

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.
CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE WOOL MARKET.

THE Wool Clip of 1862 will not be ready for market as early in the season as usual, the cold and backward spring having retarded the washing and shearing of sheep over a wide extent of country. The wool will, however, soon be shorn and ready for the dealers, and hence producers are naturally solicitous as to prices and prospects. How the market will open, and whether prices will advance or recede thereafter, are questions of importance to both growers and dealers, and various opinions are entertained and expressed on the subject. Manufacturers and buyers, and some commercial papers, argue (as they did last year) that wool must rule low this season, and probably decline in price after the opening of the market. We confess that with the light before us, and considering the condition and prospects of the market and country, we cannot concur in this assertion of opinion, or believe it an intelligent, serious conviction. It seems to be the old, familiar story—very like the "stereotyped edition" annually issued by manufacturers, dealers, and agents, about shearing time. The reasons adduced for low prices at the opening of the market, and a prospective decline, though not in our opinion valid, may affect prices on the start—especially if buyers combine to open the market at certain figures, as is customary. There are, however, in our judgment, good reasons why wool should bring a fair price when the clip is ready, and advance within two or four weeks thereafter.

Though dealers and some newspapers speak discouragingly of the prospect, the wool market will probably open at much better prices than last year—say from seven to twelve cents higher in this section. Money is plenty and easily obtained all over the loyal portions of the country. Wool dealers are therefore abundantly supplied with the sinews of their peaceful warfare, and ready to purchase freely and largely, as we predict they will, both here and elsewhere. They will of course endeavor to open the market at as low rates as possible; but as there is a vast amount of money seeking use and investment, others will enter the arena, and spirited competition probably ensue, thus enhancing prices. The fact that money is plenty, and growers not obliged to sell at once, will affect the market favorably, causing rates to advance; and we are confident that all having a good grade of wool, in the right condition, may dispose of it at remunerative prices.

The dethronement of "King Cotton"—temporarily at least—must materially affect the wool market for some years, by stimulating and advancing prices. The production of cotton in this country will be comparatively small for years, and of course the price of the staple must rule high. Wool will necessarily be substituted for cotton, to a large extent, for the next three or five years, whether the war proves of brief or long duration. If the war continues a year or more, a large amount of wool will be required for army clothing, and if it closes in three months, the great mass of soldiers (the immense army of volunteers, particularly,) must have new suits, in citizens' style—so that, in either case, a more than ordinary supply of wool will be needed. In this connection we quote the following logical remarks from the last Annual Report of the Secretary of the Vermont State Agricultural Society. Though written some months ago, the statements are quite pertinent and timely at the present juncture. The report says:

"The price of wool for the next few years, reasoning from analogy, must be high. The cotton crop will not be planted extensively at the South as it has been in years past; and if the blockade is not raised by the first of April next, in many States it will not be planted at all. Should the rebellion not be suppressed within another year, as very likely it may not be, very little of the cotton crop of 1861 will find its way to market for the next eighteen months; and when we consider that the people must be clothed; that the use of woollen fabrics during the present high price of cotton goods is much more economical; that the million of men in the field wear and destroy, in weight, a third more of clothing than in the peaceful avocations of life; that at the South all the carpets

have been cut up into blankets, and that very little of the worn-out stock will be supplied until peace is restored—from the fact the South has not even the raw material to replenish with—the whole seceding States not producing as much wool as the State of Ohio alone, it can be seen that not only during the war, but at its close, when the million of men in the army return to their former employment, discard their military clothing, and dress as they were wont in broadcloths and doerings, the price of wool must continue above the average price for the last five years. In time of war the quality of wool is a matter of no small consequence. Vermont has limited herself to the production of the finest wools. But the wool most in demand now, and bringing the highest prices, is a coarser grade. The query may well be made, whether it will not be equally profitable for us to turn our attention to the production of a somewhat coarser staple, and at the same time furnish richer and higher priced mutton for the market?"

—But the practical question, in which most of our readers are interested, is, What will wool be worth the present season? This is a difficult matter to determine, and one which time alone can solve. Our own impression is that the wool of this region, Ohio, Michigan, &c., will bring from thirty-three to forty cents on the opening of the market, and probably average thirty-seven and a half cents. Two Rochester dealers with whom we conversed last week expressed the opinion that prices would range from thirty to forty cents, on the start, but did not anticipate any material advance. One was willing to buy good, open wools, at an average of three shillings, but thought it would not be safe to hold it long. We are inclined to believe that prices will, within a month or two, range from thirty-five to forty-five cents, and that there will not be much difference between the quotations of good medium and fine fleeces. An average of forty cents will be a good price for wool growers, and it is their interest we seek to promote. Of course each producer will watch the reports of the market from week to week, judging for himself as to the prospects, and as to when or at what price he will sell his clip. Last year (in the RURAL of June 15th,) we were moved to advise wool growers to take things calmly, and expressed the conviction that prices would "advance from the opening of the market," and said—"Those who can hold this year's clip awhile will not be likely to lose, while the prospect is certainly favorable for an advance." Though not as sanguine as we were then, our opinion is that there must be some advance from opening rates this season, and therefore think a slight delay in selling wool will not prove a losing business. Efforts will be made—indeed have been already, as we are advised—to open the market at certain figures in some of the best wool growing sections, but with money plenty, and a probable demand for the important staple, prices cannot be easily established.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS.

It is perhaps useless for us to inform our readers that this is the season of labor—the time for making good use of the knowledge gained by the last year's reading, experience and observation. Those who are, not figuratively, but truly, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, need no such information. And this fine June morning, after a few hours of earnest labor with the hoe, which we are compelled for a time to relinquish for the equally useful implement, the pen, we are prepared to appreciate the pleasures as well as the toils of the farmer. We cannot hope or expect our industrious, active friends, at this season, when every moment is precious, to read long articles containing information that will be available only a year hence, and therefore will endeavor to give a few brief suggestions of present value, when we shall resume with pleasure our agricultural labors, and feel proud to class ourselves with the great army who till the soil.

It is perhaps known to most of our readers that the next Fair of this State is to be held in Rochester, and we are anxious to grow some things worthy of exhibition, for at that time we expect a host of friends from this and other States, and from Canada, who will come not merely as spectators, but as exhibitors, bringing with them evidences of skill and good culture. But every State has its exhibition, as well as almost every county, and it is not too late to do something worthy ourselves and the section of the country in which each has something of a local pride. We would give a good deal, and go a great way, to see at any of our State Shows such an exhibition of root crops as is almost always to be seen at the Upper Canada Fairs. Such turnips, ruta bagas, beets, and carrots, we have never seen equalled in any three of our State Shows. And why is this? Not on account of a more favorable climate or soil, certainly, for we have all varieties in this respect, but because our Canadian friends appreciate the value of roots and give the subject proper attention. Perhaps early associations have something to do with the matter. It is certainly a disgrace to any of our States to make an exhibition of roots, that could be carried off in a one-horse wagon or a wheel barrow. The best show in this State, by one individual, that we ever observed, was made a few years since by HORACE GREELEY. This is just the time to put in for root crops. A deep, well pulverized, rich soil, and constant rapid growth, are the main points.

We might just as well endeavor to grow premium crops pretty generally, for, as a general rule, though not always, the larger the crop the greater the profit. The corn is up and will very soon need hoeing.

The soil is in fair condition, and it will bring a medium crop. To produce this a certain amount of labor will be necessary in hoeing and harvesting. Before the first hoeing, and when the plants are quite small, scatter a handful or two of good rich compost around the hill, or if you have not this, some well rotted manure, seeing that it is well broken up and scattered, and at hoeing time, mix this well with the soil. Do this with an acre or so, and then notice the result—see if it pays for the extra labor, and how much you earned a day in the work. The great point in farming is to make as much profitable labor as possible. If by a day's work of this kind you obtained three dollars worth of corn extra, and could have hired a man to do it for seventy-five cents, and you value the manure used at seventy-five cents, you have made a dollar and fifty cents clear profit, and will have learned a lesson that will be valuable another season. It would be well to try ashes for corn in place of the manure. In some soils it produces a wonderful effect, as we know from experience, but just where it is best to use ashes we are not prepared to say. This must be learned.

No crop shows the benefit of proper feeding and care more than the potato. We have seen many acres dug that yielded but fifty or sixty bushels to the acre, and we have grown six hundred bushels, and think we could do this any time, with a fair soil and season; that is, with the use of the necessary manures and a good yielding variety. Whatever the condition of the soil, we have found manuring in the hill to be of very great advantage, and we have sometimes thought that this was the more necessary where seed was cut pretty small. It is too late now, of course, to think of manuring in the hill, as potatoes will be pretty much all planted before this is read, but we would advise a little, as recommended for corn, before hoeing. In our visits among farmers we find that many have yet (June 4) great quantities to plant, some as high as ten or fifteen acres. Occasionally there may be a season where late planting is of advantage, but our experience is in favor of planting as early as possible.

In conclusion, we would say whatever you do, do thoroughly. Have no slovenly half-way work. A competitor for the premium offered by the Agricultural Society of this State for the best farm, in his remarks, says:—"I came to the conclusion that farming, like all other branches of business, in order to be successful, requires to be thoroughly attended to. I have aimed to procure the best implements to work with, the best seeds to propagate from, put in my crops in the best order and in good season, and I find no reason to complain of a liberal expenditure on my farm in labor, manure, &c., as it pays back a good interest. I am confident my farm has more than doubled its products within the last three or four years, from what it produced before I bought it." This is the summing up of the whole matter. Success always rewards liberal and judicious outlays. He who would win must work.

ROADS AND ROAD-MAKING.

This is about the time that our country roads are usually repaired, and I beg leave to drop a word respecting that business. There is scarcely anything that concerns more people than road-making, and there is scarcely anything that more people are determined to know and care nothing about.

We have in each town in this State Road Commissioners, whose chief business, so far as I know, is to make contracts for bridges, and draw their pay; but the roads of the State are to all intents and purposes under the sole guidance of "Path-Masters," also known and distinguished as "Overseers of Highways." Their office, though about as absolute as the Czars, is the only one that goes a begging—nobody wants it unless to keep out an obnoxious neighbor, or to fry some particular fish of his own. Near the close of Town Meeting, a member of the Town Board announces that "Overseers of the Highways are to be appointed." Immediately a dozen or two voters, more or less, who have nothing to do at home, and are too indifferent to electioneer for the ticket that's up, gather around the member of the Board aforesaid, who calls the several road districts, generally corresponding with the school districts. A. B. is nominated for Dist. No. 1, probably by somebody who is afraid of being nominated himself, and so contrives to speak first. Three or four hold up their hands, which amounts to an election.

After "planting," the inhabitants are warned out to work—more definitely, to stay eight hours on the road for each day they are taxed. The only principle—if any such word has anything to do in the matter—which seems to guide them, is to go through the same motions that were gone through with last year and year before, or a little more so.

Now, I can stand the bad roads as well as any of you, and the only thing I am very anxious about is, that you won't think that I expect that anything that I, or anybody else can say, will have the least possible effect upon Path-Masters. All the vices of human nature concentrate here, and have become constitutional and chronic. Everywhere else there is some way of working reform where it is needed, but in road matters nobody will begin and nobody will follow. There is no possible improvement that you can suggest, but will be met

by the reply, "we have but little work, and we can't do it at present."

To "oversee" roads properly, a man should be a well educated engineer. When, therefore, no qualifications are required to be elected to the office, no service can be demanded in that office. First of all, the roads of every county should be placed under the superintendence of a scientific and thoroughly qualified engineer, and the work should be done substantially under his direction. Road-making is a science, and should be studied, like mathematics or medicine.

The same care should be exercised to secure proper grades on our common roads, as is practiced on the railroads. It is true, an engine won't go up a steep hill, and a horse can be made to; but the bigger brute has no business to abuse the lesser one in that sort of way. If the hills that we have tortured our animals year after year in going up and down don't rise up in judgment against us, then nothing will be taken notice of hereafter. On properly constructed roads, a team can draw a hundred bushels of wheat easier than twenty-five bushels can be drawn over a great portion of the roads that disgrace the civilization of our century. Put the hills into the hollows, and secure a good easy grade, as the first step in improvement. Then if there is any turning to be done, do it thoroughly and forever. I have often known a road to be gravelled for many years with good material, and then turpiked, covering the gravel up with clay and all manner of filth.

There are two good things you can do for a road; one is to put good material on it, and the other is to let it alone. Unfortunately, those who won't do the former, can't generally be persuaded to do the latter. They consider themselves pre-destined to create mire for mankind and horse kind to wallow in, and so they fill our paths with slate stones, clay, muck, suds, and anything that will sink you up to the hub. Anything will make a good road in June and July, but March and April are the test. Some soils will make fair roads, if kept in proper shape; but in general it is necessary to cart on stones and gravel. Where the ground is naturally soft, a foot or two of stones at the bottom, well rounded up and filled in with small ones, and then covered with coarse gravel and kept covered, will make a good road. If you haven't "work enough in the district" to make a road, make a half rod, and when you die you will not have lived in vain, which is likely to be the case as far as the roads are concerned, as things are going now. Good material can always be found somewhere.

The road power ought to have the same right to seize, as the "war power" has. To put bad material into a road hasn't the lame excuse of being a sin of omission; it is deliberate, daylight, premeditated wickedness; it often amounts to murder, and ought to be followed up and punished as such. More people than any man can number have been killed outright by the colds and consumptions that have been brought on by long exposure in consequence of bad roads—and they were bad just from the wanton use of bad material. Having used good material, and got them in the right shape, watch them close and keep them so. A little depression that will hold a quart of water becomes deeper every time it rains; whereas, if it had been full, the water would have run off and no mud hole been created.

If it requires, on the start, a larger outlay of labor than we are accustomed to in order to put our roads in good condition, let us work cheerfully, for it is a profitable investment. When the roads are once put in good order, we can have an easier time.—H. T. B.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

CULTIVATION OF THE SUGAR BEET.

LOUIS KOCH, of Golconda, Illinois, a German of large experience in horticulture both in Europe and America—a very successful grape grower, by the way—has furnished R. W. BENDER, Esq., the Chemist of the Chicago Sugar Refinery, with a paper on the Culture of the Sugar Beet, of which the following is a condensed translation, made and kindly furnished me by Mr. BENDER. It will be read with interest and profit by Western men, inasmuch as it is fully determined to inaugurate its culture, and if found profitable, its manufacture into sugar here the present season. Every Western farmer is interested in this experiment, and should do what he may to aid in the solution of the question of the profitable cultivation and manufacture of this beet. Those who have received seed, not ordered by them, should, if possible, find space to plant and time to cultivate it the present season. The following is the article:

LOCATION OF THE SUGAR BEET PLANTATION.—Wherever it is intended to use the fresh and undried beet for the manufacture of sugar, it is a matter of importance that the beet fields are located near the factory. Otherwise the expenses for transportation will easily interfere with the value of the beet for the purpose. In locating the first beet sugar factories in Germany, the importance of this item was mostly overlooked, while more regard was paid to other commercial advantages; hence, most of these establishments had a short life. But the cause of the failure was at once discovered, and new establishments put up, in the vicinity of the beet farms, that were capable of producing a good beet, and the results were highly remunerative. In many in-

stances, the entire capital invested in the works, not rarely amounting to \$70,000, repaid itself during the second year.*

CHARACTER OF THE SOIL AND ROTATION OF CROPS.—The sugar beet requires a good, deep, and rather loose soil. A tolerable wheat soil will also produce a tolerably good beet crop. A soil too wet or too dry, ought to be avoided; also such as is intermingled with small stones, as the latter cripple the beet, causing afterwards difficulties in washing and cleansing.

Although a rich soil is required, yet it must not be freshly manured. Manure promotes the formation of niter salts, which are an impediment to the development of the sugar. Most of our Western lands will not require any manuring at all, and will even bear the cultivation of beets successfully for several years. A deep cultivation will insure new richness every year. But if an exhaustion be observed, a speedy remedy is applied by sowing the field in red clover, and plowing the last cut under. Every farmer who wishes to secure to himself the advantages of the beet culture, ought to pay attention to this sort of a rotation. In Saxony it is already general, and the writer can testify as to its great value. He has no doubts that in American agriculture it will likewise prove its great utility. The beet on this continent must have the same wants as in Europe, and though much may have to be learned yet, and many discouraging results must be expected, yet it seems as if no serious difficulties could come in our way to realize the brightest expectations.

PREPARATION OF THE SOIL.—To the beet ought to be afforded all facilities to penetrate downward in the ground, (which is essential for acquiring a good shape,) and the radicles to creep through the soil to absorb nourishment and add to the growth. Hence, the soil ought to be deep and well pulverized by repeated plowings and harrowings.

I plowed the field once in the fall, about six or eight inches deep. The American deep soil plow is well adapted for that purpose. It remained in this rough condition until spring, when on a dry day a harrowing was given. Depending on the soil, whether tenacious or loose, weedy or not, I plowed and harrowed the field several times; my rather heavy soil four times. All these labors have to be executed in dry weather only; for even one plowing, and still more one harrowing, done during a rain, counteracts easily all former preparations. The last plowing has to be done with a narrow plow.

RAISING OF SEED.—In Europe, the seed from Siberia or Sweden is considered best, and even French growers provide themselves now with seed from the former countries. In my practice, I found that 2½ pounds will suffice for one American acre.

To be certain of a good crop, I selected in the late fall, before frost, in the field, such beets as had all the requirements of a good sugar beet, and which are the following:

1. A fair, uniform, conical shape, with no forks. If an inclination for forking is observed, it is time to procure new seed from other sources.
2. A medium size; not less than half a pound; not more than five pounds. Large beets have too loose a texture, spoil more easily, and increase manufacturing expenses. Very small beets pass the mashing machines.
3. A uniform solid flesh, breaking with a cracking noise, and sinking quickly in water.
4. Sweet, pure taste.
5. A uniform white color; free of pale, reddish streaks; the latter indicate a degeneration in the beet, and a change of seed is necessary.
6. The beet should not grow above ground, because this part is poor in sugar and easily affected by frosts.

The beets possessed of all these requisites, are carefully lifted with a spade out of the ground; the yellow and withered leaves removed, taking care not to injure the heart leaves, and then removed to a proper place, until planting out in the spring. This place must be frost free, but not too warm. I employed small ditches, about two feet deep, four feet broad, and in these the beets in vertical position, close to each other, were deposited. The ditch was then covered by laths and horse manure or leaves. In a warm winter, an occasional airing is necessary to prevent the early growth of the beets.

In the early part of spring, in Germany, in the middle of March, this cover is for a few days removed, to accustom the beets to the roughness of the season. Then they are planted out, in rich garden land, on a well protected location, about two feet apart, and set in as deep as the heart leaf. A slight frost causes no danger; protect them from a strong frost by covering them slightly. The seed bed is to be kept clean, which causes only little trouble; the seed stem now quickly and vigorously drives, and soon shades the ground. As soon as necessary, these stems are fastened to some lathwork erected for the purpose. The maturing of the seed begins in August, and is known by the yellowish or bluish color of the seed. It matures, however, not

*The desiccation process, invented by SHUTENBACH, is, however, now being more generally adopted, and producer and consumer need not necessarily be in an immediate neighborhood. By this method the beet is sliced and dried, losing thereby about 80 per cent. of its weight, enabling it to be transported to distances, and also to be better kept for a longer period of time.—R. W. B.

all at once. Hence the ripper seed is gradually picked out, tied into bundles, and hung up, exposed to the air for drying. If this is sufficiently accomplished, the seed is beaten off and sowed and packed in bags and barrels, which are to be kept in a dry place. It thus retains its germinating power for three or four years, but such of two years is preferred. Each stem produces about five to eight ounces of seed.

SOWING.—The seed is sown either

- 1, Broadcast, directly in the field, or
- 2, In drills, directly in the field, or
- 3, In a separate bed, with the view of transplanting the young plants.

Method 1st excludes the use of machinery for cultivation; hence impracticable for this country. The 2d method is the one best adapted for the sugar beet planter, although I always gave preference to the one mentioned under head three. First and second require a soaking of the seed before planting out, to promote a quick sprouting. It is done in this manner:—Sprinkle the seed with water until it absorbs so much of it that, by pressing it with the hand, it will moisten some. Then pile it in layers about six inches high, and leave it until it begins to heat slightly, when the seed is ready for use.

1. Sowing Broadcast directly in the Field.—Immediately before sowing, give one plowing and harrowing. Have the field ready about the middle of April. Then throw out the seed broadcast, but thinly; harrow across the previous direction, and roll with a light roller. The soaked seed will sprout in ten to fourteen days amidst a luxuriant vegetation of weeds, which must be carefully removed by a hoe, repeating this tedious work until the field is clean. As soon as the young plants have acquired the thickness of a quill, as many are pulled as is necessary to bring the rest about two feet apart, and transplant to spots rather sparsely covered.

2. Planting in Drills allows the use of machinery for cultivation, and secures a good shaped beet. Most beet plantations have adopted it; yet it should only be employed where the spring sets in early enough to allow a preparation of the field in time. Some prefer to lay the seed in the rough furrow, putting three or four plows at once in the field. The first plow draws a rather narrow furrow, in which a laborer drops the seed about two feet apart, three or four kernels to a hill, and covers them with his hand. The second plow throws the soil close to the seed, without covering it, however. The third or fourth plow determines the distance between the drills.

It is, however, preferable to plow and harrow the field level, and mark the drills out by a marking instrument. Make holes about one to one and a half inches deep with a stick, in which drop the seed. In ten or twelve days the plants will come up. Remove the weeds by a sort of cultivator; one of great utility is used in Saxony. It has a triangular shape, and is composed of a central tree, to the head of which are fastened, by a movable joint, two lateral ones, capable of being set at the end by means of a cross tree and vertical pin, closer or wider, higher or lower. The central tree is provided with four to six, the lateral ones with five to seven, alternately straight or bent pins, which grow longer towards the end. This instrument can be easily adapted to the width of the drills; it removes weeds with great ease, and in giving to it a swinging motion, it throws soil towards the beet, as may be desired.

3. For Transplanting.—This method permits a longer period of time for the preparation of the soil; secures a more reliable, uniform crop, and makes also machinery available for cultivation. Yet it favors the formation of forked beets, and wherever drouths are common, to the former method preference should be given. Endeavor to have the young plants ready for transplanting as early as possible. Select, hence, a rich soil for the bed. I had mine strongly manured and well cultivated with the spade. Sow on every square rod of land about four and a half quarts of seed; this will produce sufficient plants for one acre. Commence transplanting when the roots are of the thickness of a quill (which ought not to be later than the end of May or sooner.) Lay out the well prepared field by a marker; make the holes to receive the plants, by means of an iron pointed stick; set the plants in true direction of the point of the hole. If they soon throw out new leaves, they are getting on well. Apply the above cultivator as often as possible, to remove weeds.

If the plants have acquired sufficient size, I run a cultivator plow between the drills, carefully avoiding any injury to the roots. Ten or twelve days later I run the plow in cross direction, calling in the aid of the hoe, to perform the work close around the beet. A single man can attend a large space of ground. The labors of cultivation are thus generally finished, and all is done to promote a luxuriant growth of the leaves—for their development stands in exact proportion to the value of the beet.

It has been customary in Europe to cut off partially the leaves before maturity of the beet, to use them for the animals. This is a practice to be condemned. Careful experiments have shown that the yield of the beet is just half diminished. It is, however, advantageous to remove withering leaves, as they are actually known to diminish the amount of sugar in the beet.

HARVESTING.—It is desirable to leave the beet as long in the ground as possible, as the saccharine matter will still develop itself; pull them, however, before frost sets in—about the middle of October. Loosen the root first by means of the spade; then pull it by hand and strike it slightly against the handle of the spade, to remove the adhering soil. The use of the plow for this purpose has not been found to answer. Be careful not to injure the root; the lower and most saccharine part is principally apt to break off. Cut the leaves off either before or after the digging, as may be most convenient.

PRESERVATION OF THE BEET.—I employed for this purpose flat ditches about sixteen feet long, five wide, and about one foot deep. This I found to be the best proportion; the beets are contained therein in such quantities that their sweating under suitable covering produces heat enough to keep frost out, without giving cause to rot, as deeper ditches do. Fill them entirely, and put as many on top to make a pyramidal pile above ground, about three to four feet high. Cover it during the first two weeks with straw, then with about six to eight inches of soil, with the precaution to displace the straw with new, if it has got injured while wet. Ventilating pipes I

On account of the richness of soil in this North-Western country, the best seed should be dropped only 8 to 12 inches apart in the drill, otherwise the beet will grow too large. Also, the seed should not be covered with more than about half to three-fourths of an inch of ground.—B. W. B.

have found to be dangerous. Moisture (from condensation) constantly collects there and rots the beets clear to the bottom. Without them, I have been successful to preserve my beets without material damage until the middle of May. In very cold weather I put on an extra cover of horse manure. The yield of beets averaged from 17,000 to 40,000 pounds per one Berlin morgen, which is nearly equal to 30 and 66,000 pounds per one American acre.

OSIER WILLOW HEDGE.

There is an insect known to most men who have had any editorial experience, and to some others whom it has stung often, which comes to the victim in all sorts of guises, changing color like the chameleon, and its form as easily as does the old tempter of Eve. This insect has often been scotched, but its vitals have never been reached. It is hydra-headed; and even cauterization does not kill it. Its name is Humbug!

And Osier Willow Hedge is one of the forms this bug has taken. With each returning season, there comes to this market a frame or wicket of this willow, which is displayed in the seed stores for the admiration of all lovers of the fine arts. Hand-bills with engravings representing willow fences woven in various fantastic forms, fledged with foliage, in the foreground, and the self-complacent owner of all this beauty and his home in the back ground, are displayed and distributed.

Farmers stop to inquire about the wicket at the door, are shown the hand-bills with the picture, and the assurance that a fence is surely and easily made; that there is no difficulty whatever in realizing the live lattice fence represented in the engraving. Some of them have good sense enough to "reckon it's a good thing" and let it alone; some others bite the bait, buy cuttings, and go home, and stick them in the ground as directed, and that is the end of it. Some how these cuttings do not grow as they expected. Little slender withes, they must be woven if the experimental farmer would realize the beautiful picture; but it is difficult to find time to do it; and if time is found both genius and skill are wanting, often; and after weaving a few rods there is an end of it. "What is that little withe of a fence going to stand against my wild prairie steers?—not a bit of it! It is a humbug!"

The farmer is right in his conclusions. An ornamental screen may be made from the Osier Willow; but beyond that, it is worse than folly to talk of it as a fence against stock. I have yet to see the first efficient fence that has resulted from the thousands of cuttings sold to farmers in all directions on our broad prairies, and I have seen many samples of fence where the effort has been made by thorough-going men. The fence is a failure. Such as in a measure succeed, do so at too great a cost of time and labor. But I have yet to learn that any body's success has extended to the securing an efficient fence against stock.

The Yellow or Golden Willow—*Salix vitellina*—is found to make a good fence, if the cuttings are large enough and planted close together. Its rapid growth and dwarf habit render it an exception to the whole family of Willows, in this respect. The Gray or Powder Willow makes wood very fast, and may be of service as a fence, for the largest poles will grow when driven deep in the ground. The fence may be made by driving strong poles of this Willow in the ground close together; then it will be durable because it will live and grow.

But the basket Osier has no such habit of growth nor strength of character, and the man who recommends it for a hedge fence very likely has plenty of cuttings to sell. Here, in the West, the Osage Orange will, with half the labor and care, make a much better fence in much less time.

STEAMING BONES.

At some of the packing-houses and lard manufactories of this city bones are dissolved by steam. During the last packing season it was found profitable to buy hogs and render them for their lard. They were purchased and thrown into large caldrons or vats, and steam let in upon them, dissolving every thing but the horn of the hoofs—bones, muscle, and all becoming a thick pulpy mass. By some process, not essential to detail here, the lard was separated from this mass, and what remained was sold and given away to such as desired it to use as a manure.

Of course it was eagerly sought for by such as knew its value. Added to the bone, were certain fatty and albuminous matters of value. Those who incorporated this material in a compost heap at once saved much which those who exposed it lost.

It is not a new thing to dissolve bones by steam, but there are comparatively few who have ever thought it could be done. And in almost every neighborhood or township in the West may be found a steam generating apparatus of sufficient power to dissolve all the bones that can be gathered together, at little cost. And in some localities the amount of wasting wealth that may be saved is very large.

ABOUT CISTERNS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In a late number of your journal some one wishes to know the best way to make a good cistern, and as I have made cisterns for these last 18 years, I am willing to give my experience for what it is worth.

Cisterns can be made all shapes and sizes, but the best shape is round, because it is the strongest. A very good size for family use is about 7 feet deep and 6 feet wide when finished. The best way is to wall up the sides with stone laid in good lime mortar, (either stone or water lime will answer, but water lime is the best,) it should then be covered with a brick arch 8 inches thick, the arch to rise about 18 inches, in shape like a caldron kettle turned bottom side up. A place to go in and out at must be left in the arch by making a frame of good plank, or plates of iron cast for the purpose, and built solid in the arch. Sixteen inches square is a good size for the opening. Other holes can be left in the arch to receive tubes to conduct in the water, to let off waste water, and to put in a pump if needed. The top of the arch should be 10 inches or a foot below the surface of the ground, to keep it from the frost. Another frame should now be made two inches larger than the first, and set on the top of the first one. This leaves a ledge an inch wide to receive a cover made to fit inside the top frame, and fastened, to keep out children and creeping things. It must now be plastered with two coats of good water lime mortar on the inside, and if all the work is done thoroughly, you will have a cistern that will last from generation to generation.

Cisterns should never be made where the ground has been disturbed, but they can be made outside a cellar wall by laying both walls close together, and a lead pipe can be brought through the walls into

the cellar and water drawn in the cellar, and the lead pipe carried on up through the floor into any room above, and a pump attached to it. This is the best plan, for in this way it does not freeze.

Edwardsburg, May, 1862. S. Cox.

NOTES FROM SOUTHERN CAYUGA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Such a splendid rain as we are having, and just in the right time. To-day there has been no cessation. We were sadly in need of it. Some of our grumblers, as they saw the circles around the sun, and other appearances of rain, pass away day after day, said "there was no use of trying to do anything—wouldn't raise nothing—might just as well sit still as to work."

Except in the dry time of 1854, we have not seen corn ground plow as hard as it has this spring. Ours was clover sod, yet it required a double team to break some portions of it. Corn was planted in this section from May 5th to the 25th. The early planted, in moist places, is large enough to hoe, while in dry places, in the same lot, it is not out of the ground. We think the late planted will come up the best. Oats and barley, as well as grass, we fear, have suffered somewhat, yet we think not to such a degree as fields of grain and grass in the vicinity of the armies in "Dixie."

The growth of mustard and Canada thistles in the grain fields has not been materially checked by the dry weather. Our neighbor over the way thinks he has checked the growth of the latter somewhat, as he and farm hands have been employed for a day or two in "spearing" the most growthy.

Fruit prospects are good. Cherry, peach, pear and apple trees blossomed full. Grapes were slightly injured by the frost of the 24th May.

Markets are dull; but little doing in buying or selling. Horses constitute an exception. A horse must be rather an inferior one that will not readily bring \$125 to \$150. Farm help plenty; wages not in advance of last year.

Not a word from wool buyers. They did remarkably well last year, buying a large quantity from 28c. to 33c., and selling in a short time for 40c. A friend—who sold his wool last year for 28c.—remarked yesterday that this year he should keep over if he could do no better. We thought he felt a little vexed to think he had not read the RURAL a little more, and waited a few weeks ere he sold.

Genoa, Cayuga Co., N. Y., June 4, 1862. N. N. E.

THE NEW HIGHWAY STOCK LAW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I wish to say a few words in behalf of the law in regard to stock running at large in the highway, which I think is a just law. Did I say just?—yes, for it behooves every man to look after his own cattle, and not have them troubling his neighbor. I think it well to fence in the stock, as well as the grain field. Was my neighbor angry because I shut up his cows?—yes, I venture to say he was, from the way he expressed himself. Had I not as much cause to feel so as he, for being pestered with his cows, sheep and swine for the past nine years? No, I did not feel angry, but grieved, not on account of shutting up his cows, but to think I was compelled to dispense with them in that way.

People form habits as they grow up, and it has been the custom to turn stock into the highway to run at large ever since I can remember. Some inherited the practice, but for one, I ever have avoided it. Neighbor S., with his two hundred acres of land, is pretty sure to be the man to turn his stock upon the highway to run at large as soon as the tender blades of grass present themselves. Some inquire what the poor man is going to do. My answer is, give him all the privilege of the seed that grows upon the highway, (where he has not had but one-tenth.) "What, to turn his stock upon the highway to graze?" No, but give him the privilege of cleaning up and mowing, which, I think, will add much more to the beauty of the highway than having stock running at large. JUSTICE.

Jasper, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1862.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cheap Summer Food for Hogs.

The editor of the *New England Farmer* says he has practiced the following plan for summer feeding of pigs for many years, and finds it to be an excellent one:

"A few rods of grass-plot convenient to the pen is reserved for this purpose, and is manured by the weekly suds from the wash-room. Commencing at one side of the plot, a large basket of the thick, short grass is mowed each morning while the dew is on, and a part given to the swine at each feeding, three times a day. By the time the last portion of the grass is cut, the first is ready to cut again, and in this way the ground is mowed over many times during the summer, while the grass is kept short, thick, tender, and sweet. It keeps the hogs in a healthy, growing condition,—they are fed with as much as they will eat every day, and little additional food is needed besides slops from the kitchen."

Killing Rats—A Novel Trap.

The premises of a good many farmers are infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to the *Sunday Times*. That journal recommends a trap made as follows: "Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it to about one-third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so that it will hang as if on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that scents it, will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip, or tilt, precipitate him into the water, and resume its position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end of it, and squeal vociferously. His cries will bring other rats, all of whom will be tilted into the water, and all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz., the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown all the rest, and can, in the morning, be drowned himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in one night by such a trick."

Sheep for Mutton.

The *Chicago Christian Times* thus discourses upon the merits of mutton and pork:—Chicago and the entire West are deluged with pork—about the worst description of animal food which enters into consumption of the human race. The hog is con-

spicuously a foul feeder, and foul in all his habits; while, on the other hand, the sheep is one of the cleanest of all the animals which are devoted to the shambles. The English understand these things better than we do, and beef and mutton are their great staples. But when they breed sheep expressly for the table. Why then we not as well? The long-wooled or mutton variety of sheep are hardy, easily kept, and will do well and prove profitable in almost any part of the country. What with the wool and carcass, and the pelt, the entire animal is salable, and there is an increasing demand all over the country for mutton. It is growing every year more into favor with our people, and will soon become a staple article, taking the place now occupied by beef and pork, and much to the benefit of the consumer in a sanitary and pecuniary point of view. If our farmers would grow the first quality of mutton, as they do in England, they would not fail to find a ready market and remunerating prices.

Cure for a Jibing Horse.

J. R. S., writing to *Wilkes' Spirit* from Pittsburg, Pa., thus describes an occurrence to which he was witness:

I noticed a novel cure for a fit of "balks," applied to a horse yesterday. A fine iron gray horse, about 16 or 17 hands high, and weighing probably 1,200 or 1,300 pounds, with a fine, large, open forehead and bright, clear eyes, showing no signs of vice or stubbornness, was coming up street harnessed to a light, open, express wagon, and at a corner suddenly balked, and could not be persuaded to move; his driver then tried the usual remedy of careless, brutal drivers, viz., a tremendous flogging, with a barrel stave. The poor animal evidently could not understand the operation, and showed no sign of vice, but stood still, with his head turned back, and his ears put forward, starting at each blow, but not rearing or kicking. The brute who was driving him kept up his cruelty for at least ten minutes, until a bystander stepped forward and offered to start him, and the driver rather surlily consented. The gentleman went up to the horse and quieted him by patting and soothing, and then stooped down, and gathering a handful of dust from the roadway thrust it into the horse's mouth, and then taking him by the head, the animal, whom coaxing, pounding, and flogging failed to move, stepped off as quietly and docile as a lamb. The cure was entirely new to me, and I thought it quite a valuable one. The almost universal mode would have been to flog, and hammer, until either the two-legged or four-legged brute got tired.

Marking and Registering Sheep.

H. G. WHITE of South Framingham, Mass., gives his views upon this topic in the *Manchester, (N. H.) Weekly Mirror*, as follows:

We have our short horned cattle registered and every precaution taken against fraud, as well as carelessness, (which would lead to too close breeding,) and the same attention should be bestowed upon a flock of valuable sheep, especially where they are kept with a view to selling the increase for breeding purposes. In all the works upon sheep husbandry that have come under my notice the methods given are open to objections, the chief ones being that they mutilate the sheep unnecessarily, are unsightly, and too complicated. I use a common spring punch, making a hole three-sixteenths of an inch near the lower edge of the ear and near the head, and suspend a circular copper label three-quarters of an inch in diameter, by means of a split steel ring, (such as is used to carry keys upon.) I use rings one inch in diameter. The labels punched out of eighteen ounce copper will cost six cents per dozen, and the rings about two dollars per hundred. A number is stamped upon the label, and if I wish to know about a sheep, by turning to the register I find a corresponding number in the first column, in the second, year of birth; in the third, the number of the dam; the fourth, the number of sire, and then any general remarks regarding appearance, milking qualities, disposition to be kind, or careless with lambs, weight of fleece, and whether to be discarded or retained as a breeder. A cheaper mode of marking is by means of a zinc label suspended by galvanized wire, but I give the preference to the one above described.

Inquiries and Answers.

BONE SPAVIN.—Will any of the readers of the RURAL inform me through its columns if they have ever made a permanent cure of a bone spavin on a horse, and if so, what they did it with?—S., June, 1862.

BEAN CULTURE.—Allow me, friend RURAL, to inquire from some of your experienced readers for the best methods of planting, sowing, and care of white beans; how to gather them when they begin to go slower and slower, until they dropped down, and in a few hours was dead. She was seized with trembling, and could not use her hind legs.—E. C. G., Water-ville, N. J., 1862.

WHAT AILED OUR HORSE?—A few days ago we had a very valuable horse die, and not knowing what was the matter, I thought I would ask some of the RURAL's readers. She was well to all appearance, and we had driven her about a mile when she began to go slower and slower, until she dropped down, and in a few hours was dead. She was seized with trembling, and could not use her hind legs.—E. C. G., Water-ville, N. J., 1862.

CANADA IMPROVED CORN.—I noticed in No. 15, present volume of the RURAL, a statement of the amount of corn per bushel of several varieties, in which it was asserted that the Canada Improved surpassed the others by several pounds. What variety is it? We have the eight and twelve-rowed mixed, grown here very common, and large yields are often obtained. I have grown from seventy-five to eighty bushels per acre. Whether or not this is the Canada Improved, I leave for some one who knows to answer, and oblige.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Duffin Creek, C. W.*, 1862.

TURNING THE HORNS OF CATTLE.—I noticed in your issue of the RURAL of May 31st an inquiry in regard to turning the horns of young cattle from their natural course by scraping. I think that it is just as easy a matter to turn them from their natural course as it is to bring them back to their natural position when they have been diverted by accident or otherwise. If Mr. KNOWLES wishes to turn the horns of his cattle inward, he must scrape them on the inside, and if he wishes to turn them to any great extent, he must scrape or whittle them till the blood nearly starts, and at the same time scrape the opposite side just enough to make it smooth and thrifty. A great many people have the idea that if you wish to turn the horn inward, you must scrape it on the outside, but it is wrong. If they will follow my directions, I will warrant them the desired result, for I have practiced it with entire success.—I. HOAG, *Zonharnock, N. Y.*, 1862.

CARE AND TREATMENT OF GEES.—As no one has replied to the request of A. A., of Michigan, for the care and treatment of geese, I will give the method my mother has followed for many years with success. Geese should not be picked before the first of May, unless the weather be unusually favorable, when it will do no harm to pick them some two weeks earlier, after which a picking every six weeks is sufficient until cold weather. There is a woman living in this vicinity who picks her geese once a month during the year,—rather sparingly in the winter, I'll admit; but in the summer they do present a beautiful (?) appearance, minus the feathers. Early goslings may be picked twice during the summer; late ones but once. Pay no attention to the moon. Geese should be well fed, and kept in a warm place during winter. They cannot live on grass, as I have heard it asserted.—MOLLY BRANT, *Urbana, N. Y.*, 1862.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON, CROP PROSPECTS, &c.—The weather continues cool and dry in this immediate vicinity, though heavy rain storms occurred last week in the southern part of this State, and also east and west. The mean temperature of the week ending June 7 was 59.38, in this city. The grass and corn crops are suffering somewhat for want of rain. Other crops are generally promising hereabouts, and we are hopeful of a fair average of corn and grass. Reports from other sections and States are mostly encouraging, though the weather of the past three or four weeks has been unfavorable for the planting and vegetation of spring crops in many localities, while the occurrence of late frosts has retarded or destroyed tender fruits and vegetables in some large districts. The fruit crop of the country, however, is more promising than for many years. Winter wheat is generally reported unusually promising throughout the loyal States, and more than an average yield is confidently anticipated.

THE SEASON IN THE WEST.—Chicago, June 7, 1862.—Since the date of my last note, under this head, a great deal of rain has fallen in all parts of the country—amounting, in some localities, to a flood. In many portions of this State, the storm was accompanied with hail, doing much damage to the small fruit in the north part of the State, and injuring the peaches in the south. In some places property was destroyed. Corn planting has been delayed, and the cold weather has stopped its growth. A trip through nearly the entire length of the State reveals a satisfactory state of the crops generally. Spring grain looks well; corn, though not large, is a good stand, and the fruit crop very promising. Two hundred and fifty miles south of this point the wheat (fall) is looking finely. There is rust on it, but it is the red rust on the leaf, and will not injure it, notwithstanding the farmers' apprehensions. The cool weather which just now predominates is favorable to the rapid ripening of grain. I heard of the ravages of the army worm in Marion, Clinton, and Washington counties, though I could find none in the localities I visited. The timely fields ravaged by them last year, which have been left alone, are bearing fair to good crops this year without re-seeding. So far as I can judge from careful observation and inquiry the condition and promise of crops are quite as good as usual at this season.—C. D. B.

HOW THEY PROPOSE TO IMPROVE THE BREED OF HORSES IN CANADA.—Is thus stated in the *Toledo Globe*, the leading newspaper of Canada West:—"A few gentlemen of this city have, with the view of introducing into Canada a better breed of horses, started a prospectus for a Canadian Derby. They propose making it a national undertaking, and call upon all farmers and breeders of cattle from Genoa to Sandwich to lend them their aid in the enterprise. With the desire of rendering it popular, the race is to be run yearly—alternately in Upper and Lower Canada—and the selection of the courses entrusted to committees formed from residents in the respective sections of the Province—a Lower Canadian committee for Lower Canada, and an Upper Canadian for Upper Canada. The sole object of the enterprise is to draw into this country a better breed of cattle, and to make agriculturists pay more attention to this branch of their calling, than has hitherto been shown. The want of good saddle horses is particularly felt, and it has been said that blood in the horse tells even in front of the plow. More bone, more courage, more endurance, must be the result of the infusion of thorough-bred blood."

—Though sporting gentlemen may like the above proposition, we doubt whether the great mass of Canadian farmers and "breeders of cattle" will approve the inauguration of races. Some may conclude that the consequent injury to the morals of the human will more than counterbalance the improvement in the equine race.

MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.—It is announced that the next Annual Fair of the Michigan State Ag. Society will be held at Detroit, Sept. 23d to 26th inclusive—just one week before the New York State Fair. The Society has an able and efficient board of officers, and many enterprising and progressive members, and ought to make a better exhibition this year than ever before, notwithstanding the war. Officers: President—J. B. CRIPPEEN, Coldwater. Treasurer—Philo Parsons, Detroit. Secretary—B. F. Johnstone, Detroit. Members of the Executive Committee—T. T. Lyon, Plymouth, Wayne Co.; A. S. Berry, Adrian, Lenawee Co.; A. S. Welsh, Ypsilanti, Washtenaw Co.; Geo. M. Dewey, Flint, Genesee Co.; S. S. Bailey, Grand Rapids, Kent Co.; E. S. Moore, Three Rivers, St. Joseph Co.; U. J. Baxter, Jonesville, Hillsdale Co.; Ira H. Butterfield, Utica, Macomb Co.

THE CULTURE OF THE SUGAR BEET is receiving considerable attention at the present time, particularly in the West, and hence the article given in preceding columns will prove timely and interesting to many of our readers. Considering the space occupied, the subject is very thoroughly discussed, the paper imparting much practical information, and just the kind needed by those entering upon the culture.

—The Ohio State Board of Agriculture offers a premium of \$1,000 to the first person who shall have planted, within the State of Ohio, no less than five acres of sugar beets, and manufactured therefrom no less than 5,000 pounds of good, brown sugar, and a specimen of white sugar of not less than 20 pounds in a single uncompressed block.

THE PLOWING MATCH of the Livingston Co. Ag. Society, at Genesee, last Saturday, is reported to have been largely attended and quite interesting and satisfactory to farmers. A friend who was present says he never attended a match so well conducted in all respects, or that proved so satisfactory and beneficial to spectators. Most of the leading plows were used, and the competition was quite spirited. We have not received the award of premiums. GAOYER'S Attachment was tested against five different plows, and took the palm, as will be seen by reference to an advertisement in this paper.

DRAIN-TILE MANUFACTURE INCREASING.—We are glad to learn that the manufacture of draining tile is on the increase, and trust the supply will soon be such as to fill the demand at reasonable prices. The opening of new yards, and the adoption of improved machinery, must tend to the desired result, and greatly facilitate an important improvement. There are many localities where farmers might club together, procure a machine, and make their own tile—thus producing the article cheaply, and saving the heavy expense of transportation from a distance.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—An *Early Harvest* is announced at the RURAL. It is said there are many wheat fields in Southern Illinois which will be ready to cut next week. A Chicago paper has been shown samples of a field in Jersey county that will be harvested this week—and adds that this year's crop in that county will be the best that has been grown in five years.—The *Wheat Crop of Indiana* was never so promising throughout the whole State, from all accounts, as it is this season—says the *Indianapolis Sentinel*.—The *Wheat Crop of Georgia* has been almost entirely cut off in some sections. Speaking of reports from all parts of the State, the *Savannah Republican* says:—"If half a crop should be made, the public expectation will be more than realized."—*Flax Culture* is attracting much attention in Maine, and it is said the fiber can be raised there pound for pound as cheap as cotton at the South. Ohio has already 80,000 acres devoted to flax, and its cultivation is being largely increased in other States, owing to the war and scarcity of cotton.—A *National Horse Fair* is in contemplation at Williamsport, Penn.—*Wool and Corn* are great staples, but one can be sent to a distant market far more easily and cheaply than the other. For example, the transportation on a bushel of corn, worth ten cents, from Central Illinois to New York, is 50 cents, and on ten cents worth of wool, the same distance, only half a cent.—*Pork Making* is a great business at the West. Last year nearly 8,000,000 hogs were slaughtered and packed in the Western States—an excess of 708,568 over the year previous. Illinois, with her cheap corn, takes the lead, and Ohio ranks next.—The *Number of Horses* in the world is estimated at 27,000,000; and of this number the United States has 5,000,000. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants.—The *World's Horse Fair*—to commence at Chicago, Sept. 2 and continue two weeks—promises to be a "big thing." It is said the premiums to be awarded amount to \$26,000.—A *Good Cow* is that owned by C. BARBER, of Gowanda, N. Y., it she weighs only 671 lbs., and gives 44 quarts of milk per day, as stated by the *Reporter* of that place.

HORTICULTURAL.

SEASONABLE NOTES.

For several weeks past we have had but one good shower in this section, and the ground is exceedingly dry. The small plants suffer, and everybody is waiting for an opportunity to transplant from the cold frames and hot-beds. Small seeds that lie near the surface cannot germinate, and many will be destroyed, causing, we fear, great disappointment. Resort is had to watering, but this is no relief unless performed thoroughly and almost constantly. Strawberry beds are drying up in some places, we observe, and unless we have relief very soon, the crop will be small and the fruit inferior. We notice some growers drawing water from the river for the purpose of watering their beds. In some of the local papers we find fears expressed that the dry weather will injure the fruit, but of this we have no fears. It is much better for fruit than the cold rains that we often have in the spring, and we see the fruit is setting well. Indeed, we anticipate an abundant crop. The peach leaves are showing a little curl, but much less than usual. The Flowering Shrubs and Trees are now in their highest perfection, and no better time can be selected to examine their habits, beauty, &c., with reference to future purchases. The Laburnum or Golden Chain, we never saw finer anywhere. This tree in former years was rather tender here, and did not seem to flourish except in rather sheltered positions, but for the few years past it has grown well and flowered freely, and there are very few more desirable small trees than the old and favorite Golden Chain. The Thorns are coming into flower, and they too are among the finest of our small trees, suitable for lawns of small extent. The Double White and Double Red and the Single Scarlet are the best. The White Fringe is another pretty, small tree; and these small trees are the most useful class we have, for where one can find room on the lawn for an elm or a maple, a hundred are compelled to plant small trees, or do as is sometimes done, plant a large forest tree or two, that look entirely out of place, like a lion in a cage, to the exclusion of a dozen really pretty and appropriate specimens. The Spiræas are now in flower, and some notes of these, with illustrations, we must reserve for another number. The Double Flowering Fruit Trees furnish a small collection of the most beautiful spring flowering trees. The old Double Peach and Almond are well known, and so is that little gem of a plant the Dwarf Flowering Almond. The Double Flowering Cherry has an immense number of double pure white flowers, which cover the trees in May. The Double Flowering Sloe has clusters of very double white flowers, and is a perfect picture of beauty when in flower.

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DOUBLE WHITE FLOWERING PEACH.

The Double Crimson Peach, the Double White Flowering Peach, and the Carnation Flowered Peach, are more recent additions to this interesting class. The Crimson is of a most brilliant color, almost scarlet; the White, of which we give an engraving, is of the purest white; and the Carnation, which we have not seen, is represented in the English journals as beautifully striped.

The Flowering Fruit Trees require severe pruning to bring them to a neat form suitable to the lawn. Unless this is done, as soon as the flowers are over they look very unsightly.

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

We have often doubted whether there is much real love of flowers in this country. We have our fine gardens and green houses and lawns and shrubbery, but after all, the desire seems to be to make a display, to have as fine an establishment as our neighbors, and to show to the wondering world that we are persons of taste and refinement—great admirers of nature and her beauties. For the accomplishment of this our darling purpose—ostentatious display—our lawns and gardens must all be exposed to the public street, and if on two or three roads, all the better. There is no spot for retirement, no beautiful corner where the owner can shut himself out from the world, and there, with his own pleasant thoughts, inspired by the scenes around, enjoy a season of quiet, or of social intercourse with a chosen

friend. We know a person of great pretensions, broad acres and costly houses, which he embellishes with the newest and dearest plants. He prides himself on having choice plants that others have not procured, and would not part with one to a friend for twice its value; for as soon as it is obtained by others, it loses in his eyes all its value. It is evidently preposterous for such a man to lay claim to taste or a true love of flowers—it is nothing but a snobbish attempt at ostentatious display—a vulgar craving for notoriety. We have seen far more true taste and refinement exhibited in the cottage garden, where but the commonest flowers were cultivated.

In many parts of Europe there is a genuine love of flowers. At the first opening of the spring flowers, the children resort to the woods and fields in crowds, and come home loaded with their floral treasures; these are carried in the hand by the ladies and the children, while almost every man has a few fastened to the button-hole of his coat. This practice is kept up during the whole season of flowers, and the stranger is apt to think, on first arriving at some of the English or Continental towns and villages, that he has happened on a gala day. These flowers are carried wherever the people go—to school, or to church—on errands of business or pleasure. Our practice is to cut a few for the parlor bouquet, or for the dining table—especially when we can make a display before company. We also like a hand bouquet for the party, or for the concert, to throw at the feet of some favorite performer. But, who gather flowers for their beauty and fragrance, take them to their rooms, carry them where they go, and feel at a loss without them? Few, very few. All of which goes to show that while we are fond of foolish display, and use flowers as we do our gay dresses and jewels, to show off with, we have very little true love of flowers among us.

Sometimes we observe a lady during the season of roses, with what was once a fine flower in her hand, but its beauty is gone, for it is actually half eaten up. This may be considered an evidence of taste, but not the kind we would like to see disseminated.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

GOOSEBERRIES IN THE CHICAGO MARKET.

In my daily conversation with the different dealers in fruit, I aim to gather information of use to producers. I find very much difference in men, and in their attention to the details, as well as the philosophy of their business. One of the most intelligent of these dealers is Mr. H. P. STANLEY. "Where do you get these gooseberries?" I asked as I dipped my hands into a box of half grown Houghton's, at his door. "Those are from one NORMAN J. COLMAN, of St. Louis," he replied. "Indeed! And pray what do you get for them here, to-day?" "We are selling them at fourteen shillings, to-day." I learned from Mr. STANLEY that about three dollars per bushel is the maximum price, and one dollar the minimum. But he says they have hitherto mainly sold at \$1.50 and \$1.75 per bushel. One item is worthy the attention of shippers, to wit, that it is much better to ship them in gunnies than in boxes or barrels. They heat when shipped in close packages, and are more apt to discolor. The profit of gooseberry culture for this market has been before urged—especially in the more southern localities, where they can be got in advance of our Northern currants and contemporary with the early and high priced strawberries. They are mainly used here in the green state.

BOXES FOR STRAWBERRIES.

I have been shown different samples of strawberry boxes, and there is one point upon which there is a remarkable unanimity among dealers. It is, that it is not good policy to make quart boxes too small. That is, they should not hold less than a quart (as some do), but should actually hold more, in order that when set on each other in cases, as usually carried, the top boxes may not in any case rest on the berries in the lower ones.

Another thing—some dealers make two single quart boxes connected together so that they cannot be separated. It is a bad practice. No larger package than a quart should be put up, unless they are sent in drawers, which for long distances is not the best mode. Especially for the early market, quart packages are the best form. We are now getting this fruit from South Illinois; and to-day (the 30th May,) I saw Hovey's Seedlings in market, from near Cincinnati. They were retailing at twenty cents per quart.

BLACK RASPBERRIES.

I learn from different dealers that those men who pay especial attention to the culture of the American Black-Cap Raspberry, for market purposes, are succeeding beyond their expectation—are "making a good thing of it." One dealer said, that next to Wilson's Albany Strawberry (he would place nothing before that) it was the best fruit to handle, and grow for market, that he knew of. It produces bountifully, bears handling and carrying well, and sells at good prices. It is not a perishable fruit, and involves less risk than almost any other fruit. The market is rarely over-stocked with it; when it is, it pays to dry it. This fruit (dried) has retailed at thirty cents per pound here the past winter.

TO SAVE THE CURRANTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I have found a sovereign remedy for the alarming pest, the "army worm," and to benefit the world and you, desire you to lay it before your numerous readers who wish to be benefited, as I wish to benefit them. How extensive the "army worm" is in its ravages, I know not, but from their depredations on currants and gooseberry bushes in this section, last year, their early appearance this spring is to me and others alarming. Many currant bushes were so despoiled of their verdure last year, that they show no symptoms of vegetating this spring.

Certainly, the currant would sustain a very great loss should the currant crop fail through the depredation of the "army worm," or any other cause; and we are by no means certain that if the currant falls they would be under any bound obligation to let alone our other valuables, of a vegetable nature.

Whoever desire to save their currants from the "army worm," by adopting my instructions, will find the bushes free of the worm, as far as the following remedy is applied, and as fast as an application is made—and until a new recruit is brought into existence, which will be detected by observation, and if found, another application is necessary.

In the first place, trim out the surplus shoots and sprouts of your currants, say six inches from the ground, and thin out the old bearing wood. As you find the worm making its appearance, (which will be on the lower leaves), take a cup of spirits of

turpentine and a very fine brush with a handle one foot long, (the smaller the brush the better,) dip the brush in the spirits of turpentine and touch it lightly about the edge of the leaf on which you observe the worm, and ever so small a touch of the turpentine will in an instant set the worm in an uneasy posture; it soon lets go its hold, squirms and writhes, and in another moment is dead. An application of the turpentine to the top of the leaf will have the desired effect. Still we like to see them squirm, and therefore a more direct application. The time allotted for the above application will not exceed one hour for a row of 4 or 5 rods.

The turpentine, for the perfect destruction of the worm on half an acre of currant bushes, four or five times over, will not, if judiciously applied, exceed one gallon. You who have currants, try the above, and if the remedy is well applied, and is not effectual, send in your bill and I will pay for the turpentine; and if it proves effectual, I hope for the compliments of all thus benefited, by saying, "I sincerely thank you." UNCLE LEVI. Ridgeway, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1862.

The insect that destroys the currants is not the army worm, but if the turpentine will destroy the pest, and with so little labor, the name is not of much consequence.

THE SEASON OF FLOWERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I observed a communication in the RURAL about Flower Gardens. It was in a March number, a little too early for out-door exercise. The season of flowers is now, however, at hand; and how lovely the associations it brings with it. Let us all be thankful to a bountiful Providence for the spring, and enjoy its blessings while we may. I beg, however, to differ a little from your correspondent. I don't know what flower culture has to do with refining the taste of children. All the refinement, and pleasure, and instruction they receive from the culture of flowers, is but a puff of air. We ought to instill into their young minds higher and nobler ideas. We cultivate a few flowers—about forty varieties—not nearly enough, but enough, however, to afford great pleasure. I have a great taste for shrubbery and evergreens.

"O, give me a cot in the valley I love, A tent in the green-wood, a home in the grove."

Yet we love to see flowers open their bosoms, to drink in the warm dews of heaven, that their beauties and their fragrance may be increased and diffused around, but how much more are we delighted to behold an immortal mind in the morning of its being, expanding itself to the vivifying beams of the sun of righteousness, that its living energies may be drawn forth, and itself be formed for usefulness. I don't imagine fulfilling our mission on earth, and exalting human nature, consists in the giving of seeds and plants, for I think it only a compliment—not a substantial one, however. If we fulfill our mission on earth we have a great work to do, and how few of us are capable to divide with the poor and needy? I thought the poor and needy were those destitute of the necessities of life. Is not such charity to the poor and destitute, one of the most prominent characteristics of Christianity? Charity was considered a duty even with pagans. One of the most illustrious of heathen orators informs us that no citizen was permitted to remain destitute of the necessities of life. If such was the case in an old heathen city, how much more important that the same course should hold good in modern and Christian countries. Where it is required, as for exercise in flower gardens, to improve our health, ordinary farmers' wives, as a general thing, can find exercise otherwise. Any exercise in the open air is good for our health. I try that which is most convenient for me. I exercise in the vegetable garden when my presence is not required in the house. Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return. If all the good we do in this world, in the way of casting our bread upon the waters, is done in the shape of seeds and plants, I am afraid it will be a long time returning, and when it does return we will be sorry to receive it. Flowers delight the eye and vanish away. They should teach us a very important lesson by their transient nature.

I have been a reader of the RURAL, for many years; I value it much; and if the kind editor thinks fit to give this a place, well and good. Grimsky, C. W., 1862. A. B.

REMARKS.—The above is rather a strange epistle, but as it is from an old reader of the RURAL we give it a place. Loving flowers and attending to their culture is not the whole duty of man; it is one of those pleasures which, like many others, have been offered us by a kind Providence to cheer the mind and improve the heart. From them, children, large and small, may learn the most useful lessons, for He who spoke as never man spoke, has called our attention to the lilies of the field—their great beauty—the workmanship of an Almighty hand—and that the most magnificent of earthly potentates was not arrayed like one of these. If then He cares for the flowers, and arrays them in unsurpassed beauty, will He not care for us, and provide for us all that we need? Where can we learn a more important lesson? What the farmers' wives, who work usually far too hard, need, is not exactly exercise, or even exercise in the open air, but some pursuit in which the heart can delight—something that will bring back the bright thoughts of childhood—the lilies and snowballs, and the buttercups of our early days, and their blessed associations, something to remove the wrinkles which cares have wrought, and make the heart young again.

It is our duty, and a very pleasant duty to every noble, generous heart, to make all around us happy as far as we have opportunity. This may be done sometimes in feeding the hungry and in clothing the naked, but far oftener in little acts of kindness, that cost comparatively nothing to the giver, yet yield to both him who gives and him who receives, a harvest of happy fruits. Let our correspondent take a basket of bread or of cakes and pass along any of the streets of our cities, or large villages, and she will pass unnoticed—no eager eyes will be cast towards her treasures. But, return with the staff of life, and gather a fine bouquet of flowers, pass along leisurely, and with a pleasant, cheerful countenance—put on no cold, forbidding air, that would freeze the heart of a child at the first sight—and you will not pass the length of a block before there will be from two to twenty pairs of little bright eyes eagerly gazing upon the flowers. By and by, from one, a little bolder than the rest, you will hear a little trembling voice—"Please m'am, will you give me a flower?"—and if your heart is in the right place, and you give encouragement, in a few minutes you will have disposed of all your flowers and made a score of young hearts, and one older one, exceedingly happy. Does not this show the want of the

children? Dispensing bread and clothes is not the only way to dispense happiness—it is not all of charity. Young hearts crave the beautiful works of nature—for this thousands are starving, and he who gratifies this craving feeds the soul.

Horticultural Notes.

NEW GRAPES.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer, F. R. ELLIOTT, describes the following new grapes:

"Among the many valuable grapes now before the public, the following have claims to favor equalled by very few. One, the Aiken, has been some years grown as a superior and early Isabella, but its description has never been printed; the other two are entirely new, and thus far have not been offered for sale.

"Aiken Grape.—The origin of this grape is somewhat obscure. While its foliage and hardiness make it a native of this country, we have testimony that the first vine of it now known was brought to Cleveland from Germany. About twenty-four or five years since, Rev. S. C. Aiken, of Cleveland, obtained a vine without name from a company of German emigrants; this he planted, and when it came into bearing, the fruit ripened some ten days or more before the Isabella, causing attention to be drawn to it by some few amateurs; but as the vine stood in a sheltered position in a city yard, and was well fed and cultivated, its superiority to the Isabella was considered rather the result of situation than a distinct variety. Years afterwards the writer had his attention drawn to it, and while he was unable to say what it was, he felt sure it was not Isabella. With this impression, he watched it in many places, for cuttings of it have been distributed and grown in various soils; the result is, that in no locality has he ever witnessed any milder upon it, and invariably it has ripened its fruit a week or ten days sooner than Isabella, wherever grown side by side with it. Vine—Hardy, strong grower, productive, wood difficult to detect from Isabella. Bunches—Large, shouldered; very compact; berries large, round, or nearly so; bright, glossy black, with little or no bloom. Flesh—Tender; pulp about the same as Isabella, juicy, sweet, and rich, with a pleasant aroma.

"Mottled Grape.—A seedling grown by Chas. Carpenter, Esq., of Kelley's Island, that promises qualities that, for extensive growing, will render it more desirable than the Delaware. Wood—Reddish brown; joints two and a half to four inches; leaf five-lobed, downy underneath. Bunches—Close, compact. Berries—Round; medium size; purplish red, with spots that, when held to the light, give a mottled appearance; hence its name. Flesh—Tender; pulp small; juice sweet, rich, abundant, with a sprightly character that keeps good even long after ripe. Skin—Rather thick, or, perhaps, as much so as Catawba. Ripens with the Delaware, but will hang a long time without shriveling or dropping. As a table grape, it will please those who like a well-ripened Catawba; and as a wine grape, it gives promise of superior excellence.

"Mary.—This is another seedling, grown by Chas. Carpenter, Esq., that promises to become a superior table grape, ripening about the same time as Isabella. The vine is perfectly hardy, and a strong grower; wood of a pale red; joints four to six inches; leaf medium size, dark green, five-lobed, rough underneath. Bunches—Large, long; sometimes, not always, shouldered; neither very compact, nor yet loose. Berries—Medium size, round, greenish white, with a fine white bloom; translucent, long pedicels. Flesh—Tender; pulp very slight; juice abundant, rich, sugary sweet, with a brisk, pleasant flavor, that, eaten in comparison, make it superior to most varieties at its period of maturity. As a choice table grape, of its color, this variety promises more than any one we have before met of its age; the past season having been its second year of bearing, and the vine so far having had little or no cultivation. Experience heretofore has shown that the grape does not exhibit its best qualities under four or five or more years of fruiting, and that too with good culture."

HORTICULTURISTS IN THE SOUTH.—We have often, during the progress of the rebellion, felt anxious to hear of the fate of some of our horticultural friends at the South, whom we knew could have no sympathy with rebellion, and no hatred for their brethren of the North, with whom they have so often held friendly counsel. OLIVER TAYLOR, of Loudon Co., Va., writes to the Horticulturist—"At last we have been released, as it were, from prison, and are coming into the sunlight of literature. We feel quite like as if we had kept a fast from the good fresh mental food in the line of horticulture; therefore, our appetite being extra keen, do please forward us the journal and all the back numbers since last May, at which time they stopped. I cannot, in a volume, tell all the cruelty and devastation that has been enacted here since the war commenced, but our own family has been spared more than any other I know of, which I attribute, in some measure, to our vocation, being horticulture. I will defer, till another season, a description of the fruiting of some twelve or Rogers' hybrid grapes, which fruited with me last year in the open ground. They so far promise to be far better than any hardy grapes yet fruited here. A very poor apple crop here last year; not one-quarter of a peach crop; some pears; small fruit, as usual, more abundant. Our friend Berckmans, of Georgia, wrote me some time since that he was so pleased with the Taylor grape, in bearing with him, as to be induced to plant one acre of it this spring. It grows well here, but we have not fruited it yet. The past winter has been peculiar here; cool enough to keep the buds back, and warm enough not to kill the fig trees unprotected but very little, scarcely injuring the most tender roses in the least. Thermometer once got to six degrees above zero, but soon moderated. The first winter month it was often cloudy, but one slight storm fell all the month, and the midwinter months only had one and a half days that were clear, and the last winter month was cloudy, and the strongest wind ever felt, to my memory. The prospect for fruit here is better now than it has been, I think, for some ten years past."

FRUIT PROSPECTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—President WILDER writes us that "the prospect for fruit was never before so propitious. In all the departments the trees and vines are luxuriant, prolific, and healthy." The President and our friends generally in Boston are determined to make the next session of the American Pomological Society in Boston, at least, one of the most pleasant and profitable ever held by the Society, and in this they will no doubt succeed, notwithstanding the slave-holding rebellion may prevent the attendance of a few from the border and Southern States. We have never, however, heard of but one intelligent horticulturist who sympathized with secession, and he was evidently a "cracked" specimen.

PRIZE ESSAYS BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—We learn that the American Institute is about to offer valuable prizes for the best essays on the cultivation of various kinds of fruit, such as the pear, grape, strawberry, &c. It will also offer a valuable prize for the best seedling pear, apple, grape, &c., not yet disseminated. In regard to the last, we hope the prize list will be so worded as to exclude all inferior seedlings, without regard to competition.—Horticulturist.

TO OFFICERS OF HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—We are anxious to obtain a list of the officers of all the Horticultural Societies in the country—at least of the President and Secretary. The object is to obtain a complete list so that the officers of the American Pomological Society may correspond with them, and supply the documents published by the Society.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The summer meeting of this Society will be held at the Court House, in this city, on Wednesday, the 25th day of June. We anticipate a large attendance of members and visitors, a fine display of fruits, and a good time generally. A visit to Rochester at that time will not be labor or money wasted.

MARION COUNTY (INDIANA) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The officers of this Society for the year 1862 are as follows: President—Dr. GEO. W. MEARS. Vice Presidents—D. V. Culley, J. S. Dunlop, J. T. Francis. Secretary—W. H. Loomis. Treasurer—S. V. Morris.

THE OLD STURTEVANT PEAR TREE, standing on the corner of East Thirteenth street and Third avenue, in New York, said to be over 200 years old,—was last week laden with blossoms. The relic of the Knickerbockers, though presenting many signs of decay, bids fair to stand yet many years.

Inquiries and Answers.

MAKING GRAVEL WALKS.—Having made a gravel road and walk which does not settle down or pack, I ask the RURAL for the remedy. I excavated a sufficient depth, put in several inches of stone, and topped off with three or four inches of clean lake gravel. The whole seems as loose as when first made. Is there any mode by which I can render the whole solid? Will you, or the RURAL'S correspondents, please answer?—SUBSCRIBER, near Rochester, N. Y., 1862.

There was but one mistake in making this road. Lake gravel will not pack. The top-dressing should be obtained from some gravel bank. This gravel contains some lime, sand, and earth, and will pack solid in a short time. The gravel is often found packed solid in the bank, so that it can be taken out in large pieces.

LIMA BEANS.—Can you tell us how to grow Lima Beans? They are excellent when we can get them, but are very tender, so that they rot or die, or do not come up, and it is only once in a while we can grow them.—VEGETARIAN.

The Lima Bean should be grown in a warm dry soil; if sandy, all the better. If you have not such a soil, obtain sand, and when you plant, cover them with it and you will have no trouble. Always plant with the eye down. Stick with brush six or seven feet in height, and when the beans reach the top, pinch off. They may be planted in rows and treated like the tall varieties of peas.

Domestic Economy.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD, ETC.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Please accept the following recipes for the RURAL:

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD.—Six quarts of meal will make two good-sized loaves of bread. One-half Indian and one-half rye, or two-thirds Indian and one-third rye, are good proportions. Sprinkle a little salt upon the Indian, and wet it thoroughly with boiling water; stir it well while scalding. Be sure and have hot water enough, for Indian meal absorbs a great deal of water. When lukewarm, pour in the rye, and add one teacupful of lively yeast; add water enough to make the mass a stiff dough, but not as hard or tough as flour. In winter it may be placed in a warm place, but not near the fire in summer. When it begins to crack on the top, which will be in an hour or two, it should be put into a very hot oven and baked three or four hours. It is all the better for remaining in the oven over night.

TO COLOR GLOVES PURPLE.—Boil four ounces of logwood and two ounces of rock alum in three pints of soft water till one-half is evaporated; strain and let cool. Sew up the tops; go over the outside with a brush or sponge twice; then rub off the loose dye. Beat up the white of an egg, and rub it over the leather with a sponge. Vinegar will remove the stain from the hands.

TO CLEAN FRENCH KID GLOVES.—Put the gloves on the hands, and wash, as if washing the hands, in some spirits of turpentine until quite clean; then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a current of air, and all smell of the turpentine will be removed. LUCY BAKER. Ohio, June, 1862.

YEAST CAKES—A GOOD PUDDING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Seeing an inquiry for a recipe to make yeast cakes, I send the following:

Boil a handful of hops in a quart of water; strain off and stir in half a pint of flour while scalding hot; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of ginger, and when milk warm add a half or two-thirds of a teacup of lively yeast, and set in a warm place (but not too warm), to rise; when light stir up thick enough to knead with Indian meal; roll up with your hands in the form of a rolling-pin, and slice off half an inch thick. Dry them in the sun and air. If in the summer, care should be taken not to heat them too hot, if dried by fire, as it spoils the life of them; turn them frequently.

HARD TIMES PUDDING.—Take half a pint of molasses, half a pint of water, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one tablespoonful of salt; thicken with flour to a tolerably thick batter. Put in a bag and boil, (better still in a dish and steam); boil steadily from two to three hours. It will be good without sauce of any kind; but a little butter or cream, or butter and sugar, made into a sauce with flour and boiling water, spiced with a little nutmeg, will be found a great addition. Try it. If it isn't good the first time, try it again; but be very careful not to lift the lid or let the water stop boiling.—ELLEN, South Boston, Mich., 1862.

ROSE LEAF PICTURE FRAME.—A writer in The Home and Garden thus describes how to make a pretty, ornamental style of picture frame—"The leaves of the multiflora, or climbing rose, are best suited for this purpose, as they have a greater richness and variety of color than most of the rose family. At the time when there is the greatest variety of colored leaves, strip them from the bush, and put them to press in any old book you do not wish to use; change them as often as every other day, until sufficiently dried; then take any picture you wish—an engraving is generally used—fasten it on to a paste-board, and leave a margin of the width you wish for your frame, outside the engraving. Sew the leaves on to the paste-board frame, either in knots or groups, or simply overlapping each other, and varnish with furniture varnish. When dry, suspend with cord and tassels, and you have a very pretty picture frame." Other leaves of variegated colors, as maples, etc., or several sorts showing different shades of green, may be used in the same manner.—American Agriculturist.

STEAMED INDIAN BREAD.—Noticing an inquiry in the RURAL for a recipe for baked Indian bread, I send one for steamed Indian bread, which we consider superior to the baked. Two quarts of buttermilk; one cupful molasses; one tablespoonful saleratus. Mix as thick as can be stirred with equal parts of meal and wheat canalle. Steam three hours. This will make two loaves in a two quart basin.

FOR PICKLING RIPE CUCUMBERS.—Take ripe cucumbers, pare, seed and cut in slips, and let them remain in vinegar twenty-four hours. Make a sirup of three pounds sugar to two quarts of fresh vinegar for every ten pounds of fruit. Boil in sirup till soft, and add spices to taste. After taking out the fruit, boil the sirup twenty minutes, pour over your fruit, and keep as other pickles or preserves.—ANNA HUNGERFORD, Oakdale, Mich., 1862.

LEMON PIE.—I wish some one of the numerous readers of the RURAL would inform me through its columns the best method of making lemon pies, and very much obliged—JESSIE, Cheektowaga, N. Y., 1862.

Ladies' Department.

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

BY BARBARA G. MOORE.

I. It is the early evening, And as I walk beneath the moon; My trembling voice is singing The sweet words of an old hymn-tune; But suddenly my eyes grow dim, And sobs choke down my half-sung hymn.

II. The south wind from the orchard Is heavy-fraught with sweet perfumes, And trees and ground are covered With dainty, blushing apple-blossoms; It turns me sick; and kneeling low, My tears baptize those flowers of snow.

III. O, God, 'tis but a twelve-month Since he—my lover, friend, my all— Went bravely forth to battle— Responsive to his country's call; And, oh, 'twas such a night as this My lips received his parting kiss.

IV. Beneath the apple blossoms, Whose fragrance filled the evening air, By his dear arms encircled, We held our last, sad parting there; With trembling hand those blossoms fair I plucked, and wove them in his hair.

V. With smiles and tears alternate, I plucked the dainty buds so fair, And twined them in his dark locks, His locks of graceful, waving hair; 'Twas thus my warrior-love I crowned, And sent him to the battle-ground.

VI. In a low grave and nameless, Beneath the sunny southern skies, Wrapped in his cloak all blood stained, My gallant soldier-darling lies; I know he's joined the ranks Above, And safely rests in Jesus' love.

I know some day, my warfare o'er, I'll meet him on that shining shore; And now, with eyes no longer dim, I walk and sing my sweet old hymn.

May, 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

WHEN men advise women to be content to exercise their influence at home, I know they have a reason for it, and a selfish one, too. But when women reply that they are content, and disavow any rebellious longings for a wider range of liberty, I want to have a chance to cross-question them, to see whether they really mean what they say, or only say it for the policy of making the best of matters as they are.

Now, I think "NELLIE" says some strange things about "The Influence of Woman," in the RURAL of May 17th. Her "winning way" softens down my adverse propensities into the momentary reflection that it is very wonderful women can have such different opinions; and the wonder leads me back to my old challenge ground, with the inquisitive impulse to ask NELLIE from what law of reason or analogy does she conclude that woman would not be able to preserve her most refined graces in any circumstances into which her natural aspirations lead her? And if she could once get a pass to go so far outside the domestic lines as to approach the atmosphere of the political world, what latent evil lies hid away down beneath her external virtues that would suddenly transform her attractions into hideousness, so that her appearance would make the "political arena present a far more deplorable picture than it now does"? In my unsophisticated mind, just the opposite result is most probable. It is my opinion that the absence of woman's influence is the very reason that political circles are corrupt to the extent they are. Men know that women are more conscientious than themselves, and I imagine they would sometimes blush for their reputation, were all the political transactions accessible to free investigation which are now kept behind the scenes.

If it is an immutable law that all purity evaporates in the light of fame, better have the sex which is most feebly endowed with that desirable quality, kept in the home-shadows. It is a puzzle to me that we may be able to keep, not only ourselves, but our brothers, also, from falling into evil, while walking "the slippery paths of youth;" but if we should once venture out with them into the broad highways of manhood, our moral strength would become frailty, and we would be only a burden to drag them deeper into crime. How many of the evil snares that we are exhorted to guide them safely over, lie within the home influence of pure minded mothers and sisters? How can it be expected that men will be moral and virtuous if their "guardian angels" suffer them to go out alone into the intoxicating labyrinths of political strife? If we may judge from what they choose to report to us of their conduct in all places from which we are excluded, our influence upon them, like that of the sun's light on its companion spheres, diminishes with the increase of distance.

If we are to be examples of purity and goodness, let us have the chance to set such examples everywhere they are needed; and where have pure principles been more needed than in our national assemblies? The cause of our present national affliction, it is evident to every unprejudiced mind, lies chiefly in the long continued disregard for the rightful claims of humanity. Wise men have held long and eloquent debates for half a century on a question that the first principles of Christianity readily decide. They have possessed sufficient wisdom to foresee the impending calamity, while they lacked the inclination to obey the nobler instincts of humanity.

Our Union, like an inexperienced youth, has gone out into the world with an uneven balance of moral character, and has strayed into slippery paths and fallen! Now we are called on to do what we can to raise it to its former upright position. Tearful eyes and busy hands express how willingly the call is answered; but if we can do something to rescue our country in its peril, are we powerless to assist it to move on in the uprightness of integrity?

The range of woman's usefulness may not extend in the direction of state legislation, but that it is yet to be enlarged in many directions, is as certain as it is that her position in the present differs from that of the past; and I believe she would not be out of

her place wherever the gentleness of Christian virtues ought to be united with the strong arm of power. It is only in the enlargement of human freedom that we may determine the extent and adaptation of human ability.

Woman's mental organization possesses the same diversity of characteristics, and why should she, any more than man, be content with affection and respect, be they ever so lavishly bestowed? Every natural desire is satisfied only in its own peculiar gratification, and no one is evil in itself when rightly cultivated. The vanity of seeking a low grade of admiration should be developed into aspirations for deserving honorable reputation.

JOSEPHINE, with all her wealth of feminine virtues, did not willingly descend from her high position; and need we a better example than is afforded in our own time by England's queen, that woman may take the highest rank among her fellows, and be a high-souled, pure-minded woman still? Barre, N. Y., 1862.

HATTIE.

MARY OF BETHANY.

"It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair."

MARY! sweet name! dainty and beautiful! There are not many households on this fair, green earth, but cling with unwonted tenderness around a Mary's memory, living or dead. Touching, and sweet, and tenderly beautiful is the simple act recorded in our Savior's history of Mary of Bethany; touching His tribute to her devotedness: "Whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her." What a fountain of passionate earnestness it reveals in her woman heart! It could not satisfy the restless, yearning spirit, to pour the ointment, precious though it was, over the Savior's holy person; but the rich hair must be unbound, and kneeling there before the indignant and mercenary throng, she must vainly wipe his sacred feet. Beautiful are the Savior's words of commendation, as he turns to the murmuring hearts before him, from the kneeling Mary, "She hath done what she could." Precious, indeed, must they have been to her who had performed this act of love and devotion.

Oh, if the world would but look with half of the Savior's love and tenderness on the erring Marys, how many a heart would grow strong and true again. Many feet, treading wearily the paths of sin, would eagerly seek for the way of life. Many a brow that bears the impress of sin, would be shadowed once more by the wing of the angel of purity. But the cold, averted gaze, the contemptuous curl of proud lips, the half uttered words of censure and scorn, fall like the waves of death on the shrinking, erring, repentant one, and in bitterness she turns from the cold world away. Hidden within the green earth's bosom are many crushed and blighted Marys, whose unhappy lives, but for the "cold world's cruel scorn," might have had as pure and peaceful an ending as that of "Mary of Bethany."

MARRIAGE OF DAUGHTERS.

HENRY TAYLOR, in his "Notes from Life," comprises not a little sound as well as practical philosophy upon the incidents leading to marriage and the relations of mothers thereto. We give it for the benefit of both mothers and daughters:

"If an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management—not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow or than society is wont to countenance—with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to have been a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves—which is not desirable—or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance, and take a course purely fortuitous; and in many situations, where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be not improbably such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other such cases have come under my observation: 'We have no reason to be surprised, unless we know what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in with Ferdinand, she would have been in love with Caliban.'"

HASTY MARRIAGES.—A thousand hearts and homes of sadness respond to the oft-quoted passage on hasty marriages, which, we believe, appeared first in the New York Tribune:

There is not a city, there is scarcely a township, which does not number among its inhabitants women who have married on very short acquaintance, only to be abused, deserted, and left a life-long sorrow to the families in which they were born and reared, and which they most imprudently and improperly deserted to share the fortunes of relative strangers. If young ladies would realize how grossly indelicate as well as culpably reckless such marriages appear in the eyes of the observing, they surely would forbear. A year's thorough acquaintance, with the most circumstantial accounts, from disinterested and reliable witnesses, of the antecedents from childhood, are the very least guarantee which any woman who realizes what marriage is, will require of a stranger. Even then, if her parents are not fully satisfied as well as herself, she should still hesitate. Marriage is an undertaking in which no delay can be so hazardous as undue precipitation.

"DEAR mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase."

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome thing, always in mischief; go up stairs till I send for you."

And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered temptation to tell a falsehood so as to screen the fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again to be revived. O, what were a thousand vases in comparison!

MINUTES are but drops to the ocean of eternity, yet they can never be recalled.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] "YES, BUT A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME."

BY W. H. MORRISON.

AFAR removed from bustling life, Remote from cities gay, The valley spreads its carpet green For Nature out to play; And waving in the singing winds That carol o'er the plain, The tall tree bends its graceful form To list the song again.

In brilliancy the orb of day Smiles from the eastern sky, And sweetly breathes its gentle breath From heaven's arch-way high; The wild flower blushes fairest there, Untrammelled in its pride, While Nature wreaths a garland rich To deck its noon-day bride.

The streamlet o'er its pebbled bed Flows rippling from its source, And leaves the mossy rocks that stand To sentinel its course; The warbling songsters of the wood Their softest wild notes blend In mingling cadence with the winds That up to heaven ascend.

As evening follows day's decline, The twilight shadows seem To cluster phantomly around, Beneath the starlight gleam, Until the rising moon dispels, With silvery rays of light, The ideal pictures painted by The pencil of the night.

A country life, 'mid leafy woods, 'Mid flowers, and streams, and love, 'Mid wild delights, 'mid blessings pure, Beneath, around, above— A calm that's fascination's self, It woe the mind with truth, The brightness valued there alike Is found for age and youth.

Troy, Wis., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] MORAL AND MENTAL CULTURE.

"ERRORS, like stars, upon the surface flow; He who would search for pearls, must dive below."

How much is contained in mind while striving for an education, they will greatly aid us; for while we search the mines of knowledge, we must look for that which will give us strength of mind as well as adorn our outward appearance, inasmuch as all the embellishments of art will be of no avail if we forget the object of this culture. The showy accomplishments which require no mental exertion on our part, are very pernicious in their effects upon our intellects; for we soon lose what strength and vigor of mind we have ever possessed, and we shall come far short of attaining the true object of an education. Besides, we have no right to allow those faculties of mind with which we have been endowed, to lie dormant; for we would not have been made possessors of a mind with which to study and meditate, if God had not intended we should use them in searching out great truths. This immortal part of our being is to live through all eternity. If, therefore, we would enter the future world with minds prepared to receive a high enjoyment, we must fit our hearts here by the reception of divine truth, and strive to elevate ourselves in the scale of being; for so sure as we do not, we shall never be capable of enjoying that degree of happiness which we otherwise would.

If we allow our minds to linger upon the plain of sensuous thought, while upon earth, it is reasonable to suppose that we shall ever have as high a conception of God and his attributes as we otherwise would, were we to aspire to a higher plain; or, in other words, were we to strive to purify our hearts by a communion with the SAVIOR? But, while we rejoice in the possession of our unchained thoughts, we must see that this glorious gift is not abused—that we do not prove ourselves unworthy to the trust. We must remember that the work of training our thought is left to ourselves, and that it is for us to decide whether we shall have for our standard TRUTH and GOODNESS in their highest meaning, or whether we shall be content to have lower conceptions of life and the purposes for which we live. The mysteries of life may be great, but the further we advance in heavenly lore, the plainer to our vision will appear the true object of life, and all the more glorious will be our conceptions of the life that has been given us, and we shall feel a greater desire to go on improving our minds and bringing ourselves to a closer union with His wishes. Life then will not seem so great a mystery, for we will see, in all the ways of Providence, things that are intended to teach us new truths, and that everything is tending to draw us nearer to Him who is the source of all light.

This world has been compared to a stage, where the drama of life is acted out. Life is no idle farce, but instead it is ever a scene of busy activity. It is just as essential that we should begin to live right, as that the child should be taught the rudiments of an education to acquire a knowledge of books. If we would grasp great truths, we must search the inmost recesses of knowledge, and be content with anything short of the highest truths within the reach of man. God has conferred upon some a greater amount of intellect than upon others; and we who have not been the recipients of so great natural abilities, must labor all the more assiduously to accomplish the great object of life; and, if we do this, we shall be repaid a thousand fold in the wisdom which will inevitably be ours. If clouds of disappointment many times envelop our pathway in thick darkness, be assured we will emerge from these clouds into a brighter sky. But, if we lie supinely down in our weakness, we will, instead of becoming better by the discipline for which God has given us these dark moments to accomplish, have implanted within our hearts germs of evil, that will eventually bring a long train of kindred evils, which will usurp the place of the good that is found in every heart. We are ever studying, thinking of the ways of Providence, and many times we find ourselves wondering why God has allowed these trials and vexations to overtake us in our journey through the pathway of life; and as often as we conjecture on this subject, just so often do we come to the conclusion that He has permitted these little clouds to come athwart our sky for the purpose of strengthening us, and we can see the truth contained in the lines of the poet:

"The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings There's a silver lining to every cloud."

If we but labor on, we will at last gain rich gems that will fertilize our minds, and richly repay

us for the weary hours of toil we have experienced. Many are the enigmas to be solved in this life. The Christian many times has sorrow, poverty, and, as it might seem, all that would cause him the keenest anguish, while to the man of the world he has all the happiness which this world can afford; but, think you the Christian would exchange the peace which reigns within his bosom for all the pleasures of the world? Ah no! he feels to kiss the hand which has allowed these sorrows to come upon him, for he feels that they have accomplished their mission in his wayward heart, and have taught him to see life as it is. The further we advance in wisdom, the more will we realize our utter nothingness, until we shall see how little a finite mind can contain in comparison with that of the Almighty. It is well we cannot know all, for if we could, the power and wisdom would not be felt in our hearts as they now are. As it is, we must ever look with awe and reverence upon the high and holy attributes of the Ruler of the Universe. NELLIE.

St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., 1862.

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

"THY Father is growing old very fast." So writes one about the gray-haired sire who has long presided over the old homestead. Toil, and care, and pain have done their work, and the strong man bows beneath the growing pressure of years. Faithfully has he toiled, early and late, in sunshine and in storm, to sow and reap on the old ancestral farm; but nature refuses longer to obey the iron will that would not yield "his row" to the stronger arm and fresh ambition of youthful manhood. It is time for thy rest now, honored sire! The burden and heat of the day may well be given up to the sturdy son who will inherit thy broad acres. And henceforth may the Good Shepherd gently lead thee in green pastures, and by the side of still waters. So shall peace overshadow thee with her brooding wings of quiet, while war's tumult and strife are only heard from afar, as the daily or weeklies bring its doings to thy rural home in softened tones and colors. Very gentle and pleasant is the picture which fancy paints of thy rest in "the old arm chair," with thy glasses and the Holy Book upon thy knee, from which thou lovest to draw waters from the well of life—and of thy goings out and comings in with pleasant words, as in the olden time.

Nor is he alone, for well we know who fills that other easy chair. She who gave to us the holy name of MOTHER sits there, with the soft dark hair of earlier years still threading the silvery curls on her brow, and the yet softer dark eyes bent tenderly on the cherub grandchild, whose cradle she guards, while the fair young mother attends to the household duties. These little ones! how they creep into her loving heart, and fill up every want and care, while in her gentle watchings over helpless innocence she has herself received new life from every sunny glance and cherub smile. Nor has the babe failed to twine her little life around the grandsire's heart; for his eyes often rest on the sweet face, and fond, proud words testify to the worth of the household treasure. And, perchance as he sits and muses while he looks at baby, ever and anon his thoughts wander off to the little ones who first learned to love and reverence him as "Grandpa," now fast growing to woman's estate; and may we hope his heart sends forth a blessing and prayer for their young lives. Mrs. F. A. DICK.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1862.

PLEASANT NEIGHBORS.

ONE'S pleasure, after all, is much affected by the quality of one's neighbors, even though one may not be on speaking terms with them. A pleasant bright face at a window is surely better than a discontented cross one; and a house that has the air of being inhabited is preferable to closed shutters and unsocial blinds, excluding every ray of sunlight and sympathy. We like to see the glancing cheerful lights through the windows, of a cold night, or watch them, as evening deepens, gradually creep from the parlor to the upper stories of the houses near us. We like to watch the little children go in and out the door, to play or go to school. We like to see a white-robed baby dancing up and down at the window, in its mother's arms, or the father reading his newspaper there at evening, or any of these cheerful impromptu home glimpses, which, though we are no Paul Pry, we will assert make a pleasant neighborhood to those who live for comfort instead of show. Sad, indeed, some morning on waking, it is to see the blinds down and the shutters closed, and know that death's angel, while it spared our threshold, has crossed that of our cheerful neighbor,—sad to miss the white-robed baby from the window, and see the little coffin at night-fall borne into the house,—sad to see innocent little faces pressed at eventide against the window-pane, watching for the "dear papa" who has gone to his long home.

THE LOWER CLASS.—Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artist, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are nature's nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth. No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are the "upper circle" in the order of nature, whatever the factitious distinction of fashionable society. It is not low; it is the highest duty, privilege, pleasure, for the great men and the whole-souled women to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be the architects of their own fortune. Some may remark the classes we have alluded to are only relatively low, and in fact the middle classes. We insist that they are absolutely the very highest. Is there a class of beings on earth who may properly be denominated low? If so, it is composed of those who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers or relatives without laboring or doing anything themselves.

CONTROLLING THE INCLINATION.—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get, when our will strains after a path we may not follow, we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair. We have but to seek another nourishment for the mind as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer, and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—Charlotte Brontë.

If you would know a man, mark his gait. Most men step to the tune of their thoughts.

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] I CANNOT SING.

BY ANNIE M. DEACH.

O, URGE me not to sing to-day, The lyre's sweet chords are all unstrung, Though summer noon her rosy robe Around my path has flung.

I strive to wake the glad, free notes I warbled in the by-gone days; An unseen spirit on my heart A wand of silence lays.

I know the spell must break ere long, But, ah, what will its breaking bring? Father of All, upon Thy care My destiny I fling.

O, teach my heart the seraph's song, And tune anew the trembling lyre, Till Thou shalt call me hence away To join the angel choir.

Cambria, N. Y., 1862.

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

A FEW days since, I attended the funeral of an aged man. His four sons, now in the prime of manhood, were present to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed father. As they approached at the close of the services, and bent over his remains, I could not repress the tears that came unbidden to my eyes at the thought, which at that moment came home to my mind with all the power of reality, "they are taking the last look of their father." And then the question occurred to me: What is it that most engages their thoughts and feelings as they stand there, gazing for the last time upon those features so familiar to them from their earliest childhood? In a moment they will turn away, never to behold the face of their father again. What are the thoughts awakened in their minds as they stand there silent and sad? Are they thinking of the wise counsel and good instructions they have so often received from those lips, now closed in death? Or, are those last sad moments rendered sadder still by the thought that no word of counsel, no lesson of instruction calculated to make them wiser or better, was ever uttered by that now silent tongue? Do emotions of gratitude and love mingle with their grief and swell their bosoms, as they recall the words of wisdom, the kind admonitions, the calm but firm denials and requirements, which guided them safely through the dangers and temptations of childhood and youth, and prepared them for the duties of life—pointing by precept and by example to life's great end? Or does that last look only remind them of angry looks, harsh words, and violent threats, which, instead of correcting their youthful errors, only engendered bitter feelings, now ripened into dispositions which are the source of constant trouble and render life a burden?

Ah, it is a sad moment when we are called to take the parting look of a father or mother; but what a consolation, in the midst of our grief, if that last look but awakens in us feelings of the deepest gratitude and love for one who has labored unceasingly for our temporal and eternal welfare. Fathers and mothers, are you so training up your children—instructing them in every right way, warning them of danger, and so reproving and correcting them that they will rise up and call you blessed? Or are your lives before them, and your conduct toward them such that, when you lie cold in death, and they draw near to take a parting look, no fountain of grief is opened in their hearts, no grateful recollection of the past throngs their memories—simply a momentary sadness that fades with the setting sun? House of Refuge, Rochester, 1862. E. M. C.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

EVERY Christian life now passing on earth, faithfully prosecuted to the end, wherever and however death comes, that life cannot be a failure. Compassed by the Savior's interest and prayers, going on in accordance with His intercession to issue in being with Him and like Him, whatever its earthly conditions, it must be a success and a victory. A philosopher said, as his life closed, "I have consumed life in laboriously doing nothing." A Roman emperor said, "I have tried all things, and nothing profits." But these are not the words in which a Christian can fitly describe his history as death approaches, but rather those words of Paul, declaring, in the retrospect, a work accomplished and a victory achieved, and, in the prospect, an eternal glory:—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."—Rev. S. Harris.

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN.—We believe we are indebted to good Mr. Simeon for this beautiful illustration of God's care for his children:

Conceive of a child passing over rocks where there is scarcely room for his feet, and where the path is so slippery that it is hardly possible for him to stand, and where there are precipices on every side so steep and tremendous that a single false step must of necessity cause him to be dashed to pieces. Conceive of a father guiding his beloved child in all this way, "holding him by his right hand," that he may not fall; and raising him up if at any time he has fallen, and preserving him from all dangers to which he is exposed. Here you see our God with the soul that trusts in him. Not for one moment does he leave the trembling saint.

DOING GOOD.—There is nothing makes earth so much like heaven as doing good. He left the joys and adorations of heaven, to come down and show us what the spirit of heaven was; and what was it? He went about doing good, and turned away from no case that appealed to his humanity. When they crowded around him in the wilderness, he magnified a few loaves, and fed thousands. The leper came, and was cleansed. His delight was in ministering to the wants of the poor and needy. Nay, if we may be allowed to speak of the upper sanctuary, God himself is gratified to stand in the attitude of infinite benevolence, and show his creatures that he delights in doing good.—R. Watson.

"LET the thoughts of a crucified Christ" said one, "be never out of your mind. Let them be your sweetness and consolation, your honey and your desire, your reading and your meditation, your life, death, and resurrection."

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Os, ye who cherish liberty, And every hope that on her waits, Preserve for your posterity...

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 14, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Battle of Hanover Court House.

For the following description of this well-fought contest, we are indebted to the N. Y. World: One of the most brilliant movements and achievements yet accomplished by any of our armies was consummated with the setting of yesterday's sun (May 27).

The outline of operations is briefly this: For some days past the enemy have been throwing forces upon our right flank, in the direction of Hanover Court House, extending their pickets to Old Church, thus annoying our right, and even threatening our communications with our water base.

The force selected for this important work was Gen. G. W. Morell's division of Gen. Fitz John Porter's Fifth Provisional Army Corps. Orders at midnight of Monday were issued to each regiment for preparations to march on Tuesday morning at four o'clock, in light marching trim, the men carrying nothing but their arms, canteens, haversacks, and rubber ponchos.

The direct road to Mechanicsville was at first pursued, and there were not a few who thought a demonstration directly on Richmond seriously intended. Five, six, and seven miles had been passed; no enemy in sight, and no Richmond in view.

A brief halt at the intersection gave time for a few questions. A pocket map or two was consulted, and it was found that we were thirteen miles north of Richmond and five from Hanover Court House.

A brief allusion as to what we hoped to find at or near Hanover is proper here. As late as Sunday, the 25th instant, a strong brigade of rebels had been posted there, believed to be composed of six North Carolina regiments, commanded by Lawrence O'Brien Branch, formerly member of Congress, but more lately brigadier-general, with the smell of defeat upon his garments, he having encountered Burnside at Newbern, in March last, the retreat from which, it will be seen, did not prove to be his last march.

His regiments are: Seventh, Twelfth, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, and Thirty-eighth North Carolina State troops. Their strength is represented by members of the same to approach

nearly to the maximum standard of one thousand men each. This force was certainly all at Hanover on Sunday. From secession but reliable sources we learn further that it was the intention of the enemy to re-enforce the position strongly. By throwing a strong column between Hanover and Richmond, this force might be cut off, and possibly captured entire. This was our hope; now for the realization.

When the division reached a point possibly two miles north of the intersection of the roads, the advanced guards, composed of cavalry, the Twenty-fifth New York infantry, Col. Johnson, and a section of artillery, the pickets of the enemy were discovered. The skirmishers opened fire, and the rebels slowly withdrew for a mile or so. They were rapidly pursued by the Twenty-fifth, who thus got some distance in advance of the main column, and even ahead of the protecting section of Benson's light battery, which was in front. Near the residence of Dr. Kinney, at the forks of the main road—one leading by the right hand to Richmond, and the other by the left hand, circuitously, to Mechanicsville—the rebels drew up in line of battle, in an open field, but behind a house, and in support of two of their own field pieces, thus making a respectable show for a fight. Col. Johnson boldly pressed forward, and engaged them at close range, making hot work of it for both sides, for at least fifteen minutes before any supports arrived. The enemy were driven from behind their sheltering place, but suddenly a force of them appeared from the woods, on the right flank of the Twenty-fifth, and succeeded in capturing a part of Company G, carrying them to their rear promptly as prisoners. Col. Johnson now anxiously looked for help, when a section of Marin's Massachusetts battery came up, followed by a couple of pieces from Griffin's regular battery, which soon fixed the earnest attention of the rebels, who were firing grape and shell from their 12-pound howitzers with great vigor.

From the cool and determined stand of the rebels, it was evident that they conceived the force in sight to be our total strength, and that it would be an easy matter to repulse or capture it. But word had gone to General Butterfield, who speedily ordered the Seventeenth New York, Col. Lansing, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Col. McLane, into the timber on the left of the road, to deploy, and come out well on the enemy's flank. With a burst of enthusiasm in went both regiments, the Seventeenth covering the front with a strong line of skirmishers. In a trice they appeared in the wheat field on the left, and with incredible rapidity formed line of battle, the Seventeenth coming upon the right with the regularity and coolness of a dress parade, supported by the Twelfth New York, Col. Weeks, in column by division, while the Eighty-third took the left of the line, supported by the Sixteenth Michigan, Col. Stockton, in the same manner. The rebels at once perceived the vitality of this movement. They had not anticipated it. Surprised, then confused, a well directed volley caused them first to waver, and then to fly with all the speed at their command, scattering, like a covey of partridges, in every direction. Another volley picked off most of their men at the guns, when forward went the Seventeenth on the double-quick; the cannon were abandoned without even a spike, and the pursuit of the retreating enemy kept up for two and a half miles, to Hanover Court House, before the regiments finally brought up. Prisoners at once began to be brought in. The men of the Seventeenth and Eighty-third regiments hunted them and dragged them from their hiding places with great gusto; within an hour fifty to sixty had been brought in and confined in a barn to the rear of the house where Col. Johnson was re-gathering his regiment, and bringing together the brave ones who had so gallantly fallen. Here it was found that all the casualties, about thirty, save one or two in the batteries, were in the Twenty-fifth. Lieut.-Colonel Savage, Surgeon Weed, and Lieut. Halpin, were wounded, while Capt. McMahon, Lieut. Fiske, and Lieut. Thompson, had baptized their patriotism with their life-blood, falling upon the threshold of victory, fighting to the last, like the brave men that they were. Several of the most valued non-commissioned officers likewise fell here.

The guns captured were 12-pound smooth bore brass howitzers, belonging to Latham's celebrated New Orleans battery, and they were left in good order. The limber-boxes were nearly full of ammunition, though one of them had been blown up by a shell from Griffin during the first of the engagement. The charge of the Seventeenth New York upon these guns was very handsomely done. The superior drill of the regiment was manifest in the regular and solid front which they preserved in moving forward. The officers behaved with coolness and unflinching valor.

The enemy fled beyond Hanover Court House, his confusion becoming greater at every step. The cavalry pursued by each by-road, and helped to gather in the harvest of prisoners.

As elsewhere alluded to, the Twenty-second Massachusetts went out on the railroad and took up several hundred feet of the track, following up the road to the turnpike crossing at Peake's Station, just below where the engagement took place. Here orders came back from Gen. Porter for the Twenty-second to continue to move up the railroad, and for all other regiments, the Forty-fourth and the battery below included, to move forward rapidly. The First and Second brigades then moved forward, but had not proceeded far before a cavalry picket rode in rapidly, and informed Gen. Martindale that the enemy had brought up a force by rail, which was now coming swiftly forward for an attack upon our rear. The Second Maine regiment, Col. Roberts, being in the rear, was immediately faced about and stationed by Gen. Martindale at the junction of the road by which the divisions had advanced, with the main turnpike to Richmond running parallel with the railroad. Between these two roads it was supposed the enemy would advance. They extended their flank, however, so as to cover both sides of the road by which we had come, advancing under shelter of the timber. The Forty-fourth New York, Col. Stryker, were here ordered into position on the left of Marin's battery, which was supported on the right by the Second Maine. The Twenty-fifth regiment was also sent for, it having halted at Dr. Kinney's house, the locality of their spirited engagement, and were attending to the wants of their wounded. The Forty-fourth was then ordered to deploy into the woods on the left, and clear them of the rebel skirmishers, in order to protect one of our hospitals, which was some distance in the rear. They started, but an attempt of the enemy on our right flank caused them to be recalled, and they returned to their position, engaging their opponents vigorously. The fight had now become hot. Six regiments of rebel infantry were in plain sight. Their

PROFESSOR LOUIS AGASSIZ.

In the absence of a proper hero of the war, we this week portray one who has gathered unending laurels in the field of science, and attained the highest rank among those whose profound scholarship has so peculiarly marked the Nineteenth Century.

Amid the invigorating atmosphere of the hills of Switzerland, Louis Agassiz drew the first inspiration of his mortal existence—in the little town of Orbe, at Waadtland, Switzerland, in the year 1807. His father was the intelligent and pious pastor to the church of the village, and young Louis was early taught the precepts of holy living. Almost in his infancy he exhibited the strongest love of knowledge. Before he was ten years of age he exhibited a decided predilection for the pursuit of natural history. He was never happier than in threading the intricate mazes of his mountain home, or in climbing those sharp acclivities in search of some new fern, or flower, or fossil, or other manifestation of his favorite study, while the finding of the least of these filled his soul with delight.

Pastor Agassiz had the sagacity to discover the rich germs of intellect in the soul of his brave boy, and he determined to use every means within his reach to bring them forth in all their due proportions and richness. At the tender age of eleven he was sent to Biel, where was a celebrated gymnasium. The hardy methods of juvenile development practiced in that school were admirably adapted to the habits and tastes, as well as the physique of young Agassiz, and such was his proficiency that he was promoted to the Academy of Lausanne before he was fifteen. About 1826 he was matriculated at the University at Zurich, where his modest bearing, the purity of his life, and the close application of his intellectual powers to his studies, won for him the respect and even the love of his tutors and fellow-students. Having graduated with the highest honors of the University, he entered the world-renowned schools of Munich and Heidelberg. Here he devoted himself, for the space of nearly three years, to the study of comparative anatomy and its kindred sciences. It was from the latter of these institutions that he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

While pursuing his studies at Heidelberg, and after his graduation, he devoted himself with great zeal to the study of the natural history of the piscatory races. It was about this time that the celebrated Martius asked and obtained his assistance in compiling and editing his famous work containing an account of the fishes discovered by Spix in the waters of Brazil. The arduous and delicate task of arranging and classifying the one hundred and sixteen species of fishes which Spix had discovered, fell entirely to the hands of our youthful student; yet so successfully was this work accomplished, that there has not yet occurred the necessity for a re-classification. Immediately on the conclusion of this great work, he wrote and published his "Natural

especial attention seemed to be the right flank, where Col. Roberts, having taken a good position in the edge of the woods, was pouring into them volley after volley of the most terrible musketry. Colonel Johnson was ordered to relieve Col. Roberts, and the Second Maine filed off to the right, changing front slightly, but keeping up its fire with telling effect. This movement, through some unavoidable circumstance, exposed both the Twenty-fifth and Forty-fourth to an enfilading fire, from which they suffered severely. But the Second Maine, though low in ammunition, still kept the enemy in check. He plied the left wing of the Forty-fourth desperately, but it was more than a match for him. Col. Johnson was here wounded, and subsequently had his horse shot under him. Adjutant Houghton, of the same regiment, likewise received a flesh wound in the leg. Major Chapin, of the Forty-fourth, received two severe wounds, one in the chest and one in the leg. Adjutant Knox was wounded in the wrist; Lieut. Fox in the shoulder; Lieut.-Col. Rice had his horse killed under him, and his sword cut off the belt by a musket ball. But in vain the enemy pressed; these three heroic columns, though losing severely at every discharge, stood their ground most nobly, never yielding an inch.

While this hot fight was going on, the brigades which were in advance were returning on the double-quick. They formed into line in the wheat field, near where the first engagement took place, and were soon face to face with the enemy, who were evidently startled by the appearance of so strong a re-enforcement. Butterfield threw the Eighty-third Pennsylvania and Sixteenth Michigan in on the left. McQuade sent the Sixty-second Pennsylvania, Col. Black, in the timber on the extreme right, deployed mainly as skirmishers, and advancing rapidly; also the Ninth Massachusetts on the left of the Eighty-third. The Fourteenth New York having relieved the Second Maine, was joined by the Thirteenth New York, and our left supported by Berdan's sharp-shooters, half of whom went with their Sharpe's rifles, doing sure work at every shot, while the balance of the regiments were held in reserve. Griffin's battery now came thundering in, unlimbered, and took position in a twinkling, and commenced throwing shell and shrapnel with excellent effect. The fresh regiments now pressed forward, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania advancing under several volleys, but reserving its fire for close quarters, losing but slightly. The enemy found the pressure of the Sixty-second on his left, and the other regiments in front, altogether too great, and with several well-directed volleys, our advancing columns soon threw him into the direst confusion, and he at once beat a precipitate retreat, under the cover of the dense forest in his rear. The victory was ours!

Three distinct engagements marked the battle of

ral History of the Fresh-Water Fishes of Europe," a work of great thoroughness, and which has become a text-book for students in this department of science. Nearly in conjunction with this, his untiring pen gave to the world his "Researches on Fossil Fishes," and his "Descriptions of Echinodermes;" themselves a rich library of scientific knowledge.

It was while engaged in these works that a friend sent him a fish scale, of peculiar shape, which had been exhumed from the chalk formations beneath the city of Paris. It had once belonged to a race of fishes now extinct, and this was the only available testimony which had come to the hands of any scholar. Nothing daunted, Agassiz set to work to give from these slender materials the exact position and relation of this antediluvian among his tribes.

He first drew a profile of the extinct fish, placing the acquired scale in its proper place, and then gave it a name and described its habits, etc. Then he sent the drawing, together with the description, to the Journal of Arts and Sciences, then, as now, issued at Paris, where it was published in full. Five years subsequent to this publication, in which Agassiz had risked his reputation, his friend fortunately discovered a perfect fossil specimen of the defunct race of fishes, and sent it for inspection. Upon examination, so accurately had he made his drawing, not a single line had to be altered.

Mr. Agassiz has studied with great care the historical record of the world, and made himself familiar with the political constitutions of the various countries of mankind, and their practical workings with the respective nations among which they have been cherished. After long and impartial examination, he decided in favor of the Government of the United States, and resolved to become a loving and obedient subject of the same. Accordingly, some twenty years since, he took up his residence with us, becoming a naturalized citizen. Immediately on reaching our shores, his indefatigable spirit set to work to examine the physical features of our widely-spread country. He explored the land and the waters all along the coast of our seaboard, from the further shores of Lake Superior to the Atlantic, and from the Pacific to the waters of the Passamaquoddy. At this time he was called, by the University of Cambridge, Massachusetts, to the chair of Natural Philosophy. He afterward received a call to the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy in the University of Charleston, South Carolina, but on due deliberation decided to remain in Cambridge.

But, after all, it is the morale of the man that renders him a favorite in all the circles of his acquaintance. Modest, affable to his inferiors and respectful to his superiors, his society is eagerly sought and cordially cherished by all whose opportunities bring them into contact with his gigantic intellect and gentle, child-like nature. His history is one which every youth of our land should study, and whose pure character he should strive to emulate.

Hanover, resulting in the entire discomfiture of the rebels, with a loss of 1,200, 700 of whom were prisoners. Our loss in killed, wounded, and missing, was 379, of whom 53 were killed.

The Great Battle before Richmond.

Our telegraphic reports of this conflict were very brief and indefinite, and we give the following account from the N. Y. Times. The correspondence is dated Sunday, June 1st:

A battle before Richmond has at last put to the test the rebel boast as to what they would do with Gen. McClellan's army when they should get it beyond the protection of the gunboats. Though the advantage of a sudden movement against the weakest point in our lines gave the enemy a temporary success, the final result has not been such as to afford encouragement to their disheartened and demoralized troops, or occasion any fears as to our ultimate possession of the rebel capital. The attack commenced shortly before 1 o'clock on Saturday, on the left wing of the army, on the further or south side of the Chickahominy, where the advance position was held by the division of Gen. Casey, much the weakest in the army, composed almost entirely of raw regiments, and reduced by disease to an effective force of some 6,000 men.

The position held by Gen. Casey was on the Williamsburgh stage road, within six or seven miles of Richmond, and on a line so extended at the front that the troops required to maintain picket guards of sufficient strength made no slight draft on his weakened forces. The right of the line was held by his 1st brigade, under Gen. H. M. Naglee, as brave and vigilant an officer as is to be found in the army of the Potomac. Gen. Naglee's pickets extended across the railroad (running parallel with the Williamsburgh road, about a mile to the right) to near the sixth mile post from Richmond, and so on further to the right, and a little to the rear, until within a short distance of a point on the Chickahominy. The center of Gen. Casey's position, held by the 2d brigade, Gen. Wassell's (formerly Gen. Keims'), extended from Gen. Naglee's lines to the left a short distance across the Williamsburgh road, where it joined the 3d brigade, Gen. Palmer's, stretching some distance further to the left, and joining the lines of Gen. Couch, who guarded the left flank, the main portion of his force being a short distance to the rear of Casey, on the Williamsburgh road.

The position occupied by the main body of these two divisions, was a clearing of about one mile square, surrounded on the left and the front by a belt of forest, in which Gen. Casey's pickets were stationed. On the right, a wooded swamp divided the clearing from a similar opening in the forest, along the railroad, which was occupied by Gen. Naglee with his brigade. Just beyond the woods to the front were similar clearings, with woods on

their further side, where the rebels lay concealed, their pickets occupying the edge of the forest, and separated from our pickets by the width of the fields, forming a sort of neutral ground between the two armies, over which each kept close watch lest his neighbor should take possession.

Gen. Casey was actively at work strengthening his position, a large force of men being at work under the skillful direction of Lieut. E. W. West, of his staff, digging rifle pits and felling trees for abatis. A similar line of defensive works had been commenced and partially completed at Gen. Casey's former position at Seven Pines, three miles further to the rear, and just back of these was a line of earthworks constructed by Gen. Couch, and more carefully finished.

Failing in the two attempts to gather information by forcing back Gen. Casey's pickets, the rebels apparently resolved upon an advance in force against the left wing of our army, doubtless determined to drive it beyond the Chickahominy, should the opportunity offer, and put themselves in a position to turn Gen. McClellan's left flank.

Shortly after noon on Saturday the grand attack commenced, Gen. Casey's pickets being driven in all along the front, after a spirited resistance, the rebels advancing in force all along three roads—the Williamsburgh road, to our left, the railroad, in the center, and the "Nine-mile road," as it is called, on the right. With his feeble division greatly weakened by extension, Gen. Casey had no backbone to oppose to this sudden attack. But no thought of yielding his ground entered the mind of the old soldier, scarred with the wounds of Mexico and disciplined to danger by a hundred fights. His troops were immediately formed in position, the three brigades maintaining their relative positions on the right, left and center, and as thorough preparations were made for resisting the attack as his suddenness would admit of. Regan's New York battery was stationed just to the right of the Williamsburgh road, Bates' battery of Napoleon guns further to the left across the road, and Fitch's battery three or four hundred yards to the rear, the last sending its shell over the heads of our troops at the enemy beyond. The fourth battery was near the railroad, further to the right.

The vigor with which the enemy pressed forward to the attack, indicated the confidence of superior strength. A battalion of two regiments pressed against Gen. Naglee on the right, another fell on Gen. Wassell at the center, and a third on Gen. Palmer to the left, pouring in at once a fire hot and heavy, and advancing with great resolution in face of the steady fire of canister and grape from the guns in front and shell from those further to the rear, moving down their ranks in all directions. The rebels had but little artillery, and were evidently disposed to make good the deficiency by pressing to close quarters with their superior force, to bear down at once by weight of numbers the feeble skeleton regiments of three and four hundred men who composed the advanced division.

Most of Gen. Casey's troops were thrown forward to the edge of the woods in front of his position to meet the advance of the rebels, a few regiments being left behind the partially completed rifle pits, a short distance to the rear. Thus a division, nearly new to warfare, was suddenly exposed, in an open field, to the heaviest of fire from an enemy covered to a considerable extent by the woods through which they were advancing. Terribly the tempest raged, the air almost growing thick with musket balls; officer after officer fell, or was borne from the field a wounded man; the men dropped by scores, and the usual number of weak-jointed ones were falling to the rear. But in spite of the rapid thinning of their ranks, the regiments generally held their ground until the enemy succeeded in rushing around on the left flank, and poured in an enfilading fire from that direction, against which the rifle pits were no protection. The sixty rounds of ammunition with which they entered the fight, were nearly exhausted, and no more was at hand.

Meantime one of Gen. Couch's brigades, commanded by Gen. Abercrombie, was ordered up to the support of Gen. Naglee on the right, Gen. Devens, of the same division, sustaining Gen. Wassell on the center, and Gen. Peck, with the remaining brigade, supporting Gen. Palmer on the left. When Gen. Casey's troops were forced to give way, the rebels fell on these brigades of Couch's division, who disputed every inch of ground, until sustained by Gen. Kearney, pressing up the Williamsburgh road with re-enforcements to meet them, supported by the division of Gen. Hooker in his rear. Pressing rapidly forward, Gen. Kearney advanced along the Williamsburgh road to within a short distance of our original position, where he bivouacked for the night in front of the enemy. It was along this Williamsburgh road that the main attack was made, and here our troops were forced back for half a mile or more, before the arrival of Gen. Heintzleman's corps, the feeble brigades of Casey's division being completely broken up, many if not most of the officers killed, wounded or missing, and the privates scattered through the woods and along the road.

Col. Bailey, Chief of Artillery, was shot early in the afternoon, the ball striking him in the head, and causing his death after a short period of insensibility. Maj. Van Yaulenberg, the second in command of the 1st New York artillery, was killed, Adj. Wm. Ramsay wounded, while every battery but one lost its quota of men, and some of them lost nearly all their horses. Bates' battery of Napoleon guns—12-pound brass pieces—which was to the front, thus deprived of locomotion and stuck fast in the mud, was left behind in the retirement of our troops, but not until Gen. Naglee had taken it upon himself to see that several of the pieces were spiked. In addition to this, one 3-inch Parrott gun of battery H was disabled by a shot, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Pennsylvania Reserve battery, of Couch's division, also lost one of their guns—these eight pieces of ordnance constituting our entire loss, so far as I could learn.

Meantime Gen. Sumner had succeeded in bringing his troops across the Chickahominy, and was advancing on the right to maintain our position there, where less ground had been lost. After several days of labor, Gen. Sumner had thrown two bridges across the creek between Bottom's Bridge and New Bridge, where local reports held it to be impossible to find any foundation for piles to support the superstructures. One of these bridges was some two miles above Bottom's Bridge, the other a mile further up the stream. The lower of these was carried away during the heavy storm of Friday night, and Gen. Sumner was obliged to depend upon a single shabby structure for the passage of his troops, who nearly all, however, succeeded in crossing that night, the head of the column reaching the Nine-mile road, along which the rebels were pressing our troops, at 7 o'clock, holding the enemy in check for the night, and preventing them from fol-



lowing up in that direction the advantage they had gained during the day.

Flushed with their seeming victory of Saturday, the rebels awoke with confidence on Sunday to follow up their movements, sure of driving us this time to the Chickahominy and beyond. But they had made the unfortunate mistake of estimating the strength of our reserves by the weakness of our advance.

Maj.-Gen. Butler and the Foreign Consuls.

It having come to the knowledge of Gen. Butler that a large amount of specie was secreted at the office of the consul of the Netherlands, he ordered Captain Shipley, of the 13th Massachusetts regiment, with a proper guard, to take possession of the office.

When Gen. Butler's troops took possession of the Custom House at New Orleans, they found in the same \$50,000 worth of church bells and bells of all sorts and sizes, that had been contributed by the rebels in response to Beauregard's proclamation for gun metal.

THE SLASHES.—Among other points of interest now within the Federal lines about Richmond is "The Slashes"—at present called Ashland—in Hanover county, the birth place of Henry Clay.

THE LOYAL LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA GOING TO RICHMOND.—A dispatch from Washington states that the loyal Legislature of Virginia, now in session at Wheeling, is getting ready to move to Richmond, as the capture of the State Capital is now considered as certain to take place.

HANOVER COURT HOUSE.—Hanover Court House, capital of Hanover county, Va., and the scene of Tuesday's (May 27) battle, is situated one mile from the Pamunkey river, and twenty miles north of Richmond.

A NICE CAPTURE.—Some time in November last W. H. Harris and F. N. McNairy, of the rebel army, advertised in the Nashville papers to pay "Five dollars per pair for fifty pairs of well-bred hounds, and Fifty dollars for one pair of blood hounds that will take the track of a man, and chase the infernal cowardly Lincoln bush-whackers of East Tennessee and Kentucky to their dens and capture them."

HELD TO THEIR ENGAGEMENTS.—The municipal authorities at Nashville are compelling the wealthy secessionists to contribute to the support of the families of the poor men who were induced to enlist in the rebel armies, by their promises to do so.

THE DESTRUCTIVE.—It is estimated that the property destroyed by the rebels since the war commenced, to prevent the same from falling into Union hands, amounts to \$70,000,000. The items are as follows:

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THE Chickahominy river, across which the rebel army has just been obliged to retreat, rises in Hanover county, Va., and falls into James river, about eight miles above Jamestown, which is situated 50 miles E. S. E. from Richmond.

BATON ROUGE.—This town is on the last bluff, or elevated land, in descending the Mississippi, on the east bank, about 127 miles above New Orleans.

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attention of his comrade. There was a silence for a moment, and then there was wafted across the air the music of that glorious anthem, "Old Hundred," in which it seemed ten thousand voices were participating.

Department of the Mississippi. FORT WRIGHT was evacuated on the 6th inst., and our forces took immediate possession.

Department of the East. DISPATCHES received at the War Department, on the 8th, state that all is quiet in front of Richmond, except an occasional cannonading by the rebels at our forces employed in bridge operations, but it does not retard their progress.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE, Va., June 2. Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.—I have fulfilled at least a part of my promises to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are now at bay in front of the Capital.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Dispatches from Officer Dupont state that the gunboats have possession of Stono, near Charleston.

Letters from the Gulf announce the capture of the schooner New Castle, by the brig Bainbridge; and the schooner Jane, by the steamer R. R. Cuyler,

his countrymen from the step they have taken, for it might be construed as a breach of that neutrality imposed by her Majesty on all her subjects; but he thinks they were not aware of the importance of their action.

Gen. Butler, in his response, gives the following statement of the facts in the case:

"A number of residents of this city, who have enjoyed the protection and advantages of the United States Government in their large trade and property for many years (some of them more than a decade), and now claiming to have been born subjects of her Majesty Queen Victoria, organized themselves into a military body, known as the "British Guard," and, armed, uniformed, and equipped, patrolled the streets till the fleet of the United States had the city under its guns. This body then, after a discussion in presence of its captain and at least one other officer, at 11 o'clock at night, deliberately voted in an organized meeting to send the arms and uniforms of the company to the army of the Rebel General Beauregard, which vote was carried into effect, by sending to the rebels, substantially, all the arms, uniforms, and equipments in their armory. This transaction was concealed from me for some days. I then sent for Capt. Burrows, and he acknowledged the facts materially as above stated. In this flagrant breach of the laws of nations, of the United States, your Queen's proclamation, and the laws of God, I directed him to order his company to leave the city within twenty-four hours. To this he objected, saying, among other things, that this would be punishing the innocent with the guilty, as there were some members absent at the time of the vote; that each soldier of the Guard owned his arms and uniform as private property, and it would be hard to compel those to leave the city who still retained their arms and uniforms, and did not concur in the vote. I then modified the order, directing those to report to me who still retained their arms and uniforms—all others, having forfeited all rights of neutrality and hospitality, to leave the city within twenty-four hours, or I should have them arrested and sent to Fort Jackson, as dangerous and inimical persons. These people thought it of consequence that Beauregard should have sixty more uniforms and rifles. I thought it of the same consequence that he should have sixty more of these faithless men, who may fill them if they choose. I intended this order to be strictly enforced. I am content for the present to suffer open enemies to remain in the city of their nativity, but law-defying and treacherous alien agents shall not. I welcome all neutrals and foreigners who have kept aloof from these troubles which have been brought upon the city, and will, to the extent of my power, protect them and their property. They shall have the same hospitable and just treatment they have always received at the hands of the United States government. They will see, however, for themselves, that it is for the interest of all to have the unworthy among them rooted out; because the acts of such bring suspicion upon all."

Mr. Coppell, in his rejoinder, claims that the services of the British Guard were in the nature of those of an armed police, and that some of the members left the armory ignorant of any such proposition as the sending away of the arms. He, however, rather attempts to excuse than to justify the act. Thus the matter rests.

Items and Incidents.

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Department of the Mississippi.

FORT WRIGHT was evacuated on the 6th inst., and our forces took immediate possession.

The following dispatch was received on the 4th inst. at the War Department:

HALLECK'S HEADQUARTERS, June 4. To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—Gen. Pope, with 40,000 men, is thirty miles south of Corinth, pushing the enemy hard. He already reports 10,000 prisoners and deserters from the enemy and 15,000 stand of arms captured. Thousands of the enemy are throwing away their arms. A farmer says that when Beauregard learned that Col. Elliott had cut the railroad on his line of retreat, he became frantic, and told his men to save themselves as well as they could. We have captured nine locomotives and a number of cars. One of the former is already prepared and running to-day. Several more will be in running order in two or three days. The result is all I could possibly desire.

The following were received at the Navy Department on the 8th:

U. S. STEAMER BENTON, OFF MEMPHIS, June 6, 1862.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:—Sir: I arrived here last night at 9 o'clock, accompanied by the mortar fleet under Com. Maguadere, the ordnance steamers, storeships, &c. We anchored a mile and a half above the city. This morning I discovered the rebel fleet, consisting of eight rams and gunboats, lying off the levee. The engagement, which commenced at 5.30, terminated at 7 in a running fight. I was ably supported by the ram fleet under command of Col. Elliott, who was conspicuous for his bravery and is severely hurt, but not dangerously wounded. The result of the action was the capture or destruction of seven vessels of the rebel fleet, as follows: The Gen. Beauregard, blown up; the Gen. Sterling Price, one wheel carried away; the Jeff Thompson, set on fire by shell and burned, and magazine blown up; the Sumter, badly cut up by shot, but will be repaired; the Little Rebel, boiler exploded by shot and otherwise injured, but will be repaired. Besides this, one of the rebel boats was sunk in the early part of the action, name not known. A boat, supposed to be the Van Dorn, escaped from the flotilla by her superior speed. The officers and crews of the rebel boats endeavored to take to the shore. Many of the wounded and prisoners are in our hands. The Mayor surrendered the city to me after the engagement. Col. Fitch came down at 10 o'clock, and has taken military possession. C. H. DAVIS, Flag-Officer Commanding, pro tem.

OPPOSITE MEMPHIS, TENN., June 6. The rebel gunboats made a stand early this morning opposite Memphis, and opened a vigorous fire, which was returned with equal spirit. I ordered my flag-ship to pass between the gunboats and move down ahead of them upon the rams of the enemy. The rebel rams tried to back down and turn and run, but the movement was fatal to them. The Queen struck one of them and was for a few minutes fast. After separating, she sunk it. My vessel, the Queen, was then struck by a rebel steamer, and though damaged, can be saved. A pistol shot wound in the leg deprived me of the privilege of witnessing the fight. The monarch went gallantly into action. She struck the rebel boat that struck my flag-ship, and sank her. She then struck the Beauregard, and sank her. At the same time the Beauregard was struck in the boiler by a shot from one of our gunboats. The monarch then started for the Little Rebel, flag-ship, and pushed her ashore, the rebel Commodore and crew escaping. She then took the Beauregard in tow till she sunk in shoal water. In compliance with the request of Commodore Davis, Col. Ellet dispatched the monarch and Switzerland in pursuit of one remaining gunboat and a few transports which escaped, and two of my rams have gone below after them. I cannot too much praise the conduct of pilots, engineers, &c., of the monarch and Queen, and the brave conduct of Capt. Dryden and the heroic conduct of Lieut-Col. Ellet. I will name all parties in a special report. I am myself the only person disabled in the engagement.

CHAS. ELLET, JR., Com. the River Fleet.

After the return of our gunboats from the pursuit, Com. Davis sent the following note to the Mayor of the city of Memphis:

U. S. FLAG-STEAMER BENTON, OFF MEMPHIS, June 6, 1862. Sir: I have respectfully to request that you will surrender the city of Memphis to the authority of the United States, which I have the honor to represent. I am, Mr. Mayor, with high respect, Your obedient servant,

C. H. DAVIS, Flag-Officer.

In answer, the Mayor says: Your note is received, and in reply I have only to say, as the civil authorities have no means of defense, by force of circumstances the city is in your hands.

Immediately afterward one boat's crew landed, and the national flag was hoisted over the Post Office. The party was followed by an excited crowd, but were not interfered with. The 43d and 46th Indiana regiments now occupy the place. Col. Fitch is in command. The city is quiet. No demonstrations whatever have been made. It is even asserted that it will not be necessary to declare martial law. Five of our gunboats now lie abreast of the city. We captured five large steamers which were moored at the levee. The rebels burned a new gunboat which was nearly ready to be launched.

In connection with the foregoing we give the rebel statement, as given in the Memphis Argus:

Three shots were fired from the Confederate fleet before any reply was made by the Federals. After the firing commenced, the shots for some time fell wide of the mark on both sides, when, on the arrival of several more of the enemy's gunboats, Com. Montgomery ordered the fleet to fall back, which was done. Firing, however, was kept up vigorously. The Confederate fleet retired to opposite Bear street, but no longer in line of battle, when one of the Federal rams shot ahead of the rest of the fleet. The Beauregard prepared to receive her. After a contest of short duration, the Beauregard avoided the blow intended for her, and struck her adversary forward of the wheelhouse. The blow pushed the Federal boat hors du combat. She hauled off and made for the Arkansas shore, where she remained during the engagement. Meantime another Federal ram, the monarch, came to her assistance. At first the Beauregard attempted to run her down, but missed her, and struck the Gen. Price on the wheelhouse, making a complete wreck of the boat, which made for the Arkansas shore and sank. A number of persons on board were killed and wounded by the enemy's sharpshooters. At this period four Federal iron-clad boats, which had

taken no part in the action, except firing at long range, came up. Upon their arrival the cannonading was fiercely renewed. In a short time the Gen. Lovell was pierced by a large shot and sunk. The Little Rebel was soon afterward struck by a Federal shot, and started for the Arkansas shore. The Beauregard, nothing daunted by the disasters which had befallen the others, continued vigorously firing as she retreated toward the Point. Two or three of the enemy's large boats closed upon her, pouring broadside after broadside into her. She was struck several times, and raked fore and aft. A Federal ram coming up, also dealt her a blow, when she sunk rapidly into deep water opposite Jackson's Mound. The remaining Confederate boats rapidly moved down the river. One of them was shortly afterward discovered in flames. Pursuit was made by one of the Federal boats, which shortly returned. The conclusion is that the remainder of the fleet shared the same fate as the others. The loss of life cannot be estimated with certainty. Numbers fell by the enemy's sharpshooters. Great numbers went down in the sinking vessels. The loss to the enemy, other than the loss by the sinking ram, is not known. Their boats were altogether superior to ours in every respect. They therefore sustained a small loss, except in hand-to-hand encounters. The bluffs in front of the city were crowded with spectators during the fight. Business of every kind was suspended. It lasted an hour and five minutes.

Department of the East.

DISPATCHES received at the War Department, on the 8th, state that all is quiet in front of Richmond, except an occasional cannonading by the rebels at our forces employed in bridge operations, but it does not retard their progress.

The following statement of the loss at the battle of Fair Oaks has been received at the War Department:

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Statement of killed, wounded and missing, of May 31st, and June 1st, 1862, in front of Richmond: 2d Corps, (Gen. Sumner's) killed, 183; wounded, 894; missing, 146. Heintzelman's 3d Corps—killed, 253; wounded, 980; missing, 156. Keyes' 4th—killed, 448; wounded, 1,753; missing, 921. Total—killed 890; wounded, 3,627; missing, 1,222. The grand total is 5,739. A nominal list will be furnished as soon as the data can be received.

G. B. McCLELLAN, Gen. Com'g.

The following address was read to the army at dress parade, on the evening of the 3d inst., and was received with an outburst of vociferous cheering from every regiment:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR NEW BRIDGE, Va., June 2.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac.—I have fulfilled at least a part of my promises to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are now at bay in front of the Capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot for a moment be doubtful. If the troops who have labored so faithfully, and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours. The events of every day prove your superiority. Wherever you have met the enemy, you have beaten him. Wherever you have used the bayonet he has given way in panic and disorder. One of you now crowns your last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet him and crush him here in the very center of the rebellion.

Soldiers: I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your ardor, discipline, and mutual confidence, the result depends.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen. Com'g.

A reconnoissance made from Front Royal on the 31st ult., discovered a large force of the enemy some six or seven miles on the Winchester road. Our troops opened on them and drove them some distance, taking seven prisoners and one 11-pounder cannon, manufactured in Liverpool, in 1861, and twelve wagons, several horses and mules, and also recapturing six men of the 2d Maryland regiment. Our loss was one, killed.

The news from Gen. Shields' Division states that a scouting party crossed the river at Columbian Bridge, on the 9th, and went to New Market. They found that Jackson had retreated through there three days before. His army has been reduced to about 5,000 men, the remainder having scattered through the mountains to save themselves. Gen. Fremont's army had followed them all the way, capturing wagons and supplies.

Our navy has been unusually active during the week. We gather the following items of intelligence:

Commander L. C. Rowan, in command of the naval force in the waters of North Carolina, reports to the Navy Department that on the 18th ult., Lieut. Colburn, of the Hunchback, in company with the Shawan, ascended the Mehismir river about twelve miles, to a point where he found a deserted battery and earthworks with five embrasures. The river above was obstructed by sunken schooners, trees, &c. On his return he captured in a small creek the schooner J. H. Smoot, 36 tons. On the 19th ult., accompanied by Whitehead, he ascended the Chowan river, destroying Fort Dillard, which is situated about 300 yards below the mouth of the Blackwater. After removing various obstructions in the river, he proceeded up the Blackwater about two miles, where he found three schooners sunk. On the 20th, in Bennett's Creek, he captured the Eugenia, of about 80 tons. The next day he captured the steamer Winter Shrub, loaded with 300 bbls. of shad and herring. It was Lieut. Colburn's intention on the next day to go up the Chowan river, eluding the barracks, and make a clear passage of the Blackwater.

The English iron steamer Cambria, captured by the gunboat Huron, after a chase of five hours off Charleston, arrived at Philadelphia on the 2d inst. She sails from Carlisle, and sailed from Liverpool for Nassau and thence for Charleston, and was captured while attempting to run the blockade. The cargo consists of liquors, clothes, medicines, Enfield rifles, &c.

PHILADELPHIA, June 7.—The U. S. gunboat Bienville arrived on the 6th with three schooners in tow, which were captured off Charleston in attempting to run the blockade. Their names are the Province, La Croilla and Rebecca, all from Nassau. The Santiago de Cuba captured, on the 27th, the rebel schooner Lucy Holmes, just out of the Santee, loaded with cotton. She has been sent to Boston for adjudication.

WASHINGTON, June 8.—Dispatches from Officer Dupont state that the gunboats have possession of Stono, near Charleston.

Letters from the Gulf announce the capture of the schooner New Castle, by the brig Bainbridge; and the schooner Jane, by the steamer R. R. Cuyler,

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Grover's Patent Swing Beam Plow—Ailing & Co. Parson Brownlow's Wonderful Book—Geo. W. Childs. Bankers—A. H. Waters & Co. American House, Boston—Lewis Rice. Agent Wanted to sell Patents. Important to Amateurs and Gardeners—H. C. White.

The News Condenser.

- General Cass is lying seriously ill at his home in Detroit.
J. W. Gray, late editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, is dead.
There are 2,400 orphan children in the several asylums at New Orleans.
The village of Drumbo, C. W., was the scene of a destructive fire on Thursday week.
Notwithstanding the war, building operations are going on in Boston with great activity.
The total number of bills passed by the present Congress and signed by the President is 116.
Gen. Butler's wife is a cousin of D. M. Hildreth, proprietor of the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.
Charles D. Sackett, senior editor of the Jamestown (N. Y.) Journal, died on the 27th of May, aged 42.
Some of the California papers are becoming alarmed by the renewal of a heavy emigration from China.
Henry Clay was born at Hanover Court House, Va.; and there Patrick Henry achieved his earlier triumphs.
It is estimated that over 300,000 troops offered their services to the Secretary of War on the recent call.
Mexico owes England at the present time fifteen million sterling, Spain two million, and France one million.
The Republican State Convention at Portland, Me., last week, nominated Hon. Abner Coburn for Governor.
Gen. Bentley, a soldier of the war of 1812, and a pioneer of Ohio, died in Richmond Co., in that State, recently.
The losses caused by the California flood of 1862 are variously estimated at from ten to fifteen million dollars.
A manufacturer in Buffalo is filling a large order for petroleum oil for Mexico. The shipment is to Acapulco.
The repopulation of Virginia in the rear of our victorious armies, by settlers from the free States, has already begun.
The navy of the Mississippi river will soon number about 100 war vessels, consisting of gunboats, mortar boats, and rams.
About twenty thousand Enfield rifles have recently been captured by our navy, together with the vessels containing them.
The coronation of the King of Prussia cost the civil list eight hundred thousand thalers—somewhat over half a million dollars.
The President will order, at an early day, the public sale of 4,000,000 acres of Government lands in Oregon, the first so offered.
Leeds mills in Leeds, Orange county, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on the 23th ult. Loss, \$85,000; insurance, \$50,000.
That aristocratic sheet, the London Morning Post, advertises for sale "the most beautiful cat in England—price, 300 guineas."
President Lincoln is having prepared a pair of pistols, elegantly inlaid with gold, to be presented to the King of Denmark.
There was a sharp frost in some parts of Connecticut on Saturday and Sunday week, and tender vegetation was destroyed.
The blockading squadron off the South Carolina coast have captured vessels valued, in the aggregate, at over \$5,000,000.
The present number of mail routes in the United States is about 7,000, 2,000 routes having been added under the new regulations.
The Navy Department has received information that Acting Master A. W. Emerson deserted from the Galena on the 16th ult.
The Great Eastern carries freight on her return voyage to England weighing six thousand tons. She has also a large passenger list.
General Twigg has turned up at Atlanta, Ga. Age and bodily infirmities, it is said, compelled him to retire from active service.
Three heavy contractors on the Reading and Columbia railroad weigh 663 pounds. It is not stated how heavy are their contracts.
Gen. Sigel has spoken of Gen. Banks' retreat from before Stonewall Jackson as the finest retreat that has been made during the war.
A heavy snow storm occurred on Lake Superior on the night of the 17th of May. The shores were covered to the depth of a foot.
A slab at the head of a grave on the Pittsburg hill, where four Illinois men are buried, bears the laconic inscription: "Four Heroes."
A Fortress Monroe correspondent writes that the rebel pilot of the Merrimac has procured the same situation on one of our gunboats.
The Albany Journal says nine Sisters of Charity left that city, on the 4th inst., for the national hospitals near the seat of war in Virginia.
Col. Corcoran was born in Sligo, Ireland, in the year 1822, and is now nearly 40 years old. He was one of the insurgents of 1848.
The total losses by fire in Boston during the year 1861 amounted to the sum of \$477,971, and the insurance on the same was \$319,619.
It is reported that five thousand contrabands have reached the Government quarters in Washington, and that from 20 to 30 now come daily.
Many of the husbands in Aroostook Co., Me., having gone to the war, their wives are clearing lands and doing all sorts of hard work.
Twenty-four foreigners, the crew of the Ella Warley, captured in attempting to run the blockade, have been released from Fort Lafayette.
A large cotton mill, situated in the 23d ward, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire on Friday week. Loss, \$40,000; insurance only \$7,000.
Fourteen hundred Union prisoners, many of whom have languished for over half a year in rebel prisons, have been released at Salisbury, N. C.
A letter from London states that there is a strong probability that Madam Goldsmith (Jenny Lind) will revisit this country early next autumn.
The Senate has passed a joint resolution giving \$2 to every recruit enlisted in the regular army, and paying recruits advance pay for one month.
Cincinnati daily papers have advanced their price one cent per copy per week, in view of the anticipated government tax on paper, ink, income, etc.
The floods in the Delaware and Lehigh rivers have receded, and no further danger is apprehended. The damage done is estimated at \$10,000,000.
An arrival from Ship Island brings 117 bales of cotton and news of the capture of the steamer Swan, with 1,000 bales of cotton and 800 barrels of rosin.
The Richmond Dispatch says the loss of Richmond would sound in Europe like the loss of Paris or London, and the moral effect would scarcely be less.
The establishment of a branch mint in St. Louis is urged by the Chamber of Commerce of that city in a strong memorial, which is to be laid before Congress.
The cost to the Government of deporting negroes to Liberia, Hayti, and Chiriqui, from New York, will be \$55 each to the former and \$25 to the other places.
The total receipts of tolls on the canals of New York up to the 1st inst., was \$744,000, an increase of \$220,000 over the tolls received up to the same date last year.
The tobacco trade of Louisville is rapidly increasing. The Democrat says that, at the lowest calculation, \$120,000 to \$150,000 per week have been paid at that city.

Publisher's Notices.

NEW QUARTER - NEW SUBSCRIBERS!

As a new Quarter of the RURAL commenced with April, NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE! Agents and friendly Subscribers are requested to present the claims and merits of the paper to their neighbors.

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of our last volumes are now ready for delivery—price, \$3; unbound, \$2. We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished by us at any price.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, JUNE 10th, 1881.

Flour is without change in rates and no important transactions have occurred. GRAIN—Wheat remains as last quoted. Corn has advanced slightly. Oats are in less demand and have declined 2 1/2 cents per bushel.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Dressed Hogs, Pork, Butter, and various oils.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 9.—FLOUR—Market may be quoted quite steady, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at \$4.20, 25 for superfine State, \$4.40 for extra State, \$4.25 for superfine Western, \$4.40 for common to medium extra Western, \$4.65, 15 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and \$4.20, 25 for superfine do, the market being quiet and steady.

PRICES.—The market opened active, and the trade was pretty firmly maintained throughout at the following quotations:

Table showing prices for various types of wool, including Premium, Extra, First quality, Second quality, and Third quality.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 5.—At market, 850 Beef Cattle, 90 Stores, 1,800 Sheep and Lambs, 2,000 Swine. BEEF CATTLE.—Prices, extra, \$7.00, first quality, \$6.75, second quality, \$6.50, third quality, \$6.25.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 4.—At market, 297 Cattle, about 250 Steers, and 47 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

TORONTO, JUNE 6.—BEEF.—First-class in demand at \$4 1/2 per cwt; second class selling readily at \$5.00, 50, 100 lbs. SHEEP.—Clipped—The average price has been \$3.50, 50.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5.—Domestic wools are steady and in fair request. Section of 150,000 lbs. of best quality for market of full blood Merino and Saxony, and 20,000 lbs. pulled at 41/47c.

ALBANY, JUNE 5.—The sales during the week foot up 30,000 lbs. fine fleeces at 45c, which are about the market. Some small parcels of new fleeces have been taken at prices ranging from 30 to 40c.—Journal.

BUFFALO, JUNE 9.—The cool weather of May has made the appearance in market and prices open at 20c/37c for course in New York and England, will make buyers extremely cautious.—Courier.

BOSTON, JUNE 5.—Stock of domestic light, and desirable grades are held very firm. Saxony and Merino, fine, 47/49d. Full blood, 46/47d.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 5.—The shearing of the new clip is now steadily progressing, and the quality is not so good as the old clip. It is expected until the supplies come forward. Small lots from the adjoining counties and New Jersey sell at 35c/45c for washed, and 25c for unwashed. 10,000 lbs. fine old clip sold for 45c each.—W. & G. Gazette.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 5.—There is no change in the market. We quote washed at 30c/40c, and unwashed at 20c/25c. The receipts are light.—Gazette.

GRAND RAPIDS, (Mich.)—Indications are now fair for a successful trade among our business men, during the present season. The market is quiet, and the prospect is fair that the clip, this season, in the surrounding country, will be large and of a quality unusually good. Several small lots have arrived to-day and have found a ready market, at prices ranging from 30c/40c per pound.—Gazette.

LONDON, G. W.—Wool is in very keen demand; buyers carry with one another for pushing up the price, but all are eager to buy. We notice 30c/45c for clean, and the average may be taken at 35c for clean, or one-third off for greasy and cotted fleeces.—Free Press.

ALBANY, JUNE 5.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market this morning opened firm for Flour, with an active home, river and Eastern demand. The receipts are steady but moderate, not more than equal the current demand. Corn meal is firmer, with a very active inquiry, fully equal to the supply.

ALBANY, JUNE 9.—BEEVES.—The market opened brisk this week, owing to the whole of the supplies of the New York and Vermont being in the market. The receipts are larger than last week, and the market is buoyant, with an active demand.

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The Livingston County Plowing Match, at Geneseo, N. Y., June 9, thoroughly tested the above improvement with Fairbank's Dynamometer. Committee—Judge Carro, William Berge, and E. W. Clark. The Attachment was affixed to Remington, Harlan & Co.'s Steel Plow and the Four Yan Iron, and worked against the best Plows in this part of the State, among which were—1st, The Penn Yan Iron, (the identical Plow drawn by the Attachment) 2d, The Wagon 3d, The Strouse, 4th, Robinson's Straight Draft, made by Gordon of Rochester, and 5th, Hartburn's Convex Mould Board. The award was fully 20 per cent. in favor of this Attachment over all other modes of drawing Plows.

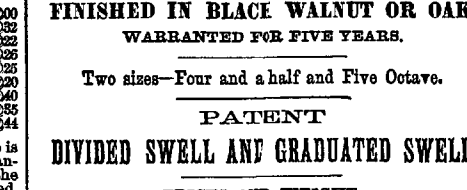
Plows with this Attachment are manufactured and sold by the subscribers, and also by D. C. ALLING, of Rochester, N. Y., who owns the sole order for Free, Plows, &c., at the Warrenton, N. Y. Likewise made and sold by REDFIELD & TAYLOR, Whites Corners, Erie Co., N. Y., and by THORNTON & L. GREEN, of Jacksonville, Tompkins Co., N. Y. ALLING & CO., who are General Agents for the sale of the right of Territory, East Townsend, Huron Co., N. Y., May 24, 1882.

BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying Five Hundred times, for twenty-eight cents! (in silver). A different power, \$1.00. Mailed free. Address: F. M. BOWEN, Box 20, Boston, Mass.

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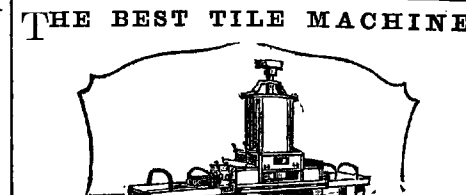
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HAVING received a number of letters from different States, making inquiries for Sugar Machinery, and having had considerable practical experience with the same, the undersigned has taken the liberty to send you a circular, containing full particulars for the selection and for-waiver of Evaporators and Sugar Mills. Send for Circular. MATTHEW LONG, 645-91 Beech, Licking County, Ohio.

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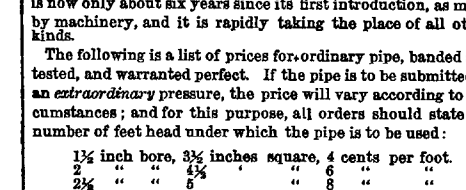
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A REQUIEM.

BY E. W. BROWN.

The hushed procession's dumb and steady tread, The glory bed—is all. The quiet grave, Cut turf, sweet with spring rains, laid on above, Enclose the brave. Stillness and peace, The unrelaxing clasp of mother earth, Are his—and long release. The noise of war Dies, like dull thunder, on the summer breeze; Only the full-souled trees From heights afar Breathe down their rustling music over him, Through twilight dim. The tier, the pall, The death-shroud, clinging in unstirring folds, The coffin flowers—are all, Except the name Geared elsewhere than upon the coffin-plate, And that remembrance which is more than fame. Lay him to rest— With his fair honor, born of patriot's tears— His country's banner gathered to his breast; For after years Embalm him with a deep and reverent thought, So shall his work of life be fully wrought.

The Story-Teller.

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

THE WILTONS.

BY EULA BRYARD.

[Concluded from page 188, last week.]

It is now two years since JAMES WILTON received his mother's dying blessing. He is seated alone with his wife. "Did you get a letter?" she asks, anxiously. "Yes," is the reply. "From CHARLES?" "Yes, from CHARLES." ELLA's heart sinks as she remarks the sad tone, slightly tremulous as it is. Tears stand in her eyes as he slowly paces the room, traces of suppressed emotion visible in his countenance. At length he seats himself by her, saying, "Yes, ELLA, he has written me. He says he is sorry I have been obliged to mortgage the farm, and to secure debts incurred by mother's illness, too. He supposed her portion of the property would pay that, and more. He is surprised to find her illness was so expensive. He would gladly lend me the money to lift the mortgage if he could; but the times are hard, property fetches nothing—he does not know how he will get money to pay his taxes, even. In a postscript he adds:—'Write again if I am sued.' "I would not write him again if I were turned out of doors," said ELLA. "It is too bad," continued she, bursting into tears, "when you helped him to money, though you were poor, and had to work so hard. He has been making his thousands, while you stayed here and did what it was just as much his duty to do. He is an ungrateful, hard-hearted man." "Gently, ELLA, dear," said her husband, soothingly. "We, who have had our sympathies nourished in poverty, little realize the hardening effect of money-making. Those who are constantly engaged in negotiations which promise great profit, easily become unable to look upon any pecuniary transaction in another light than the advantage they will gain by it. Then, again, it is difficult for one long accustomed to the ability to gratify every wish, to realize the want of means for the actual necessities of life. He says he does not know where he shall get money to pay his taxes—that is, of the many resources he has, he does not know from which he shall draw. In this time of depression he may make some efforts which will fail. Now my applying to him he may carelessly regard as one of many expedients, some of which he hopes will succeed." "I don't believe he thinks or cares at all," said ELLA. "I hope you won't write him if every one of them sues you." "I shall, perhaps, with a gentle allusion to the past." "I'll starve first," said ELLA, vehemently. "No you shan't," said he, catching her up in his arms. "I have pride, ELLA, and long ago determined that no extremity should ever drive me to ask aught of him who, in his affluence, could so neglect his friends who had cheerfully assisted him to the full extent of their means. He seems to have entirely forgotten his obligations and promises; but they should be as binding on his honor as if secured by scores of legal bonds. Dr. REED'S note will be due in a few weeks; and, if it is pressed, as I fear it will be, I shall write again. For myself, I would not, but for my dear family I will make an appeal." Before the time expired they were surprised by a visit from CHARLES. Some unexpected business called him to the vicinity of the homestead, and he stopped there for a night. Soon after his arrival the brothers visited the spot consecrated by the graves of their parents. It was in a softened mood that CHARLES took his seat by the familiar hearth-stone. Almost unconsciously he compared the simple surroundings with his own home. He noted the expression on ELLA'S features, telling of weary labor and care. What would his wife, in her luxurious home, with her retinue of servants, think of such a life? JAMES enters. How like his father he is, as he approaches, and seats himself in the old arm chair which stands where it has ever since his first recollection. All is silent in the deepening twilight. CHARLES gazes on that figure so like in form and attitude what he was wont to see there in his boyhood's days. Long-forgotten incidents of his childhood and youth pass in rapid succession before his mind. He hears his father's voice in counsel, reproof or encouragement. Again the Sacred Word is read, and the voice of supplication rises in the evening prayer. Then he stands with bounding heart as his father imparts the joyful tidings that he is to go to college. "That was the starting point of my life," thought he, striving to review his successes since; but faithful memory held the chain, and would not glide over those scenes. He is forced to recall his father's words, and his own reply. "Poh! I was a foolish boy then. What did I know of the world? I cannot share my honors with him, of course. They are mine—gained by my own study and efforts. Such things are not to be transferred. I had some money to help on in my studies, and that is all I ever did have from the estate. JAMES had the farm. I never asked for any of the property when father died. I

have use for all my means. I must not take from my own family to enrich his. It would not do." "How have you repaid your brother's kindness?" demanded conscience. "The form moves. A look of mingled sadness and reproach is cast upon him. 'Tis my father! He has risen to reprove me for my falsehood and unkindness. I must take a turn in the fresh air," thought he, rising; "going to the graveyard has given me the glooms." He could not rid himself of the conviction of injustice to his brother. He felt that he had been unkind in refusing him aid when his need was so great, and his own ability to help him so evident. He asked his brother with regard to his situation and prospects. Before he left, by his advice, and encouraged by his representations, JAMES decided to let the farm go to satisfy his creditors, sell what personal property he could, and with the avails remove his family to Newton, where CHARLES resided. "There is no reason to fear that you will not get along well there," said he. "I will see that you have good business. I can't tell just what, now; no matter. Just come along, and all will be right. You owe it to your children to get out of this poor place." "That is true," replied JAMES; "if I wish to educate them, or expect to keep them near me." "There is no trouble about educating children there. We have a college and a ladies' seminary within half a mile of my house. With a little help, if the boys are only industrious and persevering, they can go ahead in almost any thing they choose. You know I have farms to rent, and want boys in the office all the time. We need not make any definite plans now. Just come along." It was with brighter prospects than they had seen for years that the family prepared to leave the old home. The parting was a sad one, as such partings must ever be. There is no home like the first home, where

were he living now? Would he call a man honorable because he paid his legal debts, and scrupulously maintained his standing with business men, when he would take money, time and privilege from a brother, and repay him with arrogance and servitude? It is too bad, JAMES. He ought to place you in an honorable, profitable position, and give your children equal privileges with his own." "If you look around, HELEN, you will find wealthy brothers seldom do thus by the poorer ones. Nor by the sisters, either, HELEN. They are allowed to take care of themselves. If a man is prosperous, it is supposed to be the result of his own enterprise. If another is poor it is his own fault. I have learned to be content with little, and you know ELLA never complains. I do not desire too much assistance for my children. If they rise by their own exertions mainly, there is much more hope for their living virtuously, and spending their lives in usefulness." We will visit our friends once more, then bid them adieu. It is Thanksgiving day, that festival so much prized by all the sons and daughters of New England. Many weeks before, it was planned to have a family reunion this day at the farm-house where JAMES resides with his son HENRY. The little farm which aunt HELEN helped to purchase has been enlarged and improved. A tasteful, commodious residence occupies the place where stood the little old house. As we enter the family parlor, no tokens of great wealth attract the eye, but everything wears that look of comfort which is ever so grateful to the occupant, and leaves nothing to be desired. Like a patriarch among his race sits the elder brother, father, grandfather, in the midst of the happy group; by his side, she who so lovingly has shared his cares, his sorrows and his joys. A glance at their cheerful faces shows us that age with its infirmities has not rendered life a burden, or unfitted them for social enjoyment. This is called aunt HELEN'S home; but many are the occasions when her society is claimed by others of the family connection. Of course she has been here now assisting HENRY'S wife, for who would think of getting up a Thanksgiving dinner without aunt HELEN'S help? JULIA is here with her children, and one grandchild, which she is sure is the brightest boy for his age she ever did see. That pleasant looking gentleman, who is conversing with Mrs. WILTON, is he who some years since persuaded her daughter MARIA to share some time from her favorite art to devote to the less imaginative one of house-keeping. NELLIE has acquired the reputation of an excellent teacher. During the past year she has taught in the Ladies' Seminary at Grovetown, where GEORGE, now a practicing physician, is located. He is no quack. He ranks among the first in his profession. In him are united the skillful physician, and the earnest, active christian. Who can adequately estimate the labors and influence of such men? Would there were more of them. The flow of conversation is checked by the entrance of another guest. Can that be CHARLES, so bowed, with pale, sunken cheeks, and a look as if stricken by some great sorrow? Commiseration is in the glance of each as they greet him. A constraint falls upon them, as if it were unkind to seem happy in his presence. Well may JAMES WILTON thank God for his children, as he looks upon his brother. CHARLES WILTON had two sons. The oldest was educated for his father's profession. Every indulgence that wealth could procure was granted him from early childhood. At his marriage, his father gave him a fine property, and saw him well established in business. But his training had not fitted him for success. Labor, or application of any kind, was not at all to his taste. A course of dissipation soon consumed his property, and involved him largely in debt. On his solemn promise to reform, and apply himself to the duties of his profession, his father discharged his obligations and replaced his squandered possessions. But his reformation was of short duration. His downward course was rapid. His father's wealth and influence sustained his nominal position for a time. His family are now pensioners on his father. The degraded man is seldom seen or mentioned. In the training of his other son, several years younger, CHARLES determined to avoid the evils of excessive indulgence and lack of personal exertion. His privileges were restricted. Spending money, so freely allowed before, was refused. All his expenses were regulated with a care almost amounting to parsimony. Angry remonstrances, and earnest appeals were alike unheeded. Petty deceptions were resorted to, in which his sympathizing mother assisted. The boy was not naturally ill-disposed, and had a judicious course been pursued by his parents, the desired object might have been attained. But the extreme rigor of his father's course he looked upon as an insult. Being, as he was, the son of a rich man, he felt it his right to share, in some measure, the privileges of others in his station. When his studies were completed, his father told him to expect to assistance or encouragement from him until he had accomplished something for himself. When, by his own exertions, he should have acquired a stipulated sum, his father promised to add a generous amount. The young man was wholly unprepared for such a proposition. He had confidently looked forward to this period as the close of those galling restrictions which had embittered his whole course. He felt that he had now reason to expect a provision equal to that which had been afforded his brother at that period of life. Indignant at what he considered the most unreasonable severity of his father, he resolved to leave his home never to return. By his mother's earnest entreaties he was persuaded to remain and comply with his father's conditions. He found a situation where, by diligence and economy, he hoped to accomplish his purpose. Making an unwise investment of his savings when he had realized about half the stipulated amount, he lost all. His father reproached him for his imprudence, refusing to credit him for the unfortunate sum. He must know how to take care of money before he could trust him with it. Disheartened by this decision, and exasperated by his father's censures, he made no further efforts to accumulate. Despairing the frugality he had exercised to so little purpose, he changed his style of living, and mingled freely in gay society. His salary soon proved insufficient to supply his wants. By skillful management, money and credit were obtained in his father's name. This was discovered. His next resource was defrauding his employers. In this too he was detected. His father was informed, and by replacing the money, avoided the disgrace of exposure. The unhappy parent had no misgivings as to the wisdom of the course he had pursued towards his son. Conscious of his error in the training of the elder brother, he

had adopted the other extreme, for he was one of those men who can see no middle course. The unhappy, misguided young man, left the city. In a few months he was convicted of forgery and sentenced to a long imprisonment. This was the death blow to his mother. Already worn with grief, she survived it but a short time. Can we wonder that the poor man is pined by this happy family, where judicious parental training is rewarded by filial affection, and followed by lives of usefulness. But others have joined the group. GEORGE has arrived, and with him Mr. AVERY, a young clergyman from Grovetown. Another carriage arrives, and all join to welcome the good old pastor and his family. Soon aunt HELEN comes bustling in, and saying, "they are about ready," arranges chairs, and assigns places for the children, telling them to be quiet now. The door opens. GEORGE and MARIA enter, escorting Mr. AVERY and NELLIE. The old pastor advances, and in solemn tones pronounces the words which make them one,—one in name as they have long been one in affection. The fervent prayer is offered, invoking the blessing of the Most High on their union. The parents' blessings are given, congratulations and cordial good wishes by all. "A happy family, and worthy to be so," said the old pastor to CHARLES, as they entered the parlor after dinner. "It is strange what a difference there is in children," replied CHARLES. "JAMES never was able to do much for his. But they appear as grateful and affectionate as if thousands had been lavished on them by him." "And do you think," replied the pastor, "they would have had more reason to be grateful if their parents had bestowed all the advantages wealth could procure, and withheld the blessings of faithful precept and pure example? Those are treasures wealth cannot purchase nor poverty take away." Greenfield, Adair Co., Iowa, 1862.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 130 letters. My 7, 116, 37, 99, 18, 48, 5 is a town in South-western Ohio. My 105, 2, 29, 85, 20, 18, 21, 10 is a county in Ohio. My 86, 25, 5, 18, 50, 55, 87, 111, 108 is one of the United States. My 11, 90, 17, 73, 44, 30 is a county in Asia. My 1, 117, 8, 120, 112, 88 is a city in Europe. My 9, 106, 76, 19, 4 is a river in Europe. My 35, 58, 5, 74, 102, 98 is a river in Europe. My 54, 13, 26 is a river in Scotland. My 47, 44, 107, 93, 118, 68, 77, 39, 45 is one of the greatest seaports in the world. My 113, 44, 38, 9, 94, 110, 34 is a county in Ireland. My 57, 308, 92, 40, 24, 79 is one of the divisions of the eastern hemisphere. My 23, 89, 83, 62, 19, 81, 114, 21, 84, 71 is an island in the eastern hemisphere. My 109, 65, 119, 70, 78, 44, 2 is an island in the East Indies. My 21, 4, 12, 68, 17, 15, 115, 44, 81, 18 is a range of mountains in Europe. My 23, 84, 14, 28, 70, 21, 43, 74, 32, 46, 56, 75, 101 is one of the United States. My 104, 44, 23, 61, 103, 21, 119, 8, 22 is a town in Africa. My 44, 5, 49, 69, 18, 18, 116, 36, 51 is a town in Scotland. My 60, 97, 58, 42, 5, 53, 10, 15, 49, 61, 18 is a town on the Ohio river. My 98, 1, 44, 67, 72 live in Europe. My 27, 33, 39, 41, 111, 44, 66, 7, 112, 18, 100 is one of the United States. My 45, 62, 5, 21, 89, 82, 80, 44, 63, 25 is a county in England. My 37, 8, 95, 64, 70, 59, 99 is a division of Asia. My 52, 108, 69, 8, 5 is a lake in America. My whole is a verse of poetry which is applicable at the present time. JOHN MORROW. Cross Creek Village, Pa., 1862. Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is a gem On the bright diadem Of emperor, king, or queen; My second, dye see, Is the name of a tree; My whole from its ashes we glean. Answer in two weeks.

A RIDDLE.

Two brothers we are, great burdens we bear, By which we are bitterly pressed; In truth we may say we are filled all the day, But empty when we go to rest. Answer in two weeks.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If two-thirds of the value of a carriage is equal to three-fourths of the value of a horse, and the difference of their values is twenty-five dollars, what is the value of each? Fredonia, Chaut. Co., N. Y. HENRY A. BENJAMIN. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 646.

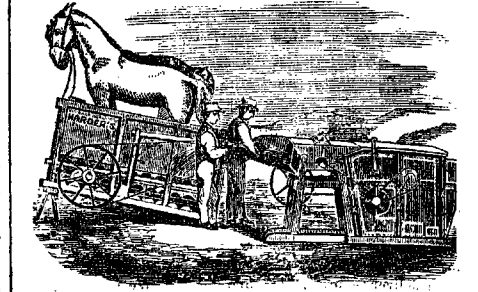
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Boston, Mass. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma: To assuage a wearied man were shame, And stranger is a holy name. Answer to Mathematical Problem:—The ratio is 64 : 48, or 4 : 3.

To Business Men.

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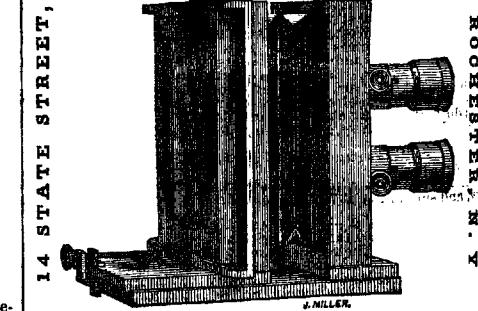
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