

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXERCISOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.
CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRICULTURAL.

NOTES AND INQUIRIES.

Potato Culture—Large Crop.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed an article in a late RURAL, under the head of "Timely Suggestions," which stated that the writer had grown six hundred bushels of potatoes per acre. Will you, or the writer of the article alluded to, please inform me through the medium of the RURAL the kind of potatoes planted, the kind of manure used, the distance of the potatoes in the hills or rows, the kind of soil, and manner of cultivation?—A YOUNG FARMER, Greene Co., N. Y., 1862.

The crop referred to in the article noticed by our correspondent, was grown in 1860, the soil a sandy loam, but poor from hard usage and constant cropping. The variety grown was *Davis' Seedling*, one of the best of potatoes, we consider, for a general crop, a fine keeper, excellent even until late in July, and unsurpassed as a cropper. It has a small top, and therefore may be planted quite close, and matures early in the fall, so that it can be dug and stored in fine weather. The seed was cut, about one-third of a potato being used, planted in rows, the rows twenty inches apart, and the sets in the rows about ten inches. The ground was kept mellow and clean with the fork and hoe. The amount of ground used was half an acre, measured correctly and staked, and the crop was placed on the ground to dry in the sun for three or four hours, and then weighed, for which purpose a platform scale was taken to the field. There were very few small potatoes, not more than two and a half bushels in the lot, and of these no account was taken, as the crop over-run three hundred bushels by fifteen pounds without them. In planting, a line was stretched the width of the plot, and a drill made with the hoe. Two hundred and seventy-five pounds of guano was used on the half acre, and a calculation being made of the quantity this would give to each drill, it was measured off and scattered in the drill. It was then scattered with the rake and a little earth drawn over it, and the seed planted and covered.

In 1859 we made some experiments to learn the best mode of planting, as to distance, cut or uncut seed, &c., with the following result: Five rows, 60 feet long and 2 feet apart, with sets of two good eyes 1 foot apart in the rows, produced 5 bushels 25 pounds, or at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre. Five rows of same length and distance apart, planted with sets of one-fourth of a potato cut lengthwise, 2 feet apart in the rows, produced 3 bushels and 25 pounds, or at the rate of 230 bushels to the acre. Five rows the same, planted with whole potatoes, 1 foot apart, yielded 5 bushels 10 pounds, or about 370 bushels to the acre. Five rows with whole potatoes, 2 feet apart in the rows, gave 4 bushels 15 pounds, or about 300 bushels to the acre.

Five rows of hills, 60 feet long and 3 feet apart each way, with two sets containing two good eyes, in each hill, produced 4 bushels 45 pounds, or at the rate of 230 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills, same as before, planted with 3 sets in a hill, made by cutting a medium-sized potato into three parts, 5 bushels 25 pounds, or about at the rate of 260 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills, with two half potatoes in the hill, yielded 5 bushels 11 pounds, about 243 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills with one set in each hill, containing three good eyes, gave 3 bushels 7 pounds, or about 150 bushels to the acre.

Occasionally dug up sets to examine them, and found that from a whole potato, as a general rule, only from two to four of the strongest eyes grew, the others remaining dormant, the eyes obtaining the first start appearing to have exhausted the nutriment in the potato before those slower in growing had got ready to claim their share. The same potato cut in two, three, or even four pieces, would give about the same number of shoots to each set, though the smaller the sets the weaker were the shoots. To these rules there were some exceptions, for occasionally most of the eyes in a whole potato would commence growth about the same time, and

a good many small shoots would be the result, while sometimes a very small set would give one or two strong shoots.

The soil on which these experiments were conducted is a yellowish chestnut loam, poor from constant cropping, and 350 pounds of Peruvian guano to the acre was used. *Davis' Seedling* was the variety.

The Army and Canker Worm.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you please give me a description of the army worm? There is a worm in this vicinity which has very recently made its appearance, destroying the forest leaves, and rendering the trees as desolate as in mid-winter. The full-sized worm is about one and a half inches long, grayish color, brown and green stripes along the sides, and yellow or straw-colored spots on the back.—LYMAN WALKER, Fox du Lac, Wis., 1862.

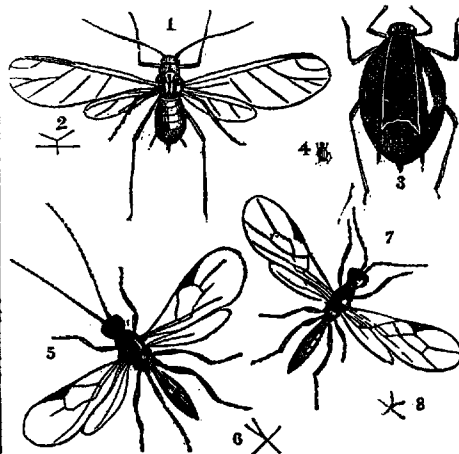
The worm that is destroying the forest leaves in your section is not the army worm, as this enemy never ascends trees, but confines its ravages to the smaller herbage near the surface of the ground. Your insect is probably a canker worm, which has proved very destructive to orchard as well as forest trees. It makes its appearance early in the spring, the perfect insect then coming out of the ground and making its way toward the nearest trees and creeping slowly up the trunks. The females soon lay their eggs upon the branches of the trees, when they are glued firmly in clusters of from sixty to one hundred, each female laying about this number. These eggs are usually hatched about the middle of May, and the young canker worms commence feeding upon the young leaves. At first, being small, they are unnoticed, but in June, when they become large and voracious, if numerous, they strip the trees of every leaf, and sometimes orchards and forests appear as though visited by fire.

The only way of protecting trees from these spoilers seems to be to prevent the females from ascending the trees to deposit their eggs; and as the females are without wings, this is not so difficult as may be imagined. A strip of tarred cloth around the trunk, if changed frequently, will accomplish the object. Circular troughs placed around trees and filled with cheap oil have been used at the East, but care must be had to prevent the oil and tar from besmearing the bark.

Aphis, or Plant Lice.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Inclosed you will find a head of wheat infested by numerous insects, which excites some uneasiness. Will you be kind enough to give us your opinion with regard to them, and whether any danger to the wheat need be apprehended?—D. HILAND, Ferrysville, Alleghany Co., Penn., 1862.

The insects received with the above, clustered on a head of wheat, are the grain aphid (*Aphis avenae*, of CURTIS.) They were very numerous in sections of this State as well as at the east last season, infesting the wheat and oats, and doing much injury to the grain by sucking the juices needed for the perfection of the seed. In an excursion among the wheat fields in the vicinity of Rochester, a few days since, we failed to find the aphid, though it is not at all likely that the farmers of this State will escape. We are indebted to CURTIS for the accompanying engraving and description of this insect, as well as its ichneumon enemies, which we hope are to check its ravages, and may have already done so in a great measure:



"*A. granaria* (wheat plant louse) inhabits corn crops, having been observed upon barley and oats, as well as upon wheat. In July and August it is sometimes abundant on the ears of wheat, sucking the stem, and impoverishing the grain. The male is green, (1)–(2) natural dimensions—horns very long and black; eyes and three ocelli black; disc of trunk dark; tubes slender, longish and black; nervures of wings pale brown; terminal cell semi-heart shaped; stigma long and green; hinder legs very long; thighs, excepting the base, tips of shanks, and feet black. Female often apterous (wingless), dull orange; horns, excepting the base, eyes, and abdominal tubes (which are stouter than in the winged specimens,) black; legs blackish, anterior thighs, and base of tibiae, more or less ochreous. Numbers of the apterous females are often seen dead, and of a tawny or black color, upon the ears of wheat, having been punctured by a parasitic fly, named *Aphidius avenae*, (5)–(6) the natural size—which escapes when it hatches, by forcing open a lid at the end or side of the body. *Ephraedrus plagiator*, (7)–(8) natural dimensions—is a similar parasite, bred from the dead females, which turn black

when punctured, as shown at (3)–(4) being the natural size."

We do not know that any means have been devised for destroying this aphid. Smoking, which proves effectual with many of the aphid family, would be out of the question in the field. Slaked lime in a powder has been recommended for dusting the wheat heads, as also chloride of lime.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Adulteration of Manures in France.

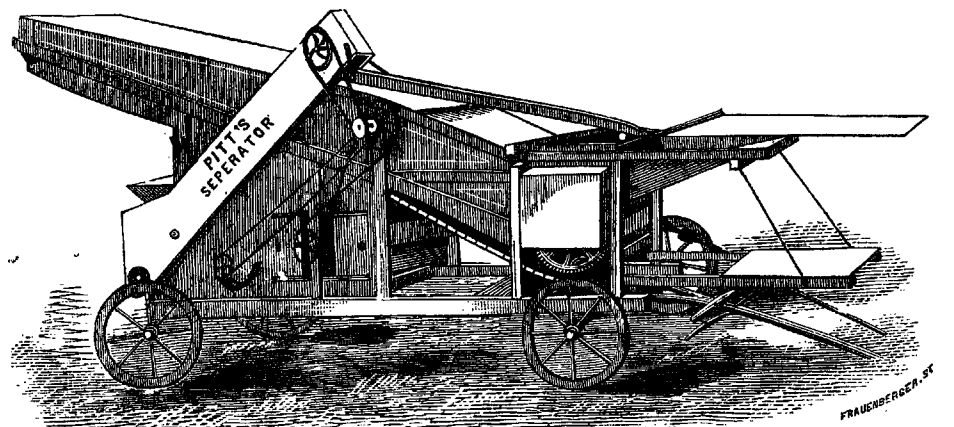
We learn from the *Mark Lane Express* that the adulteration of artificial manures and guano has attracted the attention of the French Government, through the efforts of M. ADOLPHE BOBERRIE, who has been appointed chemical analyzer of manures for the department of the Loire Inferieure, an institution established by the Government. The gentleman has addressed a detailed report, in the highest degree interesting to agricultural science and to the body of cultivators. He was the first to call the attention of the authorities to the flagrant frauds perpetrated in the manufacture of manures, and to the numberless deceptions to which that trade gave rise. In consequence of his representations, the administration, in order to protect the ignorant and credulous husbandman, founded the Institution alluded to, and justly appointed M. BOBERRIE the first analytical chemist; and the report that distinguished savan has drawn up fully justifies the selection. In it he has laid bare the fraudulent tricks of the manufacturers to deceive both the analytical chemists and the agriculturists. For instance, in the article of animal charcoal, they profess to sell it as containing forty per cent of phosphate of lime. They send the article weighed, in a dry state, to the chemist, who accordingly finds it contains the alleged proportion. But with the dry material the merchant mixes water, according to the tenderness or otherwise of his conscience, and then sells it by the hectolitre (or measure) instead of the kilogram (or weight); and thus the buyer and the chemist are both mystified beyond any redemption. But, in order more effectually to conceal the fraud, light, spongy substances, such as carbonized peat and other similar substances, are mixed with the animal black, and absorb the water, making it impossible, without another analysis, to detect the fraud, which, as shown by M. BOBERRIE, reduces the proportion of phosphate of lime to nineteen per cent, instead of forty. We trust, says the *Express*, this report will be translated into English, and circulated through the agricultural journals, among the farmers, who cannot be too much instructed as to the set of harpies by whom they are assailed, in the shape of artificial manure manufacturers.

Pig Breeding and Feeding.

A SHORT time ago Mr. BALDWIN, of Bredon House, near Birmingham, England, delivered a lecture on the breeding and feeding of pigs, and as it contains much which may prove of value to American pork raisers, we condense therefrom:

"In opening the lecture, Mr. Baldwin said:—In 1845 he entered on a farm at Kingsworn. In 1846 he purchased two gilts and a boar, of the Tamworth breed, from his cousin, who was famed for his breeds of Tamworths; and although he (the lecturer) commenced breeding with three pigs in 1846, in 1851 he sold £1,000 worth of store and fat pigs within one year; and in the years 1852, 1853, 1854 and 1855 he sold £1,000 worth each year. When he had got his stock up to about 40 breeding sows, in picking the breeders he used to pick them several times over, as it frequently happened that those which looked the prettiest and best when young, altered considerably when they got three, four, or five months old. The rule was to pick long-growing pigs, and those that were straight and thick through the shoulder and heart; and experience had convinced him that his method of choosing was a correct one. There need be no greater proof of that than the number of medals and prizes he had obtained. He always kept to the Tamworth breeds, generally purchasing the boars, but breeding the sows. If he found the pigs getting too fine, he purchased a good strong boar, and if the animal exhibited tendencies the other way, he picked a boar of good small bone, but was always particular to pick a boar that was thick through the shoulder and heart, and a straight-growing pig of the same color and breed. By carefully following this plan he got the breed so good that it was a rare occurrence to see even a middling pig in the flock, though he bred from 250 to 300 each year.

His plan of keeping was as follows:—As soon as the sows littered they were kept on kibbled oats, scalded, with raw swedes or cabbage; and when the pigs got to the age of three weeks or a month, he turned the sows out from them for a short time every day, and gave the pigs a few peas or a little Indian corn while the sow was away. When the weather was fine and warm the pigs went out with the mother into a grassy field for a short time. He found that young pigs, from the age of three weeks, required dirt or grit, and therefore, if the weather was bad, and they could not be turned out, it was necessary to put some grit into the sty. This was very important, as he believed it was quite necessary for the proper digestion of their food. At



PITTS' THRESHER AND SEPARATOR.

ABOVE we give an engraving representing PITTS' Thresher and Separator, with its latest improvements. This celebrated machine was invented by JOHN A. and HIRAM A. PITTS, of Winthrop, Me., and patented by them in 1837. They first manufactured it in Winthrop, but the senior inventor established business in Rochester in 1846, since which the machine has become very popular. The Messrs. PITTS continued to manufacture, and to perfect the working of the machine, up to the time of their decease, in 1859. It is claimed to be the first and most successful machine for threshing and cleaning grain, at one operation, now before the public, and its popularity over a wide extent of country proves its usefulness and superiority.

Thousands of our readers are familiar with this valuable labor-saving invention, yet we take pleasure in calling the attention of other thousands to it, especially at a season when such machinery is in demand. In their descriptive pamphlet the manufacturers remark that "this celebrated machine, with the improvements that have been added, is the most perfect Thresher and Cleaner, at one operation, in the world. The demand has always been greater than the supply, and yet for the last ten years this concern has manufactured nearly double the number of any other concern in the country. This Machine is now in use in several places in

Europe, in Australia, in South America, and in California the demand is greater than for all other machines combined. They are in universal use in every grain-growing State. All who are engaged in manufacturing a good Threshing Machine, must of necessity endeavor to imitate this. Of course parties about purchasing, and who desire to get the best Thresher, prefer to get one from the original manufactory, knowing that they can be relied on as the very best machines in the world."

The latest improvement in this machine consists in placing a rack or slats between the straw belts of the Separator, to prevent the straw from passing through into the fanning mill beneath, or accumulating inside of the belt, thus securing its free operation, and facilitating more perfect separation of the grain from the straw. It entirely prevents the straw from carrying any of the grain over the machine. The machine, as thus perfected, is now extensively manufactured by Messrs. PITTS & BRAYLEY, proprietors of the Rochester Agricultural Works, to whose advertisement we direct the attention of all interested. The machines and implements manufactured at this establishment are finished in the best style, as we can attest from personal knowledge, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing them worthy the attention of the agricultural community.

seven or eight weeks old all the pigs he did not require for breeding he had cut, and began to wean them a fortnight afterwards. He then turned them out into a grass field, with a hovel for them to run into, and allowed each pig a quart per day of peas, Egyptian beans, or Indian corn. English beans did not answer for young pigs, being too heating. He gave them one pint of corn in the morning, and the other in the evening, with regularity as to time and quantity, and found it better to give to them on the grass, in a clean place each time, than in a trough, as it prevented quarrelling, and each pig got his share. With this quart of corn per day, and what grass they got during the seven months of the year, with nothing but water to drink, the pigs would, on an average, make five pounds of pork each per week. After eight months, he allowed an extra half pint of corn per day. One man attended well to from 200 to 250 pigs; he must like the job sufficiently well to take an interest in the pig, as carelessness on the part of the man materially decreased the profit. He kept the store sows when in pig the same as the other stores. They ran about in a field till a fortnight before pigging, when he placed them in a covered shed, so constructed as to admit as much sun as possible. Young pigs kept in the manner described were always nearly fat enough for porkers, and did not require more than two or three weeks feeding on meal. It was time enough to begin to feed pigs for bacon at eight or ten months old. It was desirable in breeding animals to have as little bone as possible in proportion to flesh. He had tested a cut sow of his breed, about thirty months old, which weighed thirty-two score, (640 pounds,) and the whole of the bones, after the flesh had been boiled from them, only weighed twenty pounds; so that for every pound of bone there were thirty-two pounds of meat, which he believed to be a fair average of his breed. His pigs made two pounds of flesh for every four pounds of good Indian corn, barley, or pea meal; as a rule, he preferred the Indian corn. He considered it always to be more profitable to feed upon good food than upon inferior. As a rule, pigs would thrive better for being turned out once a day, except in wet weather, and they would also be healthier, more active, have a cleaner appearance, and would possess a great advantage in the show-yard over heavy, ungainly pigs, which could not move about to show themselves.

The editor remarks:—Though the droppings of the geese injure the grass for the time being, it acts as a potent manure afterwards.

locality round me a plantation acre of grass will fatten a bullock at four or five months' feeding. Now, an average sized goose, weighing 10 lbs., will eat at least two pounds of grass per day—that is, one-fifth of her weight, and certainly will destroy as much more, and leave it unfit for a beast to touch. But leaving the last statement out of the question, and taking for granted that a cow will eat seven stones or 98 pounds of grass per day, we have 49 geese equal to one cow. But now let us take a view of the two acres at the end of the season, and what will we see? The acre fed by the cow, although bare, is well manured, and "nothing worse of the wear;" while the one fed on by the geese is literally burned up by their dung. Any person that knows the dreadful injury inflicted on grazing pasture by geese would manage to house-feed them, unless there were a commons or bog convenient to drive them out on.

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NOTES FROM LANCASTER Co., Pa.

DEAR RURAL:—It may not be uninteresting to your readers if I tell them of some things in Lancaster Co., Pa., which have interested me. An inhabitant once said to me, with evident pride, "There is but one Lancaster county in the world." Certainly I have never been in any section where there was so much wealth among farmers as here, and the county is noteworthy in other respects.

The county lies on the east side of the Susquehanna. Its surface is uneven, gradually rising back from the river, though there is but little waste land. The Pennsylvania bank-barns are the admiration of all who observe them, and they reach their greatest perfection here. There is an appearance of utility and durability about them, which speaks of the solid farmer. I saw one which was built in 1814, that appears to be good for another century. The slate roof alone often costs as much as the 30 by 40 barns usually built in Western New York.

The wealth of the county is manifested as much as by anything else in the great number of good turnpike roads, which connect all the important places in the county. These are McAdamized and kept in good repair; but to furnish the "needful" to do this a toll is charged, which appears high to a New Yorker. The bridge across the Susquehanna, connecting Columbia, Lancaster Co., with Wrightsville, in York Co., is one and one-fourth miles long, and is used as a wagon, railroad and canal bridge. The cars are drawn across by force of mule power, on account of the danger from fire, as it is a covered wooden structure. The York & Columbia railroad crosses here, and with the Columbia & Reading railroad, now fast approaching completion, promises a more direct route from New York city to Washington than by Philadelphia. The Pennsylvania canal crosses at this point. A dam is built a mile below

Geese vs. Cows—A Comparison.

THE RURAL has been favored by correspondents, with several inquiries relative to the care of geese, and as we note some talk about this fowl, (though embracing another branch of their keeping,) we give the following from a writer in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*:

Seeing in your *Gazette* of last week a query, as to the number of geese equal to a cow on grass, an answer at once suggests itself. In some parts of the

to lessen the current, so that the boats may be drawn across by horses walking on the bridge.

There is much of historical interest in Lancaster Co. It was to Lancaster that the Rebel Congress of '76 went when Cornwallis threatened Philadelphia. The building is still standing in which it was held, and contains the post and other offices. The hall is used for an Athenaeum. Who knows where the Lancaster of Dixie is, now that our Little Mac is threatening Richmond? Strange what curious changes take place in a century. Brave and noble men rebel in a righteous cause, succeed, and happiness and prosperity for untold millions is the result, and rebels become heroes. Now, ambitious men, determined to rule or ruin, with one foot on the negro's neck, and under the negro their own white brothers, strike a blow at the heart of the nation, and we are fast learning that if rebels become heroes they must also have a righteous cause. After the revolution, Gen. HAND retired to Rock Forge, his farm, near Lancaster, and soon after introduced from there the plum which bears his name. The stone from which the Claret (or Blood or Black) peach was grown was brought from Spain, by a son of Gen. HAND, about 1812 or 1814, and planted by his (the son's) nephew, SAMUEL B. HEISE, in his garden in Columbia, and was subsequently introduced by a nurseryman in York Co.

On the grounds of Mr. HEISE, who is my authority for the above facts, I saw a stone filter which was brought from Scotland by the emigrants who came into the country with WILLIAM PENN. It was simply a cup made of a kind of porous stone, which it is said would cleanse the water as it passed through it. The sides of the cup were about two inches thick, and it would hold about two pailsful of water. The emigrants found the water so pure here that the stone has never been used as a filter.

Our favorite Swaar apple is a native of this country; but I am informed by a grandson of the man who introduced it that it should be spelled Swarr.

ROBERT FULTON was born in what is now the township of Fulton, adjoining the Maryland line. While living with Mr. JOHN STONER, near the city of Lancaster, he constructed his first boat propelled by a wheel, and launched it on Mr. STONER'S mill pond, on the Little Cannestoga.

Lancaster County is the "mother" of one President; but it is evident that she is not proud of her offspring. She and the nation, however, must not curse him, for the fear which we feel to touch the "peculiar institution," even after the terrible experiences of the past year, prove most conclusively that JAMES BUCHANAN can with propriety adopt the language of the legislator who, being pulled out of a ditch, and hearing surprise expressed at his being found in such a peculiar condition, said, "I (hic) thought I (hic) couldn't represent (hic) my constituents any better." BUCHANAN is leading a very quiet life at Wheatland, about one-half mile from the city. In fair weather he walks in quite often. Though it would be difficult for me to defend his public acts, he has, by deeds of charity, endeared himself to the poor of his native city, and by his cordial hospitality wins the admiration of those who meet him in social intercourse.

J. V. D.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

CORN CULTURE ON THE PRAIRIES.

I VISITED Major BUNKUM recently. He was at work in his corn—or rather there were fifteen men at work—and he was looking on. He believes in hoeing corn. He uses the cultivator, but he is too recently from the East to discard the hoe. How the dirt flew! There had been no roller over the surface, and no harrow had followed the planting. He did not believe in such notions. He glorified the hoe. Give him a good cultivator and plenty of hoe, and after the corn had got high enough to hoe, he would show the Suckers how to "tend corn." But "pox take the weeds!"—how they grow!—never saw the beat in a barnyard down East. They were larger than the corn and covered the ground completely. But his men would make a hole in them and let in a little sun,—that would change its complexion some.

I called the Major's attention to an adjoining field of corn, at least a third larger in growth than his, and asked what made the difference—if the neighbor's field had been planted earlier? "No, sir," was the reply; "but my neighbor does not believe in waiting for the weeds before he hoes them up. He don't hoe at all, sir! Don't you think, he put a team and harrow on that land three days after planting; and he has been over it two or three times since with harrow and cultivator, and what he calls a 'bull tongue'—queer looking implement to cultivate corn with, too!"

"Well, his ground looks pretty clean—pretty free from weeds for a wet season—and his corn is good color and a good stand."

"Yes," said BUNKUM, "but he don't cultivate according to my notion."

"Are your notions the best, Major? How much has his culture cost him—and how do your expenses on the same area compare with his? I venture to say your Sucker neighbor will get as good a crop with his harrow, and bull tongue, and scraper, as you will with your weeds, and cultivator, and fifteen men and hoes. Certainly you will concede appearances are in his favor now. The only question is as to the comparative amount of profit on the same investment of land and labor."

Major BUNKUM dropped his head a moment as if he had been struck with a new idea. "I declare," said he, after a moment's pause, "I haven't figured on that, but I believe the fellow will beat me if I pay my fifteen men seventy-five cents per day to do what his two boys and their bull tongues will do in the same time. That's a fact, sir, I believe he will beat me."

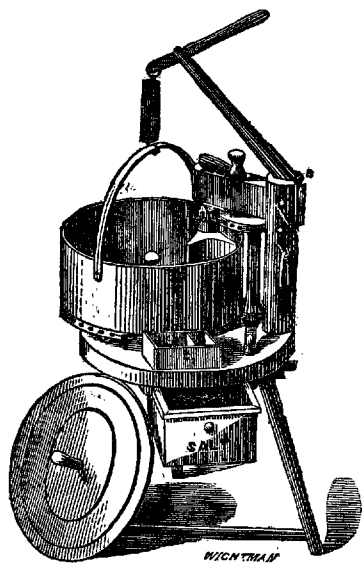
The conclusion was a correct one, and this conversation is an illustration of some of the mistakes a certain class of men on the stults of their own conceit make, when they "commence on the prairie." The well educated prairie corn grower can teach them if they are willing to learn. It is fundamental in the creed of the corn culturist, that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. The culture is commenced soon after the corn is in the ground, and continues until it is large enough to "lay by," or too large to work in it.

One word more.—It is the experience of the best corn cultivators of the West with whom I have talked, that deep culture is an injury to the crop. The soil should be prepared deep; but the after culture should be shallow.

GYPSUM—LAND PLASTER.

Happening into HOVEY'S in this city, the other day, my attention was called to some beautiful specimens of gypsum stone, from the Grand Rapids, Michigan, quarries or plaster beds. One peculiarly

of most of these specimens, compared with those from the Onondaga beds, struck me—their light amber color. And the ground article seems quite a per cent. lighter in color than that of the New York beds. Of its relative virtue I cannot speak. I have alluded to this matter here in order to urge the importance and probable profit of its more general use on clover, corn, potatoes, and small grain crops, on our elevated prairies. There have been several experiments with it in this State, within my knowledge; and in every case when applied at the proper season, on dry soils, the results have been exceedingly satisfactory. I see it is advertised to be delivered on board cars at any station in Chicago at \$8.67 per ton, barrels included, or \$1.30 per barrel. Freight on most railroads, by the car load, is about one and a half cents a mile per ton. Sixty barrels make a car load. My own experience is that it is profitable to pay that price for it here and transport it a hundred miles, if used with intelligence. Especially on our prairies, when the long dry season parches the pastures, will its virtue be felt and witnessed if applied to them. It can be got here of any lime dealer. If any of the RURAL readers have tried it on the prairies and found it unprofitable, they ought to say so, giving time of application, quantity applied, and kind of soil and crop to which it was applied. This is important, because there are plenty of men who still pool-pool at plaster as a fertilizer.



COMBINED BUTTER-WORKER, WASHER, WEIGHER, AND SALTER.

OUR engraving represents a combined Butter-Worker, Washer, Weigher and Salter, patented on the 10th of June, 1862, by M. A. RICHARDSON, of Sherman, Chautauqua Co., N. Y. An examination of the model at once convinced us that the invention was a decided novelty, and we were favorably impressed in regard to its value. It is evidently a practical, easily operated, and economical labor-saving invention. Our first fear was that too much was claimed for it, but on seeing its "movements," and hearing an explanation of its operation, we concluded that it was well calculated to "fill the bill," and perform the various operations intended by the patentee. As shown in the engraving, the scale is attached for weighing, with salt draw and salt measure (C) in view. In working and washing butter the ball of the tray is turned down, and the weighing apparatus is turned down at the side, there being a hinge at B. The butter-worker (A) is operated by a crank motion, as represented. It is easily and instantly changed from a worker to a weigher by removing a pin at A.

The patentee claims for this invention the following advantages:—1. It occupies so little room. 2. The convenience of retaining a large amount of water for cooling and washing the butter, and then drawing it off without lifting the butter or the dish. 3. The facility and ease by which the butter is weighed in the same dish. 4. The convenience of the salt box, attended with a graduating measure, so that the same number of ounces is readily obtained as called for by the weight of the butter. 5. The scientific manner in which the butter is washed and worked with an upright worker, opening the butter in a perpendicular manner so that even drops of fluid will rapidly escape. And also at each discharge of the wings of the Worker the butter is turned around so that it is continually worked even and alike." The invention is at least worthy the attention and examination of butter-makers. See advertisement of the proprietors of the patent in this paper.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE ACT.

OUR present Congress seems determined to recognize the interests of the farming community. We have heretofore published the bill establishing an Agricultural Bureau, the Homestead Bill, and now give the Agricultural College Act. Under its provisions, New York is entitled to 990,000 acres of the public domain, to be used for the purposes indicated, and in the manner directed by its provisions. The Act is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That there be granted to the several States, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, an amount of public land, to be apportioned to each State, in quantity equal to 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress to which the States are respectively entitled by the apportionment under the census of 1860: Provided, That no Mineral lands shall be selected or purchased under the provisions of this act.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the land aforesaid, after being surveyed, shall be apportioned to the several States in sections or subdivisions of sections not less than one quarter of a section; and wherever there are public lands in a State subject to sale at private entry at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre, the quantity to which said State shall be entitled shall be selected from such lands within the limits of such State, and the Secretary of the Interior is hereby directed to issue to each of the States in which there is not the quantity of public lands subject to sale at private entry at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre to which said State may be entitled under the provisions of this act, land scrip to the amount in acres for the deficiency of its distributive share; said scrips to be sold by said States, and the proceeds thereof applied to the uses and purposes prescribed in this act, and for no other use or purpose whatsoever: Provided, That in no case shall any State to which land scrip may thus be issued, be allowed to locate the same within the limits of any other State, or of any Territory of the United States, but their assignees may thus locate said land scrip upon any of the unappropriated lands of the United States subject to sale at private entry at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. And provided further, That not more than one million acres shall be located by such assignees in any one of the States. And provided

further, That no such locations shall be made before one year from the passage of this act.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That all the expenses of management and superintendence and taxes from date of selection of said lands, previous to their sale, and all expenses incurred in the management and disbursement of the moneys which may be received therefrom, shall be paid by the States to which they may belong out of the treasury of said States, so that the entire proceeds of the sale of said lands shall be applied, without any diminution whatever, to the purposes hereinafter mentioned.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, That all moneys derived from the sale of lands aforesaid by the States to which the lands are appointed, and from the sales of land scrip hereinafter provided for, shall be invested in stocks of the United States, or of the States, or some other safe stocks, yielding not less than five per cent upon the par value of said stocks; and that the moneys so invested shall constitute a perpetual fund, the capital of which shall remain forever undiminished, (except so far as may be provided in section fifth of this act), and the interest of which shall be inviolably appropriated by each State which may take and claim the benefit of this act, to the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, in such manner as the Legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, in order to promote the liberal and practical education of the industrial classes in the several pursuits and professions in life.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, That the grant of land and scrip hereby authorized shall be made on the following conditions, to which, as well as to the provisions hereinbefore contained, the previous assent of the several States shall be signified by legislative acts.

First. If any portion of the fund invested, as provided by the foregoing section, or any portion of the interest thereon, shall, by any action or contingency, be diminished or lost, it shall be replaced by the State to which it belongs, so that the capital of the fund shall remain forever undiminished; and the annual interest shall be regularly applied without diminution to the purposes mentioned in the fourth section of this act, except that a sum, not exceeding ten per centum upon the amount received by any State under the provisions of this act, may be expended for the purchase of lands for sites or experimental farms, whenever authorized by the respective Legislatures of said States.

Second. No portion of said fund, nor the interest thereon, shall be applied, directly or indirectly, under any pretence whatever, to the purchase, erection, preservation, or repair of any building or buildings.

Third. Any State which may take and claim the benefit of the provisions of this act, shall provide, within five years, at least not less than one college, as prescribed in the fourth section of this act, or the grant to such State shall cease; and said State shall be bound to pay the United States the amount received of any lands previously sold, and that the title to purchasers under the State shall be void.

Fourth. An annual report shall be made regarding the progress of each college, recording any improvements and experiments made, with their costs and results, and such other matters, including State industrial and economical statistics, as may be supposed useful; one copy of which shall be transmitted by mail free, by each, to all the other colleges which may be endowed under the provisions of this act, and also one copy to the Secretary of the Interior.

Fifth. When lands shall be selected from those which have been raised to double the minimum price, in consequence of railroad grants, they shall be computed to the State at the maximum price, and the number of acres proportionally diminished.

Sixth. No State, while in a condition of rebellion or insurrection against the Government of the United States, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act.

Seventh. No State shall be entitled to the benefits of this act, unless it shall express its acceptance thereof by its Legislature within two years from the date of its approval by the President.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, That land scrip issued under the provisions of this act, shall not be subject to location until after the first day of January, 1863.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, That land officers shall receive the same fees for locating land scrip issued under the provisions of this act, as is now allowed for the location of military bounty land warrants under existing laws. Provided, That maximum compensation shall not be thereby increased.

SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, That the Governors of the several States to which scrip shall be issued under this act, shall be required to report annually to Congress all sales made of such scrip until the whole shall be disposed of, the amount received for the same, and what appropriation has been made of the proceeds.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Collar and Saddle Galls. THE following recipe for wounds on horses, such as collar and saddle galls, was furnished to the American Stock Journal, by Dr. DADD, the well-known veterinary surgeon: Pulverized aloes, two ounces; pulverized myrrh, four ounces; pulverized catechu, four ounces; pulverized benzoin, four ounces; new rum, one gallon. Let the mixture stand for two or three weeks, frequently shaking, and filter through fine linen.

Tilling Among Corn. THE Massachusetts Ploughman argues that the plow, or cultivator, should go close to the rows of corn, for two reasons. It is an aid to the man who follows with the hoe, and it encourages an early extension of the corn roots. Yet you will say it will not do to cut off the little roots lest you discourage their progress. But you will find, if you examine these small roots, twenty-four hours after hoeing, that more than a dozen little branches have shot out from a single root cut off. This is multiplying as rapidly as any moderate usurer multiplies his money.

In tilling corn and other hoed crops, you will see the advantage of straight rows over crooked lines. Men who know how to hold a plow or marker, make straight rows. If you placed a handful of ashes and plaster on the top of each hill as soon as you covered your seed, you will now find no weeds in the hill, and but few worms; for worms are not fond of ashes or of plaster. If you harrowed your ground thoroughly, so as to mix your spread manure with the soil, one man may hoe an acre each day, and milk the cows at night. He should leave no more than four stalks in a hill, at the second time of hoeing. Mind, corn likes attention as well as proud people do, and three dressings are none too much before haying commences.

Plan of a Sheep Barn. INQUIRIES about the construction of sheep barns have heretofore appeared in the RURAL, and plans have also been given which have met the desires of many breeders. We now extract from the New England Farmer a description of one for the accommodation of 200 sheep. It is the plan of GEORGE CHALMERS, JR., of Newbury, Vt. Mr. C. says: I would build it 52 feet wide and 75 feet long, and divide into bands of 15 feet each, the divisions being made by running foddering racks cross-wise the building. Each of these apartments will accommodate 40 sheep, giving each one and a half feet while

at the racks. In the center of the front of each of these apartments there should be hung a door, from six to eight feet wide, which may be left open or closed at will. In the center of the back of each apartment there should be a window, made to slide back and forth, which should be left open during mild weather, but closed when the storms beat. In speaking of the doors, I should have said that the middle band requires a door as large as those of a common barn, so that hay may be driven in through them. A water tank should be placed at the end of every other rack, inside the building. This barn should stand fronting the south or south-east, and there should be a separate yard for each apartment, in which the sheep may sun themselves. The height of the sheep-room should be eight feet, and that of the hay-loft six feet to the foot of the rafter. Eaves spouts are required on the front side of the barn, to prevent the water dripping on the sheep during a thaw or rain storm. The prominent advantages of such a barn are these:

- 1. You can feed under cover at all times.
2. The sheep and their fleeces are thereby kept dry; otherwise, both are greatly damaged.
3. One is put to no inconvenience in clearing the racks of snow after a storm.
4. A greater amount of better manure can be made; better, perhaps, because better preserved. Two hundred sheep kept in a barn of the above description, and occasionally littered down with straw, say enough to keep them clean and dry, will make a great amount of the very best manure.

Hungarian Grass in Illinois.

THE Prairie Farmer says that the agriculturists of Illinois have been experimenting with this grass four or five years. Each succeeding season a larger breadth has been grown, and it may now, without doubt, be considered one of the standard crops of the West. Many of the extravagant claims at first urged for it have been laid aside, as have also many of the objections that, later, were brought against it. It is a prolific grass, yielding considerably more per acre than either the prairie or tame grasses, and is superior to the common millet, though not differing materially from it in its nature. Its seed is more oily, and consequently a heavier feed than millet, is a somewhat more vigorous grower, and hence a surer crop. Indeed, so deep rooted is it, that severe drouth does not affect it in the least, and may be sown upon the highest and driest soils without fear of failure. All kinds of stock, cattle, horses, sheep, and hogs are extremely fond of it, and when fed judiciously, we have yet to hear of an instance where any injurious effects have followed its use. Doubtless many horses have been injured, perhaps killed outright, by its use, but these cases, to the best of our knowledge, are where the seed has been given immoderately, just as over-feeding of any heavy grain will produce disease in animals.

Some have complained of its being an exhaustive crop, but we think it has not been found more so than wheat or oats, certainly not more than buckwheat, and, like the latter crop, the ground is left in most excellent condition—light and free from weeds. Corn does well as a succeeding crop.

Hungarian may be sown any time from the 7th to the 15th of June, and if to be out for hay alone, perhaps a little later. If for hay, sow one-half bushel per acre; if for seed, about one-third of a bushel is sufficient.

How Horses Should be Shod.

A RECENT issue of the American Stock Journal contains a most valuable article on this subject. Young horses, the writer says, if shod at all before four or five years old, should have their shoes taken off and reset as often as once in three or four weeks. The hoof should be kept pared at the heel so that the frog may come to the ground. This keeps the frog moist and healthy, and has a tendency to spread the heel and keep the foot in its natural shape. The soft and healthy frog acts as a cushion, and saves the foot from damage while the animal travels upon hard roads. It also keeps the foot in a healthy state, and is therefore of great importance to the value of the horse. If the heel is suffered to grow down, the frog becomes dry and bony, and when it comes in contact with a stone or other hard substance, the horse cripples, and subsequently becomes lame. When the hoof grows down long at the heel, it becomes dry and contracted, and the horse stands upon his toes in an unnatural and straining position. The frog, however ragged, should not be touched by the shoer's knife. To avoid raising the heel so that the foot must come to the ground in an unnatural position, the shoe should be of the same thickness at the toe as at the heel.

When the foot is properly pared, the shoe should be made to fit so perfectly that the outside crust of the hoof will not have to be cut down to fit the shoe. The shoe should not be opened at the heel wider than the hoof, as this has a tendency to crowd in and contract the foot at this point; but if the outside of the shoe is brought in even with the outside of the hoof, it has the opposite effect. The hoof should never be rasped or filed above the clinches, nor the natural enamel, which is given to it for some wise purpose, disturbed. Fancy shoes—from all of whom good Lord deliver us—are too much in the practice of rasping, filing, and sand-papery the hoof to make it look nice, without ever thinking that they are doing it an injury that is beyond their power to repair.

Inquiries and Answers.

IOWA AND MINNESOTA LAND.—Being much interested in the new homestead law, I would like to ask some one conversant with the West to give through the RURAL a description of the general features of the country, and character of the soil, and adaptation to agriculture in Western Iowa and Minnesota, whether timbered. If so, what proportion, how heavy, and what kind of wood? The information would be very acceptable to many others as well as—AGRI-CULTURIST, Lyons, N. Y., 1862.

ORCHARD GRASS.—Please name the grass enclosed. Is it suitable for stock? What is its nature?—B. W. C., Hebron, Ohio, 1862.

A subscriber at Hamburg, N. Y., sends us a specimen of the same grass, and makes a similar inquiry. It is Orchard Grass (Dactylis glomerata.)

Orchard Grass is one of the most valuable of the pasture grasses. The rapidity of its growth, the luxuriance of its aftermath, and its power of enduring the cropping of cattle, commend it highly. It makes a good mixture with red clover, to cut in the blossom and cure for hay. As a pasture grass it should be fed close, to prevent its forming tufts and to prevent its seeding, as then it loses a large portion of its nutritive matter, and becomes hard and wiry. When green, stock of all kinds eat it greedily. Judge BULL said he preferred it to almost every other grass. Its growth is early and rapid, and it will stand a severe drouth, keeping green and growing when other grasses are dried up. In summer it will grow more in a day than Blue Grass will in a week. It exhausts the soil less than either Rye Grass or Timothy. The seed weighs about twelve pounds to the bushel. When sown alone, two bushels to the acre are required, or half that quantity when sown with clover. It should not be sown alone except for seed, and should be cut early for hay.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON AND CROPS.—The weather of the past week has been fine, and the crops are growing and maturing rapidly. Farmers are generally in the best of spirits, and speak well of the prospects of most crops. Corn is very unpromising in this region, and it is doubtful whether the crop will ripen—certainly not unless we have an exceedingly favorable fall. Grass, as before reported, is light, yet the crop has gained since the late heavy rains. Winter wheat is very promising, and we have heard of no injury to the crop. Fine samples of wheat heads, with grain plump and nearly ripe, have been sent us, but the general crop is not early. The weather of the past few days—especially the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th—has been very warm, the thermometer marking nearly 90° in the shade each day, and on Sunday it reached 92°.

THE SEASON IN THE WEST.—Chicago, July 5, 1862.—The past week has been favorable for the growth of all crops. It has been "growing weather." I continue to receive favorable reports of the growing crops from all directions. Yesterday was a corn stimulator. If the corn did not grow, it was not the fault of the weather. The mercury went up close to 90° in the shade. It was not an easy matter to actively celebrate.—C. D. B.

CROPS IN THE WEST.—The Chicago Journal of the 6th inst. contains the following favorable report concerning the crops:—"From what we can gather from the local papers in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Indiana, we infer that the anticipated damage to the wheat crop has not been alarming, and that the ravages of insects have been thwarted by the damp weather, which has so increased the growth of vegetation that further attacks from the bug and fly are not generally feared. Some of our farmers are almost always too sensitive on the subject of crops, and consequently are apt to magnify impending danger to them. This has apparently been the case during the recent 'scare,' and the cry of 'half crop' and 'no crop at all' has resulted from too hastily formed opinion. As for the corn crop, no fears may be founded on 'late' and 'backward' seasons. It is of little use, in this latitude, at least, to put corn in the ground before the first of June, for July, August, and early September, will usually be sufficient to bring the crop out all right. All it needs in June is to get started. The closest observers think the prospect good for an average crop of all cereals in the North-West. That which is likely to fail in some localities is balanced by an overgrowth in others, and, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, the promise is cheering. The fruit crop was never more promising than at present. In some grounds, apricots, nectarines, peaches, and hard shell almonds, are loaded with fruit; the same may be said of apples, while pears did not bloom quite as profusely, but they have a fair show of fruit. Strawberries, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and blackberries are full. Lawtons, shelled from the wind, but not otherwise protected, are very full. The Purple Canon and Black Cap are in the same condition of fruitage—part of the latter were fully exposed, but have come out all right."

THE WOOL MARKET.—The price of wool has advanced most rapidly than we anticipated. Though we predicted a rise in price after the opening of the market—and expressed the opinion that a delay in selling wool would not be a losing business to the growers—the advance has been more rapid, and greater, than was expected. The range of prices in this city is from 40 to 47 cents, to be seen by our quotations, though we hear that some choice lots have been sold at 50 cents. The rates are so high that some dealers have stopped purchasing, and we learn of one or two instances in which Eastern manufacturers have ordered their agents to discontinue buying for the same reason. In answer to verbal inquiries from several wool growers, during the past week, we have expressed the opinion that, though the rates might advance, it would be safe to sell at from 45 to 50 cents. The market is certainly higher than could reasonably have been expected, and those who sell at or between the figures named will realize a handsome profit.

Speaking of wool, the Daily Democrat, of this city, thus notes the sale of a large clip:—"On Saturday last, Mr. DENNIS CHUBB, of Riga, drew to Chilli station, at a single load, three thousand six hundred and eighty-four pounds of wool, all of which he sheared this season from his flock of seven hundred and fifty sheep. The wool was sold to Mr. A. H. KING, of Chilli, who paid for most of it at the rate of forty-six cents per pound. Mr. KING has purchased Mr. CHUBB'S wool for several years past."

COTTON GROWING AT THE SOUTH.—According to a statement in the Scientific American, returning prisoners from the South state that, so far as they saw and heard, the cultivation of cotton is almost entirely suspended in those States that used to produce that staple. In the early part of the past spring, cotton planting was commenced, but suppressed by proclamations of the Governors of the cotton States, who enjoined the planting of corn instead. The planters were by no means disposed to obey these arbitrary mandates, but they were frightened into submission by the threat of a tax to the full value of the product. The consequence is, no more cotton is planted than will suffice for seed for the ensuing crop, and instead of the deposed monarch, King Cotton, King Corn wields the sceptre—nearly the entire cotton lands being converted into one vast corn field.

PROFITABLE FARMING IN NEW ENGLAND.—Under the head of "Profitable Farming," the Northampton (Mass.) Free Press makes this statement:—"The attention of those farmers who believe that 'farming doesn't pay' is called to the experience of Samuel Graves, of Hatfield. He owns a farm of thirty-five acres, and in 1861 he raised ten tons of tobacco, which he sold for \$2,220; sold \$160 worth of tobacco plants; raised 650 bushels of corn, 200 bushels of potatoes, and 64 tons of hay; fattened 200 sheep, on whom he cleared \$400, and \$65 worth of pork. Besides himself and boy, he employed two hands, one through the summer, and the other the year round, at a cost of \$300."

BEST GRAIN AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.—At a late meeting of the Bath and West of England Ag. Society, Lord PORTMAN, one of the Jury on Agricultural Products at the London International Exhibition, stated that the best oats were from Nova Scotia; the finest sample of wheat from Australia, weighing 68 lbs. 7 oz. per bushel; the best flour also came from Australia. He attributed the excellence of Australian wheat to the climate of that country. The grain from the Zollverein States of Germany, with that also from Hungary, in the Austrian department, was represented as remarkably good.

AN "ORDNANCE PLOW" has been patented by FRENCH & FANCHER, of Waterloo, N. Y. It resembles an ordinary plow, and can be used as such; but the beam is peculiar, being cylindrical or cannon shaped, and provided with a bore of sufficient caliber to throw a shot of from one to three pounds weight. It may be sighted and maneuvered almost as conveniently as light artillery on wheels. The inventors expect to sell it to farmers and planters in the Border States for use against rebel guerrillas. It is a curious invention, to say the least.

PRESERVING WHEAT.—A French paper contains the report of M. DOYERE, of a long series of experiments in relation to preserving grain. The conclusion is, that it keeps best in airtight boxes, made of thin plates of sheet-iron galvanized with zinc, and painted on the outside with bitumen, deposited in cellars, or buried in the earth. In all the experiments, the result was, that the grain came out weight for weight and quality for quality.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE SOIL.—There is no doubt but that the productiveness of the soil increases with the increase of the population. In 1377, England contained 2,092,975 souls. Now it contains 20,061,725, and the evidence is that the food produced by them is in keeping with the scantiness of the population. Then three sacks of oats was the yield per acre; now it is 25, and this is not considered remarkable.—Ez.

FISH OIL AND GUANO.—It is said extensive buildings have been erected at Long Beach, near Greenport, for the purpose of manufacturing oil and guano of the fish known as "bunkers," which swarm the coast of Long Island. A long wharf has been constructed, which is to be connected with the buildings by a railway. The engine used is a 40-horse power.

HORTICULTURAL.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

The strawberry is now receiving more attention from amateurs and market growers than at any time during the last ten or fifteen years. Considerable notice was given to this fruit about the time of the introduction of Hovey's Seedling and Burr's New Pine, but the excitement gradually died away, and many enthusiastic cultivators abandoned the culture of this fine fruit. There appears now, however, to be a general awakening on the subject, induced, in part at least, by the introduction and dissemination of fine European sorts, as well as some native seedlings of wonderful productiveness, like the Wilson. Among the foreign varieties, Triomphe de Gand is the most popular in this section, and it is really a magnificent fruit, of good bright scarlet color, not high flavor, but mild and delicate, and of fine jelly-like flesh. It is covered with a glossy coating that protects the flesh and makes it fine for handling, as it may be carried to market a long distance without suffering in the least, and looking as fresh as if just picked from the beds. In size, too, it is all that can be desired. ELLWANGER & BARRY presented us with a lot of a few days since, the smallest of which measured five inches in diameter, and we noticed one quart that contained only fifty berries. In the extensive strawberry grounds of the same gentlemen, we noticed a few varieties that seemed worthy of special notice.

Filmore is quite prolific, though in quality, perhaps, not much better than Wilson. It is large, roundish conical, dark crimson in color, which is somewhat objectionable. The plants are low, leaf and fruit stalks short and stiff, and the foliage dark. Longworth's Prolific maintains its character as a prolific variety, of good bright scarlet color, and rather acid, but a good reliable sort. Prince of Wales is a large and fine flavored berry, but the plant seems rather delicate. Omar Pacha is a magnificent plant, extremely vigorous, with shining foliage. Fruit, light scarlet, very large, and of irregular shape. This variety certainly promises well.

Austin's Seedling bears a very large pale scarlet fruit, rather poor in flavor, but the plant is very hardy and prolific. Peabody's Seedling is prolific, the fruit large and of fine flavor.

In another column will be found an interesting article from Mr. BARRY, giving an account of what he observed among the strawberries and strawberry growers of Boston and vicinity, and valuable information obtained from correspondents at the West. Mr. B. is chairman of the Fruit Committee of the American Pomological Society, entrusted with the arduous and responsible work of preparing a new Catalogue of Fruits suited to all sections, and is therefore in a position to furnish the most desirable and reliable information.

One thing must be remembered, that whatever the variety cultivated may be, success depends almost entirely upon the treatment the plants receive. The finest strawberries we have seen in many years, were grown in this city the present season by an amateur strawberry grower and fruit dealer. They are Trollope's Victoria, and we have seen a dozen boxes counted, and though piled up as high as possible, the largest number any one contained was thirty-eight. So fine has the crop been, that under a new name, and some puffing in the local papers, the enterprising grower is receiving orders for thousands of plants of what he calls Golden Queen, at high prices, though the same variety can be obtained under its true name at any of our nurseries, and very cheap. This result has been obtained solely by extra culture. The plants are grown in hills, the runners kept off, and the surface covered with a rich compost of well rotted manure, and the sweepings from a horse-shoer's shop. In addition to this the soil was kept mellow and free from weeds until the fruit commenced setting, and then every night, unless the weather was showery, the plants received a thorough soaking. Neglect is the great evil in strawberry culture. Plants of a new variety are obtained at a high price, and for a year or two they receive pretty good culture, and become popular; but after a while the beds become old, new ones are not planted, and the variety is blamed for what is the sure result of neglect. It soon loses its popularity, and some new sort must be obtained. This is the way Hovey's Seedling, Burr's New Pine, the Hooker, and many other valuable varieties have been treated, either of which, with good culture, is exceedingly valuable for the amateur. We are not opposed to the introduction of new sorts, but we wish all to understand that they cannot grow good strawberries of any kind without good culture.

BUDDING THE ROSE.

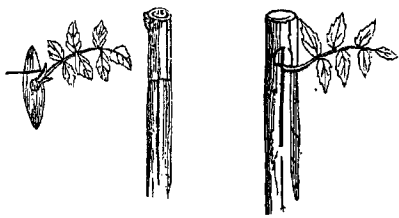
EVERY lover of flowers, and particularly of the Queen of Flowers, the Rose, should learn to bud. Our trees and shrubs we can obtain at the nurseries, and so we can our rose plants; but it is often very convenient, and almost absolutely necessary to the perfection of the rose garden, that the amateur should be able to perform the operation of budding. Sometimes we have too many of one variety, and only a plant or two of a kind far superior, or the bud of a choice variety may be winter-killed, leaving only a vigorous natural stock. All of these things may be corrected in a season by budding. So: times the running roses become pretty bare of branches near the bottom. This affords an excellent opportunity for inserting a few buds of Hybrid Perpetuals. Indeed, those who have not budded the perpetual varieties of roses into their climbers, can form no idea of how truly magnificent this course will make them appear, giving a superb display nearly the whole season. The following and similar requests which we have before us, show that many are wisely turning their attention to the subject:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you please inform me, through the columns of the RURAL, the time of year to bud the Rose, and oblige a subscriber?—E. J. S., Murray, N. Y.

The rose may be budded about midsummer, as soon as the buds are sufficiently matured, and when the bark will work easily. The plant for budding must be healthy and making a good growth, or the bark will be hard, and stick to the wood, and cannot be opened for the insertion of the bud with any chance of success. Buds may be inserted in the main stem or the branches, but if the stem is old it is better to bud the side branches. The budder must provide himself with a good, sharp, budding knife, with a thin ivory handle, for raising the bark, and some bass, that is, bark, which can be obtained at any of the nurseries for a few pennies. This is for tying in the bud. The bark must be kept moist

when worked. On this we quote the following from the Rose Culturist:

Being provided with the necessary material, go to your stocks with the branches of the kinds you want to propagate, in your apron; for you ought to have front pockets, and the bass matting should be tucked in the apron string; take hold of the stock firmly, and shorten the branches to a foot, or even less; then with your knife, cut a slit in the bark, within half an inch of the base of the branch upward, and on the upper side, an inch and a half long; about the middle of this slit, make a small cut across; then with your ivory, or thin wood—or more properly, if you have it, with the handle of your budding knife—raise up the bark on both sides; then take the branch of your rose tree from



which you take your buds, and with your sharp knife, shave out of the branch a thin piece of the wood, beginning half an inch below a leaf, and taking the knife along to come out half an inch above the leaf. This small bit has to be inserted under the bark on both sides, bringing the leaf, which is where the bud is, to the exact place where the cross cut is; when it is neatly inserted, take your piece of matting and place the middle of it across the slit just under the leaf; pass it under, and cross it backward and forward along the branch till the bark is completely tied down close, and only the leaf and bud exposed. As the weather at this time is often very hot, it is a good plan to tie a bunch of loose moss over all, and water the moss occasionally the first few days, because it keeps off the burning sun, even if dry, and greatly preserves the newly disturbed bark. It will be easily seen that the quicker this operation is performed the better; because, if the sap of the bud, or that of the raised bark, has time to dry, the union of the one with the other cannot be completed with any degree of certainty.

The bark being damped immediately by the application of wet moss will hardly undo any mischief already done; so that a sharp knife, a clean cut, and rapid action are necessary, and can hardly fail. If the bud is cut out of the branch too thick, and too much wood is taken out with the bark and bud, the wood ought to be cut thinner, or pulled out from the bark of the bud altogether; but there is danger in taking out the wood; for it will occasionally bring out the germ of the bud with it. The effect of this would be, that nothing would indicate outside what was wrong, but the bud would not grow. It would look as green, as fresh, and as completely united, as if the germ were there. On this account, you may omit the practice of taking the little bit of wood from the inside of the bud, and with the greatest success. If you have plenty of buds, put two on each of the branches; because two buds will make a head sooner than one, and if you choose to do so, you may put two different sorts on the same stock. In this case, you must be particular about having two of about the same habit; for a fast-growing one would soon deprive a slow-growing one of all the necessary nourishment; and, besides this, it would grow inconspicuously, and would not be controllable. On the other hand, if you have two of similar habit, and opposite colors, it may be made a very pretty object. But the great value of this delicate, though simple operation, is to make an old China, or other strong-growing rose, long established, change its face altogether. Many kinds of roses may be budded on such a tree, by selecting all the strong-growing branches of the present year's growth, putting a different bud in each, and cutting all the other parts of the tree away, leaving the novelties alone to grow; or the buds may be all of the same sort, so it be some choice kind; but different colored roses have the best effect.

STRAWBERRIES.

A STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL—FRUITS AT BOSTON, &c.

THERE seems to be an unusual degree of interest manifested this season, in nearly all parts of the country, in regard to strawberry culture and the merits of the different varieties in cultivation. The severe drought we experienced in this section injured our early varieties particularly, and the market supply has been rather an inferior quality. Wilson's Albany and Triomphe de Gand seem to be regarded as the most important varieties, and are most extensively planted; but I hope our growers will not be confined to these. Longworth's Prolific and Hovey's Seedling are famous market fruits, and should not be overlooked.

The publishers of the American Agriculturist recently offered \$50 in premiums for strawberries, and I understand that the Albany and Triomphe de Gand were the leading sorts, and carried off the highest premiums. Hovey's Seedling was not even presented.

A friend writes from St. Louis, June 24, that the Albany is more largely planted there than any other variety, but thinks it will soon be supplanted by others of better quality. Triomphe de Gand, he says, does very well. Downer's Prolific does well, and is as early as Jenny Lind. Washington (Jova) has been heretofore more extensively grown than any other at that place, and so it has been at Cincinnati.

A gentleman writes from Bloomington, Ill., that Wilson's Albany is "very far ahead yet"—no other sort within gunshot of it."

Mr. JOHN SAUL, of Washington, who has given much attention to the culture of the foreign varieties, gives the following as their best, in the order named: Seedling Eliza, Triomphe de Gand, Victoria, and Jucunda, and adds that a sight of the Victorias and Triomphe de Gands grown this season in gardens there, were worth a journey of many miles to see.

At Baltimore I am told that the markets are mainly supplied with Hovey's Seedling and Early Scarlet, with a few McAvoy's Superior and Filmore.

At Boston both growers and dealers claim the highest rank for Hovey's Seedling. I was in that city on the 27th inst., and in passing around the streets I noticed in all the fruit shops and other places where fruit was exposed for sale, large quantities of beautiful Hovey's Seedling, and rarely anything else. In the hotels, too, Hovey's Seedling had no rival on the dessert table. The difference between these splendid fruits displayed in the markets and on the tables in Boston, and the small miscellaneous trash which you find in New York, is really wonderful. The retail price in Boston for

Hovey's was 30 cents per box, less than a quart, and one dealer told me that he could not sell Wilson's Albany at any price. The taste of the Boston people has been cultivated to a high standard of excellence, in a great measure, no doubt, through the influence of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Triomphe de Gand has not been fruited there yet to any extent—for some reason or other, Boston, with all her zeal for novelties, has been the last place to take up Triomphe de Gand. We shall hear what they will say about it next year, as many plantations are now coming forward.

I had the pleasure of attending Mr. Hovey's annual strawberry festival, which proved to be a most agreeable and instructive entertainment. The company first made a hasty survey of the grounds, which are in fine keeping, and exceedingly rich in rare trees and plants. In the pot plant department, we were conducted into a small tent, where there was on exhibition a collection of Cape Heaths—magnificent plants in size, symmetry of form, and profusion of blossom.

The Rhododendron and Kalmia grounds were visited. The beds of Kalmias were one mass of flowers—a sight well worth seeing. The long lines of beautiful specimen pear trees were passed, Mr. Hovey pointing out his favorites. The crop is in a most promising state.

The strawberries were then visited in the beds, and each variety passed in review. The collection is very rich, especially in foreign varieties. Admiral Dundas, Ambrosia, Bonite de St. Julien, Duc de Malakoff, Empress Eugenie, La Constante, Oscar, River's Eliza, Wonderful, &c. All these and many others were well grown, and carefully protected from birds by netting. Several of these are very promising. Some berries of the Empress Eugenie were of enormous size, but the most promising of all appeared to me to be the Constante. It has the vigorous and prolific character of the Triomphe de Gand, and is superior in flavor. It will surely become popular.

Among American varieties the Austin Seedling shows well as to size and quality of fruit, but the color is poor and the flavor indifferent. I find it the same in our grounds, and it is not likely to become a standard sort.

Wilson's Albany was not in a condition to be judged. The beds had evidently not received the same care bestowed upon the others. Hovey's Seedling and Boston Pine were very satisfactory, the former, especially, surpassing all the other American varieties. Triomphe de Gand was not in the collection in fruit.

Having satisfied ourselves with an examination of the strawberries in the beds, we proceeded to Mr. Hovey's mansion, where we found a table bountifully spread for us with dishes of all the different varieties of strawberries named, accompanied with numerous other comforts befitting such an occasion.

The varieties were all taken up in turn, tasted and discussed in the most critical manner, the feast closing up with two superb dishes of Hovey's Seedling, which it was believed did not suffer by comparison with any of the fine varieties previously tasted.

The Belmont Farmer's Club had announced its Annual Strawberry Exhibition for the 1st of July, and I regretted very much being unable to prolong my stay in Boston until that time, as this club makes a superb display.

The fruit crop around Boston is very promising. The exhibition next fall, during the meeting of the Pomological Society, will undoubtedly surpass anything of the kind ever seen in this or any other country, and will itself be worth a journey of thousands of miles. I observed in the collections of Col. WILDER, and also in that of Messrs. HOVEY & CO., many new varieties in fruit that have not yet been exhibited. Delegates to the Pomological meeting may expect a good time.

Mr. WILDER is pursuing the culture of Roger's Hybrid Grapes with enthusiasm. I observed a second generation, some of which resemble in foliage foreign varieties. This ROGER's experiment in hybridization may yet lead to results of immense importance to American grape culture.

My notes are already too long, I fear, and I will defer the remainder to a future time.

SEEDS FROM THE PATENT OFFICE.

Most of our readers doubtless know that the Patent Office has distributed annually a large amount of seeds, for the purchase of which, money is appropriated by Congress. These seeds, it is said, are purchased in Europe, though we have learned from pretty good authority that a large part are obtained from seed-growers or dealers in this country. Be this as it may, nine-tenths of the seeds sent out are common things, to be obtained at any third-rate seed establishment, and some are poor and worthless, such as have long been discarded by those who are acquainted with the business; and occasionally we receive vile weeds, highly recommended as something new and desirable. Evidently the seed-business is not the forte of the government, and the sooner it makes an assignment of this department of its large business the better. Enterprising dealers are far ahead of the government seed establishment, and no new thing, either fruit, flower, or vegetable, makes its appearance in Europe, that cannot be obtained of our dealers the next season, accompanied with the proper description, and often with plates showing its character and appearance.

We have said but little on this subject, though our views have been once before expressed; but the Agricultural and Horticultural journals are, we believe, unanimous in their condemnation of the system. A pretty severe article in the Gardener's Monthly, signed "H. A. D.," has called out the following musical reply:

I was in hopes that some one of your numerous correspondents would have taken up the cudgel against H. A. D., who, in my estimation, deserves all the odium the blackest ink could lay on his shoulders. So far from the distribution of Patent Office seeds being an evil of which the community should complain, I regard it as showing the beneficent generosity of our government, and is an illustrious example of what foreign governments should do, if they really had the good of their subjects at heart. I received this year for my garden, without costing me one cent, all the vegetable seeds necessary for my family use, through the favor of our member of Congress, who was under some obligation to me for my vote. (Next year my neighbor, who votes the other ticket, expects to get his garden supplied in the same way. I don't think so.) Among these seeds I had extra early peas, turnips, beets, radishes, pumpkins, &c., all from a stock bought, according to a Washington paper, by the government from a Philadelphia seedsman, (who,

the same paper had previously stated, worked hard to get Mr. Newton into the Agricultural Division of the Patent Office,) for \$11,500.

How does this operation work to the injury of the seed trade, or the nation, as H. A. D. would have us believe? By the reception of these seeds I am encouraged to persevere in horticultural pursuits, and the nation at large is indirectly benefited by the increased energy.

Now, in my estimation, the great fault with the system is that it is not comprehensive enough. The government stops at the very threshold of usefulness when it makes a few peas and pumpkins, at a miserable expenditure of \$30,000 per annum for seeds, \$500,000 for postage, and another \$500,000 for incidentals connected with the department, the only object of free distribution. It has been shown in the Gardener's Monthly that cheap glass structures are likely to be of immense value to the nation, in the increased and certain production of fruit; and the government should feel it a sacred duty to foster the infant improvement, by a liberal distribution, all over our broad country, of glass, putty, and paint. The importation of improved bulls, and the free distribution of other popular breeds of cattle, should also be attended to, not forgetting pigs, which would have an immense influence on the popular votes in many districts, and be one of the best means of securing the right men for the right places—one true source of national greatness and prosperity.

I might pursue this subject to infinity, but have, I trust, said enough to utterly demolish the flimsy arguments of H. A. D., who seems foolishly to suppose that seedsmen have the same right to the consideration of their business from the government that other tradesmen have.

The Editor adds, in the same strain:

Our correspondent is evidently a man of genius, and exhibits a mind that deserves to rank with the most progressive of the age. The suggestion will, no doubt, be acted on by Congress immediately, and—"who speaks first?"—enterprising horticulturists should send their orders for "paints, putty, and glass," to their congressional representatives at once, or the appropriation may be exhausted.

Horticultural Notes.

ABIES MICROSPERMA, LIND. THE SMALL-SEEDED SPRUCE.—This is one of the Conifers sent home by Mr. J. Gould Veitch, who found it at Hakodadi, and who describes it as a tree 40 to 60 feet high. The under side of the foliage very glaucous, and resembling the Spruce Fir, in point of color; but the leaves are as long as those of Abies amabilis, and perfectly silvered underneath.

Mr. Gordon's description in the supplement to the Pinetum is as follows:—"Leaves solitary, about one inch long and three-quarters of a line broad, more or less arranged on the upper side of the branchlets, linear, narrow, flattened, and terminating in a small prickle, or somewhat blunt point; bright green above, and glaucous below. Cones cylindrical, two and one-fourth inches long, and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and as broad at one end as the other; scales loose, rectangular, with the apices toothed; bractes very small, ovate, and terminating in a spine or mucro. Seeds pale, cinnamon-colored, one line long, with ovate wings two lines long, sometimes acutely notched on the margins."

Dr. Lindley considers it "a beautiful tree, quite unlike any other Spruce, with slender delicately-toothed cones, as broad at one end as the other, and the smallest seeds of the genus."

Specimens were sent home by Mr. J. G. Veitch.—Cottage Gardener.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.—The culture of this excellent fruit is various, but all aim at one object, namely,—good fruit and plenty of it. Ordinarily, after more or less preparation of the soil, vines are set in the spring or autumn, and they do not get sufficiently well-rooted and in bearing fully until the second year after setting, the first year doing but little in the way of fruit. In order to save one year's time in this respect, my space being also limited, I prepare a strip of ground in the spring, or later, eight to twelve feet wide, next adjoining my strawberry bed, and pulverize it and mulch it well, and at this time (June 28) the runners have well started with plants setting, which, with their early start and their other advantages named, give me vines in full bearing the next year, thereby giving me a yearly succession of new and matured vines, without waiting an additional year. I am aware this mode of culture is not strictly professional, and yet it is practical; and with but a small amount of land and the saving of a year's time, the gains are of marked advantage.—S. N. HOLMES, Syracuse, N. Y., 1862.

OSWEGO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A correspondent writes to the Horticulturist thus of the Oswego Horticultural Society: "Our Society collapsed one day, and lay dormant seven years. In 1860, early spring, several of us took hold and resuscitated it—gave a summer and fall exhibition, had good encouragement, and a fine show. This just about paid expenses. In 1861 went in again on one show; late frost and no cherries made a bad look for the summer fair; cut down our prize list, and had a 'bully' fair in the fall. Came out ahead, financially. We now have a good library and case of nearly 200 volumes, and about \$3000 in cash. The library we fell heir to—it belonged to the old concern. We have steam on now, although too far off for you to hear us blow. We are considering the propriety of giving prizes in kind—vines, trees, rare seeds, &c., according to the tastes of the exhibitors. Books are not out of the way. Will consider on this also."

SARRACENIA PURPUREA FOR SMALL POX.—This is our native "Pitcher Plant," and is said to be a remedy for small pox in all its forms, in twelve hours after the patient has taken the medicine. That, "however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease." If either vaccine or variolous matter is washed with the infusion of the Sarracenia, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste, that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee, and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink without being aware of their admixture. The medicine has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.—Gardener's Monthly.

FRUIT GROWER'S ASSOCIATION OF UPPER CANADA.—The next regular meeting of this Association is to be held in the Town Hall, St. Catharines, on Wednesday, the 16th of July, at 2 o'clock P. M.

Inquiries and Answers.

BEST STRAWBERRIES.—Please inform me which are the three best varieties of strawberries for farmers to cultivate, and the best time to transplant them.—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.

PLANTS RECEIVED FOR NAME.—From C. F. W., Erie Co., N. Y.—1. Trillium erectum—Birthroot. 2. Caulophyllum thalictroides—Blue Cohosh. 3. Claytonia Caroliniana—Spring Beets. 4. Cardamine rhomboides purpurea—Spring Cress. 5. Hepatica triloba—Liverleaf.

From Mrs. S. W., Pekin, Ill.—The white flower is Erythronium albidum—White Dog's-tooth Violet; the other is Trillium recurvatum.

From JULIA S., Burr Oak Grove, Ill.—Aguilegia Canadensis—Common Columbine.

From M. A. HOADLEY, Wallace, N. Y.—Solomon Dulcamara—Bittersweet. Poisonous.

Domestic Economy.

ECONOMY IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

IN house-keeping, a careless woman can always make a muss and keep one; but there is no one article more calculated to make confusion, or where-in more waste is involved in its use, than flour, both before and after being baked. Careless handling, sifting, or spilling the flour, careless mixing, throwing away the bits of dough, instead of working them into the bread, cake, or biscuit. Most women put up their pan or tray covered with dough, and the rolling pin and kneading board in like condition. Now, if you ever calculate to get off that dough, why not do it when you mix, while it is soft? As you finish up your bread, or biscuit, or cake loaf, you can rub it off while soft with your hands, or with a spoon, and work it all in, and put away your things all clean, ready for another time. Do not plead the want of time, and that you "can't take the trouble, &c." Do it in the right time, and it is done. Ten to one, when you wish to mix again you will be in haste, and your time precious; then you take a knife and dig your pan to pieces, and scrape your board, pin, &c., and run to the mill with it. O, it's but a little, of course it is! But all these littles every day or two, besides the loss of time, are wasteful, and if you had to earn these littles, you would sooner find it out, I am thinking. And if in every department under your supervision you are thus regardless of the trifles, you are a poor economist, and far from a model house-keeper, whoever you are, or whatever you think.

And then, the bits of bread that many throw away, and many of them made by careless cutting of the loaf, haggling it off one sided, &c. Cut true, smooth pieces, and do not throw away the crust and the odd bits left. These can always be used in some way, if you can only "take the trouble." Extreme poverty is almost wholly unnecessary in this country. Look where you choose around you, and nine times in ten, the poor are shiftless, wasteful, extravagant; and if a man works ever so hard, a thriftless woman can and will waste all he can earn.

A woman who "can't take the trouble" to use economically the material her husband gets to clothe and feed his family, is anything but a blessing to herself or the world. L.—Y P.—D. Westfield, N. Y., 1862.

DRYING RHUBARB.—Rhubarb dries very well, and when well prepared, will keep good for an indefinite period. The stalks should be broken off while they are crisp and tender, and cut into pieces about an inch in length. These pieces should then be strung on a thin twine, and hung up to dry. Rhubarb shrinks very much in drying—more so than any plant I am acquainted with, and strongly resembling pieces of soft wood. When wanted for use, it should be soaked in water over night, and the next day simmered over a slow fire. None of its properties appear to be lost in drying, and it is equally as good in winter as any dried fruit. Very few varieties of rhubarb are suitable for drying, as most of them contain too much woody fiber. The best variety of rhubarb for any purpose is the Victoria, when grown in a suitable situation. The Mammoth is worthless, owing to its fibrous nature, as are also some other kinds.—Prairie Farmer.

BE CHEERFUL AT YOUR MEALS.—The benefit derived from food taken, depends much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. The rapid and silent manner too common among Americans, should be avoided, and some topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in it will be all the better. It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which, when eaten alone, and the mind absorbed in some deep study, or brooding over cares and disappointments, will lie long undigested in the stomach, causing disarrangement and pain, and if much indulged in becomes the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

PIE RECIPES.—Being a member of the RURAL family, I wish to contribute two recipes for pies, which I think very good:

Wet two tablespoonfuls of flour, and rub smooth; one-half teaspoon molasses; add tartaric acid the size of a common bean; this will make one pie.

Beat two eggs; mix with one-half teacup molasses and the same of boiled cider; sprinkle flour over the top of the pies; flavor with lemon or nutmeg. This makes enough for two pies. Both are to be baked with an upper crust.—Mrs. M. E. S., Kalamazoo, Mich., 1862.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups of sour milk; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 tablespoonfuls of molasses; 1 teacupful soda; 3 cups meal; 1 cup flour; no rising; bake 3 or 4 hours.

SODA CRACKERS.—One quart of flour; 2 ounces of butter; 1 teacupful of soda; 2 teacupfuls of cream tartar; knead a little harder than biscuit.

INQUIRY.—I would inquire of some of the lady readers of the RURAL how to color Magenta?—LYDIA EDSON, Darien, N. Y., 1862.

STRAWBERRY JELLY.—Express the juice from the fruit through a cloth, strain it clear, weigh and stir to it an equal proportion of the finest sugar dried and reduced to powder; when this is dissolved, place the preserving pan over a very clear fire, and stir the jelly often until it boils; clear it carefully from scum, and boil it quickly from fifteen to twenty-five minutes. This recipe is for a moderate quantity of the preserve; a very small portion will require much less time.

STRAWBERRIES STEWED FOR TARTS.—Make a sirup of one pound of sugar and a teacup of water; add a little white of eggs; let it boil, and skim it until only a foam rises; then put in a quart of berries free from stems and hulls; let them boil till they look clear, and the sirup is quite thick. Finish with fine puff paste.

COLORING FURS.—Can some of the readers of the RURAL inform me how to tan and color furs black or dark brown, and oblige.—E. M. CHASE, Meadville, Crawford Co., Pa.

DESTROYING MOTHS.—Will some RURAL reader please inform me how to destroy moths, also how to keep them from the house?—E. A. BEACH, Dartington, Wis., June, 1862.

Ladies' Department.

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

WEE WILLIE.

BY MARY I. SHERRMAN.

WILLIE came to us one day, Came and stole our hearts away; With his golden hair, And his eyes of blue, His face so fair, And his heart so true; He came as the sunshine comes to earth, Came as the flowers come, with joy at his birth. A little while he stayed with us here, A little while in love and fear We watched his glad smile, Saw his childish tears, And trembled the while With our hopes and fears; Hoping his life would be spared to our love, Fearing the angels might want him above. Hopes that are dearest are soonest to fade; From joys that are purest sorrows are made; Our darling laid him down and slept, Slept the sleep that knows no waking; Up in Heaven a crown they kept, Up in Heaven a harp lay waiting; Crown for an angel's brow—harp for an angel's touch; And our WILLIE is that angel—WILLIE we loved so much. Wyoming, N. Y., 1862.

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

MADAM GOSSIP.

COUNTRY villages are very bright and lovely places, especially in summer, when the sunshine glids them, when the birds, and brooks, and breezes are all making music, and the trees, grass and flowers are as fresh and fair as they were in the old world's first spring-time. And if Nature had her way, there would be no dark side to these miniature paradises; but man has his way, and so, like every other thing in earth, they have their dark side and the darkest spot on that dark side is that intolerable nuisance, the ubiquitous Madam GOSSIP. With as many eyes as the Hydra had heads, and as many open ears as she has eyes, with a tongue that never tires, and brains that never cease inventing, she seems to see, hear and know everything that transpires. Clides have their sensations in the shape of prima-donnas, "lions" in aristocracy and literature, theatres, concerts and operas, but the quiet country-town has only one sensationist, and she is none less than this long-tongued, wide-mouthed Madam GOSSIP. Her garrulity is well enough so long as it confines itself to the village weddings and funerals, the best quack medicines and healing yarbs, the superiority of hop yeast over salt risin', the latest war news and the minister's last sermon; but when these topics are exhausted, wo betide the luckless individuals whom the old dame next brings on the tapis. Their looks, words and actions, talents, dress and character, will be dissected and anatomized by the keenest blade invented, to wit, a woman's tongue. Have you been so unfortunate as to utter a sentence, in the hearing of Madam G., which had not previously been cut and dried, weighed and measured, be sure this mischief-making old exaggerator will snatch it up, and trick it off, and deek it round with garments of her own imaginings, till the unlucky sentence, acquiring strength by moving, attains a form and fashion, and an alarming notoriety, of which you had never dreamed. So if you do not wish to be hailed as parent, by a thousand ill-timed, mis-directed remarks, injurious to the fame and welfare of, perhaps, your best friends, keep the door of your lips closed when this loquacious creature is about, and show your contempt by your silence. You will almost invariably find her at tea-drinkings and quilting-parties, where everybody's business but her own is handled without gloves, and turned over and under, upside and downside, and canvassed, and abused, and croaked over, till, if "everybody's business" were a thing, with a body, it would be tortured to death. It is really wonderful to observe what a retentive memory the creature has for treasuring up, *verbatim et literatim*, just what other people have said, but such a happy knack at forgetting her own speeches. This is not strange, however, for her wagging tongue is so constantly in motion, that no finite being could possibly remember a tenth part of her senseless jargon. It was, doubtless, the tongue of this talkative old crone which first led the philosophers to believe in the theory of perpetual motion, and because they were never able to invent, devise or discover anything, in heaven or earth, nature or art, that could approach said tongue in continued continuity of motion, they long ago gave up the pursuit in despair. The old woman always has a sun-bonnet "handy," so that on the first receipt of news she can dart off, like a comet, to retail it to the neighbors before the telegraph wire or daily papers get the start of her. Then she always has her "knit-in" work" in readiness to take with her, partly to save time, which, considering the use to which she applies it, is extremely valuable, and partly to silence her husband's reproof, if he, poor, patient man, complains about her being a gad-about. Bless me, how must one feel to have her arrival announced, at each of her neighbor's doors, with "Here comes Aunt SALLY—now we shall hear all the news," or, at every new piece of scandal, to have people say of her, "I'll go over and ask Madam GOSSIP; she'll know all about it."

To be known and recognized as the fomentor of all village, church and family broils; the stirrer-up of all personal quarrels; the willing carrier of all news, too trivial or vulgar for the village Gazette; the proprietor of a tongue which was never known to keep a secret; in a word, to be set down as the town-tattler and village news-monger, what more deplorable position could one occupy; in what more ignoble occupation engage; what more contemptuous title could one receive? With infinitely more pride and self-respect may the village washer-woman and house-cleaner regard herself, while pursuing her avocations, than though she were in Madam G.'s shoes, performing the functions and shouldering the ignominy of her trade. The washer-woman's hard hands, though soiled by contact with the scrubbing-broom and wash-tub, may be cleansed from their impurities; but the head and heart of the town tattler, defiled by the treasuring up and dealing out of all the foul slanders, and vulgar, idle tales of a community, no fuller's soap can whiten. This garrulous creature is the scavenger of conversation, as delighted with its rubbish and refuse as ever the rag-picker is charmed with a fresh heap from the city streets. How she derives in the old barrels of forgotten slanders, greedily bringing them forth to the light; in the old cast-off gar-

ments of forgotten thoughts, repairing and refitting them; in the vulgar sayings of minds as simple as her own, which ought never to have been spoken, and, when once buried in the rubbish of the past, no hand ought to have been polluted by their resurrection. And, as the chifftonier rejoices over a fragment of tawdry finery or glittering tinsel, so doth this old gossip gloat over a new bit of slander, which assails a spotless reputation or "separateth very friends." With what gusto does she retail her wares to her gaping neighbors, interspersing them with an endless repetition of "as likely as not," "I shouldn't wonder," and "you see if it doesn't turn out so."

If you, sir, chance to be a young pettifogger, wanting patronage, follow the steps of Madam GOSSIP; wherever her speeches are rife, and her tongue is swinging, that is the place for you; hang out your sign, and expect liberal patronage. Not that she, "wandering about from house to house," as the Scripture saith of her, "speaking things which she ought not," is to be your client. By no means; she understands herself too well for that. It is her vocation to get all the other people by the ears, and keep them so, while, all the time, she stands wondering (innocent creature that she is) who the quarrel began, and lamenting because "nobody can't live peaceable nowhere." Certainly not, where she is listened to; and the sooner people understand that fact, the better, for the fault is not entirely with the old dame. If she were not so well treated, not so well listened to, did not find people so ready to co-operate with her, like OTHELLO, she would soon find her occupation gone. And that being gone, it is morally and delightfully certain that she would succumb under the calamity, pine away and die.

Ancient fable says that, once upon a time, a beautiful nymph named Echo pined away until nothing was left of her except her voice. But if old dame GOSSIP's manner of pining is to be of such a sort, the world will gain but little; so it is to be devoutly hoped that, when her last hour arrives, as we desire it may right speedily, her croaking voice will go with her. Then, we are sure, this good old world will be itself once more, and its dark sides and its shady sides become beautifully less. Fayetteville, N. Y., 1862. A. M. P.

WORDS FOR WIVES.

I BELIEVE the influence of a wife to be always, for good or for bad, very decided. There is not a woman living, unless she has forfeited all claim to her husband's respect, but is making her mark day by day upon his character. We men are foolishly proud, and do not like to let the women see how they influence us, but we know that, outside of our business,—and sometimes even in it,—all our doings are more or less controlled by our wives, and he is a knave who will not honestly own it. Is it a disgrace to a man that he is kept at home, away from bad company, away from doubtful pleasures and foolish expense, through his wife's influence? Some poor, cowardly souls think so, and utter senseless cries against her who, as a guardian angel, stands between these and their victim. I think the wife was given to supply him with certain things wanting in his own nature, and in yielding to her judgment, her opinion, her desire,—where these are on the side of truth and justice,—he only follows out the leading of a Divine will. But though the husband hide it or deny it, let the good wife be of good cheer. One thing, however, let her understand,—worrying, fretting, fault-finding, direct and frequent harangues, ill-tempered slurs, anything that looks like passion, suspicion, or jealousy, will do no good. These are things a man cannot bear, and have driven many into the things they were intended to prevent. She lacks judgment and prudence who shall ever indulge in these. Let her know that the strongest influences are those which are silent and indirect, that it is impossible for her to be in the right, gently, patiently, consistently, without its being felt. It may not be acknowledged to-day, or to-morrow, or ever; it may not do all that she hoped it would do. Counteracting influences may be too strong for that, but it is felt among the deepest and last things of life, even when he jeers, and scoffs and strikes.—Monthly Religious Magazine.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOOL GIRLS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE, in his new book on America, (a work of which we may have something to say hereafter,) thus speaks of our school girls:—"I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting, first of all, a free school in London, and then a free school in New York. The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl; if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards when the same girls become our servants, and the wives of our grooms and porters. The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were, in all respects, your equal."

TO BE KNOWN and recognized as the fomentor of all village, church and family broils; the stirrer-up of all personal quarrels; the willing carrier of all news, too trivial or vulgar for the village Gazette; the proprietor of a tongue which was never known to keep a secret; in a word, to be set down as the town-tattler and village news-monger, what more deplorable position could one occupy; in what more ignoble occupation engage; what more contemptuous title could one receive? With infinitely more pride and self-respect may the village washer-woman and house-cleaner regard herself, while pursuing her avocations, than though she were in Madam G.'s shoes, performing the functions and shouldering the ignominy of her trade. The washer-woman's hard hands, though soiled by contact with the scrubbing-broom and wash-tub, may be cleansed from their impurities; but the head and heart of the town tattler, defiled by the treasuring up and dealing out of all the foul slanders, and vulgar, idle tales of a community, no fuller's soap can whiten. This garrulous creature is the scavenger of conversation, as delighted with its rubbish and refuse as ever the rag-picker is charmed with a fresh heap from the city streets. How she derives in the old barrels of forgotten slanders, greedily bringing them forth to the light; in the old cast-off gar-

ments of forgotten thoughts, repairing and refitting them; in the vulgar sayings of minds as simple as her own, which ought never to have been spoken, and, when once buried in the rubbish of the past, no hand ought to have been polluted by their resurrection. And, as the chifftonier rejoices over a fragment of tawdry finery or glittering tinsel, so doth this old gossip gloat over a new bit of slander, which assails a spotless reputation or "separateth very friends." With what gusto does she retail her wares to her gaping neighbors, interspersing them with an endless repetition of "as likely as not," "I shouldn't wonder," and "you see if it doesn't turn out so."

Choice Miscellany.

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

A L O N E

BY BELL CLINTON.

At morning's dewy hour, When over shrub and flower Dew gems are strewn, Bright hues with fragrance vying, Song-birds to each replying, Within my heart is sighing Alone—alone. I love the green, glad earth, Its free, its singing mirth, Its silent voice, Its rivers—rushing, foaming,— The sunny mead and gloaming, Where'er my footsteps roaming, I hear—rejoice. The towering mountain pine, Moss bed, and creeping vine, The flower bell, The rivulet, that's creeping 'Tween banks where buds are sleeping, Or willow whirly weeping, God's glory tell. Beauty and charms in all; But when the loved I call, Ah, they are flown Beyond where stars are shining, Fond hands are intertwining, While I weep at day's declining, Alone—alone. Chenango Co., N. Y., 1862.

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

A S S O C I A T I O N

THERE is perhaps no other agency which exerts so great an influence, either for good or evil, in our individual and personal experiences of every-day life, as that of association. While Nature has wisely decreed man's mutual dependence in the perfecting of life's duties and aims; also, by a similar dispensation, mankind have been endowed with faculties that impart a love for society,—a desire to associate one with another, in our several capacities as members of the great "brotherhood of man." In short, association is the "magic cord" that entwines the memory of the past with the hopes and realizations of the present; that invisible medium, silent yet powerful, ever acting for "weal or for woe" through all the changes and vicissitudes of life.

But while this power exerts from its claims neither youth, maturity, nor old age, it is in the formation and molding of youthful character, that its impressions are most vivid and lasting. Where is the individual who has arrived at years of maturity that cannot recall the many pleasant episodes of childhood's fleeting hours? If he be a wanderer in foreign lands, far away from the hills of his nativity, how vividly the imagination will bring once familiar objects to his view, and how sacred the associations that cluster around the home of his infantile years. Youthful imagery has clothed the realities of "olden time" in colors bright and beautiful. In fancy we look again upon the "family circle," as yet unbroken by disaster or disease,—once more we seem to hear the merry voices of loved playmates long since passed over to the "other side," or now, like ourselves, mariners upon "life's tempestuous sea," while memory, ever active, presents in long review

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood, And every loved spot which our infancy knew."

Yes, early associations can never be effaced; and even as the "little leaven doth leaven the whole lump," so do the little incidents and experiences of early life foreshadow man's future course of action. It is an adage long since conceded to be true, that a "man is known by the company he keeps." How obvious, then, the necessity of right associations, and how important that the young,—whose hearts distill the evil in human character, as quickly as the "summer zephyrs distill the evening dew,"—choose their associates with discretion, in laying a groundwork of principle that shall stand as a basis for all future operations. Notice the emphatic language of HENRY WARD BEECHER, in one of his masterly sketches of human character:—"I would warn the young," he says, "of evil companions. Decaying fruit corrupts the neighboring fruit. Beware of those who conceal a poisoned dagger under the cloak of good fellowship. Finally," he remarks, "select your associates, assort them, winnow them, preserve the grain, and let the wind sweep away the chaff. Let the youth of our land make their 'rule of action' conform to the precepts alluded to above, and they will find that 'purity of association' is not the least of the agencies employed in forming a standard of moral and intellectual greatness."

But next to personal associations, there are none that awaken livelier emotions of pleasure or of pity than those of a historical nature. Who but the Cynic could tread the deserted pavements of Pompeii and Herculaneum, or listen to the retreating echo of his footsteps among the wide waste of broken arches and altars of Thebes or Palmyra, without once reflecting upon the former magnificence and glory of these deserted cities? The traveler who wanders through the "Holy Land" finds much to admire in the bold picturesque scenery around him. But it is not the charming landscape, dotted here and there with graceful palm trees, or interspersed at intervals with teeming vineyards, that half conceal by their luxuriant foliage the whitewashed cot of the vine-dresser,—neither is it the craggy peak at his side, whose naked summit towers high heavenward, intercepting the fleecy clouds in their airy flight, while its gigantic form stands proudly forth as "Heaven's prototype on an earthly Babel,"—nor is it still the surging river at his feet, winding its silver vein of waters through the quiet valley far into the distance, while its foaming waves eddy and sparkle in the glad sunlight,—no, it is none of these that fills his soul with mingled feelings of awe and veneration. But he thinks of Nazareth and the garden. Mount Tabor is before him, and he remembers the story of the transfiguration. In fancy he can almost feel the divine glow of heavenly radiance which dazzled the disciple's vision and caused him to fall prostrate to the earth, while through the azure-lined foldings of the clouds, which cap the mountain's summit, there comes a voice of thrilling accent:—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him." He looks out upon Jordan's consecrated waters, while the past, with its sacred associations, rise before him, and he is lost in the memory of other days.

And our own country! Has she no associations that are worth preserving? Shall that glorious emblem of our nationality be enshrined in oblivion and its "starry folds" become the Mecca for future

generations to make pious pilgrimage? Never! New England's hills reply and a loyal North has echoed the glad response, that the "government of our fathers" must be sustained, and "There shall be but one Fold, and one Shepherd." Van Buren Center, N. Y., 1862. C. E. BENTLEY.

IMMORTALS BY ACCIDENT.

A WRITER in the *Dublin University*, in an article with the above title, has the following: "It has already been remarked that heroes lived before Agamemnon; but heroes have likewise lived since Agamemnon, and been known, too, even in modern times, who have gained little by their heroism. The reason is obvious; they have wanted a divine poet—they had nobody to make them immortal. Europe has been crammed with them for the last hundred years. Our own armies and navies could reckon them by the score. They were named in a dispatch and died. One or two of them found a bard. There was amber for Kempenfeldt, for Nelson, for Sir John Moore, for the Six Hundred, for some few beside. Where will the rest be when the present becomes the past, when news becomes renown, when telegrams become history? So far as man goes, they will simply sink into the strata of which futurity will be raised, affording stability and permanence to the foundations of society, which will but rest upon them and crush them down. We have named Sir John Moore. Look at his case—never was anything less probable than that his ill-luck should have been his passport to fame. He had fought as other generals had, had had his successes as well as his reverses, and had just kept his head above water before the advancing army of Soult. On the walls of Corunna he met his fate; and might have lain there, as hundreds of others did, in an unrecorded grave, to this hour and to all future ages, had not an ordinary, unnoticed Irish parson, from a remote country parish, and from amid common prosaic pursuits, caught a glance in his imagination of the lifeless warrior as he was hurried to a hasty grave in the silence of the night, within the sound of the advancing enemy's guns. The look was enough—the picture was taken, with its full significance of pathos, into the heart of the poet; and when it reappeared, it was found to have been encrusted with amber, thereafter never more to pass away. It is true, little ceremony was observed at that burial—

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note; But the lyre was struck; and the echoes went forth to the ends of the earth; and so Sir John Moore passed, by the narrow channel of those few hasty and careless stanzas, from the shores of oblivion, where he would have wandered till doomsday with thousands of brave but unrecorded comrades, to those same Isles of the Blest, wherein, as we have already observed, the favorite heroes of all ages have pitched their tents and exalted their standard."

WANT OF "CHEEK."

In an amusing little sketch of a Frenchman's visit to London, published several years since, the disadvantages of over-politeness are forcibly described. The Frenchman complains that he was treated with marked incivility in the London shops, though he politely lifted his hat on entering, and made repeated bows in his best manner to the people behind the counter. Again, on calling with a letter of introduction at a nobleman's mansion, he deferentially gave a single rap at the door, and bowed low to the powdered lackey who made his appearance after long delay. But his letter was rudely tossed back to him, and the street door violently slammed in his face. An English friend, of course, puts all this to rights, and explains to the discomfited foreigner that an air of decision and a tone of authority make a favorable impression on English tradesmen, and that a determined rap at the door, followed by scrupulous avoidance of all approach to politeness, checks any lurking impertinence in the breast of a British funkey. We suspect, indeed, that the majority of Englishmen measure a man by his own standard. They take you, as it were, at your word, and do not think highly of you unless you seem to think highly of yourself. Insolent swagger and self-conceit will not, of course, go down, but a certain flavor of sober self-esteem has a wonderful effect upon the general public. If you are deferential, it is possible that a stranger will condemn you as a humbug. If you are retiring and modest, many will consider you effeminate and sneaking. One maxim is usually a safe one. In asking a question, avoid timid hesitation of manner, and speak as if a clause in a recent act of parliament had invested you with some special prerogative, otherwise you will probably get a rude answer, or none at all. The tradesman will nervously lock his till; the policeman will eye you suspiciously; the railway porter will pretend not to hear you, or take you for a third-class passenger.

A YOUNG MAN'S FIRST LESSON.

TIMOTHY TITCOMB is guilty of uttering very many blunt truths, and here is one from his letters to the young: "I take it that the first great lesson a young man has to learn is that he is an ass. The earlier this lesson is learned, the better it will be for his peace of mind and his successes in life. Some never learn it, and descend into the evening of their existence, their ears lengthening with their shadows as they go. Some learn it early, get their ears cropped, and say nothing about it; while others sensibly retire into modest employments, where they will not be noticed. A young man reared at home, and growing up in the light of paternal admiration and fraternal pride, can not readily understand how any one can be as smart as he is. He goes to town, puts on airs, gets snubbed, and wonders what it means; goes into society and finds himself tongue-tied; undertakes to speak in a debating club, and breaks down or gets laughed at; pays attention to a nice young woman, and finds a very large mitten on his hands, and, in a state of mind bordering on distraction, sits down to reason about it. This is the critical period of his history. The result of his reasoning decides his fate. If he thoroughly comprehends the fact that he does not know anything, and accepts the conviction that all the world around him knows more than he does, that he is but a cipher, and whatever he gets must be won by hard work, there is hope for him."

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice but he that has the testimony of a good conscience.

Sabbath Musings.

WHOM, NOT HAVING SEEN, WE LOVE.

It is easy to love when eye meets eye, And the glance reveals the heart, When the flush on the cheek can the soul bespeak, And the lips in gladness part; There's a thrilling of bliss in a loving kiss, And a spell in a kindly tone, And the spirit has chains of tenderness To fetter and bind its own. But a holier spell and a deeper joy From a purer fountain flow, When the soul sends higher its incense fire, And rests no more below; When the heart goes up to the gate of heaven, And bows before the throne, And striking its harp for sins forgiven, Calls the Savior all its own. Though we gaze not on the lovely brow That felt for us the thorn, Though afar from home we pilgrims roam, And our feet with toil are worn; Though we never have pressed that pierced hand, It is stretched our lives above; And we own His care, in grateful prayer, "Whom, not having seen, we love." We have felt Him near for many a year, When at eve we bent the knee, That merest breath, that glorious faith, Dear Savior, came from Thee. When we stood beside the dying bed, And watched the loved one go, In the darkening hour we felt His power, As it hushed the waves of woe. And still, as we climb the hills of time, And the lamps of earth grow dim, We are hastening on from faith to light— We are pressing near to Him; And away from idols of earthly mold, Enraptured we gaze above, And long to be where His arms unfold, "Whom, not having seen, we love."

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

R E S T .

THE tolling millions of earth are ever unsatisfied and longing for rest. To them no word in the vocabulary has a sweeter sound, or stirs the pulses, as does this little word—rest. The weary, the heavy laden, the enslaved and down-trodden, all sigh for rest, sweet rest. To them the hope of its attainment is as a balm to the smarting wound, or as oil on the trouble waters of the soul.

But O, sad thought, rest never comes in life. The sweet rest sought for is promised to the good and pure, but not in this world. To many a toiler of earth this is a sad truth. No rest on earth! Discouraging thought. This is the language of the heart unsanctified by grace. How often have I seen the toiling poor man rising early and going to his field of labor, then returning late at evening, only to repeat it the next day, and the next, and still the next; and I have looked into his face and pitied him, as I have thought, you will find no rest from your tasks on earth. He has toiled day after day, until days have increased to years, to acquire a home for his family and a competency for his old age, when he might sit down under the shade of the trees his hands had planted, and rest from all his labors. But the years of that sad, tired man have rolled away, he has acquired his competency, perhaps, but oh, that day of rest which beckoned him on in his younger years has never come. No, it never will come to him this side his humble grave. But will he have rest in heaven? Yes, if he has lived a life of purity and piety God, will give him rest in heaven. He will rest from all his labors, and his works of love will follow him. Has not God said this? Listen and hear him speak, thou tired soul:—"Come unto me, all you who are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls," &c.

Blessed assurances and promises to the laboring sons of men. How they cheer the toiling Christian, as he goes to his wearying daily tasks. How light it makes his burdens. Why, God is going to give me rest one of these days. I shall not toil long. Soon the Master will say, "come up higher." And he goes about his work singing:

"In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest; There my SAVIOR's gone before me To fulfill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of Eden, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you."

Weedsport, N. Y., 1862. F. I. BELL.

PRESSING FORWARD.—Each believer should be thirsting for God, for the living God, and longing to put his lip to the well-head of eternal life,—to follow the Savior. Satisfied I am that many a believer lives in the cottage of doubt when he might live in the palace of faith. We are poor, starving things, when we might be fed; we are weak when we might be mighty; feeble when we might be as the giants before God; and all because we will not hear the Master say, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." Now, brethren, is the time with you, after the season of trouble, to renew your dedication vow to God. Now, beloved, you shall rise up from worldliness and come away—from sloth, from the love of this world, from unbelief. What enchants you to make you sit still where you are? What delights you to make you as you now are? Come away! There is a higher life; there are better things to live for, and better ways of seeking them. Aspire! Let thy high ambition be unsatisfied with what thou hast already attained; this one thing do thou—press forward to the things that are before.—Spurgeon.

WHEN in a despondent mood, look upon the good things which God has given you, in such bountiful profusion, and at the greater good things which he has promised you in the next world, and a cheerful gratitude may take the place of despondency. Don't dwell on the dark sides of things, but on life's brighter aspects. "He who goes into his garden to seek for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom."

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only facilities and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward,—God so dresses us for heaven.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us, Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun, Thou hast united us; who shall divide us? Keep us, O, keep us, the many in one!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 12, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Rebel Means of Escape from Richmond.

THE correspondent of Philadelphia Press says: Every one knows that Richmond lies on the North side of an unfordable river, and that Federal troops encompass it from the North around to the South-east, with gunboats to the South.

For about eight miles back from the river the surface of the country is generally low and swampy, being scarcely passable elsewhere than over the roads, and they would soon be trod into a terrible mire by a marching force of any great number.

Some of the large warehouses are at the lower end of the town, a lock and canal of sufficient capacity to pass boats drawing eight feet of water being the means of communication with the slack-water navigation of the Upper James River.

If the enemy make up their minds to evacuate Richmond, instead of risking all in one last grand battle or if McClellan compels the evacuation, they have but two courses before them; either to go west by turnpike and common roads, through the mud and mire of the swamps, for the only railroad in this direction, the Virginia Central, we control; or to go south-west, using the Danville and Greensborough Railroad and the line to Petersburg, so far as it is uncontrollable by federal gunboats.

Thus the rebel evacuation would be a slow process, and of course, the better to disguise it while making, there would be all sorts of desperate attacks upon our lines. Sorties, and charges, and mines would all have to be adequately prepared for by our troops before hand, so as to be rendered defeats instead of victories to the enemy.

The New Commander in Virginia.

JOHN POPE was born in Kentucky in 1822. He was appointed a cadet in the West Point Military Academy, from Illinois, in 1838; graduated in 1842, and was commissioned a brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers on the 1st of July of that year. General Pope, in the Mexican war, was attached to the army of General Taylor.

which the Union force was divided, and, by a brilliant piece of strategy, succeeded in capturing a large number of rebel prisoners at Corinth. After the evacuation of Corinth, Gen. Pope pursued the fugitive Beauregard down the Mobile Railroad, capturing a great many prisoners, arms, &c. He was engaged in this duty when summoned to Washington.

Items and Incidents.

MCCLELLAN A WORKER.—Mr. Raymond, in N. Y. Times, says:—"No one who has not spent some time here, can understand how thoroughly Gen. McClellan's time and attention are occupied with his public duties. He examines personally every part of his works and every foot of the rebel ground accessible to his observation. Every earth-work thrown up, every gun mounted, every position taken, every regiment moved, and almost every gun fired, are guided by his personal direction.

How TO DISPOSE OF GUERRILLAS.—Some of the orders relating to bushwhackers or guerrillas, are peculiarly significant. We give the point of a few of them:

Secretary Stanton says—"Let them swing." Gen. Dix advises to "shoot them on the spot." Gen. Schofield says—"Execute them immediately." Gen. Blunt says—"Give them no quarter."

Gen. Butler says—"They should be captured, tried at the drum-head by military commission, and shot, every man, their houses burnt, their property destroyed."

FORT GAINES DISMANTLED.—Fort Gaines, one of the defenses of Mobile harbor, has been dismantled and evacuated by the rebels. That portion of the harbor nearest the fortification was previously obstructed, and all vessels which approach the city must pass within short range of Fort Morgan.

A LONDON PAPER ON "INTERVENTION."—The London (Eng.) Daily News says:—"From the moment that a European soldier shall set foot in the United States, the Government of that Republic will enter upon a new era of its existence. From that time forward a return to the old policy of limited armament and political isolation will be at an end."

SUMMARY.—Governor Johnson does not tolerate returned rebels, unless they do works meet for repentance. The Nashville Union announces the arrival from the South to his home of a well known citizen. He was brought before Governor Johnson, and asked if he would take the oath of allegiance to the Government.

A VICTORY EVERY SIXTY HOURS.—The London (Eng.) Saturday Review begins an article in its last number on American affairs by the assertion that "what the Federals most need now is a victory," either by land or sea. Considering that the Review had just heard of the capture of New Orleans, and had scarcely got over the shock it suffered on hearing of the fall of Island Number Ten and the retreat from Yorktown, it seems, to say the least, a peculiar view of American affairs.

THE Secretary of the Treasury, in answer to a resolution of inquiry, has submitted to the House the following particulars touching the National Debt, as it existed on the 29th of May, 1862:

Table with 2 columns: Description of debt and Amount. Includes Treasury Notes, Three and Twenty Year Bonds, Oregon Debt, U. S. Notes without interest, Certificates, and Temporary Loans.

MORE GUNBOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—The National Intelligencer has the following paragraph: Commodore Hull, Naval Constructor Hart and Engineer Shawk, have arrived at St. Louis from the East to superintend the construction of seven new iron gunboats at the Carondelet docks.

Condition of Affairs before Richmond.

LATEST advices from McClellan, at Washington, on the 30th ult., were up to 2 o'clock Saturday P. M. Up to that time he had successfully carried out the plan he pointed out sometime ago, which plan was to swing his right wing toward the rear, which included all the forces north of half way between Bottom's Bridge and New Bridge, at the same time advance his left wing toward James river, opening communication with the gunboats.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL MITCHELL.

ORMSBY MCKNIGHT MITCHELL, whose portrait we have the pleasure of presenting to RURAL readers, is a native of Kentucky, but received his cadetship from Ohio, in 1825.

In 1829 he graduated in the same class as the rebel Generals JOE JOHNSTON and LEE. He served three years as Professor of Mathematics in West Point, and was a short while in the army. But in 1832, becoming weary of inaction, he resigned his commission, studied law, and opened an office at Cincinnati, Ohio.

When the war broke out, he was among the first to inculcate the necessity of defending the unity of the country at all hazards. He was one of the speakers at the great meeting on Union Square, New York city, and his speech was probably the most thrilling that was delivered that day.

"I owe allegiance to no particular State, and never did, and, God helping me, I never will. I owe allegiance to the Government of the United States. A poor boy, working my way with my own hands, at the age of twelve turned out to take care of myself as best I could, and beginning by earning but four dollars per month, I worked my way onward, until this glorious Government of the United States gave me a chance at the Military Academy at West Point.

and predominant my love for our common country." His speech was continued with a fervor that held his hearers enthralled, and amidst his remarks, the following words also fell from his lips:—"When the rebels come to their senses, we will receive them with open arms; but until that time, while they are trailing our glorious banner in the dust, when they scorn it, curse it, condemn it, and trample it under foot, I must smite, and in God's name I will smite, and as long as I have strength I will do it."

He was appointed Brigadier-General from New York, and sent to Kentucky. There he obtained command of a division of Buell's army, which was the first of our troops in Bowling Green. From Nashville, he was sent due south through Murfreesboro' and Columbia. Near the latter place he left the bulk of his division under one of the brigadiers, and with a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries, he made an extraordinary forced march on Huntsville, which place he occupied before the rebels suspected his proximity.

Gen. MITCHELL, like many of our more prominent generals, is also an author. He has sent forth to the world several of the finest astronomical works, some of which have been reprinted in a popular form in England and on the European continent. His "Planetary and Stellar Worlds," and his "Popular Astronomy," have become text-books, and his "Astronomy of the Bible" is now in the press.

James river, eight miles below Fort Darling and fifteen below Richmond.

After an interruption of communication between Gen. McClellan and Washington, forty-eight hours, his left wing touched James river on the 30th ult., near Turkey Island bridge. He immediately opened communication with Com. Rodgers, of the Potomac flotilla, and through him with Washington. The result may be that the steam transports may relieve his soldiers of the fatigue of marching on Richmond, by landing them near the rebel capital, after the gunboats have cleared away the obstructions.

From the correspondence of the Baltimore American, we gather the following:

At the White House, on Wednesday, matters were progressing as usual, with the exception that there had been a check in the landing of stores of all descriptions, while those on the landings were being rapidly loaded in wagons and moved off toward the left flank. Several steamers, with large strings of vessels laden with forage and subsistence, had also been started down the river, with orders to proceed to City Point, on the James river.

On the same day Gen. Casey came down and took command of the small land force, not exceeding 500 men, and in the evening was notified to prepare at any moment for the entire evacuation of the post, and the preservation, as far as practicable, of the public property.

along, above and below the Pamunkey Bridge, so as to give them free play for the use of their guns. On the same evening we had a report from headquarters that a division of the rebels, the forces of "Stonewall" Jackson and Gen. Ewell, were approaching, and threatening to open the way by the right flank for a raid on the White House.

DOINGS ON THURSDAY.—The fact that the gunboats had taken position in front of the landing, with their guns out and shotted, and the sweeping away of the trees, which was still progressing, gave renewed activity to the rush of the camp followers for passes by the mail-boat to Fortress Monroe, and our population commenced to be rapidly depleted.

While all these preparations were going on, indicating the probable intention of evacuating the landing on shore, the numerous steamers and tugs, probably fifty in number, had been busy towing down the river to West Point, a distance of fifty miles, through its tortuous windings, long lines of brigs and barks laden with stores. The vessels that were scattered about in the vicinity were also gathered together in separate groups and anchored in the stream, where they could be easily and rapidly taken in tow by the steamers, when the time for their removal arrived.

In the meantime the work on the construction of the railroad bridge over the Pamunkey, just above the landing, was steadily progressing, a large force of workmen being constantly at work. This fact,

in conjunction with the evident movement towards a speedy evacuation, bewildered the speculations of the uninitiated, but Col. Ingalls, under whose directions the evacuation was progressing, moved about as cool as a summer's morning.

The reports from the front on Thursday evening continued favorable, heavy skirmishing having taken place on the right, resulting in the repulse of the enemy, and a few more of the wounded arrived, who reported everything progressing most satisfactorily, while all the indications were that a general battle along the whole line would take place next day (Friday.) The trains were kept in motion all night, carrying forward munitions of war, while the wagon trains were still lining the roads with commissary stores.

THE GREAT ALARM.—On Friday morning, the first item of news from the front, received by telegraph, was a gratifying announcement that Stonewall Jackson and Ewell, in attempting to turn the right flank, were repulsed by Gen. McColl with his Pennsylvania Reserves, and driven back with great slaughter. This attempt of Jackson was made at three o'clock in the morning, and had closed at six o'clock, with a signal victory. This repulse is said to have been one of the most decisive and destructive of the war, the enemy being put to a complete rout, with very small loss on our side.

The steamers and tugs were all in early requisition, and were moving down the river with long trains of transports in tow. The vessels nearest the landing were also stored full of commissary stores and munitions, and moved out in the stream. The immense piles of boxes of crackers, barrels of pork, and other stores along the landing, were again covered over with bales of hay, so as to be ready at a moment's notice to apply the torch for their destruction, if it should become necessary.

There was great commotion among the crowds of contrabands, who have been found most efficient laborers, and who have been used to great advantage in the commissary and munition departments. They soon understood that danger was apprehended, and being assured by Col. Ingalls that they would not be left behind to meet the vengeance of their masters, went to work with renewed energy. Stores and munitions everywhere disappeared from the landings with great rapidity, and were being packed on the wharf-boats and vessels contiguous. The wives and children of the contrabands also soon made their appearance, and with bundles and babies, took positions on the canal boats as they were floated out in the stream.

The mail steamer, which should have left for Fortress Monroe at 7 o'clock in the morning, was ordered to be detained, and at 9 o'clock a dispatch was received that a general battle was progressing along the whole line, the enemy having renewed the attempt to flank Gen. Porter's position on the right wing. At 11 o'clock a second dispatch announced that Gen. Porter had driven the enemy before him and repulsed them three times with terrific slaughter, and was then ordered by Gen. McClellan to fall back. This dispatch was a signal for renewed energy in the work of evacuation, and all the Quartermaster's papers and valuables, and the chests of the Paymasters, were brought on board the mail-boat.

THE PANIC CHECKED.—During the afternoon the panic increased until 3 o'clock, and the steamers and tugs were busily engaged in towing down the transports.

At 3 o'clock a dispatch was received from headquarters, in substance as follows: "We have been driving the enemy before us on the left wing for the past half hour. Cheers are heard all along the lines."

This was the signal for a new change in the programme. All the Government valuables and the property of the officers was taken off the mail-boat and placed on board the steamer Camonico, and the order given for the departure of the mail boat, which left at 3 o'clock for Fortress Monroe, taking with her in tow two heavily laden steamers, with directions for them to be dropped at West Point. Two of the large hospital steamers filled with sick and wounded also left about the same time.

STATEMENTS OF THE WOUNDED.—About seven o'clock on Friday evening numbers of the wounded commenced to arrive from the front of the lines, with a few of the most intelligent of whom I had an opportunity of conversing. Those engaged in the repulse of Stonewall Jackson, represent his rout to be most quick and disastrous. He came down on them expecting a surprise, but found them all momentarily expecting his approach, having been informed by Gen. McClellan two days previous that he was coming upon them. Instead of a surprise, the enemy received the first shot, and after two hours fight retreated in confusion.

The wounded from the fight, which immediately ensued, represented it to have been a most terrific encounter, the enemy coming out from Richmond upon them in such dense masses that the shell and grape poured into them as they advanced made great gaps in their lines, which were immediately filled up, and they moved forward most determinedly. Their artillery was so poorly served that the damage to our ranks was light in proportion. They still moved on and exchanged showers of minie balls, which were destructive on both sides, but when Gen. Porter ordered a bayonet charge, they retreated in double quick, though Gen. Porter pursued them but a short distance.

The enemy again rallied and approached our lines a second time, when the same terrible slaughter ensued. This time their artillery, being better served, was more effective in the ranks of our men. On coming to close quarters, they were again repulsed, and driven back a still greater distance, this time fought over battle ground being literally strewn with dead and dying. Gen. Porter then a second time fell back to his position and waited nearly an hour for the enemy to renew the assault. They, however, finally came on in increased numbers, having been largely re-enforced, and were again received with shell and grape, causing great chasms in their ranks, and one poor fellow who had lost his arm assured me that he saw the loose arms and portions of the bodies of the enemy making gyrations through the air. A third time the enemy

bore down most bravely and determinedly on our lines, and this conflict was the most severely contested of the whole; but when the bayonet was brought to bear they fell back, and were pressed toward Richmond fully a mile beyond our original lines.

Again, for the fourth time, General Porter fell back to his first position, when an order was received from General McClellan to continue his retrograde movement slowly and in order. So soon as it became apparent to the enemy that it was the purpose of General Porter to retire, the enemy again pushed forward most boldly and bravely, when their advance was checked by the entire reserve force, consisting of the New York 5th, Lieutenant-Colonel Duryea, the New York 10th, Colonel Bendix, and two other regiments, under command of Colonel Warren, Acting-Brigadier-General, and the entire force of regulars under Major-General Sykes. This fresh force held the enemy in check while the force which had previously borne the brunt of the battle moved steadily back and in good order, carrying with them their wounded and dead.

The enemy made a fierce attack on the reserve, but cannon were posted at various points of the route by which they were retiring toward the Chickahominy, which occasionally poured in shot and shell upon them, and checked their movements and enabled the troops to move back in the most admirable manner. At one time, in this retrograde movement, the reserve force charged on the enemy with the bayonet and drove them back nearly a mile. In this charge the gallant New York Fifth and Colonel Bendix's New York Tenth drew forth the plaudits of the army, by their steadiness and bravery, in which they, however, lost about a hundred of their numbers, whose bodies it was necessary to leave on the field. Cheers went up along our whole lines at this gallant repulse, which was at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the enemy did not again renew the attack during the balance of the evening, but turned their columns down toward the White House, which seemed to be the haven of all their hopes. The division of the enemy dispatched in this direction was estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand, cavalry, artillery, and infantry. They started down at three o'clock on Friday afternoon.

LAST OF THE WHITE HOUSE.—On Saturday morning the work of evacuation at the White House had been nearly completed, and although there was still a number of vessels before the landing, there was an abundance of steamers in readiness to move off with them at any moment.

The following is an account of the battles fought in front of Richmond on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, being the 5th, 6th, and 7th of the engagement: On Sunday morning the corps of Generals Sumner and Franklin were left in the works at Fair Oaks, with instructions to evacuate and protect the baggage and supply trains on their way to James River. They had hardly left their position, and were falling back on the railroad and Williamsburg turnpike, when the rebels discovered the movement and immediately started in pursuit with their whole force. So rapidly did the rebels approach that our officers had barely time to place their men in position to receive them before they were upon them. The enemy advanced to the attack about two o'clock, and were promptly met by our men. The battle lasted until dark, during which the enemy suffered terribly, advancing in solid mass to within a short distance of our artillery. The effect of our guns upon their ranks was fearful, killing and wounding them by hundreds. At dark the enemy were repulsed, and forced to abandon their position. This battle took place about a mile and a half above Savage Station.

While this battle was in progress other important events were transpiring. The railroad bridge across the Chickahominy was burned, and a train of twelve cars, under a full head of steam, was run overboard. All the Commissary and Quartermaster's stores unable to be removed were committed to the flames, together with a large amount of ordnance stores. The large house at the station and the adjoining grounds, which were filled with our sick and wounded, whom it was impossible to get away, were left under the care of our surgeons, with all the necessaries at hand for their comfort. They numbered about 700, and are now in the enemy's hands. The troops which had fought the battle on Sunday, retreated under cover of the night to White Oak Swamp Bridge, a distance of about twelve miles, there to await the approach of the enemy.

The disposition of the troops on Monday, the sixth day of the battle, was as follows: General Smith's division, supported by General Nagle's brigade, occupied the right of the bridge, while General Sumner's and General Franklin's corps occupied the left. General Heintzelman's corps with General McCall's division was out on the road to meet the enemy, who were approaching from Richmond.

The enemy came up boldly early in the forenoon, having been heavily re-emboldened by the troops who had fought the battle of Friday on the opposite side of the Chickahominy. At about three o'clock it became evident that some portion of our lines must give way, as the rebels were constantly throwing fresh troops into action. Our troops in front of the bridge then fell back to within three miles and a half of Turkey Island, when the fight was shortly after renewed and continued with the greatest determination on both sides. The loss on Monday was very heavy in each army. During the day all the cattle and the greater portion of the trains had safely crossed Turkey Island Bridge.

The fight was renewed early on Tuesday morning by the rebels, they evidently intending to crush our army. It lasted about three hours, resulting in considerable loss to both sides. The enemy then retired, leaving the field to our troops. The rebels again advanced at about three o'clock in the afternoon, in considerable numbers, but retired, after being shelled by the gunboats and artillery for about two hours, without coming near enough for musketry to become engaged. The loss of our army, during their seven days' engagement, is not known, but 20,000 is considered to be as near an estimate as can at present be given in killed, wounded, and missing. Many of those unaccounted for may have straggled away through the country, and may hereafter return. The loss of the enemy in killed must have been very heavy, far exceeding that of our army.

A later dispatch says.—The most terrible fighting took place Tuesday last, and with most brilliant success. The rebels were defeated in every action, and the rebel prisoners admit the loss of at least 10,000 that day. Our artillery was most successfully brought to bear nearly all day, while the rebels have done very little execution with theirs. Our loss was very small compared with that of the rebels. As fast as the rebel forces were cut to

pieces, other fresh troops were immediately marched forward to fill their places. They seemed to disregard the lives of their men, and held them under the hottest fire of our artillery. The enemy have been driven back in every fight for the last three days. Our troops are in fine spirits, and never so anxious to fight as now. Most of our wounded express a desire to recover speedily so they may return to their regiments.

The army is now encamped on high, rolling ground, on the banks of the James River, fifteen miles from Richmond. The transports are already unloading supplies at the wharves. The Commanding General feels confident of successfully meeting any attack the enemy may make upon him in his present position. The re-enforcements the rebels received from Beauregard and Jackson gave them a force double that of the army of the Potomac, and many of the prisoners taken during the battles belong to Beauregard's army.

Advices from the army up to the night of the 4th inst., have been received in Washington, and indicate that all is quiet and the army in excellent spirits:

The following address has been issued by the Commanding General:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, July 4, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:—Your achievements of the last ten days have illustrated the valor and endurance of the American soldier attacked by superior forces, and without hope of re-enforcements. You have succeeded in changing your base of operations by a flank movement, always regarded as the most hazardous of military expedients. You have saved all your material, all your trains, and all your guns, except a few lost in battle, taking in return guns and colors from the enemy. Upon your march you have been assailed day after day, with desperate fury, by men of the same race and nation, skillfully massed and led. Under every disadvantage of number, and necessarily of position also, you have in every conflict beaten back your foes with enormous slaughter. Your conduct ranks you among the celebrated armies of history. No one will now question that each of you may always with pride say, "I belonged to the Army of the Potomac!" You have reached the new base, complete in organization, and unimpaired in spirit.

The enemy may at any time attack you. We are prepared to meet them. I have personally established your lines. Let them come, and we will convert their repulse into a final defeat. Your Government is strengthening you with the resources of a great people. On this, our Nation's Birth Day, we declare to our foes, who are rebels against the best interests of mankind, that this army shall enter the Capital of the so-called Confederacy, that our National Constitution shall prevail, and that the Union, which can alone insure internal peace and external security to each State, shall be preserved, cost what it may, in time, treasure, and blood.

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

From the telegraph this (Tuesday) morning, we gather the following additional items:

Com. Wilkes has been ordered to the command of the flotilla in James River.

The New York Tribune says, we have from our special, details of the battle of Tuesday, not heretofore reported at length.

The fight was very severe, and extended all along the line. We lost many officers and men, but repeatedly drove the rebels back. It was chiefly an artillery fight, but our men made several splendid and successful charges. The enemy were desperate, being purposely made mad with drink, and staggered up to our guns only to be cut down by hundreds.

In the fight of Tuesday, Morell's division suffered most. The 12th New York, a part of Butterfield's brigade, was nearly annihilated. The 44th New York, 83d Pennsylvania, and 16th Massachusetts, also suffered severely.

General Porter's corps were engaged and did nobly.

Hooker's, or "the fighting division," worked nobly. This division went to the Peninsula 11,000 strong; now they number less than 5,000 effective men. The severest sufferers in the division were the Massachusetts 1st, 11th, and 16th.

Sickles' brigade also won new laurels. Coming in as a reserve just at the right moment, they drove the rebels back with serious slaughter.

The Irish brigade of General Meagher was also prominent in this action, and so was the Mozart regiment.

The result of Tuesday's fight was distinctly in favor of the Union army. The rebels were defeated in every action, and rebel officers taken prisoners admit the loss of at least 10,000 men during the day. Our artillery was successfully brought to bear, nearly all day, while the rebels did very little execution with theirs. Our loss was very small when compared with that of the rebels. The fighting on both sides was of the most desperate character. As fast as the rebel forces were cut to pieces other fresh troops were marched forward to fill their places. They appeared to disregard the lives of their men. At the close of the battle the Union troops were in fine spirits, and more anxious than ever to fight.

A skirmish took place on Thursday morning, the 3d inst., near our left wing, which resulted in the defeat of the rebels. We took 1,000 rebel prisoners and three small batteries. Our cavalry then followed them till they passed beyond White Oak Swamp.

Great difficulty exists in obtaining the list of killed in our late battles, as comparatively few cases exist where any one can tell whether the missing were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. For the last two days the rebels have shown but little disposition to fight, and yesterday relinquished their grounds and batteries almost without resistance.

A letter to the N. Y. Post confirms the reported skirmish on Thursday, and the capture of six guns and prisoners. Gen. McClellan had removed his headquarters, and the army advanced some five miles toward Richmond.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer states that Richmond papers of the 4th acknowledge the loss of 30,000 men, though they claim a victory. The correspondent of the Press, of the same date, reports McClellan pushing rapidly forward, driving the enemy at all points. The gunboats accompanied his advance, shelling the woods and scattering the enemy, his main forces following in support.

The Washington Star of the 6th says a distinguished general officer of the Potomac was in Washington that morning, on his way to visit his family, north of that city. His opportunities for learning the extent of the damage received by the enemy in the recent seven days' battle were, from the nature of his position in the service, perhaps better than any other Union officer. He estimates the loss in killed and wounded, and otherwise hors du combat, at 75,000 men—in other words, that the loss was quite half of the whole army in and about Richmond. They refuse to receive flags of truce from McClellan, conveying inquiries relative to the fate of the Union officers and soldiers believed to be

wounded and prisoners in their hands, thus evincing a great disinclination at permitting McClellan to obtain any inkling, however obscure, of their real condition since the termination of the battles.

A letter to the New York Tribune, dated Fortress Monroe, 5th, says: Beyond a few skirmishes, in which our troops gained the advantage, nothing has occurred in the neighborhood of Richmond since my last. The rebel army appears to have fallen back toward the city, and Gen. McClellan is now in a position well entrenched.

The apprehension that the rebels would stretch themselves down the Peninsula, and possibly attempt a blockade with the land batteries of the James river, has not as yet been realized. Our force at Yorktown is evacuating the place, and most of the guns have been burst.

Yesterday our pickets advanced four or five miles from the river, and saw no enemy, who seemed to have disappeared mysteriously. It is suggested that Gen. Pope will see them next.

Gen. McClellan has advanced his lines down to the Chickahominy, and no fears are now entertained of a flank movement in that direction. By noon to-day Gen. McClellan expected to have his position so fortified as to be able to bid defiance to the enemy in any shape that he might choose to come.

An army letter to the Herald states that rebel prisoners say long before the evacuation of Corinth, troops from Beauregard's army began to arrive at Richmond, and continued to arrive steadily until that event took place, by which time 50,000 had arrived; and that subsequent to the evacuation 25,000 more arrived from Corinth; and these 75,000 are the flower of Beauregard's army. The whole number of troops at Richmond amounts to 200,000.

I infer from what their officers say, that the eight forts, or earthworks, on the north and east of Richmond, are not of any great strength. They rely mainly for the defense of the city upon Fort Darling, the obstructions and batteries in the James River, and upon the fighting of their troops. They declare it an utter impossibility for the Union army to take Richmond, either by land or water—by land, on account of the number of troops, and by water, on account of the defenses of James River.

Department of the West.

The Memphis Avalanche of June 30 has an editorial based upon information from well-informed men in the South, stating that a new programme has been determined on by the Southern leaders, who, nothing absorbed by the past discomfitures, are preparing themselves for a tremendous effort. They consider that the territory recently given up has weakened the North and correspondingly strengthened the South. They expect to hold Richmond and Virginia, but if they are forced to yield them, they have no idea of giving up, but will fight till the last; but when they can fight no longer, instead of surrendering and having their property confiscated, and themselves disfranchised, they will make a direct proposition to France and England, to become a colony or appendage. If this alternative is forced upon them, they will strive to become subjects of Napoleon rather than of England. The Avalanche gives the above as almost the certain policy of the Confederate leaders, and as Dr. Faulkes is known to be one of the best informed persons in the South, considerable credit may be attached to this plan.

Dispatches from Col. Fitch, dated St. Charles, Ark., which works are still held, set forth that Curtis' division is at Batesville, on short rations and without provender for horses and mules, besides suffering from sickness. Hindman is menacing him with a large force, and unless commissary and other stores can reach him soon his troops will be rendered incapable of duty by starvation. Regiments were called for and transports with provisions and provender. Col. Fitch proposes to give his troops a share of active service, having in view a very important movement upon the enemy.

At Helena, Ark., there is a band of guerrillas numbering 2,000, threatening people with cotton burning and general destruction of property. In consideration of this fact Gen. Grant has issued orders that wherever loss is sustained by the government, collections shall be made by seizure of sufficient amount of personal property from persons in the immediate vicinity sympathizing with rebellion, to remunerate the government for all losses; persons acting as guerrillas will not be treated as prisoners of war.

Mississippi river, north of Vicksburg, is reported to be lined with men trying to escape conscription. Federal boats are continually halted by persons wanting to be taken aboard with their cotton. The people everywhere are represented as suffering the greatest hardships. On an island below White river, 2,500 men, who have fled from conscription, are united against their oppressors for protection.

The following dispatch has been received in Washington:

To Hon. E. M. Stanton:—Official reports are just received of a brilliant affair of our cavalry near Boonville, Miss., on the 1st inst. Col. Sheridan, of the 2d Michigan cavalry, with two regiments of 738 men, was attacked by parts of 8 regiments of rebels, numbering some 4,700 men, which he defeated and drove back after seven hours' fighting. Our loss was 41 killed, wounded and missing. That of the enemy must have been very great, as they left 65 dead on the field. Particulars will be forwarded by mail.

I recommend Col. Sheridan for promotion for gallant conduct in battle.

H. W. HALLECK, Maj.-Gen. Com'g.

From the Vicksburg press of the 27th ult. we obtain the following:

Porter's mortar fleet opened on the lower batteries at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and ceased at 7. They recommenced the bombardment at 5 1/2 this morning. Our batteries replied with but few shot. Our loss was two killed and three wounded. This morning it is reported that the Federals are landing troops at Warrenton. We have no knowledge of the truth of this report, but it corresponds with their previous movements. At 1 o'clock to-day 12 transports came up, and landed troops at Brown and Johnson's Place on the Louisiana shore. From the number of transports engaged they must have landed a large force.

The ram Monarch arrived at Cairo on the 5th inst., bringing news to the 28th of June. The statement is that on Thursday Commodore Porter's fleet commenced to shell the upper battery, below the town, continuing all day without any result. It was renewed on Friday, and in the afternoon it was directed on the town, over which shells were plainly seen to burst. This continued until 4 o'clock, when it ceased. During the bombardment the rebel batteries replied freely. Their firing was inaccurate. One-half hour after the cessation of the bombardment, the rebel water battery opened on the mortar fleet, which replied until the battery ceased firing. At 8 o'clock in the evening fire was opened from the

entire fleet on the town, and continued an hour. The next morning at 4 o'clock, the bombardment was resumed, during which eight of Farragut's vessels passed the batteries without serious damage. The city must have been damaged greatly. Conflagrations were seen in numerous places.

The Grenada (Miss.) Appeal of the 27th says every preparation that military science could suggest has been made at Vicksburg, and that city will be defended to the last.

Gen. Schofield, commanding the Federal forces in Missouri, has issued an order holding the rebels and rebel sympathizers responsible in their property, and if need be in their persons, for damages hereafter committed by guerrillas in their State. For every soldier or citizen killed \$5,000 will be exacted, from \$1,000 to \$5,000 for every one wounded, and the full value for all property destroyed by guerrillas will be assessed and collected from the class of persons above mentioned residing in the vicinity of the place where the acts were committed. The sums thus collected will be paid to the legal heirs of the soldier or citizen thus killed or the person wounded, or the rightful owner of the property destroyed or stolen. This order is very stringent, and abundant machinery is provided to carry it into effect.

A reconstruction of the gunboat Essex, which was disabled at Fort Henry last winter, is just completed. She made her trial trip at St. Louis on the 28th ult., proving a success in every respect. Her machinery is placed below the water line, her casemates are raised from 6 to 7 1/2 feet high, and she has been thoroughly repaired throughout. Her officers claim that she will be more effective and durable than any other boat built in the West. Her armament consists of three 9-inch and one 10-inch Dahlgren guns, shell guns, two 50-pounder rifle Dahlgren guns, one large 32-pounder, and one 24-pounder howitzer. She is commanded by Captain W. D. Porter, and was to leave for the South immediately.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

The President, in accordance with the provisions of the recent act for the collection of direct taxes in the insurrectionary districts, within the United States, has issued a proclamation, declaring in what States and parts of States insurrection exists, namely, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia, excepting from the last named certain Western counties. Those States being now in insurrection and rebellion, and by reason thereof the civil authority of the United States is so obstructed that the provision of the act to provide the increase of revenue from the imports to pay interest on the public debts, and for other purposes, approved August 5th, 1861, cannot be possibly executed; therefore the taxes legally chargeable upon real estate, under the act last aforesaid, lying within States and parts of States, as aforesaid, together with a penalty of 50 per cent. of said taxes, shall be a lien upon the treaty or lots of same, severally charged till paid.

The following correspondence between the President and the Governors of the several States will explain itself:

To the President:—The undersigned, Governors of States of the Union, impressed with the belief that citizens of the States which they respectively represent, are of one accord in the hearty desire that the recent successes of the Federal arms may be followed up by measures which must insure the speedy restoration of the Union; and believing that in view of the important military movements now in progress, and the reduced condition of our effective forces in the field, resulting from the usual and unavoidable casualties of the service, that the time has arrived for prompt and vigorous measures to be adopted by the people in support of the great interests committed to your charge—we respectfully request, if it meets with your entire approval, that you at once call upon the several States for such numbers of men as may be required to fill up all the military organizations now in the field, and add to the armies heretofore organized such additional number of men as may in your judgment be necessary to garrison and hold all of the numerous cities and military positions that have been captured by our armies, and to speedily crush the rebellion that still exists in several of the Southern States; thus practically restoring to the civilized world our great and good Government. All believe that the decisive moment is near at hand, and to that end the people of the United States are desirous to aid promptly in furnishing all re-enforcements that you may deem needful to sustain our Government.

Israel Washburne, Maine; Fred. Holbrook, Vermont; Wm. Sprague, Rhode Island; Wm. A. Buckingham, Connecticut; E. D. Morgan, New York; Chas. S. Olden, New Jersey; A. G. Curtin, Pennsylvania; W. Bradford, Maryland; F. H. Pierpont, Virginia; Austin Blair, Michigan; Andrew Johnson, Tennessee; H. R. Gamble, Missouri; O. F. Morton, Indiana; David Tod, Ohio; Alex. Ramsey, Minnesota; Richard Yates, Illinois; Edward Salmon, Wisconsin; J. B. Temple, President Military Board, Kentucky; Burton, Delaware.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Washington, July 1.

Gents:—Fully concurring in the wisdom of the views expressed to me in so patriotic a manner, by you, in the communication of the twenty-eighth day of June, I have decided to call into service an additional force of three hundred thousand men. I suggest and recommend that the force should be chiefly of infantry. The quota of your State would be — I trust that they may be enrolled without delay, so as to bring this unnecessary and injurious civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion. An order fixing the quotas of the respective States will be issued by the War Department to-morrow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Attorney General Bates having given his opinion that the acceptance by the ex-Secretary of War Floyd, of drafts drawn upon him by Russel, Major & Waddell, now held by Pearce & Bacon, are not legal contracts of the United States, that we are not legally bound to pay any on account thereof, the claimants, in the memorial to Congress, propose to show that the Attorney General's opinion conflicts with the statutes, with judicial decisions of the Supreme Court, and with long practice of Government in the use of acceptances in discharge of the obligations of the different departments, and they apply for a general recognition of this usage by Congress.

The Department of Agriculture goes into operation immediately, with Isaac Newton, of Pennsylvania, as Commissioner, and R. C. McCormick, of New York, as Chief Clerk.

The army appropriation bill came up in the Senate, and Mr. Hale offered an amendment to that, limiting the rank and file to 750,000, and limiting Major-Generals to 40 and Brigadier-Generals to 200. The limitation of 750,000 men was stricken out. Adopted.

An amendment was adopted appropriating \$2,000,000 for the comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers, and forwarding them to their homes.

An amendment was adopted that all aid-de-camps appointed since August, 1861, be referred to the Senate for confirmation.

An amendment was adopted providing \$5,000,000 for the collecting, drilling, and organizing the volunteers. After some further debate, the bill passed.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Whitcomb's Horse Hay Rake—J. Pardee. Help for the Women—Richardson & Keefer. Reaping and Mowing Machines—J. Rapajie. Bathing Scenes—Henry R. Angon. Fort Edward Institute—Ray. Joseph E. King. Inventions and their Results—Harris Bro's. Strayed or Stolen—H. Cronin. A Beautiful Microscope—F. M. Bowen. Flat Field Turnip Seed—J. D. Conklin.

The News Condenser.

- Garibaldi is prostrated with rheumatism.
— Congress has passed an act prohibiting polygamy in Utah.
— An Arkansas regiment is being raised for the Union army.
— Mrs. Gen. Scott died at Rome, on the 10th ult., aged 72 years.
— Col. Ward, an American, has been created a Mandarin of China.
— The Spanish Government is about to build seven iron frigates.
— The streets of Hamilton, Canada, are now lighted with coal oil.
— The Prince Albert Memorial Fund now amounts to \$245,000.
— Twenty-three iron clad vessels are now in process of construction.
— New York has in the field 121 regiments, 2 battalions, and 13 batteries.
— The quinine-yielding Chinoona has at length been naturalized in India.
— Uncle Sam has contracted for one hundred and fifty million Minnie rifle bullets.
— During the year 1861, eleven million gallons of wine were consumed in England.
— Forty-four pieces of artillery were in action at Fair Oaks, and 2,750 rounds were fired.
— The President has approved and signed the Pacific Railroad and National Tax bills.
— The sailing navy of France consists of 122 vessels, of which 63 are in commission.
— The Albany Argus says that out of 10,000 blacks in New Orleans, 8,000 are mulattoes.
— There are hospital accommodations in the city of Washington for 12,000 sick soldiers.
— A greater breadth of land has been sowed and planted in Maine this year than ever before.
— One of the mills in Lowell, during the past week, sold 600,000 yards of cotton cloth.
— Over a hundred steam propellers are now engaged in towing boats on American canals.
— Mrs. Thompson, of Bristol, Conn., completed her one hundred and third year on Sunday week.
— Some fifteen or twenty officers have been sent home, by flag officer Farragut, for habitual drunkenness.
— Strawberries made their first appearance in the Quebec market on Thursday, the 20th ult. Rather late.
— Ship building is brisk at Windsor, N. S., but the American war has quite destroyed the plaster business.
— A bill for the establishment of a State Normal School has passed both Houses of the California Legislature.
— An extradition treaty, for cases of high crimes, has been concluded between the United States and Mexico.
— In Illinois, husking the crop of 1861 and planting that of 1862 were done simultaneously in adjoining fields.
— A plot for a negro insurrection in Oktobeha Co., Miss., for June 18, was discovered in time to break it up.
— Some of the factories in Massachusetts and Rhode Island which have been idle for a long time, are starting up.
— The New York State loan of \$800,000 has been taken at 10 1/2 per cent. premium. The bids reached \$4,500,000.
— The London (Eng.) Herald maintains that it is time for France and England to take action on American affairs.
— There are thirty of the blood relations of the late Gen. Lyon now fighting for the cause in which he lost his life.
— In Buffalo, 2.90 inches of rain fell in June. Average temperature, 2° colder than June of the previous five years.
— Senator King stated in the Senate, last week, that our whole effective force in the field does not exceed 300,000 men.
— Grasshoppers have appeared in immense swarms in Colorado Territory, and are devouring vegetation at a fearful rate.
— Gen. Butler has already freed a good many rebels, in New Orleans, for misconduct. The General understands fine arts.
— The Empress Eugenie contemplates a visit to Queen Victoria. The Emperor is to spend the summer at Vichy.
— Telegraphic news from Bombay to the 12th ult. states that the troubles in Afghanistan have been amicably adjusted.
— Among the novelties on exhibition in London is a "petrified aborigine," discovered in a stalactite cave in South Australia.
— Though frequently called "old Stonewall," Gen. Jackson, the rebel hero of the Shenandoah valley, is only 37 years of age.
— The fleet of transports and army boats lately removed from the Pamunkey to the James river consisted of about 700 vessels.
— Upward of 3,000 applications have been received from young women wishing to be engaged as waiters to the London exhibition.
— There has been a raid upon the sutlers in Gen. McDowell's corps, by order, to seize and destroy the liquor smuggled in by them.
— The Memphis Committee report northern shipments to June 30th: Sugar, 926 hhd.; molasses, 8,117 hhd.; cotton, 7,061 bales.
— The Salt Company of Syracuse, New York, has advanced the price of salt thirteen cents per barrel, to cover the Government tax.
— The Treasury Note bill passed the House as amended, so as to admit of the issue of \$50,000,000 in notes of less value than five dollars.
— The public land of Texas, for the confiscation of which Senator Lane, of Kansas, introduced a bill, is said to amount to 100,000,000 acres.
— The Boston Post says the Sultan of Turkey has behaved more like a Christian toward us, since the war broke out, than any other sovereign.
— Printing cloths to the amount of 64,500 pieces were sold in Providence, R. I., last week. The highest price paid was seven and a half cents.
— The exports of breadstuffs from New York to Europe, during the last week, were 538,318 bushels of grain and 24,479 barrels of flour.
— It is asserted that Napoleon has resolved to give sufficient re-enforcements to Mexico to force his way to the capital, against all obstructions.
— Denmark has sent 200 mechanics to the London Exhibition, to instruct themselves in those parts of industry as yet in their infancy in Denmark.
— The sales of wheat in Milwaukee, on Thursday week, amounted to 180,000 bushels. The grain was nearly all purchased on Eastern account.
— A letter from on board the U. S. steamship Mississippi, off New Orleans, states that a load of cotton from the upper Louisiana had reached that city.
— A fire occurred at Winona, Minnesota, on the morning of the 5th inst., which destroyed four blocks of buildings. Loss estimated at half a million.
— Measures are being adopted throughout France, not only by the authorities but likewise by the chief landowners, to prevent the destruction of small birds.
— The minutes of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and other official sources, show that there are 322 clergymen of that body in the loyal army.
— The Sandusky Register states that in about twenty years, during which grapes have been cultivated on Kelley's Island, there has never been a single failure of a crop.
— One thousand patents for improvements in plows have been granted since the foundation of the government, and two-thirds of these have been issued since 1847.

Publisher's Notices.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

To Agents, Subscribers, and Others. As a new Half Volume of the RURAL commenced July 6th, the present is a favorable time for renewals, and also for new subscriptions to begin.

Half-Yearly Club Subscriptions at same proportional rates as for a whole year, with free copies to agents, &c., for the term.

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of our last volume are now ready for delivery—price, \$3; unbound, \$4.

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

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, July 6th, 1862.

FLOUR is without change in rates. GRAIN.—The only alteration we have been able to note is in Oats, which have advanced 20 cents per bushel.

WOOL.—Quite an upward movement has taken place in wool. The lowest figure now offered is 40 cents, with a range to and including 45 cents per pound.

PEAS.—It will be observed that the range for peas is last week or two. The lower rate (12 cents) is for sherings, and will last but a week or two.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Flour, Wheat, Corn, and other commodities.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 7.—FLOUR.—Market may be quoted a shade firmer, with a moderate business for export and home consumption.

PROVISIONS.—Pork.—Market dull, but prices without material change. Sales at \$11.50; prime mess at \$12.50; prime at \$13.50.

ALBANY, July 7.—FLOUR.—The sales are moderate with large receipts by canal and railroad. Prices are steady.

BUFFALO, July 7.—FLOUR.—The market rules steady with good demand for Eastern shipment and inferior trade.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Table listing prices for Beef Cattle, Cows and Calves, and Sheep and Lambs.

ALBANY, July 7.—BEEVES.—The market opened and closed dull. Contrary to expectation of many, who argued that the Fourth would keep the drovers home, the supply is greater than last week.

ROCHESTER, July 7.—CATTLE.—The market is comparatively inactive at the following quotations:

Table listing prices for Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs.

CAIRO, July 7.—CATTLE.—At market, 525 Cattle, about 450 Steves, and 75 Stoves, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 6.—The market has been quite animated since our last, and large sales have been made by the trade in all the principal grades.

Table listing prices for various types of wool, including Saxony, Merino, and other breeds.

The New York Wool Market for June.—We extract from the circular of TELKAMPFF & KIRCHING the following:

FOREIGN FINE WOOLS.—The transactions in Cape and Merino wools have been uncommonly large during June, and there were very few sales of inferior Cape and nearly 150,000 bales Merino, at gradually advancing rates.

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ALBANY, July 7.—The new clip continues to come forward, but not in large quantities. Better prices rule, and the sales in the street for the past three days have been at prices ranging from 40 to 47c.

CHICAGO, July 7.—The receipts are light as the agents of Eastern houses are buying up all the wool in the country they can find. We quote common native, 25c; medium 30c; fine 35c; and extra 40c.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS a LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 62 1/2 cents per line of space.

THE immense circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER—full twenty thousand more than that of any other similar journal—renders it by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class in America.

FLAT FIELD TURNIP SEED OF THIS YEAR'S growth, now ready for shipment. Raised and for sale by J. D. CONKLIN, Locke, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

INVENTIONS AND THEIR RESULTS.—A new book just published. Send 2 stamps (5 cts.) for a specimen copy. A new method of curing corns.

BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying 400 times. Price, \$1.00. Mailed free. Address: F. M. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE.—\$10 PER YEAR.—Best buildings, best planned and best successful Boarding Seminary in the State. Have you a daughter to educate, or a son to prepare for college, or for business?

BATTLE SCENES. Fifty of the most severe BATTLE SCENES and INCIDENTS of the War now ready, (size 18x25 inches), highly colored, on fine art paper, for 25 cents, about 75 for \$1 by post paid.

REAPING AND MOWING MACHINES TO EXCHANGE FOR HORSES.—I have now on hand and offer for sale at manufacturers' cash prices, in exchange for good sound Horses.

HELP FOR THE WOMEN! A Great and Novel Invention. The only Combined Butter-Worker, Washer, Weigher and Sifter extant in RICHARDSON'S PATENT, now offered to the public.

WHITCOMB'S METALLIC SPRING-TOOTH HORSE HAY RAKE, PATENTED OCT. 4, 1858.—For description of this valuable improvement, see first page of RURAL for June 21, 1862.

THE Illinois Central and Dixon Air Line Railroad, centering at Dixon will grant HALF FARE Tickets over their whole line during the week of the trial, to enable all to visit the exhibition and return, who desire to do so.

MACHINES ENTERED. The number of Machines now entered is very large, and will doubtless be much increased. The people at Dixon are fully awake to the importance of the enterprise, and ample accommodations will be provided to make all comfortable who may attend.

THE UNIVERSAL Clothes Wringer. It is the Original and only Genuine and Reliable Wringer before the people. It surpasses all others in Strength of Frame! Capacity for Pressure! Power of Action!

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! We Defy All Competition! WE WARRANT EACH ONE IN EVERY PARTICULAR!

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. IX.—June, 1862. CONTENTS: I.—THE CHINESE LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE. II.—ANGELOLOGY AND DEMONOLOGY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ROCHESTER AGRICULTURAL WORKS. PITTS & BRAYLEY, Proprietors, No. 68 SOUTH ST. PAUL STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, MANUFACTURED BY WALTER A. WOOD, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

WOOD'S NEW MOWER. The Machine is too well known to need description, to having been awarded the Highest Prizes throughout this country from the three last United States Fairs down to State and County Fairs without number.

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THE BEST TILE MACHINE. The above engraving represents a Drain Tile Machine which has been used for years, and with its recent improvements, is the best and most durable Tile Machine in America.

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COMING HOME.

They are coming home, coming home, Brother and lover, father and son, Friend and foe—they are coming home To rest, for their work is done.

The Sketch-Book.

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

A SKETCH

BY IDALIA.

ONE cool and beautiful morning in the month of August, I was dispatched to inquire after the health of a sick neighbor, who had been but a few months a resident of our town.

Arriving at Mrs. CARTER'S, I knocked and was admitted by ESTHER WHITE, the maid of all work. "Oh, is that you, LUCY?" she asked; "la, you don't grow a bit. You are very small for a girl eleven years old. Walk in to 'tother room.'"

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. CARTER; "take a chair and rest yourself."

"Mother sent me up," said I, "to see how you were getting along, and I thought you might like some of our roses before they were gone, and so brought you these."

"Thank you," said she. "ESTHER fetch a tumbler of water, I am going to have my bouquet right here on the stand. LUCY you will stay a while, won't you?" "Yes," I answered, "if it will not disturb you."

"Oh no, indeed," she replied, "I am better today than I have been, and it will do me good to look at you, if I can not talk much."

"ESTHER, bring her a book to divert herself with." ESTHER handed me a bundle of Col. CROCKETT'S almanacs. She judged them to be about suited to my comprehension. "Here LUCY," said she, "I guess you aint seen nothing so nice as these in a great while. I found 'em up stairs yesterday, and sewed 'em together with twine."

Mrs. CARTER and I exchanged smiles, as I took the pack, and going around to the foot of the bed, seated myself on a leather trunk that stood there, and began to turn over the leaves softly. There was a sort of fascination to me in looking at the pictures of the bears, and wild cats, and other like embellishments, that kept me unmindful of the lapse of time, until a knock at the outer door announced another caller. I thought I saw a shade of vexation pass over Mrs. CARTER'S face as she recognized the voice of Mrs. SMITH, a near neighbor. "How's Miss CARTER to-day?" she asked of ESTHER.

"Oh, to'able," was the reply; "the doctor thinks the fever is broke."

"I thought I'd jest run in, you see," broke in Mrs. SMITH, "cause I'd got my cheese made, and spun a run this morning. Dear me, Miss CARTER, how dreadful pale you look, I don't believe you'll ever get well as long as you employ Dr. MEAD. He's a regular quack. I wonder if he has left you all them powders to take. I'd jest leave 'em into the fire, and send after Dr. MORTON. He's our family doctor."

Here another comforter entered in the person of Mrs. JONES. She had on the most melancholy of faces. "How do you do to-day, Mrs. CARTER," she asked, solemnly.

"Not very well," replied the invalid, dejectedly, "my head begins to ache."

"There's a dreadful sight of sickness 'round now," went on Mrs. JONES, sinking into a chair. "The bell tolled three times over to the settlement last week."

"How you talk," said Mrs. SMITH. "What ailed 'em all?"

"Oh, an epidemic," said Mrs. JONES. "There was Deacon MAY'S wife had the long consumption. They say the geese walked up and down before the house in a procession for three days before she died. Then there was the boy Mr. Morse's folks had took to bring up; they didn't use him any too well, either; he fell down from overhead in the barn when they was haying, and never got over it; and 'tother one was a baby that died of the dysentery. I've been troubled in my sleep this number o' nights, and I don't believe but what something is going to happen in this neighborhood. Last night I heard death watches all night, and every time I dropped asleep I was sure to see white horses, a certain sign of funerals; I never knew it to fail."

"Do tell now," exclaimed Mrs. SMITH. "And do you hear," broke in Mrs. JONES before Mrs. SMITH could get under way, "how sudden old Mr. FIELD died!"

"No. The one that lived over in Teetertown? What ailed him?"

"Why, he'd been a'ln' a long time with nothin' in partic'lar the matter, and that day he was a little

better, and as he was settin' up in the rockin' chair, all at once his breath stopped, and that was all they ever knew about what he died of."

Here Mrs. JONES drew a long sigh, and halted to recover her breath. Mrs. SMITH, fearful of losing the floor, began, "Everybody says it's going to be sickly this fall, cause we've had such a dry spell. Dear me, it puts me in mind of what I went through with fifteen year ago, after we'd had jest such a summer as we have this year. It come on very sickly in the fall. My AUGUSTUS was a baby, and I was all wore out takin' care of him and the rest of 'em through the measles, and all to once I was took right down with the typhus fever, and then the throat all set in with that, and if ever any body come near dyin' it was me. Why, my tongue swelled up so that it hung out of my mouth five or six inches, and turned as black as the chimney back. Husband said I was a sight to behold. When I begun to get better the coat on my tongue begun to crack, and at last slipped off in a whole piece, and looked like the toe of an old shoe. The Doctor said that if I hadn't had an uncommon constitution I couldn't have stood the medicine he give me, to say nothing about the disease."

Here the clock striking in the kitchen arrested Mrs. SMITH'S attention, and she shortly after rose and said she must go home right away and see about putting the dinner over, "she didn't know how to leave any way, but she always thought it a duty to tend to the sick. She wouldn't let work stand in the way of her running in to help keep their spirits up." So saying, Mrs. SMITH departed, and I, thinking it time to return, stole out unnoticed, leaving Mrs. JONES retailing a fresh catalogue of signs and presentiments to the invalid, whose glistening eyes and cheeks, red as the roses by her side, showed her to be already half delirious.

My own feelings returning home were in sad contrast to what they had been in going. The sun shone down disagreeably warm, and I felt nervous and uncomfortable, I knew not why. I started at every rustling leaf and grasshopper whizzing by, wondering if the noise were not the note of a death watch, fore-telling sorrow and death. As I crossed the bridge over a brook that rattled merrily along, and in which a flock of geese were sporting, I involuntarily paused to see if they did not form themselves into a procession. Reaching home, my report was so unfavorable that at sunset MARY went up to remain through the night. She found Dr. MEAD already there, he having been hastily summoned to Mrs. CARTER'S aid.

"I don't understand it," said he to MARY, coming into the kitchen where MARY was taking off her bonnet. "I left Mrs. CARTER, this morning, free from fever, and with every prospect of a rapid recovery, and now she is worse than she has been at any time before, and I fear she will not rally from this. I am glad you have come to stay to-night, for you've got some sense." It was not long before Mrs. SMITH came bustling in with a little fat milk picher in her hand, which contained some kind of dried fruit stewed in a great deal of water. She took her station by the side of the bed, and called on the Doctor to know if a little mite of that sass would hurt Miss CARTER. "Dr. MORTON," said she, "lets 'em eat just what they like; Mrs. CARTER is jest as Mrs. GILES was, and not more'n three days afore she died he let her eat a piece of green apple pie."

Dr. MEAD seemed too much annoyed to reply civilly, and pretended not to have heard her; but if Mrs. SMITH could have read the expression of his countenance, she would have been silenced.

Dr. MEAD'S fears proved to be but too well founded, for Mrs. CARTER, in spite of his best efforts, grew rapidly worse and died almost before the roses I had taken her had withered. I was permitted to walk up with MARY the day after she died, to take a farewell look at her who had won my childish affections, and I plucked the last crimson roses that bloomed, to lay on her pillow as a slight token of a child's regard and esteem.

WINTERGREEN BERRIES.

It was on the dreariest of all dreary days, when two young lawyers, Albyn and Wilmot, sat in their office; the former lazily reclining, as was his custom, and the other industriously working, as was his custom. Suddenly a tiny rap was heard upon the door, followed by the entrance of a pretty child about twelve years old, with a basket of apples upon one arm, and another filled with tiny crimson berries on the other. Her dress was of worn and faded calico; and a little scarlet woolen hood surrounded her face, tied on one side in a picturesque knot.

"Buy some wintergreen berries this morning, sir?" She came forward as she spoke, throwing the hair back with a single impatient movement of her head. "I don't want 'em for anything under the sun," observed Albyn, philosophically, "but I suppose I shall have to buy 'em, nevertheless, little one, if you will give me credit for three cents."

"I would rather not, sir," said the child, gravely, her wide-open black eyes fixed full upon his face. "No!" said the somewhat disconcerted questioner, still searching his pockets for the necessary coin. "And why not, pray? Are you afraid I should become insolvent?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said the child, looking a little bewildered at the sound of the long word. "I should not be afraid you would not pay me, though, for I have sold you apples a great many times, but I could not carry the money home to my mother, and she could not pay the man who brought our wood yesterday."

"Well?"

And he has got a sick wife who cannot work, and may be, if she did not have medicine, she would die. "So my three-cent piece goes to buy medicine for the wood merchant's sick wife, eh?" said Albyn, thoughtfully.

"A slight illustration," remarked Wilmot, "of the curious way in which the links of humanity depend on one another."

"Here, Wintergreen," said Albyn, "I can't find the smaller coin; but here is a quarter of a dollar. Never mind the change—you may keep it all! And I'll think over that anti-credit theory of yours at leisure!"

The little girl thanked him with a brilliantly bright smile, and glided away, under her wrappings, like a second edition of Little Red Riding-hood. Charles Albyn sat in thoughtful silence for several minutes; at length he spoke.

"Wilmot," said he, gravely, "Wintergreen Berries taught me a lesson. A man has no right to embarrass by his debts, however trifling. I intend to go to work in serious earnest, and be a man, instead of a languid dilettante. Don't look incredulous—only wait ten years! Little Wintergreen's

daily visits shall keep up my resolves, and remind me of their force.

But little Wintergreen never came again. The ten years of trial, as Albyn laughingly phrased it, had passed by, and the young firm of Albyn & Wilmot occupied a spacious suite of rooms instead of the narrow down-town office where the street passengers brushed against the very panes of glass. They had become rich and popular lawyers. Albyn had kept his resolution, and all things had prospered with him, even beyond his anticipation.

The partners were sitting together, just as they had sat on the stormy March day ten years before, talking quietly in the fire-light, while the dark shadows of evening crept through the rooms.

"And when are you to be married, Charley?"

"In about three weeks, I believe. Mind, Wilmot, you are to officiate as groomsman; and that reminds me that Evelyn is quite offended because her lover's dearest friend don't even pay her the compliment of a call. Will you go there with me to-night?"

"If you desire it," said Wilmot, with an air of resignation; "but you know I am not much of a lady's man."

"I particularly wish you to do so," said Albyn, "because I think, perhaps, you may be able to explain a curious sensation that always passes across my brain in Evelyn's presence—the certainty that I have somewhere seen her years ago."

"That is impossible," returned his friend, "because you yourself say that you were first introduced to her on her return from Europe, at the house of her uncle, Mr. Lernier."

"The very impossibility of the thing adds to its mystery," said Albyn. "Sometimes I think that I have seen her in a dream."

The superb apartment in which Miss Lernier received her guests was faintly illuminated by a single light glowing through a shade of frosted glass. As the young lady came forward to welcome Mr. Albyn and his friend, Wilmot involuntarily started.

"Where have I seen that girl before?" he mentally exclaimed.

Evelyn Lernier was a charming brunette, with black hair and melting tropical eyes—a little foreign in her manners, but most fascinating withal. Her dress was of gold-colored silk, with draperies of the richest lace, clasped with sparkling diamonds, while her slender arms and hands gleamed with jewels. She chatted away, with liveliest gaiety, to her visitors for a while, but at length turned abruptly to Mr. Wilmot.

"Why do you look at me so earnestly?" she demanded, with a little piquant pettishness.

"Pardon me, Miss Lernier," said Wilmot, coloring up to the eyes, "but to tell the truth, I find it impossible to divest myself of the idea that, improbable as it may appear, I have seen you at some previous time."

"Do you really share in Charles' singular fancy?" said she, laughing and blushing. "Well, I believe I must solve the riddle, or you will dream out the solution for yourselves. In order to do so, I must tell you a story."

"Speak on, sweet enchantress!" said Albyn, gaily, taking her snowy, jeweled hand in his.

"There was once a little girl," she began, gazing abstractedly downward; but stopping suddenly, she took from the table a box of inlaid pearl and gold, and opening it, disclosed an exquisitely clear little cabinet painting on ivory, saying, perhaps this will aid your memory!"

The picture represented a child scarce twelve years of age, dressed in a worn brown cloak, with a hood tied loosely around her dark, lovely face, and a basket of crimson berries on her arm.

All at once, with Evelyn Lernier's large, smiling eyes gazing into his own, Charles Albyn penetrated the mystery, and caught the young girl to his breast, exclaiming:

"Darling little Wintergreen Berries!"

"And you never suspected this before?"

"Never."

Evelyn blushed most charmingly, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she never had been half so dear to her lover as at that moment!

DROPS OF WISDOM.

THOSE that serve God must serve him with all they have.

FAITH is a great lady, and good works are her attendants.

TRUTH endues man's purposes with somewhat of immutability.

It is a torture to enemies to return their injuries with kindness.

THOUGHT is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

PRACTICE flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

BASHFULNESS is a cloak that hides and muffles merit.—Dr. Johnson.

THE gates of Heaven are low-arched; they must enter upon our knees.

ACTIONS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell characters.—Lavater.

If you have a heart of rock, let it be the rock of Horeb, that gushed when stricken by the prophet's rod.

ALL the months of the year come with errands and gifts to the farmer; there is not a Judas among the twelve.

A HOLY life is a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—Hinton.

GRACE differs little from glory; the one is the seed, the other the flower. Grace is glory militant, and glory is grace triumphant.

A MAN may be said to be wise, but God is infinitely so; powerful, but God is eternally so; faithful, but God is unchangeably so.

RESIGN and deny thyself wholly; for though true self-denial is harsh at the beginning, it is easy in the middle, and becomes most sweet in the end.

THE imperfections of the present, and our longings for the perfect, show our soul's need of a future, such as God's word promises to children.—Smith.

Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his excuse.

To enjoy the society of a friend, we should limit our intercourse with him. We have pushed our companionship too far when we feel ourselves sharing each other's dullness.

How brightly do little joys beam upon a soul which stands on a ground darkened by clouds of sorrow. So do stars come forth from the empty sky when we look up to them from a deep well.

Wit and Humor.

WAR WIT.

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM A SOLDIER TO THE SUNDAY MERCURY.—My arm has been strengthened in this war, my boy, by the inspiration of woman's courage, and aided by her almost miraculous foresight. Only yesterday, a fair girl of forty-three summers, thoughtfully sent me a box, containing two gross of assorted fish-hooks, three cook-books, one dozen of Tube's best spool-cotton, three door-plates, a package of patent geranium roots, two yards of Brussels carpet, Rumford's illustrated work on perpetual intoxication, ten bottles of furniture polish, and some wall paper. Accompanying these articles, so valuable to a soldier on the march, was a note, in which the kind-hearted girl said that the things were intended for our sick and wounded troops, and were the voluntary tributes of a loyal and dreamy-souled woman. I tried a dose of the furniture-polish, my boy, on a chap that had the measles, and he has felt so much like a sofa ever since, that a coroner's jury will sit on him to-morrow.

EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.—The following conversation took place in camp on the receipt of the news of the evacuation of Corinth:—"What do you think of Gen. Halleck's First Epistle to the Corinthians?" "Very good. He persuaded them all to flee from the wrath to come."

ALL the editors in the Cotton States are angry and fiercely demanding why New Orleans surrendered. Bless your simple souls, gentlemen, Commodore Farragut expressly requested her to do so. We have no doubt she can get his certificate to that effect.—Louisville Journal.

NEVER ASK QUESTIONS IN A HURRY.—"Tom, a word with you." "Be quick, then; I'm in a hurry." "What did you give your sick horse 'tother day?" "A pint of turpentine." John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, dropped off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day. "Well, Tom?" "Well, John, what is it?" "I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Cæsar." "So it did mine."

TIMOTHY TITCOMB says that society is represented by four Es—Blood, Breeding, Brains and Bullion.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 36 letters. My 11, 19, 30, 10, 22, 10, 20 is a range of mountains in France.

My 32, 31, 34, 19, 6 is a river in Africa. My 28, 31, 5, 33, 2, 21, 24, 24 is an island in the Arctic ocean. My 36, 8, 6, 22, 35, 11, 2 is a frith in Scotland. My 1, 27, 13, 11, 19, 6, 23 is a river in South America. My 18, 23, 4, 15, 8, 21, 22 is a town in the United States. My 7, 29, 17, 14, 11, 6, 11, 5 is a lake in South America. My 28, 31, 16, 25, 28, 10 is a river in the Southern States. My 8, 9, 4, 22 is a lake in Switzerland. My 12, 3, 26, 27, 32 is a town in Prussia. My whole is an answer Peter gave our Lord concerning himself. Sterling, Cay. Co., N. Y., 1862. LIZZIE D. Answer in two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 35 letters. My 8, 1, 19, 20, 16, 26 is an instrument for striking. My 27, 7, 7 is uneven. My 5, 29, 25, 14, 10 is a county in New York. My 4, 24, 31, 6, 16, 27, 13, 9 is a guide. My 17, 18, 28, 34 is what all persons want. My 19, 21, 2, 33, 30 is a county in Kentucky. My 11, 18, 22, 31, 23, 12 is a kind of bag. My 26, 32, 36, 36 is a purloiner. My whole is one of the sayings of Solomon. Moscow, N. Y., 1862. L. W. RYAN. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first some men will often take Entirely for my second's sake; But very few indeed there are Who both together well can bear. Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y. WM. E. VANTEUREN. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A STRAIGHT line fastened by a hawser to a point on the shore is urged by the wind perpendicular to the current with a force of 60,000 pounds, and down the stream by a force of 80,000 pounds. Determine the tension upon the hawser, and what angle does it make with the current? Gouverneur, St. Law. Co., N. Y. EDWIN A. DODDS. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 650.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigms.—Benjamin F. Butler. Answer to Double Rebus.—Orono, Maine, (Ourem, Russia, Crosei, New Haven, Osaeg).

Answer to Mathematical Problem.—63,202 + acres.

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[From the New York Daily World, Feb. 15, 1862.] MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER comes to us freighted with its usual amount of information, valuable, not to farmers alone, but to all who take an interest in the improvements of the times. For years it has maintained an enviable position as a family newspaper, and we are gratified to learn that its prospects were never better than they are at the present time. We commend it to the notice of those of our readers who take an interest in agricultural and horticultural matters, and we may add, to advertisers who desire to reach the farming community throughout the country.

[From the New York Daily Times.] MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester, has a very large circulation, especially among the agricultural population of the Northern, Western, and Middle States, and offers a very excellent medium for advertising to business men of this city who desire to reach those sections. It is an able and well-managed paper, and deserves the success it has achieved.

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