

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

AGRICULTURAL

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

ALTHOUGH the Agricultural Statistics gathered by the takers of the census may not be correct in every instance, they are doubtless so in the main, and present a very good index of the progress of our country in the most important of all industrial pursuits. It is, therefore, with the greatest interest that we peruse these volumes that appear every ten years. A Preliminary Report on the United States Census of 1860 will soon be published and circulated among the people, and we are looking for its appearance with great interest, for it will afford a fine field for thought and comparison. The New York Tribune has received an advance copy of this Report, and made some extracts, from which we copy the following table, showing the aggregate agricultural productions of the whole country, according to the present and the previous national census—the years of 1849 and 1859—the last year previous to the taking of each census being selected for the purpose.

Articles.	1849.	1859.	Increase.
Wheat, bushels.	100,438,944	171,183,381	70,697,436
Indian Corn, bushels.	692,071,164	890,451,707	198,380,543
Cotton, bales.	2,445,793	5,196,944	2,751,151
Butter, lbs.	248,075,322	400,009,854	151,934,532
Cheese, lbs.	105,338,898	195,375,136	89,996,238
Animals slaughtered.	\$111,709,142	\$212,871,658	\$101,162,516
Sheep, No.	21,723,220	23,317,766	1,594,546
Wool, lbs.	62,612,969	60,511,543	7,998,384
Sugar cane, lbs.	237,138,000	302,205,000	65,072,000
Molasses, gallons.	12,709,891	16,337,080	3,627,189
Sugar, maple, lbs.	24,253,426	38,863,884	14,610,458
Tobacco, lbs.	190,752,665	429,390,771	238,638,106
Wine, gallons.	221,249	1,850,069	1,628,820
Hay, tons.	13,838,642	19,129,128	5,290,486
Orchard products, val.	\$71,723,156	\$19,753,391	\$12,089,716

It will be seen from the above that there has been an increase in all our staple agricultural products, while in some the excess of 1859 over 1849 is quite marked—even more than double in some cases. During the ten years, our population increased about 35 per cent; yet, notwithstanding the extraordinary ill the wheat-grower has had to contend with of late, and the almost entire abandonment of wheat-culture in some sections, on account of the ravages of the fly, the wheat crop of 1859 was 70 per cent over that of 1849. This is a gratifying fact, full of the highest encouragement; for a country can hardly become poor, or receive even a temporary check in its course of prosperity, that shows such an increase in the production of the staff of life. The increase in the corn crop is about 40 per cent; and this, too, is quite satisfactory; for the full report will show that we have grown peas, barley, and other crops that in a measure take the place of corn, especially for pork-making, and that many of the Western corn-growers are giving considerable attention to the culture of sorghum.

Dairy products show an increase of 46 per cent. This is mostly in butter; in cheese there is but little change. Since 1850 we have no doubt there has been a much greater increase; for in 1850 we exported ten million pounds of butter, and in 1861 twenty-three million; in 1850 twenty-three million pounds of cheese, and in 1861 forty million.

The improvement in the value of slaughtered animals is 90 per cent, or nearly double. We have no tables at hand by which we can ascertain how great a portion of this increase was exported; but it was no doubt quite large, for the increase in population would not indicate a home market. In 1861 we exported fifty million pounds of cut meats, one hundred and sixteen thousand barrels of pork, and twenty-nine thousand barrels and thirty-three thousand tierces of beef.

The product of tobacco has more than doubled, but how great a proportion of this was grown in the Northern States we are unable to say.

Our hay crop, which is one of the most important, and the value of which is seldom realized, has advanced 40 per cent.

We have often expressed our belief that this will become, and that most speedily, the greatest fruit-growing country in the world; and the prediction is now to be realized. In a few years, American apples will be as common in the markets of Europe as American wheat and flour are at the present time, and will be as highly prized. The increase in our

orchard products is 150 per cent., in the ten years from 1849 to 1859; and since that time, we have no doubt, it has been far more rapid; for our young orchards are beginning to bear, and every year adds largely to our crop of fruit.

The increase in the production of wine is 700 per cent. Wine-making has only just been commenced in this country; and if no other good results, in a few years the imported article will, as a general thing, be driven from the market, and thus a large item of expense will be saved the country.

When we receive the volume, we will resume the subject, and endeavor to give our readers, as far as census returns can be made to do so, a view of the condition and prospects of the agricultural interests of the country.

OUR AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

SEPTEMBER is once more upon us, and this and the early part of the coming month is the season for holding our Agricultural Fairs. In our last issue we gave a full list of these exhibitions, and the time and place of meeting, as we could obtain. We have a duty still to perform, and that is to urge our readers to give these Annual Fairs the time and attention necessary to their success. The managers may make all proper arrangements, and expend money freely—their plans may be wisely devised and vigorously executed—yet, unless the people, for whose benefit the whole is designed, do take hold of the work in earnest, failure will be the result. It is not only necessary that farmers should give a day or so in attendance on these Fairs, but that they should bestow previous thought, and make the necessary calculations for the exhibition of animals and the various products of the farm and orchard. The ladies play an important part in these gatherings; and the domestic hall, in which are collected the wonderful specimens of female skill and patience, forms one of the most interesting features of our agricultural shows. The youth, too, must do their part. Our State Agricultural Society offers premiums for the best steers of one, two and three years, trained and exhibited by boys under sixteen years of age; and County Agricultural Societies should make similar awards. For butter made by girls under twenty-one, this Society offers four premiums—a silver cup, pair of butter knives, silver teaspoons, and silver medal. HORACE GRUBBLY, through the same Society, offers a premium of fifty dollars to the boy under eighteen years of age who shall grow, within the State, the best acre of carrots in 1862—the ground to be in one contiguous piece, and to be prepared and the crop cultivated and secured by the applicant. These are examples worthy of imitation by both County and State Associations. The young of to-day will be the good or bad farmers of the country after twenty years have passed; and in no way can we as well advance the true interests of agriculture, as in exciting in the young a love of rural life and a determination to excel in agricultural pursuits.

We have fallen upon evil times—the attention of the community is distracted, if not absorbed in other matters of vast moment. The call is urgent for men and money, to save our loved country from ruin by pariaclial hands, and both have been offered the Government with a patriotic ardor that has astonished the civilized world, and will redound to our honor as a people while liberty and law are revered on the earth. Our sons, and brothers, and friends are found in every camp and on every battle field. We watch with eagerness for news from the field of conflict, and tremble as we read the long list of casualties, lest among the fallen, or the wounded and suffering, we may find the name of one dear to us as our own life. At such a time it will require much more than the ordinary effort to make our Fairs successful. Every one who can—and all can do a little—should exert himself to the utmost. A day or two of recreation—a little relief from the anxiety, and care, and labor of this unusually trying time—will exert a salutary effect on both mind and body, and prepare us for a more thorough performance of the duties that are upon us. He who makes an effort for the improvement of the agriculture of the country, does something to increase its wealth and power; and there never was a time in our history when there was more need of the proper effort in this direction.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars, and a large amount of time, will be expended in getting up Agricultural Exhibitions this season; and whether this time and money are profitably laid out or wasted, and perhaps worse than wasted, depends upon the action of farmers, and particularly upon those scores of thousands of intelligent readers of the RURAL and other agricultural publications. Those who do not attend these Fairs, can of course derive no benefit; but, more than this, they do an actual injury, as their presence, countenance and counsel are necessary to make them profitable. In every section there are a few unprincipled persons that always attend such gatherings; and if the better portion of the citizens—the intelligent farmers—stay away, these will give it a character that will result in evil to the Society and to all concerned. Be assured, then, that you are needed, and not only your presence, but your aid, in making up the great show of agricultural productions. You are wanted, too, on committees; and if you have been appointed, be sure to attend, for the absence of one honest

man from a committee often causes a good deal of trouble. The ladies will want you to carry their butter, and honey, and fruits, and the hundred pretty things which female fingers so dexterously conjure up. The boys and the girls will want you to accompany them on their holiday, for they have been looking forward to the time and counting the hours for many long days; and it will be a sore disappointment to them and sadden all their joy, put out the light in their eyes and banish the smile from their bright faces, if you refuse, on any pretense whatever, to take them to the Fair. Who would destroy so many bright hopes and sadden so many glad hearts?

FOWLS AND FOWL HOUSES.

The question is often asked whether a large number of fowls can be kept in one house with profit. Many find a few fowls profitable; but when they attempt to keep a large number, disease and vermin soon appear among the flocks, and the enterprise is abandoned. In nine cases out of ten, those who have endeavored to make poultry-keeping a large and profitable business have been unsuccessful. We have before expressed the opinion that this was not a necessary result, but caused solely by inattention to the wants of the fowls, and especially by neglect of cleanliness. A few birds may care for themselves, and do tolerably well, but a large flock requires strict attention—their yards, houses, and nests must be kept scrupulously clean, and abundance of suitable food and pure water furnished at all times. The greater the number kept and the smaller the space occupied, the greater the necessity for cleanliness; and ventilation is a matter that cannot be neglected with impunity. W. H. HERRICK, of Oswego, keeps a large number of fowls confined in a small house and yard, and yet in perfect health. We have often heard of his success, and awaited a favorable opportunity to take a look at his fowl operations; but Mr. HERRICK has furnished the Country Gentleman with a plan of his house, yard, and other arrangements for the comfort of his flock; and also his system of feeding, cleaning, &c., which we copy, being indebted to the publisher for the use of the engravings.

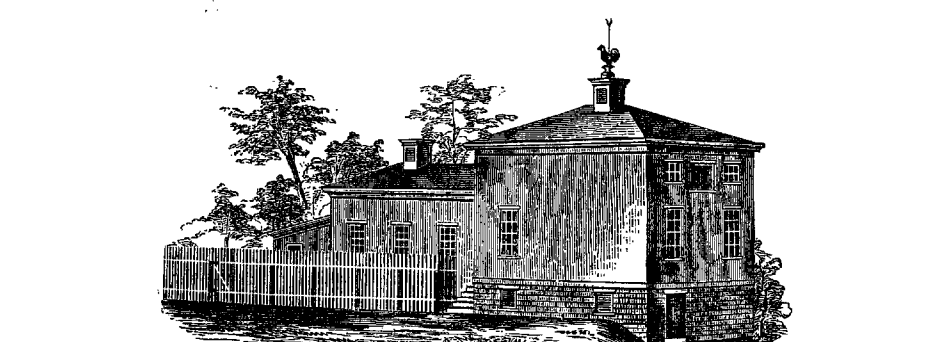
"I keep from 100 to 200 fowls, mostly of the Black Spanish breed, and keep them confined the year round, but disease is not known among them, and I can assure you that they do full as well as those kept by others who believe that a fowl cannot do well unless they are kept scratching. My yard is only 25 by 60 feet, filled 12 inches deep with leached ashes and fine sand. I have a large box containing some 30 bushels of burnt oyster shells and bones, which the fowls have free access to, and when the top becomes too dirty, I take it off and put it around my grape vines. My gardener raises 600 head of cabbage, annually, which is fed them through the winter, and in summer he gives them lettuce, all they want. I have a contract for ten beef heads weekly, and give them plenty of sour milk, in addition to all of which they have free access to a mixture of corn, oats, wheat, and barley, which is kept in a bin holding some 40 bushels, so constructed as to regulate itself, and not allow the fowls to waste a grain, or scratch in it. My watering trough is also so constructed as only to admit the heads of the fowls, and is always full of pure clean water, which is of more importance than anything else in keeping poultry healthy.

A barrel of lime, a bucket and a brush are indispensable articles in a poultry house, and should be used every rainy day, (and oftener during such a drouth as we have had lately,) whitewashing everything but the floor, and using the lime dust on that. But wash the floor first. I have tried all your vermin preventives, and everybody else's, but never succeeded in keeping my fowls free until I found a remedy by experimenting.

The nests are so constructed as to be all taken apart in two minutes; they are perfectly smooth inside and out, and about once in every two months I have them taken down, cleanly washed, and then thoroughly coated with common whale oil, and I have never yet seen a single louse near them, nor can one be found around my premises. The oil we apply with a common brush, and it can be relied upon as being a sure preventive against vermin on fowls."

The variety of fowls best for the poultryer to keep for profit is a matter of some importance, and at this time we can investigate the subject without excitement or prejudice, and perhaps without any danger of treading upon the toes of any dealer in fancy fowls. Whatever breed is selected, the keeper will find it to his interest to kill all over two or three years of age at the furthest; for we have always found that old hens produce fewer eggs, want to sit more frequently, and are more difficult to "break up."

The large Chinese fowls were, no doubt, wonderfully over-praised. The people of almost the whole civilized world became affected by the Shanghai excitement; and therefore it was not strange that the people of America, who are proverbially susceptible to influences of this kind, should feel its effects rather severely. Now that the excitement has passed away, there is danger of going to the other extreme. These large fowls accomplished a great deal of good for the poultry of the country. We had bred our old stock until it had become sadly



POULTRY HOUSE OF W. H. HERRICK, Esq., OSWEGO.

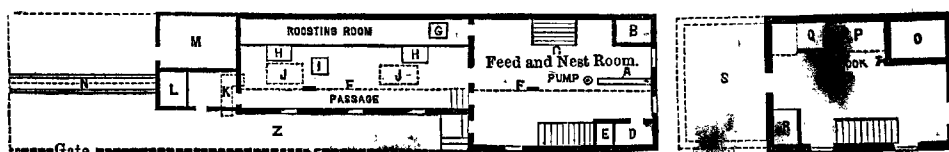


Fig. 2.—Ground Floor.

Fig. 3.—Basement.

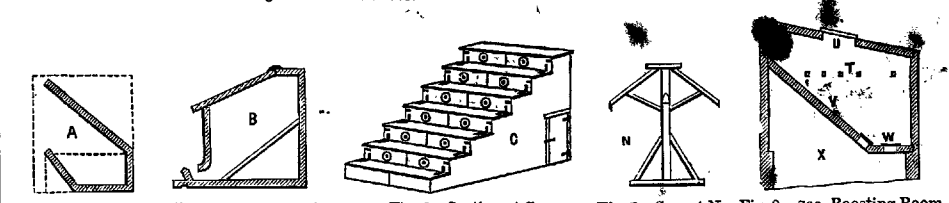
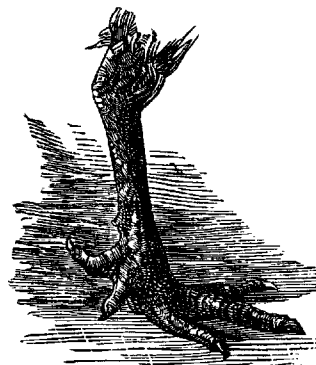


Fig. 4.—Section at A. Fig. 5.—Section at B. Fig. 6.—Section at C. Fig. 7.—Sec. at N. Fig. 8.—sec. Roosting Room.

DESCRIPTION AND REFERENCES TO ILLUSTRATIONS.
A, A.—Water trough and section.
B, B.—Feed box and section; holds fifty bushels.
C, C.—Nests and section. Nest on each side of the house, being two for each entrance, which allows the hen to be out of sight while on the nest. The cover lifts up, for the purpose of taking out eggs, &c. The nests are so constructed as to be taken apart, by loosening the hooks, each one being the same as a drawer in a bureau. They can be taken apart, cleaned, oiled, and put up again in ten minutes or less. There are 24 nests in this set. Under the nests is a prison, where hens wanting to sit are put for three days without food or water, which effects a perfect remedy. I claim this to be the best plan for nests extant.
D.—Tool closet.
E.—Ventilator from basement, and also used to send down hay from loft.
F, F.—Slut partitions.
G.—Trap door and spout leading to compost vault.
H, H.—Openings to roosting room.
I.—Ventilator.
J, J.—Openings in inclined floor under skylights, to admit the light to lower floor, which warms in winter and keeps sand dry.
K.—Passage way from house to yard.
L.—File of burnt oyster shells, bones, &c.
M.—Fig pen.
N, N.—Covered shelter in yard, for fowls to use in either wet or sunny weather.
O.—Stone cistern in basement.
P.—Feed.
Q, R.—Cow Stalls.
S.—Manure and compost vault.
T.—Hoosts.
U.—Skylight, ventilator, &c.
V.—Inclined floor for droppings.
W.—Trap and spout to the vault.
X.—Sand bottom.
Z.—Yard—all sand and ashes.

degenerated, and the ordinary fowls of the barn-yard were not much larger than pigeons. By the infusion of the blood of this new race, our fowls have generally doubled in size; and whatever may be said of the Cochins, &c., as a pure breed, we think there can be no doubt as to the advantages of the cross, evidences of which we see in almost every flock of fowls.

The Dorkings are a valuable breed of fowls, or they would not have retained their popularity so long. They are said to have existed as a distinct breed more than two thousand years; and whether this is true or not, we have abundant evidence of a breed with two hind toes. Their most prominent characteristic is five toes instead of four, as in other breeds. Our engraving of a Dorking's foot shows this point so that it cannot be mistaken.



LEG OF THE DORKING.

They are square and compact in form, with short legs, short neck, and heavy breast, giving a greater proportion of desirable flesh to the amount of offal than almost any other fowl. They fatten easily, and this, with the other desirable qualities mentioned, makes them favorites with those who deal in dressed poultry. The Dorking lays well, and makes a good mother, though we prefer lighter fowls for this purpose.

The Spanish, or Black Spanish, is the most beautiful of all our domestic fowls; and this is the variety which Mr. HERRICK seems to prefer. We quote the description of RICHARDSON:—"The color of the Spanish fowl is a glossy black, and the feathers of the legs, thighs, and belly, are particularly decided in their hue, and of a velvety aspect. It is a stately bird; and of a grave and majestic deportment, and is, in either utility or beauty, to be surpassed by none of its congeners. One of the most striking characteristics of this fowl is a white cheek, and the comb and wattles are singularly large, simple, and of a very high color; the feet and legs are of a leaden color, except the soles of the feet, which are of a dirty fleshy hue. A full grown cock will weigh about 7½ pounds; the hen about 6½. This is a fowl well deserving the attention of the breeder, and presents no peculiarities of constitution that would suggest difficulties in either hatching or rearing. As table birds, they hold a place in the very first

rank, their flesh being particularly white, tender, and juicy, and the skin possessing that beautifully clear white hue, so essential a requisite for birds designed for the consumption of the gourmand. The hens are likewise layers of the first order."

The only objection to this fowl is, that the large, thin, and beautiful comb, is very apt to be frozen, and thus this great ornament is lost; but when fowls are well cared for in the winter, and have suitable houses, this is not a very serious objection.

One of the best and most beautiful varieties of fowls we have ever kept, (and we have had some experience with almost all known varieties,) is the Dominique. It is an old sort, and has never been a high-priced fancy variety, and yet is a beautiful, valuable bird, being graceful in form, while the fine pencillings of its plumage are unequalled. Traces of the Dominique may be found in almost every collection of barn-yard fowls, and often one or two holding to their peculiarities with remarkable pertinacity, and exhibiting a tolerable degree of purity. When properly selected and bred with care, they make fine birds, though not large; for they are good layers, careful mothers, very hardy, and in almost every way desirable. The true color of the Dominique is a light ground, undulated, and softly shaded with a slaty blue, forming bands of various widths. The comb of the cock is sometimes double, though usually single, the iris bright orange, feet and legs generally flesh color, though sometimes bright yellow or buff; bill same color as the legs.

CORN AND BEAN HARVEST.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Our crops, with the exception of corn and beans, are mainly harvested, and we have no reason to complain at the result. The wet weather caused the wheat to shell some, and in a few cases there may be a little injury from growing; but take it altogether, we have good reason to be satisfied, and to thank a kind Providence that it is so well with us in this respect. It is easy for some to grumble, with or without cause; but it is better that we should all look at the bright side. With hay it was a catching time, but the crop in this section was secured in good condition. For a little time there was something of a scare about hay, and the price went up rapidly; but when the facts became known the price receded, and there is no prospect at present that hay will be unusually high the coming winter. Still, it brings a good paying price, and this in the end is best for all.

Our corn is now coming on very well; and the crop, though not as large as we have had some seasons, will be pretty fair, if the frost keeps off a few weeks longer. On the night of the third we had a little frost, though not enough to do injury. For a day or so things looked serious for the corn; but the weather is now warm, and it is very likely corn will be out of danger before another cold snap. It will, however, require all the season we are likely to have; and farmers, now that most other things are out of the way, can afford to give the time neces-

Ladies' Department.

GONE BEFORE.

ALL day I sit amid his unused treasures, With folded hands, and head upon my breast; His broken toys—a mine of endless pleasures— Scattered and heaped, just as he left them, rest; And side by side, within the distant corner, Placed as they left his feet, Battered, and worn, and red, his little sandals My aching vision greet.

HOSPITAL STORES WANTED.

AN APPEAL TO THE WOMEN WHO READ THE RURAL.

MR. EDITOR:—With your permission, I wish to address the women who read the RURAL. I know most of them are truly patriotic. I know, too, they are energetic, and do not spend all their patriotism in attending war meetings, reading the papers, and talking over the news. They are of the class who act as well as speak. I wish to remind them that the vast increase of our army implies a corresponding increase of hospitals, with all their scenes of untold suffering. And who are to fill those narrow beds? Our husbands, our sons, our brothers, our neighbors. We can not shut our ears against their groans, even if we could disregard those of strangers.

Many of us are now actively engaged in preparing hospital stores, but we do no more than supply the present demand; what, then, must we do, if the army is doubled? Must we not double our exertions, and enlist in the work those who have, as yet, done nothing? I hope no reader of the RURAL is included in the latter class.

Besides, it will not do to wait until the hospital wards are full of sick and wounded men. Our boxes must be prepared and sent to New York in advance. I do not ask you to dry a little fruit—I ask you to secure all the fruit and vegetables you have, and all you can get. Suffer nothing of the kind to decay, this year. If you have no fruit but apples, why not send a cask of cider apple sauce, or apple butter? Join with your neighbors, and fill a barrel of pickles. Send from your dairy a tub of butter or a cheese. Gather from your garden every vegetable that can be preserved fresh in cans or bottles.

Now is the time for securing these precious stores. We must lay aside our fancy work in such times as these. Extravagance in dress, if ever allowable, is disgraceful to an American woman now. Our suffering soldiers need our time, our strength and our money.

REMARKS.—We most cheerfully give place to the above timely and all-important appeal, from the pen and heart of a lady in Tompkins county, who hopes in this way to stir up many of her countrywomen to good works. The appeal should come home to the conscience of the mother, wife, daughter, sister, or acquaintance of every volunteer, as well as to that of every woman who loves her country, and it ought to incite all such to immediate action in aid of the wounded and dying soldiers who have so patriotically risked their lives to sustain the glorious cause of the Union. Read it again, carefully, and then see what and how much you can do in furtherance of the laudable object—remembering that early and decided action is important.—Ed.

GREEN- AND- YELLOW MELANCHOLY.

"Now hope farewell, farewell all joys below; Now welcome sorrow, and now welcome woe. Plunge me in glooms," etc.—H. K. WHITE.

"There's naught in this life sweet, If man were wise to see, But only melancholy."—Beaumont and Fletcher.

"There's such a charm in melancholy, I would not, if I could, be gay."

OF course I wouldn't; besides, gaiety isn't the fashion, now-a-days. All the young women of my acquaintance are dying of blasted hopes and broken hearts, and I don't see why I shouldn't be as forlorn and miserable as the rest of my lovely and sorrowing sex, and I'm just going to be—so there!

Heretofore it's been against my principles to indulge in sorrow of any kind; I have laughed at care, and worn a cheerful countenance on all occasions, however distressing; and it shocks me to think how gay and light-hearted I have been during all the years of my sojourn in this vale of tears, when I might have been so delightfully wretched and sorrow-stricken! But, it isn't too late to mend yet, and I rather reckon, if I take a notion, I can wade through as many calamities, and disasters, and misfortunes, and vicissitudes, and woes, and trials, and troubles, and tribulations,—through as much affliction, and misery, and anguish, and distress, and weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and things generally, as any other young female of my size in existence. Anyhow, I mean to try it.

When I was a school-girl, I had a chum, whose "sponsors in baptism" had bestowed on her the euphonious name of MARY ANN SIMPKINS. She was a young maiden of the bean-pole order—long, lank and lean; excessively addicted to BYRON and MOORE; to eating slate-pencils, chalk, and drinking vinegar to keep herself thin and interesting, (she had a powerful appetite); to writing sonnets to the sun, moon and stars, etc.; all of which I thought very ridiculous then, for I was a merry, laughing girl, terribly unsentimental and matter-of-fact.

Well, MARY ANN continued to grow more and more melancholy, and took to sighing and weeping in a style quite distressing to witness; also, began to call me her "spirit-sister," and all that sort of thing. "BARBARA," she would say, "my spirit-sister, tell me that you love me, for this poor heart feels so unutterably wretched and world-weary!" To which I would very irreverently and unsympathizingly reply, "For pity's sake, SIMPKINS, what on

earth is the matter now? Any new disaster befallen that dilapidated organ of yours?"

"O, BARBARA, I'm very miserable!" "Well, I can tell you what, my melancholy MARY ANN, you'll be more miserable yet, if you don't stop calling me 'spirit-sister,' and leave off your heart-broken nonsense and making a goose of yourself generally; I'll make a fuss, see if I don't! You eat too much cabbage for dinner, SIMPKINS; 'that's what's the matter,' and you know it!"

Of course, the only response to this was "that she was unappreciated, totally unfit to live in such a cold, heartless world," etc., etc. I used to laugh at her then; offer her "Spalding's Prepared Glue" to mend her broken heart, and make all sorts of fun of her. Finally she found society more congenial than that of her "spirit-sister," and, mutually disgusted, we dissolved partnership.

POOR SIMPKINS! I can appreciate her now. I heard, not long ago, that she had married a widowed undertaker, with seven red-headed infant undertakers to commence the world with. What an undertaking! I wonder if he is "spiritual," and if MARY ANN is miserable yet? (I should think she would be!)

MISS SIMPKINS had a fraternal relative, SAMUEL, by name, and that interesting youth was excessively devoted to me; but, when his fair sister withdrew her love from me, she also induced the wretched "SAMUEL" to go and do likewise, and it was to my intense disgust that he went and did it. Now, here would have been a glorious opportunity for me to have become broken-hearted and gone into a decline,—to have written sonnets headed "Faithless," "Deserted," "Forsaken," etc., and to have moaned of blasted hopes and secret sorrows; but, I didn't do any such thing. I called in my young affections from the false SAMUEL, and set them on the next vest-pattern I come across; and, flattering myself I had done a sensible thing, went on my way rejoicing. But it agonizes me to dwell any longer on that portion of my life.

I shall immediately set about becoming thin and miserable; and I must break myself of that abominable habit of laughing. Melancholy young ladies don't laugh, I believe, they only smile mournful smiles; and I shall also take to writing blank verse and rhymes by the wholesale, and cultivate hidden griefs and heart-aches. I have composed a few poems already. My affecting "Stanzas on the Death of a Promising Young Gander" I showed to GEORGIUS REX, and, if you'll believe me, that depraved young man actually laughed! Laughed until I thought he would burst a blood-vessel, and went about the house singing my stanzas through his nose for several days afterwards. As for my "Elegy in a Country Barn-Yard," he pronounced it a most foul production; said he should think I'd be ashamed to look a hen in the face again, after writing such stuff!

Of course I expect to meet with coldness and depreciation, but for heartlessness and conceit, and nasty qualities generally, commend me to a young man—that's all! especially when that young man is your brother!

Well, I have several other pieces. There's my "Wall of a Dilapidated Heart;" my "Thoughts Suggested by the Loss of a Fine-Tooth Comb;" my "Ode to the Youth with Yellow Whiskers;" and two or three others, "too numerous to mention." I intend to have them all published some time or other, but I shall do nothing at present but be intensely, supremely, superlatively and delightfully melancholy and miserable, and enjoy myself!

August, 1862. BARBARA G. MOORE.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

EACH mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the far-coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful, and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality.

The minds of children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea-shore when the tide is out, and you form characters, or write words or names in the smooth, white sand, which has spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth, or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the floods nor the storms of earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow-moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in prayer in his behalf, in commending her dear child to her covenant God.

THE EXPECTANTS.

Who shall tell the hopes and fears that are stitched into little fairy frocks for the form not yet seen! All the world over, the quiet, thoughtful brood of expectant womanhood bends over them silently. Sometimes a glad smile lingers on the lips; sometimes the busy hands lie idly folded over the soft cambric folds, as memory carries them back to their own childhood. Just so their mothers must have sat, with just such thoughts busy at heart and brain, before they nestled in a mother's welcoming arms. Ah, never till now did they fully realize what a mother's love may be. Never till now did they retrace the steps of childhood, girlhood, and maturity so carefully, to note all the Christ-like patience and tenderness to which those long years bear witness. Then solemnly comes the thought, just as I looked up to my mother, this little one will look to me. Me! Warm tears fall on the little frock that lies on the lap. Me! Ah, how do I know that I shall teach it aright? and with the happy love-thrill is mingled a responsibility so overwhelming that it cannot be borne alone. Nor, thank God, need it be, nor is it. Ah! whatsoever fathers may think, mothers must needs look upward. The girl-mother, that that sweet sacred moment, will rise, if ever, disenthralled from her past frivolity, and with the earnest seal of a new baptism on her brow.—Fanny Fern.

Choice Miscellany.

AFTER THE SHADOWS, THE MORNING.

THE tempest may dash on the vale and hill, But the sunshine will smile behind it; The caverned rock hide the mountain rill, Yet a gleam from above will find it. Gladness will sleep upon Grief's pale breast To soften the voice of its warning; Over the darkness sweet Hope will rest, And after the shadows, the morning.

Life may grow darkened, though Love has thrown The strength of its light around it, Till, longer and deeper the shadows grown, Hide the halo of bliss that crowned it. Clouds may float down on our valleys of peace And crush our meek flowers with scorn; Yet never this song in our spirits shall cease: After the shadows, the morning.

Never so closely does Pain fold its wings, But the white robe of Sympathy's near it; And each tear that the dark hand of misery wrings Brings the touch of a blessing to cheer it. As fades the dim night at the coming of day When it weaves its bright web of adorning, So floatheth pale grief from our life-path away, Comes, after our shadows, the morning.

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

Few have been so unhappy as to wish they had never lived, and none so happy that they would live their lives over again.

A PERSON ambitious "to be somebody," as the saying is, but unable to accomplish what he wishes—whose heart is strong but whose head or hand is weak—whose abilities are not nearly equal to his aspirations—is a melancholy sight; but a sadder sight is one who does not care what he becomes—who abandons himself to the impulse of the hour—who forms no plans or purposes of improvement—who has no "extraordinary generous seeking" to guide his actions through life.

RICHES beget idleness, and idleness begets poverty. For a person to be idle because he is rich, is as disgraceful as to be poor because he is idle. There is no more reason why the possession of riches should absolve a person, from labor, than the possession of health render the observance of temperance unnecessary. If for nothing else, the rich should labor for the sake of affording example and encouragement to the poor.

THE WAR now waging on this Continent, gives the study of Geography such an impulse as it has never before received since it was first introduced into common schools. Young and old alike feel new interest in and enthusiasm for this most useful science. We are all learning the location and many particulars of scores of places of whose very existence we before knew nothing. We study maps to better purpose than ever before, because impelled by an immediate practical interest in them—by a real desire to understand them.

How curiously several of the States are bounded! Virginia has a long, narrow strip of land running up between Ohio and Pennsylvania, very appropriately called the Pan-handle; she has, also, a piece of territory beyond the Chesapeake bay, and naturally belonging to Maryland; Delaware and Maryland ought to be one; Florida shuts off Georgia and threatens to bar Alabama from the Gulf; Louisiana treats Mississippi in the same way; Missouri runs down into Arkansas without any apparent excuse, and Michigan looks as if she might any moment be sunk fathoms deep under water.

MUCH misconception arises from the careless confounding of pleasantry and ridicule. It would not perhaps be so easy to define them separately, as to say that they differ from each other chiefly in that the latter is spiced with malice.

LOCKE'S division of power into active and passive appears inconsistent and improper. As power is the ability to produce effect, it would seem that the state of being acted upon, or susceptibility to effect, would be better expressed by some other term—passivity, perhaps.

THE unwillingness or inability of the public mind to follow abstractions in Religion or Politics, is perhaps the reason why the masses show more devotion to the exponents of the principles to which they are attached than they do to the principles themselves.

A TRANSITION, to be agreeable, must not be too sudden, and should, generally, I suppose, partake of the upward movement. "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," somebody says; but the step is downward. A change from the ridiculous to the sublime is more pleasing than vice versa; so, also, from the grave to the gay, the serious to the playful, the tragic to the comic, &c., &c.

THESE words of CAROLINE CHESEBRO, "Ye have no faculty who sit, and pine for lack of employment," are a dagger to those whose conscience impels them to work, but who are so diffident they can never find the right thing to do.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1862.

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

ISN'T IT WORTH WHILE?

Do you wish to see a very ugly man—I mean one that you cannot like, one whose presence seems to chill all genuine, genial feeling, and who is debased in character and withal very unhappy? Look at him who is thoroughly self-satisfied, always distrusting and disparaging others, never weary of looking out for his own comfort, interest, and safety, and utterly forgetful and regardless of the interests and rights of others.

Look, now, at the man whose magnanimous heart earnestly and practically desires and seeks the well-being of others as well as himself. He loves humanity though it is weak and imperfect. The benevolence and excellence of an exalted nature light up his features, pervade his whole being, and appear in every word and action. He is ever ready to drop kind words and do "little acts of love."

Young man, which of these men will you choose for your "chum" at school—which of them for your friend? Which one will be the more likely to encourage and assist you as you start out into life and business? Which one makes you feel the happier and the more like doing all the good you can? Which one is the better and truer man? Or, to come nearer home, as you may some day stand to others in the relation of "chum," friend, neighbor, or business man, which of these will you be? It is not difficult to decide which is the better, wiser, and happier, and which exerts the wider influence. The difference between the two char-

acters seems to be this:—One is miserable in trying to make himself happy; the other is happy in trying to make others happy, or in doing to them as he would be done by. Isn't it worth while to be a true, earnest, unselfish man? Belleville, Pa., 1862. J. K. HARTZLER.

GOOD TASTE.

GOOD taste is the "luminous shadow" of all the virtues. It is social discretion, it is intellectual kindness, it is external modesty and propriety, it is apparent unselfishness. It wounds no feelings, it infringes on no decorums, it respects all scruples. A man thus gifted, even though he be not a wit, spreads a genial influence about him from the trust he inspires. The stiff man can unbend, the cold can thaw, the fastidious can repose on him. No one is committed to more than he chooses—no ungenerous use is made of an unusual or transient impulse. Good taste is practical, though not deep, knowledge of character; it is perception of the distinctive points of every occasion; and thus it reconciles and harmonizes, where bad taste perpetuates differences, and necessitates separations. And yet we by no means wish to make good taste a synonym either for virtue or intellect—it is rather that quality which sets off both at their best. It is an affair, in some degree, of social training—it is one aspect of knowledge of the world. Those who are little in general society—who confine themselves to family intercourse, or to that of a set or clique, whatever the position, whatever the intellectual or moral pretensions of that clique—are almost sure to fail in it in new scenes.

All persons of a single idea, engrossed by one object, are perpetually infringing on the rules of good taste. If they are religious, they are impractical and intolerant, regardless of sensibilities. If they are useful, they do their work with unnecessary fuss. If they are learned, or deep, or clever, they make those good gifts unpopular. If they are grave, they are a check and restraint. They fail in every social crisis. In every difficulty they take the wrong way. They are forward when they ought to be retiring—their diffidence is constantly misplaced. There is no knowing where such people are—to what lengths an emergency or excited spirits will drive them. It is the cause of half the seeming injustice of society.

The man of bad taste cannot comprehend why things are not tolerated in him which are allowed in others. He is the last to see that the presence or absence of a correct taste makes the same practice or amusement agreeable or repugnant—that nothing can be judged fairly without taking the manner of doing it into consideration. He is therefore forever grumbling at the inconsistencies and partialities of mankind. The fact is, every hinge with some people grates and creaks, at each turn jarring on sensitive nerves; while good taste is the oil which keeps the machinery of society, with the least wear and tear, noiselessly and profitably at work.—London Saturday Review.

THE SUNSET OF TWO LIVES.

"A. H. K. B." writes in an English magazine a pleasant essay about "Beginnings and Ends." Here is his description of a life-sunset:

"I have been touched by the sight of human life, ebbing almost visibly away; and you could not but think of the sun in his last little space above the mountains, or above the sea. I remember two old gentlemen, great friends; both on the extreme verge of life. One was above ninety; the other above eighty. But their wits were sound and clear; and, better still, their hearts were right. They confessed that they were no more than strangers and pilgrims on the earth; they declared plainly that they sought a country far away, where most of those they had cared for were waiting for them. But the body was very nearly worn out; and though the face of each was pleasant to look at, paralysis had laid its grasp upon the aged machinery of limb and muscle which had played so long. I used, for a few weeks, to go one evening in the week and sit with them, and take tea. They always had tea in large breakfast cups; other cups would not have done. I remember how the two paralytic hands shook about, as they tried to drink their tea. There they were, the two old friends; they had been friends from boyhood, and they had been over the world together. You could not have looked, my friend, but with eyes somewhat wet, at the large teacups shaking about, as the old men with difficulty raised them to their lips. And there was a thing that particularly struck me. There was a large old-fashioned watch, always on a little stand on the tea-table, ticking on and on. You seemed to feel it measuring out the last minutes, running fast away. It always awoke me to look at it and hear it. Only for a few weeks did I thus visit those old friends, till one died; and the other soon followed him, where there are no palsied hands or aged hearts. No doubt, through all the years the old-fashioned watch had gone about in the old gentleman's pocket, life had been ebbing as really and as fast as then. And the sands were running as quickly for me as for the aged pilgrims. But then with me it was the middle, and to them it was the end. And I always felt it very solemn and touching, to look at the two old men on the confines of life, and at the watch loudly ticking off their last hours. One seemed to feel time ebbing, as you see the setting sun go down.

AFFABILITY.—Be good natured, if you can, for there is no charm so great, no attraction so admirable. A face that is always full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder. Cosmetics are superfluous for it. Rouge cannot improve its cheeks nor lily-white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the gaze into the face of a noble man or woman, it is not the shape of the features that you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, the brilliancy of the eyes; you see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your insatiable sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of heart-felt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external appearance, and defies all the critical rules of the aesthetic.—The Witness.

INTEMPERANCE.—A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason. He is the thief of his own substance, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbor's scoff, his own shame. He is a spirit of unrest, a thing below a beast, and a monster of a man.

We pray for those whom we love; we love those for whom we pray.

Sabbath Musings.

THE GATHERING HOME.

BY MARY E. LESLIE.

THEY are gathering homeward from every land One by one; As their weary feet touch the shining strand, One by one, Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments are all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife, One by one; Through the waters of death they enter life, One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still, As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill; To others the waves run fiercely and wild, Yet they reach the home of the undefiled, One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river side, One by one; We near its waters each eventide, One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream Now and again through our life's deep dream; Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow, Sometimes in ripples and small waves, go, One by one.

Jesus! Redeemer! I look to Thee, One by one; We lift up our voices tremblingly, One by one;

The waves of the river are dark and cold, We know not the spots where our feet may hold; Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight, Strengthen us—send us the staff and the light— One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside us as we tread, One by one; On Thee let us lean each drooping head, One by one. Let Thy strong arm around us be twined, We shall cast all our fears and cares to the wind. Saviour! Redeemer! with Thee full in view, Smilingly, gladly, shall we pass through, One by one.

OUR RELATION TO GOD.

Do you suppose a man to know himself—that he comes into this world on no other errand but to rise out of the vanities of time, into the riches of eternity? Do you suppose him to govern his inward thoughts and outward actions by this view of himself, and then to him every day has lost all its evil? Prosperity and adversity have no difference, because he receives and uses them both in the same spirit; life and death are equally welcome, because equally parts of his way to eternity. For poor and miserable as this life is, we have all of us free access to all that is great, and good, and happy, and carry within ourselves a key to all the treasures that heaven has to bestow upon us. We starve in the midst of plenty; groan under infirmities, with the remedy in our own hand; live and die without knowing and feeling anything of the One, only good, while we have in our power to know and enjoy it in as great a reality as we know and feel the power of this world over us; for heaven is as near to our souls as this world is to our bodies; and we are created, we are redeemed, to have our conversation in it. God, the only good of all intelligent natures, is not an absent or distant God, but is more present in and to our souls than to our own bodies; and we are strangers to heaven, and without God in the world, for this only reason, because we are void of that spirit of prayer which alone can, and never fails to unite us with the One, only good, and to open heaven and the kingdom of God within us.

A root set in the finest soil, in the best climate, and blessed with all that sun, air and rain can do for it, is not in so sure a way of its growth to perfection, as every man may be whose spirit aspires after all that which God is ready and infinitely desirous to give him. For the sun meets not the springing bud that stretches toward him with half that sympathy as God, the source of all good, communicates himself to the soul that longs to partake of him. We are all of us, by birth the offspring of God, more nearly related to Him than we are to one another; for in Him we live, and move, and have our being.—William Law.

PRETTY PREACHING.—I am tormented with the desire of preaching better than I can. But I have no wish to make fine pretty sermons. Pretentious is well enough, when pretentious is in its place. I like to see a pretty child and a pretty flower, but in a sermon pretentious is out of place. To my ear it would be anything but commendation should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon." If I were upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with his tropes and figures, burying his argument beneath a profusion of the flowers of rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man; you care more for your vanity than my hanging. Put yourself in my place, speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly."—Robert Hall.

A PARDONING GOD.—Show me one, if you can; there is no sin-pardoning God besides our God. "Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth?" None can pardon as Thou dost. None can pardon so freely, none so fully, none so continually, none so eternally, none so indifferently, [impartially,] whether in respect of sinners or sin, as Thou dost. It is all one to Thee what the sins are, and all one to Thee whose the sins are, so they come to ask Thy pardon. And that which is a disadvantage to ask pardon of man, is an encouragement to ask it of God,—the greatness of our sins. The Psalmist did, and any man may, make this his plea: "Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great." Dare any be a competitor with God in this work?—Caryl.

LITTLE THRONES.—The only throne the Christian can erect for those He loves, is a foot-stool about God's throne in Heaven. The moment a creature becomes an idol, then a blight falls upon the worship. But we may place our loved ones, by care and prayer, among the saints in heaven, and that will only increase our treasure above, while making us enjoy the sweeter place below. The little thrones will only make the great throne of God the more sublime.

We do not find friends by seeking for them. God brings them to us. They are his own special gift, and should be regarded as holy. We should keep ourselves for them as sacredly as for Him. Only thus can they answer our soul's needs.—Smith.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.

MR. KENNEDY, the able Superintendent of the Census, has in press his Preliminary Report on the Census of 1860, embodying and collating the general results and more important details of that Census...

The tabular statement appended to this report, relating to the subject, strikingly illustrates the fact that the people of the United States are peculiarly "a newspaper reading nation," and serves to show how large a portion of their reading is political.

The last decade in our civil history has been one of extraordinary political agitation. Accordingly, we find that there has been a very large increase in the number of political papers and periodicals, as compared with corresponding publications at the date of the preceding Census.

The total white population of the United States was stated at the date of the Census of 1850 to be 19,553,114. In 1860, the Census returns report it at 27,008,081, the ratio of increase being 33.12.

In 1850, the annual circulation of all kinds afforded nearly 22 copies to each white person in the Union. In 1860, the total circulation was at the rate of over 34 per person.

New Hampshire and South Carolina are the only States which, as compared with the date of 1850, show any considerable decline in the number of copies of papers and periodicals published within their limits.

HOW TO USE A BAROMETER.

MANY private persons consult the barometer, and even set it daily, and are surprised to find that they cannot rely on its indications, especially on those of the unscientific wheel barometer, with a face like an underdone clock.

It is now run through a heated oven so hot that potatoes will bake in a few minutes—and then goes "kersouse" into a large vat of boiling madder!

AGES OF THE STATES OF AMERICA.

THE following chronological table may be interesting to our readers at the present time:

Table with 2 columns: State and Year. Includes entries for Virginia (1607), New York (1613), Massachusetts (1620), New Hampshire (1623), Connecticut (1633), Delaware (1639), Maryland (1634), Rhode Island (1639), North Carolina (1653), South Carolina (1670), Pennsylvania (1682), Georgia (1733), Vermont (1791), Kentucky (1792), Tennessee (1796), Ohio (1802), Louisiana (1811), Indiana (1816), Mississippi (1816), Illinois (1818), Alabama (1819), Maine (1820), Missouri (1821), Michigan (1836), Arkansas (1836), Florida (1845), Texas (1845), Iowa (1846), Wisconsin (1848), California (1850), Minnesota (1858), Oregon (1859), Kansas (1861).

THE STORY OF AN ATOM.

THE atom of charcoal which floated in the corrupt atmosphere of the old volcanic ages, was absorbed into the leaf of a fern when the valleys became green and luxuriant; and there, in its proper place, it received the sunlight and the dew, aiding to flog back to heaven a reflection of heaven's gold; and at the same time to build the tough fiber of the plant.

beauty on the cheek of the apricot; shall pass into the human body, giving enjoyment to the palate, and health to the blood; shall circulate in the delicate tissues of the brain, and aid, by entering into some new combination, in educing the thoughts which are now being uttered by the pen.

A LINE OF BATTLE.

THIS expression often occurs in referring to the order of troops on the battle field, and it is doubtless the opinion of many that the two armies are in two lines; but it is not so.

The army is divided into divisions, and there are often great gaps between the divisions. They are posted in positions, or in commanding places—that is, on hills, or in woods, or on the banks of streams, in places where they will best be able to resist or attack the enemy.

CALICO PRINTING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cleveland Herald writes of a visit to the Calico Printing Works at Lowell, Massachusetts:

The white cloth—looking like the lighter grades of sheeting—comes in from the looms, is run rapidly through a machine which shears with sharp blades, and singes with flames of burning gas, and is turned out with smooth surface to receive the print or figure for the calico.

It is now run through a heated oven so hot that potatoes will bake in a few minutes—and then goes "kersouse" into a large vat of boiling madder!

IMPORTANCE OF VARIOUS EXERCISE.

"Strength is health," has become a favorite phrase. But, like many common saws, it is an error. Visit the first half dozen circuses that may come to town, and ask the managers whether the cannon-lifter or the general performer has the better health.

SOME one well says:—It is a characteristic of narrow-minded men, that they grasp the few ideas which lie within the limited circle of their comprehension with a clearness which often deceives us in our estimate of their intellect.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"HARK to the sound! there's a foe on our border, A foe striding on to the gulf of his doom; Free men are rising, and marching in order, Leaving the plow, and anvil, and loom!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Battles under Gen. Pope.

WE copy from the World's correspondence many interesting particulars of the late battles in Virginia. A Washington correspondent, August 31st, says:

The battle of Friday was fought partly on the old Bull Run field, and that of Saturday almost entirely so. On Friday our forces occupied that ground and the enemy were just beyond, in a south-west direction.

Analyzing all reports, I find that, after all, but a comparatively small portion of the whole army was engaged in Friday's fight. Sigel, who opened the attack at daylight, did the greater portion of the work, and commanded throughout up to 1 o'clock P. M., and was substantially in charge all day.

The troops engaged throughout Friday were the corps of Sigel, Heintzleman, Reno and Rickett's division of two brigades, under Generals Hatch and Doubleday. The latter went in about sundown and suffered severely, losing about 400 men in half an hour.

On Saturday morning artillery was sent out to feel the enemy at different positions, and likewise a brigade of infantry on each wing. Butterfield, of Porter's corps on the left, and Stevens' division on the right. But the fighting was not in earnest.

At 2 o'clock the fight was raging along the whole line terrifically—musketry like Gaines' Hill, and artillery like Malvern Hill. There was not 10 minutes cessation at any one time for the next three hours. We advanced not a step; we retired not a step. The engineers of war—men, guns, and "villainous salt-peter"—seemed equal on each side to the other.

At 5 o'clock Schenck was ordered back to the left, and the artillery of that wing fell back to the next eminence. During the three hours, scarcely a regiment of the three corps on the field that had not been into the thickest. Promptly and skillfully, as a command would become exhausted, it would be replaced by another, but only for a brief rest, then to up and at it.

reached Gainesville, four miles from the Bull Run field, that night, and came upon the enemy's cavalry and stragglers. Resting a few hours, by 3 o'clock he was moving. The enemy did not appear in front, and, leaving McDowell to take care of that road, Sigel turned to the right to connect with Hooker at Manassas Junction.

When within about two miles of the Junction, Sigel learned that the enemy was on the Warrenton Road, and turning short to the left he marched to the south side of the Bull Run field. It was then 6 P. M.; McDowell, who, as before stated, had remained on that road between the enemy and Warrenton, had been throwing shell some hours, and now we could hear musketry.

The situation then, Friday morning, was this:—Sigel's corps (divisions of Schurz, Milroy, Steinwehr, and Schenck), on the Bull Run field fronting to the west, was close against the enemy. McDowell's corps, nearly connected with Sigel's on the latter's left, but was not within fighting distance of the enemy.

Fortunately I had been with Sigel during his two days' march to find the enemy, and was with him now that it fell to him to open the main struggle. His corps had held the advance under heavy artillery fire on the Rappahannock the four previous days, had now marched two days, a part of the time in line of battle, and taking but four hours' rest moved into a battle—not a skirmish, but an affair not an action, not an engagement, but a great battle; for such are the names given to fights in the order of their magnitude.

The first hour in was all artillery. Sigel was advancing battery after battery to this and that eminence, supporting each with a brigade, hearing the reports of scouts, sending cavalry now far to the right, now far to the left, gradually advancing his division in cover of hills upon which he had placed guns—in a word, feeling for the enemy, rapidly advancing, but cautiously, every step.

A little after, Milroy and Schurz became engaged. They drove the enemy a mile or more. During this time Schenck had been engaged on the left, but not heavily. Tough old Heintzleman arrived at this juncture from Centerville with his whole corps. Schurz was withdrawn for Kearney and Hooker to take his place.

It was now 1 o'clock. Sigel's corps only had been engaged, and we had on the whole gained ground—at the right nearly a mile. It was reasonable to suppose that with the assistance of Reno and Heintzleman, and most of the day before us, we should utterly demolish the enemy.

Up to this time Sigel had command of the field. He had made the dispositions before the fight, and conducted it successfully six hours. Pope arrived from Centerville about noon, and assumed command, but wisely and generously deferred to Sigel the rest of the day, as being best acquainted with the position.

At 2 o'clock the fight was raging along the whole line terrifically—musketry like Gaines' Hill, and artillery like Malvern Hill. There was not 10 minutes cessation at any one time for the next three hours. We advanced not a step; we retired not a step. The engineers of war—men, guns, and "villainous salt-peter"—seemed equal on each side to the other.

the battle. Troops were rushed to the right, and a redoubled onset made there. Again the enemy was forced. His left was swept upon his center—we took him "endwise," in flank. While the infantry fought those, our artillery, eleven batteries in line, played stunningly, each gun pointed well to the left, that no unlucky shell might harm a friend.

It was 6 o'clock. The enemy not only held his center but advanced upon our left. It was critical. Opportunely McDowell's corps appeared coming to our relief. Two brigades (Hatch's and Doubleday's) immediately met the enemy's advance upon our left, and although suffering terribly, stayed him until dark. The day's work was ended. We held more ground than in the morning, but not so much as at noon.

The following is a summary of the situation on Sunday, Aug. 31:

Pope's whole army was at Centerville. Since the battle of Saturday he has been joined by the corps of Franklin and Sumner, fully 25,000 of veteran Peninsula troops, and 20,000 of the newly volunteered troops were marching on from Washington.

Engagement at Richmond, Kentucky.

In our last we gave a brief telegraph report of a severe battle fought at Richmond, Ky., in which the Union General, Nelson, was wounded and compelled to retire with his forces. The General has returned to Cincinnati, and from the Gazette of the 1st inst. we gather the following particulars of the battle:

From a gentleman who left the battle ground at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and came down on the special train that brought General Nelson, we obtain the following particulars of the engagement up to the hour of his departure.

On the afternoon of Friday, the enemy, under Gen. Kirby Smith, supposed to be 12,000 to 14,000 strong, drove in our cavalry pickets, who were stationed some distance from camp, and the whole force of Col. Munday and Col. Metcalf's cavalry retreated to the camp line, about one mile and a half from Richmond.

General Manson, formerly Colonel of the 10th Indiana, had the forces under his command in the absence of General Nelson, who was at Lexington, consisting of the 12th, 16th, 66th, 69th, and 71st Indiana, the 95th Ohio, and 18th Kentucky, and the cavalry of Colonels Muhday and Metcalf, formed in line of battle, and advanced a mile and a half on the road, when we came in sight of the enemy's cavalry, breaking off to the left of the road.

We thus advanced up the road after them to Rogersville, and there bivouacked for the night. Metcalf's cavalry were sent out to see how far the enemy had gone, and came up with them seven miles distant. They were in force, and our cavalry were fired into by them, when they returned.

The next morning (Saturday), between five and six o'clock, Gen. Mason started ahead with two regiments and four pieces of artillery. After proceeding a short distance we saw some of the enemy's cavalry coming toward us, on a scouting expedition, to the right of the road, and after advancing a short distance we were opened upon by their artillery. We formed in line of battle, and had an artillery fight, which lasted for an hour or more. We now found the enemy attempting to turn our left flank, when sharp firing took place between our and their skirmishers.

The Colonel whose regiment was thrown out as skirmishers, sent in for re-enforcements, when the 69th Indiana was ordered to re-enforce him. They advanced through a dense fire of shot and shell from the enemy, and went at it like old soldiers. After some heavy firing they turned our left flank, and advanced on us with a large force. We then retreated between two and three miles, and reformed in line of battle on some high hills, with the artillery on the right and left flanks, when firing from the artillery commenced on both sides, and was kept up for several hours, when the enemy again advanced in large force from a dense wood on our right flank, and after some severe firing, succeeded in turning it, when a retreat took place to the original camping ground of the brigade about a mile from Richmond.

Here Gen. Nelson, who had just come up, met the men, and by great efforts re-called them, and again formed them in line of battle. At this time the ammunition of the artillery had almost given out, and some of the guns were without any men left to work them, all being killed or wounded; but with what little ammunition was left, we replied to the enemy's guns until they either changed their position or were silenced.

This was about 4 P. M., on Saturday, when our informant left the ground. He states that Lieutenant Topping, of the 71st Indiana, had a horse shot under him, and was afterward shot through the body and died from the wound. Major Conklin, of the same regiment, was reported killed. The Major of Metcalf's cavalry was also reported killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Stout, of the 69th Indiana, is reported wounded, and so is the Major of the 18th Kentucky. From other gentlemen who arrived from Richmond and Lexington last evening, we learn that another attack was made on the lines after it was formed by Gen. Nelson, by the infantry and cavalry of the enemy, and our forces were completely routed. Some two thousand of our men were taken prisoners, and the balance scattered, many of them on the road to Lexington. In this engagement General Nelson received his wound. The 95th Ohio maintained their ground until they were scattered by Colonel Metcalf's cavalry, which dashed in among them.

All our forces that were in this engagement were raw men of the last levy. Our informants state that they acted well so long as they were in position; but as soon as their commander attempted to move them they became disorganized, and could not again be brought into position. Col. Manson acted gallantly and nobly, and his management of the raw troops under his command is highly spoken of by those who were present.

Gen. Lew. Wallace received a dispatch from Gov. Morton, yesterday afternoon, asking him to meet

him at Lexington to-day, and he leaves with his staff on the first train this morning.

Army of the West.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Louisville Journal writes that the rebel Morgan and his band left Glasgow, Ky., at 4 P. M. on the 30th ult.

On Wednesday morning Col. Shackelford started for the rebels, and came upon Col. Johnson's camp on Gilliger Lake, drove in his pickets, and took possession of his camp.

The success of the rebels in Kentucky caused a good deal of excitement in Cincinnati, and fears were entertained that an attack upon that city was meditated.

From Tennessee we have the following dispatch: GEN. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS, SEPT. 2, 1 P. M. Via Cairo, Sept. 2, 4 P. M.

To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—Col. Demis, with from 400 to 500 men, met with the rebel cavalry yesterday, a few miles west of Whedon, in superior force, driving them and whipping them badly.

Dispatches received from Jackson, the 2d, say Bolivar is reported invested by a heavy force under Price; also, a large force of the enemy, seven miles from there, are threatening an attack.

A skirmish between rebel pickets and a squad of federals took place on the 22d, near Greenville, Miss. Two of the latter were killed.

A dispatch from Memphis, on the 3d inst., says a fight is reported to have occurred at Widdellough, seven miles from Bolivar, on Sunday P. M., lasting several hours.

The Amelia was fired into on her last passage up from Helena, by guerrillas, from the foot of Puck Island, killing one and wounding two.

From St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 2, we learn that Poin-dexter, the notorious rebel leader of guerrilla bands in Missouri, was caught on Monday night, asleep in a house, twenty miles from Hudson.

A dispatch from Greenfield, Mo., Sept. 1, says Major Lippard has obtained another signal success over the guerrillas in South-eastern Missouri, with a squadron of the 13th Illinois cavalry, two companies of the 20th Missouri Volunteers, and one howitzer of the 2d Missouri Artillery.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, writing from Fort Scott, Kansas, Aug. 26, says: The greatest activity prevails here in getting this army ready for immediate advance toward Arkansas.

Information has just been received here confirming the report that the rebels are concentrating in large numbers at Cross Hollow, Arkansas, intending to march north, proposing to take Fort Scott and then Fort Leavenworth.

Day before yesterday Quantrell's and Hays' bands came upon six companies of the 2d Kansas and three companies of the 6th Kansas, near Lamar.

A report has been received that Nashville, Tennessee, is abandoned by our troops and occupied by the rebels.

The Situation in Virginia.

On the preceding page we have given a detailed account of the great battles in the vicinity of Manassas, up to Saturday night.

There was no fighting of consequence on Sunday, only occasional skirmishing or a few shots poured into the woods from time to time on the enemy, as if trying the range of our guns.

On Sunday morning, between eight and nine o'clock, 15 of our ambulances, being in advance of the train down a hollow, were captured.

About one o'clock Sunday afternoon, several trains of cars at Manassas Junction, with ammunition and stores, were burned by the military authorities, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels, which seemed to be imminent.

A Tribune correspondent, who went over the field of battle on Sunday, says our dead lay untouched as they fell in battle, with the exception of their caps and shoes.

On Monday morning, intelligence was received at headquarters that the divisions of Hill and Longstreet intended to appear on our right in force, and cut off our supply trains.

The army of Virginia commenced retiring toward Fairfax Court House on Monday, at 9 o'clock, Reno's division leading the march, and McDowell's corps following.

Reno and Stevens immediately formed their commands in line of battle to repel the attack of the enemy, now concealed in the thick shrubbery.

The rebel Governor of Virginia has issued a proclamation, calling for a State force of 10,000 men, to be formed into a division and placed under the command of Gen. Floyd.

The rebels are carrying out a threat long since made, of invading the Northern States. Indeed, in all their operations they are exhibiting great quickness of movement, and it is difficult at this stage to say whether they are guided by wisdom or desperation.

From one of the Times correspondents who has just returned from Poolsville, we learn that on Thursday night the rebels commenced to cross with cavalry at or near the mouth of the Monocacy.

The following are the latest dispatches received by telegraph: From one of the Times correspondents who has just returned from Poolsville, we learn that on Thursday night the rebels commenced to cross with cavalry at or near the mouth of the Monocacy.

Information has reached Washington that the rebels are demonstrating up the river, and some have already reached Leesburg, and were also spreading between there and the Chain Bridge, as if designing to cross the ferry connecting with Montgomery county, somewhere in the neighborhood of Poolsville.

A dispatch dated Washington, Sept. 4th, says the work of getting the army into a good position in front of Washington, has been accomplished with fair success. So well conducted has been the process of falling back from Centerville to their present positions of perfect security, that not one army wagon has been lost on the route.

Five rebel scouts or spies crossed over at Edward's Ferry on Wednesday, and were seen at or near Poolsville. They did not long continue in that neighborhood. Such reconnaissances are believed to be of frequent occurrence.

A regiment of rebel cavalry was at Edward's Ferry yesterday, and amused themselves by saluting our men on this, the Maryland side, with their field pieces, but doing no damage.

The rebels, in the recent engagements, did not fight with their entire forces, having a powerful reserve, to be made use of as the exigencies might require. The most reliable among the conflicting rumors is that the rebel forces, comprising, at a guess, 100,000 men, were still moving yesterday, (Sept. 3,) through Thoroughfare Gap, branching off into the valley, and stretching upwards toward Harper's Ferry.

It appears from a private letter that our troops have been withdrawn from Acquia Creek; if not altogether, at least in part. The stores have been placed beyond the possibility of falling into the hands of the rebels. Five or six gunboats were at last accounts lying in that vicinity.

The latest reports by telegraph, this (Tuesday) morning, are that rebel pickets were extended eight

warded to Jackson. The citizens are performing guard duty.

The rebel force, under five Generals, Jackson, Longstreet, Ewell, Hill and Smith, is not less than two hundred and fifteen thousand men at the present time.

It is believed that the rebels have crossed in some force this side of Point of Rocks, and subsequently, for the most part, re-crossed into Virginia, as though hesitating to make the experiment of getting lodgment in Maryland.

The rebels are well supplied with artillery, and most of the Unionists of Winchester and Leesburg had escaped into Maryland. Others, who were captured by the secessionists while attempting it, were imprisoned.

A gentleman who arrived at Washington, from Fredericksburg, on Thursday, reports that the destruction of bridges over the Rappahannock, at that place, was not completed by our troops before they all evacuated.

An officer of Sigel's staff says the battle of Bull Run, on Saturday, began with heavy firing from artillery, on both sides, from Gen. Franz Sigel's division or corps.

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miles south-east of Frederick, Maryland, and that nearly all the enemy had left our front in the neighborhood of Manassas, but whether for a bold attack upon Maryland or for some other work, seemed to be unknown to those in search of news, if not to the Government.

Nothing has yet been heard from the Federals at Harper's Ferry and Martinsburg, who are cut off from re-enforcements by the rebel movement toward Frederick.

A gentleman who arrived at Washington on the 8th, says the rebel force at Frederick is estimated at 40,000, under Jackson. From this gentleman's conversation with rebel soldiers, he derived the impression that one object is to destroy the Western Central Pennsylvania Railroad, and otherwise operate in that State, and having ulterior designs on Washington and Baltimore.

Our government seems to be actively preparing for the new circumstances in which we are placed, for it is said immense bodies of troops are moving for the Upper Potomac, and everything shows vigor and determination on our part.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE Provost Guard was busy on Tuesday closing up all the liquor establishments in the city. Their captures were sent to the Medical Purveyor's office.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia North American telegraphs that it is now understood that the period of drafting will be left to the Governors of the respective States to decide for themselves, as the Government is not disposed to push the matter, unless the emergency should be such as to render a single day's delay fatal.

H. M. Pierce, President of Rutgers' Institute in New York city, has been appointed General Superintendent of Hospital nurses in the military district of Washington, and has entered upon the discharge of his duties.

The following circular was issued on the 30th ult.: SUGROVE GENERAL'S OFFICE, Washington, Aug. 30. To the Loyal Women and Children of the United States:—The supply of lint in the market is nearly exhausted.

I appeal to you to come to our aid in supplying us with this necessary article. There is scarcely a woman or child who cannot scrape lint, and there is no way in which their assistance can be more usefully given than in furnishing us the means to dress the wounds of those who fall in the defense of their rights and their homes.

Contributions will be received in Boston by Surgeon McLaren, U. S. A.; New York, by R. Satterlee, U. S. A.; Newark, by Asst. Surgeon Jareway; Philadelphia, Geo. E. Coupen, U. S. A.; Baltimore, Surgeon C. C. Cox, U. S. A.; Washington, Surgeon C. J. Tambucci; Cincinnati, Surgeon Glover Perrin, U. S. A.; Louisville, Surgeon J. F. Head, U. S. A.; St. Louis, Asst. Surgeon C. G. Alexander, U. S. A.; or by any medical officer of the U. S. A. U. J. HAMMOND, Surgeon General U. S. A.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 122. WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, September 3, 1862. Major-General McClellan will have command of all the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital.

The re-appointment of Gen. McClellan is principally due to the wishes of the army itself. A distinguished Major-General who had been opposed to General McClellan's strategy, stated that candor compelled him to admit that the soldiers demand McClellan for their leader.

Gen. McClellan has issued the following order: GENERAL ORDER NO. 1. WASHINGTON, September 4, 1862. 1st. Pursuant to General Order No. 122, from the War Department, Adjutant-General's office, of the 2d inst., the undersigned hereby assumes command of the fortifications at Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital.

The heads of the Staff Departments of the Army of the Potomac will be in charge of their respective departments at these headquarters. 3d. In addition to these consolidated morning reports required by the circular of this date, from these headquarters, reports will be made by corps commanders as to their compliance with the assignment to positions heretofore given them, stating definitely the ground occupied and covered by their commands, and as to what progress has been made in obedience to the orders already issued to place their commands in condition for immediate service.

A dispatch dated Washington, Sept. 4th, says, information has been received here that a number of persons from this city, with others, were yesterday on the late battle field, attending to the burial of the dead, and the comfort and removal of the wounded. About twenty surgeons were of the party. It is further stated that a number of our citizens, including the government clerks, were undoubtedly captured on Monday by the enemy, who were engaged harassing General Banks on his retreat from Warrenton.

The paroled prisoners who have arrived here say that they were well treated by the rebels except in the matter of food. It appears from General Orders No. 118, issued by the War Department, that the number of officers of the U. S. service who have been exchanged as prisoners of war, up to the 27th ult., is 279, including two Brigadier-Generals, Reynolds and McCall, 11 Colonels, 9 Lieut-Colonels, 17 Majors, 95 Captains, and 83 1st and 2d Lieutenants. 113 Confederate officers were changed for rank and file of the United States army.

The Surgeon-General has sent away over 2,000 volunteer surgeons. Some of them objected to do duty in the Washington hospitals, and were inexorable unless they could cut and carve on the battle field. A number of gunboats have approached within a view of Washington. The appearance of two, near Georgetown, this afternoon, was indeed a wonder—such a craft never before having appeared in the Potomac. The river shore in that vicinity is lined with spectators, and the day being beautiful, the surrounding scenery and the movement of troops presented a scene at once beautiful and impressive.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The National Feed Cutter—Whitmore & Son. Geneva Valley Nurseries—Frost & Co. A Nursery for Sale at a Bargain. Apple Trees, &c. for Sale—E. Moody & Son. Trees and Plants at Low Prices—Frost & Co. Endless Chain Railway Horse-Powers—R & M Harder.

The News Condenser.

- It is publicly denied that Sigel has lost any guns. — Senator Fessenden's son, Samuel, was killed in the battle of Friday. — Canal receipts to August 22d exceed those of last year \$335,821.80. — All the property of John Stidell has been confiscated by Gen. Butler. — Gen. Nelson has relieved Gen. Lew Wallace, who will take the field. — The death of Gen. Stahl is positively contradicted by Gen. Blenker. — Norfolk and Suffolk have been strongly re-enforced by Federal troops. — The 78d Illinois regiment is commanded throughout by Methodist preachers. — A French ship has been captured on the coast of North Carolina with a cargo of cotton. — A monument to the memory of Prince Albert is to be raised in Coburg, his native town. — The tannage, afloat, of the United States, is larger than that of any other nation on the globe. — Joe Balding, a colored man, died in the Zanesville Infirmary on the 11th ult., aged 121 years. — Twenty-three Indians are now on the way to Boston, a larger number than for several years past. — Jeff Davis has issued an order to treat Gen. Hunter and Phelps as outlaws, to be executed as felons. — Edwin G. Ripley, President of the Aetna Insurance Company of Hartford, died on Tuesday, 26th ult. — The Emperor Napoleon has fixed the majority of the Prince, his heir, at the age of fourteen years. — Col. Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, was killed in one of the recent engagements in Virginia. — Hon. John Willard, member of the N. Y. State Senate, died at Saratoga on the 1st inst., aged 78 years. — Alexander M. Ross, the engineer of the Victoria bridge, died in England recently, in an insane asylum. — It is stated that the Emperor Napoleon has declared that France intends to defend the Pope of Rome. — Three West Springfield athletes are said to have swam three miles up stream in the Connecticut recently. — The Georgetown Seminary Hospital is appropriated exclusively to sick and wounded officers of the army. — The headquarters of Gen. Wright, the new commander of the Department of Ohio, will be at Louisville, Ky. — Among the articles comprised in the cargo of the captured steamer Tubal Cain, were 13,000 stand of fire-arms. — A war with all the Indian tribes is at hand. The California mails are to be sent via New York until further notice. — As the work upon the census is approaching completion, 100 clerks will be discharged from the Interior Department. — The Chinese Government has ordered three propellers of New York builders. They are in course of construction. — Gen. Burnside expressed the opinion at Fortress Monroe recently, that McClellan would make a mark leading all the rest. — Tuesday, 26th ult., twenty-six clerks in the Land Office were discharged, on account of the falling off in the business. — The New Orleans Advocate figures up a loss to that city of \$250,000,000 as the effect of secession, already experienced. — Mrs. S. P. Boutwell, of Williamstown, Vt., has six sons and one son-in-law in the Union army, volunteers for 3 years. — It is rumored that when our forces in Virginia are fully concentrated, Gen. Halleck will take the field as Commander-in-Chief. — The Government has perfected arrangements with a Boston company to raise the fifteen sunken vessels in Hampton Roads. — The total tonnage of the United States on the 1st July, was 5,639,812 tons—an increase of 185,944 tons over the previous year. — Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, is to marry the King of Portugal on the 10th of October, the anniversary of her birth. — Up to the present time this year, only 3,757 less emigrants have arrived at the port of New York than during the like period last year. — This new census of San Francisco gives a population of 90,000, against 83,000 last year. The city is in a very prosperous condition. — Twelve hundred applications have been made to the French Government for the place of Guardian of Napoleon's Tomb, just vacated. — Three gentlemen caught 741 trout in Vermont last week, in eight hours time. Committing such havoc among the trout is shameful business. — It is said that the imperial nursery of France will have another inmate before long, to the great delight of "the nephew of his uncle." — John C. Rives, ex-publisher of the Washington Globe, has subscribed \$5,000 for the District volunteers. He has previously given \$10,000. — The Government of Brazil has decided that after two years, the Amazon and its tributaries shall be open to the commerce of all nations. — From the 11th to the 16th of August, no less than 16,600 sick men were removed from Harrison's Landing with boats of the Sanitary Commission. — A man in Shrewsbury, Vt., has been arrested for passing a twenty dollar Confederate States note, as the difference in making an exchange of horses. — The ladies of Providence, C. C., have offered to contribute toward the Ladies' Relief Association, Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the offer has been accepted. — Gov. Tod, of Ohio, has been authorized by the Secretary of War to raise a cavalry regiment for the defense of the river countries against rebel raids. — Father Dunne, a former Catholic priest of Chicago, has accepted a Colonelcy in the Union army, and is raising a Dunne Legion for service in the field. — Mrs. Flanagan, while under the influence of liquor, was run over by a train at Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday night, 26th ult., and had both her lower limbs cut off. — The U. S. steamer Hatteras captured, while trying to run the blockade at Benwick Bay, the rebel schooner Josephine, with 322 bales of cotton, bound for Havana. — The Provost-Marshal of St. Louis has notified seven well-known secession females to quit the city in forty-eight hours, on pain of imprisonment for refusal. — Bridget Gleason, of Rutland, Vt., about 25 years of age, was so burned by the explosion of a fluid lamp Saturday, 30th ult., that her death ensued on Sunday morning. — The town of Jackson, in Amador county, California, was burned on the 23d ult. Two thousand people were rendered homeless. Loss \$400,000, and very little insured. — The man who was for some time supposed to be Nena Sahib, of execrable memory, has died in a British prison in India. An order had just been issued for his release. — In Sharon, Vt., on the 11th ult., a little girl four years old, while playing with matches, set fire to her clothes, and was so severely burned that she lived but a short time. — Maj. Thomas Cornell, of Rondout, N. Y., contributed \$3,000 to aid recruiting for the Ulster and Greene regiments, and subscribed \$5,000 to aid in filling up another regiment. — Edward Lee, a workman in the Washington Mills at Lawrence, Mass., was caught by the teeth of a wool picker lately, and so horribly lacerated he lived but a few minutes. — Several wooden tenements and three stables in Charlestown, Mass., were destroyed by fire Saturday, 30th ult., and twenty families were made homeless. Loss \$10,000 to \$15,000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1882. The market is unusually quiet, and we have to report but few changes. Oats are a little higher than last week, and the same is true of Pork, Butter, and Eggs.

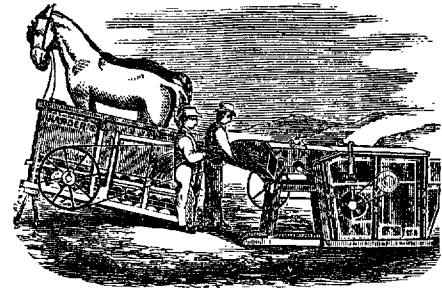
Table of market prices for various commodities including Flour, Wheat, Corn, and other grains, with prices listed in cents and dollars.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—An active demand has prevailed for the low and medium grades and better prices have been obtained. The fleeces have been very much selected although sales have been made at 7/10c below course wool. The sales during the past month are:

Table listing wool market prices for various types of wool, including Saxony, American, and other grades.

BUY THE BEST, AT THE EMPIRE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.



These Powers produce more power with less elevation, and are operated with greater ease to the team, than any other reaper or mower. They are especially adapted for doing a larger business without waste or clogging than any other Two-Horse Cleaner before the public.

THE THRESHER AND CLEANER runs easy, separates the grain perfectly clean from the straw, cleans equal to the best of Panning Mills, leaving the grain fit for the market, and is capable of doing a larger business without waste or clogging than any other Two-Horse Cleaner before the public.

SUPERIOR STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

Grown with special care, and warranted to give satisfaction, or money will be refunded. Triumph No. 6 Grand, \$1.00; the great Austin or Shaker, \$2.00; Wilson's \$1 per 100. Great reduction in price when one or more thousands are taken.

C. MILLER, Foreign and American Horticultural Agent and COMMISSION MERCHANT. EXHIBITION and SALES ROOMS. No. 634 Broadway, near Bleeker Street, New York.

FARMS FOR SALE.

BENNETT & BANCKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Jackson, Michigan. Have for sale some of the choicest FARMING LANDS in the State of Michigan, situated principally in the Counties of Jackson, from forty to one hundred acres, well watered, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

MASON & HAMLIN'S HARMONIUMS AND MELODEONS.

Warranted the BEST INSTRUMENTS of the class in the world. See Catalogue containing testimony to their superiority from the most eminent musicians. Constantly exhibited in competition with instruments of the other best makers, they have never, in a single instance, failed to take the highest prize. The only Gold Medal ever awarded to these instruments in this country was to one of these. Prices of Harmoniums (of which several new styles are now first offered) \$60 to \$200 each; of Melodeons \$40 to \$200 each. For more particulars, call on O. W. BENNETT, or E. BANCKER, from the factory, by MASON BROTHERS, Agents.

TO BUILDERS AND FARMERS. Building Brick and Drain Tile.

The Rochester Brick and Tile Manufacturing Company are now prepared to meet all demands of either Builders or Farmers wanting Brick or Tile. Pipe, Tile of all sizes from two to six inches, and Horse Shoe from two to ten inches. The Tile is of superior quality, being 16 inches in length, 10 1/2 inches making 8 rods. They are also strong, hard burned, and every yard of superior quality. The following list of prices shows the low rates at which we offer our Tile, and the facilities thus afforded farmers for cheap underdrainage.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 3.—FLOUR—Market dull, but with a limited supply, prices without decided change. Sales at \$5.00 for 100 lbs for superfine State; \$5.00 for extra; \$5.00 for medium extra; \$4.90 for good; \$4.80 for choice. Rye at \$2.00 for common; \$1.90 for choice. Corn at \$1.00 for common; \$0.90 for choice. Pork at \$10.00 for common; \$11.00 for choice. Beef at \$10.00 for common; \$11.00 for choice. Butter at \$1.00 for common; \$1.10 for choice. Eggs at \$0.20 for common; \$0.25 for choice.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 3.—The following are the rates for the week:

Table listing Boston market rates for various commodities like Saxon and Mer, fine, and other goods.

PHILADELPHIA, September 3.—Sales for the past month 454,000 lbs fleeces at 38 1/2c.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 3.—Sales for the past month 71,000 lbs fleeces, 30c; 1,911 lbs, 44 1/2c; 5 mos; and 3,000 lbs 71c.

ALBANY, Sept. 3.—The market for flour is firm, but was less active than it was during the past fortnight. We learn of sales of 2,000 lbs of extra No. 1's 'lamb' on p. t.—Journal.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The market is about even, and there is little or no selling here. In the Eastern market an advance of 3c on No. 1's has recently taken place in consequence of the great quantity which will be wanted for Government accounts. Prices range from 66c to 68c, according to quality.—Journal.

TOLEDO, Sept. 4.—The quotations for wool this week are very uncertain. On Monday 400,000 lbs. was given by buyers as the price; the reason of this is the scarcity of it, as the season for wool is nearly gone.—Globe.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Ellwanger & Barry Beg leave to announce that their stock of Nursery Articles for the ensuing Fall Trade, embracing everything desirable, new or old, in both Fruit and Ornamental Departments, is quite equal, and in some respects superior, to any ever before offered by them, and they solicit Planters, Nurserymen and Dealers to examine their Catalogues, which give details of the stock and prices.

THEIR NEW Wholesale Catalogue for the season is just issued, and will be sent gratis to all who apply and inclose one stamp.

MONROE SAVINGS INSTITUTION has money to loan on improved farms in Monroe and adjoining counties. J. E. PIERPONT, Secretary. Rochester, Aug. 16, 1882.

40,000 PEACH, APPLE, AND PEAR TREES for sale on the ground, or otherwise, five miles out Buffalo road. E. M. PORTER, Rochester, N. Y.

20,000 PEACH TREES for sale, \$30.00 per 1000. Apple Seedlings, 2 years, No. 1, \$2.25 per 1000. Apple Trees, 4 to 6 feet, \$1.00 per 1000. 600-21 P. BOWEN & CO., East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

DELAWARE GRAPE VINES At Ten Cents Each. PARSONS & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y.

TOLEDO NURSERIES ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c., At Wholesale and Retail, at very low rates.

200,000 APPLE TREES, 4 years old, 2 1/2 to 3 1/2 feet high, Standard and Dwarf Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry Trees, Dipsa, Concord, and Delaware Grape Vines. White Grape and Cherry Curvants, &c. Send for Catalogue, to MOODY & SON, 661-4 Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS! A Nursery at a Bargain!

For sale on the most reasonable terms, an old established, thriving and well stocked nursery in Central New York. A large portion of the stock is now ready for the market, the variety is large and select of all classes, and crops of Trees, Shrubs, &c., are included, in all stages of growth. It is a rare chance for any one desiring to purchase this profitable business, as other circumstances alone induce the proprietors to part with it. Full particulars may be had on application at this office, if made soon. 661-3

THE GROVE NURSERY.—DR. JOHN A. KENNICOTT, THE GROVE P. O., COOK CO., ILL. will sell all kinds of Nursery stock, suited to the North-West. Fruit, Ornamental and Timber Trees, Splendid Evergreens, sure to live. "Small Fruits," of 80 best sorts; near 300 varieties of early Shrubs and Flowering Plants, and some that are tender. Pine, Spruce, Fir, &c., all "honest and good," and at rates based on the price of farm products and labor—nearly all at an average of less than fifty cents per tree. For Catalogue, including Circulars, please address the Principal, 26 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. 658-57

RECEIVER'S SALE OF NURSERY STOCK.—The undersigned, appointed receiver of the Nursery Stock of JAMES H. GREGORY, of the Western part of the State, has for sale to Dealers and Nurserymen. The stock consists of forty thousand Dwarf Peaches, 30,000 Standard, 30,000 Cherries, 12,000 Apples, 5,000 Pears, and a large variety of early Shrubs and Flowering Plants, and some that are tender. The Property is desirable, and will be sold low. Application should be made at once to PATRICK BARRY, Receiver, or to his Agent, JAS. H. GREGORY, Rochester, Aug. 1, 1882. 658-47

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—On the premises at Hillside, State of Michigan, by Auction, on Friday, the 13th day of September, 1882, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., will be sold over 1,000 acres of improved land, in and adjoining the Village and College grounds, in 10 to 20 acre parcels, from one acre upwards. Also, 600 acres east of the Village, also 600 acres, one half improved, 3 miles west of the Village, in lots of 40 to 80 acres; also, over 5,000 acres of wild lands lying in the Southern tier of townships in Hillsdale county, in lots of 40 to 80 acres. Hillside Village is a thriving and healthy Village, at which place Hillside College is located. A schedule and brief description of these lands may be obtained after the 13th of September next, by addressing the subscriber, at Hillside, Hillsdale Co., Michigan. TERMS—One-fourth down; balance, long time. HORACE BLACKMAR, Assignee of ESBON BLACKMAR, August 6th, 1882. 658-52

MILLIKEN'S STENCIL PAMPHLET.—Show how any active person can make money handsomely. Sent free. Address Editor "Monitor," Brandon, Vt. 655

G. C. PEARSON & CO., COMMISSION MERCHANTS, No. 167 Water Street, Chicago, Ill., Receive consignments of produce to be sold in this market, and for shipment; all Eastern orders for grain by the cargo, Flour, Provisions, &c., making advances (if desired), in other cases.

REPEATEDLY.—A. C. Badger & Co., Bankers, Chicago; W. E. Gould, Esq., (International Bank), Portland, Maine; Edwards, Wood, & Co., Boston; Van Hooker, Rowe & Butler, Sept. 25. For Catalogue, including Circulars, please address the Principal, 26 Pemberton Square, Boston, Mass. 658-57

RECEIVER'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—On the premises at Hillside, State of Michigan, by Auction, on Friday, the 13th day of September, 1882, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., will be sold over 1,000 acres of improved land, in and adjoining the Village and College grounds, in 10 to 20 acre parcels, from one acre upwards. Also, 600 acres east of the Village, also 600 acres, one half improved, 3 miles west of the Village, in lots of 40 to 80 acres; also, over 5,000 acres of wild lands lying in the Southern tier of townships in Hillsdale county, in lots of 40 to 80 acres. Hillside Village is a thriving and healthy Village, at which place Hillside College is located. A schedule and brief description of these lands may be obtained after the 13th of September next, by addressing the subscriber, at Hillside, Hillsdale Co., Michigan. TERMS—One-fourth down; balance, long time. HORACE BLACKMAR, Assignee of ESBON BLACKMAR, August 6th, 1882. 658-52

ARMY AND NAVY CLAIMS! A Pension, Bounty, Arrears of Pay and Prize Money, Due Officers, Soldiers, Seamen, and Marines, their Widows, Orphan children and heirs at law, promptly collected on reasonable terms, and money charge until the claims are realized, by SAMUEL W. NILES, (of the General Land Office), MILITARY, NAVAL AND GENERAL AGENT, (established in 1827), WASHINGTON CITY, D. C. July, 1882. 658-181

Married.

In this city, on the 1st inst., by the Rev. H. A. NALLY, Mr. W. F. WERNDEN, of Rochester, and Miss FILLMORE, of Buffalo.

In this city, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. A. G. HALL, DD., LOUDON U. DODGE, Esq., of Buffalo, and Miss KATE H. WOOD, second daughter of JOSEPH D. HUBBARD, Esq., of Rochester.

In this city, on the 8th inst., of Cholera Infantum, FRANCIS HAGERMAN, son of FRANCIS S. RAW, aged 2 years.

Died.

In this city, on the 8th inst., of Cholera Infantum, FRANCIS HAGERMAN, son of FRANCIS S. RAW, aged 2 years.

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THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 2.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows: BEEF CATTLE. Ordinary quality, \$3.25; Common quality, \$3.00; Inferior quality, \$2.75. COWS AND CALVES. First quality, \$4.00; Ordinary quality, \$3.50; Common quality, \$3.00; Inferior quality, \$2.50. SHEEP AND LAMBS. Prime quality, \$4.50; Ordinary quality, \$4.00; Common quality, \$3.50; Inferior quality, \$3.00. CORN. No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$0.90; No. 3, \$0.80. WHEAT. No. 1, \$1.25; No. 2, \$1.15; No. 3, \$1.05. RYE. No. 1, \$0.80; No. 2, \$0.75; No. 3, \$0.70. OATS. No. 1, \$0.50; No. 2, \$0.45; No. 3, \$0.40. BUTTER. No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$0.95; No. 3, \$0.90. EGGS. No. 1, \$0.25; No. 2, \$0.20; No. 3, \$0.15. CHICKENS. No. 1, \$0.40; No. 2, \$0.35; No. 3, \$0.30. TURKEYS. No. 1, \$0.60; No. 2, \$0.55; No. 3, \$0.50. DUCKS. No. 1, \$0.40; No. 2, \$0.35; No. 3, \$0.30. PORK. No. 1, \$10.00; No. 2, \$9.50; No. 3, \$9.00. BACON. No. 1, \$11.00; No. 2, \$10.50; No. 3, \$10.00. LARD. No. 1, \$0.25; No. 2, \$0.20; No. 3, \$0.15. SUGAR. No. 1, \$0.15; No. 2, \$0.10; No. 3, \$0.05. COFFEE. No. 1, \$0.20; No. 2, \$0.15; No. 3, \$0.10. TEA. No. 1, \$0.30; No. 2, \$0.25; No. 3, \$0.20. SPICES. No. 1, \$0.10; No. 2, \$0.05; No. 3, \$0.02. FLOUR. No. 1, \$5.00; No. 2, \$4.50; No. 3, \$4.00. GRAIN. No. 1, \$1.00; No. 2, \$0.90; No. 3, \$0.80. STOCKS. No. 1, \$100.00; No. 2, \$90.00; No. 3, \$80.00. BONDS. No. 1, \$100.00; No. 2, \$90.00; No. 3, \$80.00. REAL ESTATE. No. 1, \$100.00; No. 2, \$90.00; No. 3, \$80.00. MISCELLANEOUS. No. 1, \$100.00; No. 2, \$90.00; No. 3, \$80.00.

TORONTO, SEPT. 4.—GRAIN.—The supplies of grain on the street market this week, have been but small.

Fall Wheat—In moderate supply, sold at 80c to \$1.00. Spring Wheat—In moderate supply, sold at 80c to \$1.00. Barley—In moderate supply, sold at 80c to \$1.00. Rye—In moderate supply, sold at 80c to \$1.00. Oats—In moderate supply, sold at 80c to \$1.00.

Provisions—The market for most kinds of provisions has been quiet, and prices are without change. Flour is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Sugar is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Stocks—The market for stocks has been quiet, and prices are without change. Bonds are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Butter—The market for butter has been quiet, and prices are without change. Eggs are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Chickens are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Turkeys are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Ducks are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Pork—The market for pork has been quiet, and prices are without change. Bacon is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Lard is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Sugar is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Corn—The market for corn has been quiet, and prices are without change. Wheat is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Rye is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Oats are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Flour is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Wheat—The market for wheat has been quiet, and prices are without change. Rye is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Oats are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Flour is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Rye—The market for rye has been quiet, and prices are without change. Oats are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Flour is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Oats—The market for oats has been quiet, and prices are without change. Flour is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Flour—The market for flour has been quiet, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Grain—The market for grain has been quiet, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Stock—The market for stocks has been quiet, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Bond—The market for bonds has been quiet, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Real Estate—The market for real estate has been quiet, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Miscellaneous—The market for miscellaneous goods has been quiet, and prices are without change.

Butter—The market for butter has been quiet, and prices are without change. Eggs are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Chickens are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Turkeys are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Ducks are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Eggs—The market for eggs has been quiet, and prices are without change. Chickens are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Turkeys are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Ducks are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Chickens—The market for chickens has been quiet, and prices are without change. Turkeys are in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Ducks are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Turkeys—The market for turkeys has been quiet, and prices are without change. Ducks are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Ducks—The market for ducks has been quiet, and prices are without change.

Pork—The market for pork has been quiet, and prices are without change. Bacon is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Lard is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Sugar is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Bacon—The market for bacon has been quiet, and prices are without change. Lard is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Sugar is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Lard—The market for lard has been quiet, and prices are without change. Sugar is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Sugar—The market for sugar has been quiet, and prices are without change. Coffee is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Coffee—The market for coffee has been quiet, and prices are without change. Tea is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Tea—The market for tea has been quiet, and prices are without change. Spices are in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Spices—The market for spices has been quiet, and prices are without change.

Flour—The market for flour has been quiet, and prices are without change. Grain is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Grain—The market for grain has been quiet, and prices are without change. Stock is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Stock—The market for stocks has been quiet, and prices are without change. Bond is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Bond—The market for bonds has been quiet, and prices are without change. Real Estate is in moderate supply, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Real Estate—The market for real estate has been quiet, and prices are without change. Miscellaneous is in moderate supply, and prices are without change.

Miscellaneous—The market for miscellaneous goods has been quiet, and prices are without change.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM GULLEN BRYANT.

LAY down the axe; fling by the spade; Leave in the track the toiling plow; The rifle and the bayonet blade For arms like yours were fitter now.

Our country calls; away! away! To where the blood streams blot the green; Strike to defend the gentlest way That time in all its course has seen.

See—from a thousand covert—see Spring the arm'd foes that haunt her track; They rush to smite her down, and we Must beat the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdily as the oaks ye cleave, And moved as soon to fear and flight, Men of the glade and forest! leave Your woodcraft for the field of fight.

And ye who breast the mountain storm, In grassy steep or highland lake, Come for the land ye love to form A bulwark that no foe can break.

And ye whose homes are by her grand Swift rivers, rising far away, Come from the depth of her green land As mighty in your march as they;

Few, few are they whose swords of old Won the fair land in which we dwell; But we are many, we who hold The grim resolve to guard it well.

The Story-Teller.

JONATHAN'S PRESENT.

"I wish I knew what to buy our Effie for a birthday present!"

"Our Effie." How natural it seemed to use the caressing household phrase—and Jonathan Starke thought, with a sudden thrill of happiness, how short a period would elapse ere he might say his Effie—his own darling, blue-eyed wife!

Only the evening before, when he had stood at her father's wicket gate, with the new moon glimmering through the purple March twilight, Effie had said to him, softly as if the dew and the starlight, and the faint, delicious smells of the golden daffodils in the garden border, and the blue violets just budding out on the meadow slopes, had passed into the very tones of her voice, "To-morrow I shall be seventeen!"

"If it was a man, now, I could tell something about it!" groaned Jonathan; "but how is a fellow to understand the things a woman fancies?"

My dear, unsophisticated Jonathan! a good many people have been precisely in your predicament before now! There were dainty little bonnets of blue velvet and plumes; there were lace collars, looking to Jonathan's bewildered gaze as if they would flutter away at the merest breath of air; and gleaming folds of lustrous silk, which he couldn't any more fancy Effie Scott wearing than he could imagine the russet robin of the Connecticut woods decked out in the gaudy plumage of the paroulet!

"Good morning, deacon," said Jonathan, the next day, as he wiped the mud off his shoes on the carpet rug that always lay just inside the door, and deposited his hat on the table. "Morning," said the deacon, laconically. "How is Effie to-day?"

"Well," returned the deacon, gazing solemnly into the fire, "she's pretty well, I guess."

"How did she like her present?" inquired Jonathan, bashfully. "Well, I believe she didn't like it at all," said the deacon, hitching his chair a little back.

"Not like it!" Jonathan opened eyes and mouth in inexpressible surprise. "Well, there! nobody can tell anything about a woman's fancy. I did think she'd have been pleased, though."

"Hem-m-m!" remarked the deacon, sententiously. "Is she at home?" pursued Jonathan.

"Well, yes, she's to hum," answered Deacon Scott. "Can I see her?" The deacon took his pipe out of his mouth. "She says she don't never want to see you again, Mr. Starke!"

ceedingly juvenile costume, and short, bears' greased curls.

Three dollars sounded larger in thrifty Jonathan's ears than three hundred would have done to the other young men who were lounging about the store, but Jonathan thought of Effie Scott's blue eyes, and dived into the depths of his leather purse without a repining reflection.

"Here's the money," he said, laying a tiny gold coin on the counter. "Pack up the concern tight, will you, so that it won't break to pieces before I get it home."

"Certainly, sir," returned the shopman politely, "if you will have the kindness to wait one moment, until I have attended to this lady."

Jonathan Starke sat down on one of the revolving stools in front of the counter, and swung himself creakingly round and round, staring at the drugs and sniffing in the aromatic odor of the scented soaps, and stealing sly glances at the antiquated female, who was whispering mysteriously to the shopman, with an odd kind of incredulity that she could by any possibility belong to the same sex with his blue-eyed, peach-blossom little fiancée, pretty Effie Scott!

He was roused from this meditation by the half-suppressed laughter of a bevy of gay girls, who had fluttered like a swarm of butterflies into the store. And what was worse, Jonathan was uncomfortably certain that they were tittering at his cowhide boots and home-made garments. He turned very hot, and felt a moisture starting upon his brow.

"Your parcel is ready, sir," said the man of vials and gallipots, and Jonathan, making a dash at the square package, neatly tied with a pink twine, rushed out of the store, and never stopped until he had reached the cars, whose flying feet of iron bore him far out of the noisome city suburbs into the peaceful solitudes, where the still glens seemed to listen as the "evening train" sped by, and the golden spring twilight was full of the strange, indescribable fragrance of budding shrubs, and shooting grass, and early wild flowers, opening their meek eyes along sunny spots on the edge of talkative brooks!

"The city may be a very nice place," soliloquized Jonathan, as he alighted at the little station in the woods, "but you don't catch me going there again in a hurry! My head feels like a rattling box, and I do believe the soles of my feet are blistered! I'm glad I bought Effie's present, though; I wonder what she will say to it!"

And Jonathan burst into a shy, hilariously kind of laugh, which startled the echoes all along the glen road, into hollow, dying caquations. Yes—Jonathan Starke thought he hadn't accomplished a bad day's work. How little do we, any of us, know just what we've done, and what we haven't!

Deacon Scott's house, on the brow of the hill, looked dark against the crimson fires that yet lingered along the west, when Jonathan Starke opened the "keepin' room" door, and thrust his curly head sheepishly in.

"Come in, Starke," said the deacon, who was thoughtfully rubbing his spectacles, while his better half was storming a substantial looking stocking at the point of the darning-needle.

"Do stop a minute, Jonathan," said brisk little Mrs. Scott. "You're always in such a hurry."

And Effie, who sat on a low stool, just in front of the generous, glowing fire; paring a wooden tray of red-checked apples, didn't say a word, but pored away for dear life, and pretended not to see Jonathan.

"Thankee, I can't stay to-night," said Jonathan. "Effie, here's something I brought you for a birthday present."

He laid the package on the table, alongside of a japanned tea-tray and the big family Bible, and disappeared. And the first Deacon Scott knew, the apples were all rolling about the floor, and Effie had vanished, up to her chamber.

"Well," said the deacon, apologetically, "we've been young ourselves, Betsey!"

How Effie Scott's heart beat as she removed the wrappings of the small white box, by the dim light of one tallow candle, on her little pink-draped toilet table. How kind it was of Jonathan to remember her—how pleasant it was to be thought of. She opened the box, with cherry lips half apart, and cheeks flushed with bright expectation.

The box was divided into small compartments. Effie had never before seen anything like it; and she gazed in mute wonder, that was soon changed into indignant wrath.

"Good gracious! what does this mean?" she ejaculated.

There were tiny pink pastilles labelled "rouge," and a cup of white powder marked "pearl," and a bottle ticketed "Cream of roses, to be applied every night and morning," and a crimson, paste-like cosmetic, in a vial, with a suspicious little brush in it.

Effie got no further in her investigations, but dashed the box angrily upon the floor, and burst into a storm of sparkling tears. Did Jonathan mean to insult her? Did he suppose she had need of these vile drugs and poisonous cosmetics? She would never speak to him again—no, never!

Poor Effie! she sobbed herself to sleep, with her head resting on the toilet-table, and her pillow one rounded arm; and so her mother found her an hour or two later, when, mother like, she came up on tiptoe to see "what ailed the child."

"Good morning, deacon," said Jonathan, the next day, as he wiped the mud off his shoes on the carpet rug that always lay just inside the door, and deposited his hat on the table.

"Morning," said the deacon, laconically. "How is Effie to-day?"

"Well," returned the deacon, gazing solemnly into the fire, "she's pretty well, I guess."

"How did she like her present?" inquired Jonathan, bashfully. "Well, I believe she didn't like it at all," said the deacon, hitching his chair a little back.

"Not like it!" Jonathan opened eyes and mouth in inexpressible surprise. "Well, there! nobody can tell anything about a woman's fancy. I did think she'd have been pleased, though."

"Hem-m-m!" remarked the deacon, sententiously. "Is she at home?" pursued Jonathan.

"Well, yes, she's to hum," answered Deacon Scott. "Can I see her?" The deacon took his pipe out of his mouth. "She says she don't never want to see you again, Mr. Starke!"

"Not want to see me again!" Jonathan's brown skin took an ashy shade, and his under jaw dropped. "See here, Deacon Scott, what's the meaning of all this?"

"Well, Mr. Starke," said the worthy deacon, "if you was a gal, you wouldn't like it very well to have your feller send you a box of paint and cos-

metic stuffs. Thank, goodness, my Effie don't need no such fixin's to make her look pretty, but—"

"Deacon, deacon!" ejaculated Jonathan, "wasn't there two little cologne bottles in a gilt basket in that package?"

"No," returned the deacon, "there was paint and powder, and such like things that women put on their faces, sometimes, like silly geese, as they are!"

Jonathan sprang from his chair, as if there were spiral springs inside of him.

"Deacon, I've brought home the wrong package!" he hallooed. Where is it? Confound the old maid at the drug store!"

The deacon was a man of few words—he merely pointed to a parcel on the table, and smoked on. Perhaps, after all, his women folks had been mistaken—he was a rustic philosopher, and would wait the progress of events.

When the evening train returned to Mill Hollow, it bore an impatient youth, with a filagree pannier of fancy colognes.

Effie was out in the "door-yard" looking after some gold-eyed crocuses, which had poked their emerald spears through the ground, as if determined to lead the ranks of the flower-army. She had heard the oldrith whistle of the train, but of course she didn't connect it in her mind with Jonathan's return! Why should she? Hadn't she declared, only the evening before, that she never would speak to Jonathan Starke again? So she gardenied away in the level sunbeams, her brown hair blowing about, and her cheeks beautifully tinged with nature's own rouge.

Suddenly a strong arm was thrown round her waist, and a voice whispered, softly:

"Effie, darling!"

"Why, Jonathan, is it you?"

"Yes, and here is the true present I bought for you! Pray, pray, don't believe I ever intended that horrid box of cosmetics; but there was an old Jezebel of a woman at the store, when I was buying these things, and she got my parcel and I hers! But it's all right now, Effie, if you will only forgive my stupid blundering!"

"How pretty—O, how pretty!" said Effie, examining the dainty cut-glass bottles and their odorous contents, and skillfully avoiding a direct answer to Jonathan's words. "I am so much obliged to you."

"Then I am forgiven!"

"Of course you are, you stupid fellow," said Effie, archly.

"Well, then, Effie," said Jonathan, drawing her still closer to him, and speaking in lower accents yet, "won't you tell me when—"

If the crocus stars, and the brown robins in their nests above, heard the conclusion of that sentence, they must have had sharper ears than we are gifted with. And the only fact by which we are enabled to guess at the drift thereof, is that Miss Effie Scott changed her name to Effie Starke, within the next three months!

Jonathan still retains a strong dislike to visiting the city; he says "a man's head gets so confused there, that he can't tell whether he's buying a cologne bottle or a paint box!"

LEARNING AND GENIUS.

A CERTAIN nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant color of his neighbor's flowers.

"Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed with mortification and envy on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener—let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower beds and your grapes," said my lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly."

"Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? what chance?"

"Well, my lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n; and it came on to rain and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews—what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter, too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal."

"About charcoal—go on."

"And one said it had done a good deal of good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note on my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera the year afore in our village. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?"

"No, my lord, but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect on all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine dresser in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly, poor vineyard, one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal-dressing. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. "Ay," said the other gentleman, "and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed."

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal on my plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as arn't doctors but gardeners;' so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and said he'd read in a book that it was so, but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some foreign one. And after I had poked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It was a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned

his head gardener, a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cow-slip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire —'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professed horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effects of charcoal-dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal-dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning, and with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind but not altogether unselfish pains with the education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically pains-taking, though he no longer says "ben't and his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

DROPS OF WISDOM.

"Just over all the 'ifs' and 'buts,' There's always some kind hand To lift life's wagon o'er the ruts, And poke away the sand."

"Whatever of life remains for me, I'll pass in sober ease; Half pleased, contented will I be— Content but half to please."—Mrs. Greville.

"FAILING." What a world of agony is in that word.—Smith.

If earth were more satisfactory, Heaven would be less longed for.—Smith.

The Christian alone can experience all the blessedness of love and friendship.—Smith.

Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution, is better than a gradual deliberation.

ONLY as we love generously, unselfishly, and fully, can we begin to comprehend aught of that love that passeth knowledge.—Smith.

LOVE is a prop, a support, a sustainer. It gives energy, hope, aspiration—everything good this side of Heaven—and Heaven itself.—Thomson.

The majority of human beings are mere tadpoles—dull promises of life, into whom there has not yet entered soul enough to classify them as frogs.

The more exalted, pure and devoted our love of earthly friends, the stronger our desire to be meet for our heavenly home and to be one with Him who has redeemed us.—Smith.

VULGARITY of manners may co-exist with a polished mind, and urbanity with a vulgar one; the union of both constitutes the gentleman, whatever may be the grade in which it is found.

A CHILD is never happy from having his own way. Decide for him, and he has but one thing to do; put him to please himself, and he is troubled with everything and satisfied with nothing.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch along and deepen before us.

The cheerful live longest in life, and, after it, in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness. It is a sanitary principle as well to the body as to the mind, and is to both the cause and effect of health.

"How you win me daily." So it always should be in friendship, and always will be when God has laid the foundations in union of tastes, sympathies, temperaments, and objects. We love our soul's friends more and more, till we love them perfectly in Heaven.—Smith.

The first step in knowledge is lowliness. It is, as Augustine tells us, believe that thou mayst know—not know that thou mayst believe. And this humbling of the inquirer is the beginning in the Lord's teaching. "Jesus called unto Him a little child, and set him in the midst."

YANKEES OUTDONE.—Hitherto, when it has been desired to express the highest degree of financial acuteness, we have referred to the Yankee who sold wooden nutmegs, or to the one who turned his refuse shoe pegs to account by sharpening the other end and selling them for oats; or, finally, to the seller of "Suffield indigo," i. e., blue colored cakes of starch. But Johnny Bull is now a little ahead. Mr. W. L. Scott, in a recent lecture before the London Society of Arts, says the fruit dealers in England are selling painted imitations of the American Newtown Pippins; stale oranges are colored up bright and new with saffron; melons and cucumbers, when rusty, are brightened with acetate of copper, (verdigris) while they are sending to our country Cayenne pepper manufactured from old ship bread, which is first soaked in a solution of genuine pepper, then dried, and colored, if need be, then ground fine in a little lime, and put up in boxes labelled with the royal arms, and marked "pure."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—From a description of the Chinese Capital, in McMillan's Magazine, is extracted the following selection of names of Pekin streets:—"Fetid-hole street, Dog's tooth, Cut-assunder, Barbarian, Board of Punishment, Dog's-tail, Boat-plank, Obedience, Water-wheel, Cow's-horn-bend, Newly-opened, Pay and Rations, Goddess of Mercy, Temple, Mutton, Sugar-place, Old-screen, Pine, Immeasurably-great, Proboscis, Handkerchief and Stone-tiger street."

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICEANA.

At present the Dismal Swamp is far from being the most dismal part of poor old Virginia.

If our rebels growl and bark now, we guess they will howl by-and-by—howl like dogs or dervishes.

They say that Breckinridge in his late battle lost an arm. We trust that in his next he will lose an army.

The Richmond Examiner says that Breckinridge "achieved great honor at Baton Rouge." But he didn't achieve Baton Rouge.

JEFF. DAVIS, Beauregard, Pillow, and Van Dorn, were born great liars, and have become much greater ones by industrious self-cultivation.

A PREACHER of the M. E. Church says that he and his brethren will fight the rebels in this world, and, if God permit, chase their frightened ghosts in the next.

He who opposes the policy of the Government's drawing troops to recruit its armies, doesn't deserve the privilege of drawing his breath to recruit his lungs.

SOME of the skeddaddlers from the draft who have reached Havana are now in mortal fear of the yellow fever, which has appeared there, but they get only ridicule and contempt from the Spaniards.

ALBERT PIKE complained, in his letter to Gen. Hinman, that he was very unpopular with the Indians under his command. The fact is, some of the Indians are getting slightly civilized, and they don't like Pike's ways.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 79 letters. My 29, 74, 2, 40, 7, 15 is a river in Michigan. My 38, 77, 75, 69, 61, 18, 2, 72, 70, 5, 35, 11, 34 is a lake in N. H. My 42, 63, 20, 66 is a county in Illinois. My 19, 24, 66, 13, 39, 0 is a county in Michigan. My 1, 33, 61, 73, 55 is a cape on the coast of one of the British Isles. My 12, 68, 32, 13, 17, 19 is a lake in Illinois. My 62, 44, 62, 8, 14, 78, 57 is the capital of my 43, 23, 16, 10, 7, 73, 74, 45. My 72, 56, 13, 44 is a city in Greece. My 27, 67, 53, 62 is a city in my 30, 24, 64, 52, 74, 45, 46. My 33, 28, 4 is a sea between Africa and Asia. My 47, 22, 14, 21, 58 is a river in Arkansas. My 41, 65, 33, 13 is a town in Africa. My 28, 67, 45, 39, 40 is a seaport in Africa. My 69, 28, 74, 76 is a sea in Turkey. My 42, 49, 64, 74, 47, 44 is a county in Michigan. My 18, 61, 9, 60 is a county in North Carolina. My 64, 71, 44, 31, 59, 32, 63 is a county in New Hampshire. My 25, 48, 36, 37, 50, 82, 5, 71, 76 is a village of the Netherlands My 3, 19, 4, 44, 42 is a river in Portugal. My whole is one of Solomon's proverbs. Marshall, Michigan, 1862. A. B. G. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters. My 13, 32, 21, 28, 9 is an animal. My 12, 23, 7, 21, 5, 14, 5 is a United States Senator. My 27, 24, 18, 13, 18 is a timepiece. My 14, 13, 33, 2, 15, 22 is a preposition. My 1, 32, 24, 11 is a garment. My 6, 21, 14, 10, 17 is a Major-General in United States Army. My 22, 19, 27, 24, 21, 25 is an American statesman. My 8, 4, 30, 10, 5, 14 is a city in Austria. My 34, 33, 20, 7 is a lake in the United States. My 29, 26, 29 is a boy's nickname. My 31, 2, 32, 11, 7 is an officer in the United States Navy. My whole is a proverb. Bellevue, Ohio, 1862. HAMILTON Z. WILLIAMS. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE a pole 60 feet in length (upon the top of which a squirrel is perched) to stand perpendicular to and at the center of a circular plain 40 rods in diameter; suppose, also, that two men, A and B, stand upon opposite sides of this plain, in a right line passing through its center, with that part of the barrels of their guns which is 6-12 feet from the muzzle resting upon its circumference, and having exact aim at the squirrel; then suppose the pole to fall toward A until its top has passed through two-thirds of the distance it would have to pass through in order to reach the plain, and rest there; how far would each be obliged to lower the muzzle of his gun to shoot the squirrel? AUSTINBURG, AUSTINBURG CO., O. THEODORE C. BELKNAP. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAMS.

1. No charm in a ball. 4. Valued in a train. 2. A man cries. 5. Nasty Rome. 3. Mercy to man. 6. True gals lie. Ten lies at L. WILLIAMSVILLE. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 659.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Answer to Geographical Enigma.—The Union, now and forever. Answer to Arithmetical Problem.—36 1/2 days.

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