov. Wm. Sprague, of R. I., has been elected U. S. Senator for six years from the 4th of March next. He received 92 votes out of 103.

— A female fanatic at Poilly, France, who thought she could live without eating, died on the ninth day of her fast, from sheer starvation.

— The P. O. Department in the Union army at Corinth distributes among the soldiers an average of 6,000 letters daily and 2,500 newspapers.

— General Butler has appointed Acting Brigadier-General George T. Sheply, Colonel of the 12th Maine, Military Governor of New Orleans.

— Beauregard announces that the U. S. Government has control of the Mississippi river. What an annunciation for the rebel Confederacy!

— Joshua Allen, Democrat, has been elected to Congress from the district known as "Egypt," (lower Illinois,) in place of Col. Logan, resigned.

— The Confederate authorities of Mississippi are issuing notes based upon cotton, and then sending out ruffians like Morgan to burn the cotton.

— The Richmond Dispatch speaks in the very highest terms of the kindness shown by the "Yankees" to the wounded rebels at taken Williamsburg.

— A large plot of ground in the Fairmount Cemetery, near Newark, has been given by the trustees for the burial of New Jersey soldiers fallen in battle.

— The city of New Orleans is in such extreme destitution that Gen. Butler is compelled to take measures to keep the families of rebels from starving.

— The French Government is occupied with a scheme for replanting the mountains in France, the diminution of timber trees creating considerable alarm.

— The temporal Emperor of Japan has married the daughter of the spiritual Emperor, the united ages of bride and bridegroom amounting to only 32 years.

— John D. Stiles, Democrat, has been elected to fill the vacancy in Congress occasioned by the death of Thomas B. Cooper, 5th district of Pennsylvania.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, JUNE 3d, 1861.

FLOUR remains as last quoted and transactions are light.

GRAIN—Wheat is unchanged in rates. Corn is being offered more plentifully, and as the increased demand was only temporary, we note a decline of fully 4 cents per bushel. Barley is drooping, the falling off for the week ranging from 1 to 5 cts. per bushel. Beans are wanted for shipment, and a decided advance has been taken.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is exhibiting a downward tendency. Sales are making at $11,00@11,50.

DAIRY—Butter is quite plenty and selling at 10@12 cents, as to quality. Cheese is a little firmer, with a slight advance.

HAY has fallen off $1,00@2,00 per tun.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	10@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.25@6.25	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	4.75@5.00	Candles, box	9½@10c
Flour, buckwheat	0.00@0.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.12@1.12	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.25	Apples, bushel	50@87c
Best white Canada	1.25@1.28	Do. dried ℔ lb	4@4½c
Corn, old	44@46c.	Peaches, do	14@16c
Corn, new	44@46c.	Cherries, do	14@16c
Rye, 60 lbs ℔ bush	63@65c.	Plums, do	10@12c
Oats, by weight	36@38c.	Potatoes	50@63c
Barley	55@65c.	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	00@00c.	Slaughter	4½@5c
Beans	1.50@2.00	Calf	7@8c
Meats.		Sheep Pelts	$0.50@2.00
Pork, mess	$11.00@11.50	Lamb Pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	13.00@13.50	**Seeds.**	
Dressed hogs, cwt.	3.50@4.00	Clover, medium	$4.25@4.50
Beef, cwt	4.00@6.00	Do. large	6,00@6,25
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.75	Timothy	1.50@2.00
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	**Sundries.**	
Hams, smoked	6@7c.	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Shoulders	4@5c.	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Chickens	8@9c.	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	9@10c.	Coal, Pittston	5,50@5.50
Geese	40@50c.	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c.	Coal, Char	7@8c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.50@1.56
Butter, roll	10@12c.	Hay, tun	8.00@12.00
Butter, firkin	10@12c.	Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6½@7½c.	Wool, ℔ lb	35@45c
Lard, tried	7@8c.	Whitefish, half bbl	3.25@3.50
Tallow, rough	5@5½c.	Codfish, quintal	4.50@5.00
Tallow, tried	7@7 c.	Trout, half bbl	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 2—FLOUR—Market rules slightly in favor of buyers, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $4,25@4,30 for superfine State; $4,45@4,55 for extra State; $4,25@4,30 for superfine Western; $4,45@4,65 for common to medium extra Western; $5,00@5,15 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,25@6,50 for trade brands do., the market closing quiet Some sales of choice extra State were made at $4,57@4,60. Canadian flour is quoted easier, with a moderate business doing Sales at $4,45@4,70 for spring, and $4,75@6,25 for winter extra Rye flour continues quiet and steady at $2,75@4,00 for inferior to choice.—Corn meal is in moderate demand and prices steady. Sales at $3,15 for Brandywine and $2,90 for Jersey.

GRAIN—Wheat market may be quoted quite firm, with good export demand. Sales Chicago spring at 87c@1,00; Racine spring at 95c@$1,00; Milwaukee club at 90c@1,02½; amber Iowa at $1,02@1,04; common Northwestern club at 90@95c; winter red State at $1,10@1,12; winter red Western at $1,10@1,15; choice amber Michigan at $1,19; white Michigan at $1,25; very choice do at $1-30, and white Kentucky at $1,33. Rye quiet and heavy. Sales at 60@61c for Western, and 70@72c for State. Barley may be quoted quiet and dull. Nominal at 70c, for Canada East Barley malt is steady; sales at $1. Peas dull; sales Canada at 70c Corn market firm, with a good business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 45@47c for new mixed Western, 48@49½ for old do. afloat and delivered, 54c for yellow Jersey, and 54c for yellow Southern. Oats firm; sales at 43@44c for Canada, Jersey, Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market rules dull and lower; sales were at $12,00@12,00 for mess, $12,00@13,00 for prime mess, and $9,37½@9,62½ for prime. Included are 4,000 bbls. mess for all July at $12,50. Beef—market rules quiet and steady. Sales at $5 50@7,00 for country prime, $8,00@10 for country mess, $11@13,50 for repacked do., $13@14,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef quiet and nominal at $19,00@19.00. India mess in limited request; nominal at $23,00. Beef hams dull and lower. Small sales Eastern and Western at $16,00@16,50. Cut meats in fair demand and prices firm. Sales at 3⅞@4c for Western and city shoulders, and 4⅞@5¼c for hams. Smoked meats steady. Bacon sides are dull and unchanged. Lard quiet; sales at 7½@8½c for No. 1 to choice. Butter in fair request, and selling at 10@17c for Ohio, and 10@20c for State. Cheese very firm and in fair demand at 7@8½c for common to choice.

ASHES—Are without change, 100 bbls. Pot brought $5,75; and 60 do. Pearl $6 cash.

SEEDS—The market is very quiet for all descriptions, and we have no sales to report, except 150 bushels Rough Flax at $2,10 cash.

HOPS—The market continues firm, with a good demand for prime, which is scarce; sales reach 200 bales at 14@19 cts. cash. Nothing doing in old growth.

ALBANY, JUNE 2.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened quiet, but towards noon a moderate business was doing at the closing prices of last week. Corn meal unchanged.

GRAIN—A steady market for Wheat, with a moderate milling inquiry. Sales prime white Michigan at $1.35. Rye quiet and held at 68c. Corn in limited supply, and with an active Eastern demand better prices are realized. Sales new Western mixed, in car lots, at 45c, delivered at East Albany. Round yellow is held at 50c. Barley is lower and freely offered. Sales Canada East on p. t. Oats firm and in active request. Sales Canada East at 43c.

FEED—The demand is moderate, with sales three car loads at 75c for 23 lb, and 95c for 35 lb. Feed.

BUFFALO, MAY 31—FLOUR—There was a fair demand on Saturday for interior and a moderate demand for home trade. Sales extra Wisconsin at $4,15@4,25; fine at $3; extra and double extra Indiana at $5,00@5,62½; extra and double extra Michigan at $4,50@5,50; extra Canada spring at $4,55; double extra white wheat Canada at $5,37½; extra Michigan at $5; Wisconsin spring and white wheat at $4,00@4,50; superfine Wisconsin at $3,75; extra and double extra white Ohio and Illinois at $4,75@5,50.

GRAIN—The wheat market rules quiet—transactions limited. Sales red winter Indiana at $1,00; No. 2 Milwaukee club at 85c; No. 2 Chicago spring at 82c; white Canada at $1,13. At the close there were rumors of other sales Corn—Good demand for old, with limited inquiry for new. Sales old at 36@37c; new high mixed at 34c; 39c for old yellow, and 31c for out of order. Oats—The stock light. Market quiet and nominal at 34½c. No sales Barley quiet and nominal at 65c for ordinary, and 68@70c for good to choice Canadian, and 66c for Western Rye quiet and lower—51c offered, 52c asked for cargo Western. There were some small sales at 51@52c

BEANS—In good demand at a shade easier prices, with light stock here. Nominal at $1,87½@2,25 for good to choice. Peas—Common Canadian held at 60c; 56c offered; sales small lots common Canadian at 60c.

SEEDS—Timothy quoted at $1,75@2,00 for Canadian and Western; Clover $4,37½@4.50. Flax seed at $1,50@1,62½.

PROVISIONS—The market is heavy and dull, and with only moderate demand for home and interior trade Mess pork, at $11,00 for light, and $11,50 for heavy. Mess Beef at $9,00 for city packed. Hams at 6c for plain, 7½c for do sacked, and 7c for sugar cured. Shoulders in dry salt at 4½c. Smoked shoulders at 4½c. Salted sides at 5c Hams in pickle at 4½@5c.—Dried and Smoked Beef at 9c. Lard quiet at 7½c. White Fish and Trout at $2,75@3.00, for new in half bbls., with fair interior demand. Cheese—The market quiet for both old cheese and hay cheese (new). We quote hay cheese (new) 3½@5c; pine apple at 15c; cream 8½c; Eastern cutting at 7½@8c; medium dairy and shipping at 7@7½, according to quality.

TORONTO, MAY 29—FLOUR—Nothing doing in Flour.

GRAIN—During the past week there has been little change in produce. To-day Fall Wheat ranged from 85c to 95c for good samples; this is about the lowest price this week, the usual range having been from 90c to $1. Spring Wheat has been in moderate supply; it was selling to-day to 75c to 82c, which is rather a decline. The average price for the week has been about 80c. Barley—This article has not been in such active demand for the last few days. Prior to that, however, there was an active demand for it, and it was selling at 70c to 72c To-day it only brought 55c to 60c. Oats still in demand at 46c to 47c. During the week, the average price has been 45c to 48c They have been in fair supply and are very firm. Peas are not in large supply, and have not been this week. The price to-day was 50c, which has been the average rate.

Butter, Fresh ℔ lb	15@16
Eggs, ℔ dozen,	8@8
Chickens, ℔ pair	40@50
Ducks, ℔ pair,	45@50
Turkeys, each	75@75
Potatoes, good Cups, ℔ bushel	78@80
Do, inferior, do	65@75c
Hay ℔ tun	12.00@20.00
Straw ℔ tun	14.00@15.00

—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 29.—There have been more buyers in town during the past week, who have bought quite freely, giving more tone to the market, though there is no change of importance to note in prices Of domestic the sales are 200,000 lbs fleeces mostly at 48@50c, and 50,000 lbs pulled at 42@45c; California is quiet. The sales of foreign are all reported on private terms, but said to be at full prices, and consist of 50 bales Cape; 200 do. fine black Spanish; 70 do. Rio Grande, and 150 Mestoga.

Saxony Fleece ℔ lb	48@50
American full-blood Merino	46@48
American half and Merino	44@46
American Native and quarter Merino	40@42
Extra pulled	42@43
Superfine pulled	40@42
No. 1 pulled	34@35
Lamb's pulled	00@00
California fine, unwashed	30@32
California common do	14@16
Peruvian washed	30@32
Valparaiso unwashed	13@13
South American Merino unwashed	21@23
South American Mestiza unwashed	22@24
South American common washed	14@16
South American Entre Rios do	20@22
South American unwashed	9@12
South American Cordova washed	24@26
Cape Good Hope unwashed	22@25
East India washed	18@25
African unwashed	16@20
African washed	30@34
Mexican unwashed	12@14
Texas	00@00
Smyrna unwashed	18@22
Smyrna washed	30@32

ALBANY, MAY 29.—The demand for wool has been fair since our last, and the sales of the week foot up 35,000 lbs, which reduces materially the stock held here. Sales 20,000 lbs. fine fleece at 44@45c; 5,000 lbs No. 1 pulled at 40c, and 10,000 lbs extra do. at 45c, all cash.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, MAY 31.—There is but little movement in Wool; shearing time has hardly commenced. Some few bales have changed hands at 30c for coarse, and prices range from 30@40c for coarse to fine. Pelts—Quiet and nominal at $1,37½, $1,50, $2@2,25 each, according to the size and quality.—*Courier.*

BOSTON, MAY 29.—There is a fair demand for fleece and pulled wool, and the market is steady

Saxony and Merino, fine,	48@50	Texas,	00@00
Full blood,	46@47	Smyrna, washed,	20@32
½ and ¾ blood,	43@46	Do. unwashed,	12@22
Common,	41@43	Syrian,	13@26
Pulled, extra,	46@53	Cape,	21@25
Do. superfine,	43@50	Crimea,	11@20
Do. No. 1,	30@45	Buenos Ayres,	11@40
Do No. 2,	00@00	Peruvian, washed,	30@35
Western mixed,	35@43	Canada,	40@44

DETROIT, MAY 27.—As yet, there have been no movements calculated to throw light upon the prices that are to rule this season Buyers seem to think they ought to pay no more than 35c for fine, while we hear apparently disinterested parties express opinion that 35@40c will be about the figures. A dealer in this city informs us that he has advised his friends to accept nothing under 45c at the very least. Those whose interest dictates such a course, will be found crying down the market as usual, with an ingenuity, zeal and persistence worthy of a better cause, but the farmers have become so well posted in their peculiar tactics, that the success by which they have been hitherto marked, can hardly be expected. At the same time, candor compels us to say that the heavy losses suffered by farmers last year are not wholly chargeable to this oft-repeated cry of "wolf!" The result was due to one of those events in trade which no human prescience can foresee. Buyers were, with others, completely in the dark, and at first, to our certain knowledge, refused good lots at very low figures. Sales about 3,500 lbs at 30@41c.—*Tribune*

CINCINNATI, MAY 29.—The receipts of the new clip are quiet light, but buyers are indifferent and the market rather sluggish. We notice sales of unwashed at 20@23c; ⅛ to ½ blood at 28@30c, and some small lots at 33@35c. The indications are that when the season fully opens, the range for washed will be 30@40c. The latter an extreme rate for extra clips. We do not learn of any competition between buyers in the interior. There is no doubt that the clip will be a large one, and just as little that owners will be disposed to hold on to it.—*Gazette.*

TORONTO, MAY 29—Wool sells readily at 27@28c—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 28.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$8,00@8.50
Ordinary quality,	7.50@8 00
Common quality,	7,00@7.50
Inferior quality,	6,50@7,00
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@6.00
Ordinary,	4,25@5,00
Common,	3,50@4,00
Inferior,	3,00@3,50
SWINE.	
Corn-fed,	3⅝@3¾c
do. light	2⅝@3⅛c
Still-fed,	3¼@3⅜c

ALBANY, JUNE 2—BEEVES—There is an improvement in the market this week, owing to the comparatively light supply, the receipts for the week being upwards of 1100 less than last week, while the average weight of the cattle is but little if any higher than then. The market opened with sellers asking an advance of 5@15c ℔ 100 lbs on last Monday's rates, at which they held their stock firmly throughout The average quality is scarcely any better than last week. There are no droves of premium in, and only a few premium scattered among droves of extra.

PRICES—The slight advance noticed above is almost wholly on middling and lower grades. We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium,	5 @5½c	5 @5½c
Extra,	4½@4⅞c	4½@4⅞c
First quality,	3⅞@4¼c	3⅞@4¼c
Second quality,	3¼@3⅝c	3⅛@3⅝c
Third quality,	2¾@3 c	2⅝@2⅞c

SHEEP—148 choice extra Kentucky, sheared, aver. 132 lbs, sold at $6 ℔ head. For common to good, prices are hardly so good as last week A lot of 196 good, aver 96 lbs, sold at 3¾c ℔ lb. Lambs sell at $3,50@4,25.

HOGS—The receipts at East Albany for the week are large, but there is no market for them here, and all are shipped directly through to New York or the East.—*Argus and Atlas.*

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 28.—At market, 444 Cattle, about 400 Beeves, and 44 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

MARKET BEEF—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat stall-fed Oxen) $6,75@7,00, first quality, $6,50@0,00; second do, $5,75@0,00; third do, $4,00@0,00; ordinary, $—@—.

WORKING OXEN, ℔ pair—$90@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, $38@42.

STORES—Yearlings, $—@—; Two years old, 00$@00; Three years old, $21@22.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1610 at market. Prices in lots, $2,25@2,75 each; extra, $4,00@4,50, or 3¾@4½c ℔ lb.

SPRING LAMBS—$3,00@4,00.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb. Tallow—6@6½c.

PELTS—$0,50@2,00. Calf Skins—8@9c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES, from $0,00@0,00

BRIGHTON, MAY 29—At market, 600 Beef Cattle, 100 Stores, 1,600 Sheep and Lambs, 200 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,00@0,00; first quality, $6,75@0,00; second do, $6,00@0,00; third do, $4,75@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$95, $130@137.

MILCH COWS—$48@49; common, $19@21.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@5,50.

STORES—Yearling, $0@00; Two years old, $00@00; Three years old, $22@23.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb. Tallow—6@6½c.

PELTS—$0,50@2,00 each. Calf Skins—8@9c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,00@2,50; extra, $4,00@5,00

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 4 @5 c; retail, 4 @7 c. Spring Pigs, 00@00c.

TORONTO, MAY 29.—BEEF—There has been a change from the quotations of last week. The rate at present for first-class $5,50@6,00; second $4,50@5,00 ℔ 100 lbs.

Tallow	$5.50@6.00
Hides firm	4.50@0.00
Sheepskins	1.20@1.60
Calfskins, ℔ lb,	8@8

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WITH WHEEL HANGINGS AND FRAME.

No. 5, Diameter 23 inches,	Price, $20
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No. 7, Diameter, 30 inches,	Price, $30

☞ The above price includes a Wheel, wooden Frame, Standards, and all the bolts and fixtures, and the Bell in complete order ready to ring. This style is very suitable for School Houses, Engine Houses, &c., as well as Farms.

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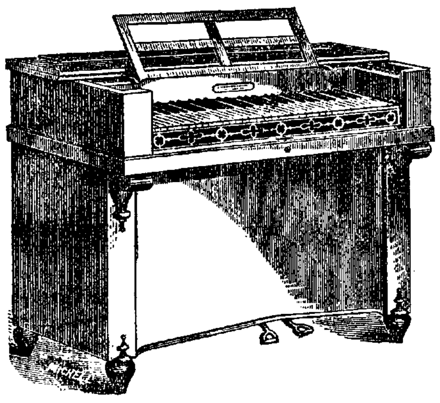

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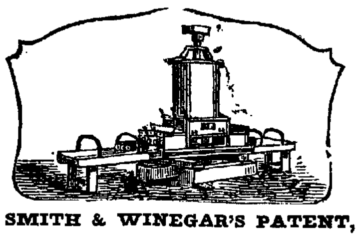
THE BEST TILE MACHINE.



SMITH & WINEGAR'S PATENT,

WITH LA TOURRETTE'S IMPROVEMENTS.

THE above engraving represents a Drain Tile Machine which has been used for years, and, with its recent improvements, is undoubtedly the best and most durable Tile Machine in America. It performs the whole labor of grinding the clay, screening it to free it from gravel, and presses it in tile at the same operation, and may be propelled by either water, steam or horse-power. It makes all sizes and shapes of tile and pipe, from 1½ to 12 inches, and molds 100 rods of 2 inch tile per hour. The machine is simple in construction, durable, (being made of iron,) and not liable to get out of order. In the great essentials of SIMPLICITY, CAPACITY and DURABILITY *it has no equal.* It was awarded the First Premium at the Ohio State Fair in 1860, which award was approved by a special committee of practical tile makers appointed by the State Board of Agriculture at the special request of interested parties, who were dissatisfied with the decision of the first committee.

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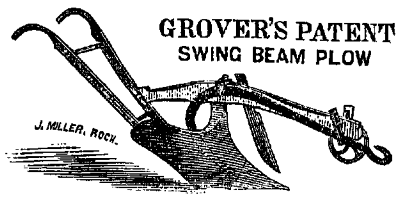

GROVER'S PATENT DRAFT BEAM,

FOR DRAWING PLOWS OF ALL KINDS—The use of this improvement is warranted to lessen the ordinary labor of Plowing to both man and beast, from a quarter to a third, as attested by many practical farmers, and also by the dynamometer, of which the following is a specimen:—Of two tests, had on the farm of Mr. Charles B. Potter at Adams Basin, in Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the 19th and 23d inst., on three different Plows, all drawn by oxen and held by one disinterested person, and worked as nearly alike as possible. On the first day, present Charles B. Potter, Henry S. Potter, D. P. Strunk, and P. Alling; 2d day, present C. B. Potter, D. P. Strunk, S. M. Short and P. Alling, viz:

1st day, Remington, Markham & Co.'s Steel Plow, drawn by said Attachment, drew 525 lbs.; 2d day, 500 lbs.

1st day, the Penn Yan Iron Plow, drawn in the same manner, drew 550 lbs.; 2d day it drew the same.

1st day, Rulofson & De Garmo's Straight-Draft Plow No. 3, manufactured by Mr. GORDON, of Rochester, and worked in the ordinary way, drew 650 lbs.; 2d day, the identical same Plow, with Grover's Attachment, drew only 450 lbs.!

Plows with this Attachment are manufactured and sold by the subscribers, and also by D. C. ALLING, of Rochester, N. Y., who owns some 20 Counties in Western and Central N. Y. Likewise made and sold by REDFIELD & TAFT, Whites' Corners, Erie Co., N. Y., and by I. THORP & H. L. GREEN, of Jacksonville, Tompkins Co., N. Y. ALLING & CO., who are General Agents for the sale of the right of Territory.

East Townsend, Huron Co., O., May 24, 1862 646-13t

PREMIUM WATER PIPE,

Made by Wycoff's Patent Boring Machine.

Banded and Tested, and Warranted to bear any required head of Water. The Cheapest and Best in use for Carrying Water to Railroad Tanks; for Distilleries, Breweries, Steam Pipes; for Chain Pump Tubing; for Carrying Water from Springs to Dry Fields and Farm Buildings, and for Water Courses of every description.

THIS pipe is made of pine timber, in sections 8 feet long, connected by a socket or square shoulder joint, perfectly fitted by machinery, so as to be water tight. The size of the timber depends upon the size of the bore. The smaller the timber the more perfectly it becomes saturated, which is the chief cause of its wonderful durability.

The most common size for ordinary use is 1½ inch bore. This is usually made of scantling 3½ inches square, which is sufficiently strong to bear any reasonable head. We can furnish any amount of testimonials and references as to its practical value, but will simply give a few, as follows:

I have in use between two and three thousand feet, and consider it the cheapest form of aqueduct that has been introduced to the public, both for capacity and efficiency. If well laid, I think it quite as durable as iron or lead. T. C. PETERS.
Darien, N. Y

I am entirely satisfied with the working of the wooden water pipe, and cheerfully recommend it to any one desiring a good, cheap water course, which is durable, easily laid down, and will deliver the water at the lower end just as clear and pure as it is at the fountain. LEVI BLAKESLEE.
Paris, N. Y.

I am satisfied that it is the cheapest, best, and most durable water pipe in use. I. H. SUTHERLAND.
Pittsford, N. Y.

I then put on the entire power of the wheel, which I am satisfied was equal to a head of water of more than three hundred feet on the pipe, and let it run all night, without bursting.
Elmira, September 3d, 1859. ANSON C. ELY.

There is another advantage besides cheapness in wooden pipes. It is the ease with which they are tapped whenever and wherever a branch is to be taken off, and they are easily repaired. We hope that not only villages, but farmers, wherever a spring exists about the homestead, will avail themselves of its benefits. In case of the sale of the farm it would pay ten times its cost, and it would be worth still more to the owner, as it would pay its cost every year.—*New York Tribune.*

We have in our office a piece of wooden pipe, which is said to have been in use 42 years. So perfect is the preservation of the piece that the splintery roughness produced by the saw when it was made, remains entirely undisturbed. It is really a curiosity of great interest. The evidence which it gives of the value of wooden water pipe cannot be disputed.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

THIS pipe is regarded, wherever it has been used, as the best that can be made for the purpose. It is cheap, durable, and not liable to get out of order. Wood is the most pure and wholesome material which can be used to convey water, and in this respect this pipe is entirely free from objection. It is now only about six years since its first introduction, as made by machinery, and it is rapidly taking the place of all other kinds.

The following is a list of prices for ordinary pipe, banded and tested, and warranted perfect. If the pipe is to be submitted to an *extraordinary* pressure, the price will vary according to circumstances; and for this purpose, all orders should state the number of feet head under which the pipe is to be used:

1½ inch bore,	3½ inches square,	4 cents	per foot.
2 " "	4½ " "	6 "	"
2½ " "	5 " "	8 "	"
3 " "	6 " "	10 "	"

Larger sizes, up to 14 inches, can be furnised to order.

Great care will be taken to use none but the best material, and the price is so low as to admit of *no discount.* The terms are *cash on delivery at the Factory.*

The factory is located at Tonawanda, Erie County, N. Y., but all inquiries, orders and remittances should be directed to the undersigned, at No. 109 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

Rochester, N. Y., May, 1862. I. S. HOBBIE.

P. S.—The small size, (1½ inch bore, 3½ inches square, without banding and testing,) is the best tubing in use for chain pumps, which we sell at wholesale at 3½ cents per foot, and can be found at most hardware stores at retail at five to six cents per foot. I. S. H.

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THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published.

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Allen on the Grape	1.00
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Barry's Fruit Garden	1.25
Blake's Farmer at Home,	1.25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1.25
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Browne's Poultry Yard	1.00
Do. Field Book of Manures	1.25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't.	1.50
Do. Florist's Guide	60
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60
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Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75
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Phin's new work on Open Air Grape Culture, price only $1.
The Sorghum Grower's Manual, by W. H. Clark, price 25c.

☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

SUGAR EVAPORATORS AND CANE MILLS.

HAVING received a number of letters from different States, making inquiries for Sugar Machinery, and having thorough practical experience with Sorgho machinery, the subscriber has consented to devote his personal attention through the summer to the selection and forwarding of Evaporators and Sugar Mills. Send for Circular. MATTHEW LONG,
646-0t Beech, Licking County, Ohio.

HOWARD'S NEW MOWER

AND

Mower and Reaper

FOR 1862.

FOUR SIZES—cheap—durable—light draft—free from clogging, and perfect in their operation, either in cutting grain or grass.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR

giving full description and cuts of machine.

N. B.—I have leased the right of A. W. MORSE to use his PATENTED LEVER or hoister, by which the finger-bar of a Mowing Machine is raised and lowered, therefore farmers will not be subject to prosecution by said MORSE for using this valuable invention.

Address R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

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RHODES SUPER PHOSPHATE,

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FOR

SOLUBLE PHOSPHORIC ACID,

INDISPENSABLE FOR

Every Description of Crops.

(Price to Farmers $45,00 per tun 2,000 lbs., cash, in New York or Boston.)

"RHODES," the long-established and well known

MANURE

in the American market, (*the large demand for Cotton culture heretofore consuming our entire product,*) is manufactured under the immediate supervision of the regularly educated Chemists, ROBERT B POTTS and FREDERICK KLETT, the Sulphuric Acid being produced upon a large scale at the Works, Camden, New Jersey.

Rhodes Manure

Is sold under a legal guarantee as being a Standard Super Phosphate.

Prof. S. W. JOHNSON, of the Yale Analytic School and Chemist to the Connecticut State Agricultural Society, says:—"RHODES *Super Phosphate is of uniform composition, and is the only real Super Phosphate I have met with.*"

Dr. EVAN PUGH, President of Pennsylvania Farm School, in his Report upon artificial manures, through the 'Country Gentleman,' "American Agriculturist," "Genesee Farmer," and "New York Observer," March, 1862, says:—"'RHODES' is the cheapest American Super Phosphate, and if Mr. RHODES will sell under legal guarantee an article containing 14 or 15 per cent. of an hydrous Phosphoric Acid in combination soluble in water, (with ten minutes boiling,) his Manure would deserve an unqualified recommendation as one of the best Super Phosphates manufactured any where in the world, and very much better than any manufactured in this country."

The following report of analyses of one thousand (1000) tuns RHODES Manure, made by Dr. G. A LIEBIG, shows even higher results than Dr. PUGH requires:

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Messrs. B. M. RHODES & CO.,

GENTS.:—I have analyzed the two samples of RHODES MANURE, which were averaged from a lot of one thousand (1000) tuns at the works, and sent me by Messrs. POTTS & KLETT.

Sample No. 1 contains of Phosphoric Acid, soluble in water, 16.84 per cent., equal to 27.75 of Bi-Phosphate of Lime.

Sample No. 2 contains 16.44 per cent., which is equal to 27.10 of Bi-Phosphate of Lime.

Both of these samples come fully up to the standard of your Super Phosphate. Very Respectfully,
G. A. LIEBIG, Ph. D.

"RHODES" IS THE MOST CONCENTRATED MANURE OFFERED IN THE MARKET, REQUIRING LESS PER ACRE TO PRODUCE A CROP, BEING A PERMANENT IMPROVER OF THE LAND. *This position sustained by evidence entitled to the highest confidence.*

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RHODES SUPER PHOSPHATE.

An application of 100 to 200 lbs. per acre of this Standard Manure, will furnish sufficient soluble Phosphoric Acid (the indispensable nutriment of plants) for any crop.

RHODES MANURE being prepared for immediate application, can be used either broadcast, or in the hill or drill,—*in no instance to be plowed under.*

When agriculturists learn the true value of this standard Manure, they will not suffer themselves to be without a supply, as in case of re-planting or backward growth, this Manure, applied as top-dressing, produces speedy growth. *This Manure does not fire.*

Agriculturists and dealers can procure supplies of

B. M. RHODES & CO.,
Office and Warehouse, 82 South Street,
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HENRY E. MORING,
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RHODES SUPER PHOSPHATE

IS FOR SALE BY

GEO. A. MOORE, No. 64 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

10.000 AGENTS WANTED—

Active, competent men, of good standing in community, Justices of the Peace, Notaries Public, any business man, will find a chance to make money, with little labor and *no capital,* by addressing the subscriber at Lyons, N. Y., or Washington, D. C. Send postage stamp for reply.
644-tf WM. VAN MARTER.

FOR SALE.

ONE OF THE BEST FARMS

IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

The Subscribers, assignees of GEO. BROWN, offer for sale

A FARM OF 205 ACRES.

All the buildings on said farm are of modern style, and in tip-top order—the barn alone costing over $3,000. Said Farm lies

IN THE TOWN OF PHELPS, ONTARIO CO.,

Two and a half miles south-west of Oaks' Corners; has been under a well-directed system of improvement for several years, and is thoroughly underdrained. The desirableness of location, convenience and durability of buildings, quality of soil, high state of cultivation, all combine to make it

ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE FARMS

Ever offered for sale. Said Farm will be sold at a bargain. Possession given at any time. A part of the purchase money can remain on the Farm. Also, with or without the Farm,

350 Well-bred Spanish Merino Sheep and Lambs,

Which, for quality, quantity and evenness of fleece, can't be beat—together with all of the Stock, Teams, Farming Utensils and Tools. For further particulars inquire of

WM. JOHNSON or GEORGE C. MOORE,
642-13t of Geneva, N. Y.

RUSSELL'S SCREW POWER,

COMBINED MOWER AND REAPER.

Not a Cog in the Machine!

Friction Rollers upon the inner face of the drive wheel pass up the flange of a revolving Screw, which gives the desired amount of motion to the pitman-crank, with least possible friction. PERFECT IN ITS WORK, and most simple and durable in its construction.

The Lightest Draft

Mower and Reaper in the World. ☞ Send for circulars. Manufactured by RUSSELL & TREMAIN,
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JAMES TERRY & CO.,

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Silver Plated Ware, Pocket and Table Cutlery and House Furnishing Hardware of every description.

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GROCER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

90 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

ALSO, Dealer in Clover and Timothy Seed, Seed Potatoes, Green and Dried Fruits, &c ☞ Pure Wines and Liquors, and Rectified Whisky, for Medicinal purposes. [640

THE VOLUNTEER'S VISION.

BY GENOA GREY.

LAST night, as I lay in the rain
  And looked up to heaven through the night,
A vision came o'er me and lighted my brain
With a glory that never will flood it again
  This side of the river of light.

And I heard a sweet sound, as it came
  Like the flutter of feathery wings,
And the voice of a seraph kept calling my name,
And her breath in my tresses went playing the same
  As the air in an instrument's strings.

I told my wild heart to be still—
  That the vision was naught but a dream;
For I knew not that over the amethyst hill
The feet of my darling had wandered at will
  On the banks of Eternity's stream.

I said to the sanctified bird,
  "Oh, why have you come from the West?"
And she told how the leaves of the forest were stirred
By the feet of the angels who brought her the word
  Of the land where the weary may rest.

She said she was tired and faint,
  And her heart was all covered with snow.
The angels they heard her unuttered complaint,
They called her, and brought her the robes of a saint,
  And she said she was ready to go.

I told her the blossoms were sweet
  In the meadows, the same as of yore;
But she showed me the dew on her sparkling feet,
Pressed out of the lilies that bordered the street
  By the sand of the Paradise shore.

I asked her how long I must wait
  Before I should meet her afar;
And I prayed her unfold me the book of my fate—
But she vanished, and passed through the crystalline gate
  She had left, in her coming, ajar.

Dear Hugh, there's a battle to-day,
  And perchance I may happen to fall;
If I'm not at the call of the roll, you may say
A good-by to the boys in my name, for I may
  Have said "aye" to an angel's sweet call.

The Story-Teller.

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

THE WILTONS.

BY EULA BRYARD.

> "PRISCUS, you've often asked me how I'd live,
> Should fate at once both wealth and honor give.
> *What soul his future conduct can foresee?*
> Tell me what sort of a lion you would be?"

I don't understand you, JAMES. You can't mean that you have given up fitting for College?"

"I *do* mean it, father."

"You do! Why, what has changed your plans so suddenly?"

"It is not a sudden change. I have thought much upon it; and the more I consider the matter the stronger is my conviction of the duty of my relinquishing the design of a profession. I am now twenty-four years old, and have scarcely commenced my studies."

"I know it, JAMES, I know it," interrupted Mr. WILTON; "you have given up all your time to help me, although I have had no claim upon you since you were of age. But CHARLES is old enough to do a good deal now, and I must get along with his help after this summer."

"But CHARLES is hardly seventeen, and not so strong as some boys of his age. Besides he dislikes farming very much. With your little strength you need more help than he will give, and you cannot afford to hire. I must still be at home a part of the time, even if he remains. He is bent on going to college, you know. You *could not* get along, and both of us away."

"Your desire for an education is a laudable one; and I am sure you will make a wise and virtuous use of the advantages it will give you. CHARLES must be willing to wait for you."

"I am sure, father, that he would not willingly cause you to suffer, but he has had little care of business here, and does not understand it so well as I do. He calls it "small business, hard work, and poor pay." So it is; but it is our only means, and as such must be diligently employed. Indeed, father, I cannot see it to be right for me to leave you. If I go and work my way through college and professional studies, it will be long, very long, before I can hope to aid you pecuniarily, be your need never so great. As the girls grow up, your expenses will increase, and I must stand ready to assist you. CHARLES is of the proper age to begin his studies. If I have any *rights* in the matter I cheerfully relinquish them to him, glad that his path promises to be less toilsome than mine. He may take what little money I have laid aside and go to school at once. I will, from time to time, give what aid I can. For the rest, he must depend on his own exertions."

"But, my son, I cannot think of your making this sacrifice. You have so long and so fondly cherished the plan, if either must abandon the hope of a profession let it be CHARLES. You are better calculated to gain and to value an education."

"Mother does not think so," replied the young man, a touch of sadness in his tone. "Do not think I do it unwillingly, father. I am sure it is my duty to remain with you. I can be as happy here as in the sphere I had chosen."

"Aye, and as honorable. You are a good son, and GOD will reward you. I could not have asked this; I never wished you to make this sacrifice; but you have lifted a load of anxious care from my mind."

JAMES WILTON'S decision had cost him a bitter conflict. Of this his father was aware; but even he knew not how desolate and friendless he felt when the long-cherished hope of distinction and usefulness in a position so congenial to his tastes and talents, was abandoned. When weary or discouraged, this fond expectation had buoyed his sinking spirits, and bright anticipations had beguiled his hours of solitude. The goal was distant—a toilsome road between—but, the vision which beckoned him on was fair, and never more wondrously fair, with more inviting charms, than when his hand was raised to drop the vail which forever closed the view.

Mrs. WILTON commended the *wisdom* of his resolution. CHARLES was delighted, and really grateful. The money, at first refused, was accepted with—"When I get to be a lawyer you shall have half my fees."

"You may well promise that," answered his father. "I hope you will never forget what you owe to your noble-hearted brother. He gives you four years of time which I could claim, and should be obliged to, but for his generosity. Then his remaining here to care for his parents is discharging a duty equally incumbent on you; and what he loses by doing this, or you gain by the privilege of going away, should by right be shared equally between you. His decision to remain here is almost equal to a *promise* to abide in poverty and obscurity, and that, not from want of capacity to rise, or energy to exert his talents, but that he may better secure the comfort and advantage of other members of the family."

"I will *not* forget it," replied the young man, with emphasis. "Whatever wealth I may acquire shall be shared with him, and my influence, if I have any, shall make him to be honored who will ever be entitled to the nobler praise."

Seven years have passed. It is Commencement Day at good old Yale. His Alma Mater did herself no dishonor when, in assigning their respective parts to the ornaments of her graduating class, CHARLES WILTON received an appointment. We will not say that to JAMES' mind there came no sad remembrances of buried hopes, repressed energies, no thoughts of what "*might have been*," as he listened to his brother's truly eloquent oration, and the expressions of admiration which greeted its delivery. But there was no lack of sincerity in the cordial grasp of the hand, and affectionate congratulations with which he met him at the close of the exercises. "I am proud of you," repeated his mother. "You have done us all honor," said his father, while his sisters showered their praises upon the happy student.

"Don't praise *me* too much, sister ELLA," said he, to the sweet little woman by his brother's side; "bestow some on your husband, who is my patron."

CHARLES had decided on the legal profession, and greatly desired to commence his studies at once. Thus far he had received much assistance from home. His kind friends had willingly stinted their own privileges to facilitate his course. But Mr. WILTON'S increasing infirmities, with other depressing circumstances, laid so heavy a burden on JAMES, that his father kindly but plainly intimated to CHARLES the necessity for depending on his own efforts for the continuation of his studies. He readily acquiesced, but chafed at the delay. Mrs. WILTON remonstrated, but her husband was firm. "I know not," said he, if we could *obtain* further means for his use. But if we could, by much exertion, I doubt the propriety of it. He is one of four children, and we have already expended much more on him than upon all the others."

CHARLES was invited to return to Yale as Latin tutor. Having decided on the necessity of teaching for a time, he readily accepted the situation. His hours of leisure were studiously employed. In a few years he was admitted to the bar. Soon after this he was summoned home by the illness of his father. When he arrived, the sufferer was unable to speak. A fond look, a feeble pressure of the hand, alone expressed his pleasure at the meeting. In a few hours he ceased to breathe. Naught but the inanimate form remained of that loved one who

> —"Showed in charity a Christian's grace;
> Whate'er a friend or parent feels, *he* knew;
> His hand was open, and his heart was true;
> In what, he gained, he gave; he taught mankind
> A *grateful* always is a *generous* mind.
> Here rests his clay! his soul must ever rest;
> Who blessed when living, dying *must be* blest."

With a sad heart CHARLES bade his friends adieu, and set out to seek his fortune in the then "Far West." His talents and agreeable manners fast won him friends. The period of his settling in Illinois was most favorable for acquiring wealth. The golden opportunity was not unimproved by him. He engaged largely in land speculations, from which he derived great profits. In the practice of his profession he stood high. In a few years he was taken into partnership with an experienced lawyer—a man of wealth and influence. Soon after, he formed an alliance of a more affectionate nature with his partner's daughter.

Leaving CHARLES in the full tide of prosperity, let us return to the old farm. JULIA has married an intelligent, worthy mechanic, and is now living in Wisconsin. HELEN is near her, engaged in teaching. Thus far, JAMES WILTON has fulfilled the prophecy of being a poor man. No bountiful harvests reward the labor bestowed on the old worn-out farm. Many of his neighbors have joined the westward tide of emigration. To Mrs. WILTON'S anxious questions, JAMES replied, "No, mother, you have often told me that you never wish to leave the homestead. That is enough. I shall never leave while you desire to remain."

It is fifteen years since Mr. WILTON'S death. Time, which is ever working changes, has not been idle here. The children are fast losing their claim to the designation of "little." The bloom has faded from ELLA'S cheek, but the gentle smile is there. Though not so joyous as of old, it has lost none of its sweetness. JAMES, too, is changed. The form, once so erect, is slightly bowed. Threads of silver gleam among the dark locks which shade the ample forehead. On the features where toil and care have drawn deep lines, is a subdued expression, which speaks of patience, self-control, and suppressed desires. In striking contrast is CHARLES' portly, well-formed figure—his easy independence of manner—the air of self-satisfaction and conscious superiority such as an eminent lawyer, a wealthy influential citizen, may be allowed to wear. Yet, who that marked the brothers well but would say, "JAMES is the nobler still."

For many weary months Mrs. WILTON has been suffering from a painful cancer. CHARLES was affected by the change which age and sickness had wrought. It was a joyful meeting to the fond mother. She could not tire of gazing on the long absent one. Not with the blind, unjust partiality of former days, did she now regard her younger son. It was one of the joys of JAMES' toilsome life, that his untiring devotion had won for him his rightful place in his mother's affections.

"Well," exclaimed CHARLES, after a stroll about the premises, "*this* is the great farm I once thought such a wonderful place. Why, JAMES, you could not *hire* a man to own such a rough old stone heap in Illinois. For my part I can't see why people will settle down just where they happen to be born, as if there were no other place in the world. I am of another kind of stuff. JAMES is a good fellow,' continued he, to himself, as he puffed his cigar; "but old fogy—he was not made to be a rich man, that is plain. If he was, he would not stay in this place, so easy and contented. It's a good thing to have such a one in the family, though, to take care of the old folks. How much JAMES has read, though. He beats me on poetry, history, and general literature. So far as intelligence is concerned, he would pass in any society. Pity he hadn't taken to something besides farming. I wonder what he means to do with the children. He ought to give them some advantages better than this place affords. But it's none of my business. I mean to provide well for my own. That is all that can be required. It is a good thing Sister HELEN did not get married, now mother needs her so much. JAMES' wife couldn't get along with her work, and take care of her too; and I suppose they don't feel like hiring a nurse."

The wealthy brother did not seek to acquaint himself with the state of financial affairs at the farm. He took an affectionate leave of his mother, charging them to see that she wanted nothing for her comfort, and presenting her twenty dollars. After his departure, Mrs. W. declined rapidly. JULIA arrived before her death. [Conclusion next week.]

JONES AND JOHNSON.

BY MARIA B. CUSHMAN.

WILLIAM JOHNSON and Edwin Jones were both of them farmers, and they were also near neighbors. Their farms were beautifully situated—the soil naturally productive. So far there was not a particle of difference between the two places. Yet they wore a different aspect. Johnson's buildings looked nice and tidy. His door-yard was clean, his house neatly painted, his windows whole. His barns were snug and comfortable, his orchard looked thrifty, and the trees were carefully dressed. Now, Mr. Jones had no more of a family to support than his neighbor, yet the aspect of his house and farm was very different. Old rubbish was kicking around in his yard that should have been in less unsightly places; his house looked weather-beaten and neglected; rags were seen in spots where panes of glass are expected to be found; there were large cracks in his barn, through which the winds of heaven had free course; his apple trees were disfigured by old bark and dead limbs;—in short, everything seemed to wear a look of dilapidation and neglect. Edwin Jones was a hard-working man, yet everything was at loose ends with him, and he often found himself wondering how it was that his neighbor Johnson kept along so smoothly and quietly, yet had everything in such perfect order. * * *

One rainy day in the fall, after harvesting was over, Johnson was at work in his tool chamber, when his neighbor Jones entered.

"Johnson," said the latter, after he had watched the movements of his neighbor's plane a few moments, "how much did that sled of yours cost? I have got to get one this winter."

"Oh, that cost me nothing—I made that myself. I got out the timber last winter, so that matter's disposed of; and I feel proud of it, too. It's my first attempt."

"Well, neighbor Johnson, I don't see how in the world you get along so. Your farm don't produce any more than mine does, and I don't believe you work as hard as I do. Your wife don't make any better butter than mine; your sheep don't grow any better wool. You raise more fruit, to be sure."

"I have not so many trees as you."

"No, but the fruit is of a better quality, and finds a ready market."

"Yes, because I have taken pains to obtain the best grafts. My trees were the same as yours when we started. My cows give more milk than yours do in winter, for they have a warmer barn. I raise more pork than you do, because my pens are so tight and comfortable."

"And I suppose you are laying up money?" muttered Jones, with a crestfallen look.

"Certainly I am—about two hundred a year."

"So much!" exclaimed Jones, with a look of surprise; "why, I can't lay up a single cent—in fact, I'm running behind."

"Let me tell you the secret," said Johnson in the kindest and most neighborly way. "Last summer I saw you buy two new rakes and two pitchforks; now, how much did they all cost you?"

"Let's see—two dollars and a half."

"Well, now, my fork-handles got broke last winter, so did some of my rakes. I brought them right up here, and when I had leisure I just fixed them up. There was so much saved. Now, you have nothing at all to do to-day."

"No, indeed! it rains too hard."

"But I am at work making my apple-boxes; how are you getting yours?"

"Grandison makes them for me; and I am to give him a barrel of apples."

"Which is as good as two dollars. Now, if you have as good a sled as mine made, it will cost you, at the least, twelve dollars. You see how these little things count up."

"And all this comes of your having tools to work with," returned Jones, whose eyes were beginning to open.

"Yes, neighbor."

"Well, if I had tools I might save a good many sums in the course of a year; but I never have the money to spare for them. Why, these 'ere tools of yourn must have cost mor'n fifty dollars."

"Just about that."

"Then I'm mighty afraid I shall have to scrape along with borrowed tools. I shall never have that sum to spare."

"You don't understand. Let me explain the secret. I should never have gone with a fifty dollar bill and bought these things. I have procured one at a time with my grog and tobacco money."

"Grog and tobacco money!" repeated Jones, with a look of blank surprise.

"Yes," said Johnson, with a smile. "Now I am going to give you a lecture. I am going to give you the benefit of my experience. The first year I began on a farm I used to keep spirits by me, and now and then took a drink, to keep up my strength, I said to myself. In the long warm days in haying and harvesting, the bottle used to be patronized liberally. But I finally began to see that it was growing hard for me to resist; and so, after deliberating upon the subject, I came to the conclusion that rum and tobacco did me no good, and might do me much evil, and I would leave them off, and I did. So I commenced laying up the money they cost me. I saw how much might be saved if I could only do the work myself I had been obliged to pay for, and so I began buying such tools as I thought would come handy. At the end of the first year I found I had quite a collection, and it had all come from money I might otherwise have drank and smoked up, and I felt healthier and happier than the year before. I knew I had laid the foundation for future good. Time passed on; my grog and tobacco money kept coming in. It was now a hammer, then a saw, then a new auger and another plane, a bit-stock, &c., till now I have an excellent stock of tools; and they are not only a source of great profit, but solid comfort in the bargain. I believe, friend Jones, in giving up my grog and tobacco I have been a great gainer. Now, do you not think you would do as well without it."

"Johnson," said Jones at length, after a protracted silence, "I wish you had told me of this long ago."

"I was afraid it might offend you; it is a delicate matter, at best."

"I know it; but Edwin Jones is not the man to be offended with a neighbor for friendly advice."

"Well," said Johnson, with a look of extreme gratification, "it's never too late to mend, and if you get in a pinch where fifty or a hundred dollars will be of use to you, come to me."

Mr. Jones thanked his friend, with a suspicious moisture shining in his eye, and shortly after took his leave. The very next day he went into town, and instead of filling his brown jug and empty box, he brought home a new auger; and a proud and happy man was he, at work with his own tools. Time passed away, and he soon found himself the owner of quite a little lot of implements. This operated in many ways for good. Now that he had the ability to fix up his buildings without borrowing tools, he began to take a certain pride in doing it. He re-set his windows, roofed his bee-house, built new pig-pens, tightened his barn, and in rainy weather was never without a pleasant and profitable employment. His cows do not break through the barn floor now; and they give as much milk, his bees make as much honey, his trees yield as good apples as his neighbor Johnson's do; and all this is because he stopped his grog and tobacco expenditure, bought his tools, and left off depending upon his neighbors; and so he is now a happy, thriving and contented farmer.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 44 letters.

My 1, 5, 13, 10, 24, 8, 18, 9, 7 is one of the departments of arithmetic.
My 6, 21, 3, 23, 33 is a number.
My 24, 6, 9, multiplied by 36, 44, 4, 20, is ten less than 25, 23, 11, 15, 12, multiplied by 42, 34, 32.
My 2, 32, 25, 6, 11, 12, 14, 30, is one of the departments of arithmetic.
My 27, 37, 35, 22, 19, 15, 41, 14, 4, 40, 28 is one of the tables in reduction.
My 19, 31, 9, 4, 7 is the name of one of the signs in arithmetic.
My 41, 39, 39, 43, 25, 31, 26, 9 is one of the fundamental rules of arithmetic.
My 10, 38, 44, 42, 23, 19, 34, 13, 14, 4, 11, 15 is one of the tables in reduction.
My 27, 8, 16, 28, 21, 32, 7, 4, 17, 13, 35, 10, 34 is one of the departments of arithmetic.
My 29, 18, 26, 42 is found in long measure.
My 36, 26, 4, 20 is a number.
My 20, 37, 44, 39 is found in square measure.

My whole is a fundamental principle in arithmetic.

Mesopotamia, O., 1862 CHAUNCY N. BATES.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.

My 1, 3, 20 forms the name of a celebrated writer of prose, which, if joined to my 22, makes him a poet, and in my 2, 9, 17, 18, 21, may be seen the subject of his most celebrated poem.
My 17, 12, 19 is a quality that every one should possess, to a certain extent.
My 22, 9, 4 is the name of a play quite common among children.
My 3, 14, 8 is the name given by Englishmen to something much used in making beer.
My 7, 12, 21 brings poverty to many a door.
My 5, 16, 13, 6 is the name of an ancient city.
My 10, 6, 11 is a boy's nickname.
My 15, 3, 11 is often felt by bad boys.

My whole is something I have always seen in the RURAL.

Brockport, N. Y., 1862. H. F. P.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE angle of elevation of an inaccessible object, taken at a distance unknown from its base, is 66¾°; and when taken again 120 feet from the point of the first observation in a direct line, the angle of elevation is 44¾°. Required, the height of the object.

Watertown, N. Y., 1862. T. J. TOWNSEND.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a river in England and leave an ochreous ore.
Behead a river in Scotland and leave a preposition.
Behead a gulf in Asia and leave a human being.
Behead a river in Austria and leave a part of a cutter.
Behead a city in Holland and leave a disease.
Behead a river in Michigan and leave an animal.
Behead a county in Ohio and leave a bird.
Behead a river in Virginia and leave an article.
Behead a county in Missouri and leave a public house.
Behead a lake in Scotland and leave a declaration.
Behead a river in Scotland and leave a troublesome plant.
Behead a river in England and leave a journey.

Walworth, N. Y., 1862. J. EMORY TIFFANY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 644.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Porter's mortar fleet.
Answer to Charade:—Implore.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—56.54 + feet.

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[*From the New York Daily World, Feb. 15, 1862.*]

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[*From the New York Daily Times.*]

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[*From the New York Daily Tribune.*]

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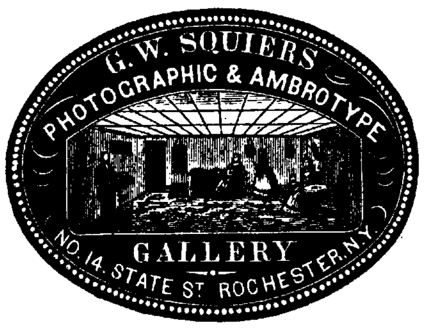

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