MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corsesponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

TO IMPROVE THE SOIL.

It is often said that the soil is the farmer's capital, and this of course is believed by all, and particularly by those who seem so anxious to add to their estates new acres. But it is not so well understood that the extent of this capital does not depend so much upon the amount as the fertility of the soil cultivated. It may be an empty boast for a farmer to say that he owns and cultivates two or three or five hundred acres of land, for at the end of a season the profits may be very small. The merchant likes to make a large profit upon a small investment, and he who is the most successful in this direction is considered the most skillful. But the farmer takes a different view of things, and boasts not of his large profits, but his great investments, though sometimes accompanied with very meager gains. This is a good deal like measuring the crops by the amount of seed sown.

The soil is truly the farmer's capital, but its value must be judged by its capacity and not by its extent. An acre that will produce twenty-five bushels of wheat is worth as much as two that will yield only fifteen each, because more labor is required in the culture of two than one; and the same rule holds good with any other crop. This fact is not always remembered in the purchase and sale of land. The farms in a certain section are considered worth fifty or a hundred dollars an acre, though perhaps some are worth double that of others for all practical purposes. A reduction of ten or fifteen dollars an acre will induce the purchaser to purchase poor land, though perhaps this is not one-half of the real difference. This fact is better understood after a few years' experience in enriching a farm naturally poor, or one impoverished by injudicious management.

To improve a poor farm or keep up an increase in the fertility of one already in fair condition, and at the least expense, requires a good deal of thought and good management. Plenty of good stable manure, it may be said, will improve any soil; but manure cannot be obtained without expense, and the great question is how to obtain the necessary manure at the cheapest possible rates and with the least tax upon the soil. That some crops we feed out impoverish the soil more than others, is well understood by those who have given attention to the subject. Timothy is a favorite crop for hay, but he who undertakes to increase the richness of his soil by growing this grass, feeding out and returning the manure, will make but little progress. Of course this plan will be better than growing grain and returning only the straw. Clover is one of the most valuable plants we have for this purpose; for while it takes comparatively little from the soil, it furnishes a large quantity of manure far richer than that made from timothy, while the decaying roots help the improvement. For the purpose specified there is nothing better than the pea, and were it not for the little bug that proves so injurious to this crop, we should urge its universal culture as an improver of the soil. Even this objection is not very serious, for the crop can be used up in making pork in the fall before the bug has time to do any mischief. For feeding pigs there is nothing better than ground peas. A few years since a gentleman applied to us for an economical method of improving his orchard. It had been neglected, the soil was not naturally rich, and had been cropped as long as it was possible to get enough to pay for tillage, on account of the shade. Then the grass and weeds were allowed to grow until after a while a sod was formed, but the appearance of the trees bore evidence of the poverty of the soil. We suggested that the ground should be broken up quite shallow, so as not to injure the roots, peas sown, and as soon as they began to ripen, the pigs should be turned in to gather the crop, and what remained plowed under. This plan was followed for two seasons, and with the most desirable results. Seldom have we seen so great a change at so little expense.

The above is designed as suggestive only, our object being to call attention to a subject of vast importance to every cultivator of the soil—one upon which depends mainly success or failure. Millions of dollars are expended every year by the farmers of this country for guano and other artificial manures, while a far greater amount of home-made manure is wasted by mismanagement, and many valuable sources of fertilizers lie unimproved. We do not object to the purchase of manures, believing that money expended in this direction is often well invested, yet if the entire supply were stopped, and American agriculturists were compelled to depend upon their own resources for a time, we think the country on the whole would be far better off, for it is often much easier to spend our money than to exercise economy, and necessity is the mother of invention, as well as of a great many other good things. He who makes an energetic and determined effort for the improvement of his soil, will be surprised to learn how thoroughly and how cheaply it can be done, and will wonder why he slept so long, and so much to the injury of his own best interests.

A CHAPTER ON SEEDS.

READER, did you ever notice and think of the difference there is in the size, form, color and general appearance of seeds? Of course you have noticed it. You who yearly plant corn, beans, peas, potatoes, pumpkins, squashes, cucumbers and melons, and sow seeds of lettuce, beets, carrots, parsnips, onions and other garden vegetables, and the various grains and grasses—you cannot have failed to observe the distinguishing characteristics of each variety, though you may never have examined them particularly nor reflected on their points of difference. Most of these kinds of seeds are so distinct that they are quickly learned and easily remembered; indeed, the daily use of several of them in their season as articles of food, familiarizes their names to the memory beyond the possibility of forgetting them. Not to "know beans," expresses, in vulgar phrase, the state of unmitigated ignorance; though why that particular description of pulse is chosen as the last test of intelligence, rather than peas or other edible seed of the leguminous family, or why it is accounted more stupid not to recognize those naturally pod-inclosed nourishers of existence than the more commonly-eaten, universally-favorite esculent, the potato, is difficult to understand.

But corn, beans, peas and potatoes are not more easily distinguished by the sight than are the majority of other garden seeds that produce plants or fruits for food. There is no mistaking the delicate, silvery lettuce, so prettily ribbed, or fluted, or veined; nor the coarse, rough, ragged beet; nor the round, smooth, purplish turnip; nor the black onion; nor the brown, somewhat irregular cabbage; nor the thin, flat, hairy tomato; nor the long, round, stout, almost needle-shaped salsify; nor the two varieties of spinach—one somewhat resembling a wedge in form, the other more flat and thin like the tomato; nor the thick, coarse, rough-painted, blunt seed of the watermelon; nor the smooth, well-shaped, delicate-colored cucumber. By planting or sowing a few times, in many cases a single time, a person of ordinary attention gets the appearance of each particular variety of grass, grain or vegetable seeds so fixed in his mind that thereafter he easily distinguishes it, at sight, from every other kind. No need of labels for carrot seed, or beet seed, or squash seed, except to save the trouble of opening many packages in search of a single kind, or to enable an unaccustomed person to find any desired variety, of which you perhaps cannot give a sufficiently exact description to enable him to recognize it.

But the ease and certainty with which we distinguish the different kinds of garden and field seeds, often give place to doubt, perplexity and confusion when we undertake to determine the names of flower seeds with no other aid than their appearance affords. The seeds are perfectly familiar to the sight, and the names are in our memories; but each particular kind of seed, and its appropriate name, are not so closely associated in the mind and so set apart from other objects and names that the sight of one unerringly suggests the other. Whether the utility of the former class of seeds, and their consequent greater importance, draws our attention more strongly to their characteristics, or whether we yield to a semi-notion that flower seeds are, for the most part, pretty much alike, and so shut our eyes to their differences, certainly the majority of us are far less able to name, at sight, the different varieties of the latter class than those of the former. But the greater similarity of flower than of field and garden seeds to each other, exists only in our fancy. They are, in fact, quite as distinct, and, with equal attention and effort, quite as quickly learned and as easily remembered. Nature is not more likely to repeat herself in seeds than in any other of her productions; but the careless, inattentive eye slurs over the dissimilarities of the nicer sorts, and indolently refuses to see the marks of difference except among the larger, coarser, commoner kinds.

The appearance of seeds, their endless diversities of shape, size and color, and their habits of germination and growth, form a delicate and most interesting study. Many times, the disproportion between the size of a seed and the size of the plant it produces, is very striking. We would naturally expect some uniformity, some regularity in vegetable products. From a large germ we would look for a large plant; from a smaller germ a smaller plant, and so on in steady gradation. But, instead, we see the most surprising irregularity. There is no calculating, from the size of a particular kind of seed, the dimensions of the plant it will produce. Again, some seeds are quite as curious and as pretty to look at as the plant and flower that grow from them. The verbena looks as if cut off evenly and by exact measure from a round, straight, slender stick. The fine metallic-looking portulacca and the smooth, black, polished cockscomb and amaranth (tri-color), the sober stocks, the wedge-like asters, the stout, substantial balsams, the delicate, shining *Clintonia*, the plump, gracefully-turned *Viola odorata*, the diminutive poppy, and scores of others, all small, yet each as distinct from the rest as maize from wheat, well repay careful attention. The mignonette, plain and unpretending, would interest us even if we did not know that it is the germ of one of the sweetest flowers that grow.

You could sow ashes with almost as much hope of seeing oaks, elms and hickories spring from them, as you commit some varieties of seeds to the ground in expectation of their sending up stem, leaf and flower. After examining them, you are not surprised, in reading the description of their habits of germinating, flowering, &c., to find that they sometimes lie dormant in the ground a long time; you are quite sure it will be a *very* long time. Others look so full of life—so overflowing with vitality—that you confidently expect to see them up an hour after sowing. We are all familiar with the agreeable and decided flavors of various seeds useful in domestic economy, such as dill, fennel, anise, caraway, &c., and the peculiar odor of others, like the summer savory. The difference in taste and smell of corn, wheat and other grains is quite apparent also; and perhaps, if the organs of taste and smell were as nice and discriminating as the sight, we could detect as many differences of flavor and odor in seeds as we see variations of form and shades of color. The roughness or smoothness of surface is also a distinguishing feature in the appearance of seeds, and it is curious and interesting to observe how many different styles of finish they have. Indeed, we deprive ourselves of much pleasant entertainment and instruction if we neglect to find gratification in these germs of vegetable life till they have expanded into leaf, and bloom, and fruit—if, in sowing our seeds, we fail to see how much beauty we are committing to the earth. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1862.

BRIEF AGRICULTURAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LIME A STRONG AND DURABLE FERTILIZER.—American farmers generally have had but little experience in the use of lime on their land, although some have used it very extensively and tested its qualities especially for renovating land that has been much worn, and now with one consent pronounce it to be the very thing we need to bring our farms to a high state of fertility. I have taken some pains of late to get the experience of men who have used lime more or less, and all say that it pays well. Some tell of wonderful results from its use in renovating and bringing into bearing old orchards, preventing the destruction of corn by worms and increasing very much its growth. On grain fields where lime was applied the product was nearly double; also potatoes, limed every other row, proved its value by the much larger yield of the limed rows. But I forbear giving the names of the gentlemen I have consulted, and all the details of their experience, hoping that for the benefit of the farming community they and others who have used lime on their farms, will give us the results through the RURAL, which I hope every farmer does or will take. I hope they will inform us how to apply it; how much to the acre; slaked or unslaked; at what season of the year; whether it should be mixed with muck or any other substance; applied as a top dressing or plowed in, &c. We have in Litchfield three coal kilns, turning out an immense quantity of lime daily, which is sold at the kiln at ten cents per bushel, (80 pounds,) or delivered at an extra cost sufficient to defray expense of drawing.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Litchfield, N. Y.*, 1862.

PRODUCTION OF CLOVER SEED.—In the Toronto *Globe* is an article on clover seed (*Trifolium pratense*,) from an agricultural journal. In one paragraph it says:—"I believe when clover is pastured off in June instead of being mowed—which is the practice with many farmers—that the same ground will produce, and does produce, much more seed per acre, than when the first growth is mowed. I know this has been true in seasons past, on my own farm, and also on adjoining farms, so far as I have made observations on the subject. Allowing the first crop of clover to stand only a few days too long, will make a vast difference in the amount of seed per acre of the second crop."

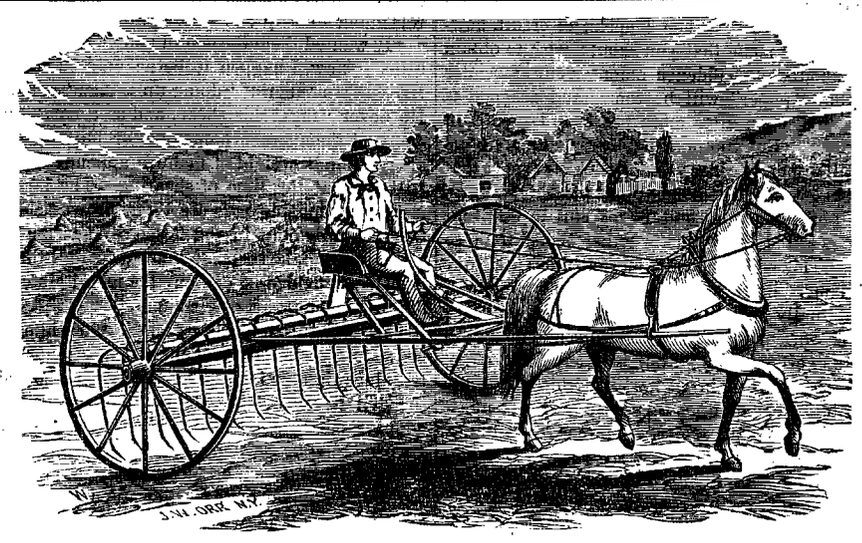
Query.—Is it the early mowing or the greater fertility of a *heavy clay soil*, that is most favorable or unfavorable for seed? A sandy soil is certainly most congenial, as the second crop has less luxuriant foliage. For the first years of 17 here, clover produced seed spontaneously; even two and three year old pasture, allowed to seed, brought two and a half to three bushels of seed per acre. As the land became more fertile the clover grew more luxuriant, but less seed from the second crop. From a fine growth on ten acres last year a small quantity of seed was realized, and a fine growth of the present season promises a like result. I am inclined to think early mowing the first crop has much to do with the seed crop—not all. Will the clover seed growers give their opinions in the RURAL?—I. I., *Stamford, C. W.*, 1862.

A GOOD FILTER CISTERN.—Very few men are aware of the inexhaustible supply of water that could be saved from their buildings, and with very little expense; for it pays to put eaves-troughs upon any building; and a cistern can be built and furnished with a pump, as cheap as a common well can be furnished with pump alone. Then it can be located where it will be most convenient for use, which is not always the case with a well. But I was going to describe, for the benefit of whom it might concern, a filter cistern, such as I have used with entire satisfaction for eight years. Through two seasons of severe drouth, when most of the wells about here failed of water, it gave us a good supply of pure water. I partition off one-fourth or one-third of any cistern with brick, and cement over as for cistern wall, leaving one or two passages at the bottom of this wall—say two by four inches. In the largest apartment place a bushel or two of cobble stones over the passages, and gravel on them, using coarse sand on the gravel. Use alternately layers of crushed charcoal and of still finer sand, until it is some three feet thick. Then put a tight cover over the whole, and have the conductors discharge into the large part of the cistern, where it will filter itself while passing through to seek its level in the other apartment, from which you can pump pure white water, good for all uses and middling cool—much preferable to well water for me, after becoming accustomed to it.—H. IVES, *Stafford, N. Y.*

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—*Topography, Soil, Fruit Growing, &c.*—The Southern part of Illinois is well adapted to the raising of winter wheat and fruit. The face of the country is generally rolling, and the high lands elevated from 200 to 600 feet above the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The soil is frequently a lightish gray loam, as fine as putty. About Centralia is the home for the apple; a total failure is never known. A few miles below Carbondale commences a very broken, rough, uninviting looking country. The sand-stone rocks crop out on the sides of the hills. On the tops of the highest knobs the soil is deep and free from stones. Experience has proved that the peach is a comparatively safe crop; the trees will last for 50 years. There are old orchards here of from 10 to 40 acres each, of seedling trees. Many fortunes have been made by making the peach crop into brandy; but since the Illinois Central Railroad has been built, about 10,000 acres of peach trees have been planted, all budded fruit of the popular market varieties. Garden vegetables grow finely here. Some men grow five acres of tomatoes for the early Northern markets. We have thousands of bushels of blackberries, fully equaling the Lawton. A woman will pick 40 quarts per day. Market price five cents per quart. In September last we were in Carbondale. Six thousand bushels of dried were then marketed, all dried by women and children. Of course prosperity attends such industry. Union county raised over 200,000 bushels of peaches.—EGYPT, *South Pass, Union Co., Ill.*

THE SEASON, CROPS, &C., IN WISCONSIN.—Spring seems tardy here, and reluctant in yielding up its sway to the life-inspiring rule of Summer. Scarcely have we had two days which would make a linen coat tolerable. But notwithstanding the backwardness of the season, the farmers of this State ask only immunity from the pestiferous depredations of their insect enemies to assure a bountiful harvest. Crops, though late, are looking well, and a very large area of spring grain has been sown; and fully an average crop of corn is planted, and enough of Sorghum to entitle it to consideration among our agricultural crops. Farmers generally have been nerved to extraordinary exertion in the prosecution of their spring labors by the menacing prospect of burthensome taxes, and the absence from their fields of the thousands of patriotic laborers who have heeded the war clarion of their country, calling them to far other fields than those of peaceful industry.

The usual depredations have already been commenced upon agricultural prospects, if not upon agricultural products. Already have appeared to the troubled race of croakers armies of creatures more be to feared and dreaded—ten-fold more—than all the marshaled hosts of the "sesech," and along whose imaginary track lie only desolation, famine and utter ruin. Already the farmer has begun his annual gantlet between the curses that were instituted for his sake—with the additon of chinch bugs, and humbugs, too, I believe, to all that was included in the original judgment of thorns, thistles, &c. It is indeed stated by the farmers over a large section of the State where I have just traveled by land, that the Hessian fly has really appeared in great force. The chinch bug has appeared also in unusually good season; but in this I think he is



WHITCOMB'S METALLIC SPRING-TOOTH HORSE HAY RAKE.

As the season has nearly arrived when haying and harvesting machinery will be in demand, we take pleasure in presenting the above engraving of a superior Horse Rake, designed for raking hay and gleaning grain fields. Though of comparatively recent introduction, (being patented in 1858,) WHITCOMB'S Rake and Gleaner has been quite extensively used in some of the best grass and grain-growing sections of this and other States, and received the highest commendation of practical farmers. Some of the best farmers in Central New York say it is the *ne plus ultra* of horse rakes, performing all that is claimed. To show what the manufacturers claim for this invention, we quote the substance of their descriptive circular, as follows:

"As a gleaner after the cradle in the wheat field, it will pay its cost in a single day's use, and has often done it. By means of several holes in the arms, the Rake-Head may be elevated a little, so the teeth will pass lightly over or just above the surface of the ground. For hay-raking, having been thoroughly tested in every variety of field and in all kinds of grass, it is offered with entire confidence. It is operated with ease by a lad twelve or fourteen years of age—is remarkably simple in its construction, and will easily rake 20 acres per day. It can be worked with small expense, as a boy or infirm man; comfortably seated with feet upon the treadles, can easily operate it. It makes *amusement* of hay-raking, as boys delight to use it, and work it more readily than a man. The Rake-Head is attached in such a manner as to act as a *partial counter-poise*, and assist in elevating the teeth as the hay is discharged, and also serves to prevent a *casual rising* of the teeth from the ground, at the same time allowing them to conform to the irregularities of the ground; this, with the elasticity of the teeth, enables it to pass over stones and other obstacles. Horse Rakes, with metallic spring teeth, *without wheels*, have been long in use, and have answered a useful purpose; but to use them is hard work, and they plow into *light, porous* ground, as the weight rests upon the teeth, and collect dirt, dust and stones; but the Whitcomb Rake passes lightly over and places the hay in winrows, *without compressing*, like the Revolver, in good condition for curing and pitching; it works equally well in rough, uneven, as on smooth ground. It is also very serviceable in raking grain into gavels for binding where the grain is cradled good, as one man will rake fast enough for five or six to bind. The Rake-Head is designedly placed near the axle, otherwise it would not rake clean on *rough* ground. The Rake is the result of study and repeated experiments, and its success is not problematical, as it is rapidly superseding all other kinds where it is introduced. Several thousands of them are being manufactured the present season."

—The above described Rake is manufactured by Messrs. M. B. SCHENCK & BROTHER, of Oswego Falls, N. Y., to whose advertisement we refer farmers and dealers for price and other particulars.

over-doing, and will share the fate of that celebrated worm which was out so early as to be picked up by the early bird, the legend of which our fathers loved so well to repeat to us. This insect, which now seems bent upon the sacrifice of the "first fruits," has usually been content with the latest, and its day has soon been over. It matures and passes to another form in a few days, or dies, and hence I think this early scare on its account is not well founded. Though we must expect to hear direful accounts—and already I see them in short newspaper paragraphs coming up from all the land, from the frozen North to lower Egypt—yet following this favorable seed time just passed, I have faith in the divine promise of harvest. The external prospect of the country certainly bears me out in the faith that is in me.—J. B. C., *Madison, Wis., June* 9, 1862.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—I have noticed several inquiries in the RURAL in regard to young men starting in life, wishing to know whether a young man could start with little or *no* capital and become "well off," or at least in *comfortable circumstances.* I certainly think they can, and I speak experimentally. Three things are necessary before commencing, and these are, Honesty, Punctuality, and Industry; and they are all equal in importance and cannot be separated—indispensable to attain the desired result. Without this happy combination, no one *can* raise himself above the level from which he started. If a young man starting in life can have these three things affirmed of him, he can obtain money and credit. When I speak of credit, however, I do not mean that you should wish to obtain such unbounded confidence among your associates that your "paper" will be considered as good as the "bank" even after more has been issued than can be met. But you must have created among the influential men of your vicinity such a respect that they can safely recommend you as a strictly honest, upright *business* man, and be careful to fulfill all promises at the *exact* time, whether *bound* to do so or not. This will tend still more to increase your good name. But if you are honest and punctual, yet habitually lazy, it is plainly seen that you cannot succeed, since you have no *means* and no inclination to exert yourself to obtain them. Therefore, young men, starting in life, with nothing but your strength to depend upon to secure you a comfortable home in old age, select some occupation now, and be careful of your expenditures, always remembering to be *honest, punctual,* and *industrious.*—JACOB STOOLFIRE, *Hebron, Ohio,* 1862.

THOSE LAMBS.—*Keeping Sheep*—In the RURAL of May 24th and 31st, of the present volume, there are inquiries about "what ails the lambs." I would say my experience has been that, to feed sheep grain to any extent is down hill business. Some twelve or fourteen years ago we started with a small flock (I think about 18 or 20,) of good healthy sheep. In order to have them nice we fed considerable corn, and kept the flock in good order all the while; but when they began to drop their lambs, about two-thirds died with kernels in their throats. Saved a few by cutting off their tails soon as dropped; but after three or four years' trial, gave it up and sold out. About five years since I bought eight ewes, let them run in the lot and yard with other stock—say from 30 to 40 head of cattle and some colts—till just before lambing time. Then I yarded the sheep by themselves and fed roots chopped fine, and sometimes a little bran or provender mixed with roots; I think carrots a little the best. Such has been my practice for several years. Now from those eight sheep I have 33 ewes and two bucks, (one that weighs over 200 lbs.) Sell all buck lambs readily for $2 per head to the butcher, and get, on an average, 5 lbs. of wool per head from ewes. They have no other shelter than the grove, except during lambing time. My motto is, plenty of good clover and timothy hay, roots, and their liberty to range about, and you will see no kernels on lambs.

The prospect for a wheat crop is very slim here. The Hessian fly has destroyed a vast amount of grain in this region.—A. C. POWELL, *Cherry Valley, Winnebago Co., Ill.,* 1862.

HOW TO KILL COUCH GRASS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Nearly every weed or grass that is a pest to a farm has its peculiar mode of successful destruction, although all come under the principle of destroying its source of life, that is, the leaves. Yet I have not seen a successful mode of killing Couch or Quack Grass, in my perusal of the last eight volumes of the RURAL, that is within the practical means of every farmer, rich and poor. Ten years of experience has at last given me confidence and courage to offer an easy mode of conquering its tenacious living qualities. A brief detail will contain all particulars.

The greatest obstacles are the fence or balk row, stony knolls, and trees or stumps; yet deep and careful plowing will overcome them. My first success was in an orchard, somewhat accidentally. I had mowed it for two years, then plowed about six inches deep for corn, hoed once, and when done, the first part hoed was more grassy than before hoeing. Owing to the lateness of the next spring, the grass was so high that it was mowed at haying time, yielding nearly a tun per acre. Getting desperate, I plowed it the following spring when pretty wet, so that the ground baked a little. When it was a couple of inches high, I cultivated it with IDE'S Wheel Cultivator one and a half inches deep, let it lie a week or two, and cross cultivated an inch deeper, and so on to the bottom of the plowing, after intervals enough between each cultivating to let the grass sprout, being careful to have all the roots around the trees spaded up and shook out. The next year nothing but chick weed was on it before sowing to buckwheat. The success was mainly owing, I think, to the time of plowing and mode of cultivating. The hardened ground did not let the roots push around and slip by the cultivator teeth as they do in mellow soil. Being cut off in inch pieces was a death blow to it. Extraordinary as some statements are, no sufferer will doubt it. This mode may fail in low, wet fields, and in very rainy seasons.

But in general I deduce the following brief mode from my vexatious experience, hoping it may benefit some sufferer:—1st. Plow deep and well, turning all grass under, using, if it is to be had, a plow-coulter or small plow on the beam. 2. Plow early in the spring, and wet enough to pack down a little. The benefit exceeds the damage. 3d. Let all after tilling be done when the ground is dry and in the sunniest days. 4. After allowing the grass to sprout on e or two inches, drag it well after plowing, then use the wheel cultivator, allowing time between each cultivating for the grass to sprout well, increasing the depth of cultivator each succeeding time. 5th. Let it be spaded and shook out around stumps and trees. In stony knolls let all the stones knocking the plow out be dug or picked out of every furrow. The balk or fence row must not be plowed into or else totally plowed up by removing the fence. 6th. Plowings may be had in place of some cultivatings. To make sure finish, till three or four years before seeding down, always growing some thick growing grain or hoed crop. Care and perseverance will conquer it.

If any reader has a better and more payable mode, will he please publish it for the benefit of his fellow farmers as well as the subscriber?

Parma Center, N. Y., June, 1862. A. G. NEWTON.

THE WOOL BUSINESS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the season for sheep-washing, shearing, and wool-selling, is upon us, I wish to say a few words about certain facts in relation thereto, in which both the wool-grower and manufacturer are deeply interested.

Owing to the different modes in which wool is prepared for market, some farmers sell their wool for from five to fifteen per cent. more than others in proportion to its value, while the manufacturer, if he pays the just value of *clean* wool, pays that much more than the market value for *dirty* wool. On engaging a man to assist in washing my sheep the other day, he asked if I wished them washed *clean.* On replying in the affirmative, he said he was going to help Mr. —— wash, who told him he "only wanted them thrown in and swashed round a little." Now, I happen to be acquainted with this Mr. ——'s manner of "doing up things" generally. He never "tags" his sheep, and as a consequence many of them are ornamented or burdened with many pounds weight of manure appended to their posteriors at the time of shearing. The larger or more objectionable *balls* are then thrown aside and the rest rolled up in the fleece. When the buyer comes around, he seems to know or care little what is inside, provided he can buy the lot within certain figures, which insures his commission.

This is far from a solitary case; and while there are so many who possess neither honesty nor honor to induce right action, the question arises, how shall the evil be remedied? Cannot the manufacturers adopt some rule by which their agents shall be governed in purchasing, which shall do justice both to the seller and their employer? Our apple buyers require the name of the seller upon each barrel. Cannot the lots of wool be numbered with some rapid method of attaching the number to each fleece? The agent's book, with the number annexed to the name of the seller, might be kept for reference when the wool was opened for manufacturing.

East Kendall, N. Y. A WOOL GROWER.

BONES FOR MANURE—HOW PREPARED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in your paper, requesting some of your readers to give some information in the preparation of bones, I will give the *modus operandi* by which I prepare bones for my own use.

I burn my bones in a stove until calcined. (This can be done in the winter, and the burning bones will answer for fuel.) As soon as cold, I add to them diluted sulphuric acid, one part weight acid to four of water, until they are covered. In from four to six weeks you will find that the bones have absorbed nearly all the water and have become quite brittle. I then break them, by means of a hammer and a large flat stone, almost to a powder. As they are still too wet to handle, I add almost any dry absorbent to them, as leached ashes, sawdust, or dry sifted ground, until the mass is dry and easily mingled.

In a series of experiments in regard to the economical preparation of bones at the Pennsylvania Farm School, it was seen that bones left to the action of alkali, such as ashes, urine, ammoniacal dung water, &c., will speedily decay. In ashes alone, bones, in the space of three months, will become decomposed and gelatinous. This is the more easily understood when we remember that bones consist, to the amount of one-third of their weight, of cartilage or animal matter. This in the open air dries and hardens, but in a state of fermentation is decomposed, thus leaving the fiber of the bone to be more easily affected by the decomposition already commenced.

I will tell you how I have prepared bones for some years. In my back yard I have a hogshead into which all the waste from the kitchen, sweepings of the house, ashes, &c., &c., are daily thrown. Of course the bones from the table and kitchen go there too. The rain that falls usually keeps it moist enough. If very dry I give it an occasional bucket of water. As soon as the weather becomes freezing, I empty it in a heap in the yard and cover with dry earth until spring, and then not a bone can be found. I have thrown shin bones of beeves and mutton legs into the vessel, and in three months they were completely decomposed.

See also JOHNSON'S Lectures on Agricultural Chemistry, and the "Preparation of Bones as a Manure." W.

The Bee-Keeper

Wintering Bees—Cause and Effect.

SOME time since, I called upon one of my bee-keeping friends to examine his bees, and thereby ascertain how they were wintering. He had but one colony, which was in a movable frame hive—the Langstroth hive. The same colony I had examined early last fall, and found that it was a very good one, there being plenty of bees and stores. On opening the hive at the time of my late visit we found, to our surprise, that the bees were dead! "Just as might have been expected," says the reader. "I have often said that those highly extolled *patent* hives will yet cause the ruin of all the bees in the country!" Well, reader, you reason about as sensibly as most bee-keepers who are not *foolish* enough to use movable frames! But to return to our subject. Lifting out the contents, by taking out each comb separately, we found that the dead bees were occupying five combs; there was a large quantity of them. They had eaten every particle of honey in the five occupied combs, and had commenced breeding; there was considerable worker-brood *sealed* over, showing that they commenced to breed about the middle of January. On the opposite side of the hive were three frames of comb filled with honey—some fifteen or twenty pounds. The hive contained eight combs, and, as will be observed, the bees had clustered on one side of the hive, instead of in the central part, as they generally do at the beginning of cold weather.

Now, the question naturally arises in the mind of the candid thinker, What killed the bees? I propose to give an answer to this question, inasmuch as it is a question of much importance. Before doing so, however, I would remark that here is another illustration of *cause* and *effect.* It is obvious that the *effect* herein specified is the *death of the bees,* and it should be our purpose to search for the *true cause.* Many bee-keepers who are averse to *patent* hives would, without doubt, assign as *the* cause that the *hive* killed the bees! Such bee-keepers are seldom guilty of correct reasoning on bee matters!

From the data given it seems as though it would be obvious to every candid thinker that the colony under consideration died from *starvation,* which then must be the *cause* of the bees dying. "How can that be?" says the reader. "I thought you said they had fifteen or twenty pounds of honey." So I did, and notwithstanding that statement I also said that the bees died from starvation! Let me illustrate the *why.* We have had a protracted spell of cold winter weather; the weather has been such that the bees, wintered out-of-doors, have not changed their winter quarters. It was evident to my mind that the bees in this colony had occupied that part of the hive where they were found, without changing their locality since the beginning of cold weather last autumn. The five combs they occupied could not have been very well supplied with honey, or the bees would not have consumed it so early in the season. This colony was examined about the first of February of this year. The bees having eaten all the honey in said combs, and the weather still continuing cold, they could not, without endangering their lives, change to that part of the hive yet amply supplied with stores. Had they made the attempt to move to the opposite side of the hive they would, most probably, have been instantly chilled, and hence would have survived but a short time thereafter. The bees from instinct, would as soon prefer starvation as to make the attempt in cold weather to change their quarters, which would only hasten their destruction. Besides, in this case, there was an inducement for the bees to stay where they were, as they had *brood* to protect.

"Well," says the reader. "What should have been done in such a case to save the bees from starving?" The answer is simple, nevertheless important, viz: *The combs should have been properly arranged before the commencement of cold weather.* Had they been properly arranged in season, the bees would not have *starved.* Bees usually, when their combs have not been misplaced, breed centrally—storing their honey in *shallow* frame hives in the outside combs. Their last brood will generally be found in the combs most central. In the central post of the hive is where the bees should locate themselves at the beginning of winter. It would seem that the combs in this colony had been misplaced by their owner, which would account for the bees being on one side of the hive. Care should be taken to replace the combs, in general, in the order in which they are taken out, that is, in the *breeding* season. The brood should be kept together.

I will now briefly state how the combs in this colony ought to have been arranged. One or two combs, nearly empty, should have been placed in the center of the hive, and the full combs of honey arranged equally as possible on each side of them. This should not be done, however, till breeding ceases. It would then have been advisable to perforate each comb in the center, from front to rear, and about one-third of the distance from the top. A hole an inch in diameter would be sufficient for each comb. This would allow the bees free communication from comb to comb. A very few minutes work would arrange the combs properly for wintering. This can be done when every colony should be carefully examined to known their condition before winter sets in. Some colonies are so well supplied with stores in every comb that it is not necessary nor advisable to arrange the combs differently; in fact, it might prove injurious to the bees in case they were differently arranged. It is advisable, however, in all cases, to make winter passages through the combs. The bee-keeper will find it necessary to exercise some judgment in properly preparing his bees for winter.

The frames, as must be evident, will enable the bee-keeper to take out the contents of his hives at any time, by which means he can readily determine whether his bees are in proper condition to winter to the best advantage. Without the frames this could not be done. If some colonies have more honey than they need, while others have an insufficiency, their contents, by means of the frames, may be quickly equalized. When bees are wintered in the open air, they should have from 20 to 25 pounds of honey to insure their wintering safely.

Before I conclude I would call the attention of the reader to the fact that it is very poor economy to winter bees on their summer stands. The bees need and should have the very best protection. Bees will winter much better in a good, *dry,* dark cellar. It is very necessary that the cellar be *dry.* The best place, all things considered, to winter bees, is in a suitable repository, termed a *clamp.* For want of room, at this time, I cannot give the reasons why. It is about as poor economy to winter bees on their summer stands as for the farmer to winter his stock in the open fields without shelter.

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

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

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cultivating Indian Corn.

S. EDWARDS TODD communicates the following timely suggestions through the *Country Gentleman:*

"As hands are scarce this season, wages high, and various kinds of farm labor is urgent, just at the time when Indian corn needs most attention, we need to make our horses and horse hoes perform all that is practicable. We need to keep this agricultural proposition distinctly before the mind—*hoe corn with the horses.*

"In mechanics we are accustomed to compute the strength of one horse as equal to five active men. In cultivating corn, one horse with a skillful man will perform much more labor than this; and with an *un*skillful laborer to handle the cultivator or horse hoe, much less. There is need of the exercise of much skill in cultivating corn and potatoes, in order to save hard labor.

"In the first place, it is highly important to have the cultivator or horse hoe in good order. The teeth or diggers should be not only sharp but well polished, so that the earth will slip well. When the teeth are rusty, and the earth adheres to them, the work will not be performed half as well, usually, as if the surfaces were bright. Let them be put on a grind stone and well polished before they are used; and when they are not in use, let them be oiled or varnished to keep them from rusting. Now, in order to perform the operation of cultivating or horse hoeing corn in a skillful manner, it is necessary to run as closely to the corn rows as practicable. This will cut up and cover up all the grass and weeds, and leave but little to be performed with the hand hoe. But if a laborer is not an active, skillful workman, or is careless, and allows the horse-hoe to move along hap-hazard, and does not make an effort to run the cultivator close to the rows, there will be a vast amount of hard labor to be performed with the hand hoe.

"When farmers have raw hands or unskillful workmen, they should spend an hour or two with them in showing them how to handle a horse hoe or cultivator with skill and efficiency, in order to save hand labor. We may tell some laborers how to perform this or that job, a half dozen times, and they will not be able to do it as they desire. But, take hold of the implement yourself, and let them walk by your side, and direct their attention to the more important manipulations, and they will soon learn—if they have but little gumption—to cultivate Indian corn and potatoes in the best and most farmer-like manner."

Protect Sheep after Shearing.

LAST season, about the 20th of this month, we had a very cold storm of rain; and as many sheep had just been sheared, hundreds of them were chilled to death; and many a farmer learned a lesson on protection of animals which they will never forget.

Let us who have sheep, all recollect to allow them to have access to a shelter during cold storms, which usually occur during this month, and sometimes in July also. In our changeable climate, where we are so liable to very sudden transitions from heat to cold, our improved stock of all kinds will suffer very sensibly if they are not protected. My own practice always has been to bring even my horses and cows to the stable during the cold and chilling storms of June and July, or of any other month. When the storm continues all day, allow them to graze for about two hours at one time, and then let them return to their shelter. Removing the fleece from a sheep is as great a change as it would be for a man to wear over-coat, under-coat, and vest, until mid-summer, and then take them all off at one time. —*Ib.*

Sheep Husbandry in New England.

LEVI BARTLETT, writing to the Boston *Cultivator,* on sheep and wool growing, says he prefers the Merinos to the South Downs and other coarse-wooled breeds, because they can be kept in large flocks, are hardier, and will yield a greater quantity of wool, worth more per pound. The average weight of the fleece of the Merino, in Massachusetts, is 3 lbs. 2 oz. In New Hampshire, Mr. Bartlett's section, they average from 4 lbs. 11 oz., to 5½ lbs. By the use of pure-blood rams, heavy-wooled, and breeding ewes to match, the weight of the fleece has been doubled, and the quality improved. To secure this, the following plan has been adopted by some of the sheep-growers of that section: Each sheep is numbered, and when sheared the following year, the fleece is weighed as soon as taken off, and its weight entered on a book opposite the number of the sheep from which it was taken. The heaviest fleeced ewes (if they are otherwise right) are used for breeders. They have kept such a record for a number of years past, and each year shows an increased average weight of fleece. They keep an accurate account of all sales of wool, sheep, etc., and annually know how the account current of "profit and loss" stands. It is expected they will bring the average to seven pounds of washed wool.

The coarse wool sells for one-fourth less than the fine wool, and the importation of the latter being largely in excess of that of the former, it is a stroke of good policy for farmers to increase the number of fine-wooled sheep, in preference to those mainly fit for mutton.

Cleaning Milk Vessels.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Gazette* truly says: "There is no product of the farm that presents so much difference as butter. This arises chiefly from using vessels for holding the milk, and utensils in making the butter, which are soured. In my notice of the effects of having soured troughs in sugar-making, I stated that acidity was fatal to good sugar making. It is not less so in butter-making. Milk has a peculiar acid, very easily formed, which entirely takes away that rich, sweet, fine flavor, belonging to good butter. A very little soured milk or cream on vessels rapidly generates enough acid to take it away. To avoid this, great care is requisite. Cleanliness only is not sufficient, in having the milk vessels well washed, but they must be carefully washed in boiling hot water, and should be boiled in it also. But as the cream is very apt to stick, even in good washing, when the vessels are boiled in water, *some pearlash or soda should be put in it,* which destroys any acidity that may be about the vessels. They should then be well sunned. I have known some good butter makers who dispensed with the sunning when soda was used, but both are to be commended."

Sandy Soils can be Stirred too Much.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Farmer and Gardener* thinks the New Jersey farmers use the plow, harrow, and cultivator too frequently, and the roller too seldom. Sandy soils are too full of air, and require much heavy rolling to make them compact and retentive of moisture.

Inquiries and Answers.

RAWHIDE HALTERS WANTED.—In looking over a back number of the RURAL, I saw where a gentleman recommended rawhide for halters on account of its strength. I would like to inquire of some of your subscribers how to tan a calf skin to make rawhide, and what shape to make a halter? I have a horse that will pull, and can get nothing to hold him but a great, bungling, rope halter. I would like something smaller, and as strong or stronger.—A. H. OLMSTEAD, *Erie Co., Pa.*

FOR UNRULY CATTLE an exchange proposes the following described style of "jewel." Though not ornamental, it may prove effectual, and hence worthy of adoption in extreme cases:—"An ox or cow that is accustomed to throwing fences may be prevented doing so by taking a large wire and bending it in the shape of a bow; then bend the points in the shape of a fish-hook; tie two strings to the wire, place the hooks in the nostrils lightly, and tie one string to the point of each horn. This will prevent the most unruly ox or cow from throwing fences."

WARTS ON HORSES.—In answer to an inquiry on the subject, we quote the following about curing warts on horses from Dr. JENNINGS' work entitled "The Horse and His Diseases":—"The fungous growth appear in the horse most frequently about the mouth, nose, and lips; but they are occasionally found upon other parts of the body. They are sometimes found in large numbers about the lips of colts, and are generally rubbed off, or dropped off; if, however, they grow large, and become deeply rooted, they may be cut off by passing a needle through the center, armed with double thread, and tied tightly around the neck on each side. This prevents the possibility of the ligatures being rubbed off; or they may be painted over with the pre-maganate of potash, a few applications of which will entirely destroy warts of a large size; or they may be removed with a knife."

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON, CROPS, &C.—There has been no favorable change in the weather, or crop prospects, in this region, since our last report. The season continues *very unfavorable*—dry and cool. Others than habitual croakers complain, and the prospect is discouraging in this and other sections where the drouth and cool weather prevail. Some crops are materially injured, and beyond recovery—for a fair or average yield—even if rain and warmth are vouchsafed us immediately. Last week was unusually cold for the season, and the present opened more like November than the middle of June. Overcoats and fires were in demand on Sunday, and a sharp frost occurred that night, or rather on Monday morning—as most of the freezing was between 5 and 6 o'clock A. M. of the 16th. Though tender vegetation was more or less touched, we think no serious damage was occasioned by Jack's untimely visit. We are inclined to believe, from reports received, that the main field crops and fruit escaped material injury, at least in this section, and we are not yet advised whether the frost visited a wide extent of country.——Our accounts from the West are less favorable than formerly, as will be observed by reference to reports in this and preceding columns, yet we think the crop prospects moderately promising in the sections said to be visited by the chinch bug and army worm, and good in other localities of the great granary.——From Canada we have unfavorable reports, a severe drouth having prevailed for some weeks over a large extent of territory. It is said the growing crops are suffering greatly from lack of rain. In some places, oats and corn have not come up at all, while the grass crop is likely to prove a failure.——Prof. DEWEY, of this city, furnishes the subjoined report of the weather and condition of the crops:

Weather of the First Half of June.—The uniformly pleasant weather of this half month will find a cordial admission, but not an equal satisfaction—for the fortnight has been rather cool, and has given but very little rain, and, as April and May were far below the usual quantity of rain, the earth has become dry. Indeed, the crops are suffering from the want of rain, especially the grass and spring wheat, barley and oats. The growth of corn, too, is very slow. Yet the wells and springs have not failed. The trees have advanced rapidly, and winter grains, both wheat and rye, are generally fine. Cultivated strawberries begin to appear, and some varieties of cherry show their maturity is near. The woods and fields have abounded in the wild flowers of the season.

The average heat of this half month is 60.7°, which is only 2.7° below the mean for 25 years. The coldest day was the 7th, being 53°, and the coldest morning at seven was 50°, on the 1st, and the next coldest 52°, on the 4th and 8th. The hottest noon was 84°, on the 12th. The 15th was cool again, while at the South the heat was severe on the 13th and 14th.

The first half of June, 1861, was as much above the average as this is below, making this period last year much warmer than this; but then the season was later from the amount of rain and cool weather, especially in May.

Great rains at the South have produced high and destructive floods in Virginia and Pennsylvania, and at the West. The rains have approached us on the east and south, but left a large part of Western New York and Canada West to suffer from drouth. May we not expect rain soon?

THE SEASON IN THE WEST—*Chicago, June* 14, 1862.—A marked change in rumors and reports from the country has been obtained since my last. In South Illinois the chinch bug and fly are at work, and their ravages increase. The army worm does not seem to make progress. The rust will not affect the crop. The fruit prospect continues good. From the central counties of the State, good reports are received. From the north-western and northern counties of the State, and from some parts of Iowa and South Wisconsin, reports of the destruction of the wheat by chinch bug and fly are received. It is asserted that wheat fields have been plowed up and planted in corn. That there is more than the usual amount of this kind of talk I doubt. If two fields in a county are plowed up, it will produce a great sensation all over the country—for it is sufficient base for a sensation rumor. There is wheat enough to sell every year, and more grown than is profitable to producers. If something will happen to lead our farmers to adopt some other husbandry, it will be a blessing to them. It is dry in Minnesota, and crops will suffer some if rain has not relieved them ere this date; but the prospects generally in the State are gratifying. Ditto in Wisconsin, with few exceptions. I learn from a gentleman just in from across the lake that the recent frost has injured the peach crop on the Michigan shore seriously. Crops, as a whole, may be called backward, but as a rule, there is nothing discouraging in their condition.—C. D. B.

THE WOOL MARKET.—But little wool has yet been brought into market—in fact comparatively few sheep are yet shorn in this vicinity. Of course prices are not established. Good medium wools are worth from 35 to 40 cents. Fleeces of fine open wool, in good condition, bring the latter figure. The range of prices (including coarse Bakewell wools, which bring a cent or two less than other ordinary kinds,) may be quoted at from 33 to 40 cents—the figures at which we predicted the market of this region, Ohio, and Michigan would open. One of our dealers has an agent in Ohio who is buying at 35 to 40 cents—an average of 37½ cents—which is fully up to our anticipation two weeks ago, when the article given in the RURAL of the 14th was penned. From present indications we anticipate active competition among buyers, and a consequent advance in prices.

—In this connection, and partly in response to an article in another column, we republish a paragraph from the RURAL of Aug. 4, 1860, as follows:

ARE THE WOOL GROWERS AT FAULT?—A few days ago we were accosted by a wool buyer, in the street, substantially thus—"Why don't you *blow up* the farmers about the ridiculous manner in which they put up their wool. They take no pains to have the fleeces clean and nice, and put in all the dirt possible. In fact," he added, "I don't believe there is an honest farmer in the State!" To this salutation, we simply replied that we had, until this season, annually enjoined farmers to take pains in preparing their wool for market, but finding that *dealers made no discrimination* in favor of those who were particular, but by their course *actually paid a premium for carelessness,* if not dishonesty, we had offered no advice on the subject. To the sweeping charge of dishonesty, we retorted that the purchasers were mainly at fault—for, inasmuch as they would not discriminate, wool growers could not be expected to take special pains for their exclusive benefit. This "flea in the ear" of our interlocutor brought him to his senses, and he admitted that we were right—that some of his agents had really paid as much for poor, dirty lots of wool, as for good, clean ones! Meeting another dealer, soon after, we inquired of him on the subject, and he averred, unhesitatingly, that our position was correct—adding that the rivalry among buyers, and their anxiety to purchase, was such that proper discrimination was rarely made, and of course farmers had no inducement to be careful or painstaking. Hence we infer that the dishonesty is mainly attributable to *purchasers,* rather than *producers,* and hope the former will be *fleeced* until they adopt the *practice* of paying, as they should, a good price for a nice, clean article, and less for that which is foul or inferior. "Reform it altogether," gentlemen.

HOME-MADE BONE MANURE.—We publish a brief article, in another column, on the process of converting bones into manure; and here is an item on the same subject from a Maine correspondent of the *Am. Agriculturist,* who describes how he makes a good bone manure:—"A kettle holding a barrel or more, which is kept for boiling roots for stock, is filled with bones, and caustic lye poured in to cover them. A gentle fire is built for two or three successive days, to barely warm the liquid through. In a week the bones will become soft and fine. The mass obtained from one barrel of bones is then mixed well with about three loads of muck, the leached ashes from which the lye was obtained being mixed with the heap. After lying a while for the muck to partly decompose, the fertilizer is ready for use, and produces good effects."

INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS—The new and other Advertisements in our present number. Most of them are seasonable, and quite a number are important to farmers and horticulturists who would properly harvest, put up, and market their crops. The Horse Powers and other machines of EMERY BROS. are so conspicuously announced as to attract special attention, while the advertisements of Messrs. SCHENCK & BRO., TARBOX, and others, will not be overlooked by parties interested. The crowded state of our advertising department indicates a revival of business and return of prosperous times—and also that enterprising manufacturers and dealers know WHERE to advertise their wares and products in order to secure an abundance of good customers. We reject many advertisements, and trust all admitted in the RURAL will prove beneficial to both readers and advertisers.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

We are still suffering in this section of the country from the extreme drouth, as we have had but one good shower in forty days. During that time only three-fourths of an inch of water has fallen, and our condition and wants may be very easily imagined. Strawberries are beginning to ripen, but the crop will be very light and the quality poor. The cherries are suffering from drouth, and dropping from the trees, and seeds planted in the open ground have a hard time to get up, while it is almost impossible to transplant from the hot-bed or cold frame. The days are hot, but the nights are cool, and nothing seems to make much growth. We are sorely in want of warmth and moisture. We hear the same complaints from parts of Canada.

On the night of the 15th inst., we were visited with a heavy frost, which did considerable damage in low grounds. We have seen scores of grape vines so injured as to destroy nearly all the fruit, while tomatoes and other tender things are completely ruined in particular locations.

From some unknown cause we are remarkably free from insects this season. The orchards show very few caterpillars; that pest, the currant worm, is doing less mischief than usual; and we have yet hardly observed the mark of the curculio. The prospect is still good for an abundant crop of fruit.

THE CURRANT WORM.

Eds. Rural New Yorker:—How, or in what manner, do the *worms* that now so generally infest currant and gooseberry bushes, propagate, and what can be done to exterminate them? Would it it not be well to cut off, near the ground, the present growth of old bushes, and burn them, trusting to a new growth that will spring from the roots that remain? Are not those worms hatched in the cavities of the old stalks? and do they not feed on the pith while in their first stage of growth, leaving, as soon as sufficiently matured for egress and locomotion, for outside depredations? Any one who will give sufficient light on the subject to enable us to effectually destroy these pests, will merit the thanks of community generally.

I find, on examination of the old stalks of the currant bushes, that they have more or less cavities, caused by the eating out of the pith, with evident signs of the fact that small worms have inhabited these cavities, and have emerged from them, to commence their ravages on the leaf; and if this be true, it would lead us naturally to suppose that the deposit (eggs) of the worm, or insect, is made in the crevices of the old and decaying stalks, where they are hatched, and while in the larva state find their way to the pith and feed upon it until they are perfected in formation, which enables them to find their way to the outside in search of food. But this is a surmise of mine. I hope some one who has sufficient knowledge on this subject to set us right, will let his light shine.

I have tried all the popular remedies, and all, with me, fail to accomplish the object. I do not recollect of seeing anything in yours, or any other paper, concerning this scourge of one of the best family luxuries. Our currant bushes will be entirely destroyed as well as the fruit. If any way is known to save both, it would be welcomed by thousands of those who love a dish of currant sauce for tea. I have asked these questions, and thrown out these ideas of my own, merely to see if anything can be learned beneficial in the matter. You will do as you see proper, of course, about giving the space to such an article. Alex. Coe.

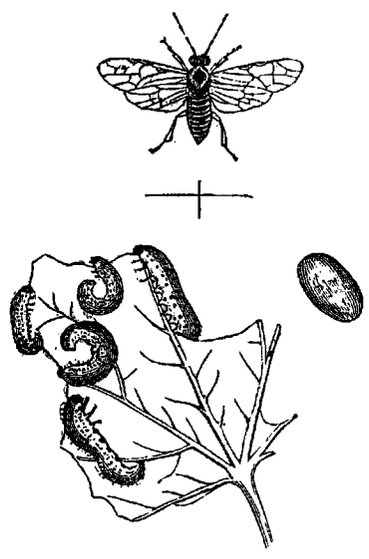
Albion, N. Y., June, 1862.

The worm that destroys the leaves of the currant is not the same as that which enters the wood, but a far more numerous and destructive enemy. The latter is an *Ægeria*, and probably *A. tipuliformis* of Linneaus—a borer. The moth lays an egg near a bud, and when hatched the borer penetrates the wood to the pith, which it devours, and thus forms itself a burrow. As it increases in age and size, it enlarges the hole by which it entered, so that the moth, to which it is soon transformed, may escape. In small limbs, so much of the wood is eaten away as to cause them to break, and in larger branches the foliage and fruit soon show signs of disease, and finally die.

The worm that is destroying our currants and gooseberries by eating the leaves, is the grub of the *Gooseberry Saw Fly*. We have several times published a description of this fly, and we have also given the various remedies recommended, yet with little faith that they would prove successful. The truth *is*, we have tried so many plans that we have become discouraged. It is easy to save a few plants, but those who have a currant plantation must make up their minds to give about their whole time and attention to the work of saving them, or yield gracefully and allow the insects peaceable possession. We have known scores of persons who commenced the season with strong faith in their ability to combat any army of insects that could be brought against them, yet who have acknowledged themselves completely routed before the end of summer. These currant worms are regular secessionists, there is no yielding or compromise about them, and the only way is to meet them in a like spirit and choke them to death, or trample them under foot.

The grub that eats the leaves is the product of the *Gooseberry Saw Fly*, which emerges from its quarters in the ground, where it has lain in a kind of cocoon all winter, some time in May, according to the forwardness of the season, and soon after the female begins to deposit her eggs on the under side of the newly expanded leaves, choosing the sides of the veins or nervures as a fitting place. The larva is hatched in about a week, and commences feeding on the leaf, increasing in size, and frequently changing its skin, till it is about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is now of a dull, pale-green color, the first thoracic segment being deep yellow, the penultimate being also of the same color; the feet, tail, and head are black, and each segment is dotted black also, some having as many as twenty-four spots arranged in lines down the back, while those on the sides are more irregular, with one large one at the base of each foot. They have six pectoral, sharp, horny feet; the fourth segment appears destitute of feet, but the six following are each furnished with a pair of legs, which assist them in walking; they have also a pair of feet at the extremity of the last segment.

In the fly state it assumes an ochreous color; the body is orange, sometimes bright; the wings are iridescent, and, when expanded, are about two-thirds of an inch in length; the antennæ are almost as long as the body, bristly, brownish above, and nine-jointed; the crown of the head and eyes are black, as are also three large confluent spots in the center of the trunk, and also a large patch on the breast or sternum.



Gooseberry Saw Fly.
The grub, cocoon, and perfect insect.

The broods of caterpillars appear in succession occasionally from May till October, but in greatest numbers in June. After becoming full grown, the grubs descend to the earth, spinning themselves a yellowish cocoon, and in two or three weeks, according to the warmth of the soil, come out again perfect insects or flies, ready to lay another brood of eggs. Thus a perfect succession is kept up as long as there are leaves to supply them with food. Those that descend late in the season, when the ground is cold, do not come out perfect insects until the following spring.

We don't know of any remedy yet proposed that seems likely to stay the ravages of this destroyer, and we may have to abandon the culture of the currant for a time. A few years ago we could not keep even a choice gooseberry in our garden without constant watching. After several seasons of labor we dug up every currant and gooseberry bush, and burnt them root and branch. Now, we have a few choice plants of gooseberries, and no insect casts a longing eye toward them. We presume they have been starved out or emigrated to better quarters.

IMPROVEMENT OF GROUNDS.

The following valuable article on a subject of great interest to all who own the soil on which they live, whether in country or village, is by A. J. Downing:

"Pleasure and profit are certain, sooner or later, to awaken a large portion of our countrymen to the advantages of improving their own private grounds. But we find that it is only under two conditions that many public improvements are carried on. The first, is when nearly the whole of the population enjoy the advantages of education, as in New England. The second, is when a few of the more spirited and intelligent of the citizens move the rest by taking the burden in the beginning upon their own shoulders by setting the example themselves, and by most zealously urging all others to follow.

"The villages of New England, looking at their sylvan charms, are as beautiful as any in the world. Their architecture is simple and unpretending—often, indeed, meagre and unworthy of notice. The houses are surrounded by enclosures full of trees and shrubs, with space enough to afford comfort, and ornament enough to denote taste. But the main street of the village is an avenue of elms, positively delightful to behold. Always wide, the over-arching boughs form an aisle more grand and beautiful than that of any old gothic cathedral. Not content, indeed, with one avenue, some of these villages have, in their wide, single street, three lines of trees, forming a double avenue, of which any grand old palace abroad might well be proud. Would that those of our readers whose souls are callous to the charms of the lights and shadows that bedeck these bewitching rural towns and villages, would forthwith set out on a pilgrimage to such places as Northampton, Springfield, New Haven, Pittsfield, Stockbridge, Woodbury, and the like.

"When we contrast with these lovely resting places for the eye, embowered in avenues of Elms, gracefully drooping like fountains of falling water, or Sugar Maples swelling and towering up like finely formed antique vases, some of the uncared for towns and villages in our own State, we are almost forced to believe that the famous common schools of New England teach the æsthetics of art, and that the beauty of shade trees is the care of especial professorships. Homer and Virgil, Cicero, Manlius, and Tully, shades of the great Greeks and Romans!—our citizens have named towns after you, but the places that bear your names scarcely hold leafy trees enough to renew the fading laurels round your heads!—while the direct descendants of stern Puritans, who had a holy horror of things ornamental, who cropped their hair, and made penalties for indulgences in fine linen, live in villages overshadowed by the very spirit of rural elegance!

"It is neither from a want of means, or want of time, or any ignorance of what is essential to the beauty of body or of mind, that we see this neglect of the public becomingness. There are numbers of houses in all these villages, that boast their pianos, while the last Paris fashions are worn in the parlors, and the freshest periodical literature of both sides of the Atlantic fills the center tables. But while the comfort and good looks of the individual are sufficiently cared for, the comfort and good looks of the town are sadly neglected. Our education here stops short of New England. We are slow to feel that the character of the inhabitants is always, in some degree, indicated by the appearance of the town. It is, unluckily, no one's especial business to ornament the streets. No one feels it a reproach to himself, that verdure and beauty do not hang, like rich curtains, over the street in which he lives. And thus a whole village or town goes on from year to year, in a shameless state of public nudity and neglect, because no one feels it his particular duty to persuade his neighbors to join him in making the town in which he lives a gem of rural beauty, instead of a sorry collection of uninteresting houses.

"It is the frequent apology of intelligent persons who live in such places, and are more alive to this glaring defect than the majority, that it is impossible for them to do any thing alone, and their neighbors care nothing about it.

"One of the finest refutations of this kind of delusion exists in New Haven. All over the Union, this town is known as the "City of Elms." The stranger always pauses, and bears tribute to the taste of its inhabitants, while he walks beneath the grateful shade of its lofty rows of trees. Yet a large part of the finest of these trees were planted, and the whole of the spirit which they have inspired, was awakened by one person—Mr. Hillhouse. He lived long enough to see fair and lofty aisles of verdure, where, before, were only rows of brick or wooden houses; and, we doubt not, he enjoyed a purer satisfaction than many great conquerors who have died with the honors of capturing kingdoms, and demolishing a hundred cities. Let no person, therefore, delay planting shade trees himself, or persuading his neighbors to do the same. Wherever a village contains half a dozen persons zealous in this excellent work of adorning the country at large, let them form a society and make proselytes of those who are slow to be moved otherwise."

GROWING DOUBLE FLOWERS.

We cannot explain all that a correspondent would like to know about Double Flowers—why they become double, &c.; nor can we tell from the appearance of a seed whether it will produce double or single flowers. It seems to be admitted, generally, that seed that have been kept a number of years will produce more double flowers than if sown the first season. In this opinion our correspondent is supported by good authority, yet we have always doubted whether there is any good reason for the belief. On this subject we give an extract from a volume of the *Revue Horticole:*

"It is impossible for any inquiring mind not to attempt an explanation of the fact that many plants which, in a state of nature, never present more than a single row of petals, begin to assume several rows under continued cultivation. The effects of a richer soil, and other genial circumstances, or the mere accident of double petals in one plant, transmitted with improvement through its progeny, are the common explanations; and they are generally received as satisfactory, without reflecting that what we call accident is itself a result of some cause, and that change of condition must attack some physiological principle before it can have any effect in modifying the character of a plant. Nothing is now so common as double flowers; and to explain the phenomenon, we must make practice agree with theory. Every gardener who sows seed wishes to obtain plants with double flowers, so as to have blossoms which produce the greatest effect. Every double flower is a monstrous vegetable. To produce this anomaly, we must attack the principle of its creation—that is to say, the seed. This being granted, let us examine in what way these seeds ought to be treated. If, after having gathered the seeds of Ten-weeks' Stock, for example, we sow them immediately, the greater number of the seedlings will produce single flowers; while, on the contrary, if we preserve these same seeds for three or four years, and sow them, we shall find double flowers upon nearly all the plants. To explain this phenomenon, we say, that in keeping a seed for several years we fatigue and weaken it, so that the energy which would otherwise have been expended in producing stamens, produces petals. Then, when we place it in a suitable soil, we change its natural state, and from a wild plant make it a cultivated one. What proves our position is, that plants in their wild state, shedding their seeds annually, and sowing them as soon as they fall to the ground, yet in a long succession of time scarcely ever produce plants with double flowers. We think, then, after what we have said, that whenever a gardener wishes to obtain double flowers, he ought not to sow the seeds till after having kept them for as long a time as possible. These principles are equally applicable to melons, and all plants of that family. We admit, like many observers, that melon plants, obtained from seeds the preceding year, ought to produce, and do produce, really very vigorous shoots, with much foliage; but very few fruitful flowers appear on such plants; while, on the other hand, when we sow old seed, we obtain an abundance of very large fruit. In fact, in all varieties of the melon, the seeds should always be kept from three to eight years before being sown, if we would obtain fine fruit and plenty of it."

We have kept Balsam and Ten-week Stock seeds for ten years, sowing some every year, and we could not discover improvement by age in any respect. Much more depends upon the manner in which the plant that produces the seed is grown than upon its age. The idea of the seed being fatigued or weakened by age so as to produce double flowers, seems to us very much like nonsense. What we want to produce good flowers, is short, stocky plants. If the plants become drawn when young, the flowers, as a general thing, will be worthless.

Horticultural Notes.

Brooklyn Horticultural Society.—We are indebted to the Secretary, C. B. Miller, for the proceedings of the last semi-monthly meeting of the Brooklyn Horticultural Society. The exhibition of flowers and plants was an unusally interesting one, and quite a display was made of some remarkably fine strawberries from seedlings, cultivated by Mr. W. A. Burgess, of Glen Cove, L. I. They were collected together on separate plates, under the following names, General Scott, General Lyon, General Anderson, and Garibaldi. President Degrauw improved the opportunity to make some remarks on a subject to which we called the attention of readers of the Rural last week, the very little genuine taste and love of flowers that exists among us, although there is abundance of love of display. He remarked that his position as President of the Society in which he had undertaken at one time to collect dues from members, had afforded him many illustrations of the lack of taste and appreciation of the subject of horticulture among those who possessed green-houses attached to their dwellings, many of whom had them placed there merely for show—one wealthy gentleman residing in this city that he could mention, even going so far as to make his green-house a *source of pecuniary profit arising from the sale of his flowers to gardeners for bouquets.* On one occasion, also, while visiting the residence of a wealthy man of this city, to collect the fees for his ticket of membership, a duty the President had volunteered to perform in his eagerness to see the Society sustained, he was met with a rebuff that showed the character of the man he was applying to. Fortunately this tasteless dollar-worshiper had a sensible lady for his wife, who happened to be in the parlor at the time her husband was excusing himself for not paying the fee of three dollars for the member's ticket. On inquiring of her husband who it was he was talking to, he replied that it was "the collector of the Horticultural Society." This lady, it appears, possessed some taste, and fully appreciated the advantages derivable from the Society, and therefore, requesting the collector to enter the parlor, immediately handed the amount required to the President, at the same time expressing her hope that the Society would be fully sustained by the wealthy citizens of Brooklyn. After some further converse with the lady in question, the President left, and having promised to send her some flowers, he made up a handsome bouquet from the collection in his green-house, and sent the same with his compliments to the new lady member, and it was then only that she learned that the "collector" was the worthy and esteemed President of the Society.

Growing Roses from Cuttings by Amateurs.—As the season is drawing near for raising rose slips, I thought I would send my way to the Rural readers, as I have been very successful for several years. In the latter part of summer, or the first of fall, I take boxes about a foot deep or more, and fill them with rich dirt from the wood pile, thoroughly mixed with sand. I prefer to pull the slips instead of cutting them off the bushes. The slips should have not less than five eyes, though they can be raised from less. Three of the eyes should be placed under the ground; then put where the morning and evening, but not noon, sun can shine on them, and water them from two to three times every day for five or six weeks, until they begin to grow nicely. After that, once a day is sufficient until cold weather sets in. Just before the ground begins to freeze, put them in the hot-bed, and do not water them but two or three times during the winter. The boxes should be made very loose, so that the water can pass off rapidly. By following these rules I have raised hundreds of roses from slips.

I raise many other things from cuttings in the same way. Verbenas can be preserved through the winter in the hot-bed. I have the *Rose Manual*, written by Robert Buist, which I would recommend to the lovers of roses.—S. F., *Salem, N. Y.*, 1862.

Ornamental Grasses.—For forming large beds or groups, the ornamental grasses are very interesting, and to many may make a new feature in the appearance of their grounds.

Zea Mays, or Indian corn. *Holcus saccharatus*—all the African varieties are very striking; their long leaves mottled with various colors produce a singular effect. *Eryanthus Ravennea* and *Gynerium argenteum* are both splendid for a collection. They can be grown from seed, as the above are, and planted out in the beds. *Panicum Italicum* and *Sorghum bicolor* can both be planted out in the open ground. The latter blooms early and bears an abundance of millet seed. It is very graceful and attractive. *Stipa pennata* is troublesome to grow from seed, but after once getting it, it may be divided every spring, like all other herbaceous plants, being perennial. *Briza maxima*, dwarf and pretty. The following are especially worthy of selection: *Agrostis nebulosa, Avena sterilis, Chloris radiata, Hordeum jubatum, Lagurus ovatus, Pennisetum longistilum, Tripsacum dactyloides, Cyperus alopecuroides.*

There are fifty others worthy of a place in an ornamental garden, and a collection would afford much amusement and instruction. The common Carex of the swamps is an excellent plant of this kind for such a collection.—C. B. M.

Strawberries in Missouri.—I believe no report regarding the yield and quality of various varieties of strawberries has appeared in the Rural from any point so far West as this. We are now in the height of the strawberry season, and their yield has been very abundant this year. The only misfortune is, that with us this delicious fruit is entirely neglected, consequently we are almost unable to speak with confidence in regard to the comparative value of varieties.

Of the varieties we cultivate, the Wilson's Albany sustains fully the character given it at the East. It is productive, its size is very large, the berry is firm, suitable for market. The Boston Pine is not so productive as the former, but it is nearly as large. The berry is also quite firm, the flavor pleasing and aromatic. The Iowa is more productive than any variety we name, ripens very early, quality very good; the berries small to medium in size. Scott's Seedling is a promising variety, we think highly suited to our Western climate, and appears to endure dry weather without injury to fruiting or quality, The Early Scarlet is a fine variety; berries good size, quality very good; the yield, however, is medium. Hooker's Seedling and Triomphe de Gand promise well.—A. Durkes, *Western Missouri, June* 2, 1862.

Death of M. Vilmorin, Sr.—By recent advices from Paris, we learn of the death of this distinguished horticulturist, on the 21st of March, in the 86th year of his age. He was the founder of the well-known firm of Vilmorin, Andrieux & Co., one of whom, M. Louis Vilmorin, a young man of great scientific promise, died last year, as already recorded in the *Gardeners' Monthly.* The business will be continued under the old name by Madame Louis Vilmorin and her sons.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

Some of the best seeds we have ever procured in Europe were furnished by this establishment. Our readers will recollect they were the first to introduce the New Double Zinnia. In 1852, we purchased of these gentlemen some Double China Pink seeds, and a part planted produced flowers so fine—much better than some we have procured with great names and some reputation—that we have planted a little every year since, and now have plants about ready to flower from seeds sown late last season. This shows that China Pink seed will retain its vitality for a long time.

Pegging down Roses.—I saw a method of training roses, last year. This is neither more nor less than simply pegging down roses so as to cover the whole surface of the soil in a bed, instead of training them up to stakes in the usual way. Strong forked branches of trees, cut so as to make pegs of them, are used, and the beds are beautiful in the extreme, if such beauty can be aptly termed extreme. The beds I saw had but one kind in each,—one I remember was of Louis Phillippe; this was crimson. Another was Cels, nearly a white. There were also some beds with Hyrid Perpetuals, which, though not making such a brilliant effect as the former kinds, were very pretty indeed, and they seemed to flower much more freely treated in this way than when grown as usually, upright.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

Bangor (Me.) Horticultural Society.—The following are the officers for 1862: *President*—Albert W. Paine. *Vice President*—Samuel H. Dale. *Recording Secretary*—Fred. C. Low. *Corresponding Secretary*—J. Wingate Carr. *Treasurer*—John E. Godfrey.

Fine Strawberries.—We are indebted to J. Smith, Esq., of Le Roy, for a box of strawberries, the first of the season, and as fine a lot as we could desire. They were Wilson's Albany, very large and well ripened.

Mr. J. G. Veitch, one of the most recent as well as one of the most successful collectors in Japan, has just returned to England after a two years' trip, having already sent home many novelties.

Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York holds its next summer meeting in this city on the 25th of June.

Inquiries and Answers.

How can Ants be Destroyed?—If you, or any of your readers, know what will destroy ants, both black and red, in flower beds, without killing the flowers, you will confer a favor on several readers of the Rural by answering through its columns. They make their nests in among the roots, and soon kill them, unless removed.—N. G. N., *Hopewell Center, N. Y.*, 1862.

"Frosty" Localities—Their Cause.—I wish to inquire through the medium of the Rural the causes of frost in certain localities, while others, having apparently the same soil, climate, and altitude, are comparatively free from frost. In the counties of Steuben, Schuyler, and Yates, in all of the valleys that have an outlet to the south, it is frosty, and those having an outlet to the north are comparatively free from frost. Where two streams rise and run toward each other, and form one stream, the one that rises in the north and runs south is frosty, and the one running toward the north is comparatively free from frost. In all the valleys having a northerly outlet, the soil is well adapted to growing all kinds of fruit and grapes, but in the valleys having a southerly outlet, no fruit can be grown with success, except apples, and they are not a sure crop.—B. S., *Barrington, N. Y.*, 1862.

Quinces.—We have a couple of quince trees which we bought of a traveling agent some eight or nine years ago, and they never have borne any fruit. Is it because they have never been grafted? If they need grafting, what kind would be the best for this part of the State? Will you, or some of your numerous readers, please answer me?—Myra A. Hawkins, *Herkimer, N. Y.*, 1862.

We cannot say what is the difficulty with your quinces. They should bear fruit of some kind, even if not worked. Perhaps the growth is too luxuriant, and a little root pruning may induce fruitfulness.

Growing Perennial Flowers.—Will you please answer a few questions through the Rural? Do you think it too late to sow seeds of perennial flowers, such as Columbine, Aconite, and Campanula, or Everlasting Peas? Does the book you advertise, *Every Lady her own Flower Gardener*, give directions for cultivating all sorts of annual and perennial flowers, and do you think it as good a guide as the more costly books?—N. H. H., *Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.*, 1862.

Any time in June, or early in July, will answer for sowing seeds of perennials. They do best if sown in a rather cool situation, as on the north side of a fence, but too much shade is not beneficial. By September the plants may be removed to the border, where they are to flower. Give them a place where water will not lay during the winter or spring. The best book for your use is *The Flower Garden*, by Breck.

Domestic Economy.

COFFEE SUBSTITUTES.

The love of coffee is an acquired taste. Perhaps nine-tenths of the families using it "burn" it almost to a coal, so that, in reality, any other burnt bitter would answer quite as well. In fact, multitudes in the far West, removed from markets, have become accustomed to use burnt bread-crust as a substitute, which certainly is not injurious, but it is a known fact that a cup of some mild, hot drink at meals is a a positive benefit, while a glass of the purest cold water is as certainly an injury, especially to invalids and to all who do not have robust health.

The following substitutes for coffee have been collected, in all of which it is suggested, first, that the substitute be mixed with the genuine articles, half-and-half; second, that in order to know what you are really drinking, roast and grind your own coffee. In this way only can you know that you are not imposed upon, or may not be drinking some cheap material, either filthy or poisonous.

1. It is said that three parts of Rio, with two parts of old Government Java, well prepared, is quite as good, if not superior, to that made of the latter alone.

2. Wheat Coffee.—Wheat coffee, made of a mixture of eight quarts of wheat to one pound of real coffee, is said to afford a beverage quite as agreeable as the unadulterated Rio, besides being much more wholesome.

Rye Coffee.—Take a peck of rye and cover it with water, let it steep or boil until the grain swells or commences to burst, then drain or dry it. Roast to a deep brown color and prepare as other coffee, allowing twice the time for boiling. Served with boiled milk. Wheat coffee probably could be made the same way.

4. Another.—Take some rye; first scald it; second, dry it; third, brown it, and then mix it with one-third coffee and two-thirds rye, and then you will have as good a cup of coffee as you ever drank.

5. Sweet Potato Coffee.—Take sweet potatoes, cut them fine enough to dry conveniently, and when dried, grind in a coffee mill; dry them by the fire or stove, at this season of the year, or by the sun when that will do it; grind and use one and a half teacupfuls for six persons, or mixed with coffee in such proportions as you like. Some omit half of the coffee, some more.

6. Barley Coffee.—Take common barley, or the skinless, if it can be obtained, roast as you would coffee, and mix in such proportion as suits your taste. It is very good.

7. Pea Coffee.—It is probably known to many that a very large per cent. of the ground coffee sold at the stores is common field peas, roasted and ground with the coffee. There are hundreds of thousands of bushels of peas annually used for that purpose. Those who are in the habit of purchasing ground coffee can do better to buy their own peas, burn and grind them, and mix to suit themselves.

8. Carrot Coffee.—It is recommended by an exchange. Cut up, dry and grind, and mix with coffee in quantities to suit the taste.

9. Chestnut Coffee.—Chestnuts, also, are said to make excellent coffee.

10. Dandelion root, dried and slightly scorched, never burned.

11. Chicory Coffee.—Equal weights of chicory and coffee, dried and roasted in the usual manner. The chicory root is raised as easily as carrots, and in exactly the same manner. To prepare the root, wash it clean, slice it lengthwise in four to six pieces, according to size, cut in two-inch lengths, dry and keep in a dry place until wanted. Chicory is largely used to adulterate coffee in this country, and especially in Europe, twenty-five millions of pounds being used in England and France alone.

12. Excelsior Coffee.—(our own.)—Half a cup of pure, new, farm house milk, and while almost boiling hot, add to it as much boiling water, and when sweetened to suit, call it "coffee," and drink it down.—*Hall's Journal.*

Fried Cakes, Crullers, &c.—Wishing to contribute my mite to the column of "Domestic Economy," I send the following recipes:

Fried Cakes.—Two eggs; two cups sugar; one cup butter; three of buttermilk; one spoonful soda; flour enough to make quite stiff. These absorb but little fat, and are always very light.

Crullers.—One teacup sugar; three eggs,—mix hard,—fry in lard.

For Burns.—Indian meal poultice, covered with the moistened leaves of green tea, and laid over burns or frozen flesh, as hot as can be borne, will give relief in a few minutes.—M. L. Clark.

Coloring a Permanent Black.—Being a constant and interested reader of the Rural, and having gained much useful information from its domestic column, I would be pleased if some one would give me a recipe for coloring woolen yarn a permanent black, without causing it to become harsh and rough, as it does when colored by the recipes I now possess, and oblige—Mrs. A. V. B., *Brighton, Ill.*, 1862.

Baker's Gingerbread.—One quart molasses; four ounces butter; one ounce alum; one ounce pearlash; one ounce ginger. Dissolve the pearlash in vinegar, boil the alum in three gills of water, which must be put in last, make soft dough, bake fifteen minutes.—Mrs. H. H., *Fredonia, N. Y.*

To Color Orange—Washing White Merino.—Will some one through your paper give a recipe for coloring orange on cotton, and also how to wash white merino and flannel, to keep it clear and nice?—M. H. R., *West Milton, Wis.*, 1862.

Fried Potatoes.—Can some of the Rural's readers give the method of preparing and cooking the celebrated fried potatoes which we find in saloons, restaurants, &c., and oblige a constant reader?—R., *Homer, N. Y.*, 1862.

Leopard Cake.—I would like to inquire through the columns of the Rural for a recipe for making Leopard Cake. Will some one inform and oblige—H. E. S., *Berkshire, N. Y.*, 1862.

Tomato Wine.—Will some of the numerous readers of the Rural please give a recipe for making *tomato wine*, and oblige—A Subscriber? *Bloomfield, N. J.*, 1862.

Ladies' Department.

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

"CHARLIE AND I."

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

In gladness we journeyed together,
And none were so happy as we;
Bright blossoms were nodding in beauty,
And soft winds swept over the lea.

One time to our hearts came a sorrow,
Which, thorn-like, brought anguish and pain;
But each wiped the brow of the other,
And whispered of comfort again.

True love was the magic that lightened
The burdens each mortal must bear,
That sweetened the dregs in the life-cup,
And silvered the clouds of dull care.

But once when the glories of sunset
Their beams on our pathway had thrown,
"Oh, MAGGIE," he said, "I must leave you
To finish life's journey alone."

Then thick closed the shadows around me,
And naught could a ray of hope bring,
Till I saw, 'mid the shadows of earthland,
The gleam of a heavenly wing.

And now, as I look o'er the river
That borders the bright, promised land,
I fancy there walteth to guide me
A spotless, an unerring hand.

Rural Seminary, East Pembroke, N. Y., 1862.

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

A LEAF FROM STONY FARM.

Not a very poetical title, is it? But very appropriate, nevertheless. Stones in rows, stones in heaps, stones in order, and stones in disorder. But underneath them the soil is rich and productive; like many a human heart, hard to reach, but when found, rich in all noble impulses, all kindly feeling. And who would not prefer such an one to that which is outwardly fair and smooth, but worthless withal—whose only virtue consists in that very fairness? And so, after all, you perceive that our farm is not to be despised, even though it hath an humble name. And the house, though not elegant, is comfortable. And happy hearts it contains—that is, happy in the general acceptation of the term—for, though trouble and disappointment have visited us, alike with all of earthly mold, still they have not bowed us to the dust; they have bent, but not broken. Yet even now, while I write, a fear dawns upon me that for this seeming boast some great sorrow may come which will quench our smiles in tears—which will both bend and break. O, doubting heart, canst thou not trust Him who hath said: "Take no thought for the morrow; but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself?"—He, whose love for us is such that He hath even died for us, that we might obtain that happiness which passeth the power of man to conceive?

Ah! many a gleeful gathering have these walls witnessed, and to many a merry laugh have they echoed, whose cadences they never again may catch; for more than one who once joined us in our happy home, have left, father, mother, *all* the dear home ties, and gone forth to battle for their country's rights. And may GOD, the all-seeing, ever-present, watch over, guide, and protect them, and eventually return them to the loving and waiting hearts, who will hail their coming with such joy!

Calm and pleasant is it, in the imperfect light of a summer's eve, to sit upon the veranda, or at one of the low windows, and listen to the rustling of the trees as the night breezes float gently through them, and to dream happy waking dreams. Then sister enters from an evening walk, and seating herself, favors you with a lively description of some incident which has just transpired; and before you are aware of it, both the dream and mood which produced it have taken wings and flown.

Such is the vision stored away in memory's tablet, of Summer. But to-day—how different! Although it is Spring, Mother Earth has not yet doffed her winter habiliments. She seems to cling with a longing fondness to her beautiful robe of white. For beautiful indeed it is! Man could never form aught which would half equal in loveliness the fleecy covering in which earth is shrouded to-day, so purely white, so exquisite in texture! And, though many are wishing the warm spring sun to peep forth and melt it all away, yet there is some advantage gained from winter's snowy covering. The *stones* are hidden from view. As I cast my eye over the broad fields stretched before my vision, not one is to be seen. And can I carry out my simile here? Are there *hearts*, smooth and comely to outward view, which, when penetrated a short distance, will discover the hard, rugged stones; but, if still further explored, patience will be rewarded with a richness and beauty well worthy the effort? I have heard of such—yes, and met them, too, I think—and the beauty and tenderness seem all the dearer for the difficulties surmounted to obtain them. O, the heart!—the home of all impulses, all emotions!—could we but sound its depth, how often would we be astonished by revealings of which we have never dreamed! L. R.

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

BEAUTY AT SECOND SIGHT.

There is a certain kind of beauty which perhaps but few have ever noticed and fewer still possess. When we meet a person in the street, and are struck with the beauty of his features and his manly bearing, we call him beautiful. But should we chance to meet the same person on another occasion, see him cast a contemptuous glance upon one whom fortune had not favored as much as himself, and observe the haughty and almost insolent spirit in which he replies when spoken to, we would say to ourselves, "That young man impressed us quite favorably at first, but upon a second sight we are much disappointed in him." On the contrary, a person of very plain personal appearance, even approximating to homeliness, may look disagreeable to us; but an after acquaintance will disclose the fact that he possesses those traits of character which compose real beauty.

Thus we see there are two kinds of beauty; the one attracts our attention at first, and the other is beauty at second sight. I recently met in the street two young ladies with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and whom I considered very prepossessing, and spoke to them in a friendly manner, when, to my surprise, a scornful look and a bow of the head just enough to be perceptible, were the only answer to my remarks. How differently I have thought of them since? They are among the number who do not possess beauty at second sight. It must be obvious to every one which kind of beauty is the better, which will procure for us the most friends, and be of the most actual service to us in our connections with the world. An individual with a fine face may gain admiration, but he will not draw to himself lasting friends unless he possesses other qualities than this. Good looks are certainly a recommendation, and are always desirable; for justly has some one remarked that, "The beautiful are never desolate, for some one always loves them."

There are many who possess both kinds of beauty, and such are truly beloved. But if we can only have *one* kind, may it be the latter. This will remain with us in old age, as in earlier years, and secure us the esteem of those whose friendship never falters, and continue to gain new admirers all the way through life. Then when the eye grows dim in age, and the cheek pales before the influence of Time, we shall have the assurance of knowing that we have gained our reputation in the world by beauty at second sight. ORELLE.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1862.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE is, perhaps, best known as a wit, and punster, and political writer. But from his facile pen flow also the sentimental and the beautiful. Some years have passed since we laid aside his description of the "broken-hearted," but it has lost neither its freshness nor its beauty:

"About two years ago I took up my residence for a few weeks in a country village in the eastern part of New England. Soon after my arrival I became acquainted with a young lady, apparently about seventeen years of age. She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love, and the shadows of deep and holy memories were resting like the wing of death upon her brow.

I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, and her sunny tresses were hanging beautifully and low upon her bosom, and she moved through the crowd with such floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air, like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful and even gay, yet I saw that her gayety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but the bright reflection of a tear, and her eyelids at times pressed heavily down, as if struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal fountain of purity and life.

I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken is dead. The close of her life was calm as the falling of a quiet stream, gentle as the sinking of the breeze that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies for very sweetness.

It can not be that earth is man's only abiding-place. It can not be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its surface, and then sink into nothingness and darkness forever. Else why is it that the high aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are for ever wandering abroad unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, and forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to the view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions will stay in our presence forever."

HOME MUSIC.—We take it to be true, that wherever you hear a good deal of music in a house, that dwelling is tenanted by a "happy family." If you hear a domestic going gleefully about her work, and lightening her labors with a song, you may take it for granted that she has neither a discontented temper nor a scolding mistress. Girls that "don't like their places," are far more likely to go moping and grumbling about the house than to hum a pleasant ditty or carol a roundelay. Then if you hear the "young ladies of the house," *without* the accompaniment of the piano, trilling a popular air or a merry catch, you may be sure they are light-hearted and happy, and as good as they are cheerful. And what stronger proof of happiness all around can there be than the evening social concert, when old and young, male and female, make melody with their voices as in their hearts? In some houses the very purring of the cat is "musical, most musical," while the warbling of a canary bird is sweeter far than the most dulcet of operatic voices. And the great recommendation of home music is that it is cheap as well as joy-speaking and joy-inspiring.

FANCY DREAMS OF A YOUNG LADY.—Some young ladies regard marriage as a fairy land, where violets and roses perpetually blossom—where the cedar tree and the cinnamon tree ever flourish—where the waters of tranquility and sweetness ever flow. Tell them there are thistles and briers in that state, though they do not contradict, yet they do not credit you; for they believe that their love, their devotedness for each other, will exempt them from the cares, the vicissitudes, the anxieties, which generally pertain to humanity. All lovers before marriage conceive their destiny will be an exception to the general rule. Could you give them a sketch of the pages in their future history, they would not believe a word; they would set you down as a misanthrope, a painter of gloomy and unnatural scenes, an inimical represser of the hopes and aspirations of youth. The dark spot which the telescope of your experience might discover, they would regard but as shadows or molehills in the moon. If they would but reflect a *little*, how much misery they might avoid.

THE family circle is a divinely constituted relation, ordained in infinite wisdom for the highest and best of purposes. The love implanted in the heart of the parent, and the principle of subjection impressed upon the mind of the child, constitute two links in a chain of influences that reach from the cradle to the grave.

STRIVE to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.

Choice Miscellany.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded in the evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer,
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil;
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer's evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight, round our sleeping clay.

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

THE AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

AMONG the many authors whose writings have taught and interested human minds, and have been handed onward from generation to generation, few have been placed under like circumstances or labored under such peculiar difficulties as Dr. GOLDSMITH. Few have exhibited such opposite traits of character—such wisdom and folly, such ambition and disinterestedness—together with such care and anxiety for self, accompanied with almost unlimited generosity. But one trait he possessed in common with all authors whose writings have become immortal—such an unconquerable indolence that he would not write unless compelled by outward circumstances.

On one occasion he had engaged to write for a periodical. The time for publishing arrived, and the publisher called on him, and found he had neither written an article nor did he seem inclined to do so. After some resistance on the part of GOLDSMITH, his employer turned the key in the door, and putting it in his pocket, told him he should not stir from the room until the manuscript was prepared. GOLDSMITH, forced to obey, had it soon completed, when he was rewarded by a good supper and a bottle of wine, over which they became very merry.

An instance of his generosity is given. Meeting a poor woman in distress, with several little children, and not having a cent in his pocket, he took them to his lodgings, gave them the blankets from his bed to wrap around them, and his clothes, with which at the pawn-broker's she might release her husband from jail, who was confined there for debt. Becoming cold in the night for want of covering, he ripped opened his feather bed, which fortunately he had retained, and immersed himself up to the chin in feathers. In this condition he was found and relieved the next morning, by a friend, with whom he had agreed to breakfast, and who speedily redeemed his clothes.

GOLDSMITH was also thoughtless and extravagant. He once borrowed money of a friend for the purpose of traveling and attending medical lectures. Before starting, he visited one of the city gardens, and while admiring the splendid varieties of tulip, he remembered that an uncle, who had been very kind to him, was passionately fond of the flower; forthwith he ordered a large quantity of them, never thinking, until he had sent them off, that he had paid out all his traveling money, so he was obliged to forego his journey.

AMONG GOLDSMITH'S many friends was the great lexicographer, JOHNSON, who defended him against all attacks of his more thoughtless companions. GOLDSMITH had such a childlike simplicity and was so little skilled in the ways of the world, that he was constantly committing blunders which made him appear ridiculous in the eyes of his associates. Though he had many friends, he died broken hearted; there was but one, and he the son of a friend, who followed him to the grave as mourner.

MARTHA J. SMITH.

Rural Seminary, East Pembroke, N. Y., 1862.

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

COLLEGE LIFE.

IT is a favorite idea with some that the student who has nothing to do from morn till night but to study the works of science and literature, or bear his mind far away from scenes of earth upon the wings of a vivid imagination, is free from the many ills to which humanity is heir. Such may do well for a fanciful thought, but it will not do for a reality.

The College, with its splendid halls and pleasant grounds, ornamented by the rarest trees, selected from the great nursery of nature, may attract the eye of the beholder and lead him to say, "How pleasant—O, how pleasant is college life." But take him to the study and show him the old "musty books"—the *Latin* and *Greek* authors, and the still more faded outlines of *Hebrew*, and his glowing visions will vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream, while he exclaims, "Deliver me from *such* pleasure." Then will he see that the fancied pictures of the almost celestial pleasures of college life are as the delicate frost-work which vanishes at the touch.

Truly, "there is no royal way to learning or to fame," but all who enter into the Temple of Knowledge must enter in at the same "strait gate" and traverse the same "narrow way." The long and weary days, the hours spent by the light of the midnight lamp, and the many pleasures to be forgone before an education is complete, must not be counted, or the student will sink under the mighty burden which presents itself. These are some of the disadvantages and obstacles which present themselves to the student.

The student's life may have some bright days—for what life has not?—but these are the hours of pleasant and happy thoughts of the time when he expects to depart from the college walls and go forth into the broad world, doing good for mankind, and performing a part in the great and noble work of life. It is this that comforts him in all his weary hours, and this it is that leads him through his studies. The noble thought of doing good when the college days are closed, and not the pleasures of its halls, prompts him to works of perseverance and self-sacrifice. May the long and weary days of study by those in the various institutions of our country not be spent in vain, but may they tend to the advancement of the great cause of Liberty, Truth, and Christianity throughout the world. ARNO.

Oberlin, Ohio, 1862.

COL. PLOWHANDLE AND THE WAR.

DEAR "COL. MOORE":—And so your old friend and correspondent, Mr. PLOWHANDLE, has really got among the lions, and is hob-nobbing with the President, General MCCLELLAN, and the rest of them. Of course he has forgotten about "POLLY KREAM" and other ordinary mortals, and has enough to think of and to do, grinding out ideas for Messages, &c. Mercy knows I never would have said a word to him if I had dreamed he would ever have "riz" to be particular confidante and counsellor to "the powers that be." But I hope, now he is there, he will be a blessing to this ill-starred Republic, and if he has so much influence, he and MCCLELLAN, and the other powers, will speedily put an end to the terrible sacrifice our country is sustaining.

It is a solemn thing for Col. PLOWHANDLE and all those "distinguished" men to be placed at the head of this great nation in these times. That wisdom and grace may be given them to feel and act as true patriots, and with noble disinterestedness and self-forgetfulness in the cause before them, is the prayer of his humble friend, POLLY KREAM.

THE EAGLE'S STRATAGEM.

As the mountains around the Konigs Sea abound in chamois, the eagle very naturally resorts there; and opportunity is frequently afforded of witnessing his tactics, modified by circumstances. The following account gives an instance of most cunning stratagem; but it also shows how impotent for attack the eagle is when his victim is not entirely exposed. A good sized chamois buck had got upon a ledge of rock, and was gazing downward and about him, as these animals like to do. An eagle perceived him; but as the bird could not approach close to the rock on account of his breadth of wing, he resolved to obtain the prize he had marked as his own in another manner. So he sailed by the chamois on his narrow path as near as he dared come; then again and again; and as the animal retreated in order to quit his perilous position, the eagle, wheeling round in a smaller circle, met him instantly, to hem in and cut off his retreat. By thus rushing past within a few feet of him, and filling him with terror, he hoped to bewilder the chamois, and cause him to fall over the precipice, in which case he would have but to descend, and carry off his booty. And in fact, the chamois, from trepidation probably, in turning a corner, slipped with one hind foot over the ledge. He lost his balance, and fell headlong over the rock, as the eagle intended that he should. But after lodging for a short time on an intervening slope, the carcass rolled off, and came toppling down into the lake. The whole proceedings had been watched by two persons in a boat. They now rowed across to get the chamois; while the eagle, disappointed of his victim, wheeled above them, watching all they did.—*Forest Creatures by Charles Boner.*

SURE OF THE VICTORY.

LET us have faith! It is everything to the Christian, it is everything to the patriot! Though the fair temple of our liberty should be in ruins, ourselves crushed beneath the fragments, *it is well.* If our courage knew no faltering, our patriotism no alloy, if daring to die, and willing to die for the truth and the right, we left our record *untarnished*, fairer fabrics arise from our ashes, and *freedom*, in other ages and other climes, attest that the death of martyrs is the life of a good cause. There is no such thing as defeat for those who battle for the right; living or dying, they are victorious; for the spirit that takes its flight from the contested field shall animate new legions and return to the charge invincible.

Our own Washington and Warren, LaFayette and Kosciusco, Hampden and Sydney, Leonidas and Tell, whether defeated or victorious, whether slain in battles or crowned with laurels, are to this day, and for all time, the leaders of freedom's hosts. Go forth, then, and *know* that you are a *victor*, if you but *do* and *dare.*—*Hugh T. Brooks' lecture on the Doom of Despotism.*

NATURE VERSUS CUSTOM.—The author of "Self-Formation" does not without cause read his philippic against custom as opposed to and thwarting nature:

The ordinary nature of the child is the corruption of the man. We are ruined, the most of us, spoiled to the heart's core, by being cradled, and swathed, and nursed up in the artifices of society, instead of being left awhile to the freedom of our will, and our own proper yearnings and aspirations. We are taken perforce from the bosom of our kind mother, Nature, and put out to a dry nurse—to the hard, hackneyed old hag, Worldly Custom. Hence, a wrong bias, a cravingness for ill food, a restlessness, a distortion, a perversion, a thorough depravity. Hence, to crown all, an early mannishness, and by sure consequence a late dwarfishness of mind. If the blossom be set, and the disposition be fixed over-soon, what have we for fruit but crabbedness, canker, and stuntedness? How shall the potter fashion forth a vessel of honor from the clay, if it be hardened ere it come to hand? It must be softened in indulgence before it can be strengthened for real service.

EXCELLENT DEFINITION OF GOOD MANNERS.—A writer in the *Atlantic* thus describes what we are always theorizing about:—"The world has always been charmed with fine manners, and why should it not? For what are fine manners but this: to carry your soul on your lip, in your eye, in the palm of your hand, and yet to stand not naked, but clothed by your individual quality—visible, yet inscrutable—given to the hearts of others, yet contained in your own bosom—nobly and humanely open, yet duly reticent and secured from invasion. Polished manners often disappoint us; good manners never. The former may be taken on by indigent souls; the latter imply a noble and opulent nature."

THE ART OF LAUGHING.—The man that laughs is a doctor without a diploma; his face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him—their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks on the groaning key. He laughs you out of your faults, while you never dream of being offended with him; and you know not what a pleasant world you are living in, until he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

Sabbath Musings.

"THE SHADOW OF THY WING."

WEARY of life's great mart, its dust and din,
Faint with its toiling, suffering with its sin,
In child-like faith my heart to Thee I bring
For refuge in "the shadow of Thy wing."

Like a worn bird of passage, left behind,
Wounded and sinking, by its faithless kind,
With flight unsteady, seeking needed rest,
I come for shelter to Thy faithful breast.

Like a proud ship, dismantled by the gale,
Her banners lost and rifted every sail,
In the deep waters to Thy love I cling,
And hasten to the refuge of Thy wing.

O, Thou, Thy people's comforter alway,
Their light in darkness and their guide by day,
Their anchor 'mid the storm, their hope in calm,
Their joy in pain, their fortress in alarm.

We are all weak, Thy strength we humbly crave;
We are all lost, and Thou alone canst save;
A weary world, to Thy dear arm we cling,
And hope for all a refuge "'neath Thy wing."

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

RELIGION

READER, have you ever considered the truths of religion? Have you ever thought of the necessity and desirableness of giving your *present* attention to this important subject. Has not GOD'S command—son, daughter, give me thy heart—often come to *your* heart with startling earnestness? With how many trifling excuses have you stifled those convictions—grieved away the Holy Spirit, and thought to wait until a "more convenient season?" Has that convenient season ever come? The *present* is ours to improve.

Look around you? Loved ones lie in the cold embrace of death. The knell of the tolling bell rings in our ears, telling of the departure of friends from earth, and in language too plain to be misunderstood, "Prepare to meet thy GOD!" Life is lengthened out to us for this purpose. Shall it be in vain? Shall not GOD'S goodness lead us to repentance.

Our highest duty, as well as our supreme happiness, both here and hereafter, depends upon doing the will of GOD—of concentrating our lives to religion. "We each have a heaven to gain or lose." Dear reader, will you not think of these things?

Genoa, N. Y., 1862. E. O. W.

A DOLOROUS DEACON.

I HAVE seen a deacon in the pride of his humanity. He combed his hair straight, and looked studiously at the main chance; and while he looked, he employed himself in setting a good example. His dress was rigidly plain, and his wife was not indulged in the vanities of millinery and mantua-making. He never joked; he did not know what a joke was any further than to know that it was a sin. He carried a Sunday face through the week. He did not mingle in the happy social parties of his neighborhood. He was a deacon. He starved his social nature because he was a deacon. He refrained from all participation in a free and generous life because he was a deacon. He made his children hate Sunday because he was a deacon. He so brought them up that they considered themselves unfortunate in being the children of a deacon. His wife was pitied by other women because she was the wife of a deacon. Nobody loved him. If he came into a circle where men were laughing or telling stories, they always stopped until he went out. Nobody grasped his hand cordially, or slapped him on the shoulder, or spoke of him as a good fellow. He seemed as dry and hard and tough as a piece of jerked beef. There was no softness of character—no juiciness—no loveliness in him.

Now it is of no use for me to undertake to realize to myself that God admires such a character as this.

TRIALS NEEDFUL TO PURIFICATION.—"I remember," says Whitfield, "some years ago, when I was at Shields, I went into a glass house; and, standing very attentive, I saw several masses of burning glass of various forms. The workman took a piece of glass and put it into one furnace, then he put it into a second, and then into a third. I said to him, 'Why do you put this through so many fires?' He answered, 'O, sir, the first was not hot enough, nor the second, and therefore we put it into a third, and that will make it transparent.'" This furnished Mr. Whitfield with a useful hint, that we must be tried and exercised with many fires, until our dross be purged away, and we are made fit for the owner's use.—*Select Miscellanies.*

SUPPOSE that when the Savior had put his hands on the blind man's eyes twice, and he had begun to see, a professor of astronomy had come to him, and said, "What do you know about optics? What do you know about astronomy?" The man would have said, "Nothing at all; for I never had the use of my eyes till now." It would be just as reasonable to suppose that a man who was born blind would understand optics the moment his blindness was cured, as to suppose that a man who has lived a life of sin will be rich in Christian attainments when he is first converted. When a man receives his spiritual sight he begins to see, and he may be expected to see a great deal before he gets through; but his experience in seeing is very limited at first.—*Beecher.*

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Savior had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words, "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled."

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought. Therefore, let us pray for peace.

IT shows the power of Christ's blood, when it gives peace in an hour of trouble—when it can make happy in sickness, poverty, persecution, and death. Do not be surprised if you suffer; but glorify God.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

"Our brave mountain eagle sweeps from the eyrie,
Our lithe panther leaps from forest to plain,
Out of the West flash the flames of the prairie,
Out of the East roll the waves of the main!
Down from the Northern shores,
Loud as Niag'ra pours,
They march, and their tread wakes the earth with its jar.
Under the Stripes and Stars,
Each with the soul of Mars,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of War."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 21, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Rebel Commissioner in Spain.

A very interesting document has reached the State Department at Washington, though it was originally designed for the Confederate Rebel headquarters at Richmond. It is no less than an official dispatch from P. J. Rost, sent out as a Southern Commissioner to Spain. He has had an interview with M. Calderon Collantes, the Spanish Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and recounts its results in an epistle to R. M. T. Hunter, Esq., under date of March 21. He arrived there just as the news of Somerset and Forts Henry and Donelson reached the Spanish Court. He states that the Spanish Minister graciously admitted that the cause of the South was right, but could not see how they could lay claim to being a *de facto* government in the face of such heavy reverses. Mr. Rost then showed the Minister, *from the map*, the impossibility of the Federal forces ever advancing far within the Confederate lines, as throughout the distance from the Tennessee to Texas "there were no roads upon which the transport of the *materiel* of an army could be effected, while we had nearly three thousand leagues of railway which could be used for purposes of defense, and destroyed as the enemy advanced; and that, besides, the Northern troops could stand neither the heat of our summer nor the maladies incident to the climate." The Commissioner then reiterated the determination of the rebel chivalry to "die in the last ditch," &c.; and attempted to convince the Honorable Minister of the great advantages to be derived by Spain from an alliance with the South, more especially in depriving England of the cotton monopoly. He denounced the present Administration of that country as being composed to a great extent of Abolitionists, and her counsels as being "tainted with Puritan fanaticism." He said:

Spain was our natural ally and friend, and her paramount interest was that we should become an independent power. When we were recognized, similarity of institutions, ideas and social habits would form between us a more cordial friendship and alliance than had ever existed between two people.

The Spanish Minister, however, could not view the subject in that light, according to the following reply:

He said he hoped it might be so, but he would not conceal the fact that Mr. Seward was taking great pains to convince him that the North had always been friendly, while the South was ever hostile to Spain; that while the North was their best customer for the sugar of their colonies, and supplied them with all they wanted in exchange, no private expeditions had ever sailed from their ports for the invasion of Cuba, but invariably from those of the South, and that if the Confederate States became hereafter a strong government, their first attempt at conquest would be upon that island.

The Commissioner here evidently felt that the Minister had touched upon a sore spot rather unkindly, in view of the great friendship now cherished by the slaveocracy for their "natural ally and friend." He charged upon the North a desire to obtain Cuba for its commerce, which wish never would be changed until gratified, while the object of the South had only been to acquire it for the purpose of gaining an increased power in the Senate. With the dissolution of the Union this desire had ceased, and they now no longer looked with longing eyes on the Queen of the Antilles. He deemed it desirable that Spain should continue a great slave power, and the two, with Brazil, monopolize that system of labor which alone could make intertropical America available to man, and held up glowing pictures of the future which awaited such a trio. He endeavored to convince the Minister of the ineffectiveness of the blockade, and that no war would result with the North in the event of recognition; but all without effect. He is therefore disgusted with his mission, and despondingly concludes:

This is the substance of what may be considered of some importance in a long and cordial interview. I infer from it that this Government will not act separately from England and France. Owing to the enormous preparations by the North to subjugate us, I believe that nothing is now to be expected from any of them until the Northern Government is ready to treat with us as an independent power. If it be so, and the war is to last many years, as the President intimates in his inaugural, it will be for him to determine whether it is consistent with our dignity to keep longer abroad commissioners whom he knows are under no circumstances to be received or listened to.

Bank's Retreat—Official Report.

Gen. Banks has sent the War Department his official report of the retreat from Western Virginia. He received information of the advance of the enemy on the evening of the 23d of May, and immediately sent re-enforcements to Colonel Kenly, of the 1st Maryland regiment, who guarded Front Royal. Later in the evening, however, additional information was received, to the effect that Kenly's forces had been overpowered, and that the rebels were advancing on Winchester, whereupon the re-enforcements were recalled, and detachments were sent to explore the roads and ascertain the strength of the hostile forces. The General says of the result of this reconnoissance:

"The extraordinary force of the enemy could no longer be doubted. It was apparent, also, that they had a more extended purpose than the capture of the brave little band at Front Royal. The purpose could be nothing less than the defeat of my own command, or its possible capture by occupying Winchester; and by this movement intercepting supplies or re-enforcements and cutting off all possibility of retreat. It was also apparent, from the reports of fugitives, prisoners, Union men, and our own reconnoitering parties, that all the three divisions of the enemy's troops known to be in the valley, and embracing at least twenty-five thousand men, were united and close upon us, in some enterprise not yet developed.

"The suggestion that had their object been a surprise, they would not have given notice of their approach by an attack on Front Royal, was answered by the fact that on the only remaining point of attack, the Staunton road, our outposts were five miles in advance, and daily reconnoissances made for a distance of twelve miles toward Woodstock.

"Under this interpretation of the enemy's plans, our position demanded instant decision and action. Three courses were open to us: First, a retreat across the Little North Mountain to the Potomac river on the west; second, an attack upon the enemy's flank on the Front Royal road; third, a rapid movement direct upon Winchester, with a view to anticipate his occupation of the town by seizing it ourselves—thus placing my command in communication with its original base of operations, in the line of re-enforcements by Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, and securing a safe retreat in case of disaster. To remain at Strasburg was to be surrounded; to move over the mountains was to abandon our train at the outset, and to subject my command to flank attacks without possibility of succor; and to attack, the enemy being in such overwhelming force, could only result in certain destruction. It was therefore determined to enter the lists with the enemy in a race or a battle—as he should choose—for the possession of Winchester, the key of the valley, and for us the position of safety."

The General then gives a report of the combats which occurred during the retreat, and says of the battle of Winchester:

"The forces engaged were greatly unequal. Indisposed to accept the early rumors concerning the enemy's strength, I reported to the Department that it was about fifteen thousand. It is now conclusively shown that not less than twenty-five thousand men were in position and could have been brought into action. On the right and left their great superiority of numbers was plainly felt and seen, and the signal officers, from elevated positions, were enabled to count the regimental standards, indicating a strength equal to that I have stated.

"My own command consisted of two brigades of less than four thousand men, all told, with nine hundred cavalry, ten Parrot guns, and one battery of 6-pounder smooth-bore cannon. To this should be added the 10th Maine regiment of infantry and five companies of Maryland cavalry, stationed at Winchester, which were engaged in the action. The loss of the enemy was treble that of ours in killed and wounded.

"Officers whose words I cannot doubt have stated, as the result of their own observation, that our men were fired upon from private dwellings in passing through Winchester; but I am credibly informed, and gladly believe, that the atrocities said to have been perpetrated upon our wounded soldiers by the rebels are greatly exaggerated or entirely untrue."

Of our losses he says:

"The whole number of killed is thirty-eight; wounded, one hundred and fifty-five; missing, seven hundred and eleven. Total loss, nine hundred and five. It is undoubtedly true that many of the missing will yet return, and the entire loss may be assumed as not exceeding seven hundred. It is also probable that the number of killed and wounded may be larger than that above stated, but the aggregate loss will not be changed thereby.

"All our guns were saved. Our wagon train consisted of nearly five hundred wagons. Of this number fifty-five were lost. They were not, with but few exceptions, abandoned to the enemy; but were burned upon the road. Nearly all of our supplies were thus saved."

The Late Battle before Richmond.

The following extracts from a private letter to a gentleman in New York city, from his neighbor, who is a member of Battery A, New York Artillery, in Casey's Division, generally known as the "Napoleon gun battery," describes very graphically the terrible slaughter of the rebels by our Artillery. It is dated Bottom Bridge, on the first of June:

About 11 o'clock on Saturday, May 31, the enemy sent a couple of six pound balls over into our camp, and immediately commenced the attack by driving in our pickets. Our division was quickly formed in line of battle; a strong force was sent to support the pickets, and a rifled battery of four guns was ordered up to the right and opened fire. We were all ready for anything that might come, but not for a moment did we dream that we had on our hands one of the mostly fiercely fought battles that has taken place during the rebellion.

The pickets soon began to fire rapidly and came running in, while the infantry posted behind a fence to support them blazed away into the woods. The artillery on our right opened fire and mingled their thunder with the sharp roll of the musketry. Soon our Napoleon guns (three of which were posted in an unfinished redoubt, and three on the left near a rifle pit,) opened with case shot, which went whizzing through the air, over the heads of our own men, right into the midst of the enemy, and there exploding, scattered death through their ranks. On the left, the rebels were seen coming through the woods to flank us, and wheeling three of our guns so as to bear upon them, we poured case shot among them with unexampled rapidity and terrible effect.

The destruction was horrible. Our spherical case shot are awful missiles, each of them consisting of a clotted mass of seventy-six musket balls, with a charge of powder in the center, that is fired by a fuse the same as a shell. The missile first acts as a solid shot, plowing its way through masses of men, and then exploding hurls forward a shower of musket balls, that mow down the foe in heaps. Our battery threw twenty-four of these a minute, and as we had the exact range of every part of the field, every shot told with frightful effect But the enemy were not at all daunted.

They marched steadily on, and hailed a perfect tempest of balls upon us. Why we, as well as our horses, were not every one shot down, will forever remain a mystery to me. We did not mind the leaden hail, however, but kept pouring our case shot into the dense masses of the foe, who came on in prodigious and overhelming force. And they fought splendidly, too. Our shot tore their ranks wide open, and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness; but they closed up again at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans.

When they got within four hundred yards, we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister, and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks—indeed, whole companies went down before that murderous fire; but they closed up with an order and discipline that was awe-inspiring. They seemed to be animated with the courage of despair blended with the hope of a speedy victory if they could by an overwhelming rush drive us from our position.

It was awful to see their ranks torn and shattered by every discharge of cannister that we poured right into their faces; and while their dead and dying lay in piles close up, they still kept advancing right in the face of that fire. At one time three lines, one behind another, were steadily advancing, and three of their flags were brought in range of one of our guns shotted with cannister.

"Fire!" shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags, and a gap was opened through those three lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, and the dead lay in swaths. But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never halting or wavering, right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and sweeping everything before them captured every piece.

When we delivered our last fire, they were within fifteen or twenty paces of us, and as all our horses had been killed or wounded, we could not carry off a gun. Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know. We fell back to a second line of entrenchments, and there held the enemy in check till re-enforcements arrived, and then we kept our position till night put an end to the battle.

The Great Naval Victory at Memphis.

We extract the following from the New York *World's* correspondent's account of the great naval victory of the Federal forces before Memphis last Friday:

The rebel flotilla consisted of eight gunboats, under command of Capt. Ed. Montgomery, formerly a St. Louis pilot. The vessels are the Gen. Van Dorn, (flag ship,) Gen. Price, Gen. Bragg, Gen. Lovell, Gen. Thompson, Sumter, and Little Rebel.

COMMODORE ANDREW H. FOOTE.

Prominent among the men of the time is the one whose portrait we give above. The country may well be proud of his deeds, and our desire to acquaint his fellow-citizens with the record of his public life prompts the publication of the following from the N. Y. *Independent:*

Andrew H. Foote is a native of the loyal State of Connecticut, and son of the veteran Senator, ex-Governor Samuel A. Foote. Forty years ago young Foote, then a lad fifteen years of age, entered the navy of the United States, with the commission of midshipman. His parents intended him for the law, his mind seemingly being peculiarly fitted for the mastery and successful application of the principles of that science, and it was with regret that his teachers relinquished the idea of a legal training. From his mother, a woman of superior intellect and of the warmest affections, he received the first rudiments of his education, upon which, at the academy, he built a stratum of homely knowledge, which would, in its turn, have served as the foundation for the elaborate structure which his parents were so anxious to see. His first and most enduring passion, however, was for the sea. From his earliest boyhood he longed to be a sailor, to seek far-off countries, and to enjoy the untrammeled freedom which followers of that calling are popularly supposed to possess.

His parents, finding the wish unconquerable, wisely yielded their preference, and aided him in securing his commission. In those days midshipmen were not allowed to idle away their time, or to pass it pleasantly on shore, but were kept at work for a purpose; their duties were the mastering of such knowledge, general and detail, as in time of need would be of service to the Government, whose liberality provided the means wherewith this education might be secured.

So soon therefore as the young man had mounted his buttons, he was ordered to report to Commodore Gregory, a sailor of the olden time and type, who was then about to make a cruise to and around the East Indies in search of some "rovers of the sea," who had dared to harm a Salem ship. On this first cruise the traits of character which have since marked him as an unobtrusive gentleman, a soldier of dauntless courage, vigor, and perseverance, and an officer of skill and sagacity, of quickness of perception, and of prompt and resolute execution of his purpose, were clearly observable, and while his boundless good-nature and his never-failing fund of anecdote made him popular with the youngsters, the enthusiasm with which he applied himself to all that was theoretical, scientific, or practical in his profession, obtained for him the commendation and approval of his instructors and superior officers.

The greater portion of his time on this first absence from home was spent in seeking, overtaking, and punishing the pirates of whom we spoke above. For a period of six months he, in common with the rest of the subordinate officers, went hither and thither in open boats, penetrating secret hiding places, hunting literally their prey, and securing for themselves a vast amount of experimental training, such as years of deck duty or forecastle tuition would fail to impart. He was present at the notable destruction of the pirate rendezvous in the East Indies, and, as one of the officers of the ship John Adams, took an active and honorable part in that fearful fight, the details of which have made a generation of school-boys shiver or flush, as might be their nature, and which will long be considered as one of the most laurelistic feats of our always gallant navy.

Shortly after this he made a three years' cruise upon the coast of Africa, the duty of his ship being to watch for slavers. He was re-called from that post, and was shortly sent to China, where he was stationed during the war which was waged between that power and the allied forces of England and France. It was while lying off Canton, in the ship Portsmouth, that he was enabled to render most signal service to his countrymen, and secure high praise for his efficient gallantry.

The American factories were in great danger; every hour disclosed new evidences of Chinese hostility; and the residents deeming a longer stay unwise, appealed to Lieutenant Foote for protection. He at once went on shore with a body of marines and afforded such aid as rendered the abandonment of the factories by their owners unnecessary, and was about half-way back to the ship, having with him a missionary, when the Chinese batteries fired upon him. Somewhat surprised at this, but supposing it to be a mistake, he raised the stars and stripes, a proceeding which rather stimulated than detracted from the accuracy of the hostile range. Lieut. Foote at once reported the affair to Commodore Armstrong, who, in consultation, advised negotiation and diplomatic correspondence. This did not chime with Foote's ideas, and he urged with characteristic vehemence that he be permitted without delay to open upon the batteries, as he was convinced that "iron and lead were by far the best peacemakers in the world." Over-persuaded by his arguments, the Commodore granted the request, and Foote, burning with impatience to avenge the insult put upon his flag, returned to his ship. He at once had her moved up to within 700 yards of the fort, and then poured in upon it such a stream of shot and shell that in a very short space of time the Mongolian banner fell. He at once occupied the fort, and having convinced the hasty belligerents that so long as he was in command of a ship, neither American missionaries nor the United States flag could be insulted with impunity, he made terms, and returned to his vessel.

With the title of commander, he was placed in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard—a position invariably bestowed upon officers whose services entitle them to marked honor and regard. During his residence at the yard he made a most favorable impression upon all who came in contact with him, professionally or socially. As a business man, he was prompt, reliable, and efficient; as an executive officer, capable and exact; while as a companion he was, as always, most instructively entertaining.

The fact that from early life he has been not only a professing, but a working Christian, is not the least interesting one in the history of his career. He was, while a boy, truthful, ingenuous, and honorable; as a youth, he maintained ever an upright bearing, an unsullied reputation, and a clear, unstained record; as a man, he is noted for his unobtrusive piety, his unaffected and tempered zeal in holy things, and a constant desire to be recognized and known as a servant in the cause of the Redeemer. His total-abstinence principles have subjected him to some ridicule, but have been the subject of more commendation, and the seed from which results most beneficial to companions and inferiors have sprung. While in command of the Navy Yard he took an active part in religious meetings, attended and conducted prayer-meetings, and was always a welcome speaker at the Union gatherings for prayer during 1857-8.

The blows he has dealt the rebellion are so recent that we need not recount them,—upon the Mississippi, Cumberland and Tennessee are the trophies of his perseverance, vigor and dauntless courage.

The first seven of these are coasting steamers, which have been converted into gunboats, and in two instances their boilers protected by railroad iron. They carry from two to twelve heavy guns, the greater part of which are not under casemates, but are worked (en barbette) on gun carriages. The Beauregard was formerly the steamship Mexico, plying from New Orleans. The Little Rebel was a powerful tug, used some time since to tow cotton ships to sea from that port. The Bragg, formerly the Marquis de l'Habana, captured, and in our possession, is a stout Ocean steamer carrying three guns, and protected by layers of timber and compressed cotton. All of these boats were fitted to act as rams, and had engines of great power.

Our own flotilla has been so often and so minutely described as to need only a general notice. The fleet present at the engagement consisted of five iron clad gunboats under command of Capt. C. H. Davis: The Benton, (flag ship,) Lieutenant Commanding Phelps; Louisville, Capt. Dove; Cairo, Lieut. Com. Bryant; St. Louis, Lieut. Com. McGunnigle; Carondolet, Capt. Walke. These boats, though not furnished with great motive power, are roomy, commodious, and of immense weight. They carry 13 guns in casemate, and the Benton fifteen. Added to these were four rams, the Queen of the West, Monarch, Lancaster, and Switzerland, constructed of two boats strengthened and shod with iron prows. They are eminently the things for river warfare. They were under command of Col. Ellet.

The enemy evidently had the advantage in locality and in the number of gunboats. He was intimately acquainted with the course of the shifting channel, and had eight gunboats to our five. Only two of our rams went into action. Owing to an accident, the Lancaster was unable to take part in the fight, and the Switzerland took her in tow. The current was strong and the river narrow, and the enemy, fighting up stream, had the advantage of steerage way. The forces, estimating only material constituents, were nearly balanced, we having a few more guns and they the most boats. The rebels had desperation, and truly they fought well for a time, but, as the result proves, they were easily overcome in an hour.

Capt. Davis, perceiving the disposition of the fleet, ordered signals to be made to advance. Meanwhile the two rams, Monarch and Queen of the West, which had glided down close along shore, shot out and rounded the fleet, raising steam all the while, and in a few minutes were ahead of the gunboats, the other two remaining behind the gunboats. A sharp exchange of shots had by this time become general throughout the fleet, the Cairo and Benton on the right and left giving blow for blow. So soon as the rebel fleet discovered the rams steaming at them so furiously, they slackened their pace and backed water. The appearance of the Queen as she took the lead in her furious rush down the intervening space, between the two parties, was singularly exciting, and the shots from the rebel boats had already brought hundreds of residents to the bluff to witness the stirring scene. The little ram looked so frail that it seemed as though she would be crushed to pieces by the shock.

The fire was rapid and well sustained on our part, the boats giving broadsides as they swung round in the stream so as to have the head on. The firing of the rebels was wild and faulty, as is evidenced by the fact that not one of our gunboats was struck.

The firing slackened as the Queen approached the boat nearest the Tennessee shore, the Beauregard, and all eyes were cast upon the two vessels as the ram rushed upon the gunboat. The captain of the Beauregard skillfully parried the blow, so that the Queen narrowly missed, while her assailant fired ten shots at her, one of which passed through her, without, however, doing much damage. A constant fire of riflemen was kept up from the ram upon the gunners, so that the operation of loading became hazardous. This popping of muskets and pistols continued so long as our rams were in close quarters, and no doubt proved fatal to many of the rebels.

Finding that the Beauregard had parried the blow, the captain of the Queen made for the next boat in the line, steering his boat right into the hull of the Price. When the two came together the crash was tremendous. The hulls of both shook in the water like water dogs, their timbers crashing and creaking, and the chimneys bending over as if they would fall. The Beauregard was close behind, and coming down upon the Queen, and the Monarch, a quarter of a mile behind, anxious for the fate of his Queen, was crowding the spray before him, bearing down upon the three. The Beauregard dashed on to the Queen, striking her in the wheel house, and disabling her engine. The full force of the blow was however reserved for the Beauregard's consort, the Price, who was endeavoring to butt the Queen from the opposite side. The Queen slipped down between them, and the Price was ripped right along her side, taking her wheel completely off. This, with the blow previously given, was enough for the Price, and she hoisted a white flag, and was left to the tide with the Queen, which was also crippled and sinking.

The Monarch was soon up and gave the Beauregard a tremendous butt in the bow, which had the effect of sinking her by the head. She also ran up the white flag soon after, and the Little Rebel came along side and took off her crew, who afterwards escaped with the crew of that boat.

The steamer Lovell was now the uppermost boat of the rebel flotilla, and to her the Benton paid her most serious addresses. Lieuts. Phelps and Bishop sighting, the bow guns—9-inch shell and 50-pounder Parrott—were poured in, in a lively manner. The bolts of the Benton just raked her fore and aft, the whole fleet coming down upon her. Several shots took effect. After about five minutes her boilers were exploded. Her guns had ceased firing. Presently she began to fill rapidly, and the poor wounded and scalded sufferers came to the deck, wringing their hands in agony and filling the air with prayers and imprecations.

The sight of the poor crew who came to the deck scalded by the bursting of the boilers was painful in the extreme. Men clinging to the wreck, others holding up their arms in despair, uttering frantic prayers and imprecations, are described by the eye-witnesses on the bluff opposite her to have been awful beyond all description. The Benton put out a yawl to take off the sufferers, and had just reached the wreck and taken off a few of them when she went down in a hundred feet of water with all that was helpless of her crew on board, and after a momentary seething and bubbling of the current over her, all was lost of the gunboat Gen. Lovell. Two or three men swam ashore, but it is not known how many went down with the wreck into the grave of De Soto.

The crew of the Gen. Price escaped to the woods on the Arkansas shore, and she settled in shallow water.

The remainder of the rebel flotilla now having been engaged at long range by the other gunboats, the effect of our shot was visible upon some of them, the Beauregard, besides the damage from the Monarch, being constantly riddled with shot. The stand up fight had now degenerated into a chase, in which the flag ship Van Dorn was the leader. The Beauregard was fast sinking, and was drifted on shore, where she sunk up to her decks. The little screw Rebel was struck by two shots in her upper works, and was run ashore. She was not supposed to be permanently injured, but was abandoned by her crew to save themselves. The Little Rebel, it is said, had on board the Commodore, Montgomery, who made good his escape, with the rest of the crew.

The pursuit was kept up by the gunboats alone now, reaching out with their tremendous Dahlgrens and columbiads at the flying foe. Passing President's Island, the Jeff. Thompson had been put towards the Arkansas shore and apparently deserted by her crew as the fleet passed. She was discovered to be on fire and abandoned to her fate. An hour afterwards a muffled explosion, an immense cloud of white smoke rising high above the trees, with fragments of shell and splinters howling through the air, told us that she was no more.

The Sumter was the next to yield up the ghost, going ashore at the foot of President's Island, so far disabled as to be unable to keep afloat.

The Gen. Bragg was the next, which was run ashore, four miles below. A boat's crew from the Benton was sent to board her, and found her "red hot," with twice the ordinary pressure of steam upon her, and after examining her thoroughly, a prize crew was placed on board, when she was slowly brought up the river and now lies peacefully anchored abreast of the city.

The Van Dorn escaped down the river, being vastly fleeter than our gunboats. The pursuit was kept up for eight miles, when she had gotten so far ahead as to make a chase useless. She is, however, between two fires if not already consumed by the fire of her masters.

At about two miles below the city was an unfinished gunboat, which the rebel soldiery fired during the fight, and which burned briskly long after the surrender. She was set on fire by the order of Gen. Jeff. Thompson, who, it appears, was in command of the place with about a thousand troops, who, after witnessing the sudden and utter rout of their fleet, took to their heels for safety.

Gen. Thompson in person witnessed the engagement from the lower bluff, waiting till the fate of the day seemed certain, when he turned to the bystanders and remarked, "Gentlemen, it is all up with us," and he galloped off, followed by his staff. No one knows whither he has gone.

The engagement commenced at twenty minutes to six, and was finished at seven, lasting an hour and twenty minutes. The Lioness, stern wheel ram, came down, and in company with the Switzerland, took the disabled Queen of the West in tow to the shore. Her machinery was so much jarred by the shock as to be unable to move. She was pierced by two of the rebel balls, and Col. Ellet, the commander of the ram fleet, wounded slightly in the leg by a splinter. The captured Sovereign, with spectators on board, was impressed into the service, and drifted down opposite the town in time to witness the close of the battle. The mortar boats were towed down, so as to be ready in case shore batteries should open.

It would be impossible to speak at this time with any degree of accuracy as to the extent of the rebel losses. Quite a number of men must have been wounded by our shots, which were frequently well aimed, and went through the rebel boats like peas through wet paper. A large number must have been wounded by our sharp shooters while attempting to load their guns; a few men were scalded by the burst boilers of the Lovell, and a proportion of these must have perished with her. The steam drum of the Little Rebel was also pierced, which probably led to her being run ashore.

The loss in killed, drowned, and mortally wounded cannot be much less than one hundred. Of the seven boats we have sunk or destroyed or captured, there were probably two hundred and fifty in crew. The majority of them have escaped. Three of the wounded were brought to our hospital, and about twenty persons were taken from the gunboats. One of the scalded men has since died.

Our loss, we rejoice to say, was comparatively nothing. Not a gunboat was struck. Only one man, Col. Ellet, is known to have been wounded on the rams. Not a single serious casualty occured to mar the glory of the occasion.

Department of the Mississippi.

THE telegraph furnishes the following intelligence in regard to affairs in the South-West:

A dispatch dated Memphis, June 7, says:—Since the formal surrender of the city yesterday, and the posting of pickets, the excitement of the people has subsided. All was quiet during last night, and the only event of this morning was the capture of the rebel steamer Check, which eluded the fleet yesterday above the city by running up a slough out of sight. Nothing has yet been heard of the Van Dorn, the only boat of the rebel fleet which escaped yesterday.

About 1,000 rebel caissons left on the cars last night for Grenada, Miss. Railroads have all stopped running to the city. The Memphis & Charleston Railroad is badly cut up, and all its rolling stock sent South. All stock of the Memphis & Ohio road, except three engines, is here. Great efforts are made to shield public property by private claims. It is said there is a great amount of sugar and molasses, which has been secreted by its owners, ready for shipment.

A special dispatch from Memphis dated June 8, says the casualties of the late fight are estimated at from 100 to 150 killed, and 30 to 40 wounded.

Two of our mortar-boat men managed to elude the guard and get on shore Friday night, and were killed in a row of their own getting up. The citizens, to the number of 2,000, reported themselves, armed and equipped, to the Provost Marshal for service the same evening, to prevent the destruction of property by a mob, which it seemed they feared more than the Federals. It was expected the city would be fired, but the prompt action of the peaceable citizens, and the Colonel commanding, with a strong provost guard, prevented it. As it was, the depot of the Missouri & Tennessee road was broken open by a mob of men and women, but before they could take anything away a detachment of military arrived and dispersed them. The stores in the depot were yesterday removed to a place of safety.

Col. Fitch, commander of the post, issued notice last evening that the United States has taken possession of the city for the purpose of asserting supremacy of the laws and protecting public and private property. Residents who may have fled are exhorted to return. Merchants and others are requested to re-open their stores and shops, except those dealing in intoxicating liquors, who are forbidden to resume their traffic under penalty of having their stock destroyed. The Mayor and Common Council will continue to exercise their functions, the military authorities co-operating, for enforcing all proper ordinances, unless an exigency shall arise rendering martial law imperative. It is hoped and believed, however, that nothing will occur to render this necessary.

Intelligence was received at Memphis on the 9th, that as soon as the news of the defeat of the rebel fleet and the surrender of the city reached St. Francis river, Arkansas, a steamer, acting under Gen. Hindman's orders, went up and down that stream, and destroyed several thousand bales of cotton. Some 4,000 bales were burned at Madison, Arkansas, about forty miles west of Memphis.

There has been no movement, either in the fleet or land forces, since Friday. It is said that as many as 30,000 bales of cotton have been burned at Memphis. Rebel cavalry are scouring the country around Grand Junction, destroying all the cotton that can be found.

Information from rebel sources of an unusually trustworthy character, indicates that Beauregard discovered that at Corinth he was at the mercy of Gen. Halleck, who could make him fight or delay a battle at his pleasure. Fully persuaded of this fact, and believing the battle was inevitable, he retreated.

Dispatches from Gen. Halleck dated June 12th, 7 P. M., have been received at the War Department. Spies and deserters represent the rebel army to be greatly demoralized, mutinous, and deserting. Regiments which refused to serve longer than their time of enlistment, have been disarmed, and large numbers shot. The immense destruction of valuable stores proves that the retreat was a hurried one. Half burned locomotives and cars are found in places where they would not have been left if the enemy had been making a contemplated and prepared retreat. The rebel army have stripped of food the whole country south of Corinth. The wealthiest families are now destitute and starving. Women and children are crying for food, and all the males are forced into the army. The enemy is represented as suffering greatly for food.

The following dispatch has been received at the War Department:

CORINTH, Mississippi, June 9, 1862.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The enemy has fallen back to Tusilla, fifty miles from here by railroad and nearly seventy miles by wagon road. Gen. Pope estimates the rebel loss from casualties, prisoners and desertions, at over 20,000, and Gen. Buell at between 20,000 and 40,000. A person who was engaged in the Confederate Commissary Department says they had 120,000 men in Corinth, and that now they cannot muster much over 80,000. Some of the fresh graves on the road have been opened, and found filled with arms. Many of the prisoners of war beg not to be exchanged, saying they purposely allowed themselves to be taken. Beauregard himself retreated from Baldwin on Saturday afternoon to Okolona.

H. W. HALLECK.

Our forces now occupy Bolivar and Greentown, Jackson and Baldwin. Railroad repairs are progressing rapidly.

A private dispatch from Cairo to the President of the Chicago Sanitary Commission, says that Gen. Mitchell has won another brilliant victory at Chattanooga, Tennessee—the enemy being completely routed after two days hard fighting. No particulars.

A gentleman from Corinth who is conversant with matters there, says Gen. Buell, with 60,000 troops, embracing two divisions of his own and all of Gen. Pope's forces, were at Guntown, in hot pursuit of Bishop Polk's rebels. Gen. W. T. Sherman's division is repairing bridges on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, between Corinth and Grand Junction. Gen. Wood's division of Buell's corps is repairing bridges on Big Bear Creek, twenty-six miles east of Corinth. Gen. Thomas, with about 6,000 troops, is at Corinth, renovating the town so that it may be used as a habitation for troops. Gens. McClernand and Wallace are at Purdy with about 20,000 troops. The railroad from Corinth to Jackson, thence to Grand Junction, is being rapidly repaired, and communication is expected to be opened with Columbus, Ky., in a day or two, affording an important and speedy route for transportation of supplies. Eleven locomotives have been captured at different times, four of which are in running order, the balance are being rapidly repaired.

Dispatches from Gen. Negly to Gov. Johnson announce the success of his expedition to East Tennessee. He took 80 prisoners, including a number of prominent rebel citizens, a drove of cattle, and a large number of horses intended for the rebel army. The defeat of Gen. Adams' rebel forces at Sweden's Cove, was more complete than represented at first. Adams escaped without his sword or his horse. The rebel batteries at Chattanooga were silenced on the 7th, after a heavy cannonading of three hours. Our forces opened fire the next day, and continued two hours on the town, driving the enemy out of his works, and forcing him to evacuate the city. They burned railroad bridges to prevent pursuit. East Tennesseeans came out in crowds along the march and cheered our troops enthusiastically.

The Mountain Department.

As soon as our Government received information that Banks was compelled to retreat before the superior force of the rebel chief Jackson, a plan was speedily formed for his repulse and capture, if possible. Fremont was directed to bring a strong force from his division, across the mountains, while troops were ordered from McDowell to co-operate with Fremont's division, and Banks was re-enforced from Washington, Baltimore, &c., his headquarters at the time being Harper's Ferry. After a forced march of seven days, over mountains and through mountain passes, the "pathfinder" came up with the enemy's rear guard at Harrisonburgh, the 7th inst. His operations since that time are detailed in the following official reports to the Secretary of War:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT, }
ARMY IN THE FIELD, Harrisonburg, June 7. }

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The army reached here at 2 P. M. yesterday, driving out the enemy's rear guard. Severe skirmishing continued from that time till dark, the enemy's rear being closely pressed by our advance. At 4 P. M. the 1st New Jersey cavalry, after driving the enemy through the village, fell into an ambuscade in the woods, in the south-east part of the town, in which Col. Windham, of that regiment, was captured, and considerable loss sustained.

Col. Cluserut, with his brigade, subsequently engaged the enemy in the timber, driving him from the position and taking his camp. At about 8 P. M. a battalion of Col. Kane's Pennsylvania regiment entered the woods, under the direction of Brigadier-General Bayard, and maintained for one half-hour a vigorous attack, in which both sides suffered severely, driving the enemy, who attempted to shell our troops; but a few shots from one of our batteries soon silenced his guns. After dark the enemy continued his retreat.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, }
HARRISONBURG, June 7, A. M. }

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The attack upon the enemy's rear yesterday precipitated his retreat. Their loss in killed and wounded was very severe. Their retreat was by an almost impassable road, along which many wagons were left in the woods, and wagon loads of blankets, clothing and other equipments were piled up in all directions. During the evening many of the rebels were killed by shells from a battery of Gen. Stahl's Brigade. Gen. Ashby, who covered the retreat with his whole cavalry and three regiments of infantry, and who exhibited admirable skill and audacity, is among the killed.

Gen. Milroy made a reconnoissance to-day of about seven miles, on the Port Republic road, and discovered a portion of the enemy's forces encamped in the timber.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY IN THE FIELD, }
CAMP NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, June 8, 9 A. M. }

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The army left Harrisonburg this morning at 8:30. My advance engaged the rebels about seven miles from that place, near Union Church. The enemy was very advantageously posted in the timber, having chosen his own position, with his troops formed en masse. They consisted, undoubtedly, of Jackson's entire force. The battle began with heavy firing at 11 o'clock, and lasted with great violence and obstinacy until 4 P. M. Some skirmishing and artillery firing continued from that time until dark.

Our troops fought occasionally under a murderous fire of greatly superior numbers, the hottest of the small arms fire being on the left wing, which was held by Staples' brigade, consisting of the 5th regiment. The bayonet and canister shot were used freely and with great effect by our men. The loss on both sides is very great. Ours is very heavy among the officers.

A full report of those who distinguished themselves will be made with impartiality. I desire to say that both officers and men behaved with splendid gallantry, and the service of artillery was especially admirable.

We are encamped on the field of battle, which may be renewed at any moment.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS MOUNTAIN DEPARTMENT, }
PORT REPUBLIC, June 9, 12 M. }

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—There was no collision with the enemy after dark last night. This morning we renewed the march against him, entering the woods in battle order, his cavalry appearing on our flank. Blenker had the left, Milroy the right, and Schenck the center, with a reserve of Stahl's and Bayard's brigades. The enemy was found to be in full retreat on Port Republic, and our advance found his rear guard barely across the river and the bridge in flames. Our advance came in so suddenly that some of his officers remaining on this side escaped with the loss of their horses.

The cannonading during the morning apprised us of an engagement, and I am informed here that Jackson attacked Gen. Shields this morning, and after a severe engagement, drove him down the river, and is now in pursuit. I have sent out an officer with a detachment of cavalry to open communication with Gen. Shields.

This morning detachments were occupied in searching the grounds covered by yesterday's action at Cross Keys, for our remaining dead and wounded. I am not yet fully informed, but think 152 will cover our loss in killed, and 500 in wounded. The enemy's loss we cannot clearly ascertain. He was engaged during the night carrying off his dead and wounded in wagons. This morning on our march upwards of 200 of his dead were counted on one field—the greater part badly mutilated by cannon shot. Many of his dead were also scattered through the woods, and many had been already buried. A number of prisoners had been taken during the pursuit.

I regret to have lost so many officers. Gen. Stahl's brigade was in the hottest part of the field, which was the left wing. From the beginning of the fight, the brigade lost in officers, five killed and seventeen wounded, and one of his regiments alone, the 8th New York, has buried sixty-five. The Garibaldi Guard next suffered most severely. Following this regiment, the 45th New York and the Bucktail rifles, of Bayard's and Milroy's brigades. One of the Bucktail companies had lost all of its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned. The loss in Schenck's brigade was less, although he inflicted severe loss on the enemy, principally by artillery fire. Of my staff, I lost a good officer killed, Capt. Nichols Dunner. Many horses were killed in our batteries, which the enemy repeatedly attempted to take, but were repulsed by canister fire generally.

I feel myself permitted to say that all our troops, by the endurance of the severe march and their splendid conduct in the battle, are entitled to the President's commendations; and the officers throughout behaved with great gallantry and efficiency, which requires that I should make particular mention of them, and which I trust will receive the particular notice of the President as soon as possible.

I will send in a full report, but in this respect I am unable to make any more particular distinction than that pointed out in the description of the battle.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

A telegraphic dispatch, dated Port Republic, June 10, says:

The army advanced early this morning in line of battle, but finding no enemy, proceeded in column through the woods and over the country to Port Republic. Everywhere were evidences of the completeness of yesterday's success. The battle was fought at Cross Keys, and takes that name. The rebel loss was greatly superior to ours, and many wounded left on the field. Not less than 500 dead were found. Two of their guns were left behind, which we captured this morning. Capt. Dunner, of Fremont's staff, was killed. Capt. Gitterman, of Cluserut's staff, is severely wounded. No other staff officers were wounded. The rebel wounded were found in every house along the road. Ambulances, wagons and clothing strewed the field. Forty of our wounded, taken prisoners, were left in a church and retaken. The 6th Louisiana lost all but thirty men.

The enemy retreated till midnight, and this morning their rear guard crossed the Shenandoah at this place and burned the bridge.

The results of the Port Republic battle on Monday, June 9, alluded to in the dispatches above, between Gen. Shields' army and Jackson's army, are now ascertained as near as can be. The force engaged was mostly composed of Western men, who did their duty nobly, as is evidenced by their fighting a foe five times their number, and then retreating in order, except one or two regiments, who were completely surrounded and compelled to take to the mountains, and then working their way back to their division.

The 7th Indiana did nobly, holding their position for four hours against a vastly superior force, Col. Govine repeatedly charging and driving the enemy like sheep. They left Fredericksburg 800 strong, and arrived at Port Republic with only 300, the rest having been left on the route sick and disabled, and after the fight they numbered only 140, losing over half their force. The 29th and 66th Ohio regiments also lost heavily. Clark's, Robinson's and Hurbergton's batteries of artillery are entitled to great praise for their gallantry in the action. Had the 1st and 2d brigades been enabled to reach the scene, an entirely different result would have ensued. After Monday's fight Jackson took the road toward Stannersville, passing through a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains, in a line for Gordonsville, at which place he has a railroad connection with Richmond.

Department of the East.

WE have no news of importance from our army before Richmond. We gather the following items from telegraphic dispatches:

On the 8th inst., a captain, lieutenant, and two privates, belonging to General Burn's brigade, were killed, and fifteen wounded, while establishing an advanced picket line. The new position was held.

A dispatch dated the 9th inst., says the rebels had received no re-enforcements, nor were there any signs of evacuation.

Major-General Robert W. Lee has been assigned to the command of the rebel army in front of Richmond, in consequence of a wound to Johnson, received in the battle at Fair Oaks.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says our troops have buried over 3,000 rebels at Fair Oaks. Prisoners continue to be brought in daily. One rebel General who was taken still refuses to give his name. Our troops have been within three miles of Richmond on a reconnoissance.

The following dispatch has been transmitted to Secretary Stanton; also a copy to General Casey:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, June 9.

To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—My dispatch of the 1st inst., stating that General Casey's division, which was in the first line, gave way unaccountably and discreditably, was based upon official statements made to me before I arrived upon the field of battle, and while I was there, by several commanders.

From statements made to me subsequently by Generals Casey and Naglee, I am induced to believe that portions of the division behaved well and made a most gallant stand against superior numbers, but at present the accounts are too conflicting to enable me to discriminate with certainty. When the facts are clearly ascertained, the exceptional good conduct will be properly acknowledged.

G. B. MCCLELLAN, Maj.-Gen. Com.

It is stated, with every probability of truth, that the now well known Union feeling had broken out on Tuesday, the 3d inst., in open revolt in six North Carolina regiments—an entire brigade from the North State; that the brigade was surrounded with Mississippi and Alabama troops, disarmed, and placed in confinement.

A letter to the Philadelphia *Press* states that deserters are arriving and report great numbers anxious to reach our lines, not only North Carolinians, but men from every rebel State.

A dispatch from Gen. McClellan's army dated June 14, says:—The movements of the enemy to-day have been extensive, and as yet are involved in mystery. Large bodies of men have been seen moving down in the vicinity of Mechanicsville Bridge and Richmond, toward the late battle field. Our pickets yesterday were driven in from Old Church, during which Capt. Royal, of Conn., was wounded, showing that the enemy designed making a demonstration in that direction. A contraband coming in reported that 3,000 cavalry left Richmond Wednesday in the direction of Fredericsburg. This is probably the force that appeared at Old Church. The rebels opened at daylight this forenoon a sharp fire of artillery in front of Gen. Sumner. It lasted three hours. We had one killed and one wounded.

A detachment of the 2d Pennsylvania cavalry, while on a scouting expedition in the neighborhood of Leesburg, captured several boat loads of horse feed, flour, and the like, while on their passage across from Maryland to the Virginia side. The officer in command also reports that the rebels near and around Poolesville and Edwards Ferry are constantly signaling to secessionists reconnoitering on the opposite side.

Major-General Burnside and Staff arrived at Fortress Monroe, having come through the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal in the small gunboat Port Royal on the 9th. The progress of the Port Royal was considerably delayed by obstructions, but Gen. Burnside succeeded in blowing them up and opening the canal.

There is little or no news in the Department of North Carolina.

The 24th Massachusetts regiment was attacked from an ambush by a North Carolina regiment on Thursday, the 5th inst. The 24th Massachusetts regiment were on a reconnoissance at the time. They lost six men killed and a number wounded. Three of the latter subsequently died. Several skirmishes have lately taken place in the vicinity of Washington, N. C., in one of which one man on our side was wounded. The Federals put to flight a rebel force of cavalry and infantry ten times their strength.

Gen. Hunter's Department.

IT appears certain that a strong effort has been made to reduce Charleston, South Carolina, and it is altogether probable that our country's flag is already floating over that hot-bed of secession. Our information is principally from secession sources, as we have of course no telegraph communication from that city. The steamer Massachusetts arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 13th inst., having left Port Royal the 11th. This boat stopped several hours at Stono Inlet, near Charleston, and picked up some vague rumors touching the position of things on James Island, where Gen. Hunter's army had landed, and found itself confronted by an unexpectedly large rebel force, believed to have been increased by heavy re-enforcements from the late Corinth army. Some said that Beauregard himself was there, and that not less than 25,000 rebels were opposite Gen. Hunter on the island. Some fighting had taken place, in which the 79th Highland regiment and the Massachusetts cavalry had particularly distinguished themselves, but the Massachusetts 28th had not done itself credit.

Several batteries had been carried by storm, and a general engagement was thought to be imminent. Firing in the direction for half an hour was heard by the passengers of the Massachusetts as she was lying off Charleston bar, in plain view of Fort Sumter, with the steeples of the city discernible with a glass.

A telegram from Augusta, June 11th, and published in the Southern papers, says the papers from Charleston of that date contain the particulars of a sharp engagement on James Island on Tuesday afternoon, which continued until dark. Our forces consisted of three regiments and one battalion of infantry and three batteries, under command of Gen. W. D. Smith. The enemy were under the protection of felled trees and gunboats. Col. Williams, of the 46th Georgia regiment, was mortally wounded. Our loss is estimated at from 20 to 65, principally Georgians. The loss of the enemy is thought to be large.

A Federal prisoner, taken on Monday, reports the enemy's force on James Island at sixteen regiments strong, and a few more were expected shortly.

The News Condenser.

— Yellow fever is increasing at Havana.

— It is stated that the Confederate debt is $400,000,000.

— Albany subscribes $7,742 for the relief of the Troy sufferers.

— General Pope has taken 25,000 prisoners since the war began.

— The Spanish Government is about to build seven iron frigates.

— The Turks are reported to have gained a great victory in Montenegro.

— The Senate has confirmed A. V. S. Lindsay as Postmaster of Nashville.

— A monument for Senator Broderick is being erected at San Francisco.

— The French army at Rome is about to be reduced to a single division.

— In the England Baptist Union there are 37 associations, and 1,232 churches.

— Ohio has 4,000 troops in camp at Columbus under the recent call for militia.

— The Grand Duke Constantine has been appointed viceroy of the kingdom of Poland.

— A large fire occurred in Quebec on the 10th inst. Over 100 houses were destroyed.

— A four-inch plank, 107 feet in length, was recently turned out at a sawmill in Oregon.

— Six hundred and fifty Mormons passed through this city last week, *en route* for Utah.

— Counterfeit $5 bills on the Palisade Bank of Yonkers have been put in circulation.

— There has been raised in New York for the sufferers by the Troy fire, the sum of $11,500.

— The amount of rain at Albany, week before last, was 2.92 inches; in New York over 4 inches.

— The Russian Government has established a magnetic and meteorological observatory at Pekin.

— The House bill, prohibiting slavery in the Territories, passed the Senate on Monday, June 9.

— Jeff. Davis has issued an address to the rebel army, claiming a victory at the battle of Fair Oaks!

— The Boston Advertiser announces that Antioch College is to be closed at next Commencement.

— Ex-Governor Kœrner, of Illinois, has been appointed to succeed Carl Schurz as Minister to Spain.

— A. H. Markham, special agent for Postoffice Department, has gone to Memphis to open the Postoffice.

— The entire village of Westport, Penn., on the Lehigh river, was washed away during the late flood.

— G. H. Woodman has been arrested and convicted in Mendocius Co., Cal., for kidnapping young Indians.

— The Saratogian announces that the three leading hotels of that place opened for the season on Monday last.

— The Ohio Legislature refused to pass a law allowing the troops of that State to vote while at the seat of war.

— There is said to be a regiment in Blenker's division in which there are soldiers of 41 different nationalities!

— Seven hundred and twenty-seven ships have already been wrecked from the 1st of January to the 1st of May, 1862.

— The Mexicans are actively fortifying the capital, and the French will march against it when re-enforcements arrive.

— There are nearly 20,000 rebels now held as prisoners, and their support is a considerable item in the cost of the war.

— General Butler, in his administration of affairs in New Orleans, finds an able defender in the London Daily News.

— The king of Madagascar has narrowly escaped assassination from the hands of his cousin, who aspires to the throne.

— Mrs. Howard Squires committed suicide at Geneva last week. She was driven to the act by abuse from her husband.

— The Consul of the Netherlands and the French Consul have both left Charleston and come North with their families.

— A skiff in white marble and a statue of the best style of ancient art have been discovered in the Parthenon at Athens.

— Mrs. Whittaker and her daughter were so shockingly burned in this city, on Monday week, that they have since died.

— The British vessel Uncle Tom was recently lost off the Island of Formosa. Of the forty persons on board, only three escaped.

— Three fugitive slaves were shot at Bladensburg on Monday week, while attempting to escape from a party of slave catchers.

— There are in London more than 60,000 Germans, 30,000 French, and 6,000 Italians, and a very large number of Asiatics.

— The President offers, by proclamation, nearly three million and a half acres of land at public sale, in Oregon, in October.

— There is a new issue of counterfeit tens on the Merchants' Bank, and fives and tens on the Ætna Bank of Hartford, Conn.

— During the past year the Catholics of the United States have dedicated 95 churches, many of them very costly and magnificent.

— On Saturday week, the sword voted to Commodore Wilkes by the Common Council of Boston, was presented to him in Philadelphia.

— Aaron Brooks died in Fayette county, Penn., on the 13th ult., at the advanced age of one hundred and one years and three months.

— Queen Victoria intends this summer to move to the castle of Rosenbau, in the Duchy of Coburg, the birthplace of Prince Albert.

— The Tobacco Fair of the Kentucky Ag. Society at Spratt & Co.'s warehouse, Louisville, was held on the 11th. It was a great success.

— The grandfather of Gen. Halleck, commanding the Mississippi Department, is now living, at the age of 100 years, near Utica, N. Y.

— The Louisville Journal and Democrat earnestly protest against any arrangement with the rebels whereby Gen. Buckner may be released.

— For the eighteen hours ending at 4 A. M., Thursday, June 5, rain fell in Providence, R. I., to the amount of five and one-tenth inches.

— Gov. Yates, of Illinois, has issued a proclamation calling for a reserve corps of 50,000 men, to be mustered into the service for three years.

— Parson Brownlow has been summoned to Washington as a witness in the case of West H. Humphreys, now under indictment for treason.

— A letter from on board the U. S. steamship Mississippi, off New Orleans, states that a load of cotton from the upper Louisiana had reached that city.

— Gen. Mitchell recently asked for authority to hang some guerrillas and bridge-burners in his possession. Secretary Stanton replied, "Swing them up."

— The United States Consul at Paris had issued a notice that no further application can be received from foreign officers for commissions in the Federal army.

— There are more Scottish descendants in London than in Edinburg, more Irish than in Dublin, more Romanists than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine.

— Seventy-four bales of cotton were sold in St. Louis on Friday last, by order of Major-Gen. Halleck, on Government account. Average price paid was 27⅛ cents per pound.

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. Every addition to our list will aid in maintaining the interest and value of the* RURAL *during these times that test the purses of publishers. We aim high, and intend to continuously manifest the spirit of our motto,* "EXCELSIOR," *at all times. A few thousand New Subscribers this month, will enable us to furnish a better paper through the year than we could otherwise afford.*

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of our last volume 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. The subsequent volumes will be supplied, bound, at $3 each—or if several are taken, at $2 50 each. The only complete volumes we can furnish, *unbound*, are those of 1859, '60 and '61—price, $2 each.

ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, JUNE 17th, 1861.

THE market is by no means active, and we note but few slight changes in prices.

FLOUR remains the same as last reported, though some grades may be quoted at a shade lower.

PORK is still at the lowest point, and there seems no prospect of a rise at present.

BUTTER remains the same as last week, and is still quite plenty, 11c being the highest quotations for prime specimens.

LAMB AND MUTTON is a little higher than last week, but the advance is in consequence of the superior quality of the carcases offered.

HAY has advanced full $2 per tun since our report of last week, and the probability is that if the drouth continues, there will be a still further advance.

WOOL—See article on second page, and quotations below Though little is doing yet, the prospect is favorable for producers.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, winter wheat,	$5.25@6.25	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do,	4.50@5.00	Candles, box	9@9½c
Flour, buckwheat	0.00@0.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	1.00@1.06	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.20	Apples, bushel	50@87c
Best white Canada	1 25@1.28	Do. dried ⅌ ℔	4@4½c
Corn, old	45@50c.	Peaches, do	14@16c
Corn, new	45@50c.	Cherries, do	14@16c
Rye, 60 ℔s ⅌ bush	56@56c.	Plums, do	10@12c
Oats, by weight	36@37c.	Potatoes	37@56c
Barley	55@65c.	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	00@00c.	Slaughter	4½@5c
Beans	1.50@2.00	Calf	7@8c
Meats.		Sheep Pelts	$0.50@2.00
Pork, mess	$10.50@11.00	Lamb Pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	13.00@13.50	**Seeds.**	
Dressed hogs, cwt.	3.50@ 4.00	Clover, medium,	$4.25@4.50
Beef, cwt.	4.00@ 6.00	Do. large,	6,00@6,25
Spring lambs, each	1.50@ 2.00	Timothy	1.50@2.00
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	**Sundries.**	
Hams, smoked	6@7c.	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Shoulders	4@5c.	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Chickens	8@9c.	Coal, Scranton	5.50@5.50
Turkeys	9@10c.	Coal, Pittston	5.50@5.50
Geese	40@50c.	Coal, Shamokin	5.50@5.50
Ducks ⅌ pair	38@44c.	Coal, Char	7@8c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.38@1.45
Butter, roll	10@11c.	Hay, tun	10.00@15.00
Butter, firkin	9@10c.	Straw, tun	5.00@6.00
Cheese	6½@7½c.	Wool, ⅌ ℔	33@40c
Lard, tried	6½@7c.	Whitefish, half bbl.	3.25@3.50
Tallow, rough	5@5½c.	Codfish, quintal	4.50@5.00
Tallow, tried	7@7 c.	Trout, half bbl	3.25@3.50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16—FLOUR—Market may be quoted heavy and 5c lower, with only a very moderate business doing for export and home consumption. A further advance in freights to-day materially checks the export demand. At the close there were no buyers at outside quotations. Sales at $4,15@4,25 for superfine State; $4,45@4,50 for extra State; $4,15@4,25 for superfine Western; $4,45@4,60 for common to medium extra Western; $5,00@5,15 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5,25@6,50 for trade brands do., the market closing heavy. Canadian flour may be quoted a shade lower, with a moderate business doing. Sales at $4,45@4,60 for spring, and $5,00@6,25 for winter extra. Rye flour continues quiet and steady at $2,70@4,00 for inferior to choice. Corn meal is in moderate demand and prices steady. Sales at $3,15 for Brandywine and $2,90 for Jersey.

GRAIN—Wheat market opened a shade firmer, but owing to a further advance in freights, the market closed quiet with a very moderate demand for export and home consumption. Sales Chicago spring at 92c@1,03; Milwaukee club at 99c@1,04; amber Iowa at $1,04@1,05; winter red Western at $1,11@1,15; amber Michigan at $1,17½, and white Western at $1,23@1,26 Rye quiet and steady. Sales State at 72c. Barley remains dull and nominal at 70c. Barley malt nominal at $1,00. Peas nominal at 70c for Canada. Corn market may be quoted a shade easier, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 47@50c for new mixed Western, 51@52c for old do. afloat and delivered, 44@46c for unsound do.; 58c for white Western and 70c for choice white Southern. Oats steady and firmer; sales at 40@43c for Jersey, Canada, Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market active and a shade easier; sales at $10,87@11,00 for mess, $11,00@11,00 for prime mess, and $8,75@9,00 for prime. Beef—market less active. Sales at $5,50@7,00 for country prime, $8,00@10 for country mess, $11@12,50 for repacked do., $13@14,50 for extra mess. Prime mess beef quiet and nominal at $19,00@20.00. Beef hams dull and quiet. Small sales Eastern and Western at $16,00@16,50. Cut meats in less active demand and prices easier. Sales at 3¼@3¾c for Western and city shoulders, and 4½@4¾c for hams. Smoked meats are dull and unchanged. Bacon sides quiet and unchanged. Small sales sides at 6c. Lard is in very limited demand and prices steady; sales at 7½@8¾c for No. 1 to choice. Butter rules dull and heavy, and selling at 10@15c for Ohio, and 10@17c for State. Cheese dull and heavy, and selling at 3@7½c for common to good.

ASHES—Continue steady; small sales at $5,75@5,81¼ for Pots, and $6 for Pearls.

HOPS—Firm with a moderate demand. Sales at 13@19c for new, and small sales at 7@11½c for old.

ALBANY, JUNE 16.—FLOUR—Is in moderate receipt by railroad. The sales are fair; about 900 to 1,000 bbls. sold at steady rates.

Common to good State	$4,25@4,50
Fancy and Extra State	4,60@4,75
Common to good Western	4,75@5,00
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c	5,50@6,25
Extra Ohio	6,00@6,75
Common Canadian	4,50@4,75
Extra Canadian	5,25@6,25
Fancy Genesee	5,50@5,75
Extra Genesee and city brands	6,50@6,75

Corn Meal $1@1,12.

GRAIN—The detentions on the canal have bared the market of Grain. The sales of Wheat are very limited; choice white Michigan at $1,28. Rye in the street 73@74c 60 ℔s; about 500 bu., in store, sold at 70c 56 ℔s. Oats in the street 42c, weight; the receipts by canal for Canada East are going into store; Chicago sold at 42c and a car load Canada East at 41c. We do not hear of any movement in corn; unsound State sold at 48@50c; in the street 53@58c, weight.

BUFFALO, JUNE 16.—FLOUR—The market ruled dull, with only moderate interior demand. Sales at $4 for ordinary; $4,25@4,50 for good to choice extra Wisconsin and Illinois; $4,50@4,75 for extra Ohio, Indiana and Michigan; $5,25@5,50 for good to choice double extra Ohio, Indiana and Michigan; $4,50 for choice extra spring wheat Canada; and $3 for rye flour.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate demand at 1@3c decline; sales white Indiana at $1,08; white Kentucky at $1,23; prime No. 2 Chicago spring at 83c; No 1 Milwaukee club at 90c; No. 2 Milwaukee club at 85@86c. Corn dull, heavy and inactive; sales at 40c for old. No sales new reported. There is but little offering. Oats lower; sales at 34c—closing quiet with limited inquiry.—Barley unchanged. Canada nominal at 68@70c; Western 66c.—No sales and no demand, except for small parcels for distilling purposes. Rye inactive and nominal at 50c for Western. No sales reported

BEANS—In fair demand at $2,25 for choice. Peas—Mostly held at 62½c. Fair market quotation 56@58c for good to choice Canada.

PROVISIONS—The market rules dull and heavy. Interior demand moderate—home demand small. Nominal at $10,00@10,50 for heavy, $9,50@10 for light Mess pork. Lard at 7¼@7⅝c. Hams at 6c for plain, 6½c for sugar cured, and sacked 7c. Mess Beef at $8,00@10. Smoked Beef at 9c. Shoulders in dry salt at 3¾c. Smoked shoulders at 4c. White Fish $2,87½@3 for new. Trout at $2,75@3.00, for new, in half bbls. Cheese—The stock of old or prime qualities exhausted. We quote hay cheese (new) 4½@6c. Some new grass cheese coming in; market quoted at 6½@7c. Butter—Under free arrivals and an abundant supply, the market easier. Western new and Canada packed, at 9@11c, and choice new packed State 12½@13c. Old unsaleable except at the price of lard.—*Courier*.

TORONTO, JUNE 13—There was rather less activity in the street market this week than last. Of Fall Wheat the receipts were considerably smaller. The range was firm at 95c@$1,03 for good, and 85@95c for inferior grades. To-day's prices were somewhat above these, being 97c@1,03. Spring Wheat rather dull, and sold to-day at 80@85c, which is also above the average price for the week, which was 75@83c ⅌ bushel. Barley—the demand for this article has been extremely light, and there has been but little offered. A small quantity was sold at 60c, which we might quote as the nominal price for the week. Oats—This article is still unsettled. Last week we quoted it at 42@43c, which is somewhat above this week's prices, which would be 40@44c, 44c only being paid in very rare cases, and where extra samples were offered. Peas—The quotations for peas might be given as nominal at 50c. There were none offered in the market to-day, but 50c is about the price which buyers would be willing to give.

Butter, Fresh ⅌ ℔	11@12½
Eggs, ⅌ dozen	10@10
Chickens, ⅌ pair	25@35
Potatoes, ⅌ bushel	50@70
Hay ⅌ tun	19.00@21.00
Straw ⅌ tun	11.00@12.00

—*Globe*.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 12.—The fleece wool market has opened, and consumers and speculators are on the spot, and it is said have bought Pennsylvania and Ohio wools at 40@42½c. The demand this week has been very fair, and prices for all kinds are firm—sales of 100,000 ℔s fleeces at 43@46c; 30,000 ℔s pulled, mostly at 42@46c. for super and extra, and 350 bales of California, of various grades, at 10@25c. In Cape wools there has been a good business doing, and we note sales of 600 bales at or about 24c, 6 months. Other kinds of foreign are dull, with sales of 89 bales unwashed Smyrna, on private terms.

Saxony Fleece ⅌ ℔	46@52
American full-blood Merino	45@47
American half and three-fourths Merino	44@45
American Native and quarter Merino	44@45
Extra pulled	45@48
Superfine pulled	41@46
No. 1 pulled	35@40
Lamb's pulled	40@42
California fine, unwashed	15@30
California common do	17@20
Peruvian washed	30@32
Valparaiso unwashed	13@13
South American Merino unwashed	00@00
South American Mestiza unwashed	22@24
South American common washed	14@16
South American Entre Rios do	23@25
South American unwashed	9@12
South American Cordova washed	24@26
Cape Good Hope unwashed	22½@26
East India washed	26@35
African unwashed	18@25
African washed	38@40
Mexican unwashed	12@14
Texas	00@00
Smyrna unwashed	18@22
Smyrna washed	24@32

[*N. Y. Evening Post*

BUFFALO, JUNE 16.—There is very little wool as yet ready for market, and transactions have not been numerous enough to establish prices. From exchanges we learn that it is the general impression that prices will range at about the same rates as those of the latter part of 1861. The plentiful supply of money may have some influence on prices.—*Courier*.

BOSTON, JUNE 12.—The market is firm for domestic, with stocks now quite reduced, and desirable kinds of foreign also command full prices.

Saxony and Merino, fine,	47@49	Texas,	00@00
Full blood,	46@47	Smyrna, washed,	20@32
½ and ¾ blood,	43@46	Do. unwashed,	12@20
Common,	41@43	Syrian,	13@26
Pulled, extra,	46@53	Cape,	21@25
Do. superfine,	43@50	Crimea,	11@20
Do No. 1,	30@45	Buenos Ayres,	11@40
Do No. 2,	00@00	Peruvian, washed,	30@35
Western mixed,	35@43	Canada,	40@44

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.

First quality, ⅌ cwt.	$8,75@9,25
Ordinary quality,	8,25@8,75
Common quality,	8,00@8,25
Inferior quality,	7,50@8,00

COWS AND CALVES.

First quality,	$45,00@50,00
Ordinary quality,	40,00@45,00
Common quality,	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality,	25,00@28,00

VEAL CALVES

First quality, ⅌ ℔	5 @5½c
Ordinary quality,	4½@5
Common quality,	4 @4½
Inferior quality,	3 @4

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Prime quality, ⅌ head	$5,00@6,50
Ordinary,	4,50@5,00
Common,	4,00@4,50
Inferior,	3,00@3,75

SWINE

Corn-fed,	3⅜@3½c
do. light	— @ —c
Still-fed,	3 @3½c

ALBANY, JUNE 16—BEEVES—The advancing prices of the past three weeks had the effect to bring forward a heavy supply—heavier by nearly 1000 head than is needed—and the consequent result is a decline quite discouraging to holders. The average quality is about medium—say equal to that of last week. Many droves will go through in first hands, the drovers not caring to make the sacrifices that the ruling rates of to-day would entail. Holders of fancy and strictly extra report the decline on that description of stock at 10@15c ⅌ 100 ℔s. The average price, however, on the total sales made is not above $4,40 ⅌ 100 ℔s, live weight, against 4¾c last week.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Cattle	4,575	3,535	4,320
Sheep	1,942	2,871	4,208
Hogs	238	203	61

PRICES—About 3,000 head have changed hands at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium,	5 @5½c	5½@5½c
Extra,	4½@4¾c	4¾@5 c
First quality,	3⅞@4¼c	4 @4½c
Second quality,	3½@3¾c	3½@3¾c
Third quality,	2¾@3 c	3 @3¼c

SHEEP—The supply is light, and with a slight improvement in the demand prices have advanced 10@20c ⅌ head. Several small bunches changed hands at 3@3⅜c ⅌ ℔ for light common, and 3½@4c for good to extra. A car load of prime sold at $3,85 ⅌ 100 ℔s—estimated to average 105 ℔s. For a lot of choice extra Kentucky, average 140 ℔s, 4c ⅌ ℔, was offered and refused.—Lambs are selling at $2,60@3,00 ⅌ head.

HOGS—The receipts for the week at East Albany were about 400 head One car load of prime heavy corn-fed sold for slaughter here at 3⅛c ⅌ ℔, and two or three lots of good light weights at $3,30@3,40 ⅌ head.—*Atlas and Argus*.

BRIGHTON, JUNE 12—At market, 650 Beef Cattle, 200 Stores, 1,600 Sheep and Lambs, 2500 Swine.

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

WORKING OXEN—$100, $115@137.

MILCH COWS—$43@46; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@6,00.

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

HIDES—6@6½c ⅌ ℔. Tallow—6½@6½c.

PELTS—$0,50@0,75 each. Calf Skins—8@9c ⅌ ℔.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,50@3,00; extra, $3,75@4,50.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 3@3c; retail, 3½@5c. Fat Hogs, undressed, none. Still-fed, none. Spring Pigs, 7 @0 c.; retail, 7@8c.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 11.—At market, 377 Cattle, about 300 Beeves, and 77 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

MARKET BEEF—Extra (including nothing but the best large fat stall-fed Oxen) $6,75@7,00, first quality, $6,50@0,00; second do, $5,00@5,50; third do, $4,25@0,00; ordinary, $—@—.

WORKING OXEN, ⅌ pair—$95@160.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, $37@42.

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

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1700 at market. Prices in lots, $2,25@2,75 each; extra, $3,00@4,50, or 3½@4½c ⅌ ℔.

SPRING LAMBS—$2,50@5,00.

HIDES—5@5½c ⅌ ℔. Tallow—6½@6¾c.

PELTS—50@75c. Calf Skins—8@9c ⅌ ℔.

VEAL CALVES, from $3,50@5,00

TORONTO, JUNE 13.—BEEF—There has been no change since last week. First-class $6 ⅌cwt; second class $5,00@5,50 ⅌ cwt. There has not been much demand for the latter.

SHEEP—Clipped—Sold at $3,50@4,00 readily.

LAMBS bring $2,50 freely.

CALVES bring $3,50@5,00 each.

HIDES—Firm at $4,50. CALFSKINS steady at 8c ⅌ ℔.

PELTS at 12½@15c. LAMB SKINS at 25c.—*Globe*.

New Advertisements.

☞ ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ The immense circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—full twenty thousand more than that of any other similar journal—renders it by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class in America. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Nurserymen, Manufacturers, Wholesale Dealers, Land Agents, &c., &c., who necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

THE SOLDIER TO HIS CHILDREN.

[The following exquisite poem is taken from the Boston *Transcript*, as written in camp, after a battle, by a soldier to his children at home:]

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;
Brothers red with brothers' gore.
Only that the *wrong* we're fighting—
Truth and *Honor's* battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining,
Turning darkness into day.

The Story-Teller.

"TAKEN PRISONER."

BY R. WOLCOTT.

It was a terrible battle. Amid the rattle of musketry and whistling of bullets, the clashing of sabers, the unearthly cries of wounded horses and the wild shouting of men, the clear voice of Lieut. Hugh Gregory rang out: "Rally, my brave boys, rally and avenge the Captain's death!"

"Not quite so fast, sir," remarked a rebel officer, bringing his sword to a salute; "you observe that your men are retreating and you are my prisoner."

Hugh saw that he was so, and with a heavy heart gave himself up.

"Hurrah for the stars and stripes!" shouted a brave young soldier, attempting to raise himself upon the elbow, but falling back, exhausted from the loss of blood.

"D—n you. I'll stripe you!" exclaimed a brutal fellow, raising in his stirrups and aiming a blow at the wounded man.

"Dare you strike a helpless man!" shouted his commander; and he warded off the blow with a stroke that sent the fellow's saber spinning into the air. "Now dismount and hold him if you can." But it was to late—the brave soul had gone out with those words.

"Lieutenant," said the rebel officer, whom we will make known as Capt. Dumars, "I see that you are wounded. Let me assist you upon this horse, and one of my sergeants will show you the surgeon's quarters. And he bound up the wounded arm as well as he could, helped him upon the horse, and with a playful *Au revoir*, rode on.

Hugh's wound was too painful, and he was too weak and tired to wonder or to think clearly of anything; he only felt grateful that his captor was a gentleman, and quietly submitted himself to the sergeant's guidance.

The battle was ended—in whose favor it does not matter, so far as this story is concerned—and Captain Dumars obtained permission to take Lieutenant Gregory to his mother's house until he should recover from his wound or be exchanged.

When Hugh found himself established in a pleasant little chamber with windows looking out upon the flower garden and the woods beyond, fading away into his own loved Northland, he thought that after all, it was not so terrible to be a prisoner of war. He was decidedly confirmed in his opinion when he occasionally caught a glimpse of the little form of Annie Dumars flitting about among the flowers; and being somewhat of a philosopher, in his way, he determined to take it easy.

The presence of one of the Hessians at Mrs. Dumars' house gave it much the same attraction that is attached to a menagerie. Feminine curiosity is an article that the blockade cannot keep out of Dixie, and many were the morning calls that Annie received and many and various were the methods of pumping adopted to learn something of the prisoner,—how he looked how he acted, how he was dressed, and so forth.

"Impertinence!" he heard Annie exclaim, as one of these gossips passed through the gate, after putting her through a more minute inquisition than usual. And he heard her dainty shoe-heels impatiently tapping along the hall, and when she brought in a bouquet of fresh flowers, he saw in her face traces of vexation.

"I seem to be quite a What-is-it."

"Shame!"—and she broke off a stem and threw it out the window with altogether unnecessary vehemence.

"Splendid girl!" thought Hugh, "where have I seen her?"

And he turned his thoughts back through the years that were past, calling up to the old scenes; the balls, with their mazy, passionate waltzes, and their promenades on the balcony in the moonlight's mild glow, when sweet lips recited choice selections from Moore, and white hands swayed dainty sandal wood fans with the potency of the most despotic scepters; the sleigh-rides, with their wild, rollicking fun, keeping time to the merry music of the bells and culminating in the inevitable upset; the closing exercises of the seminary, when blooming girls, in the full efflorescence of hot-house culture, making a brief but brilliant display before retiring to the domestic sphere—Oh, yes—

"Miss Dumars, were you not at the——Institute last year?"

"Yes."

"Then you know my cousin, Jennie Gregory?"

"Yes, indeed—and you are her cousin. How stupid in me not to recollect it.

And she told him how that Jennie was her dearest friend, and how in their intimacy of confidence she had told her all about him, and shown her his picture, and in short, Hugh and Annie began to feel much better acquainted.

It was a few days after this that Hugh sat by the open window, listening to Annie reading from the virtuous and veracious Richmond *Enquirer*. Distressed by what he heard, not knowing whether it was true or not, he begged her to cease torturing him. She laid aside the paper with an emphatic "I don't believe it!" that could not but attract his attention, and he looked up in surprise.

"I must tell you, Mr. Gregory—I have been tortured long enough with this forced secrecy—*I am a rebel!*"

"That is the name we know you by," he replied, smiling.

"But I am a rebellious rebel. Yes," she added, rising, "I detest, with all my heart, this wicked, causeless rebellion. I detest the very names of the leaders of it. And yet I am compelled to go about with lies on my lips, and to act lies, till I detest myself more than all else. I have consoled myself somewhat by making a flag and worshiping it in secret. I will get it and show it to you."

"This," she continued, returning with a miniature specimen of the dear old flag, "a real flag, the emblem of a living nation, must be kept hidden, its glorious luster fading away in the dark, while that," pointing to where the "stars and bars" were fluttering in the breeze, "that miserable abortion is insolently flaunted before our eyes, nothing about it original or suggestive—except its stolen colors, reminding us of the financial operations of Floyd! Oh! if hope could be prophecy—if a life that is an unceasing prayer for the success of the Federal arms could avail, it would not be long before this bright banner would wave in triumph over all the land, its starry folds gleaming with a purer, more glorious light than ever."

As she stood there, with eyes uplifted as in mute prayer, and fervently kissed the silken folds of the flag, Hugh wished that his station in life had been that of an American flag.

Time passed on, and the prisoner was to be exchanged for a rebel officer of equal rank. Capt. Dumars brought him the intelligence, and was surprised with the seeming indifference with which he received it.

"You don't seem particularly elated by the prospect of getting among the Yankees again."

"I am eager to take my sword again; but my stay here has been far from unpleasant. You, Captain, have been away so much that I have not been able to thank you for making my imprisonment so pleasant. I am at a loss to know why you have shown such favor to me especially."

"This is the cause," replied the captain, laying his finger on a breastpin that Hugh always wore upon his coat, at the same time unbuttoning his own; "you see that I wear the same."

It was a simple jewel, embellished only by a few Greek characters, but it was the emblem of one of those college societies in which secrecy and mystery add a charm to the ties of brotherhood. And it was this fraternal tie, stronger than that of Freemasonry, because more exclusive, that made Hugh's a pleasant imprisonment, and made him happy in the love of one faithful among the faithless, loyal among many traitors. For of course the reader has surmised—for poetic justice demands it—that Hugh fell desperately in love with Annie, and Annie ditto with Hugh. How he told the tender tale, and how she answered him—whether with the conventional quantity of blushes and sighs, or not—is none of your business, reader, or mine; so don't ask me any questions.

It was the evening of the day before Hugh's departure. They, Annie and Hugh, sat in the little porch, silent and sad, watching the shadows slowly creeping up the mountain's side toward its sun-kissed summit, like a somber pall of sorrows shrouding a bright hope.

"And to-morrow you are free."

"No, Annie, not free. My sword will be free, but my heart will still linger here a prisoner. But when the war is over and the old flag is restored"—

"Then," and here her eyes were filled with the glorious light of prophetic hope, "I will be your prisoner."

And still Hugh is fighting for the dear old flag; and still Annie is praying for it, and waiting for the sweet imprisonment.

There has been many as sweet a romance as this, reader, acted ere this during the war. Would that all captivity were so pleasant.—*Continental Monthly.*

WHO LOVES A RAINY DAY?

The bored editor, who, for one millenial day, in slippered feet, controls his arm-chair, exchanges, stove, and inkstand; who has time to hunt up delinquent subscribers; time to decipher hieroglyphical manuscripts; time to make a bonfire of bad poetry; time to kick out lozenge boys and image venders; time to settle the long-standing quarrel between Nancy the type-setter, and Bill the foreman; and time to write complimentary letters to himself for publication in his own paper, and time get up a new humbug Prospectus for the dear confiding public.

Who loves a rainy day?

The little child of active limb, reprieved from bench, and book, and ferule; between whom and the wire drawn phiz of grim propriety those friendly drops have drawn a misty vail; who is now free to laugh, and jump, and shout, and ask the puzzling question—free to bask in the sunny smile of her to whom no sorrow can be trivial that dims the brightness of that merry eye.

Who loves a rainy day?

The crazed clergyman, who can face a sheet of paper, uninterrupted by dyspeptic deacon Jones; or fault-finding brother Grimes; or cautious Mr. Smith; or an afflicted Miss Zelia Zephyr, who, for several long years, has been "unable to find the path of duty;" or the zealous old lady Bunce, who hopes her pastor will throw light on the precise locality fixed upon in the future state for idiots and those heathen who have never seen a missionary.

Who loves a rainy day?

The disgusted clerk, who, lost in the pages of some care-beguiling volume, forgets the petticoat destiny which relentlessly forces him to unfurl endless yards of tinsel, lace, and ribbon, for lounging dames, with empty brains and purses, whose "chief end" it seems to be to put him through an endless catechism.

Who loves a rainy day?

The tidy little housewife, who, in neat little breakfast-cap and dressing-gown, overlooks the shortcomings of careless cook and chambermaid; explores cupboards, pantries, cellars, and closets; disembowels old bags, old barrels, old boxes, old kegs, old firkins; who, with her own dainty hand, prepares the favorite morsel for the dear, absent, toiling husband, or, by the cheerful nursery fire, sews on the missing string or button, or sings to soothing slumbers a pair of violet eyes, whose witching counterpart once stole her girlish heart away.

Who loves a rainy day?

I do! Let the rain fall; let the wind moan; let the leafless trees reach out their long attenuated fingers and tap against my casement; pile on the coal; wheel up the arm-chair; all hail loose ringlets and loose dressing-robe. Not a blessed son or daughter of Adam can get here to-day! Unlock the writing-desk; overlook the old letters. There is a bunch tied with a ribbon blue as the eyes of the writer. Matrimony quenched their brightness long time ago. And here is a package written by a despairing Cœlebs—once intensely interested in the price of hemp and prussic acid; now the rotund and jolly owner of a princely house, a queenly wife, and six frolicsome responsibilities. Query: whether the faculty ever dissected a *man* who had died of a "broken heart." Here is another package. Let the fire purify them; never say you know your friend till his tombstone is over him. What says Solomon; "handwriting is an index?" Give him the cap and bells and show him those bold pen marks. They were traced by no Di Vernon! Let me sketch the writer:—A blushing, smiling, timid, loving little fairy as ever nestled near a true heart; with a step like a snow flake, and a voice like the murmur of a brook in June. Poor little Katie! she lays her cheek now to a little cradle sleeper's, and starts at the distant footsteps, and trembles at the muttered curse, and reels under the brutal blow, and woman-like—loves on!

And what have we here? A sixpence with a ribbon in it! Oh those Saturday and Wednesday afternoons, with their hoarded store of nuts and candy—the broad green meadow, with its fine old trees—the crazy old swing, and the fragrant tumble in the grass—the wreath of oak leaves, the bunch of wild violets, the fairy story book, the little blue jacket, the snowy shirt collar, the curly black head, with its soft blue eyes. Oh, first love, sugar candy, torn aprons, and kisses! where have ye flown?

What is this? only a pressed flower; but it tells me of a shadowy wood—of a rippling brook—of a bird's song—of a mossy seat—of whispered leaf-music—of dark, soul-lit eyes—of a voice sweet, and low, and thrilling—of a vow never broken till death chilled the lips that made it. Little need to look at the pictured face that lies beside me. It haunts me sleeping or waking. I shall see it again—when life's trials are passed.

True hope is based on the energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word. It is a recognition of excellence which must be felt, but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it, and hate it in silence.

It is said that when a Frenchman has to wait he smokes; a German meditates; an Italian sleeps; an Englishman takes a walk; an American invents some new contortion of his limbs, and tries to put his feet higher than ever.

Coleridge says, "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thoughts and genial feeling."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 19, 4, 32, 10, 28 is a village in New York.
My 5, 13, 8, 3, 23, 1, 16 is a sea between European and Asiatic Turkey.
My 9, 8, 28, 11, 12, 29, 2 is a city in Austria.
My 32, 25, 5, 20, 28, 8, 7 is a strait south of Patagonia.
My 26, 14, 8, 31 is a river in Spain.
My 11, 32, 6, 7 is a river in Prussia.
My 22, 30, 13, 5, 7, 12 is a river in England.
My 12, 13, 15, 32, 11 is a cape south of Florida.
My 14, 23, 23, 17, 18, 28, 16 is a gulf in the British Possessions.
My 14, 23, 5, 15, 13, 21 is a city in Hindostan.
My 28, 9, 13, 32, 33 is a country.
My 27, 13, 32, 23, 12 is a city in Spain.
My 24, 20, 28 is a town of China.
My whole is a verse in Exodus.

Highland, Ill., 1862. Augustus Parkison.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 34 letters.

My 1, 10, 17, 29 is a worthless plant.
My 2, 5, 4, 10, 13 is the name of a prophet.
My 16, 32, 18, 22 is a musical instrument.
My 19, 33, 9, 7, 26, 3 is always blue.
My 34, 15, 8, 4, 22, 20, 26 is a plant.
My 34, 7, 21, 10, 27, 33 was a Hebrew warrior.
My 30, 15, 6, 18, 32, 8 is a town in Ohio.
My 12, 28, 26 is a domestic animal.
My 14, 24, 19, 4, 11 is a game with cards.
My 31, 10, 25, 23 is an agent that is unseen.
My whole is a proverb.

Berkshire, O., 1862. Fannie E. Gregory.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is constant in its flight,
For if it stops must die;—
Is never seen by day or night,
Though often passing by.

My second o'er the fields can roam,
So full of life and glee;
For in the country is her home—
A little Miss is she.

My whole was made for turning round—
While turning standeth still;
Can lift great weights up from the ground,
Yet powerless at thy will.

North Pitcher, N. Y., 1862. E. F.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Meeting two boys returning from school, and asking their ages, was answered, if you multiply the sum of the squares of our ages by the difference in our ages, the product will be 424; and if you multiply the difference of the squares of our ages by the sum of our ages, the product will be 784. What was the age of each? L. W.

Lyons Falls, N. Y., 1862.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 647.

Answer to Arithmetical Enigma:—Figures increase from right to left in ten-fold ratio.

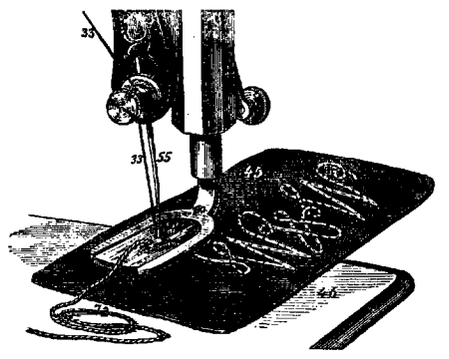
Answer to Trigonometrical Problem:—482 6-10 + feet.

Answer to Geographical Decapitations:—Humber, Don, Oman, Drave, Hague, Cass, Clark, Dan, Linn, Naver, Tweed, Stour.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

SEWING MACHINE IMPROVEMENTS.

We herewith illustrate further improvements added to the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine, namely, the "braider," a device for sewing braid or cord upon any kind of fabric. The braid or cord, 72, is passed through the hole, 73, (see engraving,) of the ordinary glass presser, 71, of the machine and stitched upon the fabric, 45, in the most elaborate designs, without any previous basting. Its value is best set forth by a lady's hand as follows:



A new improvement has lately been added to the Wheeler & Wilson machine, (which, by the way, we considered long ago to be as nearly perfect as any human contrivance could be,) being an attachment for sewing braid upon cloth, silk or any materials If any of our friends have been through the tedious operation of braiding children's dresses, they will realize the great relief that awaits them in this invention. The braid follows the needle with perfect accuracy, taking any curve desired, so that the most intricate pattern may be braided with great rapidity. Every lady may now possess one of those lovely chambray morning robes, embroidered in vines and labyrinths of white braid, which have heretofore fallen to the lot only of the most industrious and ingenious. For summer dresses nothing can be more elegant and becoming. We hail this improvement as a confirming evidence of "a good time coming" for the ladies, one and all. And we may as well include the gentlemen, for there will doubtless be an immediate harvest of elaborate smoking caps, and velvet slippers embroidered with gold braid. Long live the sewing machines!—*Scientific American.*

A NEW INVENTION.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* thus speaks of a new invention by Cicero Comstock of that city:—"We witnessed yesterday the operation of a machine for plowing or spading the earth, or doing both combined, invented and patented by our fellow-citizen, Cicero Comstock, Esq. Its operation appeared very satisfactory. It was tried on ground scarcely fit for plowing, but it passed over it, and left it pulverized to the depth of some nine inches, vastly better for any purpose of planting or sowing than any plow or any other process could do the work. The machine, which is small, comparatively light and compact, was moved by two horses, as rapidly as a plow could be moved, and covered about the space in its movements of three furrows of the plow—thus practically doing the work three times as fast as the plow and doing it better. The experiment was limited and partial. How it might work on heavier soils, or in gravel, or among stones, did not appear. It was manifest, however, we think, that for the great bulk of the western lands it is admirably adapted, and will supersede all other modes of preparing the soil."

CURIOUS MIRROR.

Among the curiosities exhibited in the last Paris Exposition, and promised for ours, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to the mirror, and looking into it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your own physiognomy. On retiring a little, say a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion, but reversed, the head downwards. Most of the spectators, ignorant of anything else, observe these two effects, and pass on. But retire still further; standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself—not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, standing in the middle part between you and the mirror. The effect is almost appalling from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in finishing a mirror of this description brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV—placed his majesty on the right spot, and bade him draw his sword and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but, seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he could never again look at the mirror or its owner.—*English Paper.*

Geological Wonder.—About thirty years ago, somebody made the discovery that the ice fields of Siberia contained immense numbers of fossils of elephants and mastodons. Where they came from, or how they got there, is a problem which, perhaps, may never be solved; their existence, however, was no chimera, and as ivory is one of the most valuable commodities of trade in all nations, some utilitarian Englishmen conceived the idea of turning these vestiges of a former epoch to a profitable account. Accordingly, about the year 1835, Thompson, Bonner & Co., a rich London firm, fitted out an expedition to seek for ivory in the Siberian ice. Novel and incredible as it seemed, the expedition was crowned with complete success. The ships returned to England, richly laden with the choicest ivory; and even to the present time, although the world knows little about it, the ivory market is mainly supplied from the ice fields of Siberia.

Labors of the Blind.—A lady named Miss Sarah Stehley, in Meadville, Ohio, who has been blind from infancy, and earns her own livelihood by knitting, has contributed largely in socks and mittens, dried fruits and preserves, for the benefit of the Ohio volunteers.

To Business Men.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM of its Class, is MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the leading and largest circulated Agricultural, Business and Family Newspaper in America. Business Men who wish to reach, at once, TENS OF THOUSANDS of the most enterprising Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., and thousands of Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professional Men, throughout the loyal States, should give the Rural a trial. As the business season is at hand, Now is the Time for all who wish to advertise widely and profitably, to select the *best mediums*—and that the above is first of its class, many prominent Manufacturers, Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Dealers in Agricultural Implements, Machinery, &c., Wholesale Merchants, Educational Institutions, Publishers, Land and Insurance Companies, Agencies, &c., &c., in various parts of the country, can attest.

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

Moore's Rural New-Yorker comes to us freighted with its usual amount of information, valuable, not to farmers alone, but to all who take an interest in the improvements of the times. For years it has maintained an enviable position as a family newspaper, and we are gratified to learn that its prospects were never better than they are at the present time. We commend it to the notice of those of our readers who take an interest in agricultural and horticultural matters, and, we may add, to advertisers who desire to reach the farming communities throughout the country.

[*From the New York Daily Times.*]

Moore's Rural New-Yorker, published at Rochester, has a very large circulation, especially among the agricultural population of the Northern, Western, and Middle States, and offers a very excellent medium for advertising to business men of this city who desire to reach those sections. It is an able and well-managed paper, and deserves the success it has achieved.

[*From the New York Daily Tribune.*]

We don't care what a publisher charges, so that he gives us the worth of our money. Mr. Moore charges 35 cents a line, and his circulation makes it cheap advertising. We don't know the circulation of the Rural New-Yorker, but we know that it pays us to advertise in it.

Advertisements.