

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

(SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.)

VOL. XIII. NO. 34.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

{WHOLE NO. 658.

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 whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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AGRICULTURAL.

NOTES IN THE COUNTRY.

Those who are so fortunate as to live among the green fields, and whose business is with the growing crops, cannot well appreciate the pleasure we derive from even a brief sojourn in the country. With our best efforts to add rural pleasures to a city or suburban residence, and to surround our homes with fruits and flowers, and vegetables, and grateful shade, yet it is only a make-shift—pretty, tasteful, and even beautiful, yet lacking that broad expanse of hill and vale and stream, of sunshine and shade, which can be enjoyed only in the open country. We have just returned from a short journey among the farms and farmers of the south part of this county and portions of Ontario, and perhaps a few notes may not be uninteresting to our readers.

As a general thing, farmers are well satisfied with the crops of the present year. Wheat has been remarkably good in all respects, and in anticipation of a like result another year, every foot of land that can be got ready is being prepared for wheat this autumn. So great is the anxiety to put in a large breadth of wheat, that we fear much of the land used for this purpose will not be exactly suitable, or in as good state of preparation as could be desired. This is more likely to be the case from the unusual scarcity of labor. Our young men are leaving the farms in this and adjoining counties, not by hundreds, but by thousands, and the effect of this loss may be seen even by the careless observer. At no time have we had a surplus of farm labor; and while thousands might be taken from many of our cities without being missed, the loss of a hundred, or even a score or two from many towns, is a serious evil. There are very few farms in this section of the country on which the labor is not greatly curtailed, by enlistment, and but for the aid of machinery, farm crops could not well be saved. There will now, however, be but little loss in this respect. As one effect of the scarcity of help, we are growing a crop of weed seeds that have never been equalled in this section of the country. One gentleman apologized for the unclean appearance of his farm—it was not his usual habit—and, indeed, was a great source of discomfort; but his two hired men had enlisted—he needed their services—but patriotically yielded his interest to the demands of the country. It took all his time, from early to late, to secure the crops; and this could be done only by "doubting" with neighbors that were in similar circumstances. Thus, by putting all the strength of two or three neighbors together, the crops were harvested as fast as ripe, without material loss. Under such circumstances it would be needless to criticize very closely; and, indeed, we have begun to look upon the tall, rank weeds and neglected fields, which have always been our abhorrence, as the highest evidence of disinterested patriotism.

The oat crop is far better than we anticipated, and we judge will be at least up to the average. Some fields are being cut, while others will not be ready for days or even weeks. A good many peas were sown, but the yield is quite indifferent in most of the cases we have observed. The spring was so dry that the vines became stunted and gave out at the bottom, and latterly the mildew has proved quite serious. We hardly know what to say of the corn; some pieces are excellent, but a good deal is small, and we judge will prove almost a failure. Altogether, however, there has been an improvement in the past few weeks.

Beans are becoming an important crop, and one that at present prices will pay extremely well. The range in this section is from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel, and of course higher in the Eastern market. Although an unusual quantity is being grown, we do not anticipate a decrease in price; for, as all are aware, the demand is extraordinary. We never saw finer fields of this crop than now greet us everywhere. They are quite forward, and if favored with our usual fine weather this autumn, there will be no trouble in curing well with proper care. Success, however, depends upon this almost entirely; for

beans are easily ruined by a little mismanagement at harvesting. If allowed to remain wet or to lie in compact heaps, they became stained and almost worthless. Some means must be devised for drying quickly without chance for heating or molding. This is a subject worthy of special attention; and if any of our readers know of an easy and excellent way of accomplishing this work, we will most cheerfully give the information to our readers. A gentleman gives the following as the very best plan for drying, and for which he acknowledges himself much indebted to the RURAL, in which it was given by a correspondent several years since:—Cut good, stiff poles, about eight feet long, so as to have one or more limbs two feet and a half from the lower end. Cut the limbs off to six inches—in lieu of the limbs one and a half inch pins might be used—these will keep the beans off the ground. Set the poles firmly in the earth, and they are ready for use. Place a handful of beans across the snag, and one across that on each side of the pole: wind the tops around so that they will not fall apart, and build right up with the tops out, and so that the stack shall not be over two feet and a half through. At the top of the stack the roots should be turned up and tied to the pole, to hold them in place and turn off the rain, or a little straw can be used for a covering. If well put up after this plan, the rain will never soak into them, while the air can circulate under and through the stack.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

New Land Hay vs. Old.

This subject has been treated of in the RURAL to a slight extent, and exhibited here, as it has in Europe, a diversity of opinion. A correspondent of the London *Agricultural Gazette* argues in favor of the crop produced upon old land, and against that known as seed hay. We quote:

I know I am treading on debatable ground when I state that new land hay is of less value for feeding horses than old land; almost every farmer I have spoken to on the subject has expressed his opinion in favor of new land hay, and up to the year 1854 I agreed with them. That year we bought about 150 tons of new land hay, and, as an experiment, stacked it separately from the old land. Our average for three months with the latter was nine stones per week for each horse. We then consumed the new land, and continued it for three months, when the average was eleven stones per horse per week. Great care was taken to ascertain that the animals' work was as nearly equal as possible, and precisely the same quantity of corn was given to each animal when eating seed hay as when living upon old land hay. Nor could I distinguish the slightest difference in condition in the under-ground horses, and at bank three of them were weighed, before and after living on the new land hay, but no important difference could be detected in their weight. Having been always in favor of seed hay up to this time, I was anxious, if possible, to ascertain the cause of this enormous difference, and arrived at the following conclusions:—First, seed hay contains a very much larger proportion of insoluble matter than old land, as evidenced by the great increase in bulk of the feces of horses when fed upon it; secondly, the large quantity of stubble always mixed with it, which is not only useless matter in itself, but is the means of much waste of good hay by the animal in attempting to separate the hay from the stubble, and the loss of a large proportion of the seeds, which are by far the most nutritious part. Our experience, then, is entirely in favor of old land grasses as an economical provender; but as an alternative and change of food, I would recommend the occasional use of new land hay, on the same principles as I would a variety of mixed diet. At the collieries in this county, little else than seed hay is used, the consumption averaging nearly twelve stones per horse per week; but in all cases the consumption of hay is, to a great extent, governed by the quantity of corn given; but to show what little store is set upon the seed by some men, I may mention that, at two large establishments, the horse-keeper used to well shake the hay before giving it to the horses, and sell the seeds to cow-keepers by the load, who used to steam them, and, doubtless, gained a good profit from their use, in the shape of new milk; for certainly one hundred weight of the seed-vessels of new land hay would contain more feeding properties than three hundred weight of the hay from which they were taken; and yet these men informed me they had done this for upwards of twelve years, and were excessively annoyed at the loss of so rich a perquisite. The same principles which govern the amount of flesh-forming substances in all kinds of grasses is also applicable to straw, which is very beautifully illustrated by the fact that the top of the straw, which is least ripe, is nearly three-fold more nutritious than the inferior part, which is first ripe.

English and American Plows.

A WRITER in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, who seems to think that the plow has not attained perfection in shape and utility, says:

When the Railroad Company thought of crossing the Menai Strait, they laid by £5,000 for experiments, and their engineer said money never was better laid out. Could not something of the kind

be done for the plow? A subscription from a small portion of those interested would defray expenses, and an engineer and farmer, who knew their business, might hit on an improvement that might be made known to all.

England was slow in following the American plan of ship building, and I suspect the new Holyhead boats owe their speed as much to shape as power. Now, if the sharp bow, the more gradual wedge of the boat, displaces the water with greater ease, should not the same principle hold good in displacing the earth with the plow. The new English plows are sixty-three inches long from point of shear to end of mould-board, the Scotch only forty-five; then what should they be made of? The beam and handles of Lord Tweeddale's are of wood; the American mould-boards of steel—sheet steel pressed to the desired shape; while it is said there are improvements in American steel plows exhibited in New York, made of cast steel, cast in iron moulds, thicker where most liable to wear, and thinner where they do not wear, and that they are cheaper, lighter, and better than other plows. * * * In a word, I think the prize system, as at present conducted, fails in giving farmers the information they require, and that a report something like that of the *Times*' Commission on the subject of plows would be worth paying for.

Yield of Grain in England.

The *Mark Lane Express* gives a table comprising the average yield per acre, of wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, for thirty-eight counties, in England, prepared from returns received from correspondents of that paper. The average of the cereal grains mentioned are as follows:

Wheat.....	29 bushels.
Barley.....	37½ " "
Oats.....	46½ " "

The lowest average of wheat in any county returned, is 22½ bushels per acre, in Devonshire, and the highest 34½ bushels in Lancashire. The lowest average of barley is 29 bushels per acre, in Shropshire, and the highest 44 bushels, in Northampton. The lowest average of oats is 34 bushels, in Westmoreland, and the highest, 53½, in Cambridgeshire.

The beans mentioned are a kind not much cultivated in this country. The average yield is 32½ bushels per acre. The average yield of peas is 30 bushels per acre.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

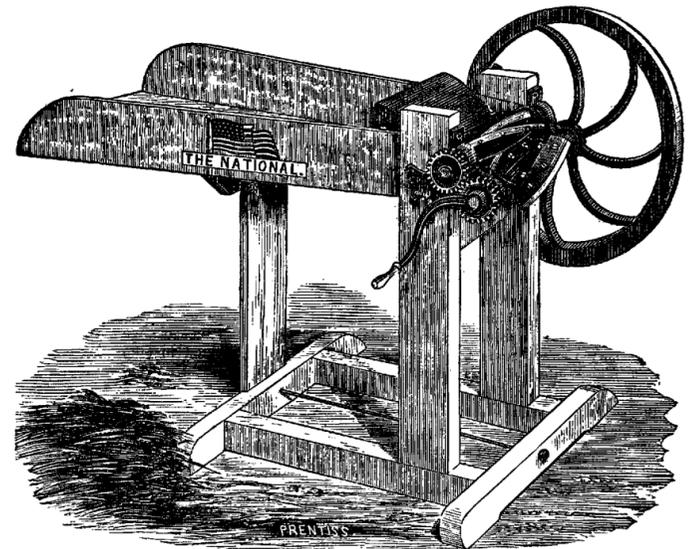
WILLOW FOR HEDGES.

THE best of things are often made the biggest humbugs. How? By recommending them for improper uses; by seeking to create a great demand for them by improper representations; by baseless stories of their utility. There is a place for every thing, and every thing should be kept in its place. The inquiry of your correspondent from Kane Co., Ill., relative to the Gray Willow, is evidence how eagerly, and often unscrupulously, the thing recommended as good in one place is made to appear a good thing in another place for which it is entirely unsuited.

At the meetings of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, during the past two years, this Gray or Powder Willow has been introduced by gentlemen having a high reputation, professionally, as horticulturists and as men of integrity. It has been recommended as a rapid-growing tree—as making a large amount of timber in a short space of time. The timber is valuable because it is easily split into rails, which are light, and last a long time. For timber belts and shade, where a rapid-growing tree is desired, it can safely be recommended; but for live fences I would not urge its introduction. It may be as good for that purpose as the Golden Willow; and it may not. Its habit is not dwarfed, like the latter; it will make wood more rapidly; but for a live fence against stock, there is no plant so well suited as the Osage Orange. No Willow will prove a substitute, I believe. I should not be willing to recommend it, exclusively, as a shade tree. Planted with other trees on a lawn, it would contribute to produce a fine effect. Where beautiful screens and rapid-growing timber belts are desired, the Gray Willow will be found the thing. Where fencing rails are needed, they can be grown rapidly by planting this tree.

THE JERUSALEM ARTICHOKE.

WHAT DO Western farmers think of the Jerusalem artichoke as a better crop than corn—better where corn is fed to hogs and cattle? It is asserted by an intelligent farmer that it is. And he practices what he preaches. CHARLES DEMENT, near Dixon, Ill., called my attention to eight acres covered by an enormous growth of these vegetables. This is the second year since they were planted, and they occupy the ground completely. They were planted in drills, as potatoes are ordinarily planted. The second year, without culture of any kind, they fill the entire area with their tubers, and much it with their tops. Mr. DEMENT says he thinks them a better crop than corn. They are a sure crop, grow any how, and require no culture. He estimates the crop at from 1,500 to 2,000 bushels per acre. He has 100 breeding sows he is using to produce progeny to eat his artichokes. These sows are Irish Graziers mostly, and are served by a Suffolk boar, producing a rooting and fattening stock combined. He



WHITTEMORE'S NATIONAL FEED CUTTER.

OUR engraving represents the National Feed Cutter, for hay, straw, and stalks, and for fine and coarse cut. It is a recent invention, having been patented as late as April 29, 1862, by Mr. D. H. WHITTEMORE, of Worcester, Mass. This cutter was, we are informed, thoroughly tested last winter, and became quite popular in sections where introduced. We have not seen it in operation, yet are inclined to believe it a very valuable machine—being well constructed, and furnished at a reasonable price. The "National" is evidently worthy the attention of parties interested, especially as it is "warranted satisfactory and every way as recommended." The inventor thus describes its construction, operation, and advantages:

"This cutter is upon an entirely new principle of cutting and feeding, and also of varying the length of the feed cut. It is shear-cutting and self-feeding, but without the expense and complication of feed

rolls to feed it, or a change of gear to vary the length of the feed. It has all the advantages of the 'feed roll,' or fine cut machine, and will supersede it, as it costs one-third less money, and works easier, because it has greater lever power and less machinery to move. It dispenses with all hide rolls, copper, or soft metal to cut against, and uses HARDENED CAST STEEL instead, and is superior to any other Cutter in style and finish. The 'shear' cut is produced by the edge of the knife passing the steel-faced flange of the smaller cylinder above, while both are in motion. It cuts from one-quarter to two inches in length, as desired, simply by varying the position of the lower cylinder. When this shear cutting cylinder is directly under the other it cuts long, but by simply loosening the thumb screws (seen at the side) and throwing it out in front, (as in the engraving,) it cuts shorter, and the further it is thrown out the shorter it cuts." See advertisement.

is going to plant a quarter of a section (160 acres) of land with artichokes—evidence enough of his faith in their profit. He does not pretend, however, that the same quantity of artichokes is equal in value to the same number of bushels of corn, abstractly; but if the cost of production is considered, the relative value of the product of an acre in artichokes is much greater than that of the product of the same area in corn.

It is no injury to any kind of stock to be fed alternately with grain and vegetables. And here I think is where the great value of the artichoke for the Western farmer lies—not in the fact that it may be substituted for corn, but because it is a root crop easily grown, without the laborious care involved in the production of other root crops. It requires no care; its production involves no culture; it propagates itself; and no expense need be incurred to harvest it for swine. The plow will provide a supply for cattle, sheep, and horses. The foliage is excellent for soiling. All kinds of stock eat it with great relish; green; and cured in autumn, it is equal to the best clover hay as a forage. It will yield several tons of good, nutritious hay or forage per acre.

As before said, the artichoke needs no culture, requires no digging and storing on account of frost, may be planted in the fall as well as in the spring, is invulnerable to all known diseases and insects, and produces roots and foliage relished by all domestic farm animals. The tubers, pickled or not, are good for humans also, and there are few persons who do not relish them in spring. Mr. DEMENT asserts that they produce full three times as much feed per acre, without work, as any man can produce with any other crop with all the labor and manures he can bestow. It is certainly worthy the attention of Western farmers.

NATURALIZED PLANTS AND WEEDS IN ILLINOIS.

I SEND you the following paper, read before the Illinois Natural History Society, at its recent anniversary at Bloomington. It is from the pen of Dr. GEO. VASER, of McHenry Co., an industrious and accomplished botanist, who has contributed largely to the proper appreciation of both useful and noxious plants. I believe this paper will interest Illinois readers. I call attention to the botanical view of the chess question. I am told that this reference to it created quite an interesting discussion, during which an eminent agricultural philosopher announced that he was in no wise convinced that transmutation does not actually take place, as is insisted on by hundreds of Sucker farmers. This eminent gentleman is Prof. J. B. TURNER. I exceedingly regret that I was not present at that discussion, that I might have given your readers the benefit of Prof. TURNER's base for his doubts. If he has anything new, that will help to settle this vexed question, (if it is not settled,) let us have it *pro bono publico*.

REMARKS ON SOME OF THE NATURALIZED PLANTS AND WEEDS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.—With the settlement of every new country by civilized people, not only are new plants introduced into that country for the purpose of cultivation as materials for food, clothing, medicine, ornament, or other purpose; but, following in the wake of civilization, there come in, unbidden, a host of pernicious plants and weeds, which rapidly take possession of the roadsides and waste grounds, and in some cases so overspread the country as to seriously interfere with the progress of agriculture.

The State of Illinois, although new and rapidly settled, has received a fair share of these vegetable immigrants. Of the 1,400 species of flowering plants recorded as growing in Illinois, over 100 species are introduced, some of which have barely escaped from gardens and cultivated grounds, and are so scarce as to hold a doubtful claim of citizenship. Numerous other kinds have become widely diffused, and are becoming serious agricultural pests; and unfortunately there are no black laws to control this kind of immigration.

Although many foreign trees have been introduced and cultivated in the State, it is yet doubtful whether any of them may be said to be naturalized. The *Salix Babylonica*, or Weeping Willow, is entered in the catalogue of Illinois plants, but I apprehend it has a doubtful claim to that distinction. The common Locust (*Robinia pseudacacia*) is undoubtedly naturalized over the larger part of the State, and the Catalpa (*Catalpa bignonioides*) in the southern part of the State; and there has been some doubt entertained as to whether they are really native in the extreme southern portion; but, from examinations in that locality, and the testimony of intelligent residents there, I am convinced that both species are sparingly native in that part of the State.

Of the Natural Order RANUNCULACEÆ, the Garden Larkspur (*Delphinium consolida*) has been entered as naturalized; but this can only be in the vicinity of gardens where it is in constant cultivation. Another plant of this Order, the *Ranunculus acris*, commonly called Meadow Crowfoot or Buttercup, or sometimes Yellow Daisy, has perhaps been introduced in a few places; but we may congratulate ourselves that it has not here overspread the country as it has in the Eastern States, rendering many fields quite worthless.

We have a few naturalized plants of the Natural Order CRUCIFERÆ or Cress Family. Persons who in Europe have been accustomed to the Water-cress (*Nasturtium officinale*) may be interested to know that it has been introduced and become naturalized in a few places in this State. It grows luxuriantly, and I know no reason why it may not be raised for market purposes, as well as in the old country. The common Mustard (*Sinapis nigra*) is now frequent in nearly all waste and neglected grounds

The Field Mustard (Sinapis arvensis) is more sparingly found. The Shepherd's Purse (Capsella Bursa-pastoris) is familiar to all students of botany, and is now so common that it may be found in every neighborhood.

Of the Violet Family, only one species has come to us from abroad—the Viola tricolor, or Pansy, which is occasionally found in the vicinity of gardens, from which it has escaped.

The Hypericum perforatum, or common St. John's-wort, which in the Eastern States is a pernicious weed difficult to eradicate, has been met with very sparingly in this State.

Of the Natural Order CARYOPHYLLACEÆ, we have several introduced species, though most of them are still dependent upon cultivation for their permanence. Of this class is the Saponaria officinalis, or Soapwort; the Agrostema, or Cockle, which is frequent in fields of grain; and the Vaccaria vulgaris, also growing in grain fields.

One of the commonest and most troublesome of garden weeds is the Portulaca oleracea, or Purslane. It is too well known to need description. Its tenacity of life is wonderful. Its thick, fleshy leaves have so few pores that they retain their moisture a long time after it is taken up by the roots, and it continues to ripen its seed about as well as it still attached to the soil; so that to insure its extermination it is necessary to remove it entirely from the premises.

The Natural Order COMPOSITÆ furnishes a larger number of naturalized plants than any other family, except the Grasses. To this order belongs the universal May-Weed (Marrubium vulgare), the Dandelion (Taraxacum Dens-leonis), and the Burdock (Lappa major). Two species of the Thistle have become naturalized, viz., the common Field Thistle (Cirsium lanceolatum) and the notorious Canada Thistle (Cirsium arvense)—the latter as yet only sparingly introduced, but gradually spreading; and unless care be exercised to prevent its propagation, it will ere many years become a serious pest to agriculture.

The White or Ox-eye Daisy (Leucanthemum vulgare) is another of the pernicious weeds of this order which has been detected in a few localities, and which needs a vigilant eye to prevent its further advance. In the Eastern States, thousands of acres of land are rendered almost useless by the tenacious foothold of this species. A few other plants of this family have been introduced, but are of minor importance.

Two or three native species of this order, however, deserve notice. One is the Erigeron Canadense, sometimes called Horse-Weed, which, in company with the Bidens frondosa, or Beggar-Ticks, usually overruns grain fields after harvest. The first mentioned of these, the Horse-Weed, although strictly a native of this country, has now become widely spread over most parts of the world.

Another rather formidable native American, which has become troublesome in some localities, is the Cockle Burr (Xanthium Strumarium), a coarse weed with abundant clusters of harsh, spiny seeds, not at all pleasant to handle. A variety of this species has also become scattered over the warm parts of the globe, perhaps as a partial return for the noxious weeds which we have imported from abroad.

The common Plantain, belonging to the Plantain Family, although extremely common in all parts of the country, is an immigrant from Europe. It is not much complained of as troublesome to the agriculturist.

In the Order SCROPHULARIACEÆ, our principal weeds are the Mulleins, of which we have two species—the common Mullein (Verbascum Thapsus) and the Moth Mullein (Verbascum Batariæ), which last is neither common nor troublesome.

The Natural Order LABIATÆ, or Mint Family, has several naturalized representatives in this State, which, however, are seldom of much consequence as weeds. Some of them are very useful, and possess medicinal qualities. The principal species of this class are the Hoarhound (Marrubium), the Motherwort (Leonurus), and Catnip (Nepeta).

The plants commonly known as Pig-Weeds, embracing the genera Chenopodium and Amarantus, are among the commonest and most abundant of weeds; and it is singular that of the ten or twelve species of these families which we number, not one of them is native to this country. No Pig-Weed is indigenous to the Northern United States.

Three European species of Polygonum are to be found almost everywhere in the State. One is the common Smart-Weed, which takes possession of every road-side. Another species is sometimes called Climbing Buckwheat, and is a great nuisance in some fields of grain.

Of the Dock Family we have three introduced species—the Rumex crispus, or Curled-Leaved Dock; the Rumex obtusifolius, or Blunt-Leaved Dock; and the Rumex acetosellus, or common Red Sorrel, which is one of the worst enemies of the agriculturist, and is unfortunately becoming quite common, to the great injury of many farms.

The next order furnishing us any important naturalized plants is GRAMINEÆ, or the Grass Family. Nearly all the grasses we have sought to cultivate are exotics, and it is not therefore surprising that the grasses we meet with on the road-sides, and on cultivated or partly cultivated lands, are almost wholly naturalized ones. These are principally the Timothy or Herd's-Grass (Phleum pratense), June Grass (Poa pratensis), Blue Grass (Poa compressa), and Red-Top (Agrostis vulgaris), which last is also native in some parts of the State. In addition to these we have the Barn-Yard Grass (Panicum Crus-galli) and two smaller species of Panicum, and two species of Setaria, or Pigeon Grass, which are abundant in gardens, and come up in great quantities in grain fields after harvest; also the Annual Spear Grass (Poa annua), and occasionally the Meadow Fox-Tail (Alopecurus pratensis). And lastly, though not least, among our exotic grasses we have to record the Bromus scodatus, otherwise called Cheat or Chess.

And this brings us to the consideration of an important question—one that has agitated the agricultural world for many years.

Among a large class of farmers an opinion prevails that under certain circumstances the Wheat plant turns to Chess. They will tell you that they sowed good pure Wheat in the fall, and the next spring the field was full of Chess; therefore they conclude that the Wheat has turned or degenerated to Chess. There can be no doubt of the fact that some seasons there is an extensive failure of the

winter Wheat, and a large yield of Chess instead thereof. Let us investigate the supposed transmutation.

The Wheat plant has its fruit growing in a close cylindrical head, while Chess has its fruit on slender, thread-like branches, forming a loose, open panicle. The Wheat belongs to the genus Triticum; the Chess to an entirely different genus, Bromus, whose characters are so well marked that no person is at all likely to mistake one for the other. Now, in order that Wheat should become Chess, it is necessary that the close, cylindrical head of the one should be changed to the loose, branching, open head of the other; in short, that it should be changed from a plant of one genus to a plant of a very different genus. Now, for all this change there is no analogy in nature. The change is no greater than would be necessary to transmute a field of Timothy into a field of Red-Top—no greater than would be necessary to transmute an Oak into a Chestnut.

It is true that plants are capable of a kind of degeneracy or depauperization, such as occurs when rust attacks a field of Wheat, and by diverting the proper juices of the grain, leaves it shrunken and imperfect. But no adverse circumstances, no deficiency of nutrition, no injury by frost, has ever produced such a radical and constant change in the generic nature of any plant as that which is asserted to be produced in the change of Wheat to Chess. It would be natural to suppose that if such a change was effected, it would be observable in different stages of progress—that it would sometimes be only partially effected, and that all manner of forms of heads intermediate between Wheat and Chess would be noticed. But such is not the case.

The Chess is as truly a separate and distinct plant, having its proper habits and characteristics, as is the Wheat. It may be found in situations where no Wheat has been grown, flourishing after its own fashion, with no apparent disposition to change its relationship.

Another view of the case. If Chess were indeed a degenerate form of Wheat, then if the Chess were sown under favorable circumstances it would naturally attempt to revert to its normal condition and character, and we should see it reducing the length of the branches, bringing the spikelets together into a close, cylindrical head, and expanding or modifying the grain so as to become the true grain of Wheat. But no such change has ever taken place, or is ever expected to take place. The seed of Chess produces Chess, and only Chess; and the seed of Wheat produces Wheat, and only Wheat; just according to the scripture declaration in Genesis, i: 12—"And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind."

How, then, it may be asked, do you account for the substitution of so much Chess for Wheat, where Wheat has been winter-killed, or injured by frost during the winter or spring? I answer that several circumstances may co-operate to produce the result. In the first place, very few farmers sow Wheat which is absolutely free from Chess, and very few cultivated fields are entirely free of Chess plants or seed. The Chess is a hardier grass than Wheat, and does not so easily winter-kill; and hence when the Wheat falls the Chess is ready to take advantage of the opportunity afforded by its absence; it spreads out in stools; it flourishes, and produces fruit a hundred or a thousand-fold. Whereas, if the Wheat had been a success, it would, by its earlier start and its rapid growth, have subdued and checked the Chess to such a degree that very little of it would have come to maturity.

Certain it is that no person of accurate scientific knowledge would resort to the miracle of transmutation to account for the presence of Chess, until it could first be absolutely proven that there was no Chess in the field, and that none was sown with the Wheat. And even then, if Chess came, I presume he would have as much ingenuity as the farmer spoken of in the scripture, who found Tares in his field where he had sown only good Wheat—he would declare that "an enemy hath done this."

MANAGING MILK, MAKING BUTTER, &c.

FIRST, I consider it absolutely necessary to butter-making to have a cool, airy milk room, and that the milk vessels be thoroughly cleansed, first in cold water, next in hot, after which to be scalded and sunned.

I use shallow tin pans, and set the milk a little less than two inches in depth. My experience is, more cream can be had from the same amount of milk by raising the pans from the shelf, allowing a free circulation of air around the milk; two strips of wood, of uniform thickness, about six inches in length, to each pan, will answer the purpose.

As soon as the milk thickens, I remove the cream into an earthen pan, keeping it uncovered, and always stir gently after adding fresh cream; churn twice a week, and never allow any water to get nearer the butter than the outside of a stone churn during the process of churning. I take the butter from the churn with a ladle, and salt to taste; let it stand twenty-four hours, and then work by taking about one pound at a time. This is more convenient and can be worked much dryer than by working the whole mass at once. If for packing, I add one tablespoonful of crushed sugar, and as much saltpeter as will lie on a three-cent piece, to three pounds of butter. Let it stand a few hours longer, and work again, making it into small rolls, and keep it in brine made in the following manner:—Take rain water and as much rock salt as can possibly be made to dissolve by heating, adding one teaspoonful of saltpeter to each gallon of brine. Strain through a flannel when cold.

Butter keeps sweeter for me without washing, besides being decidedly better in flavor—in my opinion. Of course it must be properly worked; but should there be a few particles of buttermilk allowed to remain, the quality of the butter will not be injured as much as by the same amount of water.

I pack butter in large stone jars, using for a weight a common dinner plate and a piece of marble. I am not in favor of wooden vessels for milk and butter making. I suppose we shall be obliged to use a wooden churn-dash, butter bowl, and ladle, until some inventive genius takes it into his head to get up something of a different material.

In winter, I heat the milk slightly; if allowed to scald, the butter will be oily.

I have eaten some poor butter in my day; some too fresh, but more too salt. If there is anything particularly horrible to my nerves, it is using my "molars" for a salt mill. If people, who furnish hotels and boarding houses with butter, would use fine salt, and less of it, they would confer an ever-to-be-remembered favor upon a portion of community, at least.

Now, my dear Mr. Moore, you have my ideas

and experience (on a small scale) of managing milk, making butter, etc., and if you think this sufficiently explicit, you can publish it; if not, let me know, and I will try again. But allow me to say, in conclusion, if you, or any of your many thousand subscribers, feel inclined to doubt my statement, just remember an old saying about "the proof of the pudding," etc. Call round and get some good home-made bread and butter. Speaking of bread, I am using the best recipe for hop yeast ever made, and they do say my bread, too, cannot be beaten, and as I have no desire to "hide my light under a bushel," perhaps, at some future time, I may send you my mode of making hop yeast that will keep two or three months without souring, and bread that will not keep as long, if one has those about them favored with a good appetite and powers of appreciation. [Please tell us about the hop yeast.—Ed.]

Beaver Dam, Wis., 1862. BESSIE LADLE.

FANNIE'S FLOCK OF SHEEP.

ED. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In my last I said I would tell you about my flock of sheep. Not because I have anything astonishing or miraculous to disclose, do I do so, but simply because I think that rural women should be represented in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, you will not laugh at me, will you? In the spring of 1859 my husband purchased a sheep, for which he paid \$4.25, and presented her to me. In June following, was taken from Bettie's smooth, round back, a snowy fleece weighing 5½ lbs., at which time she was the fond mother of two ewe lambs. The transaction, tabulated, would stand thus:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes sections for First Shearing (1860), Second Shearing (1860), Third Shearing (1861), and Fourth Shearing (in June, 1862).

Several lambs were lost last spring, by reason of a drenching rain which occurred in the night, while the flock were in a back pasture.

Almost any good farmer or sheep-grower could beat this, I suppose; but can you, rural ladies? If so, let us hear from you.

Ladies, (sotto voce,) if any of you find difficulty in the way of procuring "pin money," just get your husband to procure for you a sheep, or a pig, or a half dozen fowls, over which you shall have exclusive ownership, and see how soon you will have all you wish.

FANNIE BELL. Bellgrove, Weedsport, N. Y., 1862.

TAKE CARE OF THE HORSES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am very much interested in the letters from practical farmers you are in the habit of printing in your papers and in order to add my mite to the general fund of information, I propose to say a few words about horses.

In the first place, it is always best and cheapest to keep good horses. Now, any one can get a good horse who has got the rocks wherewith to purchase him; but it is not every one that can keep a horse good after he has once got him, and that is the main point. Many a farmer who purchases a good team, and expects them to keep good, puts them to work in the mud and mire in charge of a green "hired man;" and when, after a few weeks, he finds their legs all sore and lame with the scratches, their hair standing more than "seven ways for Sunday," and their heads down, he may say, "those horses have eat enough grain; they ought to look well; I cannot think what ails them; I must have got cheated in the purchase." Ah! my Christian friend, that may all be, but you have attended to the most expensive and overlooked the most important part of the care of horse flesh. Now, if you had, every night, when the team came in from work, laid off your coat and taken a wisp of straw in each hand and worked faithfully on the legs of each horse until they were dry, and then taken a card and brush and gone over their bodies until their hair lay straight, your horses would never have had the scratches. And then in the morning at them again with card and brush. It takes but a little while to clean a horse thoroughly, and it is worth more than an extra four quarts of oats. Then your horses, provided they have enough to eat, will go out to work with their heads and tails up, and do a full day's work without flagging.

It is now the season when the egg that produces the bott is taken into the horses' system; and if you will feed them once a week with a tablespoonful of fine ashes, a small lump of sulphur mixed with their usual salt and fed in their grain, you will never be troubled with the botts. I meant to have said something more about preventives for the various diseases that horse flesh is heir to, but have got to the end of my paper, and not another sheet without sending to the village.

Turin, Lewis Co., N. Y., 1862.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Manuring Wheat.

WHAT time ought soils for wheat to be manured? asks a correspondent of the Ohio Farmer. To this query a writer states that experience has taught him it is usually best, if a large supply of manure is applied, to manure the previous crop. By this means, it is thoroughly incorporated with the soil, and has time to become well decomposed. If it is quite rotten, it may be applied previously to the fall plowing; or, if it is thought best, to apply it to the surface after the plowing. The wheat ought to have, the advantage of the application during its fall growth. If the roots are well set before winter, there is little danger from winter-killing, and the plant, in spring, is ready to make a rapid growth. Heavy manuring of wheat, at the time of sowing, with crude manures, is not advisable.

Advantages of Proper Cultivation.

THE Canadian Agriculturist, speaking of the appearance of the crops in connection with the unfavorable character of the season, observes:—"In a season of drouth and cold like that we have been experiencing, the difference in the appearance of

the crops on well and badly managed land is most striking. We observed the other day, on a naturally good, but extremely heavy soil, two adjoining fields in winter wheat; one had been thoroughly underdrained and deeply cultivated; the other had not partaken of these ameliorating agencies, and the consequence is, that while the crop on the former looks far better than could be anticipated, considering the season, and promises, at present, to be highly remunerative, the latter must prove, however favorable the weather may yet be, nearly a total failure!"

Care of Milk Cows.

THE Boston Cultivator, after recommending proper care and food for cows, says:

"If there is any animal which policy would dictate the good treatment of, it is the milk cow. It should be remembered that it is only the food she consumes beyond what is required to support the natural waste of the system, that can afford a surplus in way of milk. Hence, the food which would barely support two cows and leave nothing for the owner, if eaten by one cow, would enable her to return the value of one-half of it in milk. So that the advice of a close observer to a dairyman, to sell one-half of his cows to increase his produce of butter and cheese, had reason at the bottom of it. Cows should be well fed and sheltered; in fact they should be kept in all respects in the condition that is well expressed by the word 'comfortable.'"

Plowing Heavy Lands.

It would be interesting and important, says the Boston Cultivator, to know what would be the comparative results, in regard to the crops produced for three years, between lots plowed in furrows of fifteen inches and others of ten inches wide, on heavy soil. It is a rule in England and Scotland, as well as in some parts of this country, to plow clay land in as fine or narrow furrows as practicable, in order to produce the required friability, and give due exposure to the atmosphere, which is so necessary to develop the fertility of such soils. It may be said that the width of the furrows was not greater than usual in proportion to the depth. On this point it may be inquired whether the expediency of plowing sward to this depth has been demonstrated? Would it not be better, especially on clayey soils, to bury the sward at only a moderate depth, where it would more quickly decompose, and give more immediate benefit to crops—plowing deeper, if necessary, afterwards? Such is the practice in some sections distinguished for successful farming.

Value of Shelter for Sheep.

WM. H. LADD, one of the best farmers of the State of Ohio, who has given especial attention to sheep, gives the following careful estimate, in the Ohio Farmer, of the value of shelter to sheep, suggested by the remark of a neighbor that "it won't pay to build shelter for sheep." This neighbor kept 1,000 head, and lost many animals, and it is from his losses that a part of this estimate is made: Let me make some very low estimates in reference to the loss occasioned by this treatment in thirty years. First, if the sheep sheared two pounds of wool per head under this treatment, they would have shorn three pounds had they received good care. Second, one pound difference per head on 1,000 sheep makes 1,000 pounds; 1,000 pounds in 30 years, at 40 cents per pound, \$12,000. It is a very low estimate, counting sheep at the lowest common price, that a flock of 1,000 sheep should yield \$500 worth of surplus stock to sell each year; this in 30 years amounts to \$15,000. Feed saved by shelter, say \$200 each year, worth in 30 years \$6,000; simple interest at 6 per cent. on amount saved in 30 years, \$30,690; difference of the value of stock on hand at the end of 30 years, \$1,000; value of shelter to the proprietor at the close of 30 years, \$1,000; amount saved, \$65,690. Per contra—shelters cost say \$3,000; additional grain fed, say \$400 each year, in 30 years \$12,000; interest as above, \$16,560; for keeping shelters in repair, \$1,000—total, \$32,560. Difference in favor of shelters and good care, \$33,130. Don't look at this as a fancy sketch; it is a reality, and the only incorrectness about it is, that the estimated difference in favor of good keeping is in every particular below the reality.

Wool Growing in California.

THE California correspondent of the American Stock Journal, under date "San Francisco, June 1st," furnishes some interesting intelligence relative to sheep raising and wool growing in the Golden State. We condense from his article the following: The flock of Col. W. W. Hollister, of San Juan, Monterey Co., comprises 14,000 sheep, exclusive of about 7,500 lambs. These sheep are divided into flocks of about 1,500 each. The clip of the present spring will amount to 80,920 lbs. net from the above flock. The average weight of fleece is upwards of 5½ lbs. The sheep are of the pure blood French Merino, and one-half and three-quarter breeds. The value of the present clip is estimated by Col. H. at the round sum of \$20,000. He has lost in value of sheep, by disease, (scab, etc.), about \$4,000; and raises about 7,500 lambs, notwithstanding the severity of the past winter. The experience, however, gained from which will be of great practical benefit in the future management of his flock, and he does not, in consequence, regret the loss.

Messrs. Flint and Bixby, of San Juan, Monterey Co., will shear, the present spring, some 17,000 sheep, principally Spanish Merino. Their crop of wool will amount to from 80,000 to 90,000 lbs., and is valued at 26 cts. all round. Their losses by winter exposure, etc., were about 500 head, and they raise this season about 3,500 lambs. They have a single flock of 3,300 fine sheep, from which the average weight of each fleece is 7½ lbs. 5 oz.

The wool market, of late, has been characterized by a degree of activity, and remunerative prices have been readily attainable for all the desirable qualities of well conditioned wools. The inferior grades and poorly handled lots are not in demand, and prices for these are, and ought to be, below the cost of production. The experience of each successive year convinces us more thoroughly of the great importance to the wool grower of putting his clip in the most perfect order, before forwarding to market. The general character of the wool now coming forward is vastly better than any heretofore produced in California.

The receipt of wool during the month has been 7,233 bales; previously reported, 2,482 bales; total, 9,665 bales, or about 1,950,000 lbs. During the month two shipments of wool have gone forward, both to New York, viz.—By the Lookout, 821 bales; by the Governor Morton, 1,019 bales; total, 1,840 bales. There is at present no lack of shipping facilities, the following vessels being now loading with wool and other products, viz.—The Rambler, for Boston; Belle of the sea and Asterion, for New York. Prices during the month, have been tolerably maintained, especially for good to choice lots of American and Merino wools, and may be quoted at the close, for low qualities and poor conditioned lots, 12 to 15 cts.; fair American, 16 to 19 cts.; choice ditto, 20 to 22 cts.; Merino and the finer grades, 22 to 25 cts.

Rural Notes and Items.

"THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE."—The last number of the Maine Farmer devotes its leader to the above subject. It fairly discusses the merits of the Commissioner, Mr. ISAAC NEWTON—giving a paragraph in his favor from a Pennsylvania paper, and adding:—"Since his appointment a very general dissatisfaction among the journals of the country has been manifested. Whether this dissatisfaction comes from parties who are interested, and who, by the appointment of Mr. NEWTON, felt that they or some of their friends have had injustice done them, we are unable to say. THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, Ohio Farmer, and other responsible journals, are among the number." &c. So far as this journal is concerned, the dissatisfaction expressed did not emanate "from parties interested," or who had any particular candidate to urge for the position. All we desired was that a competent man should be selected, without regard to his location or friendship. That such an one was not (as we believe) appointed, must be a source of regret and disappointment to every intelligent friend of Rural Improvement.

Our contemporary justly remarks that the subject is one upon which the President has no right to trifle with the feelings and interests of the great mass of farmers throughout the country; and that it would be a great injustice to place a man at the head of the important agricultural interests of our Republic, who does not possess the confidence of the farmers, or the qualifications necessary for the responsible position. He wishes to have "this matter thoroughly sifted now that it is started," and concludes in this frank style:—"Let us see if in this department—even if in no other—a man to take charge of it cannot be found who has the requisite qualities, and who merits the position from his ability to fill it, and not because he belongs to a particular clique. Let us keep it free from political influences and corruptions, and demand that it be kept so. If a mistake has been made by the appointing power, from whatever cause, let the error be repaired by the only method left open, and as soon as may be. Of this we are certain: The farmers of the country will not submit to any such imputation upon their intelligence as is made by the appointment of a person to this high position who is wanting in the requisite qualifications for the duties devolving upon the head of the Bureau of Agriculture at Washington. We know of but one man suitable for this place; the mention of his name will need no introduction or comment. It is Hon. B. P. JOHNSON, of New York."

COL. D. D. MOORE—My Dear Sir: This will be handed to you by my son SAM, who goes down to your city to look after a patent heifer that he expects on the cars to-day, and won't leave till to-morrow. I and mother don't want him exposed to any of the bad things in the city, for a city is an awful place; so I have taken the liberty of sending him to your care and protection. Yours to command, JOHN FLOWHANDLE.

The above characteristic note was recently handed by a fine-looking young man, who, though modest in appearance, had evidently traveled afoot, and was aware of "the bad things of the city." He assured us of the good health of his paternal ancestor—our whilom correspondent. On inquiry about the "patent" heifer, we learned that friend FLOWHANDLE had been investing in Short-horns. From this we infer that the General is taking the initiatory steps to obtain some exalted position—perhaps that of President of our State Ag. Society—or to beat "SMITH'S bull" at the next State Fair. In confirmation of this suspicion we are assured, on good authority—can cite the exact Page, if necessary—that friend FLOWHANDLE has recently expressed a desire to obtain several Short-horn cows, each of which, (in his own emphatic and comprehensive language), "must have a pedigree as long as your arm, fill a wash-tub at each milking, and produce a frisk full, or less, of butter each week." If this report is true, Messrs. CONGER, THORNTON, CORNELL, and other noted breeders, will soon have a formidable competitor. "Forewarned, fore-armed," gentlemen!

AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS vs. INTERVENTION.—A New York paper happily says the tide is turning in our favor abroad, and tells "what's the matter" in this wise:—"Wall street has been troubled not a little of late at the 'solemn aspect of things abroad,' at the high price of gold, and the critical situation of our army near Richmond. Please be quiet, Messrs. Bulls and Bears, for the tide is turning. John Bull wants bread, now, quite as much as he wants cotton, and we are giving it to him by ship-loads upon ship-loads. Intervention at the present moment, therefore, means starvation. Cotton is a good thing, but cotton won't keep body and soul together. Cotton may feed spindles, but it won't feed mouths. A cotton blockade and a bread blockade at the same time, would make the old British lion shake his mane and roar like thunder. So we shan't have intervention at present—at least not until we can send over a thousand ship-loads of wheat, to quiet the cravings of 'my lord' the Premier. Wall street will please remember that Queen Victoria, God bless her, is our friend, fast and true, the whole batch of 'my lords' to the contrary notwithstanding."

A GOOD MACHINE FOR WHEAT GROWERS.—"Both the Whompest Shaker" for separating oats, barley, &c., from wheat, is a very simple and effective machine. We witnessed its operation a few days ago, and were agreeably surprised to find that a machine so small and cheap should accomplish the desired object so speedily and perfectly. Mediterranean wheat and oats were separated at the rate of one peck in 40 seconds. It is a Rochester invention, and ahead of any machine for the purpose within our knowledge. Though a new thing, it has been satisfactorily tested by hundreds of farmers, taking well wherever introduced. It will certainly save farmers much time and trouble, and obviate the necessity of hand-picking to separate oats from wheat—a tedious process to which many have been subjected. The parties advertising the machine (in this paper) are manufacturing it extensively, and can therefore fill orders promptly.

DRAINING MACHINES WANTED.—Of late several inquiries, verbal and written, have been made of us concerning draining machines. The last (a letter just at hand from Toronto, C. W.) says:—"I would be glad to learn, through your excellent paper, something of the success and satisfaction given in the use of draining machines to those who have seen or tested them. Also, where made, their price, and qualifications. Manufacturers would do well to exhibit largely at the coming Fair this season." We shall be glad to learn, and communicate to the public, such information as will answer the above and similar inquiries. At present we cannot refer to any particular machine as worthy of special commendation, but learn, incidentally, that a very promising one has recently been gotten up, and satisfactorily tested, in Wayne county. If so, the inventor, (whose name and residence are unknown to us,) ought to advise the public.

A "RURAL RECRUIT" PROMOTED.—Mr. GERRIT VAN INGEN, former chief mailing clerk in this office—who went to the war last fall as Sergeant Major in the 50th Regiment N. Y. V., (the Dickinson Guard), and who has been with the Burnside Expedition in all its perils and triumphs—has already gained marked favor and promotion. A few weeks ago we learned that the officers of the regiment had joined in presenting him an elegant sword, and it is now announced that he has been promoted, by special order of Gen. BURNSIDE, to a First Lieutenant. When VAN left the Rural Office, we expressed the confident belief that he would acquire himself well in any position, and wished him "success and the promotion we are assured he will merit,"—hence his advancement is not unexpected. A true soldier,—brave and thoroughly disciplined, yet unassuming,—he will ere long prove himself worthy of still higher rank.

A FINE LITHOGRAPH OF CATTLE.—We are in receipt of a fine and apparently life-like colored lithograph of a pair of Durham cattle, "fed and bred by R. READING, Esq., of Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y." The picture reflects credit upon the artistic skill and taste of Messrs. SAGE, SONS & Co., of Buffalo, from whose establishment it emanates. Breeders and others wishing to obtain lithographs of choice and valuable animals would be well to consult our Buffalo friends, as they are evidently au fait in such matters.

LIST OF AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—We are preparing a list of Agricultural Fairs for 1862—State, Provincial, County, and Local—and wish to render it as complete as possible for the Royal States and Canada. Secretaries of Agricultural Societies who have not already done so, will please advise us (by letter or sending bill or pamphlet), as to the times and places of holding their respective exhibitions. As we desire to publish the list in a week or two, an early response is requested.

HORTICULTURAL.

HORTICULTURAL VISIT—NEW BLACKBERRY.

Those who have read the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, must have observed an account of a new Blackberry, grown from seed by Dr. H. B. MINER, of Honeoye Falls, which was brought to the notice of the Society and highly recommended by Mr. AINSWORTH, of Bloomfield. Having received an invitation from Mr. MINER to visit his grounds and see the plants in fruit, we accepted the invitation, and are prepared to report all we saw. Mr. MINER has been experimenting with the blackberry for some fifteen years, and during that time has raised hundreds of seedlings, all of which have proved either unproductive, or worthless on account of inferior quality, except two. These are both the *Low* or *Trailing* species, sometimes called *Dewberry*, (*Rubus Canadensis*, of LINNÆUS.) Everybody knows that the *Trailing Blackberry* produces the sweetest, highest flavored fruit, but is quite unproductive, as only a few perfect and many imperfect berries are produced on each plant. Mr. MINER, out of a host of seedlings which he has fruited, found two that bore very large crops, and these he has propagated exclusively. One of these is about two weeks earlier than the other, the first ripening about the first of August, and almost gone at the time of our visit, the latter being in its prime.

The quality of the fruit is excellent, sweeter and more highly flavored than any other variety we are acquainted with, the early sort being the best and of a peculiar pine-apple flavor. The berries are a little smaller than the *Lawton*, and nearly of the same form, though perhaps a little more oblong. Both varieties produce abundant crops, many plants giving over two quarts. They ripen evenly, and therefore will not last a long time. They are gathered more easily than the raspberry, and for this reason will be a favorite with those who, while they like the fruit of the blackberry, dislike its ugly thorns.

The *Trailing Blackberry* has long, slender branches, that run along the ground or over any object that may be near, and root at the points, like the *Black Cap Raspberry*. Mr. MINER allows these to run at will until near the autumn, when, if new plants are not wanted, the points are cut off, leaving the canes some six feet in length. In the spring, a heavy stake, five or six feet long, is driven into the ground for each hill or plant, (and they may be set from three to four feet apart.) The branches are then gathered together, wound around the stake, like a rope, and fastened at the top with a string. The fruit is borne on long, slender stems, which, with the foliage, make a beautiful pyramid, the berries being on the outside and fully exposed. The next spring the old canes must be cut away, and the new shoots wound around the stake and fastened as before. We hope in a few weeks to present our readers with a good engraving of a plant in bearing, showing its habit and the mode of training.

Among other things we saw at the Doctor's, was a Seedling Raspberry that seemed to be a cross between the *Black Cap* and the *Red Antwerp*. It is as large as the latter, of a singular, light mulberry color, roots at the points of the shoots, and ripens about the time of the *Black Cap*. It is very hardy, of good quality, and may prove valuable; for it is certainly far in advance of the *Black Cap*.

THE FRUIT CROP.

The prospect of fruit continues encouraging. A little blight is seen upon the pear trees, but the disease is not as serious as last season, and the fruit is quite abundant. The only difficulty this season will be an over-crop of apples, pears and plums, so that the size will be less than the average. Our fruit growers have not learned to thin out the fruit. The consequence, in fruitful seasons, is that trees are allowed to bear more than they can perfect; and instead of having a crop of superior specimens, we have a great quantity of fruit of inferior size and quality. This is a great mistake, for if half the fruit were taken off as soon as set, as many bushels would be produced, while the quality and size would be superior, and the price obtained much greater. We have an illustration of this fact in the crop of apricots, which is exceedingly large, almost every tree being borne down with fruit, while in most cases the specimens are not much larger than marbles. Occasionally we see a tree that from accidental causes, or from judicious thinning, is bearing only a fair crop, and on such the specimens are fine, and would sell for double the price of an ordinary fruit.

Those who have searched for the curculio, may have found the little Turk at his usual work; but it has done but little if any mischief in this section of the country the present season. Every old and neglected plum tree is loaded with fruit, and if the curculio had taken one half it would have been all the better. The black-knot, too, seems to have run its course, and it is only occasionally we are reminded of its past prevalence, by seeing an old tree that has lingered along for years under the infliction. Peaches will be abundant and good. The trees are not crowded, but most orchards will give a fair crop of superior fruit.

Grapes are doing well, and if favored with a warm autumn, may ripen well, though we judge they are rather late. Isabellas, unless in favored situations, we fear will not ripen well.

A SUPPOSED PEACH ENEMY.

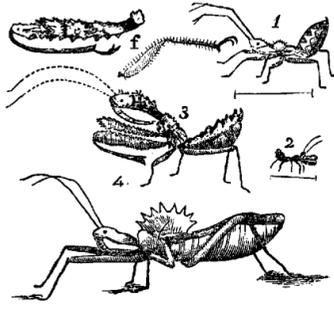
FROM a correspondent in Madison county we received a number of small insects charged with puncturing the peach somewhat after the manner of the curculio. Not being acquainted with what was supposed to be a new enemy which the peach grower would have to combat, we forwarded the specimens to JACOB STAUFFER, of Lancaster, Pa., and have been favored with the following response:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The insects inclosed in the letter of S. A. GAGE, Wampsville, Madison Co., N. Y., have come to hand. Mr. G. charges them "with puncturing and destroying his peach crop," stating that he found as many as 20 and 30 punctures on a single peach, and adding that they are armed with a bill very much like the curculio.

As I am not writing for savans, but for the benefit of the general reader, I shall indulge my own humor, regardless of criticism from the former-named source. I opened the lid of the "Black Maria" pill box, and brought one of the imprisoned culprits on the stand, (of my microscope,) and, as judge and jury, instituted my examination. The curculio belongs to the order COLEOPTERA, and his "bill" is an elongated snout, with a pair of small jaws at its end. The criminal in question I at once recognized as having

a puncturing apparatus, called a *rostrum*, composed of three distinct joints, more properly designated a *haustellum*, or sucker, constituting a sheath for a pair of piercers, and a pair of bristles to assist in the process of suction; which clearly brings the creature in question under the order embracing the HETEROPTEROUS HEMIPTERA.

This order is divided into six families of terrestrial bugs, and are the insects properly called *bugs*, including the common Squash-bug, (*Coreus tristis*), the injurious effects of whose punctures on the leaves of the squash, &c., are well known. The genus *Phytocoris*, meaning *plant-bug*, has, as well as allied genera, individuals that infest fruit and vegetables generally, and HARRIS speaks of some of these plant-bugs at large. THOMAS SAY gives a brief description of 131 species, embraced in 27 different genera, to enumerate which would not interest nor edify. I will, however, say that the insect found on the peach is no *Phytocoris*, or *Capsus*, of which SAY describes 27 species. The *Capsidae* have a long, four-jointed rostrum. These have a stout, short, three-jointed rostrum, and the head is spinous, with a deep indented line behind the eyes, like in some of the smaller species of *Reduvius* (the *R. bipex*.) They measure about one-fifth of an inch in length. The color in the living specimens (I judge) is honey-yellow, with darkish-brown markings; the antennæ of both specimens only had the first joint, which was long, with alternate brown and yellow portions or zones around them. The thorax and head of another specimen showed four-jointed antennæ. I have specimens in my collection very similar in general appearance—one brought me by Mr. WESTHEFFER, of this city, July 16, 1858, taken from an apricot, (Fig. 1, f, the fore leg,) but this has



not the thickened and spined raptorial thighs, or fore legs, that those under examination have, which proves them to belong to the *carnivorous* class of this order, provided by nature for seizing and holding their insect prey, while engaged in sucking their juices. A large species, named *Reduvius novemvirus*, and described in the *Ag. Pat. Office Reports* for 1855, (Fig. 3, plate X.), page 110, now called the *Prionotus novemvirus*, by UHLER, in *Jour. Acad. Nat. Sci.* is described as "*Nabis novemvirus*." Thus difficulties arise to perplex us at every step, in attempting to name insects; and, without a specimen or accurate illustration, it is difficult to know for a certainty whether the description given is from the same species, owing to changes after each moulting, and the vague use of terms in describing them. The species described in the *Patent Office Report*, is of service in ridding shade trees from caterpillars. Figure 4 is from SAY's figure of this insect. Figure 2, the natural size; and Fig. 3, magnified view of the insect found on the peach. The question arising in my mind is whether the criminal charged with puncturing the peaches, does so for its *vegetable* juices, or whether it is in quest of the *grub* of the curculio or other insect already lodged within the fruit. The spinous, thickened femora of the fore legs, indicate that they are graspers, and designed by nature to prey upon other insects; hence I am under the necessity of suspending judgment until more direct or positive proof is found against them.

Before concluding this subject, I will say that various species of this order are apterous, and some with very short wing-covers, and erroneously supposed by some authors to be undeveloped or imperfect insects, and as *pupæ* able to reproduce. But those that really obtain wings, in the perfect state, are of different genera. Thus the bed-bug (speak it softly) has never been observed but with the minute rudimental upper wings, somewhat resembling the ordinary wing-cases of *pupæ*; while others are found perfectly apterous. I have seen it stated that specimens were found fully fledged; but this has been found to be erroneous.

The *Cimicidæ* is properly restricted to the genus *Cimex*. The *Cimex lectularius*, of LINNÆUS, so feelingly known by ticklish persons, is the common bed-bug. LINNÆUS, however, included the squash-bug and others in his genus *Cimex*. FABRICIUS improperly changed the name "*Cimex*" to that of *Acanthia*, for the villain that disturbs the rest of some unfortunate. The name of this creature is derived from the same root as *bug-bear*, and hence the passage in Matthew's Bible, in Psalms, (xli, 5):—"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night," is rendered, "Thou shalt not be afraid of any bugs by night." But enough of this lurking scamp, who, when darkness promises security, issues from his hiding place, to glut himself with blood, and like the Southern *gorilla*, claiming to belong to the genus *Homo*, are a disgrace to their family. Having no sympathy for either of those disturbers of the public peace, I give my voice against them, though Providence may give me the one to teach us cleanliness in our habitations, and the other to teach us national integrity, as they grow from political corruptions, and swindling tendencies of a perverse generation, many of whom, like FLOYD, COBB, DAVIS & Co., say,

"Bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats; bound servants steal!
Large handed robbers your grave masters are,
And kill by law."
Lancaster, Pa., 1862. J. STAUFFER.

CULTURE OF THE RASPBERRY.

The best plan for raspberry culture is to make the soil right at first by deep digging and draining, and afterwards much heavily without stirring the soil, pulling up by hand what few weeds appear. This we have always found to be the best practice, and finding the same system advocated by Rev. W. F. RADCLIFF, in the *English Florist and Pomologist*, we give a portion of the article. Speaking of a raspberry bed that had been forked up pretty deeply in the spring, he says: "Now, I ask any man how he can expect to have a crop of raspberries after this fashion? Not only are the old roots broken, but the new sponges are broken also; and the roots being turned up to sun and wind, of course the crop dwindles away. Hence a man comes to the absurd conclusion that the garden will not bear

strawberries and raspberries. Look at the gardens of England generally, and you will find that, except in wet, dripping summers, there are neither of these fruits. Never disturb the ground at all; hand-weed and cover the whole soil with stable litter from the horse, with a little black manure round the stools, and you will have more raspberries than you know what to do with. If the summer is very sultry, give each stool one bucket of water twice a week. A raspberry lives by suction. From three to five canes are enough, and these should be cut down to three feet. You will get as much fruit by this height as if you left them eight feet high. In a word, the dormant eyes at the base will break, protect the young canes, and keep off the sun. Mine are strong, and are cut to an average of two feet nine inches. I have only one sort, the *Beepot*, (red,) which with this treatment never fails. The crop last year was enormous; but, for want of sun, lacking in flavor. Under proper treatment, it can be too hot for raspberries and strawberries. Weak liquid manure and Peruvian guano—one small handful to a stable bucket of water—will greatly assist. With regard to forking the ground, I must observe that I have not moved mine for the last four or five years. If you do move your ground, instead of your new canes coming up close to the stools, you will have them all over the bed. Keep all runners down except those close to the stools. The closer the ground is kept down the greater will be your crop. High manuring upon an undisturbed surface are two main features in growing raspberries and strawberries. No man tears out the stomach and entrails of his horse and pig in order to fatten them; but this is what a man does when he despoils the roots and rootlets of his plants. I think the best distance is a yard from plant to plant and from row to row.

RULES FOR MAKING GRAPE WINE.

VERY many are the inquiries we receive for some good and sure method of making grape and currant wine. With the exception of the manufacture of a little occasionally for domestic use, from grapes and small fruits, we have no experience that will warrant us in giving an opinion with a great deal of confidence. For making currant wine, a few weeks since we gave the method of an experienced and successful manufacturer, and we now give the following rules for the manufacture of grape wine, communicated to the *Vigneron*, of France, a journal expressly devoted to the wine-growing interest, by M. DE BABO, the president of an agricultural society, and an extensive proprietor and wine-grower at Weinheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The author says, "if wine-growers will strictly observe these prescriptions, without permitting themselves to be turned aside by local usages, they will obtain beautiful and good wines."

1. The grapes should not be gathered until they have arrived at complete maturity, that is to say, when they do not grow sweeter, in a sensible degree. If the weather is good, they may be allowed to hang some time after this, for the purpose of giving the watery parts of the fruit time to evaporate. This increases considerably the strength and sweetness of the wine. Black grapes intended for red wine should not be allowed to get too ripe, as if they do, they injure the color of the wine.

2. The vessels should be clean, and, above all, should not have contained sour wine. Care should also be taken that nothing should be allowed to fall into the must, which might cause acidity during the fermentation.

3. The white grapes should be put in a tub and pressed as quickly as possible, with the stems on. If obliged to wait before pressing the must, it is best to take out, at least, a portion of the stems which it contains, so that they shall not taste of it. The must of weak and mucilaginous wines ought to be allowed to ferment some days, with the stems, so that the tannin which they contain will assist in the precipitation of the mucilaginous matter. For good wines, the mash, or residuum, of the grape, should never be pressed, as the last juice which comes from the press usually contains a great deal of acid, and but little sugar.

4. For the sharp wines of inferior quality, and for sweet and mucilaginous wines, it is indispensable to put the must into open tubs, and to leave it there for several days. There forms during this time a layer or stratum of a dirty brown color, which contains a great part of the mucilage, yeast and acid rejected by the must, and which should be taken off with care every time it forms, so as to remove all those substances which affect the taste of the wine, cause fermentation, and do a great deal of mischief.

5. Care should be taken not to put the must into casks which are dirty, or which have been fumed with sulphur. There are some wine-growers who think that the fumes of sulphur applied to casks, preserve the sweetness of wine, and there are ignorant purchasers who permit themselves to be cheated as to the quality of the wine, by the sugar which the unfinished fermentation has left in it without decomposing it. But the following summer these wines are found to be muddy, and ferment often with great force, become sour, and are often completely spoiled. The wine, then, should be placed in casks which have not been fumed, and no obstacle to fermentation should be opposed, nor should it be arrested by the fumes of sulphur. There is no exception to this rule, save for those autumns which are unusually warm, and which cause fears that the fermentation will be too strong. In such a case, the vessels may be fumed with sulphur.

6. The fermentation of red wine should be treated differently from that of white. The must of black grapes may remain twenty-four hours, with the stems mixed with it, so that the tannin contained in them may communicate itself with the must. At the end of that time, the stems and the seeds should be separated by means of a sieve, and the must should be poured into open vessels, which should be lightly covered during the fermentation. The temperature of the must, during the fermentation, should not be allowed to exceed 15 degs. of Reaumur, (65 degs. Fahrenheit,) in order to prevent the spirit from escaping. Every three or four hours the fermenting mass should be stirred, so as to prevent it from souring.

7. At the end of fifteen or twenty days, when all action has ceased, and the skins have yielded their coloring matter to the must, it should be put under the press and strongly squeezed, so that all the coloring matter shall be extracted. The wine is then placed in casks not fumed; and if it is desired to increase the capacity for tannin, some of the seeds, which should be separated by a sieve from the mash, should be added to it.

8. If the weather is cold, the openings to the cellars should be closed, so that the fermentation may meet with no interruption. Persons should never enter the cellars until they have been tested for car-

bolic acid by a light. The carbonic acid may be driven from the cellars by opening all the issues, by lighting a fire on the stairway, by throwing hot water into them, and by scattering freshly slaked lime in them. During the fermentation, the bung-hole should only be closed with vine-leaves, or by a little bag filled with sand—the object being to prevent the air from entering at the same time that the carbonic acid is permitted to escape.

9. Towards Christmas the clarification of the wine is about completed, and the yeast, which has become insoluble during the fermentation, is precipitated. Four weeks after the commencement of the fermentation, the casks, which should not be quite filled up at first, become completely full.

10. The racking, or drawing off from the lees at Christmas, is very important and necessary. There always remains in the wine, after the first fermentation, a certain quantity of soluble leaven, and if this is not scattered, and the wine still contains undecomposed sugar, the liquid will become turbid, it will ferment again, and possibly be spoiled. In the first racking, towards the commencement of the year, care should be taken to expose the wine as much as possible to contact with the air, in which case, the oxygen of the atmosphere precipitates the insoluble leaven, and the liquid clarifies completely, so that the second racking may be retarded until the end of April, there being no further fear of fermentation.

11. The following autumn another racking should take place, after which the wine may be considered as completely made. In drawing off, great care should be taken not to mix the portion of the wine at the bottom of the cask, which is still turbid, with the clear part which is above. The turbid part should be placed in a separate vessel, and submitted to a new racking before it is added to the other.

Horticultural Notes.

HORTICULTURE AND THE WAR.—It is sad to reflect on the enormous losses to horticulture and agriculture arising from the rebellion. We believe no class, taken collectively, endeavored to avert the strife more energetically than ours; and, though suffering in common with others, have less to answer for. From our position, in correspondence with so many different sources, we can say of our own knowledge that up to the actual breaking out of the war, with few exceptions, the great body of Southern horticulturists were opposed to secession, but they had their differing views as to the abstract justice of the doctrine, or as to the advantages which a separate independence might or might not bring with it, but solely because they saw that the assertion of the doctrine would inevitably lead to a bloody and disastrous struggle, which would render any ultimate success by far too dearly bought. It is pleasant to dwell on this power of horticulture to restrain rash passion; and it should be a strong inducement with all others of war to extend horticultural taste wherever practicable.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

DEATH OF HORTICULTURISTS.—The *Gardener's Monthly* notices the death of B. A. FAIRBANKS, one of the Vice Presidents of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. It says "his collection of rare plants was probably the most valuable in the Union, and his liberality in allowing the friends of horticulture to see his collections, frequently afforded us opportunities of seeing extremely rare and valuable plants we should otherwise know only by reputation as existing in the princely gardens of Europe."

We regret also to learn of the death of A. SAUL, of Newburg. Mr. SAUL was a partner in the firm of A. J. DOWNING & Co., and when Mr. DOWNING retired from the business, became sole proprietor. Mr. S. was a very intelligent horticulturist, and as such was well known throughout the country.

GROWING CUCUMBERS AND MELONS.—Every year I have added to the pains heretofore taken, with more or less success, in growing vines and their fruits. The greatest obstacle to encounter has been the drouth, and this year the cucumbers especially were found to be abortions from this cause. Not willing to give it up, I gave the wheel of emergency one more turn, by taking a pail not quite water-tight and setting it in among the hills and vines, and filling it with rain water twice a day. The result was, in a very few days, the change in the appearance and vigor of the vines was most marked, and the cucumbers are now growing finely, and stretching themselves out in length and size to their fullest proportions.—S. N. HOLMES, Syracuse, 1862.

KEEPING GRAPES.—We record what appears to be a very good plan of keeping grapes, which Mr. Thomson had adopted, and which, writing on the 19th of April, he describes thus:—"In February I cut a great many bunches of the Lady Downe's vine. I left the bunches attached to the branches that bore them, sharpened the points of the branches where they had been detached from the parent stem, and ran them a couple of inches into Mangel Wurzel roots. These I laid on the shelf of the fruit room, and allowed the grapes to hang over the shelf, and cut them as required. In this way they kept perfectly plump in berry till the last bunch was consumed this month."—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

HARMONIZING COLORS.—Mr. London stated that he had observed that flower gardens looked best when the flowers were so arranged as to have a compound color next the simple one which was contained in it. Thus, as there are only three simple colors—blue, red, and yellow—he advises that purple flowers, which are composed of blue and red, should have yellow next them; that orange flowers, which are composed of red and yellow, should be contrasted with blue; and that green flowers, which are composed of blue and yellow, should be relieved by red.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The next meeting of the American Pomological Society, it should be remembered, is to be held in Boston, commencing on Wednesday, the 17th of September. Among the prominent matters to be submitted at this session will be the report of the Special Committee appointed to revise the Society's Catalogue of Fruits, and ascertain what varieties are adapted to the different sections and districts of our country. All who know our Boston friends anticipate one of the most pleasant and profitable sessions ever held by the Society.

PELAGONICUMS.—Celeste has "an entirely new shade of color, the lower petals being of a rich orange scarlet, the upper petals deep maroon, with a bright scarlet margin, and a clear white center; altogether a very novel and striking flower." Mrs. Hoyle, "a fine light flower, lower petals violet rose, upper petals same color, shaded with red, with a small black spot." Princess, "a very beautiful dark flower, upper petals glossy black, with a fiery crimson margin; lower petals heavily pencilled with dark red and rose, center clear white."—*Floral Magazine*.

GRAPE CROP IN FRANCE.—The reports from the wine districts of France are satisfactory. The grapes are of a larger growth than has been witnessed for many years. The disease in the vine has disappeared; and should the sun not be overclouded, the wine of this year will be superior to that which has been produced of late. Both in Burgundy and in Bordeaux there are anticipations of a most successful vintage.

THE BIRD'S EGG GRAPE.—This is a white speckled grape, produced by Mr. Wm. H. Read, from seed of "Miller's Calandula Seedling Grape." It is a grape of singular appearance; berry egg-shaped, and strongly marked with dark brown specks like a bird's egg, hence the name. In addition to its curious form, the raiser represents it to be of very superior quality.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

THE APPLE CROP.—The *Brookport Republic* says:—"The apple crop hereabouts promises to be the best for many years! The trees everywhere are loaded with thrifty fruit. This section will afford tens of thousands of barrels of fruit for other markets."

Domestic Economy.

TOMATO FIGS—ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry from E. E. K., of Naples, Ill., for making tomato figs, I send mama's, which I deem a very good one. After peeling the fruit, make a sirup, allowing one half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. When hot, put in as much fruit as the sirup will cover, and let it cook until transparent. Skim out and place on plates to dry. The sirup should boil a few minutes after taking out the fruit, before putting in more. Each tomato should be rolled in powdered sugar every day until dry, after which place in jars in layers, scattering sugar between them. The small yellow tomatoes make the nicest looking figs, although they are no better for eating than the red ones.

For the benefit of my RURAL friends, I send a recipe for artificial oysters:—Take young green corn, grate it in a dish, and to one pint of this add one egg well beaten, a small teacup of flour, half a cup of butter, some salt and pepper, and mix well together. A tablespoonful of the batter will make the size of an oyster. Fry them a light brown, and when done, butter them; or cream, if it can be had, is better. Try them; they're excellent. MARY M. M. Milan, Ohio, 1862.

MOTHS.

Most of our insects are very hardy, caring little for wind or weather, and will never "die of aromatic pain." We once packed some small skins in the center of a cask of tobacco leaf and stems, but the miller went there, deposited her eggs, and the furs were ruined. This shows that they are not at all delicate, and care nothing for tobacco. Expensive cedar closets are frequently constructed, with the idea that the rather pleasant odor of the cedar is sufficiently disagreeable to the moth to keep him away from articles of clothing deposited there! This is a mistake. The strongest instinct prompts the miller to seek the means of perpetuating its kind, and no trifling impediment will prevent it.

But the preservation of furs, or articles of clothing, is perfectly simple, cheap and easy. Shake them well, and tie them up in a cotton or linen bag, so that the miller cannot possibly enter, and the articles will not be injured, though the bag is hung in a wood-house or garret. This is cheaper than to build cedar closets, and better than to fill the bed-chests and garments with the sickening odor of camphor, tobacco, or any other drug.—N. E. Farmer.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Wash your cucumbers very clean; make a pickle of salt and water sufficiently strong to float an egg, and pour it over them. Put a weight on the top of the vessel to keep the cucumbers under the brine, and let them stand nine days; then take them out and wash them in fresh water. Line the bottom of the kettle with green cabbage leaves, put in your pickles, and as much vinegar and water mixed in equal quantities, as will cover them. Put a layer of cabbage leaves on the top. Hang them over a slow fire; let the water get hot, but do not allow them to simmer, as that would soften them. When they are perfectly green, take them out and let them drain. Wipe them dry, put them in jars with some allspice, cloves, and a few small onions, or garlic. A piece of alum in each jar will keep them firm. Cover your pickles with the best cider vinegar—tie them close and keep them in a cool, dry place. By adding one tablespoonful of sugar, it will be found a great improvement.

FLIES ON PICTURE FRAMES.—There is no better preventive of flies soiling gilt frames than covering them with gauze. It must be admitted, however, that many persons prefer leaving the frames exposed rather than hide them under the usual gauze covering; I would therefore suggest to manufacturers the advantage of improving the material. As at present made, the fabric is woven much closer than is necessary. The finest and most open work gossamer that could be woven, would prove effectual in preventing flies settling near any object that was covered with it. A fly's instinct prevents it going near a cobweb. I would say, then, weave your gauze as fine and as much to resemble a spider's web as possible. This would prevent all the evil a housewife dreads, and at the same time would not hide any of the gilt and carved frames.—Pisces.

TO DESTROY HOUSE FLIES.—It is, perhaps, not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for many insects. The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extant:—Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten-cent piece; moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk (a little cream is better); keep that in your room, and you will keep down the flies. One advantage over other poisons is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house—the windows being open.

TO COLOR BLACK.—Noticing an inquiry in a late number of the RURAL how to color black that will not be harsh or fade, I send my mother's way. Take an iron kettle, put in a layer of sorrel, then a layer of cloth or yarn, and so alternately, until the kettle is full; put in soft water; keep warm for several hours, then wring out and put into a logwood dye; keep warm in that several hours, and so change from one to the other until as black as you desire. Where sorrel cannot be obtained, two parts water to one of vinegar can be used.—Mrs. E. MERRIN, Palmyra, Olee Co., Nebraska, 1862.

TO PRESERVE PEARS.—Pare them very thin, and simmer in a thin sirup; let them lie a day or two. Make the sirup richer, and simmer again, and repeat this till they are clear; then drain and dry them in the sun or a cool oven a very little. They may be kept in sirup, and dried as wanted, which makes them more moist and rich. Jargonelles are best.

RE-GILDING.—I wish to inquire, through the columns of the RURAL, the method of re-gilding old picture frames, window cornices, &c.; how the gilding is prepared and put on. Can not this be done at home, without the trouble of sending to the city? The information will be received with many thanks, by a—SUBSCRIBER, Abion, N. Y., 1862.

EXCELLENT CRACKERS.—To fourteen cups of flour, add one cup of lard, two teaspoons soda, four do. of cream tartar. Rub the ingredients well into flour and add three cups of water. Work thoroughly and bake quick.—MARY, Kelloggsville, Ohio.

Ladies' Department.

LINT

FIBER by fiber, shred by shred, It falls from her delicate hand In feathery films as soft and slow As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow In the lap of a Summer land.

There are jewels of price in her rosette ears, And gold round her white wrist coils; There are costly trifles on every hand, And gems of art from a vanishing land In the chamber where she toils.

A rare bird sings in a gilded cage At the open casement near; A sunny glint through a swaying bough, And lights with a diamond radiance now The dew of a falling tear!

A sob floats out to the summer air With the song bird's latest trill; The gossamer folds of the drapery Are waved by the swell of a long, low sigh, And the delicate hands are still.

"Ah, beauty of earth is naught, is naught! And a gilded youth is vain! I have seen a sister's scarred face shine With a youth and beauty all divine By the soldier's couch of pain!

"I have read of another, whose passing shade On their pillows the mangled kissed In the far Crimea!" There are no more tears, But she plucks the gems from her delicate ears, And the gold from her slender wrist.

The bird still sings in his gilded cage; But the Angel in her heart Hath stung her soul with a noble pain; And beauty is naught and youth is vain, While the Patriot's wounds still smart!

Fiber by fiber, shred by shred, Still fall from her delicate hand The feathery films as soft and slow As fall the flakes of a vanishing snow In the lap of a Summer land.

There are crimson stains on breast and brows, And fillets in ghastly coils; The walls are lofty, and white, and bare, And moaning echoes roll ever there Through the chamber where she toils.

No glitter of gold on her slender wrist, Nor gem in her rosette ears; But a youth and beauty all divine In the face of the Christian maiden shine, And her gems are the soldier's tears!

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

GARLANDS.

VERY sweetly, upon this hot midsummer day, comes to me the fragrance of new-born violets and the first spring beauties, for again I am sitting under the apple tree that shaded "our old house at home"—hands full of flowers, heart full of unselfish love. Above me, the branches of green and gray are vocal with the twittering notes of the early songsters. Madame Robin has decided upon a location, and flies hither and thither in pursuit of fabrics for her home; and I toss aside my gingham bonnet to let the sun-gleams creep into my eyes.

Truly happy was I then, while my nimble fingers placed a violet here, a beauty there, among the leaves of the myrtle sprigs I had chosen to work upon; for it was my mother's birthday, and I was arranging a gift of love for her, after my own simple child-taste. Very stily must it be done, for, young as I was, I had already learned that surprise upon receiving gifts, heightens our enjoyment. I tied together, took apart, arranged and re-arranged, for I found it not a little difficult to suit myself; but at last it was completed; and, as if it was this moment, I feel her gentle touch upon my head, as she turned aside to brush away the tears, and murmured half aloud, "God bless my little girl." That was my garland, richer than diamonds—a mother's pure heart-blessing upon one for whose life she would yield her own. It has followed me through years of hope and trial—lifted me from dark valleys, where I groped my way in clouds and shadows, to bright mountain-tops which were bathed in the clear sunlight of heaven. There were two gifts that day—from child to mother, from mother to child; the one, fading as fair—the other, lasting as it was sincere.

Thus are we ever making gifts, weaving garlands for each other. Some are wrought with beauty, and add much to our happiness; while others, alas! are full of thorns, and "pierce as sharply as a two-edged sword;" and still there are others which steal away our life while they yield us rich perfume.

A youth goes forth to struggle with ignorance and error—to grasp rich truths from the mine of knowledge. He explores its hidden recesses, follows in the footsteps of illustrious men who have set up shining lights to show him the way through the darkness. But at last he feels strong in himself, and strikes out in new paths, before untrod; for ambition's fires are burning within him, and, far ahead, he hears the eagle-cry of fame. He succeeds; his way is stony, but now and then he sits down to rest beside cool fountains of his own discovery, while friends deafen him with their praises, and crown him with green laurel mixed with buds of hope and promise. Pressing them to his brow, he again rushes on, and while they regale his senses with their sweet odors, his step is quickened, and he feels not their subtle sting in his eagerness to gain fresh, cooling draughts before they wither. Thus on and on from each new starting point, with new brightness added to his coronel, until sunken eyes and feverish nights declare it too heavy to be borne. But he has given his name to the world, and the world has need of him; it cannot let him rest, but strews his couch with thorns, that he may not linger there; points him to new honors, in exchange for sterner thought; for it counts health and happiness of little value, compared with the fruits of talent and labor; and all these he gives as the price of his laurels. Ah! could we pluck out the hidden stings, how sweet would be the reward of mental toil.

Again, there are garlands which are given for desolated homes, and tears wrung from anguished hearts—garlands that crown the soldier's brow. The cry of War is in our midst, and at the same moment, from hovel, hamlet and mansion, go forth the brave and true that we love. We dare not bid them stay, for our country is in peril; but send back the tears, choke, instead of sigh, and press their hands firmly while we bid them God-speed, and pray that He who is able to read all hearts, will quell the storm, and return them to happiness and home. But dreary hearthstones could tell of sad, sad hours spent in watching and waiting; and the

night-winds catch the bitter plaints after the last good-by is spoken.

A few weeks, perhaps months, pass away, and one comes to his home again. Not as he went forth, with elastic step, and in the full flush of manhood, but death, more mighty than armies, has discharged him from duty here, that he may be admitted where there is no more war. We hear that he was a true patriot and soldier, and received high military honors, ere his life-blood flowed in the struggle for his nation's peace and glory. We know that he was an earnest Christian, and this sustains us in our great grief. We see the pearly gates of Paradise open to let him in, and hear the angels' notes of welcome.

"Sweet is the offering of the brave, Who die thus for their native land."

We might speak of gifts to beauty, of homage to wealth; but alas! the earth is strewn with rusted gold, faded rosebuds, withered laurels—broken garlands all; and not to be compared with a crown of glory in the Kingdom of our God.

Newark, N. Y., 1862.

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

THAT "COMMON DELUSION."

FRIEND BARBARA:—I read your spicy contribution to the RURAL, a short time since, with great interest; for I am one of the chosen few who repudiate all ideas of matrimony, and intend to live a life of single blessedness, and have my own way; so I shall consider myself as belonging to your band of maiden ladies, and should be happy to be so welcomed at "Old Maid's Retreat." I deeply sympathize with you in your trouble, in being bereft of your friend SERENE. I think it is a shame that she should forsake you for one of the important lords of creation, (excuse me, you said he was a minister.) Well, well, that's not much better. I dare say she will have preaching enough before she gets through with her divine young man.

You say you have written to SERENE, and given her a piece of your mind, and ask if it will have a bit of influence. No, my dear friend; you might as well try to move Mount Ararat, as to try to persuade her to come back and live with you. But if you should succeed, mark my words, she never will be any company for you; for her mind will continually be upon "divine" things, and she will be looking for another chance. The peaceful state of single blessedness once disturbed, is not so easily lulled into quiet again; so you might as well give up all claim on her, first as last; for, strange as it may seem, people are strong for Secession and Union at the same time. I should call SERENE a deserter. She seceded from you for the purpose of union with another.

In conclusion, I will offer you a few words of consolation. I hope SERENE's conduct has taught you a lesson, and will cause you to become stronger in your resolution. But because she has proved untrue, do not distrust them all; for I should be very happy to live with you, if it is agreeable, in a cosy cottage covered with climbing roses, perfectly ignorant of "shirt-buttons, pantaloons, and babies." May God speed the time.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 1862.

FEMALE NURSES.

THE Shiloh correspondent of the Chicago Times says:—About the only women we have here are nurses, a class who are all very well in a humanitarian way, and not much in the line of attraction. They seem imbued, as a general thing, with the idea that there is nobody to look at them, and the customary attire is a faded calico loose gown, straight from top to bottom, ignoring waist, and personifying the theory of the shirt on a bean-pole. The wildest imagination could not induce the divine admiration. If they only knew—if they had the slightest idea how much medicine to a sick man there is in a trim, neat figure—how much relief there is in bright, sun-like colors, where all is dark and somber—how much unutterable joy can grow under a sweet womanly smile—they'd never do it. I think Miss Dix made a great mistake when she prescribed gaunt females, over thirty, for the sick soldiers. I just think one fresh, plump little woman, with the light of kindness in her eyes, and the consciousness in her heart that she loves and pities men, because they are men—because they are bold and brave and unflinching, in sickness or health—because in danger their strong arms stand between her and the whirlwind—because of the innumerable attributes that endear strength and hardihood to woman's nature, as naturally as the oak to the clinging vine—one such woman, be she maiden, wife or matron, will do more good than all the doctors and druggs in the army dispensary. There are a few such here and elsewhere, and I have seen them among the sick, spite of Miss Dix and the "aged thirty" decree. I have seen tears rain down a soldier's brown cheek at the touch of one of those soft hands upon his feverish forehead, and have watched his eyes following the blithe form around the livelong day, while health and strength stole upon his shattered frame like one of her own smiles upon the gloom of his solitary repining.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY.

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may molder in the halls of memory. But the simple lessons of home, enameled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after-days. So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half-obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after-design, still the original tints will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay. Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

CATO said "he should rather people should inquire why he had not a statue erected to his memory, than why he had."

Choice Miscellany.

TOW-HEADS.

THE dandelion flowers were bright Through all the month of May; Like little suns, with yellow light, That bravely shone with all their might, Whatever the clouds might say.

But flowers must wither, after all; And so, one sunny noon, I saw the stems, so green and tall, Each tufted with a downy ball, In the thick grass of June.

The children came, with eager quest, To pluck them where they grew; They sought each little downy crest, And north, and south, and east, and west, The baby seedlings blew.

Dear playmates, when the sun is low, And the summer day is o'er, I look to see your heads of tow All nodding in a sleepy row Within the cottage door.

Sleep on; there comes a gliding guest On your white heads to blow; Then—north, and south, and east, and west—None but the friend that loves you best Can say where you will go.

Springfield Republican.

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

OUR GUIDE.

"WHATSOEVER ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is the rule which is given us for a guide in our pathway through life, and one which, if implicitly obeyed, would add much, not only to our own happiness, but also to that of those around us.

If we were all to obey this rule, should we so often hear of wars, thefts, murders, and the many other crimes which are daily committed, or would all be peace and harmony, and could we not walk through life hand in hand in love and unity? Should we so often see the victims of intemperance walking our streets, living monuments of wretchedness, which tell too plainly the misery and privations which their families must endure? Would it not be better for them to walk honestly, as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness? Would there be so many divisions arising among the members of CHRIST'S visible church? Would some of them with such trivial excuses—rather no excuse at all—cause so many unpleasant feelings, not only rendering the situation of some so exceedingly trying and disagreeable, but their own no more pleasant—rather the worse of the two? Would it not be better to follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another, and "be kindly affectioned to one another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another"?

Would there be so many quarrels with the people of a neighborhood if each would do his duty, and was willing to obey this rule? And would it not render every place more pleasant if its inhabitants would beware of that unruly member, the tongue, bearing in mind that God has said, "be not a witness against thy brother without cause, and deceive not with thy lips;" for "he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile;" for "he that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life; but he that openeth wide his lips shall have destruction"?

If this were continually borne in mind, should we so often hear of the petty trouble, among those in places of high trust, which must meet with an "honorable adjustment," and to accomplish which the life of one or both must be sacrificed?

Had it been remembered and practiced, would our country have been in its present condition? Would this fair land, this glorious Union, be branded with the curse now resting upon it? Would not all have labored to remove from our land the deep, dark stain which is the cause of our present troubles, and let it be, in truth, a free country? Would the sound of war and bloodshed be heard, sending desolation and misery to the homes from which the fathers and sons have gone nobly forth to fight the battles of their country, and defend to the last the independence so dearly purchased by our forefathers in the war of the Revolution? They have bid adieu to the loved ones, and gone forth willing to sacrifice their lives, their all, rather than see the Constitution and the Union destroyed, and the Flag which has so long waved over the land and seas, trampled under the feet of their miserable opponents. And may the cause which they have thus boldly and nobly gone forth to defend prosper—may they see their enemies humbled, as in the dust, before them—may oppression cease, and may the oppressed go free. May the God in Heaven watch over these noble soldiers—keep them in health, guide and direct their footsteps, and when peace shall once more reign triumphant through the length and breadth of our land, may they return with songs of joy and thanksgiving in their hearts to Him who has, through their instrumentality, again restored to our distracted country the blessings of peace.

Plymouth, Mich., 1862.

CARRIE MASON.

AN INDIAN STORY.

THERE is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel, to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the tallest and largest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path, or to step backward in quest of her object. In proportion to the size and ripeness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excellence met her glance, but she still walked onward, expecting always to find one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly; but we are not told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.

TRUTH and time are the good man's steady friends; but then they are so slow.

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

ONE YEAR AGO.

OFTEN, very often, are these words pronounced, as the anniversary of some event, either glad or sad, comes round. Sometimes they are uttered with a sigh that tells as plainly as words can do, of a burden of grief that has been borne through the circling year; or, perchance, of joys that belong only to the buried past; though 'tis not impossible that they may be the medium through which the happy heart finds an expression of gratitude for present blessings and the removal of past evils. And might we not oftener look back with gladness and thanksgiving if we viewed life aright, and always remembered that our stay here is but transient, receiving its joys with gladness, and its sorrows as but necessary to fit us for our final home.

Thoughts like these are suggested by seeing one consigned to the tomb, cut down in the midst of health and happiness, who was a year ago a happy bride. And so, overlooking all the barriers of the present, your own thoughts have wandered back through the days and months of the past year, till they rested in one of those institutions of learning that dot our land, from which a year ago a band of students, united by more than ordinary ties, parted for their several homes. As the anniversary of that day draws nigh, the question arises, where are they? and what has befallen them in the brief season of separation? Come they again to mingle in the festivities of their Alma Mater? A rude mound on the bank of York River marks the resting-place of one who gave his life-blood for his native land. Three have taken on their lips the sacred marriage vow, and two of these went, with the blessings of their brides, from the altar to the battle field. Another has just returned to his home after a sojourn of weary months in the death-breeding dungeons of Carolina, and truth, and right, before the enemy's Capital. One writes home from her temporary stay in Yankee land, of picturesque landscapes, and sea-side views; and another looks upon broad prairies and varied scenes of beauty beyond the Mississippi's tide. In quiet homes, scattered over their own State, many daily lighten the tasks and administer to the wants of loved ones; others "aid the mind's development, and watch the dawn of little thoughts;" and some sit at desolate hearthstones, waiting for the sound of footsteps that ne'er will come again. No hope of present re-union, save in the realm of thought, crosses their vision; but they would not go back to tread again the path of the year, rather they look forward to a final re-union in the better land, where no war comes. May we all meet there.

June, 1862.

MAUDE MURDY.

UNRECORDED HEROES.

WHEN the present war shall be over, what a glorious history may be written. Not that the world will teem with histories of it. But I speak not of great Generals and Commanders, who, under the inspiration of leadership, and with the magnetic eyes of the world upon them, shall have achieved their several triumphs; but of those who have laid aside the plow, and stepped from behind the anvil, and the printing press, and the counter, and from out the shop, and with leaping pulses, and without hope of reward, laid an honest heart and strong right arm on the altar of their country; some to languish in prison, with undressed wounds, defying taunts and insults, hunger and thirst, their places of sepulture ever unknown, and their names remembered only at some desolate hearth-stone, by a weeping widow and orphans, and whose last pulse-beat was "for their country."

By many a cottage fireside shall old men tell tales to wondering childhood, that shall bring forth their own precious harvest; sometimes of those who, inclosed in meshes too cunningly woven to sunder, wore hated bandages over loyal hearts, and with gnashing teeth and listening ear, and straining eyeballs, bided their time to strike! Men who planted, that the tyrant might reap; whose wives and children went hungry and shelterless, that he might be housed and fed. Nor shall woman be forgotten, who, with quivering heart and smiling lip, bade God-speed to him than whom only her country was dearer, and turned bravely back to her lonely home, to fight the battle of life with no other weapon than faith in Him who feedeth the ravens. All these are the true heroes of this war; not alone they who have memorials presented, and if they die, pompous monuments erected, but the thousands of brave fellows who know, if they fall, they will have mention only among the "list of the killed and wounded." Who, untrammelled by precedents, shall write us such a history?

DON'T MAKE A FUSS.

By all the motives which have weight with man or woman, be assured in any case not to make a fuss. In the first place, it never does a bit of good. You can accomplish all you intend, and obtain all you desire, quite as well without it, if not a little better. Nay, sometimes it actually prevents your succeeding, where you certainly might have done so, had you kept cool, and not forewarned and forearmed everybody by a cannonade of fuss.

In the second place, it is exceedingly annoying to others; there is neither peace nor comfort in the neighborhood of a fuser. He is always plaguing you to know if you think it will rain next week, when he is going to the White Mountains; or dreading that the carriages will run off the track, or the omnibuses will break down, or the hotels be crowded, or some such imaginary trouble, ever so long beforehand. And, when fairly started on such an excursion, a fuser destroys all the comfort and enjoyment of his unfortunate companions, and makes his own fancied torments real ones to them. Therefore his company is sedulously avoided.

Thirdly, no one sympathizes with a fuser. Even other fusers have no fellow-feeling with it. The word (and a most expressive word it is) means, small worrying over trifles; and who cares a straw if Mrs. Briggs did lose her band-box, which contained her French bonnet; or if Mr. Brown's bedroom was invaded by a shaggy dog that wouldn't go out, so that it made him quite nervous, as he pathetically declares? Nobody cares whether you or I couldn't sleep because the rats ran over our head all night, or because we had such startled dreams, or such a bad pain in our shoulders, etc. People don't like to have their sympathies appealed to for such nonsense.

CORRECTION ASKED FOR.—Man is the only animal that gets intoxicated. Hence it is very inappropriate to say of a man who indulges in the habit, that he makes a beast of himself. It would be more proper to say of a beast that indulges in it, that he makes a man of himself.

Sabbath Musings.

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

THOUGHTS OF LIFE.

O, TELL me, is life's early morn As bright as poets tell? Are glad thoughts in the spirit born To weave their joyous spell?

It cannot be, for on my heart Life's stern cares heavy press; In pleasure's song it hath no part, But 'tis all loneliness.

If life were fair, O, would that I Its pleasure calm might know, Nor feel the weary, weighty Cares o'er my spirit throw.

Thus mused I in the flush of youth, Ere aught of grief I knew,— The tolling shadows of future life Their shades backward threw.

And chased the rosy hues of morn From off my spirit's sky, And left depression's somber clouds Above my soul to lie.

I knew not then what gave to life Its brightest coloring; That duty's path, if firmly trod, The purest joys could bring.

That loving trust in God removed From us each weary care; That kindly deeds of charity Would make life bright and fair.

Geneva, Wis., 1862.

B. C. D.

HEAVENLY REPOSE.

LABOR is rest to the loving spirit,—congenial work is not toil; and in heaven, through the redeemed "rest not day nor night," yet theirs is a peaceful, congenial activity. The work which on earth gave rise to the feeling of effort, then passes into pleasure; and the soul's repose is in goodness,—a goodness which has become a very necessity, and in which holy thoughts and works are as devoid of effort as song to a bird, or fragrance to a summer flower. There is endless repose, yet endless activity—unwearied, yet delightful employment in the service of God. No more shall the redeemed grieve and mourn,—no more shall tears of sorrow and disappointment fall, or the heart be surcharged with affliction and distress. The anxious troubles and the bitter cares of life are never felt in the realms of glory; for there no seductive pleasure misleads, no ambition unduly excites, no carking thoughts fetter and cramp the soul.

Believer! anticipate that "rest." But a few more rolling suns, a few more painful struggles, a few more "swings of Time's pendulum," and the world's curfew-bell will toll, announcing that the Sabbath of eternity has come. Then will you enjoy that "rest," which even an angel's voice could not portray, and be with Him who has been the source of all your earthly happiness,—Him by whose sorrow you were made to rejoice,—Him by whose grace your nature was renewed,—Him who was your advocate when you offended,—who blessed you all your life long,—who communicated to you His Holy Spirit,—who showed toward you a patience which nothing could exhaust, a love which passeth understanding,—who, though you outraged, and dishonored, and forgot, and turned away from Him, would never turn away from you till He had conducted you in safety to His everlasting kingdom.—Words of Comfort.

"JUST AS I AM."

COULD we read as God reads, and as perhaps we shall be permitted to read when we reach heaven, the history of one well-known hymn, the instances of awakening, conversion, and sanctification, in which it has borne a part, we should have a new illustration of how God uses the weak things of this world to subdue the mighty. We do not wonder to be told that "an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, almost as well known for his profound exegetical works on this side of the Atlantic as the other, once said to Miss Elliott, when she was bemoaning her inability to do more for Christ by active effort, that he should be happy if all his ministers had done as much good as this one hymn of hers, "Just as I am." "The good," says the Rev. William Bacon Stevens, who introduces the American edition of the "Morning and Evening Hymns for a week," "the good which this single hymn has done, the feeble faith which it has strengthened, the wavering minds which it has fixed, and the many souls who have made its verses the vehicle by which they have consecrated themselves to Christ, can be known only when "the day shall declare it."—Boston Review.

TAKE CARE OF OUR THOUGHTS.

A CARE of our thoughts is the greatest preservative against actual sins. It is a most certain truth that the greatest sin that ever was committed, was at first but a thought. The foulest wickedness, the most monstrous impiety, arose from so small a speck as a first thought may be resembled to. The most horrid thing that ever was done, as well as the most noble and virtuous action that was accomplished, had no greater beginning than this.

Of such a quick growth and spreading nature is sin, that it rivals even the kingdom of heaven, which our Lord likened unto a grain of mustard seed. But the Apostle James represents it by a simile of another nature, comparing the origin and growth of it to that of the mushroom, that springeth up in a night. It is absolutely necessary that we govern and manage our thoughts, without which it will be impossible that we should avoid falling into actual sins, even the greatest; that we resist the beginnings, the very first appearances of evil, if we hope to avoid the last degrees of it.—Chilcote.

SALVATION NOT AN ACCIDENT.—It is the signal error of many that they treat salvation as an accident. I repeat it, they treat salvation as an accident—an expedient brought in to remedy evils which turn up in the stream of chance. The propitiation of the incarnate Son of God is not a mere refuge from inevitable necessity, but a glorious mystery foreseen long before the fall, before the world, before creation, and declared in due time as beyond all conceivable modes the brightest display of the Godhead.—J. W. Alexander.

GOD doth sometimes on purpose show us the creature's emptiness, that we may go to His fullness. He makes us to see the creatures to be broken cisterns, that we may know Him to be the fountain.—John Mason.

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. NUMBER ONE.

All languages appear to tend toward and elucidate each other. Therefore, it appears possible that the form of speech which was the original vehicle of man's utterance may still have at least a fragmentary existence.

The tradition universally known to the ancients, is that letters were introduced into Greece, by CADMUS, the Phœnician, about 1000 B. C.

Leaving this long past time, we find that there are now existing several languages which have comparatively slight affinities with others.

War and Science appear to be the grand annunciators of new forms of speech. War has wrought all the violent and radical changes which have passed upon our beloved tongue; hence the history of the English language is, in the main, when related in its simplest form, the history of England's political changes.

At the same time, the rebel leaders hoped by this movement to so threaten Washington and Maryland as to relieve Richmond, and withdraw again our armies to the line of the Potomac.

When Jackson had arrived with his forces as far as Louisa Court House and Gordonsville, and found the disposition of Gen. Pope's troops such that not only his purpose to enter the valley was foiled, but his own direct communications with Richmond were interrupted, he called for further re-enforcements, and with those, which were freely furnished, attempted to stem Pope's advance upon the Virginia Central Railroad.

In A. D. 448, the Romans left Britain. The Celts, being unable to resist the encroachments of the Scots and Picts, called for assistance from the Angles and Saxons, German nations, belonging to the Grand Saxon Confederation, who expelled the Caledonian invaders, but seized upon the country for themselves.

Among the pines; or, South in Secession-Time, a new work by EDWARD KIRKE, is deservedly attracting much attention from the press and people.

AMONG THE PINES.

"Among the pines; or, South in Secession-Time," a new work by EDWARD KIRKE, is deservedly attracting much attention from the press and people. It is an extraordinary, but evidently faithful picture of plantation life in the Carolinas.

"I've found you out—you're a 'country-woman' of mine—a clear-blooded Yankee!"

"What you a Yankee?" she exclaimed, still laughing, "and here with this horrid 'secesherner,' as they call him."

"Come, come, I shall tell his wife," but then turning quickly on her heel, she threw herself into a chair, exclaiming, "I wouldn't mind, but the old man would be jealous."

"Give me that inducement, and I'll change them on the spot," said the Colonel.

The conversation then subsided into a more placid mood, but lost none of its genial good humor. Refreshments were soon set before us, and while partaking of them I gathered from our hostess that she was a Vermont country girl, who, some three years before, had been induced by liberal pay to come South as a teacher.

I learned from her that a majority of the teachers at the South are from the North, and principally, too, from New England.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"FLAG of our country, Gently wave o'er us, On every hill-top, From Texas to Maine; Encircle our Union With friendly devotion; Let peace and contentment Surround us again."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 23, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Battle at Cedar Mountain.

The battle of Saturday, the 9th, is one of the most important of the war, not merely on account of the desperate valor and unflinching discipline displayed by our troops, the obstinacy of the contest, and the heavy loss on both sides, but because of its important effect on the campaign of which it makes a part.

At the same time, the rebel leaders hoped by this movement to so threaten Washington and Maryland as to relieve Richmond, and withdraw again our armies to the line of the Potomac.

When Jackson had arrived with his forces as far as Louisa Court House and Gordonsville, and found the disposition of Gen. Pope's troops such that not only his purpose to enter the valley was foiled, but his own direct communications with Richmond were interrupted, he called for further re-enforcements, and with those, which were freely furnished, attempted to stem Pope's advance upon the Virginia Central Railroad.

On Friday last, Gen. Pope, staff, and escort, reached Culpepper Court House, from his last encampment, near Washington, the county seat of Rappahannock, having put the corps d'armee of Gen. Banks, encamped there, in motion in the direction of Culpepper, and passing the encampment of Gen. Sigel at Sperryville, twenty miles from Culpepper Court House, by the way.

position in which they commenced the battle, at 4 o'clock P. M., the rebels advancing slowly as we receded before them. This movement on the part of Gen. Banks, notwithstanding his heavy loss and the overwhelming force opposed to him, was as regularly conducted as though he was executing an evolution of a dress parade.

At 6 P. M. yesterday, seven hundred and fifty of our wounded had reached Culpepper Court House, by ambulance. Every church and other suitable building in the village, including private houses, was filled with them.

By 8 o'clock P. M. the head of Gen. Banks' column was descried marching around the village to its destination, which it reached before midnight.

Throughout Friday night and Saturday forenoon, Bayard continued skirmishing with the enemy's advance, until the latter, at 2 P. M., had progressed to within long range of Crawford's artillery.

Gradually, from 4 to 6 P. M., the rebels opened new batteries from the woods surrounding the basin or plain lying between the fronts of the two contending forces, each succeeding one being nearer to our position than the former.

Being thus informed of the location of the main body of the rebel infantry, our artillery played sad havoc with them, driving decimated regiment after regiment back into the shelter of the dense forest, to have their places instantly occupied by fresh regiments, to be decimated in the same way.

Having put the forces of McDowell and Sigel, in rapid motion for the field of action, Gen. Pope, with his staff, accompanied by Gen. McDowell and his staff, immediately proceeded together from their headquarters to the front.

There being no room on the field for deploying more troops of ours than were under Banks, these of Ricketts could not get into actual action before night came on, which for some hours prevented further fighting.

At midnight a discharge from one of our batteries brought on a renewal of the engagement for two hours, in the course of which each side is believed to have lost two or three hundred more in killed and wounded.

At 6 P. M. yesterday, seven hundred and fifty of our wounded had reached Culpepper Court House, by ambulance. Every church and other suitable building in the village, including private houses, was filled with them.

Both sides made some hundreds of prisoners in the course of the engagement, and it was from prisoners that it is made certain that the rebel loss is equal to ours, if not greater.

Yesterday morning, on the re-formation of the lines of Gen. Banks' corps, in the rear of the re-enforcements that had come up, as explained above, it was found that his loss had been by no means as great as was thought at dark on the previous day.

Both armies rested on Saturday night upon their arms, in the positions in which the close of the battle found them, Generals Pope and McDowell, and their staffs, being unremittingly engaged until daybreak in getting their men into the positions, for the expected conflict of yesterday, assigned to them.

At daybreak yesterday morning the sharpshooters of the enemy were found precisely where their front was at the close of Saturday's battle, and skirmishing with ours immediately commenced.

At 11 o'clock A. M. it was definitely ascertained, from reports from these forces, that the purpose of the enemy could hardly be flank movements.

We omitted to state above that the prisoners say that the rebels commenced the fight with ten thousand men, Gen. Ewell in command, who were reinforced by Jackson with five thousand more before 6 o'clock P. M., the balance of Jackson's army getting up early in the night.

By a break in the telegraph, the reception of Gen. Pope's order to Gen. King, to join him with his admirable division, was delayed twenty-four hours.

General Burnside's Division. A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Journal, with Gen. Burnside, under date of Fredericksburg, Aug. 6, says:

We left Hampton Roads on Sabbath morning last, in transports, and the advance arrived here via Aquia Creek, Monday evening. So well was the secret of our destination kept, that there were none who knew precisely where we were going until we cast anchor off the landing at Aquia Creek, where could be seen trains actively making up to convey the troops inland.

with troops marching into quarters, and villages of snowy canvas springing up all around us.

There is evidence of great activity on every hand. These troops have not been thrown here without a purpose. The regiments found here on our arrival are prepared for the most rapid movements.

The order is, I believe, to dispense with the knapsacks altogether, allowing only a rubber blanket, and either an overcoat or a woolen blanket, with a change of underclothing, for privates, while each officer is to be allowed thirty pounds baggage, instead of about eighty, as heretofore.

Among the people whom the new order of arrangements affects is a wealthy old planter, Dr. Wallace, who lives not far from where some of our troops are encamped.

There are prevailing reports here that Richmond and vicinity are becoming untenable, owing to the numerous hospitals and the poor condition they are in, added, no doubt, to the certain result of massing so large a body of men together as the rebels recently had in and about that city.

A scouting party from an Indiana cavalry regiment, while some distance beyond our lines yesterday, suddenly came upon a battery of artillery which the rebels had masked, and several of our men were wounded.

The Fredericksburg correspondent of the Tribune states that an expedition from Burnside's division, on Wednesday last, made a descent on the Virginia Central Railroad, at Frederick's Hall Station, and took up eighty lengths of rail, cut the telegraph, burning the wire and poles, and blew up the road bed with powder.

Adjutant Benjamin Gregory, with a party, was sent down to near Dumas Turn-out, to blow up the track and switches, which was accomplished in a most thorough manner.

Startling Developments in Missouri.

The following extracts are from an article in the St. Louis Democrat:

The uprising in Missouri is accounted for. It is but the carrying out of the plan of Gen. Price, conceived and put in motion after the battle of Pea Ridge.

These facts recently came to light through a man in this city, who was last spring arrested on a charge of disloyalty, and while he was in the military prison, several of Price's men were brought in, and told him the whole story, giving a full account of the programme above briefly related.

here are well posted in his movements, and are leaving to join him daily. No less than fifty young men left this city for Dixie but a few days ago.

The Decisive Hour.

UNDER the above heading the Richmond Dispatch, in its issue of the 2d inst., remarks:

We are on the eve of great events. The hour of decision has been placed by Providence in our own hands. In that Providence we cherish an abiding faith and unflinching trust.

The hand of God has enabled us to smite back the enemy from the Chickahominy. That was only the beginning of the work.

We rejoice to believe that our government fully appreciates this momentous truth. Now is the time to strike; now, while our banners are flashing in the light of victory, while every Southern sword mirrors the bright forms of glory and hope.

Soldiers of the South! Napoleon told his warriors in Egypt that from the summit of the pyramids forty centuries looked down upon them.

The whole South looks on; the world looks on; the fate of future generations trembles in the balance. Never did such calamities visit a civilized and Christian people as those which now threaten every Southern home.

How New Monitors are Built.

THE New York Journal of Commerce gives the following interesting description of the building of one of the six new Monitors, at the Fulton Foundry, Jersey City, which it characterizes as a good illustration of quick, systematic, and thoroughly intelligent workmanship.

"The work grows harmoniously, though not musically (unless one likes the din of a thousand hammers) under the eye of the visitor. The laying of the keel, and the setting of nearly all the frames, have already been accomplished.

Breckinridge, on the 6th, asked permission in writing to bury his dead. Col. C. replied, our men are engaged in the work, which would soon be accomplished. The combat was obstinate. Our loss was 250 killed, including a large proportion of officers.

This one of the six new Monitors will be 200 feet, extreme length; 40 feet, extreme breadth; and 11 feet depth of hold. The general construction of that wonderful vessel will be copied in all but two or three trifling respects, where the inventor thinks there is room for improvement.

No Fear of Foreign Intervention.

THE Paris correspondent of the New York Times writes:

There are many reasons for believing that, notwithstanding the assertions of the journals, or rather of certain journals, to the contrary, no negotiations, no movements of any kind, are going on in the Cabinets of Europe having in view an intervention in American affairs.

The hopes expressed in England, and the fears expressed in the United States, that France intends to interfere between the North and South, have not, however, a shadow of a chance of realization, unless such an intervention is brought about by some col-

lateral question, such as that of Mexico. France has enough on her hands just now, in Europe and Mexico, to occupy her serious attention, without interfering in the United States, in a question to which she is an entire stranger, and in which she has nothing to gain and everything to lose.

Items and Incidents.

RECRUITING AT THE WEST.—We learn by a gentleman recently from Indiana, that on Monday week one hundred companies, or 10,000 men, had already enlisted in that State since the call of the President for the new levy of troops.

HOW TO GET TWENTY THOUSAND RECRUITS.—The N. Y. Times suggests that Wm. G. Brownlow be made a general, and authorized to go with our armies in their march through East Tennessee. Let him hold "camp meetings," and call for recruits for the Union Church militant—promising the Christian warriors he shall enlist not only the "breast-plate of righteousness," but Springfield muskets and ammunition for the good fight before them.

SENSATION IN A SHOWER OF SHELLS.—A private of a New York regiment thus describes the suspense experienced by the soldier during a shower of shells:

"I dont think I am of the 'skeery' kind, but I never in my life but once (and that was in Mexico, standing two hours under the fire of a battery without replying,) was I in such a position. I've stood, when in battle, and seen the flash, and experienced the suspense of learning where the shot struck, or the shell exploded, but then I had the consciousness of somebody on our side doing some good. But to lie in a scooped out hole, in shape like a grave, hear that inevitable 'down!' then the report, the hissing, the thug in the sand—what a crowd of inquiries burden the mind at that instant! Has the fuse been knocked out?—has the shell bounded in the air?—or is it slowly burning within a rod of your head? The culprit upon the scaffold, with one chance in a thousand of a reprieve, and yet treading the fatal road, could not feel worse. Nor is one's danger past until every fragment of the exploding shell has lost its momentum."

Army of the Gulf.

THE steamers North Star and Roanoke, from New Orleans the 10th, arrived at New York on the 18th, bringing particulars of the defeat of the rebels at Baton Rouge and the destruction of the ram Arkansas. The official report of Col. Cabill, commanding the post after the death of Gen. Williams, states that the rebel force consisted of about ten regiments. After a fight of four hours of great severity, the enemy were repulsed. Gen. Williams was killed by a rifle ball through his chest. During the battle our forces were obliged to retire about a quarter of a mile from their original position, and the enemy were able temporarily to occupy the camps of the 21st Indiana, 7th Vermont and 14th Maine regiments, and to destroy much of the baggage and camp equipage. They were, however, driven out, but our numbers being much lessened by sickness, and the men on the field being much exhausted by fatigue and heat, it was deemed expedient not to pursue. The enemy has retired several miles, and is still retiring.

It is possible they may receive re-enforcements, and I am disposing of my troops in the strongest positions. Our force engaged was less than 2,500. The enemy had at least 5,000, with twelve or fourteen pieces of artillery, and some cavalry.

The ram Arkansas approached with the intention of engaging our gunboats, but grounded at a distance of six miles, and to-day, the 6th, was engaged by the Essex and destroyed.

Brig-Gen. Clark, and his Aid, Lieut. Terge, delivered themselves to us as prisoners of war. I have also seventy wounded prisoners and about thirty captured.

Breckinridge, on the 6th, asked permission in writing to bury his dead. Col. C. replied, our men are engaged in the work, which would soon be accomplished. The combat was obstinate. Our loss was 250 killed, including a large proportion of officers.

The wounded are about as follows:—21st Indiana, 81; 14th Maine, 70; 4th Wisconsin, 10; 6th Michigan, 25; 7th Vermont, 15; 30th Massachusetts, 12; 9th Connecticut, 2.

Gen. Butler issued a general order, announcing in eloquent terms the death of Gen. Williams. He also issued a congratulatory order to the troops on the successful engagement, in which he says the enemy lost three Brigadiers killed, wounded and taken prisoners, many Colonels and field officers. He has more than 1,000 killed and wounded. You have captured three pieces of artillery, six caissons, two stand of colors, and a large number of prisoners.

A letter from Baton Rouge states that the fight between the Essex and Arkansas was a fair stand-up fight. Porter lay 300 yards distance, pouring solid nine-inch shot into the Arkansas till a breach was made, when an incendiary shell was exploded in the breach, setting her on fire. The rebel crew left her, and she soon exploded.

Army of the West.

In that portion of the country known on the military map of the United States as the "Department of the West," movements and skirmishes have been very lively during the week, but have been confined, as a general thing, to the pursuit and destruction of guerrilla bands. We gather the following details:

Guitar's troops fought them for eighteen miles, running. A good many of them are getting home, and send word to know on what terms they can stay at home. They have taken the oath and now want to stay at home.

On the 10th inst. Col. McNeil again overtook Porter's guerrillas, at Stockton, in the western part of Marion county, Mo., and after a sharp fight, routed them, killing and wounding a large number, and capturing many horses. The rebels were scattered in all directions. Some of the prisoners captured had taken the oath and given bonds.

Additional particulars of the fight between Col. McNeil's command and Porter's guerrillas, at Kirkville, some days ago, have been received. 128 rebel were found on the field and buried. Their entire loss could not have been less than 300. It is estimated, on reliable authority, that fully 2,000 of Porter's gang have deserted him and are scattered, several hundred of them being prisoners. The balance of his force, which was originally 3,000, are rapidly retreating, pursued by Col. McNeil's troops in four columns. The Federal loss was 8 killed and 25 wounded.

Major Montgomery drove Coffey's band of guerrillas out of Humanville, on Monday night, and caught and attacked them on Tuesday, the 12th, at Stockton, killing and wounding quite a number of them, and putting the balance to flight.

A battle took place at Independence, Mo., on the 12th inst., in the morning about 3 o'clock, between the Federal forces, numbering 350 men, under Lieut. Col. Buell, and from 500 to 600 guerrillas, under the notorious Col. Hughes, assisted by Quantel and Hayes, resulting in the complete rout and surrender of our troops. The loss on either side is not known. It appears the town was surprised about 3 A. M. The fighting lasted about four hours. The troops, almost without officers, hotly contested the ground, sheltering themselves behind trees, fences, &c. Capt. Thomas, of the State Militia, was taken out and murdered after his surrender. Lieut. Harrington and fifty men cut their way through the enemy and made their escape. Most of the prisoners were paroled by taking the oath not to take up arms. A large quantity of arms, some 20,000 rounds of ammunition, besides other government property, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Col. Miller, commanding at Nashville, Tenn., left for Gallatin, on the 12th, with two regiments, and surprised a part of Morgan's band, killing six, whereof three were officers, among whom was Capt. W. C. Breckinridge, son of Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, who joined Morgan in his late raid upon Lexington. There was no loss on the Federal side.

Major Kennedy, with two companies of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, encountered the guerrillas in greatly superior numbers, on the 11th, at various points below Williamsport, Tenn., defeating the enemy with considerable loss. Our loss was only one wounded.

The Herald correspondent on board the gunboat Essex, gives a graphic account of an attempt to capture the ram Arkansas on the 22d of July:

The Essex advanced to where the ram was moored under tremendous fire from all the batteries, and when within two yards of the ram, the latter's bow line was let loose, and she swung around with the tide, thus partially evading a blow from the Essex, which grazed her side, causing the Essex to run ashore. For several minutes the water batteries and heavy land batteries played on the Essex. At the same time the Essex delivered, at six yards distance, a raking fire from her three nine inch guns into the ram, going through her plating, killing sixteen and wounding thirty of the rebel crew. The remainder of the ram's crew fled to the shore, and if the fleet had properly supported the Essex, as agreed upon, the Arkansas would have been captured. The Essex escaped with only three shots that took effect, killing one and wounding three of her men. The Union fleet remained passive spectators of the brave action. The Essex is covered with indentations all over from the shots of hundreds of cannon, smoke stacks riddled, her wheel-house shot through, and during the affair, was hidden from view by splashing water thrown up by the iron shower about her.

Gen. Sherman, at Memphis, has issued orders that all negroes applying for work be employed as laborers at Fort Pickering, and shall be entitled to draw rations and be supplied with necessary clothing, but that no wages be paid them until the courts determine whether they are slaves or free, accounts with each to be kept and credited with labor given; slaves to be allowed to return to their masters at the close of every week, but masters are not allowed to enter lines of post. The Quartermaster is allowed to employ negroes on the same conditions, and when necessary, take them by force. Commanders of regiments are also allowed to employ a number, not exceeding 65 to each regiment, as cooks and teamsters. Negroes are not allowed to wear any uniform.

Gen. Sherman says to the people of Memphis and vicinity, that it is not the intention to disturb the relation of master and slave, and that when the Courts are re-established, they will decide the cases which have already arisen or may arise.

In reply to the question in regard to the Government taking possession of all vacant houses, Gen. Sherman says that Gen. Grant's order was issued under the rules of war, and not under the confiscation act. Until the Courts are re-established to execute the provisions of the confiscation act, the Government assumes a place of trustee to account to rightful owners, at the proper time, for property, rents, &c.

The story that a battle had been fought at Cumberland Gap, and that the rebel generals, Rains and Carter, had captured 7,000 Federal troops, with their munitions of war, proves a *canard*. Capt. J. H. Terry, Division Quartermaster, arrived at Louisville, on the 14th, from Cumberland Gap, which he left on the 9th inst., at noon. He reports that Gen. Decourvier's brigade was attacked by Stephenson's rebel division on the 9th inst., at Tazewell, and that Col. Cochrane's 4th Kentucky whipped four rebel regiments. Col. Cochrane held his fire until they were within 150 yards, and checked their advance. The Federal loss was 50 killed and 100 wounded, and 57 of the 17th Regiment taken prisoners. We took a rebel Lieut.-Colonel, whom we exchanged for the 57 prisoners. The rebel officers admitted a loss of 250 killed and wounded. We took 213 wagon loads of baggage and 70 horses. We lost the knapsacks of two regiments. There has been no fight at Bile Creek Gap, nor any other engagement in the vicinity of the Gap or Tazewell, than the foregoing. All reports of other engagements, and of the cutting to pieces of Gen. Carter's and Col. Dyer's forces by the rebels, are utterly false.

The Journal adds that Knoxville papers give a list of 109 rebels killed. Reports from White river say that Gen. Hovey's

division had a fight on Monday, Aug. 11, near Clarendon, Ark. The Federal force consisted of six regiments of infantry, and the rebel force of eight regiments of cavalry and a part of Hindman's brigade. The battle raged fiercely for some time, with destructive effect on both sides, but resulted in the defeat of the rebels and the capture of 700 prisoners. No further particulars received.

Army of the Potomac.

A MOVEMENT of some kind has been shadowed during the entire week, but so secret has all been kept, that at present writing (Monday P. M.) it is impossible to tell the direction. A telegram just received says:—"The Union troops evacuated Harrison's Landing about eight o'clock this morning, and about the same hour Gen. McClellan's advance arrived at Williamsburg. The public property has all removed in safety, and all is quiet." This may be true, but so many conflicting reports have been received on the subject, that it is impossible to penetrate the darkness hanging over this movement of the Army of the Potomac.

During the week Gen. McClellan issued an Order relative to the President's Proclamation in regard to the seizure of slaves and subsisting upon the rebels wherever the army advances. The villifiers of Gen. McClellan have been so persistent in the cry that rebel property was protected by him, while Unionists were permitted to suffer, that it may be well to make brief extracts from his "Order," its length precluding publication entire:

The Major-General Commanding directs the attention of the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac to the following Executive Order by the President, which has been officially published:

[Here follows the order to military commanders in certain States to seize and use rebel property, including negroes.]

The order of the President accords so substantially with the course uniformly pursued by this army on the peninsula, under the orders and instructions of the General Commanding, that no material change in any respect is required hereby in its conduct and government. Personal property necessary or convenient for supplies or other military purposes of this army will be, as heretofore, seized and used by the proper quartermasters or subsistence officers, upon the orders of commanders of army corps; or in case of troops employed on detached service, where army corps commanders are not accessible, by order of the officers in command of such detached force.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

A TREATY of Commerce and Navigation between the United States and the Ottoman Empire, is officially proclaimed. It is marked throughout by much liberality.

Capt. Gansevort, of the Adirondac, has informed the Navy Department of the facts attending the recent pursuit of the steamer Herald, represented by the Nassau papers to be a British vessel. This pretense afforded an opportunity for the expression of indignation for the alleged outrage of this American officer, from whose statement it appears that the Herald had been running between Nassau and Charleston, with supplies of war, and was returning to Nassau with cotton. She was commanded by a man named Coxetter, who was formerly captain of the privateer Jeff Davis. The chase, however, was not continued within British jurisdiction. The statement confirms the fact that the British flag is systematically used to advance secession interests.

Numerous applications having been made to the War Department by railroad companies, to exempt their employes from being subject to military duty, it was decided that none but engineers in actual employment when the draft is made, can be exempted. The exemption of telegraph operators is upon the ground that they are practicing an art necessary to military operations, and which being known to comparatively few persons, their places cannot be supplied.

Numerous applications have been made for passes to the army of the Potomac, but they are invariably refused. It is the request of Gen. McClellan that private visitors be excluded from his lines. All the sick are to be removed thence, therefore the friends of many of the patients cannot urge the necessity of their presence for nursing purposes. Passes and permits within other military lines are not so freely given as heretofore, as it is known there have been abuses of the privilege, traders having been tempted by large profits to smuggle salt and other necessary supplies into rebel markets.

A large number of applications have been made at the State Department for passports, but refused. Notice is officially given by Secretary Seward, that until the requisitions of the War Department on the several States for their quotas of militia shall have been complied with, no passports will be issued from his Department for any such citizens of the United States who are liable to be drafted into that branch of the service.

Cols. Corcoran, Wilcox, Lieut.-Col. Bowman, and Maj. Hodges, (so long prisoners at the South,) arrived in Washington on the morning of the 17th, in the steamer Henry Burden, accompanied by Adjt.-Gen. Thomas.

The Navy Department have received some particulars of the capture of the Columbia by the Santiago de Cuba. She was taken about seventy-five miles from Abaco, after a chase of six hours. She had left Nassau ten days previous, ostensibly bound to St. Johns. She was under British colors, but had no register whatever. She was loaded with munitions of war, cannon, rifles, powder, shells, cartridges, army blankets and iron plates. She is a new fast propeller of iron, provided with ports, and probably intended for a Confederate gunboat. This is her first attempt to run the blockade. She had on board Chesterton, Savannah and Bahama pilots. Admiral Dupont has reported to the Navy Department that on the 4th the steamer Huron captured the schooner Aquilla, while attempting to run the blockade off Charleston harbor. She is seventy-seven tons burthen, and was laden with 3,000 or 4,000 barrels of turpentine, and was bound for Nassau, N. P.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New Book—Among the Pines. To Growers of Spring Wheat—Chappell & Sprague. The Provincial Exhibition—Hugh C. Thomson, Sec'y. Gainsville Young Ladies Seminary—C. A. Eldridge. Young Ladies Boarding School—Rev. Geo. Gannett. Russell's Prolific Strawberry Plants—Geo. Clapp. Canvasers Wanted—J. F. French & Co. Gray Dockings—J. R. Page.

The News Condenser.

- Enlistments are going on actively in New Hampshire.
—The Canadian Parliament is summoned to meet on the 28th inst.
—The city of Philadelphia has dispatched five new regiments equipped.
—Garibaldi has issued a proclamation, urging the young men to arms in Italy.
—Another Irish brigade is organizing in Chicago. The ranks are fast filling up.
—The tax on tea, coffee, chocolate, &c., in England, for 1861, produced \$30,000,000.
—Gen. Philip Kearney, of New Jersey, has been made a Major-General of volunteers.
—The Richmond papers abound in advertisements offering rewards for runaway soldiers.
—There are in London 170 women who are engaged in distributing Bibles to the poor.
—Queen Victoria is about to visit King Leopold, and will afterward go to Coburg-Gotha.
—Last year the tax on spirits, in England, produced a revenue of more than \$100,000,000.
—Great Britain has now 2,079 steam-merchant vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 758,377.
—Six vessels have been sold out of the whaling business at New Bedford within a few days.
—The only flag of any nation that has attempted to run the blockade has been that of England.
—The quota of Massachusetts for the 3-year's volunteers is 15,000; for the 9-month's draft, 18,680.
—No less than three clerghymen have enlisted as privates from a single town in Oswego county.
—Twenty-seven deaths occurred in New York and vicinity, on Saturday week, from coup de soleil.
—The preliminary report of the census will be printed and ready for distribution in about a week.
—The Lord Primate of Ireland (Lord John George Beresford) died at Belfast on the 19th of July.
—It is reported that armed organizations exist in Indiana and Southern Illinois to oppose the draft.
—Fourteen young men from the Shaker community at Canterbury, N. H., have enlisted for the war.
—As to intervention, Ben. Butler says: "When it comes to that, I shall call on Africa to intervene."
—Wm. A. Russell, of New Haven, has been appointed Major-General of the militia of Connecticut.
—The ex-Queen of Naples, with a train of banished Italian princes and dukes, has arrived in Germany.
—A lady music teacher in Newburyport, Mass., refuses to receive any male pupils over 18 during the war!
—The Emperor Nicholas has abolished the use of the knout in Russia. He will be suppressing Siberia next.
—In Lafayette, Ind., when it was known that Indiana was invaded, 2000 recruits were received in two hours.
—The colony of contrabands that left Washington some time since for Hyaui, have reached their destination.
—A raft nearly 800 feet long by 50 wide arrived at Chicago on the 4th inst. It contained 2,800,000 feet of lumber.
—Gen. Rousseau proposes the construction of large iron-clad cars for patrolling the railroads in Alabama.
—The Bank of England rate of discount is now only two per cent. per annum. It has not been so low since 1832.
—An English tailor was convicted of bigamy, having six wives alive, and sentenced to seven year's imprisonment.
—The Chinese Government has ordered three propellers of New York builders. They are in course of construction.
—Gen. Pillow wrote to his brother that the South will lose one thousand million dollars' worth of slaves by this rebellion.
—Albert the Good is now the accepted phrase in the English weekly journals, when alluding to the late Prince Consort.
—The gold on the Golden Gate, lost in the Pacific, was well insured. Sixty per cent. of the amount is held in British offices.
—It is reported that the French Council of State are trying to devise means to render France independent of America for cotton.
—"Skeddadle Rangers" is the appropriate name given to those persons who flock to Canada to escape the call of their country.
—Some of the recruiting officers in Connecticut complain of the efforts of both abolitionists and secessionists to prevent enlisting.
—The North Missouri Railroad Company has appropriated \$1,000 to each of the first ten regiments that shall be raised in Missouri.
—The prize steamers lately captured and brought to New York, are to be appraised and fitted for the Government forthwith.
—Gov. Corwin, United States Minister to Mexico, is expected soon to return home. There is some talk of electing him to Congress.
—Gen. Sherman, at Memphis, has taken for Government use 325 vacant buildings; has 13,000 confiscated slaves at work fortifying, etc.
—The Paris Patrie says, when the French army moves in Mexico in November, the navy will make a demonstration on the Pacific coast.
—A beautiful silk bed quilt, made by a Baltimore rebel lady for Jeff Davis, has found its way to Gen. Wool's camp. It is a magnificent affair.
—It is denied that Russia joined France in the proposition from England and France for the recognition of the Confederates and mediation.
—Mrs. Sarah Spencer, of Middletown, Conn., has procured two substitutes, one for herself and one for her niece, paying each \$50 extra bounty.
—The number of early marriages in England is increasing. Within the last 20 years the number of persons who marry under age has doubled.
—King Kamehameha, Monarch of the Hawaiian Kingdom, has annexed to his dominions Palmyra Island, a nominal possession of the United States.
—A Jersey millionaire, in attempting to evade the draft by leaving New York in one of the foreign steamers, was detected in the disguise of a coal-heaver.
—Fifty persons have been arrested at Oswego, N. Y., on the point of departure for Canada, and 100 more were turned back under Secretary Stanton's order.
—The New Haven Journal says that one of the New Haven houses engaged in business in New Orleans, has just received from that city \$150,000 in silver.
—The Baltimore News office has been taken possession of by the police, and the editors and proprietors sent to Fort McHenry, by order of Gen. Wool.
—It is believed the orders prohibiting skeddadding to Europe will materially decrease the premium in gold, which had been actively purchased for that purpose.
—Swarms of politicians are in Washington, looking after the appointments under the new tax law. What a pity they couldn't be impressed into the army.
—About 80 of the church bells which were captured at New Orleans by Gen. Butler, have arrived at the foundry of Messrs. Meneeley, in West Troy, N. Y.
—Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y., has been nearly destroyed by fire. Every store was consumed but one. The loss is over \$100,000. Insurance only \$15,000.
—The Ortolie, with iron ore, collided with the Illinois, in Lake Superior, on the 15th inst., and sunk. Capt. McAdam, his wife, mother, and nine of the crew were lost.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, AUGUST 19th, 1862. There are but few changes in our report. Grain is very quiet.

Table with columns for 'Wheat', 'Corn', 'Oats', 'Barley', 'Rye', 'Clover', 'Hay', 'Lumber', 'Flour', 'Sugar', 'Coffee', 'Tea', 'Spices', 'Fruit', 'Vegetables', 'Meats', 'Dairy', 'Hides', 'Wool', 'Tallow', 'Candles', 'Skins', 'Furs', 'Miscellaneous'.

THE PROVISION MARKETS. NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Flour—Market opened dull and closed a shade easier, with only a moderate business doing for export and home consumption.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Wool—Wool continues in good demand, although the transactions this week have been smaller than the week previous. Holders are very firm at the advance, and stock light.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Cattle—The market for cattle is very quiet, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Prices are steady.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Hogs—The market for hogs is very quiet, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Prices are steady.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Sheep—The market for sheep is very quiet, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Prices are steady.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Poultry—The market for poultry is very quiet, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Prices are steady.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Miscellaneous—The market for miscellaneous goods is very quiet, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Prices are steady.

comparatively cool weather favoring the trade. Sales about 2,000 head at 3 1/2 to 4 for fair, and 4 1/2 to 5 for fine, for prime to fancy.

NEW YORK, AUG. 18.—Wool—Wool continues in good demand, although the transactions this week have been smaller than the week previous. Holders are very firm at the advance, and stock light.

BOSTON, AUGUST 13.—The following are the rates for the week: Saxony and Mer., fine, 54 1/2 to 55 1/2; Full blood, 52 1/2 to 53 1/2; American Merino, 50 1/2 to 51 1/2.

ALBANY, AUGUST 18.—Nothing worthy of note has transpired in this market this week. Holders are very firm, and some are asking an advance on the current price of last week.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 18.—The market rules quiet but with little doing. City dealers are paying 45 to 50 cts., and for very choice fine fleece 60 cts. The accounts here moderate.

TOLEDO, AUGUST 18.—Wool holds firm at 35c @ lb.—Globe. In Geneseo, at the residence of the bride's mother, on the 10th inst., died HIRSH, HIRSH, HIRSH, aged 19 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. ADVERTISING TERMS, IN ADVANCE—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50c extra per line of space.

THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION OF THE Agricultural Association of Upper Canada, Will be held at the CITY OF TORONTO, on the 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th of September next.

TO GROWERS OF SPRING WHEAT, Chappell & Sprague, ROCHESTER, N. Y., SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF SEPARATING OATS, BARLEY, &c., FROM WHEAT.

DEMBERTON SQUARE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES. HOUSTON, MASS.—REV. GEO. GANNETT, A. M., Principal. Twelve Professors and Teachers. Annual Family Bazaar, Monday, Sept. 2nd.

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY, Gainesville, Wyoming Co., N. Y. A new and commodious building on the same site of the old one, has been erected, and will be ready for the opening of the Fall Term, which commences on Thursday, Sept. 11th, 1862.

NEW READER: A BOOK Which should be in the hands of every Man, Woman, and Child in the Northern States. Among the Pines; OR, SOUTH IN SECESSION-TIME. BY EDMUND KIRKE.

CONTENTS: CHAPTER I. ON THE ROAD—Arrival at Georgetown; The Village Inn; Nocturnal Adventures; My African Devil; His Strange History; Genuine Negro Songs; Arrival at Jacksonville.

CHAPTER II. WAYSIDE HOSPITALITY.—A Strange Meeting; A Well Ordered Station begins its Fall Term on Thursday, September 11th. It has been in operation eleven years under the same Principal.

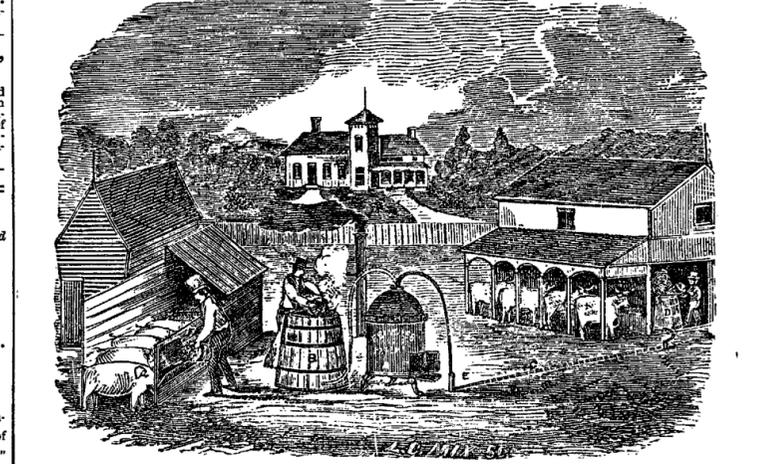
CHAPTER III. THE PLANTER'S FAMILY.—The Old Nurse; Her Story; A White Slave Woman's Opinion of Slavery; The Stables; The Negro Quarters; Sunday Exercises; The Making of Mole.

CHAPTER IV. THE NEGRO FURNACE.—The Burial Ground; A Negro Sermon; The Appearance of July; The Colonel's Heartiness; The Octoctor's Explanation of It; The E-cape of Mole.

CHAPTER V. THE PURSUIT.—The Start; "Carolina Race Horses"; A Race; We Lose the Trail; A Tourist; A Narrow Escape.

CHAPTER VI. THE RETURN.—Arrival at the Plantation; Disappearance of July and her Child; The Old Planter's Story; Scene between the Master and the Slave.

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Married.

In Geneseo, at the residence of the bride's mother, on the 10th inst., died HIRSH, HIRSH, HIRSH, aged 19 years.

Died.

At Harrison's Landing, on the 8th inst. of a wound received July 31st, SAMUEL BEMIS, of Co. E, 18th N. Y. Vol. Regiment.

In this city, on the 12th inst., of Puerperal Fever, BELLA G., wife of Capt. W. A. SKELTON, and youngest daughter of Husband and Jane M. HUTTON, aged 19 years.

At his residence, near Middleport, NIAGARA Co., N. Y., July 2d, after a few hours illness, JOHN BALDRIDGE, aged 62 years and 2 months.

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