

# 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. B. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

### WAR—WORK—WOMAN.

You smile at our alliterative heading, reader, and think it queer, perchance. But we put the words WAR, WORK and WOMAN in juxtaposition very seriously, with the consciousness that the connection is most appropriate at the present juncture. The War has taken hundreds of thousands of the best workmen from field, factory and shop, creating a scarcity of, and demand for laborers unknown in this country for a long period. In many instances all the able-bodied men of families, and of even whole neighborhoods, have, at great sacrifice, gone to "fight the good fight" of the Union, leaving their wives, daughters, and mothers to manage their business and farms, or otherwise provide for themselves. Many women thus situated are nobly and unrepiningly performing the labors of the farm, garden, and shop—exhibiting a patriotism and devotion equal to that of their husbands, sons, and brothers, who have gone to aid in crushing the cursed rebellion. And this exhibition of patriotism is not confined to any particular class of community, as hosts of women who are unaccustomed to labor—the wives and daughters of the wealthy, as well as of those possessing ordinary or very limited means—in city, village, and country, are actively, earnestly, and very effectively, working to promote the cause on the success of which now rests the preservation of the country and its institutions.

The Women of the North are at last becoming aroused, and though later to move than their rebellious sisters of the South, they will ere long excel the latter in the amount of both labor and contributions to sustain the Right. Not only the Wives, Mothers, Daughters, and Sisters of our brave volunteers, but hosts of other true-hearted women all over the land are laboring to support their families, or aid sick and wounded soldiers. We know whereof we affirm on this subject, for we have seen the "good works" of "heaven's last, best gift," in both town and country. And we rejoice that "Woman's Rights" are so popular and generally exercised—that the women not only assert but demonstrate their right to participate in the labors and sacrifices to which their fathers, sons and brothers are subjected in this trying period of our country's history. Many times recently we have witnessed the efforts of the women of this city and surrounding country, and can testify that the wives and daughters of our most wealthy and prominent citizens work as hard as any of their servants. A few days ago we saw a kitchen party these of "Good Samaritans" preparing fruits and vegetables to be sent to sick and wounded volunteers, and among the most industrious were wives of high officials and professional men. The wife of a distinguished Congressman was wounded in both hands—they were sore and lacerated from hard and long-continued work. These women are in earnest; they are working for the cause—giving time, labor and money—while many men are merely talking or croaking about the war and the times. An exchange of pantaloons for petticoats would seem exceedingly appropriate, if not imperative, in some instances which have come under our observation! We reckon, however, that many of the females would consider the do-nothing, croakers unworthy of crinoline!

But we are writing this article for the Agricultural department of the RURAL, and fear some may think there is an omission of an appropriate topic—that it is like unto the play of HAMLET with the Prince left out. Our desire was, and is, to more particularly reach and interest the wives and daughters of farmers—to enlist their services not only as "home guards," and managers of the business of relatives who have taken up arms, but in furnishing hospital stores (prepared fruit, vegetables, bandages, lint, &c.) for the wounded, sick and suffering of the Union army. There are numerous ways in which the women, as well as men, can aid both their families and the cause of the country.

Economy, industry and wise management will enable many a wife or daughter to save and earn five, ten and fifty dollars—thus enabling them to aid in supporting their families, and also to contribute to the relief of those who have fought and bled, and nearly died, in defence of our dearest rights. But we need not specify or amplify, as many now addressed are already engaged in doing what is proper and desirable, and others need only to have their attention directed, suggestively, to the general subject.

—The following communication is pertinent to our subject, and therefore given in this connection:

#### FARMERS DAUGHTERS AND THE WAR.

**FRIEND RURAL.**—I want to have a talk with my sisters, "the farmers' daughters," and if you see fit to publish this, perhaps it will meet the eye of some of them, and do some good if no harm.

Now, girls, we are all of us of one mind in regard to the war; we all pray for the safety of our relatives, of our friends, and of strangers, and we want the Federal army to come off victorious in every battle. Now, our prayers will be of but little avail unless we act as well as talk. While they are off fighting we ought to be at home, working.

Very many of you girls will think that the most any woman can do is to fix up clothing and "goodies," to send to the sick and wounded soldiers; but there are other things which you can do to help the Government. The first is, stop following the fashions—make your old dresses last another year. Your old bonnet and cloak will do for another winter, and you will have the money you would pay for new ones to let your father have, to help pay his taxes. And then you can help out of doors—rake hay or grain, husk the corn, when it gets ripe, milk the cows, feed the sheep and calves; and, if you are not afraid of them, help take care of the horses. Practice the strictest economy in every thing, for it is necessary these hard times. Bring forth the cast-off looms of your grandmothers, and do as they used to do; spin and weave; wear linen, "good, homemade linen." In summer, and woolen in winter, and you will have an increase of health, comfort, and last, but not least, money to pay taxes with. If your father can get along without your help, I would advise you to do as I am going to do, if I can coax a man "out West" to rent me a farm. I am going to try and get a home for myself and my parents, by renting a farm, if I can get any one to rent it to me and I would advise the girls to go and do likewise. Now, to that class of girls who do housework from one year's end to another, I would say, go and be farmers. You may not be able to do much at first, but in time you will gain both strength and experience, and will increase in knowledge and happiness, by thus coming in contact with "mother earth." I hope the day is not far distant when there will be not only one, but many women engaged in the delightful occupation of farming. I would like to hear from some farmers' daughters and farmers' wives, on this subject, for I know there are some who will agree with me. And there is one thing I must add as I close. Should any of you conclude to try farming, be sure and subscribe for two or three weekly papers, and among the number have the RURAL. MARGARET LIVINGSTON.  
Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., 1862.

#### CROPS, &c., AT THE WEST, AND SOME SUGGESTIONS ABOUT SPECULATORS.

**EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER.**—I have noticed very little said about our Western crops; and when anything is said, it carries the idea that we have a great surplus—enough to feed the world, and some to spare. Now, I do not wish to carry the matter to extremes, but to state it just as it is here in Kane county, and what individuals tell me personally. As for Kane county, judging from what I have thrashed myself and from conversations with my acquaintances, I am quite sure our spring wheat crop will not average over seven bushels to the acre—some say not over six. I sowed, on one piece of eleven acres, 22 bushels, and harvested and thrashed 46 bushels. One of my neighbors, within two miles of me, sowed 44 bushels, and harvested and thrashed 46 bushels of spring wheat. Doubtless more such are to be found. A great deal that was sown has never been cut. I have conversed with several persons from Ogle, Lee, De Kalb, and DuPage counties, and they all concur in this statement. I have talked with one of my acquaintances living forty miles west of Dubuque, who tells the same story. Some drovers from Fort Dodge, Iowa, who stopped at my house, said that spring wheat did not generally yield over five bushels to the acre. A lady from Evansville, Wisconsin, tells the same story. So you see seven bushels will be fully an average yield. Of course, there are exceptions. Some pieces may go 12 or 15 bushels, but they are few and far between.

Winter wheat is good. The amount sown was very small; but where it was sown, it yielded from 20 to 35 bushels to the acre. A great amount that was raised has been used for seed, there being more sown in this locality the present autumn, I think, than there has been in ten years at any given time. Oats, full average. Corn is good; not as thick on the ground as could be desired. Potatoes have rotted to a great extent. Buckwheat, up to date, is good; four or five days more, without frost, will

give us a good crop. The sugar cane, with a few more days like the present, will be all right. A great amount planted.

I saw an extract, said to be taken from one of the most reliable journals of Europe, telling of the great failure of the crops in that country, and at the same time two-thirds of its reporters concur in the same. I think it they or the speculators on our seaboard have come to the conclusion that the Western States are flooded with millions of bushels of wheat, and expect to reap a rich harvest by doing a great commission business, they will not make much this year. I, for one, think it is the middle class of men that generally get all the profits. They tell us farmers they will give a certain price, and then tell the consumer he can have it at a certain price. In both cases it is one and the same thing. It is a lamentable fact that in this Western country the producer has to support such a class of commission men. The producer can not take the first bushel of grain to Chicago to sell, without it first goes through a commission house. Even if you sell to the mill, the very man or owner himself will tell you he don't know what it is worth; he has a man on the market. So you have to take what that man says, and in some cases they will not give that. Thus I might go on; and where is the remedy? \* \* \* Why can not we, as farmers, have the privilege of selling our grain as we did twenty-five years ago—put this commission in our own pockets, and let the middle men help produce the staff of life for which so many thousand aching hearts are beating. \* \* \*

The strife seems to be to get a living without earning it by the sweat of the brow. Take the commission on the grain that is sold in Chicago, and see the hundreds it might feed. Let each man have his commission on his grain, and see how he might improve his farm and give employment to the poor of our land. I, for one, should like to see things conducted on a different scale. I hope others will write on the same subject. HUGH HULL.  
St. Charles, Ill., Sept. 15, 1862.

#### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

##### THE ILLINOIS STATE HORTICULTURAL FAIR.

This first Exhibition of this Society, "on its own hook," commenced in this city (Chicago) September 8th, continuing through the week. It was a success. The exhibition of fruit has been excelled but once, if at all, in the West. The show of vegetables was creditable, but not so large as might have been if more effort had been made to secure it. The plants and flowers were features worthily developed. Better exhibitions in this department have been made in this city, but taking into account the time of year, the fact that the commercial gardeners were totally cleaned out in the spring by the increased demand for plants, and the other fact that the war affects the amount of money expended in replenishing and keeping up private conservatories, the exhibition in the floral department far exceeded my expectations. Everybody voted the Exhibition a success, because most people thought it impossible to attract the attention of the public from the war, and especially at a time when public anxiety and apprehension for the safety of the Republic had been awakened by recent reverses to the last degree. But the fruit appeared from Iowa to Wisconsin, from Indiana to Michigan; from the north counties and the central, and from the land of Egypt—peaches, pears, plums, apricots, apples, almonds and grapes—glorifying the God of the harvest, rewarding labor, and elevating the laborer to the dignity of a creator. With the fruit came the devotees of horticulture—as a class, warm-hearted, intelligent, enthusiastic, fraternal; filled with a love of the pure, the good, the beautiful, and zealous in their pursuit of truth, and in their effort to develop a taste for and love of horticulture everywhere. The gathering of such a class of men together, could not fail to be a profitable as well as pleasurable reunion. And while the writer's engagements only permitted him to spend the evenings in the hall, he saw and heard enough to convince him that the first effort of the State Horticultural Society to go alone was a signal success.

You have not the space to give to a detailed notice of the different contributions of exhibitors, even if I had the necessary data. Your readers must therefore be content with some of the more important results of this meeting of horticulturists.

##### THE GRAY WILLOW HUMBUG.

Some of the Illinois brethren came hither penitent that they had been accessory to the swindling the public with this willow. It had been recommended by them as a timber tree; they had asserted its value for fence rail timber; but for a hedge!—why, they hadn't dreamed of it!—not they. The Society must impale the bug so that it never should hum more. "Why, sir," said an honest nurseryman to me, "they've been selling these cuttings for hedge purposes, right under my nose, for seven dollars per thousand, when I had enough of them to give away—and have had them for years. A live fence, indeed! Since the days of the Osier fever, there has not been a greater humbug, all engravings and glowing accounts to the contrary notwithstanding."

Such was the substance of the language of more than one of the fraternity. That this tree is valuable for timber and for many economical purposes, that it is worthy of cultivation, there can be no doubt.

#### MINER'S SEEDLING BLACKBERRY.

In a recent discussion on the value of different varieties of raspberries, Mr. DOWNING, in speaking of one sort that had been mentioned, declared that it might with propriety be called the farmer's raspberry, for it was very hardy and always productive, though it might be destitute of the high flavor possessed by some of the more tender varieties. The blackberry, too, may be appropriately termed the farmer's berry; for it grows, uncared for, in the hedge-rows and waste land, and furnishes a fruit by no means to be despised. It is only within the few past years that the blackberry has received special attention from cultivators, but the fact has been demonstrated that this fruit is susceptible of great improvement. The *Dorchester* and *New Rochelle* have for some years been quite extensively cultivated, and the leading fruit markets are well supplied with these varieties. The *Dorchester* is large and of fine flavor; but the *New Rochelle*, unless fully ripe, is quite acid and unpleasant; and the gathering of both is somewhat difficult, on account of the numerous sharp spines with which the plants are covered.

Those familiar with wild blackberries, know that there is a low or trailing species, sometimes called *DEWBERRY*, the *Rubus Canadensis* of LINNÆUS, that bears fruit exceedingly rich and luscious; but the plants are very shy bearers, many of the berries are only half formed, while some plants are entirely barren. Although the bushes or vines may be quite abundant, it is not often that a quart can be gathered. Mr. MINER, of Honeyey Falls, in this county, has been endeavoring, for many years, to grow plants of this species from seed, that would retain the quality of the wild ones, with greater productiveness; and after raising hundreds, he has succeeded in obtaining two that meet his wishes. One of these is about two weeks earlier



imperfect. These we saw in bearing in August, and gave some facts respecting their habits, promising to give, in a future number, a more full description, and drawings showing the plant in bearing. We now have the satisfaction of presenting our readers with the promised engravings.

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

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



than the other, the early one being the highest flavored, but a portion of its berries are sometimes

But that it is a hedge plant in any sense of the word, is not true; and all parties who recommend it as such, either know nothing about it, or seek to deceive.

At a meeting of the members of the Society, this subject was called up. A discussion followed, which I did not hear; and the following resolution resulted:

Whereas, The impression seems to have gone out that this Society, in endorsing the Gray or Powder Willow, recommended it for a live fence.

Resolved, That in investigating the merits of this willow, this Society never intended to recommend it for live fence, nor does it now.

This formidable resolution will be of service among the class of persons who read agricultural papers; but the class upon whom the swindling peddler preys, do not read, as a rule, and he will continue to fatten upon the earnings of the ignorant and credulous, despite the resolutions of the State Society.

##### PEAR BLIGHT—WHAT CAUSES IT?

At one of the evening meetings of the Society, the subject of apple and pear blight was called up. The blight, both on the pear and the apple, has been very extensive the past season, and many fine

orchards have been ruined by its appearance—both of the apple and the pear.

Mr. EDGAR SANDERS said:—One of our naturalists says this blight is caused by an insect. I think it is not so—at least that it is not caused by the leaf-hopper. In the case of the vine, it is seen on the leaf; but I am confident no insect can cause the pear blight, because I have found no indications or evidence of its work. Have cut the tree on the appearance of the blight, without effect. Can not say that no benefit resulted from cutting.

CYRUS R. OVERMAN, of McLean Co., had a sad experience with this blight. Early in his experience he had not hoped to succeed with standard pears in prairie soil, and while he planted the trees, he paid little attention to their cultivation. But the standards grew well, and he began to think he had sadly missed it; but he one day discovered the blight on them, and in a day or two his orchard and his hopes for fruit were blighted. He thinks the fact that they had been recently cultivated and stimulated, together with the fact that the season was wet, had something to do with it. It appeared first on the top branches, and extended downward.



The dwarfs are as yet exempt, except that the rust blight has affected the foliage somewhat. Dr. HULL, of Alton, has lost many trees with this blight. He has not determined the cause of it. He has found it to depend upon the circulation of the sap, whether it extends, and in what direction. He has arrested it successfully by putting the trees to rest on the first day of June, by root pruning. He has adopted this theory because he has observed that certain varieties that go to rest early do not blight. He root prunes in winter and spring with the spade. The trouble and labor is small, and the second year thereafter the crop is largely increased. Some varieties of pears do not need this root pruning so often as others. A *Seckel* should be pruned once in three years; other varieties often, depending upon the vigor and strength of the soil, and the character of the growth of the tree. The area of the circle enclosed by the trench should be extended with each successive pruning. It should not be so near the trunk in the case of the dwarfs as the standards. It is better to rely on standards in this practice. It brings them into bearing. Its effect is good upon the vitality of the tree; for it develops the tap roots, and adds to the strength of the tree thereby. A smart man, with a sharp spade, will root prune fifty trees per day.

Mr. WOOLWORTH, of Winnebago Co., has an apple orchard, part of which is seeded in grass; another part has been plowed and not manured; and still another portion has been manured and cultivated. Where manured and cultivated, the trees have blighted badly; where plowed and not manured, there is but little blight; and where the orchard is in grass, there is no blight whatever. He is going to seed down the whole of his orchard! This gentleman's conclusions are not given here as being novel, but as an index of the manner in which too many farmers decide questions of grave importance—as evidence of the need there is for an educational system which shall teach the primary principles of Agriculture, of natural law, to the embryo farmer. The dwarfed, and perhaps diseased trees, did not blight, and presto! the whole orchard goes (in) to grass! Did he believe it an insect that caused it? No, sir! If he did, grass is and can be the only effectual remedy!

Dr. HULL again urged that his mode of root pruning enlarges tap roots, which are essential to the long life of the tree in our soils. We need not, he said, keep the roots of our fruit trees on the surface. Our hardest trees are those whose roots are deepest under the surface.

The RURAL reader will remember the practice of Mr. WAKEMAN, given in my notes more than a year ago,—the practice of planting the tree away from the water, and plowing to it, covering the roots deeper each successive season. The theory is that the roots need a greater bulk of our light soils over them as a protection from the sun, and from the winds and frosts of winter.

Dr. HULL had applied washes of various kinds, without effect as a preventive of blight. He had also cut his trees in the month of June, but it did not save the tree.

The question was here asked whether gentlemen had seen trees that had not been cultivated killed by the blight. Several responded that they had repeatedly observed the wild crab in uncultivated fields, dead with the blight. The President had seen groves of it killed. The native crabs had died when the cultivated varieties of apples near by had been free from it.

Mr. MITCHELL, of Missouri, stated that during the past summer he had visited an owner of one of the finest dwarf pear orchards in Missouri. This gentleman is an intelligent and careful observer. He has lost more pears the present year by this blight than ever before. Careful observation and experiment has induced him to believe that the cause of the blight is an insect. The insect stings the tree during the downward flow of the sap, which it impregnates with poison. This blight on the pear he believes to be identical with the blight on the apple. The puncture made by the sting of the insect has been discovered. Because the sap of the apple does not flow so fast as that of the pear, the blight does not spread as rapidly, and the appearance of the blight is not always the same. Mr. M. says this gentleman thinks the tree is not always stung the same season that the blight appears. He is instituting experiments to settle this matter. The opinion gains strength with observers that it is a sting of an insect rather than any fungus growth in the atmosphere.

It was stated that a gentleman in Illinois had discovered a mode of preventing it by shaving off the outer bark of the tree the moment he discovered the blight, with a spoke shave.

Mr. WELDON, of Winnebago Co., believes the character of the soil has something to do with it. He had traveled considerably the past season for the purpose of observing in this respect. He had found but little blight on stiff clay soils, where trees were of slow growth. On gravelly soils with an admixture of yellow sand he had found no blight. But on the rich vegetable moulds he had found it to prevail invariably. He believes that soil and culture have much to do in inducing blight.

Mr. YOUNG, of Will Co., said his experience would conflict with the observations of Mr. WELDON. His orchard was on a sandy soil with a coarse gravelly subsoil; and he had lost thirty per centum of his trees, while his neighbor's orchards, on stiff clays, were exempt from blight. His own trees were ten years old.

SUEL FOSTER, of Iowa, had little blight on his clays with a north aspect. Apple blight appears on the rich soils invariably. Rank growing trees blight worst.

Mr. —, of Iowa, said his orchard had suffered badly. He thinks the wet season has induced a too rapid elaboration of sap. His orchard has not suffered before. The season has been very wet with him. On the cultivated lands the trees blight more than on the grass lands. He saved his trees (apparently) by cutting away six inches to a foot of the affected part and putting white lead on the cut. His soil is clay.

Mr. COLBY, of Union Co., indorsed the insect theory.

President GALUSHA said an orchard standing on ground that had been mulched with straw eighteen inches deep, (covering the entire surface,) had not suffered from the blight, while another on the same kind of soil adjoining, did blight. This mode of mulching the entire surface of orchards is a check upon their growth.

FOSTER, of Iowa, has used gas lime about pear trees, and no blight has appeared. He asked if others had similar experience. No one responded.

KIMBALL, of Iowa, has his orchard on soil that has been trenched thirty inches deep, and underlaid with three feet drains every ten feet. He does not cultivate, but mulches. He has had neither

blight on his pears, nor rot on his grapes, while on the undrained soils adjoining these is both blight and rot.

Here the discussion ended. An effort to commit the majority of the Society in some manner, by a resolution indorsing the insect theory, failed—the resolution was tabled. The Society conceded its own ignorance.

This discussion is only evidence of the carelessness with which men investigate—of the superficial manner in which too many observe—of the wonderful convenience of knowing how to jump—at conclusions! Here is a blight which has destroyed thousands of the finest bearing apple and pear trees in the West; and there was no evidence that any member of the Society had instituted an experiment for the purpose of arriving at the truth. I failed to learn that the matter was deemed of sufficient importance to induce the appointment of a commission to investigate and report thereupon. Such a Society should stimulate inquiry by some official action, and this blight is one of grave interest to the orchardists of the West.

THE WINTER MEETING.

The Society voted to hold its annual and winter meeting at Bloomington. The time is to be fixed by the President, and as early in the winter as may be politic, considering the condition of the country.

This winter meeting is looked forward to with not a little interest. At the meeting last winter, essayists were appointed to prepare papers to read thereat, the subject matter of which will form topics for discussion. The Executive Committee have appointed a Committee on Programme, which will report the order in which these papers will be read. The gentlemen elected to this work of essayists, should see to it that they are prepared to fill their place in the programme, which, it is hoped, will be published at as early a day as possible.

THE PROVINCIAL FAIR.

DURING the past week the Seventeenth Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Society was held at Toronto, and our Canadian brethren have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which marked its entire course. The weather was all that could be desired, and the entire people pleased with themselves and the prospects of an agreeable gathering. It was our good fortune to spend the closing day in looking over the various departments of the Show, and we give RURAL readers, as briefly as possible, a summary of what was to be witnessed, together with the impressions received in viewing the productions of our trans-Ontario friends.

The Grounds devoted to the display comprised nearly forty acres, and are situated about two miles from the center of the city. Avenues leading to the point of attraction were numerous, and no jostling or crowding was observable. Entering the gate an inspection at once assured the visitor that the plans adopted in laying out and arranging buildings, sheds, tents, cattle, and horse rings, etc., were those which best met the wants of both exhibitor and spectator.

In the line of Buildings the committee are fairly entitled to a vote of thanks from all concerned, for the excellence of these structures was never before equalled at a Provincial Fair. Those devoted to cattle had a raised platform running through between the stalls, and a walk over this afforded excellent opportunity for observation. The horse stables were close, the comfort of the animal alone being sought, and the ring being the only fit place for exhibiting. The sheep and pig pens, and the shed for heavy machinery seemed to be the only temporary structures connected with the Society. All the others wore an air of strength and durability.

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

CATTLE.—Durhams.—There were 125 entries of Short-horns, and, everything taken into consideration, they proved the feature in this Department of the Exhibition. Among the more prominent exhibitors were Geo. Miller, Markham; Fred. W. Stone, Guelph; John Snell, Edmonton; J. White, Georgetown; George Cooper, Toronto; Donald Robertson, Queenston; Gavin Craig, Grafton; John Miller, Brougham; Jas. Kirkland, Haldimand; H. P. Welford, Woodstock; John Walton, Peterboro; John Dew, Yorkville; Arthur Hogge, Guelph, and Adam Ferguson, Watford. A very large number of single entries were made, conclusively showing that the breed is fast becoming disseminated,—and many of these we would be glad to specially notice, but want of space compels their omission. The selection by the judges of the chief male representative of Durham stock,—“Prince of Wales,” owned by Geo. Miller, Esq., Markham, met, we believe, with general concurrence. He is a truly magnificent animal, and we doubt not his owner was well pleased at the honors achieved. The “Prince” won the first prize for Durham bulls four years old and upwards, \$36.00; first for Durham bull of any age, Association's Diploma; first for best bull of any age or breed, diploma and silver medal; first for best animal in the yard, male or female, diploma and silver medal; and the special prize, \$60.00, for best Durham bull of any age. Rather a rich harvest for one animal to gather, and when we consider that the competition was lively, that excellent stock surrounded the fortunate competitor, we think a little pride on the part of Mr. Miller was justifiable.

Devons.—Passing over to the apartment occupied by the Devons a goodly array was noticeable. The friends of this breed were outnumbered by the advocates for large stock, but the fervor with which the claims of the Devonshire representatives were presented make full awards for lack in forces. Beautiful to gaze upon, lithe and active, free from the coarseness too often perceptible in their larger neighbors, why should they not occupy a prominent position among breeders. The entries numbered 99, and some very choice animals were exhibited. John Pincombe, London; Chris. Courtice, Bowmanville; John C. Rykert, St. Catharines, and Daniel Tye, of Wilmot, each exhibited herds, consisting at least of one bull and five cows or heifers. Aside from the gentlemen named, E. G. O'Brien, Shanty Bay; John Davy, Leaskard; Thos. Allen, Whitby; John Goodall, Galt; J. & H. Spencer, Whitby; Jas. R. Todd, Brampton; Wm. Scott, New Hamburg; Geo. Z. Rykert, St. Catharines; John Moore, Etobicoke, and J. W. Willson, Ontario, occupied prominent positions as exhibitors, and their display reflected great credit upon their skill as breeders, and the kind of stock to which they are devoting attention.

Herefords.—Here the show was light, but 29 entries being made. The breeding of Herefords, judging from the number of exhibitors, is more

limited than in any other description of cattle, there being but two competitors for the Society's premiums, James R. McMicking of Queenston, and Fred. W. Stone. Of the stock exhibited we can only say good to fair. There are more friends of this strain of blood in Canada, or else a striking change has occurred within the past five years.

Ayrshires.—These beautiful dairy cattle made quite a respectable display both in numbers and quality. The entries were 77, and the stock divided up among a large number of proprietors. Patrick R. Wright, Cobourg; R. L. Denison, Toronto, and John Torrance, Scarborough, each exhibited fine herds. Simon Beattie, and Geo. Miller, Markham; John P. Wheeler, and Geo. Scott, Woburn; Hendrie & Co., Hamilton; Joseph Boyle, Flamboro; Geo. Stanton, Paris, and John Miller, Brougham, each contributed freely, worthily, to complete this feature of the exhibition.

Galloways.—An excellent display of Galloways and Polled Angus, or Aberdeen cattle, was made. The entries were 66, and a very large proportion were choice animals. The prize for a herd was awarded to John Snell of Edmonton, and their exhibition in the prize ring was quite a novel feature. Jas. Graham and Arthur McNeil, Woodbridge; A. Nenino, Kingston; John Fleming and James Summersville, Vaughan; John Stewart, Watford; John McClain, Simcoe; Jas. Auld, Hamilton; Alex. Kerr, London; Geo. Miller, Jas. Metcalfe, Eglinton; A. Kyle, Ayr, and John Hunter, Exeter, each brought forward good stock. As far as we could ascertain from inquiry, this breed of cattle is gaining friends among the breeders of Canada, and it was urged that among all those who had tested their merits, and had opportunities for developing their peculiarities, they had won their way to favor.

Grade Cattle.—In this class some very excellent animals were shown. “Full-bloods” and “Thorough-breds” are in special repute, and the entries were but 62 for Grades. James Bellwood, Newcastle; John Gill, Grahamsville; Jacob Lahmer, Maple; Thos. Stock, Watford; James R. Todd, Brampton; Arthur Hogge, Samuel Hodgskin, and Geo. Morton, Guelph; John Ross, Toronto; Wm. Montgomery, Inlington; W. D. Jarvis, Etobicoke; James Lowrie, Malvern, and John Randall, Paris, exhibited specimens which should bring Grade Cattle into much esteem.

Fat and Working Cattle.—A glance at this section will close our survey of the cattle. The entries were few in each class. The Fat Cattle were certainly oleaginous enough, and as far as stuffing and its results are concerned, those exhibited fairly earned the prizes. Of the Working Oxen we can not speak so favorably. There were a few good yokes, nothing superior was revealed to our examination. There were no entries for the “best team of ten,” with a prize of forty dollars.

Horses.—Unfortunately we arrived too late for a thorough inspection of the stables connected with the Society, and such jottings as opportunity afforded are of a desultory character. The stables are close, well barred and locked, and horse owners,—especially unlucky competitors,—had either removed their animals, or with the keys in their pockets, kept themselves out of sight. Strange is it how soon pride in a horse evaporates when your neighbor eclipses your productions, and the animal which you fondly hoped would receive a prize draws a blank. Horsemen are peculiarly thin-skinned; and after the awards had been declared, doors were slammed to some purpose. When the grand procession of prize animals was in motion, we scanned as fully as possible the representatives of Canadian horsemanship. The number of entries was large,—more than 300,—and we looked for a remarkable display of good points. In some respects our anticipations were more than realized; in others there was an utter failure.

The show of Heavy Draft Horses was magnificent,—it could not be equalled on the continent outside of Canada. John Sanderson and Joseph Thompson, Markham; Robert Ferris and William Ritchie, Richmond Hill; John Wilson, Oshawa; John Sheddem and James Armstrong, Toronto; James McConnachil, Orono; Wm. Jackson, York Mills; E. Foster, Humber; John Miller, Brougham; Geo. Miller, Markham; J. G. L. Pearson, York; Geo. Scott, Woburn; James Young, Mayfield; John Wilson, Ontario; A. J. Nimmo, Kingston; John Thompson, Whitby, and James Lawrie, Malvern, were among the fortunate possessors of premiums, and their stock was certainly worthy of the honors bestowed. While thus giving expression of acquiescence in the awards, we must not be understood as conceding that the heavy draft horses are all their efficiency and utility in comparison with somewhat smaller breeds. The question is a mooted one, and strong arguments can be pled by the disputants.

Thorough-breds were in some force, and had their friends, no doubt; yet we would require better samples to arouse our fancy for the class. They may exhibit the “poetry of motion,” with jockey mounted and running for a stake; but walking round a ring is a poor way to exhibit action, stamina, or good looks.

Agricultural Horses were in goodly numbers, and some very fine specimens were shown. The winners were owned by Thomas Davis, Inlington; Hector Scott, Brooklin; James Cowie and Robert Armstrong, Markham, James Ferris, Galt; John Hower, Guelph; Alex. Burgess, Agincourt; Thomas Teasdale, Grahamsville; R. Graham, Belleville; Geo. Higginbotham, Balsam; Rich. Powen, Columbus; Geo. Alon, Nelson; Thos. Gowland, York; Geo. Scott, Woburn; Chas. Pilkey, Claremont, and Robert Beith, Darlington.

Matched Farm Horses.—There were just a dozen span in competition. The successful individuals,—Andrew Allison, Burnhamthorpe; Wm. Elford, Darlington; John Clark, Brampton,—possessed very excellent horses; but the entries were hardly sufficient to excite close rivalry, or fairly exhibit Canadian farm teams.

Roadsters.—Quite a display was made of roadsters; but nothing especially worthy was observed. This portion of the Horse Department was a failure in quality. Rochester, in the essentials, style, and action, can easily eclipse what was presented.

French Canadian Horses.—This breed had its representatives, and some of those shown attracted much attention. Their hardiness and power of endurance, together with the fact that “fliers” are frequent among them, entitles the breed to consideration. Did they possess a little easier action and a longer stride, the breed would be much more sought after; but they come toward you like a tornado, evidently bent upon tearing up everything. As a friend expressed himself when viewing a pair under

motion, “they are run 'uns to look at, but good 'uns to go.”

SHEEP.—Never was there a better exhibition upon the continent in Long and Middle Wooled breeds. The entries amounted to more than six hundred in number, and among the animals were very many of extraordinary merit. An attempt to select even those which were deemed entitled to special note, would prove a labor requiring more time than is at our control, and more space than the RURAL can afford. In this branch of farm industry Canada has ever had precedence, and in the recent exhibition she certainly distanced all competitors.

Fine-Wooled Sheep.—There were excellent specimens on exhibition, but the paucity of numbers, in comparison with their coarser relatives, was such as to throw them completely into the shade. Quite certain is it that the Canadian farmer looks for both wool and mutton, (and the present high rates for coarse wools are tending toward a confirmation of his philosophy,) hence Merinos and Saxons are not in general favor. The exhibitors were few—less, we think, than at any time in the past four or five years.

SWINE.—Here, too, was a large display. Although extensive accommodations had been provided on the last day, quite a number of crates still held their occupants in close confinement. All breeds were well represented, and we could not perceive, for the numbers shown, any indications of preference. If there were any material difference the majority was with the small breeds.

POULTRY.—The show of Poultry was good, where numbers are the criterion, and excellent as to quality. In the former respect the Exhibition last year at London was superior. The principal exhibitors were residents of London, and their display indicated considerable of the Chicken Fever in that locality.

IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.—While it would be gratifying to make mention of the thousand-and-one labor-saving inventions, and the varied mechanical formations presented, space forbids, at least for the present. Suffice it to say, the Province never appropriated so much credit to itself at any former display of the skill and handiwork of her artisans. Until very recently, the United States has been looked to for supplies in this department, but American mechanics must not allow themselves to stand quiet with the amount of perfection acquired, or they will inevitably be driven out of the market.

OFFICERS, RECEIPTS, ETC.—Among the closing scenes of the Exhibition was the election of officers for the ensuing year. Choice was made of the following gentlemen: President—ASA A. BURNHAM, Esq., of Cobourg. Vice-Presidents—1st, JAMES JOHNSTON, Esq., of London; 2d, J. C. RYKERT, Esq., Treasurer—R. L. DEVISON, Esq., Toronto. The total receipts are about \$16,000. On Thursday, which was the day of the Fair, the number of twenty-five cent tickets sold reached 22,000.

We cannot close our hasty and imperfect sketch without acknowledging the courtesies extended by Capt. Bates, of the Ontario, and Capt. Leyard, of the Cataract. Our readers are aware that the RURAL is not given to the publication of complimentary notices, but these gentlemen are worthy the confidence of the traveling public, in whose hands we leave them.

CROPS, &c., IN SOUTH-EAST WISCONSIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Perhaps a few words respecting crops in this locality may not be altogether uninteresting. The summer (owing to the lateness of the spring) has been exceedingly short, yet favorable to securing the wheat crop. The number of acres harvested the present year we think was never larger, and was secured in good condition. Much of the wheat is already threshed. The yield will not be as large as it promised before harvest, not exceeding fifteen bushels per acre. The straw is abundant, but the grain is light. The quality of winter wheat is better, some pieces yielding thirty bushels per acre. The amount sowed this fall will exceed that of last.

Corn generally will be light. Potatoes a fair crop, and free from rot. In some parts of the State apples are quite plentiful, and people are convinced that fruit can be grown here with success.

Hartford, Washington Co., Wis., 1862. C. E. C.

CROPS, &c., WEST—WISCONSIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—As the present wheat crop is nearly all threshed we can tell almost to a certainty the yield of 1862. Our average is generally laid down at twenty bushels per acre for ten years. Two years ago the yield was thirty. But this season it averages fifteen, of as fine a quality as ever was raised. The kernel or berry is white, plump, and sound. No poor, shrunk, unsound wheat can be found. But very little has grown in the stack. Our wheat escaped the ravages of the insect, rust, hail, and all enemies to it. The heads were well filled and good length. We sowed the usual quantity per acre, but notwithstanding it came up and remained very thin until harvest. We cannot account for its thinness. We have had no frost as yet—Sept. 22d—and the weather is very warm. Corn is ripe—out of the way of Jack Frost. It has eared very good. Early sown oats are heavy. Apples not very plenty. Wild plums in abundance. Potatoes good.

OSCAR BERRY, Empire, Fond du Lac Co., Wis., 1862.

RULES FOR MAKING FARMING PROFITABLE.

- ONE whose conclusions have been founded upon experience, thus writes to the Prairie Farmer: 1. Buy no more land than there is capital enough to pay for, with one-third more surplus. A small farm, free from debt, with plenty of means to stock it, enrich it, and carry on its work, will yield more than a large one, encumbered with debt, conducted feebly in every part, with bad fences, poor implements, bony animals, weedy fields, and thin crops. 2. Lay out the fields in the best order, so as to admit of a systematic rotation, and to give ready access to every field at all times, without passing through other fields, if possible. 3. Provide good fences, and necessary gates, and valuable time will not be lost in driving out intruding animals, nor crops lost by these deprivations. 4. Furnish good farm buildings, to secure properly the crops, and also to afford a good shelter for animals. 5. Select the best animals in purchasing, and secure the very best the country affords to breed from. Also select the best implements that can be procured at reasonable prices. 6. Bring the soil into good condition, and keep it so by a judicious rotation.

THE STATE FAIR—PROSPECTS, &c.

THE editors hereof have been so busily engaged with outside (of office) matters, pertaining to our State Fair and attending the Canada West Exhibition, as to have scarcely time to even paragraph the prospects of the Annual Rural Gathering. We can only say, therefore, that at the present writing (Monday evening) the prospects are very encouraging for a good exhibition and attendance. The entries are thus far considerably larger than last year, and the arrivals indicate that a great multitude will assemble. Though the weather during the day has been very cloudy, with some rain, the barometer indicates fair weather, and we hope (against our fears) that the weather of the morrow and following days will be propitious. If so, the Fair will, we believe, prove a success, in most if not all respects. Whatever the result, the next number of the RURAL will (D. V.) comprise it, with such particulars as shall be deemed most interesting to the great mass of our readers.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cultivation of Wheat—Shallow Plowing, &c.

A WRITER in the Country Gentleman contributes his experience in the cultivation of wheat. On the question of deep and shallow plowing, it leads him to favor the latter. His reasoning is as follows:

“The theory of plowing deep for winter wheat would be a good one, if we did not have the frosts of winter to contend with. The roots of the wheat plant are not elastic, like India-rubber. If they were, winter wheat would not be very much injured by the freezing and thawing of the soil.

“Every intelligent farmer knows that when the soil freezes it is expanded; and as the expansion must nearly all be upwards, plants are sometimes lifted from one to two inches; that is, the surface of the super-soil is from one to two inches further above the subsoil, than it is when it is not frozen. Of course, this expansion lifts the plants with it, and if the roots have struck downwards farther than three or four inches, they must be severed between the frozen and not frozen soil. But in case most of the roots have shot out in nearly a horizontal direction, the plants and roots will all rise and settle back bodily, as the soil freezes and thaws, and but very few of the roots will be broken off.

“Now, when the soil is plowed deep for winter wheat, the roots must necessarily strike deep downwards in order to obtain sufficient nourishment, unless the entire soil is filled with vegetable matter and manurial substances for nourishing the young plants. But when the large proportion of vegetable matter and manure are near the surface, the roots all spread out nearly in a horizontal direction, forming a kind of mat or tender sod, which all rises in a body when the earth freezes, without severing any of the roots, except those few that have struck downwards beyond the super-soil.”

The following are his views on the question of early and late seeding:

“For more than 20 years past I have taken observations particularly on this subject, and I have come to the conclusion that the earlier in autumn winter wheat can be put in, the better the crop will be, because if put in early it will become more firmly rooted, and will, consequently, resist the freezing and thawing during winter and spring much better than it will if it is sowed late, and has but a few weeks to become rooted.

“I have never been able to perceive that the wheat midge would injure the early sowed wheat, on the next season, any more than they would that which was put in a month later.

“I have often observed that wheat that was put in on the first of October, would ripen as early in the season as that sowed on the first of September. The chief object in sowing winter wheat early in September, is to allow it time to become well-rooted, so that it will not be lifted out by freezing and thawing in winter, as much as it would if it was sowed late in the season.”

Sawdust as a Manurial Absorbent.

F. J. KINNEY, of Wayland, Mass., gives to the Boston Cultivator an interesting account of his use of sawdust for bedding, as a fertilizer and absorbent. In January, 1850, he commenced hauling sawdust and fine chips from a clothes-pin manufactory. There were two horses, seven head of cattle, and several swine on the farm, and in the course of the year he used 100 cords of this material as bedding for these animals. The stable floors were covered with it about six inches deep, and as fast as that under the swine and cattle became saturated with urine, it was removed with the solid excrement to the manure cellar. The horse-bedding and manure was piled under a shed. In both cases it soon began to burn or fire-fang—this was remedied by turning water upon it, mostly from the eaves of the barn and sheds, by wooden troughs from the conductors, and by keeping it as solid as possible until drawn out for use.

Under a pair of steers kept for two months in the fall of 1853, at night, in a yard fourteen feet square he put one-third of a cord of sawdust three times a week. This laid until the next spring, when it yielded four cords of No. 1 manure. There was but little loss in bulk by decomposition—an increase in weight—a good deal of rain having fallen during the autumn. In his opinion, it can not be kept too moist, up to the point of leaching.

The stock which made 15 cords of No. 1 manure in 1853, made from 80 to 100 cords of No. 2 manure in 1854. The average time employed per cord was about three hours—in drawing, distributing, tramping and watering. The effect, when applied to the soil, in comparison with barn manure, was fully equal, though not quite as lasting, and after the sawdust had lain two years, so as to become fully decomposed, it was considerably increased in value.

Wherever I have examined the roots of a vegetable grown where sawdust, chip or leaves and stable manure had been used, I found them embracing with their delicate fibers every atom of the vegetable matter within their reach, and draw their natural sustenance from them; and there is nothing that I have ever tried as an assistant fertilizer that holds so much liquid or retains it so long, where only the air and sun operate upon it, as this hard woody sawdust; and nothing that yields up its embryo vegetable so readily to the petitions of the rootlets.



HORTICULTURAL.

PRUNING AND TRAINING THE GRAPE.

In our last issue we gave an article, from PHIN'S Grape Culture, on the management of young vines, and we now copy a portion of the chapter on the "Management of Fruiting Vines":

"At the close of the third season we ought to have a vine such as is shown in Fig. 1, consisting of a stout, straight, clean stem, 9 to 14 inches high, from the top or head of which spring two horizontal

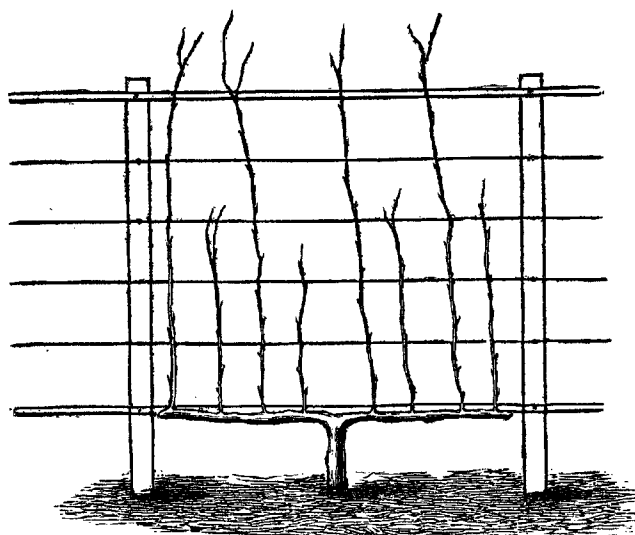


FIG. 1.

arms, each bearing two well ripened canes 8 to 10 feet long, and two smaller shoots of from 2 to 5 feet. The two canes ought next season to produce 3 to 5 lbs. of fruit each, and their proper care during the winter is worthy of our best efforts.

WINTER PROTECTION OF THE FRUITING CANES.

As the vines have now assumed their permanent form and size, (unless it should be deemed advisable, after the lapse of a few years, to remove each alternate vine, and so double the extent of trellis allotted to the remainder,) it becomes important to settle upon a systematic course of procedure, in order to facilitate our operations; and this remark applies to their protection during winter as well as to every other process connected with them. Of the advantage—we had almost said necessity—of winter protection there can be no doubt. Some extensive cultivators, at a late meeting of the Western N. Y. Fruit Growers' Society, stated that they would have made \$100 per day for the time spent in covering their vines, if they had done so in the fall of 1858. "One gentleman asserted that he had lost thousands of dollars by neglecting it; and there is probably no point in the whole range of grape growing upon which cultivators are so thoroughly agreed as this. The mere laying down the vines on the ground, covering them with snow, laying boards or brush upon or against them, have all been found materially to increase the next year's product, and to improve its quality. But these are clumsy expedients, incapable of systematic application, and unfit for adoption on a large scale.

Where vines are trained to trellises in the manner which we have just described, it has been asserted by many that it is impossible to lay down the horizontal arms so as to cover them, owing to the rigidity of the old wood; and in order to avoid this, it has been proposed to leave the head of the vine so low down that the arms shall lie on the surface and be always covered with earth. To this method there are many objections. The berries are soiled with every rain, clean culture is rendered more difficult, and the surface roots thrown out by the arms cause a succulent growth during moist weather, which suffers during the succeeding drouth. But if the vines are bent down every year, little difficulty need be apprehended on this score; and if the following plan be adopted, vines may be bent sufficiently, even when they have become old and rigid.

The method which we have proposed, is to place the trellis 8 to 12 inches in advance of the vine, the stem being brought forward beneath the first slat or rail, and tied up as usual. The accompanying figure (2) explains this better than words can express it, and it will be readily seen that very little bending is required, and even that is so distributed over the whole stem that no injury can result. No practical objections, that we are aware of, exist to this method.

Before bending down the stem, the vine should be pruned. This consists in cutting off the long shoots to a length of four feet, (the first season,) and the alternate short ones to the lowest good bud. The vine so pruned is shown in Fig. 3. Then the stem

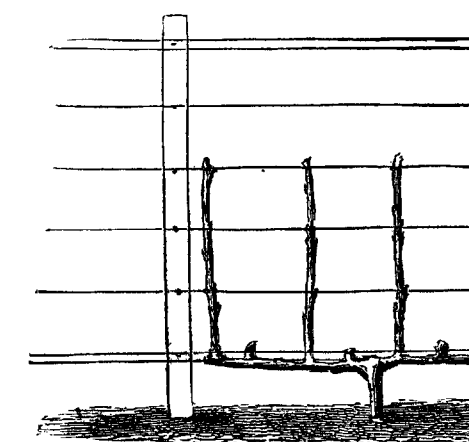


FIG. 2.

having been bent down, it will be easy to fold the flexible young canes so as to lie compactly together, as shown in Fig. 4, when they may be covered with

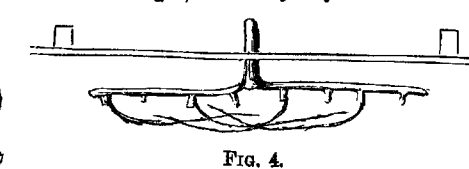


FIG. 4.

earth. The soil for this purpose must be light and sandy, and should be so disposed that water will not penetrate to the vines. If light soil can not be

had, the vines may be pegged down and covered with the branches of evergreens, though it is improbable that these could be obtained in sufficient quantity to protect a large vineyard. Leaves or straw would answer, though they might harbor mice, which would soon destroy the vines.

"The vines should be left covered as long as possible, but must be exposed before the buds begin to push in the spring. No particular day of the month can be given, the date varying with the locality and the season. The best mode of determining the point is to uncover some of the vines as soon as the cold weather has passed away. If they are swollen and ready to push, it is time to tie the vine to the trellis. If they seem still dormant, leave them a little longer. The later the vines can be made to push, the better, as they not only escape late frosts, but their excitability seems to be so accumulated and intensified by such retardation that their after growth is much more vigorous than it would otherwise have been.

"After the vines have been properly tied to the trellis, and the ground raked, or hoed level, (all work on it being avoided when it is wet, however,) nothing should be done until the buds have burst so as at least to show their vitality and strength. Then go over the vines and rub off all buds which show themselves on the upright stem and horizontal arms, and disbud the canes so as to leave six good buds, and no more, on each. By doing this at this early period, the strength of the vine is thrown into the buds which remain, and they consequently push with increased vigor. The lowest good bud on the short spurs must also be left, all the others being removed.

"As soon as the blossoms show themselves, and before they have expanded, it will be necessary again to go over the vines, and stop or pinch all the shoots which show fruit, at the same time removing all the blossoms except two or three clusters on each shoot. This will not only serve to keep the vine within bounds, but it will cause the fruit to set much better than it would if this course were not pursued. In a former section we alluded to stopping with a view to the ripening of the wood and the training of the vine, and the directions there given apply equally to our action as regards the shoots from the short spurs, they being designed to furnish the bearing canes for next year, to replace those which are now fruiting, and which will be entirely cut away at the next winter pruning."

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The recent meeting of the American Pomological Society, at Boston, was one of the most successful ever held by the Association. The display of fruits was exceedingly fine, the examination of which would well repay a trip to Boston, as we are informed by many gentlemen in this section who were present. The list of officers we published last week. Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER was again re-elected President, an office which he has filled for so many years with great honor to himself and manifest advantage to the Society. His addresses at the meetings of this Association are the most important and interesting documents upon the subject of fruit culture which it is our privilege to peruse, either from American or European sources. They always present the progress and present position of fruit culture, and are richly laden with wise counsels and far-reaching hints, that indicate the direction for true horticultural progress. We present our readers with extracts from the address recently delivered by Mr. WILDER before the American Pomological Society:

REVOLUTION OF 1860, '61.—The consumption of fruits has become so common as to constitute one of the most important articles of daily food. The loss of a crop is now deemed as a great public calamity; its abundance, as one of the greatest blessings, adding immeasurably to social health and comfort, and to the wealth and commerce of the country.

It becomes, therefore, my duty to record in the pages of our Transactions a remarkable fact, which has occurred since our last session, namely, the general failure of the fruit crop for the year 1861. In history, this, as a great national calamity, will be associated with the civil commotion that at the same time convulsed the whole land. What causes, if any, may have produced this remarkable coincidence between the vegetable and the civil kingdoms, we may not be able to discover. Manifestly "time was out of joint;" both heaven and earth seemed to frown upon our happy land. In regard to our fruits, a kind Providence has brought about a renovation and restoration, which makes the present year as remarkable for excellence and abundance as the former year was for the injury and loss of the crop. Oh! that this golden harvest in the natural kingdom may prove the harbinger of a more glorious one of peace and prosperity to our bleeding country.

The causes of the singular phenomena, and the loss of the fruit crop of 1861, have been variously described. Disasters of similar character, though not generally so severe, have occurred in the vegetable world in past time, and in different locations and latitudes. Cycles of favorable and unfavorable seasons have checked the history of Pomology, and made occasional mutation almost as certain as success. It is well, therefore, to note carefully the facts connected with these great revolutions, and to report them for future guidance and instruction. Especially, in a National Association like our own, should these be recorded, for the benefit of generations which are to follow us. Thus shall we treasure up lessons of the past, and gain wisdom for the future.

Vicissitudes attend the cultivation of trees not well as other vegetable products. In regard to the one under consideration, we may mention the fact, that so general was the injury throughout a large part of our country, there was but little fruit in the year 1861. The previous autumn had been marked with an early and very severe frost. On the morning of Oct. 1, 1860, the mercury fell, in the vicinity of Boston, to 24° Fahrenheit, causing the apples and other fruits to freeze on the trees, and, in some instances, to burst open. This was the most severe of any on record, so early in the autumn. Again, on the morning of Feb. 8, 1861, the mercury fell, in several places around Boston, to 25° below zero, a degree never before recorded at this season. The previous day had been mild and pleasant. Again, early in the month of March, the fluctuations of the mercury were equally astonishing. The 3d day was warm and delightful; the thermometer at Dorchester, four miles from this city, stood at 75° at 2 o'clock P. M., and at 8 o'clock at 65°; and although no very severe

cold succeeded immediately, yet, on the morning of the 18th inst., the glass stood at zero. These extremes of temperature were most unusual and unnatural, and not only destroyed the crop of fruit, but injured many trees in recovery, especially peaches, plums, and cherries. These vicissitudes serve to illustrate the comparative vigor, hardiness, and power of endurance, in some varieties of the same species, and develop different degrees of susceptibility in others, and thus furnish most useful information to the cultivator.

From this experience we deduce the fact that some varieties of the pear are even more hardy than the apple, a fact which a little reflection will confirm. Thus, among the few pear trees which here bore abundantly in 1861, were the Vicar of Winkfield, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Urbaniste, and Belle Lucrative; while the apple, and most other varieties of the pear, failed of a crop. With me, during the last thirty years, the apple has many times failed, while these varieties of the pear have produced fruit annually.

Whether the cause of the revulsion just noted was the frost of October, 1860, destroying, as it did, the germ of some of the flower buds of trees and shrubs, or whether the sudden alternations of heat and cold in the winter and spring of 1861 produced this result, or whether, as seems more probable, it is to be ascribed to these two causes combined, we can not with certainty decide. If there were some localities in which this injury was less, it is not unlikely that circumstances which affected one region might not be so active in another. The effect of a bright sun, or of a cold, dry, piercing wind, immediately succeeding the frost, would intensify the damage; and, on the contrary, a cloudy sky and humid atmosphere would modify and ameliorate it. But my object is not to discuss at length this subject, but only to record the facts in our National Annals, for the information of physiologists in our own and other lands, whose professional business is to observe these freaks of nature, and to give us their philosophy in the case.

Upon the observation and study of these, and similar facts, the progress of Pomology eminently depends. The different ability of varieties to resist heat and cold, and other meteorological agents, reveals a most wonderful analogy between the vegetable and animal kingdoms; for while certain animals find their natural home in the frigid zones, others in the temperate, and still others in the torrid, there are some that are cosmopolitan, and flourish in some or all of our climates, some to a great extent, and a very few flourish in a great variety of latitudes.

But as to the means of protecting our fruits from these injuries, we need more knowledge. Experience teaches us, however, that shelter and aspect have a powerful influence, especially on certain varieties.

As to aspect, I am more and more convinced of its importance. The Belgians, in their descriptive catalogues, are accustomed to designate the aspect most favorable to each sort; and when we shall be able to do the same, we shall have attained a result most eminent and desirable.

In regard to shelter, here in the North, so as to protect our trees from currents of fierce drying winds, which are as equally injurious to vegetation as a parching heat, no one can doubt its beneficial effect. The influence of shelter and aspect is more perceptible in some varieties than others. This is seen in the fact that certain kinds are healthy and beautiful on fences or in sheltered places, while they are worthless elsewhere.

DEMANDS FOR VIGILANCE AND PERSISTENCE.—These considerations all teach us the vast range of our science, the great number of secondary causes that modify results, and consequently the imperative demand for extensive research, for the accumulation of ripe experience, and for great patience and vigilance in the pomologist. How many sad mistakes are developed every year, by leaping from partial observations to general conclusions! Witness the frequent errors of cultivators. How often do they condemn the qualities of certain varieties before they have tested them at mature age. They cut off and graft their trees with other sorts, instead of waiting for nature to do her work in her own proper time.

Witness again the complaints against the hardness of particular kinds, which have arisen from the fact that they had not passed the vasculations incident to youth, and attained a sufficient degree of age and solidification of tissue, in bark and wood. This may be seen in the numerous injuries sustained by young trees of luxuriant growth. They are subjected to the vicissitudes of climate, some years enjoy recovering what they have lost in the preceding in health and vigor. But having overcome the trials of this early period, they rise above these enfeebling causes, and shoot up into a mature manhood, and thereafter are less liable to the fluctuations of temperature.

But the demand for thorough and patient investigation is still further exhibited by the wonderful phenomena and mysteries of the vegetable kingdom. For instance, why does the peach, which first puts forth its leaf, delay its flowers until after that of the apricot, which blossoms first and bears fruit first? Why does the Eastern Beurre clothe itself in a white robe of bloom before the early varieties of pear, and yet be the very latest to mature its fruit? Why has the fruit of the St. Germain pear, which fifty years ago in this locality was fair and fine, become an outcast, while the wood and foliage appear fair and healthy? Why does the Van Mons Leon le Clerc tree, whose bark is commonly so cracked and cankerous as to eat into the very heart of the wood, frequently produce large and beautiful fruit? Why, in this kind of year, should some of the Doyenne Blanc trees produce a crop of fine fruit, while on others by their side it is blasted and worthless? Why should the same tree, bearing two sorts of produce on the one branch these large, fair, and ruddy specimens, [Oswege Incomparable,] and on the other those which are spotted, cracked, and blasted, like that in my hand, [Summer Bon Chretien,] and yet the tree, in all its parts, be equally vigorous and healthy? Why should the Beurre d'Arenberg pear, formerly so good in this region, but for many years inferior in fruit, and even diseased in its wood, the present year resume its pristine excellence? These are indeed mysteries which we do not at present comprehend; yet, far from abating, they should actually increase our ardor in the pursuit of knowledge.

How obvious, then, is it, that he who would become an eminent pomologist, must be a diligent student of nature, and carefully observe the facts which she brings to his observation. With pencil and book at hand, he should note the thousand little things which arrest his attention in his daily labors, and make them subjects of future reflection and study. At first they may appear of trifling consequence, yet in this way they may lead to the most important discoveries in respect to the world-wide process of vegetation. If all would unite in this work, and steadily pursue it for a course of years, recording such meteorological and other facts as they are able to make, together with personal observations as to their influence upon vegetation, we might soon learn therefrom the most salutary and practical lessons.

THINKING OF FRUITS.—One lesson which experience has taught us, is the importance of thinning the fruit, especially of apples and pears. This branch of Pomology has received comparatively but little attention. There is a limit to the capabilities of all created things. If you tax the energies of an animal too severely for a long time, the result will be premature age and decay. Subject any vegetable or mineral substance to too great a pressure, and you destroy its power of cohesion. So if you permit a tree to bear beyond its strength, you injure its fruit, retard its growth, and shorten its life. All have observed that superfecundity one year produces barrenness the next. Hence we hear among our farmers and gardeners of what they term the bearing year. They invariably designate the Baldwin apple as a tree that bears on alternate years. But is not the cause of this alternation found in the fact, that the abundant crop of the bearing year exhausts the energies of the tree, absorbs the pabulum so as not to leave sufficient aliment for the formation of fruit spurs for the succeeding years? Many varieties have a tendency to overbearing, especially those which produce their fruit in clusters. Nature herself teaches us the remedy for this evil, and a superabundance of blossom is generally followed by a profuse falling of the embryo fruit. When and where this dropping is not sufficient to prevent overbearing, we should resort to the process of relieving the tree of a portion of its fruit.

The organism which carries on healthful development, in order to repeat its cycle of functions from year to year, cannot be overworked without time for recuperation. Whatever of nutrition goes to the support of useless branches, or a redundancy of fruit abstracts that strength from the tree which would otherwise be appropriated to the perfection of the crop, and the development of the spurs which would bear fruit the next year. One of the best cultivators in the vicinity of Boston has reduced this theory to practice, with the happiest effect, in the cultivation of the pear. His system allows no use of less wood, nor more fruit spurs, and no more fruit than the tree can properly sustain. As a consequence, he produces every year superior fruit, which commands the highest price. Some have doubted whether this practice can be made remunerative, except in its application to the finer fruits. But another cultivator, who raises an annual crop of the excess apples, assures us that the secret of his success lies in the economy of the fruit, and he has no doubt of the economy of the practice. No good farmer doubts the necessity of thinning his root crops, no vigneron the propriety of thinning his grapes. Analogy of cultivation, therefore, justifies the practice, and I entertain no question of its great importance.

Light, air, and moisture, are essential to the production of vegetable products, and especially of fine fruits. Who has not observed that the best specimens of fruits on a tree are ordinarily those which are most exposed to these elements? Who does not select the full sized ruddy fruit, which has had free communion with light, heat, and air, in preference to the half fed specimen which has shared its own proper nourishment with five or six crowded rivals on the same spur?

An experienced English cultivator says:—"The bending of branches of trees by an overcrop of fruit is most injurious, for the pores of the woody stalk are strained on the one side of the bend, and compressed on the other; hence the vessels through which the requisite nourishment flows being partially shut up, the growth of the fruit is retarded in proportion to the straining and compression of the stalk." This is illustrated in the overbearing of some varieties, which, from a redundancy of fruit, without the process of early and thorough thinning, seldom produce good specimens, and in a few years become stunted and unhealthy trees. The overbearing of a tree is as much a tax upon its energies and constitution, as is the exhaustion of a field by excessive crops of the same kind, year after year, without the use of manure or other fertilizers. Inexhaustible fertility is a chimera of the imagination. Sooner or later, the richest soils will require a restoration of what has been abstracted by vegetation. However fertile at first, the constant overcropping of the soil is a reduction of the elements on which health and fruitfulness depend. This great principle of sustenance and reciprocal relation runs through the whole mass of life, of mind, and of matter.

"One cry of mind, never ceasing sound, Circles Creation's ample round."

Intimately connected with this process of thinning, is the time when the work should be executed. It should not be done before we can distinguish the specimens in a cluster of fruit, nor delayed so long as to waste the energies of the tree. This practice, judiciously followed, will supersede the necessity of staying up the branches, will prevent injury to the tree by their breaking, and will prove decidedly economical.

Associated with the thinning of fruits is the expediency of gathering a part of the crop as soon as it approaches maturity. The remaining specimens will thereby be much increased in size and excellence. The fruit of a tree does not all come to maturity at the same time, hence this successful gathering will turn the crop to the highest practical account, and will keep the productive energies of the tree in a healthful and profitable condition.

Does some one say, leave all this to nature, and do not attempt to mend the ways of Providence? But was not man ordained to help nature, and placed in the garden to dress and keep it? True, God has enacted general laws, but requires us to turn them to the highest practical account. Thus he has given us in fruits and flowers forms of beauty and loveliness, and has assigned to us the duty of bringing them to the greatest possible perfection. It is, too, by a co-operation with nature, in what we may esteem little things, that the highest achievements in science are reached, and the most valuable results attained. The accumulation of dirt, and the rolling up of pebbles. From the slender spire that trembles beneath the weight of the dew drop, to the lofty monarch of the forest, whose hoary branches waved in the breeze a thousand years before the birth of the Christian era, we have signal proof of the law of mutual dependence and support.

Fruit trees will not take care of themselves. Constant vigilance is the price of superior trees or superior fruit. The poet may sing of the "Redundant growth, Of vines and maize, and bower and brake, Which nature kind to slay, And scarce solicited by human toil, Pours from the riches of the teeming soil;" but the cultivator of fruits must realize the fact, that without care and skill he cannot depend on uniform and continued success.

HINTS FOR OCTOBER.

OCTOBER is one of the most active months in the year with the gardener, orchardist, and nurseryman. A multitude of labors demand simultaneous attention, and it requires the most untiring energy and industry on the part of every one who has any considerable charge on his hands to see that every thing is done at the proper time and in the proper manner. Fortunately, in this country, our October weather is delightful—dry, cool, and bright, generally, and therefore eminently favorable for the rapid and proper execution of all out-door work.

Transplanting of all hardy trees, shrubs, and plants usually begins here in the north about the first of October; further south, it must be deferred later. It is by no means necessary to wait until the leaves have fallen. If growth has fairly ceased, and the wood has become firm, trees may be removed; the leaves must be taken off to prevent shriveling, and the roots must be carefully guarded against exposure until they are again placed in the ground. Autumn planted trees should by all means be secured against the winds, either by staking or banking up, and they should be well mulched besides.

Neglected orchards should now be renovated by manuring and plowing, or spading about the roots. This should never be deferred till spring, because during the winter and spring the sod decays and the manure dissolves, and abundant food is thus prepared for the trees next season.

Kitchen and garden crops for winter and spring use require nice management to keep them in a proper condition. Such as are taken up and placed in the root-cellar should be handled when dry, and the cellar should be clean and sweet, and perfectly free from moisture both above and below; it should also be kept cool as possible, but not admit frost.

Such of the bedding plants as it is desired to save for another season, should be carefully lifted early, and either potted or planted closely in boxes, and placed where they will have light, and not freeze. Many of the bedding plants, if taken up carefully, in good season, may add materially to the beauty of the green-house through November. Many of the late-flowering annuals are useful in this way.

Hardy bulbous roots should be planted immediately, yet it can be done any time before the ground freezes. There are certain things that vegetate early in spring, and should therefore always be planted in the fall, such as gooseberries, currants, rhubarb, and all hardy spring-flowering shrubs and hardy herbaceous plants. A good bloom next spring may be secured by planting now, but will be lost if the planting be deferred till spring.—P. Barry.

Domestic Economy.

SOLDIERS CARED FOR.

Out of one thousand soldiers, one hundred and four are sick; this is the constant proportion, as reported by the Sanitary Commission. The autumn always increases the number, by reason of the hot days and cool nights, causing diarrhoeas and dysenteries, of every shade and degree. One yard and a half of stout woollen flannel, fourteen inches broad, worn, from August to November, lightly and constantly round the abdomen, in such a way that it will be double in front, with bits of tape strongly sewed on one end, and about one yard from the other, according to the size of the person, for convenience of tying, would do more to prevent bowel-complaints among our brave and self-denying soldiers, than all known human means beside. This simple device arrested the onset of cholera, in three days, in one of the largest divisions of the Prussian army, when the terrible scourge last visited Europe. Let every family who has a member in the army, forward such an article on the instant of reading this; if you can do no better, send an old worn petticoat, for, by reason of its softness and pliability, it is better than any thing else. Let every mother who reads this, and who may have no son or other relative bravely battling for the perpetuity of the Union, send one abdominal bandage, to be given to some worthy soldier who has no mother, no sister, no wife, to exercise these kindly cares for him. And let the generous rich, of whom there are so many among us, be assured that it is impossible to spend an equal amount of money as efficiently in any other way. One man who has been in the army twelve months is worth now two raw recruits; hence one dollar's worth of good woollen flannel, for one of them, or even an old petticoat, by keeping such a soldier healthy in the field, will be worth more than fifty dollars for the two recruits, under the present exigencies of the case.

Winter is coming; let the sisters and mothers of the soldiers begin to knit two or three pairs of thick, woollen socks, to be forwarded to each son and brother as soon as possible; let the toes and heels be double-knitted, or sheathed with the blue cloth of some worn-out coat or pantaloons, cautioning the soldier to keep the toe-nails closely trimmed, so as to prevent the sutting of the socks.

Begin at once, and put up in quart tin cans, to be forwarded at intervals, (for if sent in large quantities at a time, they will be wasted or too lavishly used,) pickled cucumbers and cabbage. Onions are represented by physiologists to be among the most wholesome and nutritious of all the vegetable products, besides their immediately invigorating and enlivening effects. If a gallon of onions could be sent to each soldier, once a month, in addition to a quart of pickled cucumbers or cabbage, scurvy, already beginning to manifest itself, would be unknown. And if it could be felt how grateful a quart tin can of preserved berries, tomatoes, or fruits, would be to a soldier who does not see such things, preserved or fresh, sometimes for months together, their sisters, and mothers, and cousins, and wives would spare no little pains to procure a good supply for months to come, and would begin to send there on the instant.—Hall's Journal of Health.

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

RIPED CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Having noticed an inquiry in the RURAL for a recipe for making ripe cucumber pickles, I now send you mine, which I call good:—First pare and clean the cucumbers, then cut in pieces suitable for the table. For two gallons of cucumbers use 1 1/2 gallons of vinegar, 1 pound of sugar, 1 teacup of unground spices,—cinnamon, cloves and pepper. Simmer well two hours, or until tender. To be cooked in tin.—Mrs. M. M. AGAN, White Creek, N. Y., 1862.

A CHEAP AND PRETTY ORNAMENT.—Procure fungi from old logs, (maple produces the best;) sketch landscapes on them with a darning needle, using the point and head, as you wish fine or coarse lines. If they should become bruised a little when gathering, form the bruises into trees, &c. If they have little knots on them, they make nice islands, rocks, or, if high, place rays around it for a sun. When finished, dry before the window in the sun. The time to use them is August and September. They are pretty, and cost nothing. Try one.—L. R. L., Lambertton, 1862.

WASHING WOOLENS.—If you do not wish to have white woollens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woollens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hands, or slightly pound them with a clothes pounder. The suds used should be strong, and the woollens should be rinsed in warm water. By rubbing flannels on a board and rinsing them in cold water, they soon become very thick.

APPLE JELLY.—Pour into a stewpan a quart of cold water; throw into it, as quickly as they can be peeled, cored and weighed, four pounds of good boiling apples of fine flavor—Codlings are the best; stew them till the fruit is well broken; strain through a jelly-bag; to every quart of this juice allow one pound and a half of sugar. This makes a beautiful jelly to preserve other fruits in.

TO TAKE OUT FRUIT SPOTS.—Let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water, without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas which is discharged soon causes the spot to disappear.



Ladies' Department.

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

MAY

BY BELL CLINTON.

WHERE the vine-leaf shadows  
On the carpet play,  
"Catching at a sunbeam,"  
Sits our darling MAY.

None may call her "beautiful,"  
Though she's round and fair;  
Eyes of softest azure,  
"Bonny brown" her hair;

But a winsome treasure  
Is our little MAY,  
Making bright the pathway  
Over which we stray.

Father! guard her. Guide us  
In wisdom, to unfold  
The precious mind immortal,  
Outweighing gems or gold.

We ask not that her portion  
Be earthly wealth or fame,  
But may she "seek These early,"  
And glorify Thy name.

When the sacred mission  
Of her life is o'er,  
And low voices calling,  
Bid her leave Earth's shore,

Father! send a convoy  
Of angels bright, we pray,  
Up to the blessed SAVIOR,  
To bear our darling MAY.

Chenango County, 1862.

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

FOREST LEAVES.

BY HELEN MAR.

FRIEND RURAL:—We present you with a small bouquet of Forest Leaves, the best we can procure among the bleak White Mountains. As cold winter passes away and genial spring advances, perchance they may grow brighter with flowers intermingled. Though not very pleasing to the eye or taste, we trust they will not be entirely destitute of medicinal qualities, by which we hope some minds diseased may be benefited!

Man, being dependent upon his Maker and upon his fellow men, cannot say to his brother, "I have no need of thee." The rich are no less dependent upon the poor than are the poor upon the rich. The scientific man is dependent upon the day laborer, the minister upon his people, the teacher upon his patrons for physical support; while they, in return, are dependent on the labors of teachers, and scholars for our institutions of learning, morality, and religion, without which, just laws cannot be enacted and sustained.

This fabric of human society is like a web of network, wherein one stitch cannot be broken without impairing the strength and beauty of the whole. The relations we bear to each other, and the influence we exert, constitute the warp and woof of this web, on which are imprinted all the beauties and deformities, the good and ill, the happiness and misery of life! Yet how thoughtlessly do we weave this web, and how little do we appreciate the delicate texture of the material? In every community there are sensitive minds who suffer untold agonies from the careless roughness, the seeming obtuseness of their associates. More especially is this true in the marriage relations. We know not why it is, but some husbands act as if the nature of their wives was completely metamorphosed by the marriage ceremony. During the days of courtship they treated them with politeness and wore the garb of a gentleman. Now, that the bird is caught, these things are laid aside as too trifling to occupy their attention, and a rapid descent is made toward low breeding—not, in some instances, excepting vulgarly and profanely!

The feelings of the wife are often outraged by ridicule, scorn, and contempt. She is ridiculed for her sensitiveness and over delicacy, scorned and contemptuously treated, if she persists in pursuing a course of conduct which shall not violate the highest and purest impulses of her nature! Do men who thus undervalue the deep, pure love of woman's soul, and are oblivious to all the finer feelings of her heart,—men who look upon a woman as a plaything or a necessary appendage to their household, retained for their interest or self-gratifications,—do such men expect to enjoy the sweets of wedded life? Under such circumstances, a harmony of feeling, a union of soul, would be a moral impossibility!

The result of this treatment, this petty tyranny on the part of the husband, is, in many instances, discord and strife. The feelings of the wife are continually crossed, her pride is wounded, she is ashamed of her husband! The more she tries to persuade him not to "talk so," the more he will do it. The more she tries to please him the more he will try to vex her! This is a sad picture, but 'tis not overdrawn. Many men vex their wives out of sheer gratification,—just to see their "spunk,"—as if it was a light thing to wound and lacerate the feelings of one whom he had, at the sacred altar, sworn to love, protect, and cherish! Cherish! Where, O where, in all the land, shall we find one who lives up to the sentiment contained in that word cherish? Blessed is that wife whose husband cherishes her. She is truly to be envied.

Another result of this harsh treatment, should the wife possess a delicate, sensitive nature, is loss of health. Some husbands, who, in their obtuseness, have never dreamed that any act of theirs could injure the health of their wives, may be surprised at this remark, yet how many wives are there, who, while reading this article, will mentally exclaim, "this is true." Many a wife has wept the hours of night away because of the angry frown, the obscene jest, the biting sarcasm, or the cold monosyllable from her husband; then, as she awoke in the morning from her fevered dreams, was met again with a cold repulse, which totally unfitted her for all the duties of the day. All who understand anything of the laws of our being, know the injurious effect which mental depression has upon the physical system. Who can eat and digest the proper quantity of food, or perform their daily amount of labor, when they have just ascertained that they are on the eve of bankruptcy, or that a near friend has been removed by death? Not unlike this is the effect of the daily behavior of many men upon the health of their wives; hence dejection of spirits, dyspepsia, melancholy, and a train of evils, not infrequently insanity, and sometimes suicide follows! Let husbands seriously reflect upon this fact, and change their roughness for gentleness.

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

FRIENDS BARBARA AND S. J. H.:—I have read your "spicy" contributions to the RURAL, under the above caption, and feel so indignant that those of my own sex should take such a one-sided view of life, that I can not resist the impulse which urges me to write. Have you both been reared in this land of religious light and liberty, without a Bible? If so, procure one at once, and turn to Gen. i: 27, 28, and see if that corresponds with the doctrine you advocate? Marriage is a divine institution. GOD blessed the pair in the garden of Eden; CHRIST and the Apostles regarded it as the most binding of all contracts; and you render it a subject for sneers.

Our mothers were sensible women! They had no idea of an "Old Maid's Retreat," where they could be perfectly ignorant of "shirt buttons, pantaloons, and babies." They considered these important items in their homes. Would there were more such mothers now-a-days! I am glad SERENE was sensible enough to engage herself to that young minister. Yes, and I hope, should you ever meet her in after years, she will be a loved and loving mother. Depend upon it, she is just the one for a minister's wife.

You, S. J. H., say "you are one of the chosen few who repudiate all ideas of matrimony, and intend to live a life of single blessedness, and have your own way." Just as though there could be such a thing in this world as *single blessedness*. As for "having your own way," I fear you will be disappointed, even should you be an "Old Maid" and live with your friend BARBARA. Did it never occur to you that she, too, would like to have her own way? I fear the "roses, and books, and music," (which are all good,) would scarcely serve to render the "Retreat" pleasant to you, were she as selfish as you seem to be, judging from your correspondence. I am of the opinion that you are the ones laboring under the "delusion," instead of SERENE. My friends, I do earnestly hope that before you are too firmly settled in this erroneous doctrine of celibacy, some good young men, ministers, if need be, (for you both need preaching to,) may come along and root it from your hearts. Oh! that your eyes may be opened, your minds expanded, and you be made to see, and tread in a more useful path than the one that leads to the "Old Maid's Retreat!"

Yours, in favor of the "Union,"  
Clarendon, Mich., 1862. SARAH J. W.

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

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW—NO. II.

FIRSTLY, (that's a law term,) why need a man wear what I call a *high-top hat*? 'Tis a very inconvenient and unbecoming *head-rig*. If it isn't adjusted with a plumb-line, I always tremble for his equilibrium, as he resembles the leaning towers of Pisa. I always supposed (in my childhood!) simplicity that a hat was intended as a protection for the head, but I never could discover the protection afforded by a cylindrical beaver-skin, pointing *heavenward*, with a rim sufficiently narrow to let the sun and storm have *full drive* in the face. And then, to keep the *pipe on*, it must fit so snugly as to leave a beautiful crimson furrow across the forehead. Men who wish nature had added a few more inches to the tops of their heads, are exceedingly apt to "sport a beaver," not infrequently of such a great height, that one is puzzled to know which holds the brains, the hat or the wearer. A few bales of *heal-leather* would answer better, I think.

Secondly, why need women wear bonnets that make them look as though they were about to be translated, and which give enough space in the top to cultivate a patch of full-grown cabbages? One may attend fashionable service on the Sabbath, and through "the dim haunts of the night" he will see an innumerable array of feminines rising *skyward*, each bearing on her head a disc-like garden of gay flowers, with now and then a willow blossom staring at you, like a sun in the firmament. Although he may shut his eyes *vighter*, he can't help seeing the whole embassy of dahlias and sunflowers nodding and winking at him most furiously, while here and there a *beaver* will dance up, like some huge engine's steam pipe, to give *ton* to the assemblage. It would be quite a relief if he could awake and find it had been only a horrible night-mare; but no, they pursue one all day, *real, live ghosts* they are, visible and tangible.

You may think (?) I don't know much, but "for the life of me" I can't see why people will so "bow the knee to BAAL." Let that which is becoming, convenient, and sensible, be your fashion. This is the way sensible people dress. Only those who have a *lack* of brains attempt to supply the deficiency artificially. There is a medium between all extremes, which is usually safe to follow. I believe in people's holding their own good taste and convenience paramount to fashion plates.

MINNIE MINTWOOD.  
Alfred College, Alleg. Co., N. Y., 1862.

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

AN OPINION.

In the language of the litany, "Good Lord deliver us" from an old maid. I care not for the romance that may be attached to her former history of "hope deferred till the heart was sick," of a "youthful lover lying far beneath the sod," of parents refusing consent to her marriage in her youth. There are such cases, I expect, as old maids becoming such from principle, still my honest opinion is that an old maid was not only meant to be such from the beginning, but also for some wise reason was meant to be a vexation to whatever she comes in contact with. I expect I shall draw down upon my defenceless head the wrath of the feminines, but I would like to know, in all reason, what need there is of a woman acting so much like a simpleton, because she chances to be without a husband? I don't say every one, for there are some unmarried ladies who are an ornament to their sex, and who are beloved by every one; but they are the exception, not the rule. It is as much as a man's head is worth to live in the house with a real old maid. She wouldn't marry, not she; but if any biped wearing pantaloons comes along, how she will simper, and twist, and give them to understand she is ready for matrimony.

Now, there is no disgrace in being an old maid, and there is nothing that looks so foolish as to see young ladies take up with anything that comes along, without regard to their own good or happiness, for fear they will never get married; but the query is with me, why can't an old maid be as pleasant and agreeable as any woman, and why need she be the mischievous, prying disposition that she invariably is? I have thrown down the gauntlet; if anybody would eat me up, let them come on.

Choice Miscellany.

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

BY MRS. A. ISABELLE HORTON.

Oh, would that words might be given  
For the thoughts of my heart to-night,  
As I see the shadowy gleaming  
Of the stars on the snow so white,  
While the sable wings of the midnight  
Are folded over the earth,  
Like a patient watcher waiting  
For another morning's birth.

The leafless trees seem shrinking,  
Like LEAR, in the story old,  
From the winds around them shrieking,  
With their breath so icy cold.  
The stars in their midnight marches  
Move to a strain sublime,  
And on through Heaven's mystic arches,  
To its melody keep time—

Like a dream, or a wonderful vision,  
There stealth o'er my soul  
A gleam from that Land Elysian,  
Where the "ides of Eternity" roll,  
And a voice "mid the starlight watches  
Rings out on these shores of Time,  
And my listening spirit catches  
Strange words from a theme divine.

It speaks of a world whose splendor  
Is brighter than noon-day sun,  
Whose light is more soft and tender  
Than the star-light gleaming down;  
Where is no day's declining,  
Where no midnight shadows rest,  
For JESHOVAH'S glory shining  
Lights up those regions best;

Where no sound of weary weeping  
Falls on the troubled ear,  
Where none are by death-beds, keeping  
Vigils of sorrow and fear,  
And my spirit longs to be flinging  
Aside its prison bars,  
And in joyous cadence be singing  
To the rhythm of the stars.

For I know by the wondrous glory  
Flooding the midnight sky,  
They are telling to earth a story  
To-night, of import high—  
Of the deathless spirit's Heaven,  
Its glory, beauty, and light.  
Oh, would that to me 'twere given  
To read their language aright!

Dundas, N. Y., 1862.

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

THE STUDENT OF NATURE.

I was pleased with the short article, by your correspondent "NELLIE," in the RURAL of the 30th August last. Truly, as she remarks, "There is no study that awakes such high and holy thoughts as that of Nature." I might add—"illuminated by revelation." STREET says, in one of his poems:

"Nature is the best teacher. She unfolds  
Her treasures to his search, unveils his eye,  
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart,  
An influence breathes from all the sights and sounds  
Of her existence; she fits wisdom's self."

This is generally conceded true, as it regards the sublime Sciences of Astronomy, and Geology. But it is equally true of the other branches of Natural Science. Whether we investigate the course and phases of the planets, or the microscopic remains of organic matter of bygone ages, and realize the fact of BYRON'S line, that—

"The dust we tread upon was once alive!"

or, those living agencies now at work, in rearing structures for the future habitations of man, however minute or vast, all, and each branch of the Natural Sciences, whether the Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral kingdom, presents objects for study calculated to induce reflections that will prove of more lasting benefit to the rational soul, than all the sordid pursuits, however successful, to gain the wealth and distinctions of the world. I do not mean to despise the wealthy and honorable, who attain either by merit and industry, and are, withal, kindly disposed toward the more humble denizen, who feels that there is but one life to live on earth, and no chance for rectifying mistakes, and who prefers poverty to dishonor or a sullied conscience.

Yes, NELLIE, "There is sunshine for all, if we do not go through the world with our eyes shut." Each object, viewed in its proper light, is a letter in God's alphabet, in the book of Nature. Let us endeavor to learn our letters, arrange them into words and sentences, so that, perchance, we may spell out some of the mysterious attributes which veil His Majesty, and through Nature, come to Nature's God! But we must not overlook the small things. SOLOMON refers to the ant, and surely I am pardonable for illustrating a point, by doing likewise.

Reader, have you ever stood beside an ant-hill, and studied their industry and economy? I have, and am perhaps indebted to the writings of the Rev. KIRBY and SPENCER for the inducement, or at least the information they gave, enabled me to verify certain facts. Ants, like the bees, consist of males, females and neuter, forming vast colonies. The males and females, on emerging from the pupa, are furnished with ample wings. I will, however, confine my remarks to the female. Adorned with her gossamer wings, she traverses the air, enjoying the light and liberty of recreation, over field and meadow; sporting aloft and mingling in the choir of aerial dancers, with the other sex, (whose lives are short but merry,) sobered in due time and chastened, they descend, forego their winged enjoyment, and exercising a great self-denial, they pluck their wings voluntarily from their shoulders, in order to be the better adapted to their domestic duties, each individual constructing a subterranean abode, in which she may deposit and attend to her germs, and cherish her embryonic young through the varied stages of their transformation, until they are fully developed and capable of self-protection. During all this time, she bestows her maternal care so assiduously and unremittently as to put to shame any a mother claiming to be a shining light. We may well say to such—"Go to the ant," ye mothers; "consider her ways and be wise."

But the beligerent may say:—Ants also make wars upon each other, kidnap, and depredate generally, and would inculcate other lessons than those of industry and maternal care and solicitude. I might here enter upon a vast field of speculation; but not disposed to put "out to sea," I will simply say, that the student of Nature sees much to admire, and finds how true it is, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The superficial observer often errs in judgment; nor, will I undertake to say, that

I have "drank so deeply of the 'Plerian spring'" as to have become sobered again.

One thing I do know, that whatever knowledge I may have acquired by close observation and experience, I have not had the *drill* of a collegiate education, which some of my learned friends comment upon, because I do not give the scholastic *ring* to the technicalities derived from the Greek and Latin languages. I am therefore not considered an *educated man*.

Well, I yield the *wall* to those gentlemen, with the consoling thought that if they thrust me into the *kenmel*, I may, perchance, even there pick up a crumb of comfort, for Nature is everywhere. Let us but have the rays of guardian light, that leads first to find, and then to do the will of GOD.  
Lancaster, Pa., 1862. J. STAUFFER.

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

LITERATURE FOR YOUNG RURALISTS.

Do any of my young rural friends ever think of being literary men? Are any of them collecting a small library, to instruct as well as amuse themselves when they have a few leisure moments on a rainy afternoon, or a long winter evening? And do any of them think of the great importance of farmers being educated and having a knowledge of the numerous sciences connected with agriculture?

There are many who think farming as small, or simple business, and look upon farmers as men who require only a little common sense to cultivate their farms. Yet farming is one of the noblest employments on earth. It is the basis of manufactures and commerce; in short, is the foundation of everything. What is the manufacturing of a needle or a button, compared with it! Then, ought it not to receive great attention, and stand high among the many employments of man?

And the farmer himself is not to be considered a humble man. He should realize the importance of his position, when millions are dependent on him for their subsistence. To be sure, there are many farmers who never saw the college walls; but look at the sciences connected with his trade, (or profession, as it might be called.) He should have a knowledge of the science of botany, which holds an important position in agriculture; of chemistry, to learn the art of analyzing the soils and manures with which he has to do; also of geology, animal and vegetable physiology, entomology, &c.; all of which are of much importance to him. He makes the farm his laboratory, and the fireside his study.

We do not wish to cultivate our farms entirely by theory, but theory and practice are both to be considered. And let us never forget the opportunities of the fireside, and what we owe to its enjoyments and advantages. Many men have taken important positions in the world, by improving their leisure moments; and why not we take a step in agriculture, remembering that it requires knowledge and much thought to make farming successful, and to make two spears of grass grow where only one grew before.

JUVENILE READER.

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

TRULY GREAT.

How few are the names of all history to which the term great, in its true sense, can be applied. Many have sought after it and fondly believed they had attained it; but the coming years have swept away the flimsy veil they had drawn over their secret thoughts, and laid bare their masked deformity. No selfish action can stand the searching glance of time; so no mere conquerer can justly claim the title of true greatness.

AN ALEXANDER might overrun a world, or a NAPOLEON a continent, but they could not claim this crown; for the ashes of burned cities and towns, and blood of innocents, speak not of justice and humanity, but of intolerance and carnage.

But there are names around which this halo shines, brows on which this laurel shall never fade; not beacons lighted to deceive, but lofty waymarks on the great road of life, staid and sure. That brave Swiss patriot, who in his love of country gathered in his noble breast a sheaf of Austrian spears to "make way for liberty," may justly claim this recompense. Our own WASHINGTON has truly won this crown from foe as well as friend. He was a warrior, but never for conquest; a ruler, but never an oppressor; always a defender of the rights of his own country, but never with injustice to another. The wreath that circles his brow has never been dimmed by comparison with others.

So our own day, though darkened by the basest treason and rebellion of all time, may yet claim its bright names as a priceless legacy to posterity. The deeds of an ELLSWORTH, a BAKER, and a LYON, have become the property of a nation; and though sculptured marble rests over their mouldering forms, a more lasting monument is graven on the hearts of the free, and those striving for the boon, over all the earth. But not alone with these should we pause, for from the sounding Atlantic to the plains of the far West, are laid the mortal remains of those equally deserving; and could the devotion and bravery of many of the nameless and unnoticed dead be known and recorded, they, too, would be cherished by the good and true of all time as brave men, well worthy the meed of truly great.  
Springfield, Wis., 1862. J. A. SMITH.

SELF-RESPECT.

ONE of the strongest and most prevalent incentives to virtue, is the desire of the world's esteem. We act right rather than our actions may be applauded by others than to have the approbation of our own conscience. We refrain from doing wrong not so much from principle as from the fear of incurring the censure of the world. A due regard ought, indeed, to be paid to public opinion; but there is a regard we owe ourselves, of far greater importance, a regard which keeps us from committing a wrong action when withdrawn from the observation of the world, as much as when exposed to its broad glare. If we are as good as others,—and it is our own fault if we are not,—why stand in more fear of others than of ourselves? What is there in other men that makes us fear their censure more than our own? In other respects, we are apt to overrate ourselves in our own esteem. I admire the sentiment of Cassius, when he exclaims—

"I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself."

BEAUTY.—The criterion of true beauty is that it increases on examination; that of false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creature of fancy.—Lord Greville.

Sabbath Musings.

ON THE FERRY.

BY MARY CLEMENS AXES.

On the ferry, sailing over  
To the city, lying dim  
In the mellow mists of evening,  
On the ferry's further rim,  
On the river, gazing outward  
O'er the ocean far and cold,  
While the blue bay dips its waters  
In the sunset's fleeting gold.

On the ferry, gazing outward,  
O, thou ocean strong and wide,  
Every pulse is beating measure  
With the rhythm of the tide.

While the waves break, swift and eager,  
Motionless the great ships stand,  
And above, each pendulous pennon  
Lures me with a beckoning hand.  
Shifting o'er the uneasy water,  
Lean the sunset bars of flame,  
Like the legendary ladder  
On which angels went and came.

In another summer evening,  
On a little way before,  
I shall reach another ferry,  
Seeking swift a further shore.  
I shall cross a drearier ferry—  
Crossing to return no more—  
Sailing for a fairer city  
Lying on a fairer shore.

Will God's sunshine beam around me,  
Fusing every wave in gold?  
Will you row me gently over,  
Charon boatman, calm and cold?  
When the earth aches cease to chill me,  
When my meager day is done,  
Boatman, bear me through the splendor  
Falling from the setting sun.  
Bear me outward to the mystery  
The eternal will unfold—  
To the unveiled glory  
Hid within yon gates of gold.

Life may touch the soul so gently  
We can hardly call it rough,  
Yet we'll all say, in its closing,  
Our brief day's been long enough.  
So I stand with gathered garments,  
Ere the deeper shadows fall—  
Drops my heart its last, last idol,  
Listening for the boatman's call.  
Come! and by my spirit's sinking—  
By my shrinking fears untold,  
Bear me gently o'er those waters,  
Charon, boatman, calm and cold.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

LIKE the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are passed, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task. Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring, of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears. It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men coming together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and eco in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest,—one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid its garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be driven back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoice that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.  
—J. F. W. Ware.

GOD A LOVER OF BEAUTY.

We doubt not that God is a lover of beauty. We speak reverently. He fashioned the worlds in beauty when there was no eye to behold them but his own. All along "the wild old forests he has carved the forms of beauty. Every cliff, and stem, and flower is a form of beauty. Every hill, and dale, and landscape is a picture of beauty. Every cloud, and mist-wreath, and vapor-vail is a shadowy reflection of beauty. Every spring, and rivulet, river and ocean, is a glossy mirror of beauty. Every diamond, and rock, and pebbly beach is a mine of beauty. Every sea, and planet, and star is a blazing face of beauty. All along the aisles of earth, all over the arches of heaven, all through the expanses of the universe, are scattered, in rich and infinite profusion, the life-gems of beauty. All natural motion is beauty in action. The winds, the waves, the clouds, the trees, the birds, the animals, all move beautifully, and beautifully do the light-worlds of the skies dance their eternal cotillon of glory. From the mote that plays its frolic in the sun-beam, to the world that blazes along the sapphiry spaces of the firmament, are visible the ever-varying features of the enrapturing spirit of beauty. All this great realm of dazzling and bewildering beauty was made by God.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE education of the heart is the work of domestic life, and when this preliminary is neglected, all the endeavors of the school-master will be fruitless. In the religious education of the lower orders, there is seldom, I fear, any appeal made to the heart and affections. The religion of the vulgar is, therefore, in general gloomy, superstitious, and I had almost said ferocious. While all the other intellectual faculties are permitted to lie dormant for want of cultivation, the imagination is roused and filled with the darkest images. The tendency of this temper is to proclaim distrust, suspicion, envy, and malevolence; and when spiritual pride is added, it brings forth arrogance and presumption. This is not the religion of Jesus Christ. Far others are its fruits; widely opposite is its tendency on the human heart! The first view of the Deity to be given to the poor as well as to the rich, is as the Giver of all good. The universality of His providence and His protecting care ought to be carefully instilled. By representing the Supreme as a malignant spy and an avenging tyrant, no affections consonant to the spirit of the gospel can possibly be produced.—Elizabeth Hamilton.



## Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"Ah! Time, tell it not that our freeman forgot,  
For a day, or an hour, the past's mighty story;  
Ne'er impart  
That a hand  
Or a heart  
In the land  
Ever shrouded a star in her azure of glory!  
For the land now awakes,  
From her seas to her lakes,  
To hail the bright mom of her might as it breaks,  
And shout, by the banner that treason forsakes—  
"The Union—Now and Forever!"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 4, 1862.

## THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

## FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

## The Great Battle of Antietam.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writing from the battle-field on the night after the fearful struggle, gives a very graphic description of the contest. We condense from his account as follows:

A fierce and desperate battle between 200,000 men has raged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to-night, I believe it is the prelude to a victory to-morrow. But what can be foretold of the future of a fight in which from five in the morning till seven at night the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result?

After the brilliant victory near Middletown, Gen. McClellan pushed forward his army rapidly, and reached Keedysville with three corps on Monday night. On the day following the two armies faced each other idly until night. Artillery was busy at intervals; once in the morning with spirit, and continuing half an hour with vigor, till the rebel battery, as usual, was silenced. McClellan was on the hill where Benjamin's battery was stationed, and found himself suddenly under a rather heavy fire. It was still uncertain whether the rebels were retreating or re-enforcing—their batteries would remain in position in either case, and as they had withdrawn nearly all their troops from view, there was only the doubtful indication of columns of dust to the rear.

On the evening of Tuesday, Hooker was ordered to cross Antietam Creek with his corps, and feeling the left of the enemy, to be ready to attack next morning. During the day of apparent inactivity, McClellan had been maturing his plan of battle, of which Hooker's movement was one development.

The position on either side was peculiar. When Richardson advanced on Monday, he found the enemy deployed and displaced in force on a crescent-shaped ridge, the outline of which followed more or less exactly the course of Antietam Creek. Their lines were then forming, and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they really intended to hold, was probably meant to delay our attack until their arrangements to receive it were complete.

During that day they kept their troops exposed, and did not move them even to avoid the artillery fire, which must have been occasionally annoying. Next morning the lines and columns which had darkened corn-fields and hill crests, had been withdrawn. Broken and wooded ground behind the sheltering hills concealed the rebel masses. What from our front looked like only a narrow summit fringed with woods, was a broad table-land of forest and ravine; cover for troops everywhere, nowhere easy of access for an enemy. The smoothly sloping surface in front, and the sweeping crescent of slowly mingling lines, was a delusion. It was all a rebel stronghold beyond.

Under the base of these hills runs the deep stream called Antietam Creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it, one on the Hagerstown road, one on the Sharpsburg pike, and one to the left in a deep recess of steep falling hills. Hooker passed the first to reach the ford by which he crossed, and it was held by Pleasanton with a reserve of cavalry during the battle. The second was close under the rebel center, and no way important. At the third, Burnside attacked and finally crossed. Between the first and third lay most of the battle lines. They stretched four miles from right to left.

Unaided attack in front was impossible. McClellan's force lay behind low, disconnected ridges, in front of the rebel summits, all, or nearly all, unwooded. They gave some cover for artillery, and guns were therefore massed on the center. The enemy had the Shepardstown road and the Hagerstown and Williamsport road both open to him in rear for retreat. Alone or the other, if beaten, he must fly. This, among other reasons, determined, perhaps, the plan of battle which McClellan finally resolved on.

The plan was generally as follows:—Hooker was to cross on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left, if possible, flanking his position, and to open the fight. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their forces also to the right, co-operating with and sustaining Hooker's attack, while advancing also nearer the center. The heavy work in the center was left mostly to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry support in the hollows. On the left Burnside was to carry the bridge already referred to, advancing then by a road which enters the pike at Sharpsburg, turning at once the rebel flank and destroying his line of retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve. It is obvious that the complete success of a plan contemplating widely different movements of separate corps, must largely depend on accurate timing, that the attack should be simultaneous, and not successive.

Hooker moved Tuesday afternoon at four, crossing the river at a ford above the bridge, and well to the right without opposition. Fronting south-west, his line advanced not quite on the rebel flank, but overlapping and threatening it. Turning off from the road, after passing the stream, he sent forth cavalry skirmishers straight into the woods and over

the fields beyond. The rebel pickets withdrew slowly before them, firing scattering and harmless shots. Turning again to the left, the cavalry went down on the rebel flank, coming suddenly close to a battery, which met them with them with unexpected grape and canister. It being the motive of cavalry to retire before batteries, this company loyally followed the law of its being, and came swiftly back without pursuit.

Artillery was sent to the front, infantry was rapidly deployed, and skirmishers went out in front and on either flank. The corps moved forward compactly, Hooker, as usual, reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open grass-sown field inclosed on two sides with woods, protected on the right by a hill, and entered through a corn-field in the rear. Skirmishers on entering these woods were instantly met by rebel shots, but held their ground, and as soon as supported, advanced and cleared the timber. Beyond, on the left and front, volleys of musketry opened heavily, and a battle seemed to have begun a little sooner than it was expected.

Gen. Hooker formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Rickett's Division went into the woods on the left in force. Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, formed in the center. Doubleday was sent out on the right, planting his batteries on the hill, and opening at once on a rebel battery that began to enfilade the central line. It was already dark, and the rebel position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed forward boldly on the right, after losing ground on the other flank, but made no attempt to regain their hold on the woods, and finally went out in the dark.

Hooker had found out what he wanted to know. When the firing ceased the hostile lines lay close to each other—their pickets so near that sixty rebels were captured during the night. It was inevitable that the fight should recommence at daylight. Neither side had suffered considerable loss; it was a skirmish, not a battle. "We are through for the night," remarked the General, "but to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the Republic."

Not long after the firing ceased; it sprang up again on the left. Gen. Hooker, who had taken up his headquarters in a barn, which had been nearly the focus of the rebel artillery, was out at once. First came rapid and unusually frequent picket shots, then several heavy volleys. The General listened a moment and smiled grimly. "We have no troops there. The troops are shooting each other. Fair Oaks over again." So everybody lay down again, but all the night through there were frequent alarms.

McClellan had been informed of the night's work, and of the certainties awaiting the dawn. Sumner was ordered to move his corps at once, and was expected to be on the ground at daylight. From the extent of the rebel lines developed in the evening, it was plain that they had gathered their whole army behind the heights and were waiting for the shock.

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Rickett's line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a plowed field, near the top of the slope where the corn field began. On the open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods which stepped forward in the broad fields, like a promontory into the ocean, was the hardest and deadliest struggle of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General everywhere in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who under McDowell had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, "forward" was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the corn field, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and then back again into the woods which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing—followed still, with another cheer, and lunged themselves against the cover. But out of those gloomy woods came, suddenly and heavily, terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent, and broke, in a moment; that eager front, and hurried them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in a panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been—hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops—had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn fields from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened, but his center was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating a moment, he sent to Doubleday: "Give me your best brigade instantly." The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front, through a storm of shot and bursting shell and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the corn field, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew and could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

Gen. Hartshoff took his troops very steadily, now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the corn field begins to descend, and formed them on the creek. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing at the first in volleys, they fired then at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill, and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded over in flame and smoke. There for half an hour they held the ridge unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage.

There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere faltered. The General was wounded badly early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come—they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The rebel line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods.

The crisis of the fight at this point had arrived—Rickett's division vainly endeavoring to advance, and exhanbted by the effort, had fallen back. Part of Mansfield's corps was ordered to their relief, but Mansfield's troops came back again, and their General mortally wounded. The left, nevertheless, was too extended to be turned, and too strong to be broken. Rickett's sent word he could not advance, but he could hold his ground. Doubleday had kept his guns to work on the right, and had finally silenced a rebel battery that for half an hour had poured in a galling enfilading fire along Hooker's central line. There were woods in front of Doubleday's hill which the rebels held, but so long as those guns pointed that way they did not care to attack. With his left then able to take care of itself, with his right impregnable, with two brigades of Mansfield still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with his center a second time victorious, General Hooker determined to advance. Orders were sent to Crawford and Gordon—the two Mansfield brigades—to move at once, the batteries in the center were ordered on, and the General himself went forward.

To the right of the corn field and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and firmly held, it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. He rode out in front of his furthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted and went forward on foot, completed his reconnaissance, returned, and remounted. The musketry fire from the point of woods was all the while extremely hot. As he put his foot in the stirrup a fresh volley of rifle bullets came whizzing by. The tall soldierly figure of the General, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was—all made him a most dangerous mark. So he had been all day, riding often without a staff officer, nor an orderly near him—all sent off on urgent duty—visible everywhere on the field. The rebel bullets had followed him all day, but they had not hit him, and he would not regard them. Remounting on this hill, he had not ridden five steps when he was struck in the foot by a ball. Three men were shot down at the same moment by his side. The air was alive with bullets. He kept on his horse for a few moments, though the wound was severe and excessively painful, and would not dismount till he had given his last order to advance. He was himself in the very front. Swaying unsteadily on his horse, he turned in his seat to look about him. "There is a regiment to the right. Order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry these works and hold them—and it is our fight!"

Sumner arrived just as Hooker was leaving, and assumed command. Crawford and Gordon had gone into the woods, and were holding them stoutly against heavy odds. As I rode over toward the left I met Sumner at the head of his column advancing rapidly through the timber, opposite where Crawford was fighting. The veteran General was riding alone in the forest far ahead of his leading brigade, his hat off, his gray hair, and beard and mustache, strangely contrasting with the fire in his eyes, and his martial air, as he hurried on to where the bullets were thickest. Sedgwick's division was in advance, moving forward to support Crawford and Gordon. Rebel reinforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the roads was again to be renewed. Sumner sent forward two divisions. Richardson and French on the left. Sedgwick moving in column of division through the roads in rear deployed and advanced in line over the corn field. There was a broad interval between him and the nearest division, and he saw that if the rebel line were complete his own division was in immediate danger of being flanked. But his orders were to advance, and these are the orders which a soldier—and Sedgwick is every inch a soldier—loves best to hear.

To extend his own front as far as possible, he ordered the 34th New York to move by the left flank. The maneuver was attempted under a fire of the greatest intensity, and the regiment broke. At the same moment, the enemy perceived their advantage, came round on that flank. Crawford was obliged to give way on the right, and his troops pouring in confusion through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into disorder and back on the second and third lines. The enemy advanced, their fire increasing. General Sedgwick was three times wounded, in the shoulder, leg and wrist, but he persisted in remaining on the field so long as there was a chance of saving it. His Adjutant-General, Major Sedgwick, bravely rallying and trying to re-form the troops, was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine, and fell from his horse. Severe as the wound is, it is probably not mortal. Lieut. Howe, of Gen. Sedgwick's staff, endeavored vainly to rally the 34th New York. They were badly out up, and would not stand. *Half their officers were killed or wounded, their colors shot to pieces, the Color-Sergeant killed, every one of the color guard wounded.* Only thirty-two were afterwards got together.

General Dana was wounded. General Howard, who took command of the division after General Sedgwick was disabled, exerted himself to restore order, but it could not be done there. Gen. Sumner ordered the line to be formed under fire. The test was too severe for volunteer troops under such a fire. Sumner himself attempted to arrest the disorder, but to little purpose. Lieut.-Colonel Revere and Captain Audenried, of his staff, were wounded severely, but not dangerously. Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the corn field was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded in the shoulder. General Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At one o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire. Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where the night before Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been in front had been lost. The enemy's battalion, which, if advanced and served vigorously, might have made sad work with the closely

massed troops, were, fortunately, either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops, and commanding one division of the corps, formed on the left. Slocum was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of the division of rebel hills, while Smith was ordered to retake the corn fields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments and the rest, went forward on the run, and cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the corn fields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horses' steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible, but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men who beckon wearily for help which you cannot stay to give.

Gen. Smith's attack was so sudden that his success was accomplished with no great loss. He had gained a point, however, which compelled him to expect every moment an attack, and to hold which, if the enemy again brought up reserves, would take his best energies and his best troops. But the long strife, the heavy losses, incessant fighting over the same field repeatedly lost and won inch by inch, and more than all, perhaps, the fear of Burnside on the left and Porter in front, held the enemy in check. For two or three hours there was a lull even in the cannonade on the right, which hitherto had been incessant. McClellan had been over on the field after Sumner's repulse, but had speedily returned to his headquarters. Sumner again sent word that he was able to hold his position, but could not advance with his own corps.

Meantime where was Burnside, and what was he doing? We had heard Porter's guns in the center, but nothing from Burnside on the left.

Up to 3 o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to the observer it appeared as if McClellan's plan must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attack on right and left were meant in a measure to correspond; for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops and push them against Burnside.

Finally, at 4 o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin; to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and at any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the left, which the rebels still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General Sumner, that if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not sufficiently re-organized to be depended on as a reserve.

Franklin thereupon was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success, so far as it went, the batteries maintaining their new ground and sensibly affecting the steadiness of the rebel fire.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before 2 o'clock—perhaps not till 3. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear, covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right, the rebel batteries were in full play and apparently very annoying and destructive, while heavy columns of rebel troops were plainly visible, advancing as if careless of concealment along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced them with rapidity and the most determined vigor, straight up the hill in front, on top of which the rebels had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of McClellan's position, and as Franklin, on the other side, sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever. The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries which Porter supported were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the hill-top, ridge and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke.

There are two hills on the left of the road, the furthest and lowest. The rebels have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the furthest from the road. His guns opening first from this new position in front, more entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, moving rapidly and steadily up long, dark lanes, and broad, dark recesses, being plainly visible without a glass, as they move over the green hillside. The next moment the road in which the rebel battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men, flying at great speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them, a horse or a man or half a dozen went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried, but could it be held? The rebel columns, before seen moving to the left, increased their pace. The guns on the hill above, send an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He had formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering upon the road—high ground about them everywhere except in rear.

In another moment a rebel line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling, but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line. The rebels think twice before they dash into these hostile masses. There is a halt, the rebel left gives way and scatters over the field, the rest stand fast and

fire. More infantry comes up. Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unflinching firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help. McClellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed—needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where 15,000 troops are lying, he turns a half questioning look on Fitz John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh and impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both Generals, "They are the only heroes of the army; they cannot be spared."

McClellan recounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff, rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road—a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rode up. His message is, "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I cannot hold my position for half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly:—"Tell Gen. Burnside that this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost."

"I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then as the messenger was riding away he called him back. "Tell him if he cannot hold his ground, then, the bridge, to the last man!—always the bridge!—if the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces, how vital to the safety of the army and nation was those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz John Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on, their vindictive cannonade died away as the light of day faded. Before it was quite dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

## Our Reverse at Harper's Ferry.

The capture of Harper's Ferry was one of the most serious reverses we have met with during the war, if for no other reason than the simple fact that it opened a way of escape for the rebels from Maryland. We copy the following account of the battle and surrender from the N. Y. Times:

About the commencement of the month, Colonel Dixon H. Miles, of Bull Run memory, who succeeded Gen. Sigel to the command of the post, began to apprehend a forward movement by the enemy. On Monday, September first, the 87th Ohio, Colonel Banning, was sent down with two howitzers to the vicinity of Noland's Ferry, to prevent their crossing. They took up a position on the Maryland side of the canal, which runs parallel with the river.

The enemy appeared and succeeded in crossing, when Col. Banning destroyed the canal bridge, killed five of the enemy, and withdrew before the large force with no loss. From that time it was known that the enemy had entered Maryland, and Col. Miles began to strengthen his position at every point. All the infantry, with the exception of the three months' men, were raw troops. Gen. White retreated about this time to Martinsburg, via Harper's Ferry, leaving a portion of his command here. On Thursday evening, being obliged to evacuate Martinsburg, owing to the approach of Stonewall Jackson, the remainder of Gen. White's brigade fell back to the Ferry.

THE FIGHT OF FRIDAY.—On the morning of this day the enemy had begun to make their appearance, three miles away, on the Maryland Heights, near Solomon's Gap, having ascended from the rear. During the week we had advanced to the extreme top of the mountain, and constructed a barricade of trees four hundred yards in front of what is known as the "Look-out," and not far from an open clearing. Col. Ford, of the 32d Ohio, appointed to guard the Heights, desired very much to make the fight at Solomon's Gap, through which they would have to enter, believing that he could hold it successfully. Being, however, overruled in his wish, he deployed on Friday afternoon portions of his own and the 126th New York as pickets, under Maj. Hewitt, 32d Ohio, along the mountain side of the Gap. Skirmishing commenced at about half-past three, continuing until sundown. Owing to the thick underbrush, the skirmish was of a bushwhacking character, as, indeed, was all the fighting on the Heights. The Garibaldi Guards, 39th New York, were in the meantime scouting still further to the left. Under cover of night Maj. Hewitt deployed his men as pickets from one side to the other of the mountain, and then went down to headquarters to ask for re-enforcements, believing that the enemy would attack him in force on the morrow. He was promised two or three regiments as soon as they could come up in the morning.

Few slept that night. At daylight the line of battle was formed about three hundred yards in front of our barricade, as follows:—Companies K and D, 1st Maryland Home Brigade, held the extreme right, the 126th New York next in order, 32d Ohio front and center, Garibaldi Guard extreme left. The re-enforcements were sent up late, eight companies of the 3d Maryland Home Brigade not reaching the field until 8 o'clock, and the 11th New York not until near noon, too late to render any assistance to companies I and H of the 1st Maryland cavalry. "Russel's Roughs" advanced on foot, with revolvers and carbines in hand, in front of the line of battle, near to the clearing. The enemy appearing on the other side, they fell back. The rebels then, about 7 o'clock, opened with musketry on the front and right, and made two partial charges, in which they were handsomely repulsed. Fighting became general along the whole line, continuing one hour. At the end of this time the enemy received re-enforcements and advanced with terrific yells, at the same time beating the long roll. The 126th New York then became disorganized, and the whole line fell back to the barricade, fighting as they receded.

Having receded the barricade, a new stand was made. Col. Sherrill, of the 126th, gallantly dismounted from his horse, and with revolver in each hand, rallied his wavering troops. The balls fell thick and fast around him, but he never flinched,



calling upon his boys to stay by him, until he was shot in the mouth by a musket ball, and borne to the rear. Two-thirds of the regiment rallied and fought well during the rest of the engagement.

Our large guns on the Heights commenced shelling the woods in their rear at 10 o'clock, and kept it up until 3 1/2 o'clock P. M., (one hour and twenty minutes after the order to spike them had been given.)

At 4 o'clock the regiments retreated down the mountain in good order, and the Maryland Heights were thenceforward lost to us.

Who gave the order for their evacuation, I am unable to say. Certain it is, that every soldier was ready to stigmatize its author, whoever he may have been, as a coward or traitor.

No sooner had our troops retired to the valley, than the rebels occupied the heights above the guns and deliberately commenced a musketry fire upon the village below, which was returned by our soldiers.

THE BATTLE ON SUNDAY.—Morning came, but with it no signs of the enemy, except in front. Our guns and camps on the mountains remained just as we had left them, and yet the silence was ominous of no good.

About 12 o'clock two companies of the Garibaldi Guard and two of the Sixty-fifth Ohio bravely ascended the Maryland Heights, secured some of their camp equipage, and brought down four of the pieces of artillery, which had been left spiked.

The hope, however, was dispelled when, at ten minutes to 2 o'clock they opened a simultaneous fire from Maryland, Loudon Heights and Sandy Hook, with howitzers.

An attempt to storm Rigby's battery about eight o'clock, which did fearful execution, signally failed. During the afternoon the 11th, 15th and 39th New York moved down the hill to the outskirts of a piece of woods, where they took up position for the night.

THE BATTLE ON MONDAY.—Monday morning the rebels opened fire on Bolivar Heights at five o'clock, which was replied to until eight, when ammunition gave out.

A few minutes after eight a council of war was held. The brave Col. D'Utassy, for one, voted never to surrender, and requested that he might have the privilege of cutting his way out.

TERMS OF SURRENDER.—The officers were to be allowed to go out with their side arms and private effects; the rank and file with everything save arms and equipments.

THE FORCE SURRENDERED.—As soon as Jackson returned from the village, our entire force was mustered on Bolivar preparatory to stacking arms

and delivering over generally. They comprised the following:

Table listing military units and their counts: 12th N. Y. State Militia, from New York 600; 39th New York 530; 11th New York—raw troops 1,000; 115th New York—raw troops 1,000; 125th New York—raw troops 976; 124th New York—raw troops 1,000; 32d Ohio 650; 6th Ohio—three months regiment 800; 9th Vermont 800; 6th Illinois 840; 1st Maryland Home Brigade 800; 5d Maryland Home Brigade 800; 8th New York Artillery 267; Graham Battery 100; 16th Indiana 128; Potte's Battery 120; Phillips' New York Battery 120; Rigby's Battery 100; Officers connected with Headquarters and Commissary Department 50; Scattering Cavalry 69; Sick and wounded in hospitals 312; Total 11,866.

The artillery taken comprised the following: Twelve 3-inch rifled guns, Six James', Six 24-pound howitzers, Four 20-pound Parrott guns, Six 12-pound guns, Four 12-pound howitzers, Two 10-inch Dahlgrens, 150-pound Parrott, Six 6-pound guns, and several pieces of "Fremont's Guns," of but little value.

HOW OUR CAVALRY CUT THEIR WAY THROUGH.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, writing from Greencastle, Pa., under date of September 16th, gives these particulars of the gallant dash of our cavalry, who cut their way through the enemy's lines:

"Sunday evening Col. Miles, being ignorant of all that was taking place in the direction of Frederick, gave direction, or liberty rather, to his cavalry, consisting of the Twelfth Illinois, Eighth New York, four companies of the Third Maryland, and a squadron of the First Rhode Island, in all about sixteen hundred, to cut their way out.

"Passing Sharpsburg they came upon level lands, but avoided the roads, and struck through farms and corn fields towards Hagerstown, crossing the Hagerstown and Williamsport turnpike about three miles out of Williamsport, where the road from Mercersburg joins it.

"Imagine the consternation of the enemy to hear of several thousand Yankee cavalry at Sharpsburg on the rear, cutting off their retreat, with General Burnside's command thundering in front.

RE-OCCUPATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.—Harper's Ferry has been re-occupied by our troops without a battle, the rebels having abandoned it.

THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.—LITTLE of stirring interest has occurred in this department of the Army, since last issue of the RURAL, if we except what seems to have been a general reconnaissance along our entire line.

A reconnoitering party, under command of Major I. M. Deenes, of the 1st Maryland Cavalry, who is on Gen. Sigel's staff, and comprising two companies of the 9th N. Y. Cavalry, was pushed beyond Chantilly.

Col. R. B. Price, 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding a brigade of cavalry and two pieces of artillery, started the 22d, upon a reconnoissance from our front as far as Ashby's Gap, which he found guarded by the 6th Virginia Cavalry, under Lieut.-Colonel Green.

CENTREVILLE, Va., Sept. 25th.—The advance division of General Sigel's corps, under command of Colonel Van Gibe, 14th N. Y. V., De Kalb Regiment, reached this place, on Tuesday, the 23d inst., via Fairfax Court House.

THE FORCE SURRENDERED.—As soon as Jackson returned from the village, our entire force was mustered on Bolivar preparatory to stacking arms

carbines to bear on them. On the 24th, Brig.-Gen. Stahl reached this point with an additional force. He has now command of the place, and occupies the house of Mrs. Whaley as his headquarters.

The following from the Baltimore American's letter, dated Camp of the 5th New York Zouaves, near Sharpsburg, Sept. 29th:

The headquarters of McClellan were removed yesterday to a point three miles nearer Harper's Ferry. This movement may mean something, or be merely for convenience. At any rate, it is regarded here with some interest.

Harper's Ferry is now held in large force by our troops, and is evidently regarded as an important point in position of the army of the Potomac. Of other movements of the troops I shall say nothing, unless I touch on the proper reserve that Halleck has imposed on army correspondents.

A ride from the center of the army of the Potomac to its right wing, at Williamsport, gives an impressive idea of the immense number of men and aggregative of material brought together. For thirteen miles the eye never loses sight of camps. At Williamsport there has been inactivity on either side.

When in Hagerstown, a few days since, I gave a list of some distinguished rebels, who recorded their names at the Washington House. Among these was Dr. McLaughlin, of Bradley Johnson's staff. This same individual, a few days since, crossed the river and gave himself up. He stated that he was utterly tired of the rebel service, and would sooner be in Fort McHenry than with their army in Virginia.

Early this A. M. a large force of cavalry crossed the Potomac at Blackburn's ford, and moved off toward Shepherdsville. They had not returned when I closed this letter. Our scouts visit Shepherdsburg frequently by day, while rebel cavalry still come there at night, that place being held by neither.

At Shepherdsburg Ferry, on this side of the Potomac, there are over 200 wounded rebel prisoners, guarded by the 91st Pennsylvania regiment, and under care of three rebel surgeons. They have everything done for them that is possible, no service that is desired being refused by our surgeons or officers; but the hospital is a terrible place.

We shall see active operations resumed before long. Our advance is four or five miles out, and a rebel force composed of ten brigades of Louisiana and North Carolina troops are in our immediate front, and show a disposition to contest our further advance.

A spirited cavalry and artillery skirmish took place this forenoon, in which our men did well, and drove the rebels some distance.

There are reports that the rebels are fortifying both Winchester and Martinsburg, but they are not generally credited in military circles. A sudden rebel dash on Cumberland is regarded as more probable, and measures have been taken to checkmate any such move.

MOVEMENTS IN THE WEST.—MISSOURI.—Early last week, Capt. Johnson, with seventy-five of the enrolled militia from Rolla Co., attacked 70 guerrillas under McDonald at Frederick, scattering them in all directions. They left one dead and three wounded.

The day following, Capt. Johnson, with 118 men, surprised a camp of 150 strong under Major Snider, and after a short fight the enemy fled. Snider was killed and fifteen of his men were wounded. All their camp equipage—guns, blankets, and other property—was taken.

Major Hunt reports scattering Cunningham's band near Sturgeon, in a skirmish, and one man was wounded on our side and none killed.

Maj. Anderson, commanding a detachment of the 10th militia, recently had a skirmish with guerrillas in Monroe county, routing their forces and capturing the notorious guerrilla chief, Elliot Mags, and thirteen of his party, together with some horses, arms, and camp equipage.

J. W. Mennifree, lately of Poindexter's band, was captured in a street fight, having entered Cass Co., in disguise, and being recognized by persons present.

Gen. Merrill is informed by authority deemed credible, that Porter himself crossed the river on the night of the 21st, from the lower part of Calaway. Previous information indicates he has gone in that direction, and has some force with him, but how much is not known.

Gen. Halleck has received the following dispatch: Sr. Louis, Sept. 28—3 P. M. To H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief.—General Merrill reports that Col. Gurtan, of the Missouri State militia, has captured Maj. Wells, Capt. Emery and Robinson, and Lieut. Morrison, with several privates and important correspondence of the rebels.

KENTUCKY.—The Augusta (Ky.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, says:—This place was attacked by 640 mounted rebels with two cannons, under the command of a brother of the guerrilla John Morgan. The Union forces under Col. Bradford, numbering 120 men, took refuge in houses and fired from windows, killing and wounding 90 of the rebels.

THE UNION LOSS.—It is understood that the Union losses, in killed, wounded, and missing, during the battles in Maryland, are estimated at the War office as not exceeding sixteen thousand. Some regiments were almost entirely cut up.

Informal reports from Augusta, show that the town was lost on Saturday through the cowardice of the Captain of the gunboat, who fired three shots and left the town to its fate.

The forces of Humphrey Marshall and Kirby Smith are reported at Cynthiana, Ky., 20,000 strong, moving against Covington.

Gen. Jefferson C. Davis shot Gen. Nelson at the Galt House, Louisville, on the 29th ult., killing him almost instantly. There are many conflicting accounts of the shooting. About a week ago, Nelson placed Davis in command of the Home Guards of Louisville. At night Davis reported to Nelson the number of men working on the intrenchments enrolled for service. Nelson cursed him for not having more. Davis replied that he was a junior officer, and demanded the treatment of a gentleman.

President Lincoln on Emancipation.—We give this document in full, as was promised in last week's issue. Its importance should guarantee a close and careful perusal:

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22, 1862. I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress, entitled an act to make an additional act of war, approved March 18th, 1862, and which act is in the words and figures following: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such article.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That this act shall take effect from and after its passage. Also to the 9th and 10th sections of an act entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:

Section 9. And be it further enacted, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way take aid and comfort therefor, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce within their respective spheres of service the act and sections above recited, and the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the [S. C.] city of Washington, this 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By order of the President: W. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

COLLISION.—A collision took place on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, near Harrisburg, on the 25th ult.—a train with troops (the 20th Pennsylvania Militia) running into a stationary train. Several cars were smashed to splinters, ten or more men were killed, and more than thirty wounded.

THE UNION LOSS.—It is understood that the Union losses, in killed, wounded, and missing, during the battles in Maryland, are estimated at the War office as not exceeding sixteen thousand. Some regiments were almost entirely cut up.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. Horses Strayed or Stolen—Vincent Seelye. Cider Mill Screw—Gowing & Co. Choice Native and Foreign Grape Vines—Lenk & Co. Grape Vines and Currants by Mail—C. G. Frost. To State Fair Exhibitors—J. Fraser & Co. A Situation Wanted as Housekeeper. Peach Trees—Lenk & Co. Job and Newspaper Office for Sale—W. H. Gardner. SPECIAL NOTICES. Valuable Improvements—Mason & Hamlin's Harmoniums.

The News Condenser.

- The latest accounts of Garibaldi's health are rather worse. The cholera has been raging for some time past in the Mauritius. The crops throughout France are now stated to be a fair average yield. The Hon. Owen Lovejoy has been re-nominated for Congress in Illinois. There is a field of twenty acres of broom corn in Contra-Costa county, California. The increase on Erie Canal tolls over last year already exceeds a million dollars. Hospital accommodations in Washington for 20,000 patients are now completed. The Victoria (Australia) Telegraph Company has fifty offices and 1,516 miles of wire. The Rev. Thomas Starr King is rendering good service to the Union cause on the Pacific. Christopher Beckwith, living in Huron county, Ohio, has eleven sons in the Union army. Paris letters continue to speak of military preparations by France for any contingency. The report in the N. Y. Times of the wounding of Maj.-Gen. Fitz John Porter is incorrect. The slave trade on the coast of Africa has nearly ceased since the treaty with Great Britain. Gen. Rosecrans has been appointed Major-General, according to the Cincinnati Commercial. John L. Ricardo, the famous English advocate of free trade, died a short time since in London. The Independent estimates that there are \$200,000,000 lying idle in the banks of New York city. Four bales of cotton from Queensland, the first shipped from that colony, are on their way to England. Counterfeit Confederate notes to the amount of \$100,000 are said to be in circulation in Atlanta, Ga., alone. Shakespeare's birthday was this year celebrated with great eclat at the Ballarat gold diggings, in Australia. Fifty-two thousand one hundred and eighty-eight persons visited the International Exhibition on the 2d ult. Gen. Prince, and several other officers of Gen. Pope's army, recently captured by the rebels, have been released. Thomas Ewing, Jr., Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, has resigned his judgeship and gone to the field. The Richmond Examiner complains that the people exhibit an unwillingness to invest in Confederate securities. Out of a loyal population of not more than 150,000, Western Virginia has furnished over 16,000 volunteers for the war. The Sioux City Register states that Secession Commissioners among the Indians are responsible for their insurrection. The boiling down of cattle has commenced again in Australia, in consequence of the superabundance of animal food. A Turin journal says that Colonel Charras, who was Minister of War under the French Republic, is in Garibaldi's camp. In Minnesota, the bill extending the elective franchise to soldiers, passed the Senate on Thursday week, by a vote of 13 to 4. Capt. W. D. Porter has been made a Commodore, for destroying the ram Arkansas, capturing Natchez, and other naval exploits. All the prisoners in the penitentiary of the District of Columbia are to be temporarily removed to the old county jail at Albany. Gen. White is in Washington under arrest, to await an investigation of the circumstances attending the surrender of Harper's Ferry. The Militia Enrollment in Indiana has been completed. The returns show:—militia, 209,216; volunteers, 106,277; exemptions, 82,869. Capt. John Percival, well known to the readers of naval history, died at his residence, in the vicinity of Boston, on Wednesday week. On Monday, Lieut. Ludlow, Aid-de-Camp to Gen. Dix, effected an exchange of 10,000 rank and file and 300 officers, at Harrison's Landing. England exported over fifteen million gallons of beer last year, to say nothing of the vast quantity manufactured for home consumption. Dr. J. H. B. McClellan, brother of the General, is among the volunteer surgeons who have repaired to the battle field from Philadelphia. Several of the most prominent of French diplomats had been summoned to meet in Paris, it was supposed to discuss the Roman question. Residents near the ford over the Potomac, at which the rebels crossed, say that 300 or 400 of them got out of their depth and were drowned. Dr. George B. Boundy, of Boston, died a few days ago by hemorrhage caused by drawing a tooth. It is supposed that an artery was severed. Gen. Mitchell has arrived at Fort Royal and made a speech, in which he calls himself a "very restless man," who "don't know how to be still." Peaches are plenty everywhere. The Leavenworth (Kansas) market is flooded with them, and they bring only thirty-five cents per bushel there. A largely attended Union meeting was held in New Orleans on the 18th, at which Col. Jack Hamilton, of Texas, made a speech of the right stripe. Count de Gasparin, formerly Minister of the Interior under Louis Philippe, died recently at Orange, (Vaucluse,) France, in the 53d year of his age. Large quantities of chrome have been shipped to England from New Zealand. Plumbago is likely to be added to the list of exports from that colony. It is reported that three of the finest steamers on the Clyde—the Irons, the Giraffe, and the Clydesdale—have been sold to the Confederate Government. Harvey E. Brown has been discharged from the Directorship of the Hospital on Bellevue Island, for neglect of sick and wounded soldiers under his charge. Iowa is the first State to fill her quota under the call for 600,000. She has every man in the field by voluntary enlistment, and all for three years or the war. Antietam Creek, near which the great battle of Wednesday week was fought, is a tributary of the Potomac, running through Washington county, Maryland. Wm. H. Banks, a promising young man of 25 years, brother of Maj.-Gen. Banks, died on Tuesday week at the water-cure establishment in New Jersey. In Connecticut drafted men are allowed to choose what companies they will go in, with the consent of the captain, but have no part in the choice of officers. A company of Florence Nightingales has been formed in Dearborn, Mich., of 100 young women, pledged to search out families of volunteers and supply their wants. Among the Americans in Paris early last month was Mr. Townsend Harris, late Diplomatic Agent of the United States in Japan, on his way home to the United States. By a recent arrival from Europe, the Commissioners of the Central Park, New York, have received a veritable gondola. It was purchased by Mr. John A. C. Gray, in Venice.



Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, September 30th, 1882. Tax changes are very few and may be noted by the table below.

Table with columns for 'Rochester Wholesale Prices' and 'Meats'. Lists various goods like flour, wheat, and meat with their respective prices.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, SEPT. 29.—Flour.—Market may be quoted a shade firmer, with a fair demand for export and a moderate inquiry for home consumption.

Special Notices.

VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.—MASON & HAMLIN'S HARMONIUMS, containing the new AUTOMATIC SWELL, KNEE-STOP, &c., are now considered greatly superior to Melodeons...

Married.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the morning of the 15th of September, by Rev. P. TORNEY, Mr. LYMAN W. WILLIAMS and MARY E., eldest daughter of Lewis ATWATER, Esq., both of Ithaca, N. Y.

Died.

At Jonesville, Michigan, Sept. 28th, 1882, ORANGE CRUTCHFIELD, only son of J. W. & S. L. CRADDOCK, aged 11 months and 9 days.

New Advertisements.

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GRAPE VINES AND CURRANTS BY MAIL.

For \$1.00 each, by mail, Concord, Delaware, and Winesap. The latter alone 50 cts.—the whole crop of which was picked and marketed, this year, by August 31st.

PEACH TREES.

25,000 one year old, from bud, very thrifty and fine, at \$50 per thousand. Address: Humboldt Nurseries, Toledo, Ohio.

CHOICE NATIVE AND FOREIGN Grape Vines.

LENK & CO., offer for sale a large stock of Native and Foreign Grape Vines, including all the rarest and most valuable varieties. Send for a Price List.

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Warranted the BEST INSTRUMENTS of the class in the world. See Catalogue containing testimony to their superiority from the most eminent musicians.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

Table listing wool market prices for various types of wool, including Saxony, American, and foreign wools.

ALBANY, SEPT. 23.—A very dull market.

The stock of desirable qualities is quite moderate. No sales of moment have been made during the week.

BOSTON, September 24.—There is no change to notice since our last.

Table listing market prices for various goods in Boston, including different grades of wool and other commodities.

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ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, OVER ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.

IS NOW OPEN. With the Finest Collection of Statuary and Paintings in the States.

MORELAND!

SHAYER! PALMER'S MARBLES, &c. The new and third season has commenced.

TOLEDO NURSERIES

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c.

CURRENTS.

Red Dutch and Black Naples, 2 years old, \$1.50 per 1,000.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Houghton's Seedling, 2 years old, \$1.50 per 1,000.

NORWAY SPRUCE.

4 feet, well branched, \$125.00 per 1,000.

SCOTCH PINE.

6 feet, well branched, \$140.00 per 1,000.

GENEVA NURSERY.

W T & E. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y. Invite the attention of PLANTERS, NURSERYMEN and DEALERS.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

200,000 Grape Vines, of the new early sorts, at reduced prices.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

of Triomphe de Gand, Wilson's Albany, and other fine sorts.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE.

Magnifying Five Hundred times, for twenty-eight cents! (in silver) \$75.00.

200,000 APPLE TREES.

Standard and Dwarf Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry Trees.

75¢ A MONTH.—I WANT TO HIRE AGENTS.

in every County at \$75 per month and expenses, to sell a new and cheap Sewing Machine.

YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK AND CANADA!

The N. Y. Central Commercial College, established 1868, offers by recent acquisitions, the combined advantages of all Commercial Institutions.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF NURSERY STOCK.

The undersigned, appointed receiver of the Nursery Stock of the late firm of GREGORY & GREGORY, now offers the same for sale to Dealers and Nurserymen.

INGERSOLL'S IMPROVED HORSE AND HAND POWER HAY AND COTTON PRESSES.

These machines have been tested in the most thorough manner, throughout this and foreign countries, to the number of over 1,200.

BUY THE BEST, AT THE EMPIRE AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

These machines are worked by either WHEEL or CAPSTAN, and in several important points possess unexcelled merit.

THE THRESHER AND CLEANER.

runs easy, separates the grain perfectly clean from the straw, cleans quite equal to the best of Fanning Mills.

IONA GRAPE VINES.

At greatly reduced prices, for sale by Clubs. Twelve acres of the best hardy kinds, chiefly to Clatsop.

MILLIKEN'S STENCIL PAMPHLET.

Shows how any active person can make money rapidly. Sent free on application.

C. B. MILLER, Foreign and American Horticultural Agent.

EXHIBITION and SALES ROOMS. No. 634 Broadway, near Bleeker Street, New York.

THE UNIVERSAL

SOLELY BY CANVASSERS. Merchants not supplied.

Clothes Wringer.

It is the Original and only Genuine and Reliable Wringer before the people.

SQUIERS' PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! WE DEFY ALL COMPETITION!

CANVASSERS WANTED.

To men who have had experience as canvassers, or any who would like to engage in the sale of this truly valuable invention.

WE WANT TO SELL.

Describe the Circulars furnished by JULIUS IVES & CO., General Agents.

Books for Ruralists.

The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

THE BEST MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR SEPARATING OATS, BARLEY, &c., FROM WHEAT.

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MISSING.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

the cool, sweet hush of a wooded neck
Where the May-buds sprinkle the green old ground,

A soldier, clad in the Zouave dress—
A bright-haired man, with his lips apart,

Where the warm blood drips on the pleasant grass.
The violets peer from their dusky beds,

God pity the bride who waits at home,
With her lily cheeks and her violet eyes,

The secret is safe with the woodland grass!

not as good a one. Except our Colonel himself, I
don't know a man who stood the raking fire of yester-

IN THE COLONEL'S TENT.

It was true that Colonel H— had noticed the
little drummer. Indeed the remarkable coolness and

Bags came, his drum on his breast, and the sticks
in his hand; for he had been busy with them when

Colonel H— could not have well defined his
own feelings at that moment. Was it but natural

"Thank you, Colonel; I only did my duty, Sir.
I'm big enough for that, though I am small."

"You might have the wish without the ability, my
boy. Were you not alarmed when the engagement

"I might have been, Sir, if I'd let myself think
about it; but I kept my mind steady to my drum.

"Stand by the ship" why that's sailor's talk,"
said the Colonel, too considerate for Bags's feelings

"That it is, and I'm pleased to find you can make
so proper an application of it. Let the same rule

"Yes, Sir; that's what Father Jack told me when
he taught me to say 'Stand by the ship.'"

"No, Sir; never had a father. Father Jack was
the sailor who brought me up."

"Never had a father; poor boy!" said the Colonel
to himself; then to Bags. "Ah! Father Jack was

"Very much obliged to you, Sir; but I have no
story to tell."

"I mean that you should tell me all you know of
yourself; where you were born—where, how, and

"Born at sea, were you? Well, that's a very good
comment for your story. Your life so begun

"No, Sir; never had a father. Father Jack was
the sailor who brought me up."

"No, Sir; I've had no hardships," replied Bags,
simply. "I've always had a pretty good time of it.

"That was sad, indeed! But how did Father Jack
manage with you? I should think he could scarcely

"Oh! he did very well with me, Sir; he fed me on
goat's milk, and kept me in the bag, swung from

"But you certainly have another name than
Bags?"

"No, Sir; Father Jack said it would do very well
alone till I found my other father, who, of course,

"Then you expect to find your real father, do you?
But you must explain to me how this is; you know

"Yes, Sir; I'll have to tell you the first as I heard
it from Father Jack. My mother sailed from France

"But when the ship was well out to sea a great
storm rose and drove her on rocks, where she

"Hurrah for you; why, Bags, you're a trump! I
didn't think you had so much pluck in that little

"Taught myself." Rub a dub a dub! etc., etc.

"You did? Well that was smart of you! And
where did you get the drum to teach yourself?"

"Didn't have any; practiced on an empty barrel
till I joined the Twentieth—th." Rat a tat a tat

pool, he'd there find out all he wanted to know. So
he kept me with him in a family where he always

"He never came back? And how was that?"

"He died aboard ship, of a fever, sir," replied
little Bags, one big tear rolling slowly down each

"And so you lost your kind friend! And what
did you do after that?"

"Father Jack'd done all he could to make the
way easy for me, sir; he'd put me to a free school

"No great things, sir, but a good many little
things, that helped along. I swept out gentlemen's

"And do you, too, expect this?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied Bags, very confidently.
"Father Jack said so, and he knew. He often said

"But you have yet to explain to me how you
came to be drummer to the Twentieth—"

"I can soon tell you that, sir. When I was twelve
I left school, and went on to Chicago with a gen-

"No, you could never forget those words; for, like
a wise and good man, Father Jack was careful to

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In increasing anxiety he finally sailed for the
French port, but there, to his infinite alarm, could

The victim of doubts and griefs which were at
times almost too much for his reason, Mr. H—

Years later, when he brought to his own country's
cause the experience so gained, he little dreamed

Had any one predicted for little Bags that he
would cry when he found his father, he would have

One other consideration embarrassed little Bags;
and concerning this also, he lost no time in consult-

As "Ashamed of you, my son! No, I am proud of
you!" said his father, clasping him yet closer in his

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The Publisher to the Public.

Our Fall Campaign!

RECRUITS WANTED FOR THE RURAL BRIGADE

The Last Quarter of Vol. XIII of the RURAL NEW-YORKER
commences this week—with October. As a large number

THE BEST, AT HALF PRICE!

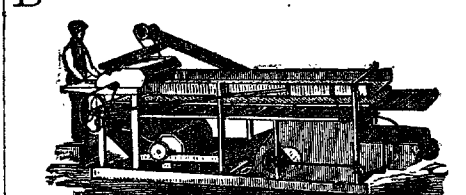
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support of comparative strangers, preparatory to the

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the
RURAL's Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily

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CLOVER THRASHER AND HOLLER,

Patented May 18th, 1868; Dec. 13th, 1869; April 8th, 1862; and
May 13th, 1862.

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Birdsell & Brokaw,

West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y.

This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain
Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one

TREES! TREES! TREES!!!

We offer for sale a Large Stock of well grown APPLE
TREES, from 3 to 5 years old. Also a large stock of Dwarf

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

THE CHAMPION.

Hickok's Patent Portable Keystone

CIDER AND WINE MILL.

10,000 in use and approved.

This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of
1892. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and

ROCHESTER CITY SCALE WORKS.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

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ment of

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The Story-Teller.

THE DRUMMER BOY

OF THE ILLINOIS TWENTIETH—TH.

THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE.

Rub a dub dub! Rub a dub dub! rub a dub, dub
a dud, dub a dud dub!

"Here, little What's-your-name, come help us with
a hand at euchre!"

"The deuce take the boy! is he deaf? Hallo! I
say, drummer! come, help us with a game!"

"Thank you, Colonel; I only did my duty, Sir.
I'm big enough for that, though I am small."

"You might have the wish without the ability, my
boy. Were you not alarmed when the engagement

"I might have been, Sir, if I'd let myself think
about it; but I kept my mind steady to my drum.

"Stand by the ship" why that's sailor's talk,"
said the Colonel, too considerate for Bags's feelings

"That it is, and I'm pleased to find you can make
so proper an application of it. Let the same rule

"Yes, Sir; that's what Father Jack told me when
he taught me to say 'Stand by the ship.'"

"No, Sir; never had a father. Father Jack was
the sailor who brought me up."

"Never had a father; poor boy!" said the Colonel
to himself; then to Bags. "Ah! Father Jack was

"Very much obliged to you, Sir; but I have no
story to tell."

"I mean that you should tell me all you know of
yourself; where you were born—where, how, and

"Born at sea, were you? Well, that's a very good
comment for your story. Your life so begun

"No, Sir; never had a father. Father Jack was
the sailor who brought me up."

"No, Sir; I've had no hardships," replied Bags,
simply. "I've always had a pretty good time of it.

"That was sad, indeed! But how did Father Jack
manage with you? I should think he could scarcely

"Oh! he did very well with me, Sir; he fed me on
goat's milk, and kept me in the bag, swung from

"But you certainly have another name than
Bags?"

"No, Sir; Father Jack said it would do very well
alone till I found my other father, who, of course,

"Then you expect to find your real father, do you?
But you must explain to me how this is; you know

"Yes, Sir; I'll have to tell you the first as I heard
it from Father Jack. My mother sailed from France