

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. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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AGRICULTURAL.

THE DROUGHT AND THE REMEDY.

The crop of hay will be extremely light in this vicinity and in many sections of the country, on account of the very unusual drouth of May and part of June, and the same cause will materially affect the yield of oats, and some other crops. We have no disposition to create unnecessary alarm, nor do we wish to unite with the large army who are always ready to find fault with the seasons with or without cause, and who never feel so happy as when they can foretell impending ruin, and obtain a respectful hearing for their gloomy prophecies. But the facts are before us. For the past forty-six days we have had but one shower sufficient to lay the dust in the neighborhood of Rochester, and the same is true, we believe, of Orleans and Niagara counties, and a large portion of Canada West. From Maine and other sections at the East we have similar reports. The result, to many of our readers, will be a short crop of feed, which, to say the least, will be very likely to cause inconvenience, and perhaps somewhat serious loss, unless the necessary steps are taken at once to provide a remedy. Fortunately we have plants that mature in a short season, and therefore can be sown after it is ascertained that there is a deficiency in either grass, clover, or the feeding grains, while they furnish no mean substitute for either, with proper management. Even should fears prove worse than the reality, and the harvest furnish an agreeable disappointment, there is no loss in having on hand a little more feed for stock than may be thought actually necessary, as it insures against scarcity from the length or severity of the winter, allows of liberal feeding, which is always good economy, and may perhaps permit the sale of oats or corn that are usually needed to carry stock through the winter and spring.

As a substitute for hay there is nothing we are aware of that can be grown in this country as well as Indian corn. It makes a rapid growth, is ready for cutting so early that it has the advantage of the warm, dry weather for curing, and yields an immense amount of the very best kind of fodder. We have seen corn planted the latter part of June yield a fine crop, and the ground then prepared for the white turnip in season for a moderate yield of this root. If this course is adopted our readers will have little reason to complain, even should the hay crop prove unusually short. There is only one difficulty in curing corn fodder. The growth is so large and the young corn plant contains so much water, that it is almost impossible to cure it on the ground on which it is grown, without the greatest care; and the consequence is that very much becomes heated, and materially injured, while we have seen many lots entirely ruined from this cause. It requires to be spread out quite thin and frequently turned. It is a good plan to cart a portion to some meadow near by for curing, while the barns and out-houses may, for the time, be pressed into the service. This will cause some trouble, but the farmer must always remember that the more profitable labor he can bestow on growing and saving crops the better. The great object with him is not to get along with a little labor, but to make as much paying labor as possible. If he gives a day's labor worth a dollar, and by this means obtains two dollars' worth of corn, or meat, or butter, of course the investment is a profitable one. And yet we see a good deal of that kind of economy which saves labor and loses profits. The best plan to plant corn for fodder, we think, is to sow in wide drills, about six or eight inches in width, allowing space between the rows for the cultivator. Some sow broadcast, and we have known good crops to be obtained in this manner. If the ground is tolerably clean, and the corn is not sown until we have a good growing time, the weeds will very soon be outgrown and smothered. Perhaps the best variety of corn for the purpose is the large Western variety, and this is much preferred by some, as it makes a grand growth during the hot weather of July and August. Some plant our com-

mon yellow corn, while a few insist that the sweet corn makes far sweeter and more nourishing food. It is rather late for ruta-bagas, as the 15th of June is as late as it is desirable to sow, but in well prepared ground, no doubt a good crop could be obtained if planted immediately. If the weather should prove showery for a week or two, as is likely to be the case, after so long a drouth, the late sown seed would germinate rapidly and make a full crop certain. In the turnip family a speedy growth in its early stages, to get it out of the way of insects, and give it a healthy, vigorous start, is essential to success, and therefore seed sown a "little too late" often succeeds best. The roots, too, grown from late sown seed, if not quite as large as they would have been if sown earlier, are usually more sound and keep better.

Any time during July will answer for sowing white turnips, and those who will now go to work in earnest to repair the loss occasioned by the unusual lack of rain during the past six weeks, will not labor in vain, and may find, in the autumn, that they are even better prepared for the winter than ever before. That which we look upon as an evil often proves a blessing in disguise, and it is the part of the wise man to make good come out of evil, and not to submit to adverse circumstances without a struggle. The local press in the various districts afflicted with drouth, in which we find such doleful accounts of injured crops, ruined hay fields, and starving cattle, will do well to call the attention of their readers to this subject as the best possible way of averting the evil.

—Since writing the above, we are pleased to announce that the spell has been broken, and during the past twenty-four hours (2 P. M., June 19th,) we have been blessed with copious showers.

CORN GROWING—SOIL, MANURES, &c.

In the State of Ohio large districts of dark colored soil—river bottom and prairie—are known by the name of corn land, and still larger districts of light-colored upland sandy clay soil receive the appellation of wheat land—corn, spring wheat, and oats, being the special crop of the one, and wheat of the other. The occupants of the wheat farms find it necessary to grow annually a field of that indispensable necessity, Indian corn. If this wheat land, since it was acquired from the forest, has been well managed by judicious rest and rotation with clover and plaster, it will yield, with skillful cultivation, more corn per acre than is averaged where corn is made a specialty. Without barn-yard manure, such land—the previous crop being clover—with ordinary clean and good cultivation, will yield 75 or 80 bushel of ears of corn to the acre. With plenty of barn manure, 100 bushels and upwards; yet, as this crop often is grown, the yield falls to 40 and 50 bushel per acre. What I wish to mark emphatically is, that lands which for a term of years have yielded these small crops are obviously somewhat exhausted, while those lands which have made the larger returns are not, where no barn-yard manure has been used in either case—thus proving to my mind conclusively, the very important fact, that the farmer may by skillful rotation, rest, and cultivation of his soil, draw from the great store-house of nature supplies of fertility. Where all other conditions are observed, the clean and thorough—say extra—cultivation of the growing corn will, on good wheat land, add 20 or 25 bushels of ears to the acre.

I will describe a method of cultivation which I have for years practiced with success. As soon as the corn is large enough, with a light, three-toothed cultivator, pass through the corn two furrows in a row; then cross cultivate two furrows to each row; then commence, as at first, cultivate, two furrows in a row, each day, as much and no more than is wanted for the hoe. With a bright hoe remove the surface soil away from each hill of corn, and supply its place with the fresh, clean, mellow soil, left by the cultivator. After this, at intervals go through the corn three times more, two furrows in a row each time. If a light hand and a horse can be spared in the urgent season of wheat harvest, let the last cultivation be at that time. If no barn manure is used, one good hoeing will suffice; otherwise two may be needed. Now if we say of this cultivation that three times is extra, and that a man, horse and cultivator is worth \$1.50 per day, and that four acres is a days work, it is obvious that 20 bushels of ears of corn added to the crop will cost ready for harvest less than six cents per bushel; certainly cheap corn—certainly cheaper than the lesser crop—fences, taxes, plowing, interest of land, all belonging to that. The labor of hoeing too is diminished—changed from toil to recreation on a balmy June day; and \$1.50 per day in June is desirable wages—itsself a means of living.

By this thorough stirring and mellowing of the soil, it is opened to the creative influences of rain, dew, sunbeams and atmosphere, of which practically the experienced and observing farmer knows so much, and theoretically so little. Influences is the word we use. But I more than suspect that the rain, dew, sunbeams and atmosphere enter and leave behind matter—really and truly matter—or the elements of corn. It is to the farmer who observes and supplies all the required conditions, that nature is prodigal of her bounties; to others not; on the principle that the man whose dish is bottom upward is

not benefited when it rains porridge, notwithstanding he may certify—as H. T. B. once did of a certain piece of land—that said dish had lain out doors all the time.

I will state a fact:—Twenty-seven years ago I cleared from the forest a piece of oak-timbered land, sandy clay, light-colored soil. From that time to the present writing no artificial fertilizer has been applied to it, except plaster and clover. Three times it has yielded thirty and once thirty-six bushels of wheat to the acre. Last year—a very unfavorable year for corn—I obtained from it 100 bushels of ears per acre. At the last cultivation I seeded it bountifully with timothy and clover, and last spring dressed it with plaster, and although since early spring it has been pastured with one horse, three head of cattle and two pigs to four acres, the grass now stands over a considerable part of it knee high; so that I have thought of making a pair of stults, to enable me in the early morning to catch my mare without getting disagreeably wet. I have no doubt that this piece of land will honor my draft upon it, once in three years, for 100 bushels of ears of corn to the acre, and more, without impairing its future ability to do the same, and without other fertilizers than have been heretofore applied.

Much is written about barn-yard manure—and none too much. I use all I have. But what I have obtained from Nature's stores has been infinitely more remunerative. PETER HATHAWAY.
 Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1862.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

CORN YET UNHUSKED.
 A RECENT trip over the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central R. R. disclosed the fact that the husking of the Illinois corn crop of 1861 is not yet completed. We saw husking and planting in progress at the same time in adjoining fields. The bright color of the corn, and the erect position of the stalks, led to the belief—which was afterward confirmed by direct testimony—that it had been quite as secure and as well wintered as that cribbed in the fall. There are plenty of men, however, who would call it shiftless farming.

TWO DAYS ON THE CONFINES OF EGYPT.

A long ride of 250 miles and we—the "Old Doctor" and the writer—were set down at Odin, the junction of the Illinois Central and Ohio and Mississippi railroads, where we were met by my former editorial associate, CHARLES KENNICOTT, now proprietor of the Egyptian Nurseries at Sandow, Illinois. He was bearded like a pard, and habited in "butter-nut-brown," like any other Egyptian. We were soon transferred to the home and "Hope" of our friend, which we found surrounded and embalmed in Egyptian roses, with a background of evergreen and nursery stock, and a drapery of grape, ivy, and wisterias. Four years ago an unbroken prairie; now a quiet, cozy nook, where is built a homestead altar, sacred to all that is good and beautiful. The season of roses is nearly over. There are thousands of blossoms yet that load the air with their fragrance, and attract the attention of the human freight of the passing trains. Many varieties which can only be grown in green-houses in our lake-bound city are hardy here, and grow to a perfection scarce realized in-doors. Egypt is certainly a Persia for roses. Its soil and climate are equally adapted to their production in perfection. And the growth of taste for and love of this chief of flowers and other floral relatives here is rapid and gratifying to all who can appreciate the results which follow such development. JAMES PRICE, a neighbor, glorifies Flora also, and grants her reign supreme over his place. The goddess evidently appreciates the opportunity, and her servitors run rampant all over the premises, and revel with a freedom delightful to their admirers.

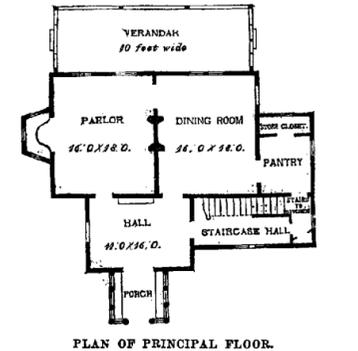
THE SOIL OF MARION COUNTY.

I refer here more particularly to the soil of the prairie portion of this county. It is very peculiar; and its peculiarity is remarked by all who visit it—especially during the dry season. When dry, it filters through the closest crevice, filling the atmosphere about and in rail cars with its particles, to the great disgust and discomfort of neat folk. Wandering through the nursery with father and son, and listening to the paternal commendations and counsel of the one and the filial responses and explanations of the other, I had opportunity to examine with some care this soil, which matures at least double the amount of wood on young stock that is matured in the lake region two hundred and fifty miles north, in the same season, on stocks of the same age. But no satisfactory definition resulted to me from my study. "Doctor," I asked, "define this soil for me." He replied, "It is South Illinois soil—that is about as much as can be said about it. It is unlike any other soil I ever saw. It is as fine as levigated paint. It is not a drift. It is apparently the subsidence of still water. There is no soil I know of more thoroughly disintegrated. It is a clay, containing some lime, perhaps some magnesia." It is plain that there is lime in it; indeed, the Egyptian nurseryman says there is so much in it that it affects seriously the hands of those who work in it. It does not answer to work it when wet, nor

CHEAP RURAL COTTAGE.

Those who have traveled along the Hudson River will never forget the beautiful residences that dot its banks, and we know of no way in which a few days can be spent more pleasantly than in a ramble around Fishkill and Newburgh, and other pleasant places along the banks of the Hudson. To the thousands of our readers who may never look upon these scenes, we give engravings of a Rural Cottage, designed by CALVERT VAUX, and erected at Fishkill Landing, for Dr. DE LA MONTAGNE. It is situated amid quiet, agreeable, home scenery, and commands several beautiful views, both of the Hudson and of the noble hills that rise up at this point from its eastern shore. The approach road near it is picturesquely wooded on both sides, so as to seem more like a wide lane than a common high road; and all the circumstances suggested an unpretending but real rural house.

As the accommodation required was not extensive, there was no necessity for attic bedrooms, and the cottage is, therefore, planned a story and a half high, as it is called, the roof coming down a foot or two below the ceiling line, not, however, so as to interfere with the occupation of the rooms in any way.



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

Although, by this arrangement, the ceilings of the bedrooms are less elegant than they would be if finished off square, as usual, there is one decided advantage attending it, which was fairly illustrated in the case under consideration. The ground in the immediate vicinity of the building site was, as is often the case, somewhat bare of trees, and the proprietor, with great care and pains, moved a number of healthy specimens of larger size than usual, from the neighboring woods. Fortunately these have thriven well for the most part, and the consequence is, that although they are small, and have had only a year or two's growth in their present situation, they have quite an important effect in connection with the house, because it is kept low, and with overhanging eaves, that still further take away the effect of height.

This design was built in a hollow, but the earth taken out for foundations was so arranged that the house, as now finished, stands on a gentle eminence, and the natural impression of a stranger to the facts would be that Nature kindly provided a little bluff for the specific purpose of building the doctor's cottage on. The general effect was materially assisted by sodding the surface in the vicinity of the house, instead of trusting to grass seed. This process is, of course, the more expensive of the two, but if well done, it yields, what is really of importance in a new house, an immediate reward.

The entrance is through a wooden porch, that serves for a veranda on that side. The hall is of liberal size, and is almost as useful as another room, having a window in it commanding a pretty view.

The parlor and dining room communicate with the veranda. A roomy pantry and lock-up closet are provided in connection with the dining room, and a lobby is shut off at the head of the basement stairs; in this is a wash stand, etc. Up stairs are four bedrooms. There is a large garret of good



MAIN ENTRANCE.

height overhead. The kitchen accommodation, etc., is in the basement.

In the chamber plan a projecting dormer window is introduced in the upper hall at the head of the stairs. This supplies a pleasant recess for a chair and table at a window that looks out on a cheerful view; and as it stands out from the main hall some little distance, being supported on heavy brackets, as may be seen on the upper illustration, it casts a deep shadow, even when the sun is high, and gives some additional individuality to the design.

The house is constructed of wood, filled in with brick, and the carpenter's and mason's contracts were taken at \$2,900; the architect's commission for drawings and details, without superintendence, being 3 1/2 per cent. on that amount, viz., \$101.50.

One advantage that is offered by wooden construction is, that picturesque breaks in the plan may be made for less money than they will cost in brick work, because it requires considerable time and care to make a brick corner plumb and true, while a wooden angle can be easily worked.

The exterior is painted in quiet, neutral tints, the main body of the work being of a rather warm gray, while the corner boards, verge boards, window dressings, veranda, and porch, are also of a grayish tint, but considerably darker than the other, and with some brown added to it for the sake of contrast. The stiles of the Venetian blinds are rather lighter than the window dressings, while the slats and the panels of the verge boards are of a cool dark brown. The chimney is painted in two tints, to correspond;



RIVER FRONT.

and as the house is covered with shingles, which soon become soft and pleasant to the eye, the whole effect is free from either startling contrast or wearisome monotony.

In painting a country house the aim should be to give it a cool effect in summer, and a warm effect in winter; and this is not so difficult as might at first be supposed, because all combinations of colors are mutually dependent on each other, and the marked contrast in the appearance of the surface of the soil, the trees, and the sky, at different periods of the year, gives an opportunity, when choosing the tints for a house, to select a happy medium that shall be suited to more seasons than one.

When it is very dry. It bakes and packs hard; yet it is so yielding that it gutters out wherever water runs. There is no gravel in it whatever. The prairie at this point is so nearly level as to require drainage in order to get rid of the surface water in some other way than by evaporation. An early ramble around the grounds of Mr. PRICE, before alluded to, in company with the "old Doctor," discovered so much water, after the recent heavy rains, that the Doctor urged the importance of drainage, saying that it was his opinion the mole plow would operate well here, and be both economical and efficient. "Can't do it, Doc," said PRICE; "it won't work; the soil is too stiff." "But a stiff soil is what is wanted." "Yes. But if you have to use a pick after you get down two feet, and cannot penetrate over two inches at a time with it, what will a mole do?"

"Do?—why it will work well when it is wet—put it in when it is wet." "But it never is wet, Doc, and has not been since ADAM was a little boy!" I quote this conversation, not for the purpose of indorsing the last assertion, but in order the better to indicate the character of the soil, and to give the RURAL reader on those prairies a remedy for the mechanical defects indicated by it.

FLOW UNDER GREEN CROPS.

Splendid fields of wheat—hundreds of acres of it—did we ride past during my two days' ramble with the KENNICOTTS. The best wheat was found where the deepest plowing had been done. This prairie is unlike some of our Northern prairies in this respect. Deep trench plowing does not seem to injure the first crop put on it. And I could dis-

cover no other gain by this deep plowing than that produced by its mechanical effect upon the soil.

was new to me. He has a tin siphon, the long arm of which he inserts in the bung of the barrel, and seals it about air-tight.

WHY HE DON'T TELL HOW HE MAKES STRAWBERRY WINE.

Scores of letters had reached me asking for that recipe, and urging me to hurry it up, for the season is at hand.

He disclaims any wish to monopolize a good thing; but he urges that if he were to give to the public his mode of manufacture, though simple, there are so few of the many who would experiment, who understand the theory or practice of wine making, and would give the necessary attention to details, that the result would be a failure in the majority of cases, and strawberry wine would quickly be brought into disrepute.

RAISING CLOVER SEED.

CLOVER SEED has been raised in this section (Southern Herkimer County) for more than twenty-five years—at first with various success, now seldom with failure. Few localities grow more clover seed. Its cultivation is understood, and is the result of long experience.

We use the "large clover" principally. Cattle are turned in early, and kept in till the fifteenth of June. This should vary sometimes; but a long test has demonstrated that in the majority of cases the middle of June is the point.

The next great point is, to pasture short. The nearer your lot resembles the road the better. You cannot pasture too close. This secures uniformity in ripening—a simultaneous ripening.

When June clover is used, the first crop is cut about the middle of June. I forgot to say that it is indispensable to success that plaster be used. It is sown the next day after the cattle have left the ground. Without the plaster the crop is pretty certain to be a failure. No plaster is used in the spring. This is the successful mode of raising clover seed in this locality.

THE HOMESTEAD LAW.

AN ACT to secure Homesteads to actual settlers on the Public Domain.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his declaration of intention to become such, as required by the naturalization laws of the United States, and who has never borne arms against the United States Government, or given aid and comfort to its enemies, shall, from and after the first of January, 1863, be entitled to enter one-quarter section, or a less quantity of unappropriated public lands, upon which said person may have filed a pre-emption claim, or which may, at the time the application is made, be subject to pre-emption at one dollar and twenty-five cents, or less, per acre; or eighty acres or less of such unappropriated lands, at two dollars and fifty cents per acre, to be located in a body, in conformity to the legal subdivisions of the public lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed: Provided, That any person owning and residing on land may, under the provisions of this act, enter other land lying contiguous to his or her said land, which shall not, with the land so already owned and occupied, exceed in the aggregate one hundred and sixty acres.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land office in which he or she is about to make such entry, make affidavit before the said register or receiver that he or she is the head of a family, or is twenty-one or more years of age, or shall have performed service in the army or navy of the United States, and that he has never borne arms against the Government of the United States or given aid and comfort to its enemies, and that such application is made for his or her exclusive use and benefit, and that said entry is made for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation, and not either directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever; and upon filing the said affidavit with the register or receiver, and on payment of ten dollars, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified: Provided, however, That no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if, at the expiration of such time, or at any time within two years thereafter, the person making such entry—or if he be dead, his widow; or in case of her death, his heirs or devisee; or in case of a widow making such entry, her heirs or devisee, in case of her death—shall prove by two credible witnesses that he, she, or they have resided upon or cultivated the same for the term of five years immediately succeeding the time of filing the affidavit aforesaid, and shall make affidavit that no part of said land has been alienated, and that he has borne true allegiance to the Government of the United States; then, in such case, he, she, or they, if at that time a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law: And provided, further, That in case of the death of both father and mother, leaving an infant child, or children, under twenty-one years of age, the right and fee shall enure to the benefit of said infant child or children; and the executor, administrator, or guardian may, at any time within two years after the death of the surviving parent, and in accordance with the laws of the State in which such children for the time being have their domicile, sell

said land for the benefit of said infants, but for no other purpose, and the purchaser shall acquire the absolute title by the purchase, and be entitled to a patent from the United States, on payment of the office fees and sum of money herein specified.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the register of the land office shall note all such applications on the tract books and plates of his office, and keep a register of all such entries, and make return thereof to the General Land Office, together with the proof upon which they have been founded.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That no lands acquired under the provisions of this act shall in any event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That if, at any time after the filing of the affidavit, as required in the second section of this act, and before the expiration of the five years aforesaid, it shall be proven, after due notice to the settler, to the satisfaction of the register of the land office, that the person having filed such affidavit shall have actually changed his or her residence, or abandoned the said land for more than six months at any time, then and in that event the land so entered shall revert to the Government.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That no individual shall be permitted to acquire title to more than one-quarter section under the provisions of this act; and that the Commissioner of the General Land Office is hereby required to prepare and issue such rules and regulations, consistent with this act, as shall be necessary and proper to carry its provisions into effect; and that the registers and receivers of the several land offices shall be entitled to receive the same compensation for any lands entered under the provisions of this act that they are now entitled to receive when the same quantity of land is entered with money, one-half to be paid by the person making the application at the time of so doing, and the other half on the issue of the certificate by the person to whom it may be issued; but this shall not be construed to enlarge the maximum of compensation now prescribed by law for any register or receiver: Provided, That nothing contained in this act shall be so construed as to impair or interfere in any manner whatever with existing pre-emption rights. And provided further, That all persons who may have filed their applications for a pre-emption right prior to the passage of this act, shall be entitled to all privileges of this act: Provided, further, That no person who has served, or may hereafter serve, for a period of not less than fourteen days in the army or navy of the United States, either regular or volunteer, under the laws thereof, during the existence of any war, or in the service of the United States, shall be deprived of the benefits of this act on account of not having attained the age of twenty-one years.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That the fifth section of the act entitled "An act in addition to an act more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, and for other purposes," approved the third of March, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, shall extend to all oaths, affirmations, and affidavits, required or authorized by this act.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That nothing in this act shall be so construed as to prevent any person who has served or served in the military or naval service of the United States from receiving the benefits of this act from the time of his discharge, or the time to which the same may have graduated, for the quantity of land so entered at any time before the expiration of the five years, and obtaining a patent therefor from the Government, as in other cases provided by law, on making proof of settlement and cultivation as provided by existing laws granting pre-emption rights.

Approved, May 20, 1862.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Is the Pig a Grazer.

UNDER this heading the Maine Farmer says:—If there is any one animal that is omnivorous—that is, one that will live upon almost everything and anything, fish, flesh, grain, or grass, it is the pig. He is carnivorous, granivorous, and graminivorous. We know that he will thrive and grow fat in a corn-field, we know too that he will grow and thrive in a butcher's yard, where he can get nothing but flesh and blood. And to the question whether he is a grazer, we can answer, yes. We have known the hog to live the year round and keep in pretty good order on grass in summer, and clover hay in winter. Our friends in Madawaska, also in other sections of this State, and indeed throughout the Western and Southern States, turn their hogs out to graze as regularly as they do their cattle. Some of them keep them during the winter all or in part on clover hay. Our neighbor Kezer, of Winthrop, used to feed his store hogs on clover hay, crumbled or pounded fine with a flail, and they threw well upon it. A writer in the Country Gentleman last February gave an account of some clover hay-fed swine that were found to be in good condition. "I have seen," says he, "twenty-five shoats, (September pigs,) the present winter, which have been fed on clover hay alone, and they are in good flesh; in fact they are actually in better condition than the average of pigs wintered without good warm shelter, and fed upon grain. The clover fed these pigs was cut on the 4th of July, and secured without a drop of rain upon it, and of course very nutritious. The pigs in addition are supplied with warm comfortable quarters, and have at all times access to warm, spring water." He also adds:—"I once had a neighbor who owned a noted sow, to which he never fed a mouthful of grain during winter, but kept her in a yard with his cattle, and she ate with them the hay, and threw upon it."

Hogs, however, will thrive best on a variety diet, and the opener a supply of good corn meal is found in this variety, the better will they thrive; but corn is not absolutely necessary to keep them in good store order.

Weaning and Fattening Lambs.

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

In this letter I propose to call the attention of sheep raisers to the care which must be exercised in weaning lambs. It is not generally known that, to a great extent, the condition of sheep during life depends on the care that is taken of them at weaning. Farmers, I trust you have more lambs this spring than usual. If so, take care of them. They are valuable. If you separate them from the ewes before the proper time, they will become sickly, puny, and never grow into healthy, thriving sheep. Too little attention is given to this matter by most farmers. Their own convenience, rather than the health and stamina of the flock, is too apt to be consulted. Usually, lambs are far enough advanced at four months of age to be weaned. To do this, inclose them with the ewes in the yard, and having caught them, place them in a well fenced inclosure, out of sight and hearing of the ewes. Let them have fresh grass of sufficient quantity to compensate for the loss of milk, and yet not so rich as to cause

disease by over-feeding. If they are disposed to be wild, one or two tame sheep should be admitted into the fold, which will exercise a taming influence over them. After separating, the ewes should be kept for about a week on poor pasture, to prevent inflamed udders or garget, which frequently ensues. At the end of one week they can be removed again to good pasture land. Meal, or other fattening food, should be fed to those lambs intended for butchering, till the day of taking them to the shambles. If they are to be reared, plenty of grass will answer. Give them salt and water occasionally. After the expiration of three weeks they can be turned into the flock. If not attended to at shearing time, the lambs will become infested with ticks. To kill these, immerse the lamb up to the eyes in a strong decoction of tobacco water.

How to Raise Turkeys.

The following, by a correspondent of the Dollar Newspaper, is copied in partial response to some inquiries recently sent to the RURAL:—Why is it that at least three out of four farmers do not succeed in raising turkeys? With all other poultry they are successful, but turkeys are abandoned by most farmers as too uncertain and troublesome to bother with. Now this is all wrong—for once a person gets the knack of raising these fine fowls, they can raise just as many as they please. So far as I am concerned, I generally raise more turkeys than I know what to do with, and I have turkeys now left over from last season, that will be eaten as we want them. Last winter we fairly revelled in roast turkey—gave quite a number away—sold others, have some, beside the breeders, still left. My plan of raising is simple, and I will give it in as few words as possible.

First, I never allow a turkey to set until about the middle of May. They will commence to lay early in April, but I take their eggs away as fast as laid, and keep them until they lay their second batch, which will be finished about the second or third week in May. I then give her some 18 or 20 of the eggs and let her set. Along about the middle of June she will be off. I then take her, put her with her young on an old barn floor, or other out-building that is dry, and feed on curd and cracked corn. Curd is the best for a continual feed when the farmer has plenty, but cracked corn or coarse meal, mixed with lobbared milk, will answer about equally as well. After they have been in doors for two or three days, or long enough to get fairly on their legs (for the turkey is the weakest of all fowls when young,) I let them out, providing the weather is fine, and there is no dew on the grass. The great reason why people cannot or do not raise turkeys is, because they turn them out as soon as hatched, and about the first setting they get keel over and die. To succeed in raising turkeys, therefore, you must keep them dry until at least ten weeks old, when they will stand as much water as other fowls—geese and ducks excepted. Of course, they must be driven in every night, and on all occasions when a storm is threatening. The reader will at once perceive there is care in all this, but when "Thanksgiving" and "Christmas" come, to say nothing of all the Sunday roasts during the winter, our care is lost in enjoyment, and we come to the conclusion that "turkeys are worth raising."

Improving Old Pastures.

At an Agricultural meeting in Cheshire, England, Mr. RICHARD DUTTON read a paper on the "Agriculture of Cheshire," in which he remarks:—"An old pasture-field, rich in good herbage, should never be brought under the plow, on a dairy or grazing farm, without an urgent necessity. On our best dry soils, old pastures are apt to become rough, and in some cases covered with moss. This may be prevented, to a great extent, by a top-dressing of salt, during the winter, at the rate of 10 cwt per acre; or, in some cases, a good dressing of lime, at the same time freely harrowing the surface; or, what is less expensive, stocking them with sheep, during the winter months, at the same time feeding them with turnips or corn. In a very productive summer, or when a farmer has been unfortunate with his stock, he may with advantage mow such parts of his pastures as can be spared for the purpose. It is superfluous for me to say that, on a very large portion of our grass lands, draining and bone dusting are the great means of improvement. A question of some importance may be asked:—'Are all our clay soils improved by draining for mowing and pasture purposes?' I think not. When there is nothing in the herbage produced, which indicates the presence of too much water, I think draining will add nothing to the fertility of such soils, so long as they are in grass."

Cure for Cribbing.

This disease, (says a correspondent of the N. E. Farmer,) originates from a sour stomach. First caused by a habit of biting the crib while eating, and in so doing, the horse swallows wind, which causes the stomach to become sour. Over eating and drinking would aid in this disease. A horse with this disease is the same as a person who, after eating, belches up wind from the stomach, and will in time become a dyspeptic.

Cure.—Take one tablespoonful of pulverized charcoal, one teaspoonful of sal soda, mix in a gill of corn meal, and give three times a week until a cure is effected, which will depend on the length of time the horse has been addicted to the habit. The horse should be fastened in the middle of the barn floor by a rope from the beam overhead, so that he cannot get hold of anything to bite, and feed him from a basket fastened on the head. It is said by those who have tried it to be a sure cure.

Inquiries and Answers.

COATED WOOL.—I have raised, this spring, three fleeces of coated wool, and assure you that I want no more of it. Will you, or your readers, please to give the cause why wool becomes coated?—L. H. WILSON, Wapori, 1862.

If our correspondent will explain as to the character of the coating—whether yolk, manure, or dirt—we can more readily and understandingly answer his query. He probably alludes to yolk, and if so, referred to the American Shepherd, or any other Standard Work on Sheep Husbandry for information.

REMEDY FOR BLINDNESS IN SHEEP.—I noticed an inquiry in the RURAL of April 26th as to who ever saw or heard of sheep becoming blind when in good order and not over five years of age. I have seen a good many blind sheep of all ages, from three months to ten years old, but never knew of their dying with this disease. My remedy is this: When you are satisfied the sheep is blind, take a sharp knife and cut a gash, so that it will bleed freely, about an inch below the eye; then hold the eye open and the head so that the blood will run in the eye for two minutes; then draw the finger gently over the ball of the eye two or three times, and in a few days the sheep will see as well as ever. This is the first case I ever heard of in America, but where I came from (Scotland) it is quite common.—A. M., Genesee Co., N. Y., 1862.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON AND CROPS.—The "blessed rain" has come at last, and the parched earth is refreshed, with an abundance of the heaven-sent element. On the 18th and 19th we had copious rains, and over an inch of water fell during the week. Another heavy rain commenced on Monday forenoon, and as we write (Tuesday A. M.) there is little prospect of its early cessation. The earth must be thoroughly soaked in all this region, where but little water fell between the 4th of May and 17th of this month. But, beneficial as the rain must prove, it came too late to save grass, or give us good spring crops—especially as the temperature continues low for the season. The hay crop must be very light in sections where the drought prevailed—many say not over half the usual yield. Prices have advanced materially in consequence, and hay will be in demand hereabouts for the ensuing twelve months. "Make hay while the sun shines," and make and save all you can, for it will pay this year. Oats, barley, and other spring crops, have suffered beyond external recovery, and must be comparatively light in portions of this State and Canada West where the drought has prevailed. The wheat crop is very promising throughout Western and Central New York, so far as ascertained, and, with a warm summer and favorable autumn, farmers hope to grow a short crop of corn. Now is the time to make amends for a short hay crop by sowing corn and turnips, as recommended on first page.

—Reports from Canada West continue unfavorable. The Brantford Courier of the 21st says:—"We have had several light showers during the week; but the rain comes down with such apparent reluctance that we fear the crops will receive very little good from it. In addition to the drought, we have had quite chilly evenings lately, and even frosts, which have injured the fall wheat very much. The prospects certainly are very gloomy, for it is generally believed that even an average fall crop will not be realized. However, let us hope for the best; the farmers may be a little mistaken."

THE SEASON IN THE WEST.—Chicago, June 14, 1862.—Considerable rain has fallen in different parts of the West since my last; and a portion of the week we have shivered with good fires and winter clothing. The week closes brilliantly, so far as the weather is concerned; and croaking at a decline. The terrible breeze that was created through the local journals about the devastation of crops by the chinch bugs, &c., has subsided. As intimated last week, it requires but a half acre of wheat plowed under for a base for a great bug-swo story about ruined crops and a terrible panic among producers. There is no doubt that the chinch bug will continue to feed on the wheat of slovenly farmers; and perhaps on that of some prim farmers who are their unfortunate neighbors; but it does not follow that the world will starve in consequence. A recent trip in the country enabled me to see fine fields of wheat, oats, flax, corn, potatoes, and sorghum. I noticed many fields on which the crops told as plainly as any spoken language that the grain had been sown when the ground was in bad condition—the weeds were as abundant and more luxuriant than the grain—the latter yellow and sickly. But as a rule, the crops are very promising.—C. D. B.

SHEEP-SHEARING FESTIVAL.—We are indebted to Mr. O. M. ADAMS, of East Bloomfield, for an account of a Wool Growers' Festival which he attended at the residence of JOSHUA C. SHORT, in Livonia, Livingston Co., on the 3d inst. Mr. A. says the day was unfavorable for such a gathering, and "may who brought sheep declined having them sheared on account of the inclemency of the weather—among whom were Mr. ROGERS, of Mendon, and Mr. HAMILTON, of Richmond, but both agreed to publish the weight of their fleeces as soon as sheared." The subjoined table embraces name and residence of owner of each sheep shorn, the weight of carcass after shearing, weight of fleece, age of the sheep, &c.:

Table with columns: Owner, Residence, Age, etc., Weight of Carcass, Weight of Fleece. Lists sheep owners and their flock details.

WOOL CLIPS, SHEEP, &c.—WM. ROOT, of Bennington Co., Vt., on the 10th ult. clipped 187 9-16 pounds of wool from fifteen yearling ewes.—HAWLEY FARMER, of the same county, on the 14th ult., sheared 125 1/2 pounds of wool from ten yearlings. They were of Spanish Merino blood, and the extremes of fleece were 14 1/2 to 10 1/2 pounds.—J. H. MORRISON, of Moultonboro', N. H., has a sheep 3 years old, which has had twenty-five lambs. When about one year old, she had two lambs; the three succeeding years she had three each year; the fourth year she had four at one time; the next year after she had three lambs; the next three; the present year she has had four more.—The aggregate weight of nine Spanish Merino fleeces taken off the 2d of May by A. H. WILSON, of St. Johnsbury, Vt., was 99 1/2 pounds. The fleece of a two-year old weighed 16 1/2, and that of a yearling 13 1/2 pounds.—A great Wool Exhibition, open to all the United States and Canada, is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, next September.—Only 113,111 sheep are reported in the last census of Massachusetts, showing a decrease of more than 75,000 since 1850. The decline is attributable to the dogs, 17,000 of which were licensed last year.

GOOD HORSES IN DEMAND.—Since the opening of the war thousands of horses have been sold from city, village, and country, for army purposes, thus diminishing the supply and increasing the prices of horses for ordinary service. More will be wanted for the army, and so many will be killed and crippled that the number of horses in the country will be materially lessened. We therefore think the breeding of good horses will pay better than usual for two or three years. On this subject the Wisconsin Farmer sensibly remarks that "it is inevitable that horses should be in greater demand than for years before the war. Immense numbers will be killed, crippled, and used up, while the uses to which they have been accustomed to be put, will be in no respect diminished. It would be well to breed extensively, and from horses of the best blood. The policy which prompts so many of our farmers to employ cheap 'stock horses' is of the same class with that which would recommend an inferior quality of seed because of a less price. It costs no more to raise a fine animal than a mean and worthless scrub."

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS, &c.—The Annual Exhibition of the Tompkins Co. Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held on the Fair Grounds, in Ithaca, Sept. 24—26, 1862. The officers of the Society are: President—Col. HENRY BECKER. Vice President—A. B. CORNELL. Secretary—A. N. HUNGERFORD. Treasurer—O. B. CURRAN.—The Annual Fair of the Dundee Union Ag. Society (Yates Co., N. Y.), is to be held at Dundee on the 16th, 18th, and 17th days of Oct. next.

EXPORT OF BRASS-STUFFS.—It is printed that during the first week of this month the enormous amount of one million four hundred and thirteen thousand four hundred and eighty-four bushels of grain, and thirty-five thousand four hundred and thirty-two barrels of flour, were shipped from New York for Europe, the most of it going to Great Britain.

SEYMOUR'S GRAIN DRILL, advertised in this paper, is a good "institution"—as it is, also, BEARDSLEY'S Hay Elevator. The "Universal Chances Winger" is highly commended by wise women, who ought to know whereof they affirm. The advertisements of Farms and Farming Lands in Michigan and Illinois are worthy the attention of those seeking fertile acres in good localities. See, also, the advertisements of Standard Works published by the APPLETONS and MERRILLS.

BUT IT IS A FRUIT COUNTRY.

And the farmers who have been here a few years unite in saying that fruit farming is the best occupation here. There is ample evidence that fruit culture is profitable—that apples, pears, peaches, and grapes, may be profitably cultivated. Large peach orchards have already been planted by St. Louis, New York, and Chicago men, who have purchased land here for this purpose. A large number of large orchards have been planted the present season. I visited one orchard of six hundred trees, four years old past, which produced its first crop last year, clearing its owner, I was informed by Mr. KENNICOTT, at least fifteen hundred dollars net. These are not large figures—and other men more than double them—but they will answer for the first crop. The trees are now loaded with fruit, and if nothing prevents its maturing, it will yield a large revenue the coming harvest.

THE MOUND FARM ORCHARD.

That the apple and the pear are not short-lived here, and that the trees thrive with great vigor and produce well, is proven in one instance by a large orchard on an elevated part of the prairie, called the Mound Farm. Here, on the summit of the mound, is an apple orchard, said to be thirty-five years old, which contains trees the trunks of which are more than two and one-half feet in diameter. This orchard bears marks of great abuse, and yet very many of the trees are healthful and loaded with fruit, yielding a supply to the whole country for miles around, whose inhabitants journey hither to gather it. I have measured bearing pear trees in this county nearly as large and quite as old, on which large crops have been grown regularly for many years. I know of no locality in this State, I think, where there are more indications that the pear will prove profitable than in this county of Marion.

PEAR ORCHARDS SHOULD BE PLANTED.

And, notwithstanding this fact, I find few who are planting them. Dwarfs are ignored, at least distrusted, and standards make so tardy a return that those who plant fruit plant the rapid-growing peach, which yields its fruit quickly. But it seems to me there is not enough importance placed upon the fact that the pear always brings a good price, is not so perishable, if the late fall and winter varieties are grown, and sells at better prices, because there is less competition in its production. They are a sure crop, and orchards of dwarfs are productive here.

TRAINING RASPBERRIES.

Black Cap raspberries grow here. On canes which had been shortened in from one-third to one-half of last year's growth—main stalk and laterals—there was more fruit, of larger size, than on the unpruned canes, and the growth of new wood the present season was proportionately greater. The difference was marked. The shortened canes stood erect, occupied less ground, and were every way better. Mr. KENNICOTT urges the adoption of the practice as profitable in all cases.

A SPLENDID PEACH ORCHARD.

I learned that E. SIMS, of strawberry wine notoriety, was located at Fonti. I determined to visit him. We found he had broken forty acres of prairie one year ago. Twenty of it had been planted in peaches; and my professional companion united with me in declaring it the finest orchard of thirty-two hundred trees of its age we had ever seen. Mr. SIMS is evidently of the class who find it cheaper to do things right in the first place. He has adopted a mode of preparing his land for planting which the more ancient Egyptians will do well to imitate. He had thrown it up in beds sixteen or eighteen feet wide, and planted on the center of each bed, eight or ten feet apart, forming quinconx squares. The dead furrows had been cleared out with the spade. Last year, after planting the peaches, he planted strawberries over the greater portion of the field, four or five feet apart, intending to allow them to spread, and make plants for further planting. He is now gathering fruit from the strawberries, and at the same time forking the entire surface deeply. The peach trees were shortened in a third or a half this spring, and are making a healthy and vigorous growth of wood. I learned little of the varieties planted, but so far as habit, growth, and culture are concerned, call this a model peach orchard.

ABOUT STRAWBERRY WINE.

The Wilson's Albany berries that he was gathering were being shipped to Chicago and other markets. This, he said, was not his wine plantation. He had not intended making any wine here. But he found the McAvoy's had been injured by recent rains, and were not in condition to ship. He was therefore expressing the juice therefrom, and making a few barrels of wine. It was merely a saving policy which induced him to ship his Wilson's and squeeze his McAvoy's. He regarded the Wilson's the better berry for wine—said a bushel of Wilson's would yield three and a half gallons of juice, (or make three and a half gallons of wine, I am not positive which,) while a bushel of McAvoy's would only yield three gallons. It is his impression that there is no berry like the Wilson for wine, or any other purpose. We saw the crimson juice running from the press; and beyond that we learned little of the process of wine manufacture from Mr. SIMS. He did tell us that he could retain for his wine the strawberry color or not, just as he chose. His wine is of the color of pure amber. He expresses the juice as soon as possible after it is gathered. If he desires to retain the color of the fruit, he lets it remain sometime after it is picked before expressing it.

Another thing which may be of service to amateur wine manufacturers, is his mode of excluding air from the wine during fermentation, and yet allowing the escape of the gases. It may not be new, but it

HORTICULTURAL.

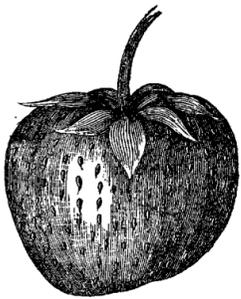
THE STRAWBERRY.

The strawberry is at least one of the best and the most popular of our small fruits. It just suits the impatience of our people, who cannot wait long for a crop of fruit. Planted in the spring it gives a fine crop the next season, and even if the young plants are set in the summer, the next spring shows a medium crop, while the second season the bed is in perfection. The great difficulty with the strawberry is, it gives a fair yield of ordinary fruit without much care, and this encourages neglect, so that we seldom see a strawberry bed that receives proper care, and very little superior fruit. We have always urged that no fruit would better pay for good care than the strawberry, and that it is great folly to allow the beds to run into a mass of plants, where culture is impossible, and no protection afforded against weeds, except the occupancy of the soil by the plants. Always have we been satisfied that more quarts could be grown on a given space, if the plants were kept free from runners, and the soil kept mellow and clean, than in the ordinary way, while the fruit, from its superior quality, would bring nearly double the common price in any market. But this plan many of the largest growers for market have condemned as too troublesome, and very many have thought that the yield would be small. Latterly, however, strawberry growers have begun to adopt our views, and now many who have a score of acres of strawberries, find growing in hills, with clean culture, altogether the most profitable system.

On the 25th of this month, the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York held their summer meeting in this city, and we presume the subject will then be discussed, while we anticipate a good show of fruit, and perhaps something worthy of especial note.

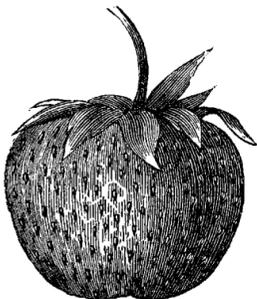
The *Triomphe de Gand* and *Wilson's Albany* are now the most popular varieties in this section. The latter, though not superior as to quality, is of good size, and is so productive as to make it a favorite with growers for market. Its color, being so dark, is a little objection, for unless sold soon after being picked, it is a dull, miserable looking fruit. We have seen hundreds of baskets brought from New York this season that were sorry looking things. The *Triomphe de Gand* is a beautiful large berry, of fine color, excellent quality, a good bearer, though not so much so as the *Wilson*, and if well grown, will bring one-third more than any variety cultivated here. All the new and most of the old varieties are cultivated here to some extent, but the above are the most popular.

The past week we have received two new strawberries, one from the vicinity of Pittsburg, Pa., and another from Auburn, in this State, and both are large, fine in appearance, and may prove desirable acquisitions.



UNION STRAWBERRY.

This is the name of one of the seedlings forwarded us by ELGIN K. BRUCE, of Wilkins, near Pittsburg, Pa., and of which we give an engraving taken from one of the specimens received. In color it resembles *Burr's New Pine*, and its fragrance was somewhat similar, though the fruit was so much injured when received that we could not judge of its quality. Mr. B. says in a note, "the plant is a more vigorous grower than any variety I cultivate, and each plant requires six feet of space. It produces well."



RUSSELL'S PROLIFIC.

For a fine dish of seedling strawberries, the best we have had this season, of any kind, we are indebted to G. CLAPP, of Auburn, N. Y. This seedling was raised by H. RUSSELL, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and certainly is a fine fruit, and of extra size, and the largest specimens are said to measure six inches in circumference. The drawing gives the form and also the size of medium specimens. The color of this fruit is excellent, being a bright scarlet; it is tolerably firm, and in quality very good. Mr. CLAPP informs us that it is an excessive bearer, exceeding even the *Wilson* in this respect. If this should prove to be the case, it will be a very popular fruit for all purposes. It looks somewhat like *Victoria*, is as fine in flavor, as showy, and much earlier.

J. J. THOMAS, one of the editors of the *Country Gentleman*, has been on an excursion to Pennsylvania, and writes as follows of strawberries in Philadelphia:

I attended the monthly exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. The storm raging at the time and throughout the day, reduced the exhibition of fruits and flowers, as well as the attendance. There was a small but excellent collection of strawberries. Among them I observed dishes of the Hooker, the berries of which measured an inch and a half in diameter, and others of different known sorts as large. Downer's Prolific proves valuable here, and the berries have a beautiful appearance—several members informed me that it would probably nearly or quite equal *Wilson's Albany* for productiveness. *Scarlet Magistrate* is good, the berries usually about an inch and a fourth in diameter, but I was told that the shortness

of the fruit stalk, causing the berries to rest on the ground, was a serious objection—one side of nearly every berry was pale colored, in consequence of lying on the ground. I saw the finest dish of the Peabody I have met with; the berries averaging an inch and a half in diameter. Its unproductiveness, unless very carefully cultivated in stools, condemns it for common culture. The Secretary of the Society, however, informed me that by the best attention, he had raised at the rate of 4,000 quarts per acre, or 120 bushels, which is about one-third or one-half that of the *Wilson*. The *Fillmore* is regarded here as a valuable sort—the berries are borne well up on stout stems, the plant hardy, vigorous, and productive. The berries which I examined averaged over an inch in diameter. The *Lady Finger*, which in form much resembles *Scott's Seedling*, but is sometimes much coxcombed, is considerably cultivated. A dish of the *Alice Maude* was perhaps the finest looking of all, but a variety that will not bear a pint on a square yard, must be rejected. Among several new sorts, the *Abington Blush*, a seedling of the *Wilson*, with very light colored flesh, excited considerable attention; but I could not judge of its quality. The *Triomphe de Gand*, as nearly everywhere, is highly esteemed, although often but moderately productive.

CURL IN THE PEACH LEAVES.

OUR attention has been called to the fact that statements have been published this spring, in many journals, charging the aphids with being the cause of the curl of the peach leaf, and a correspondent, unable to find evidence of an insect, although watching almost constantly during the progress of the curl, is in some doubt on the subject, and thinks the insect must be so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. We have not the least idea that the curl of the peach leaf is caused by any insect, although Prof. HARRIS thought it was occasioned by an aphid, and Mr. DOWNING agreed with this opinion.

If we have a mild spring, and the temperature is tolerably even, there is not little curl, but one day of cold rain or cutting wind will produce curl in every orchard. The orchards that are sheltered by hills or woods, are found to be less exposed to curl, and the trees on the exposed side of an orchard will be more injured than others. As a general thing trees that are in sheltered gardens suffer very little. These facts seem to point to the cause of the curl most emphatically.

THE CURRANT WORM REMEDIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—If any one wished to gain a hearing, what better subject could be selected (always excepting the war) than the currant worm, especially just at this time, when housekeepers begin to depend on their favorite fruit for "sauces." He who can offer "a sovereign remedy for the alarming pest," deserves a Major-Generalship in the army which have this spring set themselves to resist the progress of this destroying foe. Let me give you a bit of my experience. The worms first made their appearance here last summer, and beyond cutting off some of the leaves where they were the thickest, just for the sake of seeing them burn, I did nothing to hinder their ravages; and as they came late, they did not destroy the currants. But now they have begun so much earlier in the season—and, by the way, are about the only thing that is early—that I thought something must be done, or I should have no currant jelly this year. So I was glad to see in the *RURAL* that "Col. CUYLER of Cuylerville" had found out how to get rid of them. I thought he ought to know whether they had really "evacuated" or not, and therefore treasured up the information till this morning, when, armed with a basket of bits of leather, a paper of sulphur, and a pan of coals, I made an advance on the enemy, but, to my disappointment, they did not "drop" as fast as I expected. I then held the twigs over the pan, and beat them till they did let go their hold. They burned to death, just as if there were no leather and sulphur on the coals. This was slow work, and I grew discouraged; but a neighbor came along and told how they smoked theirs out with brimstone, covering the bushes with a carpet. Hope revived, out came the carpets, and the sulphur was used more freely, but it did not seem to make much difference. If the worms were close enough to the pan, it did end their days—not otherwise. I was called away a few minutes, the leather blazed up, and lo! a "sovereign remedy" indeed, and for a good reason—there will never be any more leaves on that bush for them. I shall "rest on my arms" awhile now. If on renewing the attack, it should appear that the enemy had made a "masterly retreat," I will surely let you know. Now for "Uncle LEVI." His remedy looks a little like catching fleas, and pulling their teeth out to prevent their biting; but if he can do the work in as little time as he says, I would invite him to Wyoming county, where he can make a fortune by taking the whole job. I hope my experience will not discourage any, but this is my candid opinion. PHARAOH might as well have tried to destroy the *Kee* that covered the land of Egypt, as we the currant worms.

A WYOMING COUNTY READER.

WELL, that is just about as we expected. "A Constant Reader" will remember that we stated some weeks since that there are a great many sure remedies, but in the end the worms are victorious in almost every case. So we have given up publishing sure cures, though a dozen have been handed us during the past week or two. One gentleman states he can entirely rid his bushes by dusting them with common land plaster; another has the same success with coal ashes; still another uses lime water with a syringe; and one with a long face informs us that he killed all his plants by soaking them in kerosene oil, as recommended—no very great loss. The course we would recommend is to destroy all the old bushes, and to keep only a few of the youngest and best—that is, if the owner is prepared to give time enough to kill every insect as fast as it appears. If not, it is far better to destroy the whole, for no fruit will be obtained as long as the worm prevails; and it is very foolish to keep a great lot of plants, just to furnish them with food and afford them good facilities for propagation.

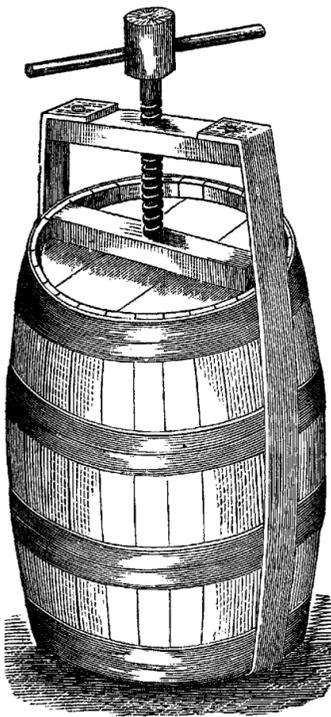
AN ENEMY IN THE ORCHARD.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—To all readers of the *RURAL* who have young orchards, I say LOOK SHARP! Those who have newly set trees are advised to look sharp, and examine them, for the enemy is there, or may be, destroying the tender leaves and shoots, thereby causing them to look decidedly bad, to say nothing about the permanent injury hereafter. Having set a new apple orchard

in the spring, and noticing the leaves on many of the trees withered and turned red, I concluded the continued dry weather was the cause, but on "looking sharp" I found from one to three suspicious looking caterpillars on each tree, gnawing away at the tender leaves and branches, leaving a small web in many places where they had been at work. I find on examination that when the leaves are partially destroyed they "secede" for another tree, leaving the blighting appearance behind to assure us that they do seriously injure the young tree in the most critical period of its existence, for the leaves of a tree just set are its very life. Remove these a few times and the tree will surely die.

I have examined each tree and branch in my young orchard, and as I have no "conscientious scruples" about the death penalty, all that were found suffered its painful, but necessary infliction. Again, I say, "look sharp," and remove the enemy from your young trees, and that immediately, if you desire quick returns and large profits for the money already invested in trees. J. L. KENNEL. Chili, June 18, 1862.

The insect, of which we received several specimens with the above, is a measure-worm of some kind, but is new to us, and we can find no description of it in the works of FITCH or HARRIS.



GILL'S PATENT FRUIT PRESSER.

OUR engraving represents an improved Fruit Presser. For facilitating the packing and pressing of apples, potatoes, &c., it is a very handy and desirable article—the best for the purpose within our knowledge. It has been thoroughly tested by many fruit growers and dealers in this region. As shown, the Presser is attached to a barrel, as when operated, and needs no particular description. See advertisement in this paper.

CARE AND TASTE IN PLANTING.

A GREAT deal of care and some taste is necessary in planting grounds, or our choicest treasures become evils, and those things which give much of grace and beauty to our grounds, prove a great injury. Persons are apt to have a special passion for particular classes of trees—some are fond of evergreens, and their grounds have a sombre, formal appearance, from the large number of this class of trees planted, while others are delighted with the weeping trees and obtain every variety possible, and give to their place a melancholy aspect far from agreeable. These trees should be used with caution. Mr. BARRY gives the following excellent advice on this subject, which we commend to all who are planting ornamental grounds:

There is something so attractive and so graceful in the character of drooping trees, that they arrest the attention of persons who would scarcely bestow a glance upon the noblest and rarest trees of the ordinary upright habits of growth which prevail among the mass of forest trees. A Weeping Willow, common though it be, never fails to elicit admiration. In the hands of a skillful, judicious planter, no other trees are more effective in giving variety, character, and expression, to a landscape; but they must always be used sparingly, and with the exercise of good taste and a great deal of foresight. We have known persons so captivated with the elegance of the Weeping Willow, as to plant half a dozen immediately around their dwellings, stamping them at once with the character of mansoleums, more than that of the habitations of living beings. It is equally in bad taste to plant largely of trees in which any particular character prevails to a striking degree. At certain points on the Hudson, the tapering *Arbor Vitae* is so thickly planted in some grounds that one can see nothing else. These, the stiffest, most artificial-looking, of all other trees, should be planted with the greatest caution. While two or three might produce a fine effect, entire groves or masses of them become monotonous or disgusting.

It is quite obvious that weeping trees, to produce any effect, must be pretty well isolated; for their streaming side branches are the source of their peculiar grace and elegance. This points out the jutting edges of groups of trees, and the open lawn, as their appropriate situation. The Willows have a particularly fine effect on the margins of streams, ponds or other bodies of water. Those with stronger branches, such as the ash, elm, &c., are well adapted to forming arbors, and are much employed for this purpose. All the drooping trees are considered appropriate ornaments to cemeteries; the mournful expression which their drooping habit conveys, certainly renders them fitting objects for this purpose.

Inquiries and Answers.

MAKING PATENTED ARTICLES.—Will you please inform me through the *RURAL* whether it is considered an infringement of a patent for an individual to get up for his own private use an implement which proves to be made on the same principle with one that is patented?—A. C. Jr., *Kimmswaddy, Marion Co., Va.*, 1862.
No one has a right to manufacture a patented article, even for his own use.

COBEA SCANDENS.—Can you inform me through the columns of your valuable paper whether a nine-inch pot will give sufficient space for a plant of the *Cobea scandens* to thrive and grow well during the winter? The plant is new to me, and having obtained some of the seed, I wish to save one or two for winter. A reply will much oblige—H. C. G. RIPLEY, N. Y., 1862.

The nine-inch pot will answer, if you have no larger, but it would be better to give more room.

BEST STRAWBERRIES.—Will you please inform me which are the best three varieties of strawberries for farmers to cultivate, and the best time to transplant them? An answer to the above inquiries will greatly oblige—A. YOUNG FARMER, Greene Co., N. Y., 1862.

In another column will be found all the information required as to the best varieties of strawberries. In addition to those named, some earlier sort should be grown, either *Early Scarlet* or *Jenny Lind*. The best time now to set out strawberries will be as soon as the young plants now forming are well rooted, perhaps the middle of July, depending somewhat upon the weather. In the spring will do, but then you will have no fruit next season.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES.—Will you be so kind as to give me the details of putting up strawberries in air-tight cans so they will keep through the year, preserving the berry entire? I understand the principles—heat and an exclusion of air—but fear I should fail, as some of my neighbors have, in the application. I am cultivating a small quantity, and hope to have more than I shall want during the berry season.—OTIS AYER, *Le Sueur, Minn.*, 1862.

Some persons find it difficult to keep strawberries, though they succeed with other fruit. In the first place, if you wish to make a safe thing with your strawberries, you must give up the idea of "keeping the berry entire." It is of very little consequence in mid-winter, when you have a dish of delicious strawberries as fine in flavor as though just taken from the plants, whether they are whole or a little mashed. The strawberry is so tender that it can be taken to market in the right condition only with the greatest care, and of course the handling and heating required to preserve them properly will bruise them. Strawberries require to be well heated, and if they boil gently for some minutes, all the better. Put in sugar sufficient to make them palatable, and let it boil with the fruit. Unless boiled a little, the fruit is apt to fade, and become of a lilac or clay color. Seal up, when hot, carefully, and as cooling proceeds, watch and see that the corks and sealing are all right, and that no air is entering the jars. As soon as any defect is noticed, add a little more of the sealing composition.

Horticultural Notes.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

In conformity with a resolution adopted at the last meeting of this National Association, the undersigned, President thereof, gives notice that its Ninth Session will commence in the Hall of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, corner of Washington and West streets, Boston, Massachusetts, on Wednesday, September 17th, 1862, at 12 o'clock, noon, and will continue for several days. At this Horticultural, Pomological, Agricultural, and other kindred institutions in the United States and the British Provinces, are invited to send delegations as large as they may deem expedient, and all other persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are invited to be present and to take seats in the Convention.

The present season promises to be the most propitious for fruit that has occurred for many years, and it is anticipated that the coming session, which takes place at the same time with the Annual Exhibition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, may be made one of the most interesting which has ever been held by the Society. All the States and Territories are urgently invited to be present, by delegation, at this meeting, that the amicable and social relations which have heretofore existed between the members of the Society may be fostered and perpetuated, and the result of its deliberations, so beneficial to the country at large, be generally and widely diffused.

Among the prominent subjects to be submitted at this session will be the Report of the Special Committee appointed to revise the Society's Catalogue of Fruits, and thus to accord uniform names to the different sections and districts of our country. The various State and Local Committees who have not already made their Reports on the Revision are therefore solicited to forward them, without further delay, to P. BARRY, Esq., Rochester, N. Y., Chairman of said Committee. And it is further requested that all other Reports, which are by the by-laws made returnable to the General Chairman of the Fruit Committee, now deceased, may also be addressed to Mr. BARRY, as aforesaid.

Members and delegates are requested to contribute specimens of the fruits best adapted to their respective districts—to furnish descriptions of the same, their mode of cultivation, and to communicate whatever may aid in promoting the objects of the Society and the science of American Pomology.

Each contributor is requested to come prepared with a complete list of his collection, and to present the same with his fruits, that a report of all the varieties entered may be submitted to the meeting as soon as practicable.

All persons desirous of becoming members can remit the admission fee to THOMAS P. JAMES, Esq., Treasurer, Philadelphia, or the President, at Boston, who will furnish them with the Transactions of the Society. Life membership, ten dollars; biennial, two dollars.

Packages of fruits may be addressed as follows, "American Pomological Society, care of MASS. HORT. SOCIETY, Boston, MASS." MARSHALL P. WILDER, President.

THOMAS W. FIELD, Secretary.

NEW PETUNIAS.—Notwithstanding the introduction of many fine English and continental varieties, seedlings raised by our own cultivators fully equal if they do not surpass them. Mr. DOUG, recently gardener to C. Copeland, of Wyoming, has sent us two or three of his own raising which surpass any we have seen of the single blotched sort. The flowers are large, well shaped, and conspicuously marked, while the habit is robust and good. We shall give descriptions of them in a future number.—*Honey's Magazine*.

Our climate seems just suited to the *Petunia*, and no European varieties that we have ever seen begin to compare for size, beauty, and substance, with the fine seedlings of ELLWANGER & BARRY, of which we made mention last session.

DIANTHUS VERSCHAFFELTII.—This new hybrid has recently flowered, and proves to be a really beautiful plant. It will undoubtedly prove to be perfectly hardy, under ordinary garden culture.—*Honey's Magazine*.

We have this new Pink now in flower in the garden, and have no doubt it will prove quite hardy. It is rather small, and particularly so when compared with the varieties of *Hedwegii*, single, with dark reddish center and white edge.

AN INJURIOUS INSECT.—The Hartford papers say a black insect, very prolific, is badly injuring the trees and shrubs in that city. It is hatched out of eggs laid on the under side of leaves, in quantities absolutely enormous, and curls up the foliage, and even the stems and small branches, so as to almost ruin the tree. Cherry trees are in some cases covered with these insects. Various remedies have been tried without effect. Chloride of lime, it is said, will kill them.

LYDIA GRAPE.—In the *Ohio Farmer* Mr. F. R. Elliott thus writes:—"It is now the largest, earliest, and best white or light-colored grape, of which the vine is perfectly hardy, that is now known; and it will be extensively grown when the Cayuga is thrown aside as worthy a place only in large collections."

LARGE APPLE FROM A POT PLANT.—At a meeting in October last of the London Royal Horticultural Society, a Northern Spy apple, from a potted plant in an orchard-house, was exhibited, weighing thirty-six ounces, and measuring fourteen inches in circumference.

NEW PEAR.—British Queen, raised by Mr. Ingram, from *Maria Louise*, is highly spoken of in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*. Fruit medium, pyriform, of a warm red color next the sun, and flesh sweet, juicy, and melting.

LATE FROST.—We see some ill effects of the late frost in this section, and hear a good deal of complaint from various localities. At Lyons, Wayne county, on the night of the 15th, ice formed to the thickness of an eighth of an inch.

NEW LILAC, "Dr. Lindley," introduced by M. Van Houtte, has the flower-spikes eleven inches long, and the flowers brilliant purple and of fine texture.

Domestic Economy.

A BATCH OF LEMON PIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—"JESSIE" wishes to know the best method of making lemon pies. I have tried a good many, but found none as good as one in the *RURAL* of July 23d, 1859, as follows: The yolks of four eggs well beaten; three tablepoons brown sugar; one of water, and the grated rind and pulp of one lemon. Line a plate with rich crust, pour in the mixture, and bake till done. Beat the whites of four eggs light, with four spoonfuls of double refined white sugar, pour upon the top of the pie, bake four minutes longer, and you will have a delicious pie.—L. R. L., *Lamberton, Wisconsin*.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Noticing "JESSIE'S" request in the *RURAL* of the 14th inst., I send you the following recipes for lemon pies, both of which I know to be good: The grated rind and juice of one large lemon; the yolks of four eggs; one tablespoonful of melted butter; eight tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar. Beat together and spread it on a good crust with a knife; then bake. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, and add two spoonfuls of pulverized loaf sugar; place it on the pie, and bake a light brown. Another Way.—The grated rind and juice of one lemon, one cup of sugar, one egg, two-thirds of a cup of water, and one tablespoonful of flour.—IMO. M. BRADON, *Chestnut Hill, N. Y.*, 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Please insert the following recipe for the benefit of "JESSIE": Grate the yellow rind of one lemon, (do not use the leathery skin next the pulp); chop the pulp fine, taking out all the seeds; add one egg, one cup of sugar, one of water, a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut, and eight small crackers, rolled very fine. Beat all together. Use both under and upper crust. This will make a large pie.

Another.—Prepare one lemon as above, using water, sugar, ten crackers would be better than eight, and the yolks of three eggs. Beat all thoroughly together. Line a large pie dish with a rich crust, (no upper crust needed); pour in the mixture, and let it bake slowly until well done. In the meantime, beat the whites of three eggs to a standing foam, mix through it eight spoonfuls of fine white sugar, and when the pie is done, pour this over, and set in the oven and brown over evenly and quickly. This quantity will make three dozen tarts, which are more trouble but very nice.—M. S., *Romulus Center*, 1862.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, grated or chopped fine; three eggs; one cup water; one cup sugar; table-spoonful flour. Add the yolk of the eggs, well beaten. Beat the whites to froth, and put with it a little juice of the lemon and white sugar, and when the pie is done spread it over top and let stand in oven a moment.—MRS. W. A. H., *Friendship, N. Y.*

HOW TO PICK STRAWBERRIES.—It has often occurred to us the usual method of picking and sending strawberries to the table is by no means the best that could be devised. In taking off the stems and calyx, the berries are much bruised, and their appearance by no means improved. In the case of small berries there may be some excuse for removing the calyx, but all large berries should be placed on the table with the calyx and a portion of the stem. They should be eaten one at a time, and each person allowed to apply sugar and cream or not, to suit his taste. We hope to see the day when strawberries will be grown with such a happy combination of flavor and sweetness, that no auxiliary in the form of sugar will be needed to make them palatable; sugar, indeed, smothers and destroys the natural flavor of the fruit. We already have berries sufficiently large to fill any mouth of decent dimensions. In regard to marketing, there can be little doubt that berries with the calyx on will sell more readily than others; they can certainly be sent to market in better condition.—*Horticulturist*.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.—This is an exceedingly delicious dish, although a little like painting the lily; for the strawberry is too luscious in itself to require any of the aids of cookery. We give it, not for the benefit of our dyspeptic readers—for we warn them against it—but for those who can eat hot cakes for tea, and cannot dispense with strawberries while they are in season. The cake should be made like soda biscuit, rather richer, but very light, and baked in a round tin about the size of a dinner plate. Immediately upon taking it out of the oven split it in three parts, and spread them with butter very thinly. Have your strawberries prepared by covering them with sugar. Spread a thick layer of these upon one of the slices of the cake, and pour over them the richest cream that you can procure; then add another layer of the short cake and another of strawberries, as before. Cover the whole with the remaining slice of the cake, add some cream and powdered sugar, and you have a dish that would tickle the palate of an epicure.—*Exchange*.

RHUBARB SIRUP.—The aperient qualities of green rhubarb, and its conduciveness to health being now so well known, its usefulness does not admit of a doubt; but allow me to remark it is best used in the form of a sirup, eaten with plain bread, as are all cooked fruits; and not with pastry, especially by invalid persons who have bilious constitutions. Pastry is like strong drink—it only serves to indulge the appetite, rather than to impart to it any real good, causing secretions in the stomach beyond their natural order. To make rhubarb sirup is simply to cut it in small pieces, simmer it over a slow fire one hour with a very little water; or it may be baked in a jar, then strain it and add sugar to suit the palate. When it is young it is, like apples, unnecessary to be peeled. If sweetened with the best of sugar (loaf is the best) it will, if preserved air tight, and set in a cool place, keep good for many months, and will be found to be pleasant and refreshing at all times and seasons.—*Gardener's Chron.*

RECIPE FOR CEMENTING KEROSENE BURNERS TO LAMPS.—Take equal parts of ashes and salt, and water enough to make a thick paste, but yet it must be soft. Then put it into the part of the burner that goes on the lamp; fit it well to the top of the lamp. When done, set it in as hot a place as the lamp will admit for six hours. Use no other salt but the barrel salt, for the fine will not make it hard.—B. P. D., *Robert's Corners, Jeff. Co., N. Y.*

TO PREPARE GREEN CORN FOR WINTER.—Cut it from the cob without scalding, and spread on plates. Keep it as near the stove as possible, and stir it often. It will dry quickly and keep well. When preparing it for the table, it is much better to change the water after it has soaked half an hour.—H. G. C., *Ripley, N. Y.*, June, 1862.

Ladies' Department.

THE BABIE.

NAR shoe to hide her tiny toe, Nae stockings on her feet, Her supple ankles white as snow, Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress of sprinkled pink, Her double dimpled chin, Her puckered lip and baumpy nose, With nae one tooth between.

Her een, sae like her mother's een, Twa gentle liquid things; Her face is like an angel's face— We're glad she had na wings.

She is the budding of our love, A gifte God ha' gien us; We munna love the gif' o'w'r weel, 'Twad be nae blessing to us.

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

FAMILY PICTURES:

FROM THE DAWN OF LIFE TO HEAVENLY DAY.

DAWN.

A RED, low-roofed farm house. Lofty elms before it, sweep their long branches against the windows. Little MADGE stands in the doorway, shading, with one tiny brown hand, her eyes from the sunlight.

"You are kind to me, REUBEN; I like you," say the sweet small lips as they part to receive a berry. REUBEN'S coarse clothes are ill-fitting and patched, but REUBEN is a little prince, and he knows it.

MORNING.

Again the farm-house. It is evening. A youth and maiden pace back and forth beneath the elm trees. Sometimes they emerge into the full moonlight, and again they vanish among the deep shadows.

"Will you walk evermore beside me, darling MADGE," he whispers, "through all the lights and shadows of my life?"

She lifts to his her tender eyes. "Unto death," is her low reply, "and beyond—in the eternal world—evermore."

NOON.

A matron, among whose dark hair shines here and there a thread of silver, stands beside a man whose head is bowed upon his hands. She clasps her arms about his neck. He shudders, "O MADGE, to lose all, now that we are getting past our noon-tide! Oh, why did you marry me?"

"To walk evermore beside you," is her low reply. "Our life is a success. We have God, each other, and our little ones."

REUBEN clasps her to his breast. "You are right, darling; he who has thee need fear no earthly ill."

EVENING.

Grandmother sits in her arm-chair. Her children's children play about her head. Grandfather, opposite her, leans his white head upon his trembling hand. He is thinking. He lifts his head and looks at grandmother. His eyes are dim.

"Can you tell me," he asks, "what became of that lovely MADGE HARPER whom I knew so long ago?"

Grandmother sobs. "He forgets me, his own love," she cries. She steadies her voice to make reply. "MADGE married a good, true, tender man, named REUBEN GRANT. They were very happy, for they loved God and each other. Now they draw near to the eternal day."

Grandfather muses. "Were they successful," he asks at length; MADGE and her husband? "Yes, dear; for they walked through life together, and were at peace with all men."

TWILIGHT.

A winter night. The snow drifts and piles high against the windows of the old farm-house. Within they walk softly and speak with hushed voices. AZRAEL has come for grandmother; grandfather went a year ago. The aged one reclines upon her bed; she leans her head upon a blooming young girl—another sweet MADGE. Her eyes are uplifted; the angel of peace abides with and blesses her.

"Grandmother," says young MADGE, bending low, "we think you are nearly done with earth; you are almost home."

"Thank God! Pray for me, that I may enter in, and walk evermore with my REUBEN—with JESUS, the Lord of all."

HEAVENLY DAY.

There are two vacant chairs beside the fire in grandmother's room; two graves side by side in the old burial ground; two walk together yonder—on the other shore; and faith is lost in sight, hope in full fruition.

WIFE VS. LADY.—It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his "lady," or to register their names upon the books of a hotel as "John Smith and Lady," or to ask a friend "How is your lady?" This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term wife is far more beautiful and appropriate and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of "my husband," "my gentleman," or suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman." The thing would be absolutely ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady; and we marvel this latter term is not absolutely tabooed in such a connection, at least by intelligent and educated people. It ought to be left for the exclusive use of the codfish aristocracy.—Providence Post.

EFFECTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.—The celebrated Benjamin West related that his mother once kissed him eagerly, when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister; and he adds,—"That kiss made me a painter."

A FRIENDLY GREETING.

DEAR RURAL:—We send thee joyful greeting from our evening fireside—our rural home; unfeigned congratulations for thy rapidly increasing dissemination, ardent desires for thy continued prosperity, and the unanimous gratitude of our domestic circle, for the inestimable information that we have acquired from thy ever munificent pages.

If you have ever for a moment imagined the multitude of anxious, waiting hearts that are rendered so very happy at your reception, the effect must have decidedly diffused a style of pleasure and attractiveness throughout your columns. Moreover, does not this idea sometimes contribute to accelerate your arrival among us, at the close of each week, that impatient ones may be the sooner gratified. And surely the many bright eyes that your coming renders still more brilliant, and the many exclamations of hilarity, such as, "The RURAL has come," "I speak for the RURAL," have not entirely escaped your notice, but must have inevitably filled your kind heart with genuine pleasure.

United thanks from the farmers of our vast country for thy exertions and influence in behalf of Agriculture, and for promoting in some degree its enterprising adherents to that enviable station in society which their sturdy industry and honest, well-principled hearts adapt them to occupy so advantageously. Ever may thy pages remain as exempt from licentious literature and political controversies as at present. Ere the breaking out of the "Great Rebellion" among us, thy resolute adherence to neutrality won illustriously the favor of the People, thereby in a measure extending thy circulation. But now, when prompted by feelings of true patriotism—as every American periodical should be—staunch loyalty and "ever true to the Union," stand pre-eminently among other important topics. Though this fact will doubtless occasion the suspension of many of thy former subscriptions, we are confident that so large a place has thou in the hearts of our Union citizens, that by them thy own virtuous principles, will be admirably sustained. Thou hast indeed proved thyself to be the Farmer's and Mechanic's friend, the Ladies' universal favorite, the Youth's lucrative and entertaining companion. Our Home would indeed be lonely without thee. Our imagined destitution only serves to enhance our commiseration for that Home Circle that is never enlightened by the influence of the RURAL.

Townsendville, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1862.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is to a woman at once the happiest and saddest event of her life; it is the promise of future bliss raised on the death of the present enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, companions, her amusements—everything on which she has hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness and for pleasure.

Her parents, by whose advice she had dared to impart the very embryo thought and feeling; the brother who has played with her, by turns the counsellor and the counselled; and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate,—all are to be forsaken at one fell stroke, every former tie is loosened, the spring of every action is changed, and she flies with joy into the untrodden paths before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond and grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipation to the happiness to come. Then woe to the man who blights such fair hopes? who can treacherously lure such a heart from its peaceful enjoyment and the watchful protection of home—who can, coward-like, break the illusions which have won her and destroy the confidence which love had inspired.

SOCIETY.—The pleasure of society depends more upon females than any other. Gentlemen expect to be entertained, children are out of the question, and therefore it rests upon woman what society shall be. The pleasure of an evening's entertainment is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget that their own identity is to be lost in the efforts to make every one at ease. That is the great secret of true enjoyment. Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or a social circle, where every person's neighbors appear like an iceberg and the whole atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and, by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy and yet dignified cordiality that ever characterizes true geniality. As a lady aptly expressed it, the hostess is a key note, and upon her depend the concord of sweet sounds and the sweetest of the melody.

HOME COMFORTS.—Wealth is not essential to neatness. We have visited a large, showy house, in disorder from cellar to garret—nothing homelike, nothing inviting; and on the other hand we have seen a low log cottage, whitewashed outside, and embowered with roses, a model of neatness and comfort inside, with its white window-curtains, and every article of furniture handsomely arranged. This was owing to the excellent house-wife. But while skill and labor within are so important in this great element of high civilization, namely Home Comfort, the surroundings of the house under the care of the owner, should never, for a day, be forgotten.

Remember—the highest mark of civilization is attention to domestic comforts, domestic happiness, and to elevating the condition and character of the female members of the family.—Country Gentleman.

UNMARRIED LADIES.—The single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much, likewise, of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important as the married female. The utilities of each are different; but it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly feeling, and discreditable to every just one, to depreciate the unmarried condition.

HOME can never be transferred, never repeated in the life of an individual. The place consecrated to parental love by the innocence and sports of childhood, is the only home of the human heart.

Choice Miscellany.

GEVIE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY TYNG ABLISIGH.

SHE stands amid the sunny hours, All fragrant with June's early flowers, And with a look not sad nor gay, Sees this year dawn, that fade away.

Not sad, because the Future seems The promised land in youth's fair dreams; Not gay, because the year that died Had in it such a bloom and pride.

This wisher wishes thus for thee: That this new year as dear may be As the sweet birds, the summer's pledge, Now thick in every happy hedge.

Star of her birth, so shine and pray, That she may oft renew this day, Till, when the lengthened shadows creep, He giveth His beloved sleep.

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

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

We spoil life by anticipation and retrospection. Only the Present is ours, and we waste it in weak regrets for the Past, and anxious apprehension or childish longing for the Future. Those of us whose disposition is to brood over future possible ills, suffer more, in the course of our lives, from such fore-casting of evil than from all the griefs we are actually called to endure. We gather together in imagination the great trials we are likely to experience if we should live to the common age of man, and, in the aggregate, they are so overwhelming that life seems altogether insupportable, and we could almost be glad to quit this mortal existence at once, and so end our troubles forever. But, remembering that we live but one day at a time, that whatever sorrows may be in store for us, each day can bring only its own, we take courage to meet the future with its mingling of weal and woe.

Again, thinking that the period we look forward to with such expectation of happiness may never come, that only the pleasures of the passing day are certainly our own, we learn to estimate the enjoyments of the present, however simple, at a truer rate, and to find entertainment in the small everyday events of life. That each day must be lived through—that not one can be passed over to make the time shorter between the dull, common-place present and the glowing future—that one day at a time fills up the measure of life—these considerations suggest the importance of each individual day, and show us what a poor, shallow estimate of the value of time is that which reckons the day of no account unless marked by some special joy or grief. The past that cannot be recalled, and the future that we may not live to see, are certainly not our chief concern. Memory brings experience, and Hope furnishes incitement, but the lessons of the Past and promises of the Future, are of worth principally as applied to the duties of to-day.

Real efficiency does not consist in the power to crowd the efforts of three or four days into one. Extraordinary exertion demands extraordinary rest. Moderate, continuous labor is more productive of results than the strength that exhausts itself in special endeavors, and requires days to recover from the fatigues of a few hours uncommon application. Neither does a life of true happiness depend upon those ecstasies of enjoyment that make up the pleasure seeker's existence. Extravagant elevation of spirits is usually followed by equal or greater depression. Alternations of immoderate joy with corresponding excessive grief do not afford an average of happiness equal to that attending a middle life of even, rational enjoyment. Our best days, our days of greatest content and of most profitable use of time, are those in which no unusual event occurs to distract the attention from ordinary duties and pleasures. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," enough also be its joy.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1862.

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

"THE OLD MAN."

I PITY the father whose children speak of him thus:—The Old Man! Yes he is old, yet how little while ago he was young and buoyant, and life looked bright before him. To-day his step is feeble and uncertain, his frame has lost its vigor, his eye is dim. He sits alone in the corner, he hears joyful voices around him, and their echo awakens sweet memories in his now sad heart. He is again a child at his mother's knee. A mother's love encircles him—her soft hand rests upon his forehead as he murmurs his evening prayer. A little later and her blessing follows him as he goes forth to the world to make for himself a name and place therein. With strong and manly arm he toils; success crowns his efforts—a home and fireside of his own are won. Love lights up his humble abode—a loved one kneels beside him around the family altar.

Time passes. His heart is gladdened with the prattle of his first-born. He remembers—oh! how little while it seems—when that little heart beat lovingly against his own. How proudly he watches the expanding of that budding intellect. Oh! what can he not do and endure for his boy—his WILLIE! Years pass. Other heart-treasures have brightened his home—some of whom were among the "early, called," and beside their little graves is a larger one now. The best loved—she who walked by his side, making lighter every burden and sharing every joy—she, too, has left him forever. He is alone now—only his children's love is left him. On them he leans, to them he turns for solace and comfort for a little while—but alas! to them, whom he loved and toiled for and cherished so tenderly, he is only "the old man." He knows this—knows he is an intruder in the home of his first-born! No wonder the tears well up as he sits in the corner; no wonder he longs to rest with the departed. God pity him, and comfort him with His love, which is the only all-enduring.

LINA LEE. Sherburne, N. Y., June, 1862.

'TIS HABIT THAT MAKES OR MARS US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no flake that is added to the pile produces sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest huris the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the evidence of truth and virtue.

NO PLACE FOR THE BOYS.

Does it not seem as if in some houses there is actually no place for the boys? We do not mean the little boys—there is always room for them; they are petted and caressed; there is a place for them on papa's knee and at mamma's footstool, if not in her arms; there are loving words, and many, often too many, indulgences. But the class we speak of now are the schoolboys, great, noisy, romping fellows, who tread on your dress, and upset your work-basket, and stand in your light, and whistle and drum, and shout, and ask questions, and contradict. So what is to be done with them? Do they not want to be loved and cherished now as dearly as they were in that well-remembered time when they were the little ones, and were indulged, petted and caressed. But they are so noisy, and wear out the carpet with their thick boots, and it is so quiet when they are gone, say the tried mother and the fastidious sister and the nervous aunt; "anything for peace sake;" and away go the boys to "loaf" on street corners, and listen to the profane and coarse language of wicked men, or to the unsafe ice, or to the railroad station, or the wharves, or the other common places of rendezvous of those who have nothing to do or no place to stay.

But it is argued that there are few boys who care to stay in the house after school, and it is better they should play in the open air—all of which is true. We argue for those dull days and stormy days and evenings, all evenings, in which they wish to stay in, or ought to be kept in, and in which if kept in they make themselves and everybody else uncomfortable. We protest against the usages of those homes where the mother is busy with her sewing, or her baby, and the father is absorbed with the newspaper in the evening, which he never reads aloud, and the boys must "sit still and not make a noise," or go immediately to bed. They hear the merry voices of other boys in the streets, and long to be with them; home is a dull place; they will soon be a little older, and then, say they, "we will go out and see for ourselves what there is outside which we are forbidden to enjoy." We protest against the usages of those homes where the boys are driven out because their presence is unwelcome, and are scolded when they come in, or checked, hushed and restrained at every outburst of merriment.

THE POWER OF READING.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good, by Cotton Mather." It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to the little book." Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet, "The greatest good of the greatest number." There are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls. In things of less moment reading has a wondrous power. Geo. Law, a boy on his father's farm, met an old unknown book, which told the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home after many years' absence, a rich man, and gave great sums to all his relations. From that moment George was uneasy, till he set out on his travels to imitate the adventurer. He lived over again the life he had read of, and actually did return a millionaire, and paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the press gang. The story about little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the cherry tree has made many a truth-teller. We owe all the Waverly Novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's Sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley, in the Spectator. But illustrations are numberless. Tremble, ye who write, and ye who publish writing. A pamphlet has precipitated a revolution. A paragraph may quench or kindle the celestial spark in a human soul—in myriads of souls.

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

THERE is nothing which we contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that has crept into it, there are a thousand occasions on which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it was, and what it will be hereafter. We consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building, where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of those advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

SELF SACRIFICE.—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate, whom we can make better as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist with which you were about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue, about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination, that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden; for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.—Horace Mann.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

Sabbath Musings.

SABBATH.

BY J. BLANCHARD.

ABOVE all vanity and sin, How high and pure the holy Sabbath stands, As if within the hollow of his hands Our kind and All-wise Father held it in.

How soft, how pure, how calm and free from care, From all the days of strife and toil before, Oh, let us turn and open its golden door, With clean washed hands, upon the hinge of prayer, C. C. Adypple.

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

WHAT ARE WE LIVING FOR?

A TRAVELER passed along a smooth, level road, which wound through beautiful farms, by the side of quiet streams, over hill and through dale. His attention was entirely engrossed with the new and lovely scenes which burst upon his view, and all careless and heedless he pursued his way, not once thinking whether he was going; and the shades of evening found him in a strange country, and without a guide.

We are all travelers; and many, many, like this person, pass along through Life, never thinking of their journey's end, or stopping to ask the solemn question, "What am I living for?" Are we placed in this beautiful world merely to pass away time as we choose, not casting a thought of the valued Future way beyond? No! indeed! we all have a mission to perform—a great, high and holy work to accomplish.

A few glide smoothly down the stream of Life in fairy barks, enjoying the golden sunshine, the fragrant breeze, and "music of each singing bird," and do not try to help the poor shipwrecked beings around them. Oh! what a selfish life! How widely different from what He intended. "It is not all of Life to live." As we journey, we should scatter flowers around the pathway, place cooling drinks in view, and arrange shadowy arbors, that those following may be regaled by the sight of beauties, refreshed by cooling drinks and strengthened by rest. We can do this. Are not encouraging smiles and kind sympathizing glances flowers which bud and blossom in the genial soil of Love and Hope? And do not gentle words often refresh the heart of the sad and despairing, even like a cooling drink to the weary, heated traveler? And do not acts of kindness, and deeds of mercy, strengthen us all?

"Not mighty deeds make up the sum Of happiness below, But little acts of kindness Which any child may show."

We may think it but little we can do, to make the world happier, wiser, or better, but who can tell the influence of kind deeds and words?

A word of Hope was gently spoken to a poor, sorrowing one, all sad and discouraged, and like a ray of sunshine penetrated the despairing heart; and looking through the leafless boughs of shattered hopes, she caught a glimpse of blue sky and shining stars, and thankfully, joyfully, a hymn of thanksgiving and praise ascended on high from lips before used to murmur and complain. The influence of a word may be felt for ages, aye, through all eternity.

"Oh! I thought at random cast, Ye were but little at the first, But mighty at the last."

Let us, then, with hopeful hearts, and calm, earnest souls, pass on through Life, trying at all times to do good, leaving the result in the hands of Him "Who doeth all things well." H. H. Englishville, Mich., 1862.

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.

WE are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but, if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket, in the spring, builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him; but when he hears the sound of the plow a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart falls him. The plow comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up; and as he is rolling over and over, without a home, his heart says, "O, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plow, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plow; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is gone to ruin.—Beecher.

A CHEERFUL ATMOSPHERE.

LET us try to be like the sunny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable—even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good—to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent—not entirely a matter of great energy—but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.—Country Parson.

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS.—The worldly way of greatness leads through self, and is self-seeking. God's way leads through the seeking of others' good—the good of the world—the good of mankind. The one makes self the aim and end; the other makes self merely the instrument of another and a higher end. Under the influence of a true ambition, one offers up his whole being, with all its forces, as a gift of God, to be used in his service. The one imprisons the soul, and gives it over to all servitude of the passions; the other enables it by bringing it to the love of nobler themes and things; and it works purity and magnanimity.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



The Union of lakes—the union of lands—
The Union of States none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the Flag of our Union forever.—MORRIS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 28, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Battles in the Shenandoah Valley.

The correspondent of the New York Times, writing from the "Battle-Ground of the Cross Keys," June 9, gives the following account of the late engagements in the Shenandoah Valley:

In a former letter I gave you an order of battle. Gen. Stahel, who, with his brigade, had the left, asked permission to advance. It was given him. He advanced, driving the enemy's outposts through a thin belt of woods and over an open wheat field into quite a thick woods. It was while crossing this wheat field in pursuit that his own 8th New York regiment suffered such loss. The enemy, ambushed in the wheat on the edge of the field, behind the fence and in the woods, suddenly revealed themselves by a terrible fire that cut down nearly the whole of the advance. In accordance with their usual tactics they then gave way, and Stahel drove them back at the point of the bayonet until he found his brigade with its batteries nearly surrounded. They pressed around the guns, but the pelting storms of grape and canister, with the rifles of my brave "Bucktails," who were detailed to the support of the batteries, held them at bay. Stahel's command then fell back, at first in some confusion, but finally in good order, and took position on the open ground, expecting the enemy to follow, but they preferred the woods and made no pursuit.

Milroy, in the meanwhile, who had the center, pressed steadily forward from the ground where he first took position, planting his guns each time nearer and nearer the enemy's batteries. His artillery delivered its fire with a precision truly remarkable. I went over the ground where the enemy's guns were planted, and it was furrowed with our shot and shell as with a plow, and where one battery stood I counted twelve dead horses. Milroy's infantry deployed through the woods, taking advantage of a deep gully to cross a wheat field, where they were exposed, and charged gallantly up the hill where one of the opposing batteries was planted, cutting down the gunners with their fire. Had they been supported I think they would have captured a battery. They made the crest of the hill too hot to hold, on the part of the enemy, and held their position until recalled.

Schenck was disposed on the right, to support Milroy and Col. Clusiret. The latter had the extreme right and the advance. But our right wing, with the exception of Clusiret's little brigade, did not get into action, nor did Steinway, who had command of the reserve. Jackson's reserve was kept shifting from wing to wing during the engagement, as occasion demanded.

By 4 o'clock our whole forces were again in position, and had the enemy only chosen to attack, I imagine his rout would have been complete. But it seems only to have been his intention to hold us in check until his baggage train could cross the river, for he commenced crossing it while the engagement was still progressing. In the morning he had driven back Shields' advance from an attempt to burn the bridge; in the afternoon he came to the support of Ewell in the affair with us. Of course no accurate knowledge of the force opposed to us can be obtained, but it greatly exceeded ours. Jackson's army proper numbers from 20,000 to 25,000 men. In the action he had two brigades each on his right, center, and left, with a brigade in reserve, that he kept in constant motion along his line.

With all his preponderance of numbers he was actually afraid to give us a fight. Our men were foot-sore and worn down by much marching, little sleep and few rations. But I really believe we came very near whipping his whole force. Could Stahel have been supported—the fearful belt of fire to which he was at first exposed, had been crossed, and we were then fighting on equal footing in the woods—I think we would have driven his right back on the river. And Milroy's gallant little brigade, if bolstered with an additional one or two, would have broken his center and taken at least one battery. But no one imagined he was going to retreat in the fashion he did, and it offered more chances of success to induce him to attack us than to go blundering through the woods blindly. Had we brought our whole reserve into action, and been defeated, the consequences would have been disastrous in the extreme. We were in an enemy's country, exposed to an attack from every quarter, our supply trains could be cut off at any moment, and among these woods and mountains, our little army, if dispersed, would have been captured, man by man.

As the affair went, it may be summed up thus: The enemy had every advantage of position, numbers, knowledge of the country, and of compelling us to become the attacking party. Our superiority in artillery was the only thing that went to place us on anything approaching equal terms. If not a victory on our part, it at least was not a defeat.

We held our own so well in the affair that many of us incline to think that, had we pushed it more on the aggressive, we should have won a complete victory. But the policy adopted by Gen. Fremont was the wisest and the best; disaster was guarded against, and only an indisposition on the part of the enemy to continue the battle brought it to an end without any actual result being obtained. Had he rushed in and hurled his little command like a bolt into the middle of the army opposed, to have it buried up and captured bodily, the old Missouri howl would have been revived, to echo through the mountains. Some day the public will learn how small the force actually is with which we have been chasing Jackson down this valley, and then it will only wonder that he did not turn and rend us.

Yesterday morning, June 10, we again marched in Jackson's wake, reaching the banks of the South Fork of the Shenandoah at this place a little before noon. The bridge had been fired some two and a half hours previously, and we found only its charred and smoking remains. A long wagon train was visible in the distance, at which we threw a number of shells, but only to the depletion of our ammunition boxes. Quite a large force lay over in the valley, within easy range, which was at first set down as Shields'. But it seemed singular to me that Jackson should have placed his train thus in the rear, and near an enemy, without any guard, nor could I exactly see why Shields should be so tardy in communicating with us. It now turns out that it is a portion of Jackson's army that confronts us. We are laying down a pontoon bridge, and the most intense eagerness is manifested among our boys to be over and at them. I repress my enthusiasm; for it is just dawning on my mind, that however anxious one may be to chase an enemy, it is sometimes a very unfortunate thing to overtake him, especially when, as in the present instance, he chances to be the biggest.

Orders came from headquarters this morning, June 11, at two o'clock, to pack up our pontoons and fall back with all possible celerity. I suspect that something is wrong. Shields, according to all stories, was whipped by overwhelming numbers yesterday morning, a few miles below Port Republic. A prisoner we have captured, who was in the affair and wounded by a shell, says Shields made a splendid fight, and drove them steadily back until they brought up their whole reserve, and crushed him by superior numbers. He says he has been in about all the Southern fights, but has not before seen anything "so little and yet so hot." It seems to be well established that Jackson has been reinforced by Longstreet and Smith. Any way, if Shields, as rumor says, has been ordered back, we have done the wisest thing possible.

The river is fordable below, and we might have found a large inimitable force in our rear, and our supplies cut off at any inconvenient moment. There has been bad generalship somewhere in permitting Jackson to escape, but it does not rest with this Department.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—An officer who was in the battle of Port Republic, doing duty in the advance of General Shields' brigade, has just arrived at Washington. He says he received orders not to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah. Our entire loss in the fight, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, did not exceed one thousand. One hundred and fifty-six of our men were killed and three hundred wounded. The regiments engaged in the fight were the Seventh Indiana, and the Fifty, Seventh, and Twenty-ninth Ohio.

The Object of Stonewall Jackson's Raid.

RELATIVE to the object of the late raid of the rebel Jackson into the valley of Virginia, the *National Intelligencer*, which, being a leading journal at the seat of Government, probably hears what is not transmitted to the journals of other cities, says: The incursion of Jackson into the Valley of the Shenandoah has introduced into the whole campaign in Virginia a disturbing element of considerable magnitude. It has diverted large masses of our men from movements which, we may presume, would have otherwise greatly accelerated the march of the events that are to bring about the final overthrow of the military power of the insurgents. It has, we may suppose, delayed the advance of Gen. McClellan, by depriving him, for a time, of the re-enforcements he expected to receive, and which the Government was preparing to send.

We are well aware that all this involves merely a question of time. But the value of time, important in all things, is most important in the conduct of military enterprises. What if it should turn out that this diversion created by Jackson's raid was a part of the general policy of the campaign, as remodelled by the insurgents to meet the new posture of affairs growing out of what was a few weeks ago the foreseen and now the actual loss of the Mississippi Valley. Gen. Beauregard was charged with the defense of that valley. When he saw that this was impossible after the fall of New Orleans, and in view of the conquering progress of our gunboats up and down the Mississippi river, may he not have sought to transfer his best troops as speedily as possible to Richmond, the next great seat of war, where as yet all was not lost.

And for this purpose he would naturally seek to gain time by such erratic demonstrations as Jackson's, and by leaving a portion of his forces to keep up, as best they may, the appearance of military resistance to the advance of Gen. Halleck. Is it not possible that Gen. McClellan may yet be called to contest with a portion of Beauregard's army, as well as with that already gathered under Gen. Johnston, or his successor, for the possession of Richmond? We have hitherto given but little credit to the probabilities arguing in favor of this hypothesis; but, in view of the facts before us, it now seems to us that this is at least an eventuality for which it would be prudent to prepare, and one which the Government should therefore take into calculation, unless it has information to satisfy it as to the groundlessness of these surmises.

Bold Dash of Rebels in McClellan's Rear.

THE rebels have made a bold dash in McClellan's rear, in the vicinity of Old Church, capturing a few prisoners, destroying some property, and killing several of the teamsters and soldiers. The object of the raid is said to have been the destruction of bridges, though this was not accomplished. The correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post*, under date of the 14th, gives the following account of the affair, which we presume will make us a little more watchful in the future:

During the past three weeks two squadrons of the Fifth regular cavalry have performed picket duty on the right rear flank of our army, their beat extending for a distance of six miles in the vicinity of Old Church and the Pamunkey river. A detachment of this force, under command of Lieut. Leib, observed the rebel cavalry yesterday while on a reconnoitering expedition beyond Old Church, and immediately fell back, sending to Captain Royall information of the approach of the enemy. Captain Royall instantly collected all the force at his disposal—small enough at best—and advanced to succor Leib's party. On the appearance of the rebels our handful of men made a bold charge, driving the vanguard of the enemy until they reached the main body, when Royall retired, closely pursued by the rebels. This severe conflict, fought chiefly hand to hand, checked the movement of the enemy, and Capt. Royall sent messengers to the rear to apprise Gen. Cooke of their peril.

Meanwhile the rebels advanced until they had reached Old Church, where they made great havoc among our abandoned camp equipage, burning tents and company property, and hoisting the Confederate flag on a pole, near the tavern. Our wagons had fortunately been removed before their arrival. Lieuts. Davis and Morton, of Rush's cavalry, were captured.

No re-enforcements having yet come to the relief of our men, they were compelled to continue their retreat in the face of overwhelming numbers, and the rebels emboldened by the success of their bold dash into our lines, moved on towards Garlick's Landing, taking the direct road. By this time a heavy column of rebel infantry, 2,000 strong, had come up the river road, accompanied by two pieces of artillery. Garlick's Landing, towards which this force was moved, is a new forage station, established at a point on the Pamunkey river, four miles above the White House. The rebels arrived there at six o'clock in the evening, and made a fierce attack upon a party of our teamsters who had been left unprotected and were not expecting any such hostile demonstration. Fifty wagons stood around the forage sheds, taking in loads, while the mules, turned loose, were browsing quietly. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the rebel cavalry galloped upon the crowd, slaughtering the defenceless teamsters without mercy. Seven of our men were killed, and many were carried off as prisoners.

After this feat the rebels attacked the forage sheds, seized the contents and burned the buildings, and then, having done all the mischief they could do, went off for a new adventure in the direction of White House.

At ten o'clock in the evening their forces appeared at Tunstall's Station, on the railroad, where they cut the telegraph wire, fired on a train of cars and stopped it, and went on a general "rampage." Still we had no force to oppose their progress. A brigade of Pennsylvania troops was in the rear, but at too great a distance to learn of the arrival of the enemy until the damage had been done. As soon as their presence was known, our men attacked them, and they ran without waiting for a fight, taking the road towards Baltimore Cross Roads. This was the last seen of them. These sudden dashes, and the vim with which the rebels did their work, were reported by the frightened teamsters, who made their escape by a brisk use of their legs and skill in dodging through the woods. A terrible panic was created at Old Church and White House; the sutlers, teamsters, civilians and hangers-on, making a bee-line for the rear of the army and staying for nothing in their flight. Many persons have suddenly discovered that Fortress Monroe is a secure retreat, and are seen no more within the army lines.

A fruitless pursuit was made by our cavalry, the rebels dividing their force and probably crossing the Pamunkey in detached bodies. It has since been ascertained that the whole rebel force consisted of two regiments of infantry, two pieces of artillery and 14 companies of cavalry. What has become it, nobody knows. In camp, the affair is called a "mysterious movement," and it was certainly bold if not mysterious. So far as we can learn, our loss is ten or twelve killed, twenty or thirty wounded, and fifty taken prisoners. The following privates of the Fifth Cavalry are known to be killed:—John Curran and William Max, Co. B;—Croel, Co. C;—Carey, Co. C, wounded and prisoner. Most of the men belong to company B, which was on picket duty.

Spirit of the Southern Press.

THE *Richmond Whig* of the 14th instant has an article which rejoices over what it is pleased to call the defeat of Milroy, Schenck, Banks and Shields, by Stonewall Jackson, and the "wide reaching and important bearing" this alleged defeat—or rather series of discomfitures—has had on the war. It says that all the forces above named were to have been concentrated, according to the plan of Gen. McClellan, upon Richmond, while Burnside was to have made a demonstration against that city on the south, in conjunction with the fleet on James river. The *Whig* says: "The plan was a gigantic one, and, in all probability, would have succeeded, but for the masterly movements of Jackson, completely paralyzing the valley force, and compelling McDowell to detach a large portion of his army to save Banks and Company from demolition, and their capital from capture. Thus left without co-operation and speed, McClellan is afraid to strike. Within sound almost of the church bells of Richmond, within sight almost of the long coveted treasure, a sudden discomfiture strikes him, a cold tremor seizes him, and he skulks and hides himself like a craven in the dismal marshes of the Chickahominy—one day sending to Washington a braggart and mendacious bulletin of what his invincible army has done and is about to do, and the next bawling with all his might for re-enforcements. For the present, at least, he is cornered by the bold dash of Jackson—the next move should be a checkmate."

THE *Richmond papers* continue their cry against extortioners, who demand high prices for food, while thirty miles distant the same articles are at quite moderate rates. The authorities are urged to get in supplies, and if they do not move speedily, the *Whig* says "there will be want in our midst before midsummer," and it also says: "With the cutting off of railroad communication on the east and north by the enemy, and the monopolizing of the roads south and west by the Confederate government, it must be evident to every one that the people can do nothing toward getting provisions to the Richmond market in any abundance, especially when the wagon roads are impassable with mire. As the enemy draw their lines of communication, the need will become greater as the chances of reaching the country are lessened."

THE *Richmond Examiner* thinks that the North has little room to exult over the possession of New Orleans or the opening of the Mississippi; for it holds that, in so far as opening that river really exists as a privilege, that benefit must be confined to iron-clad vessels of war. This is how the *Examiner* views the subject:

"Until the Southern Confederacy is destroyed, the Mississippi cannot again become a channel for commerce. While a single point upon its vast extent, on either bank, is accessible to hostile parties, it can convey armed vessels only, and although they have New Orleans and the principal strategic positions above it, they have not driven the Confederates from many hundred miles of its shores, whence they can stop trade and passage as completely as by the guns of Fort Pillow or Columbus. "The fall of New Orleans and the consequent conquest of the Mississippi, was a heavy blow to the Confederacy, and diminishes its resources for supplies. But it is far from being irretrievable. The recovery of that river will be as easy as its loss. Victories in the North will compel the United States to recall its troops, even if the yellow fever does not do its work, in the next sixty days, so effectively as to leave none to recall. New armies will be formed in the States which border that river, which will retake New Orleans. No treaty of peace is possible which would leave the river in the hands of the North. An effort will be made to render the great city at its mouth a free town, like Hamburg and Bremen; but it will be an indecisive war and a drawn battle only which will render the project

possible. The people of the Mississippi, country and town, are entirely Southern, bitterly hostile to the United States, and, without an exception, resolved forever to be constituent parts of the Confederacy. If the Confederacy lives, it will be impossible to give that river and its valley any political connection other than nature ordains for it. Beyond the separation from Texas and Arkansas, and the loss of the cattle supply we might obtain from that source, its present possession by the enemy is of no real importance in the actual war or in the future condition of the country."

THE *Richmond Dispatch* says that ten guerrilla soldiers have been hung by Fremont in Western Virginia, and calls for prompt retaliation. It will not be satisfied with hanging man for man, but demands the assassination of Gen. Fremont, saying: "When Fremont hangs Virginia citizens for defending their country, either singly or in bands of ten or a dozen, either as guerrillas, militia or regular soldiers, not only should two Yankees be hung, but a plan should be found by which the life of Fremont itself should be made the atonement, even if it requires twenty years to accomplish it."

The *Dispatch* wants "the other wretch, Butler," treated in the same way, adding: "Two or three cool, sagacious and determined men—the fewer the better—ought to be put upon the track of every such villain, and under every disguise, and amid every obstacle, and no matter how many months or years it may require, should follow him up till they have inflicted upon him the same fate he has brought upon others."

The rebels, in their desperation, are rapidly descending to the level of the Carbonari of Italy and the Thugs of India.

The London Times on the Evacuation of Norfolk.

In the *London Times* of the 26th ult., we find the following remarks on the evacuation of Norfolk, and the destruction of the Merrimac. European nations seem likely to get a good deal of light on the hopelessness of the Southern rebellion, and it is to be hoped they will improve their opportunities:

"Were the means of subduing and of holding in subjection the Southern States of America less gigantic than they are, the steps now daily gained give promise of a speedy consummation. Seen through the magnifying medium of the official reports of the North, every day has its victory and new area of conquest. But, even after making extensive allowance for the fervor of the Federal imagination, great facts do loom out into a distinctness not to be misunderstood. So far as the American waters are concerned, the conquest—be it temporary or permanent we have yet to learn—seems almost complete. Norfolk is now added to the Federal captures. A division of 5,000 men sufficed, without a fight, and by mere demonstration, to drive the Confederates from their only arsenal, Norfolk, upon which at the commencement of this war so much reliance was placed, is now like a little Sebastopol after Sebastopol had fallen. Its Navy Yard, with all the stores and machinery, has been destroyed, and the vessels which it sheltered have been sunk or burnt.

"Norfolk has fallen, not, however, like Sebastopol, after a glorious resistance, but without a shot being fired, and the ruins show nothing but the determination of the Southerners to destroy what they cannot defend. Here is an end of the Confederate navy. Here is an end, also, to all our hopes of learning something more from the prowess of the Merrimac. That celebrated iron clad ship, which was the first to test in real battle the value of the new invention, has perished ingloriously. Her destruction is announced with an apology. She was so blockaded by enemies that she dared not venture out; she was so large and so deep that she could not pursue her smaller antagonists into shallow waters. She had struck one great blow; she had frightened the North, made New York anxious and Boston afraid, and had occupied a great naval force; all she was capable of doing, had been done; a force she could not hope to resist was coming down upon her; so she was blown up. Such has been the fate of the Merrimac."

Our Real Victories.

THE Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. World* makes the following remarks showing the favorable effect of emancipation measures upon the public mind of Europe:

To the liberal minded men of Europe—those who have from the beginning been watching our struggle with interest and heartfelt sympathy—the greatest victory which the war has brought forth has not been Corinth, or Yorktown, or New Orleans. These, indeed, have been to them a satisfaction, as indicating the ultimate success of our arms, but to them the most significant acts of all have been the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and the recent passage by the House of Representatives of the bill prohibiting slavery in the territories. It should not be forgotten that the sympathy, or, at any rate, by far the larger portion of it, which we have in Europe results from a belief that this war must in some way be the death-blow to the slave system, which has made the name of America and our republican institutions so long a byword and a reproach.

The sentiment of all Europe is in opposition to this system, and as far as we continue giving evidence that, whether that was one of the objects of the war originally or not, our government intend taking advantage of its success to wipe out, in the easiest and most practicable manner, the foul blot upon our escutcheon, just as fast will we regain the sympathy which at the outbreak of the war was ours, but which has to a great extent been diminished by a growing belief that, after all, but little would be done for the abolition of slavery—a belief which has been changed by the recent act referred to. I merely state these things as facts, leaving you to judge of their weight and value.

Sights on the Battle Field.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. Y. Times* gives the following description of the Fair Oaks battle field, which differs materially from the picture drawn of such scenes:

"I think the horrors of the battle field have been very much exaggerated. The features of these men, save where they have perished from strangulation or received wounds in the face, are as calm and placid as though they had died in bed. Many of them lie on their backs, with their arms stretched wearily, carelessly out, in the attitude of men who have thrown themselves on the ground to rest, and suddenly sunk into slumber. I noticed one man in this attitude very particularly. It was impossible to believe him dead, even when he failed to reply to repeated calls, until I endeavored to raise his head in a more comfortable position, and the rigidity of the body told that life was not there. The groans of the wounded, that form one of the great staple horrors, are mainly a fiction. Where the pain is very acute a moaning is heard, but in most cases they lie mutely wrapped up in their own thoughts, silent in despair. Their only request is

water—this given them, and they sink back to silence or to death. I apprehend that from a bullet wound life must ebb unconsciously away, the sufferer not knowing that it is going. Hope is so strongly developed within us, that I question whether any one really believed himself mortally wounded. To a strong man thus suddenly struck down, it seems impossible he should die, and his spirit floats away into space while he is thinking of the glory that will redound to him from his scars."

Items and Incidents.

WHERE THE TRAITORS COME FROM.—It is the misfortune of all countries that are distinguished for great mental activity, that while they abound in benefactors to the human family, they also produce a race of unmitigated scoundrels. This is the misfortune of the Northern, and especially of the Yankee States, which have given so many rebel leaders to the Southern Confederacy. The Adjutant-General of the regular Confederate army, Samuel Cooper, was born in New York; Brigadier-General Ripley was born in Ohio; Pemberton in Pennsylvania; Whitting, Pike, Ruggles and Blanchard in Massachusetts; French in New Jersey. Massachusetts furnishes as many Generals for the rebel army as either Alabama or Mississippi; one more than Texas; as many as Florida, Arkansas and Missouri altogether, and lacking one of half as many as South Carolina. It is no wonder, then, that some of the Southern ladies, whose knowledge of Northern people is confined to these scrub specimens, should detest the Yankees.

"AND TYLER TOO."—The editor of the *Cleveland Herald*, now at Fortress Monroe, writes as follows of the contrabands at ex-President Tyler's summer residence near there:

"And of all the display of 'ivory,' this side of whale-dom, we to-day were witnesses to on the piazza of the traitor Tyler's summer residence, about three miles from Old Point. Negroes now fairly swarm in every room where 'Tyler too' was wont to dispense his hospitality and his abstractions; negroes roll on the low, broad, luxurious bedstead where Tyler once reclined; negroes' clothes grace (grease) the elegant wardrobe in which Tyler aired his broad-cloth; and, when we were there, a pair of negro feet decorated the marble mantlepiece of Tyler's parlor, and a contraband, whose value has dropped suddenly from \$1500 down to less than a Hampton five cent shiplaster, sat, fast asleep, over the 'messages and accompanying documents,' wrong side up, of Tyler's Administration, in Tyler's library room."

HOW COTTON BURNING IS VIEWED IN EUROPE.—The Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Commercial* says the burning of cotton and other property by the secessionists is producing in Europe quite the contrary effect from that which the burners imagined. The motive is believed there to be "the idea that cotton is still king," that inoubs of the Southerner, which seems to be so engraved in his mind that nothing can remove it, however conclusive.

The English journals denounced the effort to temporarily close the harbor of Charleston with sunken vessels, "barbarous." But what will they say of the conduct of the Rebel Government in destroying the wealth of the country, and thus not only severing the commercial ligaments that bind it to Europe, but bringing ruin to the doors at once of the spinners of Manchester and of the Southern people themselves? What will they think of a Government that attempts to bully Europe into acknowledging its independence by threatening to stab to the heart not only its own but the industry of the world! Will they charge this, too, to the account of the "barbarism" of the North?

RESISTING COTTON BURNING.—A private letter from on board the United States gunboat *Kineo*, in the Mississippi river, states that on the 15th ult., while passing the mouth of the Red river, bound up, the *Kineo* picked up a skiff containing four men, two of whom had been severely wounded in a fight to resist the burning of their cotton. They were planters and had one hundred men on their side, but were overpowered by soldiers and the authorities. They were Unionists, and were kindly cared for.

GEN. BANKS' troops carried their rations in a novel way during the retreat to the Potomac. The officers having found a quantity of crackers left by the Maine regiment at a point upon the road, they were distributed to the men, who, having left their haversacks and knapsacks behind, near Middleton, resorted to a novel expedient as a substitute. Taking off their pantaloons and tying the end of each leg with a string, they filled them with crackers, and proceeded in their underclothing.

DURING the battle of Fair Oaks, Capt. McFarland, of the 102d Pennsylvania regiment, was taken prisoner by several rebels. They lost their way, and he generously offered to pilot them. He led them carefully to the rear of the Federal pickets, and to the surprise of the Confederates, the hall, "Who goes there?" was answered, "Capt. McFarland, of the 102d Pennsylvania, with seven prisoners."

THAT Gen. Joe Johnston's wound in the battle of Fair Oaks was not so slight as the rebels would have us believe, is evident from the fact that he has not yet been able to resume the chief command. Indeed, it is asserted on good authority, that he had three ribs broken.

A BRAVE OFFICER.—At the battle of Hanover Court House, Lieut.-Col. Rice, of the New York 44th, while leading his regiment in the thickest of the action, and obeying the men on with his hat in hand, suddenly felt his horse sink under him, and himself covered with its warm blood. He quickly threw his leg aside, so as to extricate himself from the fallen animal, and in the same moment a musket ball struck the seaboard to which he had just returned his sword, glanced off and cut his sword belt. The sword being thus rendered useless, the gallant lieutenant-colonel seized the musket of a dead soldier lying near, buckled the cartridge-box about him, and led his regiment on foot during the rest of the action.

"A SILENT MEETING."—Mr. Merwin, in his speech at the meeting of the American Temperance Union, last Wednesday evening, said: "The Quakers are fighting for the Union. A young man in Washington, a member of a Quaker family, enlisted in the Union army. He called to say farewell to an old aunt, a Quaker lady, who remarked to him, 'Thomas, what strange clothes thee has on for a Friend!' 'Yes, Rebecca, they are military clothes. I have joined the army, and I am going to do something for my country.' 'Well, Thomas, this is a good country, and we have an excellent Government, and thee knows my sentiments about war, and what my teachings have always been; but, Thomas, if thee takes a gun, and thee should meet

any of the wicked rebels, I advise thee, Thomas, not to have a silent meeting."

ENTRAPPED BY A CONTRABAND.—A Beaufort (S. C.) correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates the following incident of a reconnaissance above Beaufort:—"We have an outpost picket at the ferry, which is ten miles from Beaufort. Three men were stationed near the river, who discovered a boat approaching. It was too dark to see who or how many it contained, so when it got within hailing distance they commanded it to halt, and challenged it, bringing their guns to a 'ready.' A negro, who undoubtedly acted under instruction, cried out, 'for de lub o' heben, massa sogers, don't fiah, we'ee contrabans skaping to freedom.' The pickets allowed them to approach, and when within a few rods of the shore a dozen or more rebels jumped up from the bottom of the boat, and discharged a volley which wounded all three of the pickets, one of them being hit by five buckshot. Though severely wounded, they returned the fire, then fled and gave the alarm. In the morning we found that the rebels had undoubtedly accomplished the object of their errand, which was evidently to destroy a number of large flat boats which lay upon our side, which we have used upon several occasions in making reconnoissances."

GUERRILLAS are appearing in Kentucky. The Louisville Journal learns that "in various parts of the State desperate rebels are leaving their homes, mounted and armed, to join guerrilla bands. There is no pretence of fighting for 'Southern rights' on the part of such men; they go for robbing, and they have deliberately resolved to harass, plunder and massacre their old friends, neighbors and relatives. They design to break open stores, take possession of banks, steal money in transit by mail or express, and commit all kinds of lawless acts."

Department of the Mississippi.

PRIVATE advices and public rumors from Gen. Halleck's command indicate that some very important movements are being made by his troops. On Thursday, 12th inst., Gen. Morgan, with four brigades—a total of not less than 8,000 men—having marched from the direction of Somerset and Barbourville, entered the important position of Cumberland Gap and took possession, the enemy having evacuated during the night. In the Gap he will be able to stand against five times his number. From the Gap south to Russellville on the Virginia Central Railroad, is about 40 miles. It is by this road that Richmond keeps up railroad communication with the Gulf States, and its importance to the enemy is beyond computation.

On the same day that Gen. Morgan reached Cumberland Gap, Gen. Halleck issued General Orders declaring that "the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, east of the Tennessee river, except Forts Henry and Donelson, and such portions of North Alabama and Georgia as are or may be occupied by our troops, will constitute the District of the Ohio, under command of Maj.-Gen. Buell."

A Corinth correspondent of the Chicago Journal says:—"Since the rebel evacuation of this place, the Union army has made some master moves upon the great chess-board of war. Brig.-Gen. Wood started yesterday with a force of 12,000 to re-enforce Maj.-Gen. Mitchell's division, the troops at Nashville, and those which recently drove the rebels from Chattanooga, and the force in Cumberland Gap, all belong to Buell's command, and he has doubtless moved eastward on the Memphis & Charleston Road with the remainder."

A private letter received at Philadelphia June 20, states that Buell has started with his whole army for East Tennessee via Huntsville.

The telegraph furnishes the following items from Memphis:—"The Board of Aldermen adopted a resolution asking Col. Slack to postpone the suppression of the Confederate scrip for sixty days. In Col. Slack's reply, he says those who have been most active in getting up this rebellion are the very first individuals whose pockets are loaded with Confederate notes; and that if sixty days' time should be given them, it is only giving that much time for those who are responsible for its issue to get rid of it without loss, and the worthless trash will be found in the hands of the unsophisticated and credulous. Besides, should these notes be permitted to be used as a circulating medium where the flag of the United States floats, as far as such permission could give character to such treasonable currency, it would do so; and thus the very basis of the rebellion be made respected by contract with the Government it seeks to destroy."

The market is becoming glutted with merchandise, which can only be sold now for Tennessee money, rather than do which the owners are disposed to ship their goods back. The greater part of the stores are still closed, the secession owners of them refusing to rent to abolitionists at any price.

Shipments north to-day, June 16.—Cotton, 3,000 bales; molasses, 5,000 barrels, 3,000 half barrels; sugar, 5,000 barrels. There was much coming in yesterday.

The post-office was opened, and the citizens mailed 1,000 letters, mostly on business to the Northern cities, and bought \$300 worth of postage stamps.

A dispatch dated 18th inst., says Gen. Lew Wallace has assumed command of the city. His first official act was to take possession of the Argus office, which has been outspoken in its sympathies for the rebellion.

Threats having been made to tear down the Union flags flying over the houses of some of the citizens, the Provost Marshal issued orders instructing the guard to shoot down any one attempting to haul down the flag, or insult or molest the resident citizens who have thus manifested devotion to the Union. An order has also been issued to imprison all citizens carrying concealed weapons.

Guerrillas are prowling about the country. Five were arrested last night by the pickets in the suburbs of the city. Guerrilla bands are still engaged in burning cotton in the counties of Northern Mississippi which has not already been destroyed by the owners.

A dispatch from Corinth June 19, says our army has returned from Boonville, and now occupies a more northern position. Gen. Beauregard's army, at last accounts, was at Okolona, eighty thousand strong. Twenty thousand men under Gen. Kirby Smith were at Chattanooga. Fifteen thousand men under Gen. Price are at Fulton. Gen. Van Dorn, with a small force of cavalry, is at Grenada.

An expedition, composed of the gunboats St. Louis, Lexington, Conestoga, and Mound City, accompanied by transports carrying the 43d and 46th Indiana regiments, under Col. Fitch, was sent from Memphis some days since, for the purpose of removing the obstructions from White River. On the 17th the expedition reached St. Charles, 85 miles above the mouth, where the rebels had erected a

battery. An engagement ensued, lasting an hour and a half. While the gunboats engaged the battery, the troops under Col. Fitch landed a short distance below, and proceeded to storm the place. During the cannonading, a plunging shot from a siege gun mounted on the bluff, struck the forward and port side of the Mound City's casemates, and penetrating it, passed through the steam drum, filling the vessel with escaping vapor, scalding nearly every one on board—only 23 of the officers and crew, out of over 174, escaped uninjured. The scene which ensued was horrible. Many of the crew, frantic from injuries, jumped overboard—some were drowned. Boats from the Conestoga, which was coming up at the time to support the Mound City, were sent to their relief, but the rebels fired upon the men in the water with grape and canister from field pieces, murdering most of those attempting to escape. The following officers are among the killed:—John Kenzie, James Scoville, John Green, Henry R. Brown, James Nixon, and John Cox. Capt. Keltie, the Flag-Officer, was badly scalded, but it is thought he will recover. Apprised of the position of affairs on the river, Col. Fitch drew up his regiment, and pushing forward, carried the fort by storm, driving the enemy out at the point of the bayonet. The rebel loss is 125 killed and wounded and 30 prisoners. Col. Fitch's loss is small. The rebel works consisted of two batteries, the lower one mounting six field pieces and the other three heavy siege guns, manned by from 400 to 600 men, under the command of Col. Frye.

Gen. Halleck has occupied Holly Springs, on the Mississippi Central Railroad, 25 miles south of Grand Junction on the Memphis & Charleston Railroad.

Col. Ellett, of the ram fleet, died at Cairo on the morning of the 21st, from the wound received in the engagement before Memphis.

Department of the South.

THE people are looking with great interest for news from Charleston, as it seems a strong effort is being made to reduce that secessionist stronghold. The following was received by telegraph on Monday, the 23d:

The Richmond papers of Saturday contain a brief account of a battle fought on Monday last, between five Federal regiments and a battery of Parrot guns, and parts of four Confederate regiments and a battery. The battle lasted all day, with a heavy loss on both sides. The Charleston Mercury feared the battle would be renewed the next day, and expressed apprehensions for the safety of the city in consequence of the great exhaustion of the Southern troops and the loss of many officers.

A day later brought us a few further particulars: The Charleston Mercury of the 17th says that the Confederate loss at Secessionville "yesterday was 40 killed and 100 wounded. We buried on the field 140 Federals and took 40 prisoners."

A special to the Augusta papers from Charleston, of the 16th, says:—"A severe battle took place this morning on James Island, four miles from the city. Five regiments of the Federals, with artillery, attacked our batteries at Secessionville. Col. Lamar commanded the Confederates, and with a few hundred troops repulsed the enemy three times, with great slaughter. The enemy fought bravely, but were defeated. Our victory is complete. The enemy's loss is supposed to be about 400, including 30 prisoners. Our loss is estimated from 50 to 100. Col. Lamar was wounded. Capt. Reed and Kings and Lieut. Edwards were killed. The attack will soon be resumed. The Confederates are much exhausted by the previous slaughter of the enemy day and night for a week."

Affairs in the Shenandoah Valley.

A SPECIAL dispatch to the N. Y. Times, June 16th, says reliable information has been received at headquarters that Jackson has been re-enforced a second time with 12,000. Gen. Fremont is in a very exposed condition, in danger of being overwhelmed by a superior force. No re-enforcements are on the way to him. The Richmond Dispatch says that it can be no longer denied that Gen. Jackson has been heavily re-enforced lately, and the Federal columns must either combine or fall back across the Potomac. It is believed that much of the Corinth army is to be sent to hold the Shenandoah valley, with its immense supplies of wheat, until after harvest time.

Advices from Front Royal state that Gen. Shields has succeeded in concentrating all his army at Strasburg. His rear guard left Suray about one hour before it was entered by Ewell's advancing column. Ewell is now believed to be in occupancy of Suray with a heavy force. Arrivals to-night from New Market bring the intelligence that Fremont was about to advance to Mount Jackson, and opposite the Gap at Massanutten Junction, through which the road leads to Suray. Jackson is believed to have a considerable force of light troops in Harrisonburg, while another body is at or near Port Republic. Prisoners report that White's division of 1,500 are within supporting distance of Port Republic.

A considerable haul of guns, pistols and ammunition was made in Berryville. The arms were all loaded with ball cartridges. The office of the Berryville Conservator was confiscated several days ago for secession publications, and the effects removed hither to aid in army printing.

The occupation of the valley by our forces has not restored a feeling of security to loyal residents, and rebels insist that Jackson will shortly pay us another visit in his usual style. The more judicious portion of the latter regret this, as they see no possibility of his retaining it could he succeed in forcing us to retreat. From all indications, daily intelligence is received from and dispatched to Jackson's army. The house of a leading secessionist was searched yesterday, upon information that the mail had been deposited there the previous night, but without success.

Department of the East.

MR. RAYMOND of the Times, and those generally quoted correspondents of the Philadelphia Press and Inquirer, who are with McClellan's army, write hopefully in their last letters, which date down to Tuesday, 17th inst. Mr. Raymond says "a force is now across the Chickahominy sufficient, not only to repel any attack which may be made upon the left of our army, but also to follow up that repulse by a vigorous and effective pursuit," and he adds as to the future intentions and prospects: "Gen. McClellan, I am inclined to think, does not intend to await their movements. Unless they make haste, they will not be left to select their point of attack. The losses of his army have been repaired. The Chickahominy is now crossed by all the bridges that can be required. Four days of hot weather has dried the roads and rendered the ground every-

where reasonably practicable for artillery.—though the heavy rain of yesterday has seriously damaged the condition of things in this respect. But unless some new obstacle intervenes I feel quite confident that the present week will witness a decisive trial of strength between the opposing armies. It may possibly be postponed a little longer to insure the co-operation of the gunboats on the James river, and the arrival of expected re-enforcements; but I think not. The enemy evidently suppose that Burnside is to advance upon Petersburg from the direction of Suffolk, for we have a report to-day that they have destroyed the railroad between those two points. But whatever may be the fact about Burnside's movements, I do not believe that McClellan will be delayed on account of them. Of the result of an attack, whenever made, I do not think anybody in the army entertains a doubt; its success is considered certain."

The Press correspondent says he "writes with better spirit than for weeks"—that four-fifths of the army had crossed the Chickahominy, and that Gen. McClellan had moved his headquarters across. The whole army is doubtless now, June 23, beyond the river. Some of the extensive bridge building operations before the center were carried on merely as a feint, and the rebels who had fortified hills commanding the crossing at certain points were sadly disappointed when they found that McClellan had moved his troops by a route which avoided range of the rebel guns.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Times, dated Mechanicsville, June 16, says:

"Unusual quiet has prevailed in this vicinity since yesterday morning, the enemy having neglected the usual harmless compliment of sending over a few shot to remind us of their close proximity. It is believed from observations made from the balloon to-day that the main body of the enemy have moved to some other point. Certain it is that the greater portion of the tents on the eminence opposite have disappeared and no soldiers were visible this afternoon. Our line of pickets occupy the bridge on the Mechanicsville road across the Chickahominy river and within four miles of Richmond, while those of the enemy are on the road a little above and within speaking distance of them."

The War Department has dispatches from McClellan's headquarters dated June 17:

Our cavalry yesterday paid another visit to Ashland, and surprised a party of rebels at that point, and drove them off and captured some property.

The rebels opened fire upon our ships of war in James river from the bluff at City Point by artillery and small arms. Our squadron returned the attack with shells and shrapnells, silencing and driving back the rebel force.

Dispatches received on the 18th state that Col. Averill had just returned from a scout to the Mattitony, in search of a band of guerillas, but they were found to have left the previous day. He destroyed the bridge, took a number of wagons and carts loaded with supplies for Richmond, and destroyed a large amount of rebel grain, and captured several important prisoners. Col. Greig had made a reconnoissance to Charles City Court House, and recovered some mules which were driven off by Col. Stewart in the Pamunkey raid.

The Tribune correspondent, writing from Seven Pines, 18th inst., says:

"The order to the left wing to stand to its arms, given at noon to-day, proceeded from intelligence communicated from the front that the enemy 30,000 strong was in line before Hooker's advanced posts. At half-past 4 o'clock the 16th Mass., from the woods in front of Casey's old camping ground, sent greeting to the Union regiments behind them, and assured them in language and tone unmistakable that they were busy killing the rebels as fast as was consistent with the umbrageousness of the ground. So, under Hooker's order, the 16th Mass. went into the deep, swampy wood, and other regiments took up lines of battle upon the edge of the wide arc of timber, out of which burst upon us unequal numbers and death on the 31st of May. The musketry firing was now sharp within the leafy fastness, sharp and strong. From Brunhall's battery two 46 spherical case shot were sent over the wood into the rebel picket ground to assist the infantry skirmishers. The artillery fire was not replied to for a half hour, and then only from the far right."

"It was Armstead's Brigade that was in front of us to-day, numbers of whom the Massachusetts men mustered out of service forever. In one spot six rebel dead lay together. We drove their whole picket line half a mile. Three men of the 16th were killed and eight wounded."

The correspondent of the Times, under the same date, says:

"Another fine day. Every day of sunshine advances the fall of Richmond. Three days rain might postpone it essentially. With the exception of Sunday thunder storms, we have had now in succession seven dry warm days. The roads are becoming hard. "We had very brisk picket firing last night in front of a point half a mile north of Fair Oaks Station. Our side sustained no damage. This morning everything is quiet again. It is reported by deserters that heavy re-enforcements have been sent from Richmond to Jackson in the valley of the Shenandoah."

Another correspondent, writing under the same date, says: "I am positively assured by parties who are reliably informed, that the life of the arch-traitor Jeff Davis is in extreme danger; the rebels looking upon him with the utmost suspicion. It is even averred that he was prevented by an armed force from escaping out of Richmond. He is subjected to general distrust. Hand-bills in every variety are displayed all over the city denouncing Jeff Davis, and applying to him ridiculous and opprobrious epithets. The rebels declare it the intention of Davis to desert them."

From Fortress Monroe, June 19th, we have the following:

Everything remains quiet here and also at Norfolk and Suffolk, and there is nothing to report. Gen. Dix has completed his labors in preparing and posting his troops so as to cut off any communication between the secessionists of Norfolk and the rebels above.

By an arrival of the White House boat we learn that there is occasional skirmishing going on along the whole line of the army of the Potomac. The rebels have assumed a more menacing attitude and will probably try to bring on a general engagement in front of their works in order to draw our troops within range of their batteries. Three deserters from the 3d Georgia regiment, who came in yesterday, reiterate the report that the rebels are becoming desperate and greatly disheartened at their recent defeats.

The Richmond Dispatch's account of the reconnoissances under Gen. Stewart, on the 15th, says he made a circuit through the Federal lines from Richmond via Hanover Court House, Old Church and Tunstall's to James river, and back to the city, capturing 175 prisoners and 300 horses and mules.

This morning (Monday, June 23,) we have the following telegraphic dispatch from Fortress Monroe, June 21:

We learn to-day from the army of the Potomac that quite a skirmish took place on the 19th between the 19th Indiana, in Gen. Kearney's division, and the rebels, which lasted one hour. The Indiana boys stood their ground and sustained but little loss. Lieut. Carr and three privates were wounded. In the afternoon the regiment was complimented by Gen. Kearney for its bravery. This is the regiment that was once nearly sacrificed at Chickahominy, North Carolina, early in the operations on that coast, under Col. Hawkins, and which has until lately been attached to Gen. Wool's division.

During yesterday the rebels endeavored to feel of our entire lines by shelling vigorously at different points to annoy working parties. Their shells generally fell short and did but little damage.

From McClellan's Headquarters we have the following, dated Sunday, June 22, 5 P. M.:

This has been a remarkably quiet day, considering the close proximity of the contending forces. A brisk engagement ensued all day yesterday, and at night everything indicated that a general engagement was at hand. The enemy advanced in strong force on our lines during last night, but being promptly met soon retreated.

The Richmond papers of yesterday contain a dispatch from Montgomery, Alabama, dated the 17th, stating that Gen. Beauregard and staff had arrived there on their way to Richmond, and it is said they were to be followed by a large portion of the army of the Mississippi, and that a sufficient force had been left under the invincible Bragg to check any advance by the vandals under Gen. Halleck.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE Post-Office Department has concluded an arrangement with the Hamburg, Bremen, and Liverpool line of trans-Atlantic steamers, by which the fastest steamers of each of those lines are accepted for the United States mail service throughout the year, thus securing fast steamers for the conveyance of the mails on each of the U. S. sailing days, viz., on Saturdays from New York, and Wednesdays from Southampton or Liverpool. This arrangement, so long desired by the Department, will give increased efficiency to the United States mail steamship service and prove of great advantage to the commercial interests of this country and Europe.

The Post-Office Department re-opened to-day the Post-Office at Beaufort, North Carolina, being the first Post-Office regularly re-established since the occupation of that place by the United States army.

English papers assert that the Circassian, condemned for attempting to run the blockade, could not have entered our Southern ports on account of her great draught of water; but it is known to the Government that the Circassian was not only bound to Charleston, but the facts show that she could easily have entered New Orleans, Mobile, Pensacola, Savannah, Charleston, or Wilmington. The vessel and cargo are valued at about \$1,400,000. After paying all the expenses of the Prize Court, which it is said are extravagant, one-half the remainder goes to the Government, and the other moiety to the officers and crew of the vessel which seized the prize.

On Saturday, the 14th inst., Col. Gregory, Provost Marshal of Alexandria, informed the Rev. Mr. Biting, pastor of the Baptist Church, that if he could not pray for the President of the United States and the success of the Federal arms, he would be compelled to close his church. Mr. Biting informed Col. Gregory that he could not comply with his request, whereupon Colonel Gregory immediately took military possession of the church and closed its doors. Several other churches of secession proclivities have been taken.

The Times' Washington dispatch states, incredible as it may seem, there are yet persons of known secession proclivities retained in the Departments. Yesterday a complaint was made against one whose daughters have within a few days been detected in affording aid and comfort to the enemy. Steps have been taken to insure his removal. There are many others feeding at the public crib who should be looked after a little.

The Pacific Railroad Bill has passed the Senate with five negative votes. The main route which it fixes is to commence at a point on the 100th meridian of longitude, within the Territory of Nebraska; of the branches, one commences at Sioux City, another at a point on the western boundary of Iowa, which will probably be at or near Omaha City, or the mouth of Platte River. Both of these branches are to be constructed by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, which constructs the main road. The Kansas branch, commencing opposite Kansas City, is to be constructed by a Kansas company, and with this branch the Hannibal and St. Joseph road is authorized to form a connection. The main road is to run by the most direct and practicable route, to be located subject to the approval of the President. By the House bill the road was to commence on the 102d meridian, and the terminus was not necessarily within the territory of Nebraska, but probably the House will agree to the Senate amendment. There is little doubt of the final passage of the bill substantially as passed by the Senate.

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 21st.

In order to encourage enlistments pursuant to a joint resolution of Congress in the regular army and volunteer forces, it is ordered that a premium of two dollars shall be paid for each accepted recruit that volunteers for three years or during the war, and every soldier who hereafter enlists in the regular army and the volunteers for three years or during the war, may receive his first month's pay in advance upon the mustering of his company into the service of the United States, or after he shall be mustered into and joined the regiment already in the service.

This order will be transmitted to the Governors of States and recruiting officers.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Sec. of War.

Mr. Kendrick, an editor of the defunct New York News, has been arrested and brought with a file of that paper to this city for examination before the Committee.

Congress has inquired why the Prize Courts of Philadelphia and New York do not take action toward condemning some of the rebel captured vessels. The result of inquiry may produce facts of startling character.

Three or four thousand seamen for the naval service are immediately wanted. At present there are only thirty-nine men available in all of New England.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Universal Clothes Wringer—Jullius Ives & Co. Seymour's Improved Patent Grain Drill—P. & C. H. Seymour. Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—G. & C. Merriam. The American Annual Cyclopaedia—D. Appleton & Co. Desirable Farming Lands in Illinois—Frank Osborn. Premium Hay Elevator—L. A. Beardsley. Farms for Sale—Bennett & Banker. First Class Agents Wanted—E. F. Hovery. Farm for Sale—J. M. McCollum. Important to Hop-Growers—L. L. Cummings. Columbus Nursery—Baltimore, Hagerford & Co. Inventions Examined—J. Fraser & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Metropolitan Gift Bookstore. Woolen Machinery.

The News Condenser.

—Gen. Miramon has turned up in Paris.

—It is proposed to establish a Bureau of Emigration at Washington.

—Pierre Soule and the late Sheriff of New Orleans have been sent to Fort Lafayette.

—One of the mills in Lowell during the past week, sold 600,000 yards of cotton cloth.

—Twenty-six thousand men are at work on the Suez canal, and 14,000 more are to be added.

—Pennsylvania papers say railroad building is as active this season in that State as it ever was.

—All differences between Garibaldi and the Italian Government have been settled satisfactorily.

—The Montenegrins have been beaten by the Turks on the frontier, and their villages burned.

—Ex-President Van Buren (now 80 years old) is suffering from a dangerous affection of the throat.

—Trade is commencing between Louisville and Memphis, two steamboats plying regularly on the route.

—In 1860, there were born in England 43,698 children out of wedlock, about 4 per cent. of all the births.

—The Artesian well which supplies water for the Inasua Asylum at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, is 1,150 feet deep.

—The coasts of the Northern and Baltic seas are to be defended by forts at the mouth of the principal rivers.

—The rebels of St. Louis are to be put through a course of sprouts by being made to take the oath of allegiance.

—One hundred and seventy of the prisoners captured in the ran fight near Memphis have arrived at St. Louis.

—Applicants for compensation under the recent emancipation act value their slaves at from \$100 to \$1,500 each.

—Quite a number of the "Grand Bank" fleet of Marblehead are now lying idle for lack of hands to man them.

—Since Greenwood was first laid out as a burying place in 1840, 89,867 bodies have been interred within its limits.

—It is said that not less than one-fourth of the slaves of Delaware have disappeared since the rebellion broke out.

—The dogs of Iowa, under the present dog tax law of that State, are, in fact, educating large numbers of her children.

—The Suez canal, connecting the waters of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean, is to be completed in eight months.

—A citizen of Kentucky has laid before the proper department a system for cottonizing hemp, likely to attract attention.

—Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, has contributed \$500 to feed the families of rebel soldiers at the South.

—Alfred Bosworth, one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, lately died at his home in Warren.

—The passenger depot of the Eastern Railroad was destroyed by fire in Boston on the 21st inst. Loss about \$10,000. Insured.

—A young Englishman, who has been in the Government pay all winter, was arrested as a spy in Washington a few weeks ago.

—The skull of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who died in the year 376 B. C., holds a place in the International Exhibition.

—Agrarian disturbances are again becoming rife in Southern Ireland, and there has been a general revival of the Ribbon Association.

—The assessors under the new National tax bill are to receive five dollars per day. There will be about twenty thousand of them.

—Under the rebel confiscation act, five hundred millions worth of property has been swept from Union men in the seceded States.

—A regularly organized band of horse-thieves, one hundred and fifty strong, it is said, have their headquarters in Washington Co., Ind.

—The public debt on the 29th of May was \$401,445,984, at an average rate of interest of four and thirty-five one-hundredths per cent.

—At the Washington Navy Yard, 1,700 workmen are now employed repairing vessels and manufacturing every description of ordnance.

—A rebellion is rising in Venezuela. There the rebels are called Federalists, and those favoring the established order of things are Loyalists.

—A steamer left Cincinnati on Saturday with a full cargo for New Orleans—the first which has left on that trip since the beginning of the war.

—The Pope has ordered a professor of geology to form a collection of minerals of the Roman States for the World's Exhibition in London.

—A violent hail storm occurred in Washington, Co., Md., on the 14th inst., during which wheat fields and fruit trees were considerably damaged.

—There are now at West Point 174 cadets, 28 of whom comprise the first class, 26 the second class, 32 the third class, and 88 the fourth class.

—Dover, N. H., has paid \$9,444 for the relief of soldiers' families. Manchester has disbursed in like manner \$34,287 relieving 1,374 persons.

—One thousand bales of cotton, half a million of percussion caps and other goods, captured in the Gulf, were sold at auction in Brooklyn recently.

—The New York Central railroad has become the greatest live stock carrying railroad in the country, employing in the business not less than 700 cars.

—About 20,000 first-class Enfield rifles have recently been captured by our navy, with the vessels containing them, while attempting to run the blockade.

—Mr. Geo. Peabody has just presented the Peabody Institution of South Danvers, Mass., one hundred and eighty volumes of valuable and rare books.

—Robert Fowler, Esq., the Treasurer of Maryland, has tendered to the Government her quota of the war tax, under the act of Congress of Aug. 6, 1861.

—A new and dangerous counterfeit \$6 bill on the Manufacturers' Bank of Troy has just been put in circulation. It is an exact imitation of the genuine.

—Thousands of emigrants have sailed from London, for the purpose of founding a new non-conformist colony in New Zealand, to be called Aberland.

—Out of the 150 rebel prisoners in Fort Warren, only three are in close confinement. They are Generals Buckner and Tilgham, and Charles Keene, a privateer.

—In France, since the beginning of the present century, there have been committed not less than 800,000 suicides. There were 3,903 in 1858, and 3,050 in 1860.

—The improvements of the N. Y. Park last year cost \$480,000; and 1,224 men were employed, who planted 62,743 trees and shrubs. The visitors numbered 2,404,659.

—Notice has been given to the various churches in Washington, without regard to denomination, that their edifices will be used for military hospitals if necessary.

—Mrs. Cole, of Red Creek, Oswego Co., N. Y., recently committed suicide while laboring under an aberration of mind produced by being deprived of her usual stimulus, opium.

—Five rebel Governors are wandering up and down the country in search of employment. Rector of Ark.; Milton, of Fla.; Moore of La.; Jackson, of Mo.; and Harris, of Tenn.

MY MOTHER.

[The following stanzas were composed while on guard at Fort Albany, Arlington Heights, September 17, by a young man from Wauham, a soldier in the 14th regiment Massachusetts volunteers.]

At midnight on my lonely seat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home who prays for me—
My Mother.

The roses blow upon her cheek;
Her form is not a lover's dream;
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.
My Mother.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moonlight grace.
My Mother.

She prays for one that's far away,
The soldier in his holy light,
And begs that heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the right.
My Mother.

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.
My Mother.

So guarding thus my lonely seat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me—
My Mother.

The Story-Teller.

MAJOR ZAGONYI'S GUIDE;
OR, A HEROINE OF THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

On the morning of the 24th day of last October, a somewhat novel scene unrolled itself before the door of quiet farm house, about two miles from Springfield, Missouri. Two women and three young lads had just raised a very modest little flag; and as the wind floated it gracefully in the air, they gave three cheers for the Stars and Stripes—cheers which if not loud were certainly hearty. The younger of the women, Lucy Dudley, mother of the boys, stood gazing up to it, and as she thus gazed, her face put on a look of stern determination, and she murmured low, between her almost shut teeth, "It shan't come down again while I live."

"Yes, 'twill mother," broke in one of the boys, "for the seceders are in town again, and they'll make you."

His mother did not notice him, but turning to the older woman, said, "For William's sake, mother, we'll keep it up." Even before she had done speaking, the sound of horses' feet was heard, and the youngest boy, clinging to her dress, tried to draw her into the house, crying out, "There they come; O, mother, run!" while the old grandmother, retreating behind the door, trembled visibly; but the mother stood firm, awaiting the men whom she knew only too well. Only one little month before they shot down her husband like a dog, because he said his house was his own, and he should hoist just what flag seemed to him best over it. They shot him before her eyes, and his heart's blood had sprinkled the very ground where she stood, and I wonder not that the look in her eyes was scarcely womanly.

Down the road they came, a dozen Confederate ruffians, called soldiers by courtesy, and "chivalry," by Mr. William Russell. They were well armed and mounted, and as they thundered up to the door the leader shouted, "Down with that damned Yankee rag; if you don't blow your brains out."

No notice was taken; the woman might as well have been stone.

"Lucy Dudley, don't ye hear me!" and he pointed his revolver at her.

"I hear, Bill Armstrong."

"Blast ye, then, why don't ye mind?"

"Because I won't."

"You won't, won't you?" and he fired, but missed.

He swore madly at his horse for shying; and as he did so, she said, "This is my house and this is my flag; I want it here and shall have it here. You can shoot me and then pull it down; you certainly won't before."

One man shouted, "We ain't cut-throats; we don't kill women and children."

"You have killed women and children more than once," was the taunting answer. Several of the men, old neighbors of hers, felt the thrust, and quailed before her eye, while others drew their pistols; but the leader, throwing up the weapon nearest him, went on.

"Wal, Luce, victuals and drink we've got to have, and we won't go under that cussed rag."

"Victuals and drink I can't help your having; but if I am going to get them for you, you come in through this door."

Evidently her look daunted them; for bold as they were, they were bad and they knew it; so with a rude laugh the captain dismounted, shouted "come on, boys," and leaving their horses to the care of the children, they, one after the other, went into the kitchen, and drank eagerly of the whisky set before them. As they thus drank, they became wonderfully communicative; and, listening eagerly, Lucy heard that they had been sent out from Springfield, with some fifty others, to see if anything could be seen of the advance guard of Fremont's army, who were supposed to be in the vicinity. She found that this party had been stopping at one house and another, drinking and devastating, and very naturally had divided, and that Armstrong meant to wait until the rest came up, and start for the town together from her house. She likewise learned that they had not seen anything of the Lincoln soldiers. She gave them their fill of liquor, she let them eat the best the house afforded, and as she was taking a pitcher to get more whisky her keen ears caught the sound of a distant file. Armstrong heard it too, and, with an oath, said them lazy lubbers of his were at last coming, and the old woman must take some more doggers along.

Lucy had taken the pitcher, and closing the door behind her, almost flew out into the yard, and taking the oldest boy by the shoulder, said in a terribly hoarse voice, "Tom, run for your life over the mowing, through the lane, and tell those men you will meet to take down their flag, stop playing Yankee Doodle, and come up through the lane with you, and they can get every one of these men. Don't let the grass grow under your feet, boy."

The wind had brought to her ears, what it never whispered those drunken men, that instead of their

comrades, their sternest foes would be around them. And all her energies were directed to keeping them still in the ignorance so fatal to them.

Meanwhile Tommy's tow head shot over the mowing, over the wall, through the narrow lane, reaching the great road just as a mounted band of men came in sight. He mounted a stump, waved his jacket, and the foremost among them stopped.

"What is it, boy?"

"Marm wants your fiffing man to stop playing that thing, and have down that ere flag, and come up to our house through the lane. Come on."

He was starting, but Zagonyi stopped him. "I don't understand, boy; what does she want?"

Tom was indignant. "Wants you to nab some seceders up to our house, but you needn't come if you don't want'er."

Something in his face struck one of the men and he said, "Who is your marm, boy?"

"Lucy Dudley."

"Go ahead, Major," shouted the fellow. "She's Yankee blood; they shot her husband a month ago."

Zagonyi, followed by a portion of his men, wheeled into the lane, trying to keep Tommy in sight; and soon they came in view of the low house, and the noisy mirth of the Confederates was distinctly heard. Armstrong never suspected, even ordering Mrs. Dudley to "show 'em right in." She went to the door and they needed not that she should speak; her piercing, eager look told everything. They surrounded the room, Zagonyi's clear voice ordered those inside to surrender, while at the same moment, the sifer gave an exultant—

"Yankee Doodle come to town, Yankee Doodle dandy."

Armstrong saw the trap, and fired his revolver, hitting the gray-haired old grandmother, leveling her with the ground. Nobody noticed the shot excepting Tommy, and as he held her bleeding head on his knees he never shed a tear; but he is on one of Commodore Foote's gunboats as a powder-monkey to-day, and he never hands a charge but he thinks of that terrible hour. One or two on both sides were wounded, but the struggle was soon over, and the rebels marched out bound together with old chains, which the boys very gladly found. Zagonyi must take the prisoners with him, for men couldn't be spared to guard them, and as they were all in front of the door before starting, Mrs. Dudley, who knew every inch of the ground in the vicinity, undertook to tell them a nearer road to the town. They did not understand her hurried, nervous directions, and she started as if to go with them; then she remembered her dying mother, and drew back, calling Tommy from the sufferer's side to take the place in her stead.

But the dying woman's faint voice stopped her. "You go, Lucy; he might make a mistake; he will take care of me, and we will keep the old flag flying."

The reserve in the lane by Zagonyi's order had already come up, and Lucy only stayed to kiss the pale lips and precious face, then she mounted her own stout mare and led the way. She guided them safely in the intricate path up to the very edge of the ravine, where, according to Armstrong's talk, she knew the wily foe were hidden. It was the very spot Zagonyi wished to be in, and she had saved him a long stretch of dangerous road. Then she fell back to the rear, just as Zagonyi's eager eye took in the whole of his position. Desperate! What will he say, what will those men do who have been taunted with being holiday soldiers on the pavements of St. Louis?

"Soldiers, your war-cry is Fremont and the Union. Draw saber, by the right flank, quick trot, march."

His voice, shrill and intense, pierced every heart, and as those bright swords glittered in the sunshine and the little band sped to their deadly work, I wonder not that Lucy Dudley's brown mare kept her place, as eager as her mistress to do gallant work, and I need write none of its details here; only this much, that everywhere, helping off the wounded, handing weapons, doing anything, everything that a cool head and a steady hand could do, was Lucy Dudley. At last the day was ours, and as Zagonyi gathered the remnant of his force about him, he sank back, for he could not count the dead, and it took not long to number the living. Where was Lucy Dudley? Hardly one of those bloody, blackened faces, but could tell of some good deed she did for them during those long, dreadful hours. Even while they were speaking of her she came in sight, and not now mounted on her brown mare, but instead, the mare was harnessed to a market wagon, and its broad bottom was covered with wounded soldiers. She was walking beside it, holding the reins, looking fearfully pale and tired; but she looked surprised, and answered almost coldly, "Why shouldn't I do what I could? My grandmother did more at Bunker Hill, and her husband died at Concord."

They bent low before her as she turned away, and not one of those strong-handed German fellows will ever forget the woman who fought side by side with them at the battle of Springfield. Home she went to find the old mother dead, and the children hiding from retreating rebels; but the flag still waved, and as the poor, pale fellows in the cart caught sight of its blessed folds, they gave a feeble shout, touching in its weakness.

All through the winter she nursed and fed that household of sufferers, and as one after another grew strong and left her, all she asked of them was, that they would strike manly blows for their country, and keep always the noble war cry of Zagonyi, "The Union and Fremont," close to their hearts. I thank God for that woman. No Dudley that ever won epurs in the olden days had a braver or more loving heart than hers.—Springfield Republican.

LL HUMOR.—Never do anything that can denote an angry mind; for although everybody is born with a certain degree of passion, and from untoward circumstances will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call "out of humor," yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it; never make any determination until you find it has subsided; and always avoid saying what you may wish unsaid.—Lord Collingwood.

AN ANGEL.
BY MARY A. DENISON.

A LITTLE pauper boy sat down on the curb stone and tried to think. His feet were bare, red, and cold; but never mind that. The chill air penetrated his ragged garments; but never mind that. He wanted to think. Who are these people passing him, looking so warm and comfortable? What did it mean that they should be happy and cheerful, and he so sad? None of them had such heavy hearts; that he was sure of. He looked up into the cold blue sky. What was it, and who lived up there? Somebody had said once that God would take care of him. Where was God? Why didn't he take care of him? Oh, if he could only see God for one little minute, or the angels that the good men told him of when his mother died! Did folks ever see God? Did they ever see angels?

An organ-grinder came near and took his stand. The melody he played lightened the little boy's heart somewhat; but it didn't warm him—it didn't make him less hungry. He kept shivering in spite of the music, and he felt so all alone, so despairing! Then the organ-grinder passed away; he never heeded the little child sitting on the curbstone, he had so many things to think of. The carriages passed by, and the carts, and a company of soldiers; but it was all dumb show to him—he was trying to think, with such a dull pain at his heart. Presently three or four coarse-looking boys gathered behind him, and winked and laughed at each other. In another moment, the youngest gave a thrust, and over went the poor little homeless child into the gutter. One scream, one sob of anguish as he gathered himself up and looked after the boys, now flying away with shouts of mirth. Oh! how cruel it seemed in them—how cruel! The little hungry boy walked slowly on, sobbing and shivering to himself. He didn't know what he was walking for, or why he was living. He felt out of place—a poor little forlorn spirit that had lost its way—a bruised reed that any one might break—a little heart so tender that a look was anguish, how much more a blow!

The little boy stood at last near the corner of a street. An apple stand, at which he gazed with longing eyes, not far off, was tended by a cross-looking old man. There were cakes on the stand, and the poor little mouth of the homeless child watered as he saw one boy after another deposit his penny, and take his cake. He had no penny, and though there was hunger in his eyes, the cross-looking old man never offered him a morsel.

The tempter came. The old man's back was turned. A vile boy at his side—at the side of the homeless child—nudged his elbow. "You take one," he whispered; "I'll give you half." The little child gazed at him steadily. He saw something in the bearded eyes that made him shrink; something that set his heart to beating. "I tell you, hook one," whispered the boy. "I won't tell, and we'll go away and eat it." "I don't want to steal," said the homeless child. "Oh, you fool!" muttered the brutal tempter, and smote him in the eyes, his heavy hand dealing a blow that sent the poor little child against the wall, his whole frame quivering with anguish. The terrible blow had almost blinded him for a moment. A sob came up in his throat. "Oh, what have I done to be treated so?" There never, never was a God, or he would not let him suffer so, and that because he refused to be wicked. I don't believe that ever a man in his deadliest bereavements suffered more than that sad little child. His heart was literally swelling with grief, and though he could not reason about it, he felt as if there were great and sore injustice somewhere.

He started to cross the street. A dark, blinding pain still made his poor temples ring. "Back! back! Good heavens! The child is under his feet! Back! back!"

"Oh, mamma, it is our horses run over a poor little boy. Oh, mamma, mamma!"

"Is he hurt much, coachman?" The woman's face is as pale as ashes. "Yes, he is hurt badly. Take him right in; don't wait; carry him right in and up stairs. It was your carelessness. The child shall be attended to."

There is no anguish now. Perhaps God saw he had borne all he could, and so took the poor little broken heart there to heal. How very white and quiet! "Oh, a sweet face—a sweet, sweet face!" murmured the woman, bending over the boy; and tears fell upon his forehead, but he did not feel them.

"Oh, the poor little boy!" sobs Nelly, "the poor little boy! I wish he had kept on the sidewalk; I wish he had stayed at home with his mother."

Alas! in this world there was no mother to keep him.

The doctor came; said he was not dead, but would very likely die. There was an hospital near. The poor thing had better be sent there. But the good woman would not allow that. She would care for him herself, she said. He had been injured by one of her horses, and she felt it was her duty to attend to him. Besides, it was likely the child had no mother. Such a boy as he, with a face so sweet and girlish, so pure and lovable, would never be sent on the streets like that, if he had a mother. Besides, (and here her tears fell,) there was a little mound not yet green over just such a child. No, no; it was not in her heart to put the poor wounded boy away. Let him stay, whether he lived or died.

The weary, weary days passed on. One morning the little boy opened his dim blue eyes, but he did not know himself. His glance fell wearily on his hands. There were white bands around his wrists, with ruffles on them. The bed was so snowy white, too, and a crimson light fell over everything. "Dear God! I am in heaven," murmured the child. "Yes, God will take care of me now."

What visions of loveliness glanced forth from the shadow behind the bed. The rich curls fell around a face of exquisite beauty. The beaming eyes looked love and gladness upon him.

"Oh, yes, there is an angel!" he said softly. "I am glad. They won't knock me over again; they won't want me to steal apples here; and perhaps I shall never die again. Now I want to see my mother."

"My dear boy, you are better this morning?" asked a low, soft voice.

He turned slowly, wearily. "Is it mother?" he murmured. "Oh, yes," and there were quick sobs and tears; "yes, my little child, I will be your mother, and you shall be my son. Will you love me dearly?" "Yes, I do love you, mother; is it heaven?" "Heaven! no, darling, it is earth; but God sent you here to our hearts, and you shall be loved and cared for. See, here is a little sister, and you will be very happy with her. Kiss him, Nelly."

Her rosy lips touched his pale ones, and a heavenly smile lighted up his face. The past was not forgotten, but it was gone. No more moldy crusts, oaths, harsh words, and blows. No more begging at basement doors, and looking half-famished to envy a dog gnawing a bone in the streets. No more fear of rude children, who never knew where their hearts lay; no more sleeping on door steps, and listening in terror to the drunken quarrels of the vicious and depraved.

Yes, the past was gone; and in the rosy future were love, home, even God and the angels. Certainly sweet spirits had guarded that child, and guided him out of seeming evil into positive good. Surely, henceforth he would put his hands trustfully in theirs, and turn his face heavenward. Yes, it was so to be. The dear, teachable child—a jewel picked from the mire, a brand snatched from the burning—was yet to illumine the dark paths of this world with his holy, heaven-like teaching. Like a dove, he was to go forth over the waters, and find the olive branch with which to garland his glad tidings. Blessings, then, on all who hold their arms out toward needy little children, making their homes arks for refuge! Beautiful stars shall they have in their crowns of rejoicing, for surely there is no jewel brighter in all the world, and perhaps in all eternity, than the soul of a little child.—Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

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[From the New York Daily World, Feb. 16, 1862.]
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