

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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

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AGRICULTURAL.

NOTES AND INQUIRIES.

An Out-Door Cellar.
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you give some hints that will aid me in making an out-door cellar, if you think such a construction valuable for the farmer. We have a fair cellar under the house, but it is not large enough for storing roots, &c., for stock. More than this, such use of a house cellar keeps it always dirty, and is in every way inconvenient. I feel the need of more cellar room and plenty of it, and will be thankful for any advice on the subject.—FARMER, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

It is very unwise to store a large quantity of vegetables in the cellar of a farm house even if it is of sufficient capacity. In the latter part of winter there will be some decay, and nothing can be more detrimental to health than living over a mass of decaying vegetable matter. But few cellars are large enough to hold the products of the farm that require winter storage. As we devote more attention to the economical feeding of stock, the necessity of good root cellars will be felt more seriously. Carrots, beets, parsnips, cabbage, and the like, require cellar room. A sandy hillside is the best place for making a cellar, as in this situation good drainage is secured as well as easy access. A good cellar, however, can be made in any place where the water will not be within three or four feet of the surface. Especial pains must be taken to secure good drainage. Dig down as far as drainage will allow, and throw the earth back, to be used in banking up. If rough stone are to be had, they are best for the walls; if not, posts and plank will answer. A strong ridge pole is necessary, which must be supported by posts. Bank up the sides with earth, and plank the roof, and cover with straw or leaves, over which rough boards, or something of the kind, must be placed to prevent blowing off. An easy entrance should be made at the front by digging down the earth in a gradual slope; and as this part will be exposed to the weather, it should be made double; and if of boards, filled between with straw. Where stone is used a space for air is sufficient. Perhaps some of our readers who have had experience in the building and use of out-door cellars, will give us the benefit of their knowledge of the subject.

An Ice House.
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would like to get a little information through the columns of your excellent paper, in regard to the building of an ice house. Although it is a little out of season, I would like to know if one large enough for a common sized family could not be built in a cellar; and if so what is the best way to build a cheap one, and what materials ought to be used? If some one who has tried it, will give the required information, it will oblige me, and I have no doubt many other readers of your paper.—E. J. BAKER, West Kendall, Orleans Co., N. Y.

This query, contrary to the intimation of our correspondent, we think quite reasonable, for it is best that all preparation for keeping ice should be made before cold weather sets in, when out-door work is both slow and unpleasant. A dry cellar, with good drainage and well ventilated, will answer for keeping ice, but we should much prefer to build a cheap place above ground. Damp and heat are the two great agents that cause our ice to thaw, and our efforts must be directed to counteract these. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than even the air. The best material for an ice-house is wood, next brick, and then stone. The wooden walls should be made double by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers, the space between being filled with some non-conducting material. Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tan-bark or sawdust will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose. We have known ice to keep well when the house was made of one thickness of common boards, with plenty of straw packed at the sides, well covered, and with good ventilation at the top.

Where the natural drainage is not first rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open, the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Great care must be exercised to obtain thorough drainage, and to secure the rapid passage of water that forms from the thawing ice. Lay branches on the bottom of the house as evenly as possible, and cover these with straw before commencing to pack. This is a very simple and cheap way, and is all the flooring required, though any other plan may be adopted that will accomplish the end—quick and thorough drainage.

Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families; yet it is as small as we would recommend any one to build, as the cost and trouble is but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice, and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

Onions and Onion Seed.

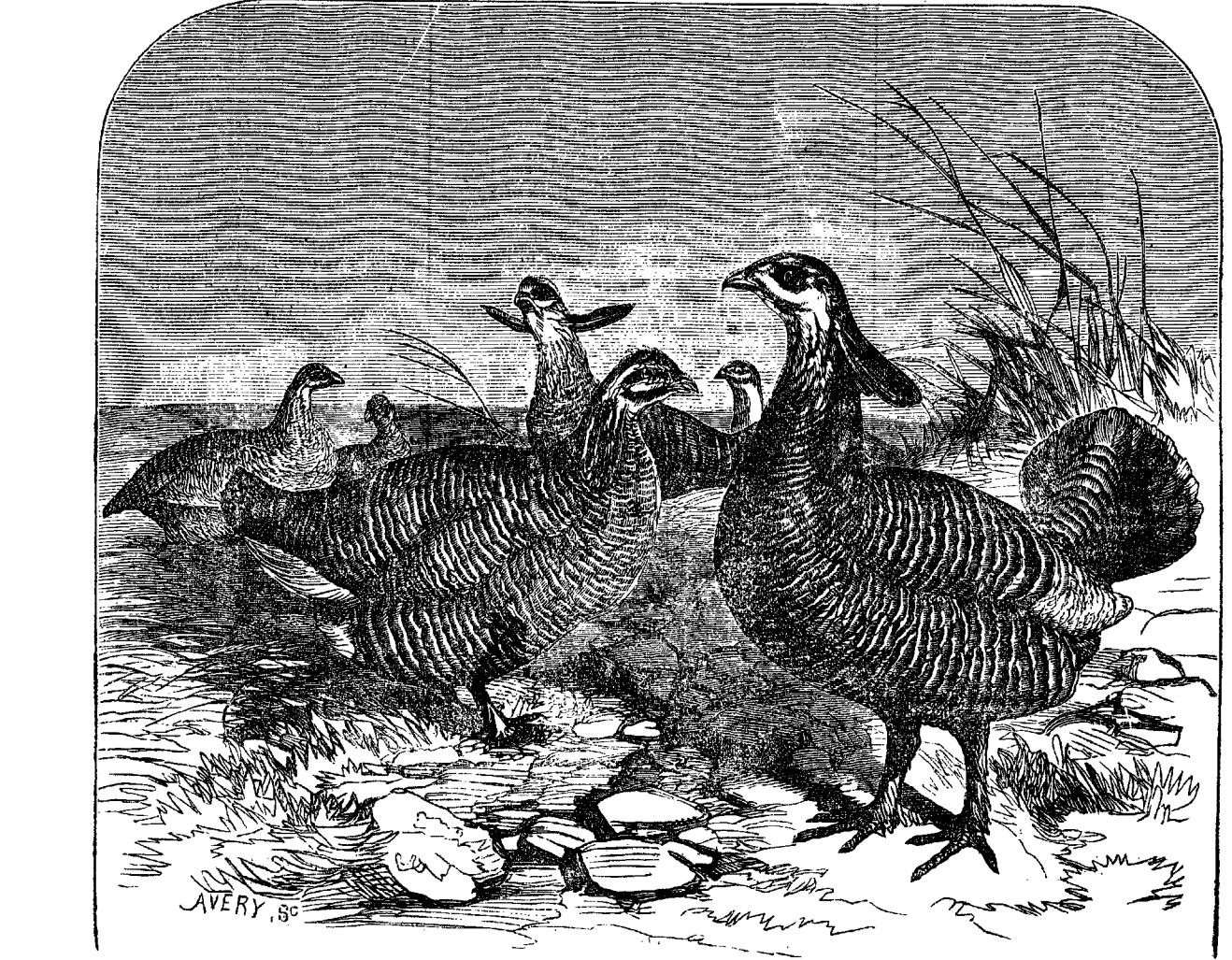
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a late number of the RURAL I read a proposition for farmers and gardeners to raise their own seed. May I tell you my experience with onions? I have always bought the seed at the stores, it being more trouble to raise the little I wanted than to buy it. The result has been, for more than 30 times I have failed to get a good crop. I had thought the seed must be the cause. I visited a large seed garden and found seed growing from inferior onions, such as I guessed could not be sold in market. I was asking a friend last spring, a large grower of onions, (B. H. GIFFORD, of Bristol, R. I.) what he did with his scallions, (a variety of onions with very thick stalk and little bulb.) Said he did not raise such—he raised his own seed. I asked him to send me some seed if he had any to spare. In one of the last days of May, I received a package of seed, and though late, I planted a patch, about half of a rod. They are decidedly the best crop I ever raised; they are yet growing, not all big; some are 11½ inches in circumference, and not a scallion among them. I have taken no more pains with them than I have at other times, when more than half would be scallions.

I planted in a hot bed last spring, what I bought for brocoli. The plants have grown finely, but they have neither head nor heart; but leaves two feet eight inches long. I don't know what to do with them.—DANIEL EDWARDS, Little Genesee, N. Y.

As a general rule, "like produces like," and if we grow seeds from inferior vegetables, the crop will be inferior. The very best specimens of vegetables, grains, &c., should be saved for seed. If strict attention was given to this rule, we would soon observe a great improvement, both in our garden and field crops. It is well for the farmer and gardener to save all the seeds he needs, as far as possible, if he will exercise proper care to keep them pure, but home-saved seeds, as generally grown, are worse than worthless, and the same is true of much that is offered in the market. The regular seed-grower possesses many advantages over the farmer for obtaining pure and good seed, if he understands his business, and if he is strictly honest these advantages will benefit the purchaser more than the seller. But there is great temptation to fraud in the seed business, for poor seeds, as a general thing, are produced at a much less cost than those that are good, while the purchaser is unable to detect the difference. As a general rule, the poorer a plant is, and the more nearly it approaches a wild and worthless condition, the more abundant the seed. To this rule, of course, there are many exceptions, as the grains, and other plants the value of which resides in the seed. Seedsmen we presume are as trustworthy as any other class of business men, as it is certainly their interest to be.

We are satisfied, however, from long experience, that seeds saved from the best onions, will, in some seasons and under certain treatment, produce a good proportion of "scallions." Onions will not form good bulbs very readily in a wet season, and if the seed is planted too deep, or the soil is poor or undrained, the crop is generally about worthless. Onions that have been transplanted when small, almost universally produce fine bulbs. To raise a good crop of onions, obtain the best seed you can, make the soil rich, deep and mellow, sow as early as possible, only just covering the seed, and then roll the ground to make it firm. Some of the gardeners in this neighborhood sow the seed on the surface of the ground and tread it in with the feet. This they call "scuffing." Those who pursue this plan, as far as we have observed, meet with good success.

Brocoli is an uncertain crop in this country. It will sometimes head in the cellar if taken up before severe frost.



PINNATED GROUSE, OR AMERICAN PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

The above beautiful and spirited engraving is appropriate at the present season, and will be recognized as life-like by many of our readers, especially by those in the prairie regions of the West. *Wilkes' Spirit* of the 1st inst., (to which we are indebted for the illustration,) says that "the pinnated grouse, prairie chicken commonly called, are now in season, and may be seen in many a field of the great West, as thick as the artist has here grouped them. These beautiful game birds are uncommonly abundant in the prairie regions of Illinois and the States west of the Mississippi. In the season a vast quantity of them are shot and shipped from Chicago to New York and other eastern markets. The pinnated grouse of the plains is not near as wild and shy a bird as the beautiful ruffed grouse of our woodlands. On a frosty morning, in the West, the former may sometimes be seen

sitting in long rows upon the rail fences, and some fellows of the baser sort seize that opportunity, sometimes, to commit 'murder.' The pinnated grouse, when young, fat, and properly cooked and served, is a delicious dish. We know of no brown bird, unless it be the canvas back duck, that beats him, in his prime, for the table. They have recently been introduced in England, and have bred this season in the garden of Mr. GRANTLEY BRKELEY," who visited this country a year or two ago.

In its article on Grouse, the *New American Cyclopaedia* thus describes the subject of our illustration:—"The pinnated grouse, prairie hen or chicken (*T. cupido*, Linn.; genus, *cupidonis*, Reich.) has a tail of 18 feathers, short, truncate, and much graduated, and a tuft of long, lanceolate feathers on each side of the neck, covering a bare space capable of considerable inflation. The plumage is covered

with transverse bands of white on a brown ground, the latter nearly black, and the former with a rufous tinge, above; long leathers of the throat black; different specimens vary much in color. The length is about 17 inches, with an extent of wings of 28, and a weight of 3 lbs. This species, once common in the Atlantic states, is now mostly confined to the western prairies and plains; the old name in New York was heath hen. The food is acorns, buds, leaves, berries, and grains. They do not migrate, but remain all the year in their favorite and barren grounds; in the spring the males are in the habit of meeting at break of day in what are called 'scratching places' where they swell and strut with great pomp, and engage in fierce contests, uttering a peculiar sound rendered more intense by the large inflated sacs on the sides of the neck. Their flesh is excellent food."

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE HOMESTEAD.

I AM not sorry there is no law of primogeniture governing the disposal of estates in this country; but I have sometimes regretted that some law did not exist by which the homestead of a family might forever remain sacred to it, regardless of the claims of usurers and other land-sharks of that ilk—by which it might always remain a home to which each succeeding generation might return and gather in the halls of its forefathers in family re-union—by which the accumulated household treasures and souvenirs might be placed beyond the reach of the sheriff and his processes, to remain on the homestead and give pleasure to and revive the early associations of the returned wanderer. I am aware that it is a nice point to decide where this matter might begin and where it should end and yet secure justice to all. It is not my purpose to discuss it; but to impress the lesson it suggests, or that suggests it.

Few men whose early life has been spent on a farm, and who have left a homestead to buffet with the world, but will sympathize in the sentiment, when I say there is no greater pleasure, no more exquisite enjoyment realized by visiting any spot on earth, than that of returning, after long years of absence, to the place of one's birth, to the home of his childhood, to the mother who bore him and to the father who counseled with him during his minority. The sensation of pleasure is felt the moment one's face is turned homeward, and is intensified in exact ratio to his progress thither; if not, he is not a true man, or his early life and home have been shadowed with sorrow, or chilled with unnatural associations.

The lesson then, is this:—It is good to have a home to return to—a place of refuge where the wanderer, no matter what his circumstances may be, will be welcome. It is good to have this home associated with all that is affectionate and cheerful with use and beauty—with industry and thrift—with purity and truth—with all that is lovely and of good report. To make such a home for his children is certainly the duty of the farmer. To make it beautiful

and symmetrical in outline and feature is his duty; for the impression that is made upon the mind of the child, in early life, lasts. It molds his (the child's) whole life, affecting not only his character but his life-work. The heritage of such associations and the privilege of returning to such a home, is better than an inheritance of gold. The life of the child is renewed in the man. A clear perception of dross and its value compared with the good and the enjoyable is secured;—the picture and fact reproduced.

I have no apostrophe to address to home. I have no personal experiences that I desire to obtrude on the reader's attention—no sentimental scenes to reproduce on paper. But I have to urge the advantages which follow a permanent settlement for life in one's own chosen and created (almost) home. There is great gain in being settled down. It is two-fold. Each year accumulates about the farmer the material by which labor is lessened. The rough channels of labor become worn and smooth. The friction of the system is constantly diminished. These accumulations are adapted to the locality and its needs. A change involves a great loss; and it is rare that there is a corresponding gain. The waste of frequent removal is enormous. Time is lost; labor is expended; money is paid out; the wear and tear of removal is no small item; and above all the breaking up of old associations (if good) is often disastrous in the extreme. Parents and children become unsettled. It is a radical change in the lives of all, from which recovery is rare.

It is true, we are getting cosmopolitan in our habits; but it is not the less true that this fact renders the homestead all the more necessary. The homes of a people are the fortresses they fight to defend. Without them, a people become nomadic in their habits, and the spot of ground that subsists them is as dear to them as any other, no matter in what country or under what government it may be. It may be said there is no danger that we will become such a people. But it cannot be successfully established that we are not tending in that direction: Let the man who has a homestead keep it; let him that has none, get one, and labor to render it attractive to the absent, and a constant joy to those who abide in it.

SAMBUCUS CANADENSIS.

Some plain spoken, right-minded farmer will ask, as he reads the above heading, "What in tophet is that? Sam—who?" I saw this Sam along the roadsides bounding some of the New York farms. I saw it (him) in the fence corners, thrusting its (his) head out of the stone-heaps, through the stone walls, from among the rail rubbish piled up where last year's fence was removed. It (he) stood in the barn-yards invaded the plowed fields of Farmer SHIFFLESS, who invariably gives him plenty of room.

This Sam—cus ought to be driven out of the country. He is no sort of relation to our respected Uncle Sam; but he has long taxed many Eastern farmers as heavily—and even now, when the latter is trying taxing on pretty hard, Sam-bu-cus lightens his hold not a bit. I should not have given the fellow so much space in these columns, at this time, but for the fact that a certain very respectable gentleman out West has been trying to induce him (Sambucus) to settle in the West—or rather to induce Western farmers to invite him and adopt measures to get him there. I asked an old neighbor, whose fences were nearly hidden by this interesting individual, if he did not think it (him) a pretty shrub—its flowers fragrant, its berries luscious, its bark useful, and the whole thing of great value in an ornamental and economical point of view; telling him, at the same time, of the effort to introduce it in the West. As I talked of its good qualities his face grew redder and redder, his whiskers grew irritable, and his lips assumed an expression of ineffable scorn. He only replied, "Blast it!"

And so say I, blast it!—the common elder—the Sambucus Canadensis.

THE ROAD LAW AND ITS EFFECTS.

I find the road law of New York is every where received with favor, and is enforced. I say every where; it may be that near cities and large towns the class of persons who pastured their cattle in the streets, do not like it. But among farmers its practical operation is gratifying. The farmer who owns a large farm, keeps a large dairy of cows, (at home,) and a large herd of young stock, (in the road,) finds

It necessary to "deacon" more calves. This law is practically resulting in compelling each man to fence his own stock—removing the necessity of road fences, except as a protection from droves that may pass along the street. Such a law in the West would save an enormous tax to the grain growers.

Perhaps the time has not come when a law, compelling each man to fence his own stock, would be just in all localities; but a law similar to this New York law would be a good step, in the right direction, in the more thickly settled portions of the country.

WIRE FENCE IN SUCH CASE.

Is the best that can be made. In stoney regions stone walls have been adopted as the favorite fence, because no drifts make beside them. But stone walls are expensive. Wire fence is less objectionable as a road fence. It is cheap and durable, it will last.

COMMUNION.

One of the most impressive facts found on the farms down East—especially on the old stiff loams with clay and hard-pan subsoil—is that which crops out on the undrained surfaces in the shape of a brickly condition—baked and cracked, and packed as hard as if ground, and pressed in an immense convex mold.

What next? Since seeing the revolving malleable iron belts of EVANS' Rotary Digger, as exhibited by HEPBURN, at the New York State Fair—described on page 328, current volume of RURAL—in operation, I have thought a good deal of the adaptability of that machine to such soils as I am writing of.

The more I think of the operation of this Digger, the more I discover to commend it to the soil cultivator. Its operation is first to crush clods, compress the surface, and second to lift and lighten, and mix or comminute the soil over which it passes.

power by which time can be saved, and we shall have advanced a century in the science of communism.

WOMEN FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have been lecturing on the great rebellion, the past two months, in Western and Southern New York. While in Niagara county, I spent a few days in the family of MARVIN and PAULINA ROBERTS. They are farmers, having some 300 acres, and the farming is mostly done by the mother and her four daughters, and a niece, who is as a daughter.

"PEKIN, Niagara Co., N. Y., Sept. 9, 1862.—I am in the family of MARVIN and PAULINA ROBERTS. They are farmers, having some 300 acres, and the farming is mostly done by the mother and her four daughters, and a niece, who is as a daughter. I send you an extract from my journal, kept while there. Print it in your valuable journal, if you think it adapted to subserve the interests of humanity:

"Besides this work on the farm, in raising and harvesting the crops, the mother and daughters have milked and taken care of the milk of 22 cows, making it into cheese and butter. The girls have also helped to shingle and lath a large addition to the dwelling house, a cheese house, and a house for a family, from the husband and father of which they expected much help; but he, with another hired man, enlisted and have just gone to the war, leaving the mother and daughters to carry on the farm and gather the crops, and put in the fall seed for next year's harvest.

"I asked the parents, 'How much do you consider the labor of your three eldest daughters worth, per month?' Ten dollars and their board, was the reply. 'To the daughter of 14 we give \$8 per month; to the niece \$6—this being her first season of labor on land. This amount we give from the first of April to the first of November. In winter we have not enough for them to do to earn this amount.'

Such are the labors of one mother and her daughters, as farmers, during this season. The raw material for food and raiment must be grown. Who will grow it? Over one million of men are gone and going to the war. They are mostly from laborers on the land. Their wives, mothers, daughters must grow the raw material for food and raiment, or suffer.

Healthy and vigorous bodies, and intelligent, thinking, loving, refined and happy souls, may be cultivated more successfully, and with more certainty, in connection with cultivating the soil as gardeners or farmers, than in connection with any hand labor that confines woman to the close air and monotonous employments of dark kitchens and parlors.

The health of woman, body and soul, is essential to the elevation and happiness of the human race. On her health, more than on political or ecclesiastical institutions, depends the destiny of man in the great and sublime future of this world.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Montrose, Penn., Nov., 1862.

The Bee-keeper.

Account of the Bee-Eater.

We had in this village, more than twenty years ago, an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees; they were his food, his amusement, his sole object; and as people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dozed away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks.

"Thou, Had thy presiding star propitious shone, Shouldst 'twild man be."

When a tall youth, he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.—White's Natural History of Selborne, England.

Large Deposit of Honey.

A somewhat singular discovery was made in a house in St. Louis. The Argus gave the following account of the story:—"The inmates of one of our largest up-town mansion houses, a few days since were surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in two of the upper rooms. As the little fellows continued to occupy the places, a bee naturalist was sent to investigate. On entering the rooms, he exclaimed: 'You have honey somewhere here, and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fire-board, he discovered that one flue of the chimney was full of honey-comb, which was hanging down into the fire-place, and the honey dropping from it; proceeding to the top of the house to sound the chimney, he found it the same; one flue of the chimney was full, and the bees were industriously at work there also.

SUPERSTITION.—Among the peasants of Livonia, the genuine bee-keeper never pronounces the word "bee," as he believes the expression would inevitably bring misfortune on his apiary. He always speaks of them as "forest birds," and however frequently or severely he may be stung, he bears the pain with mute stoical fortitude; never giving utterance to his feelings, for fear he should offend his "forest birds."

ANTS are frequently troublesome pests in an apiary. To get rid of them, mix equal parts of potash and sugar, pulverizing the whole in a mortar. Set the mixture, in shallow plates, in places which the ants frequent.—Bee Journal.

He may be regarded as a master in bee culture, who knows how to winter his stocks in a healthy condition, with the least loss of bees, the smallest consumption of stores, and with the combs unsoiled.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Flaxseed Crop. In reference to the new crop of flaxseed the Cincinnati Price Current says:—A good deal of inquiry has been made of us regarding the flaxseed. The crop is a large one, and has been saved in good order. The yield is fully twenty per cent. greater than that of last year. The contract system controls the great bulk of the crop, however, so that the price is an arbitrary one and indicates nothing. The crushers furnish the seed to the farmers on condition that they sell them the crop at one dollar per bushel, and hence this is the price the farmer now gets.

Foot-All in Cattle. A CORRESPONDENT of the Albany Cultivator, in response to an inquiry upon this subject, says: "I would prescribe as a sure remedy, spirits of common salt (muriatic acid.) A teaspoonful, applied to the diseased parts once in two or three days, for half a dozen times, will cure its worst form, and a single application taken in season will often be enough. Farmers, please try it, and let me hear from you. The milder form, or scratches, as it is often called, which often appears on horses as well as cattle, may easily be cured by the application of pot fat, or lard well saturated with salt. The former is best. Both sure remedies in this vicinity. Every farmer should keep the former by him."

A New Whippetree. THE Maine Farmer says:—"Many accidents occur from horses getting frightened and running away, caused by the whippetree being detached and dropping upon the horse's heels. An invention to obviate this difficulty has been made, and a model of the whippetree forwarded us by the inventor,

Jacob Muzzy, of East Eddington, Me. The whippetree is hollow, and is strengthened by an iron fastened upon the under side, of the same dimensions as the whippetree. Through the wood part a leather strap passes, playing at each end over a roller. To the ends of this strap the fastenings for the traces are firmly placed. The whippetree is designed to remain stationary, the motion of the horse or carriage acting with ease by means of the rollers at each end, and all noise or clatter is done away with."

Reading for Farmers.

We heartily endorse what the Maine Farmer says below, on this subject, and about Farmers' Clubs. The farmers of the whole country are, or should be, interested in the establishment of Agricultural Libraries, the organization and operation of Farmers' Clubs, and the circulation of Agricultural Journals, and now is the time to give such matters attention:

The Vermont Phoenix mentions as an item of news, that in five towns in that State the sum of \$600, or an average of \$120 for each town, has been raised for the purpose of establishing an agricultural library in each town. It adds:—"We are pleased to see these libraries springing up in nearly all our villages. They are sure precursors of a greatly improved system of agriculture, which is sure to be followed by increased profits from its pursuit."

Will not this fact inspire our farmers with a determination to do something of the same kind the present fall? A few farmers in a town or neighborhood could each contribute a small amount, making in the aggregate a sufficient sum to purchase a few standard works on agriculture, stock raising, horticulture, &c., and the benefits derived from their perusal would surely be found in larger crops and better animals and fruits. What has become of our Farmers' Clubs? Now is the time for them to re-organize and work to produce better crops, in order to keep up the increased demand required by the army.

Prepare for Winter.

THE following suggestions, from the New England Farmer, are appropriate at this season, and applicable to a wide extent of country:

Many farmers too long delay the necessary preparations for winter. In this cold and changeable climate, it shows a great want of proper foresight and economy to neglect such repairs and preventives as will secure shelter and warmth for themselves and their stock, and tend to the preservation of the harvests of every kind which have been secured. A board off, or a pane or two of glass gone here and there, may prove the loss of young and tender animals, or of a portion of the potatoes, roots or apples which have been stored away. In such case there is a double loss—a loss of the property itself and of the labor which produced it, and to which is to be added the inconvenience of supplying a like amount, if it be absolutely required for wintering out the stock. But this is not all. If the places where animals are kept are windy and damp, a large amount of the food that would otherwise go to increase the bulk of the carcass, is consumed in making good the waste induced in meeting the large demand for animal heat. It is said by those who have given special attention to this matter, that from one-fourth to one-third more food is required to keep up the proper amount of animal heat, for an animal exposed to the cold, than is required for one that is protected from the elements by proper shelter.

So with regard to the house. A day or two spent in making all tight about the underpinning, in supplying whole, for broken glass, and in making the ledges about the windows so close as to prevent them from rattling, or admitting the wind—and similar attention given to the doors—will save considerable expense in the amount of fuel required during the winter, and greatly promote the comfort and happiness of the family. No barn or house can be kept warm at a moderate cost, where the wind is allowed to pass freely under the floors, as the air which is warmed in the room is made lighter, and is rapidly driven up by the constant current of cold air from below. This condition of things in the room is expensive, uncomfortable and trying, and has a decided effect upon the spirit and manners. No person could long preserve a cheerful equanimity, and be exemplary in tone and manner, under such circumstances. They make a class of trials which no considerate husband should allow his family to contend against.

These are only suggestions. Many other things are to be looked after, which a discreet foresight will place in proper order.

Care of Animals in November.

HERE is another sensible and timely article from the N. E. Farmer:

One of the most dreary aspects of life in the country is that of animals roaming over barren pastures and exhausted fields, in the month of November. They are turned out from the shelter of the barn-yard, after a stinted breakfast of dry husks, to wander through the gusty day where there is nothing to eat, and where the sharp north wind is blowing away the very heat and moisture which animate their empty bodies! Under such treatment their hair soon looks long and frothy, their ears flop about as though hung on a single pinion, their eyes lose luster, and the countenance is dejected, while they stand in the blast with all their feet so close as almost to touch each other.

This is the poorest possible beginning for a stock of cattle as cold weather approaches, and it will cost the farmer twice as much money to restore the fat and flesh which they lose under this treatment, as it would to add an equal amount if the cattle were properly cared for. Between the time of a plentiful supply of grass, and that of feeding upon dry fodder, is a trying period for stock,—one in which they require unusual care rather than neglect. They are deprived of their accustomed supply of green and succulent food, at a time when the cold weather is making unusual demands upon the animal heat of the system, and for this reason alone they should be fed with good hay, a little corn, pumpkins, and other heat and fat-making food. If to these are added the leaves of cabbage, mangolds, beets, carrots, or turnips, a small foddering at a time, two or three times in the day, they will lay on fat and flesh rapidly, and enter upon their winter course in excellent condition to grow or yield milk in abundance. On the other hand, cattle that go to their winter quarters in a thin and shabby manner, cannot be brought up to a sleek and healthy condition short of extraordinary effort and cost. It is poor economy to neglect cattle in the month of November.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE TERMS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—When we penned the announcement relative to the club terms, published in the RURAL of the 1st inst., we stated that the same quantity of paper we were using this year, would next year cost us, at the advanced price, Three Thousand Dollars more than our share. But our article had scarcely been put to press ere we learned of a still further advance, which, if continued, would make the difference in that one item full \$5,000 instead of \$3,000. If the present price of printing paper is maintained during the ensuing year, we can make little or nothing on copies of the RURAL furnished at \$1.50; and ought to advance the price to \$2.50 for a single copy, and make \$2 the lowest club rate—which would not be higher than some of our contemporaries charge in proportion to the cost of their journals compared with ours. But we propose to stand by the figures already announced—one copy for \$2, 3 copies for \$5, 6 for \$10, and 10 for \$15—even if we lose money by so doing. That the Agents and Subscribers of the RURAL will sustain us in the small advance, we are confident, and hence shall make no argument or special appeal on the subject. The case is so clear that no special pleading is necessary in addressing a jury of sensible and reasonable men, and we therefore leave it to the honor and conscience of all interested. If, as we believe they will, its friends decide and act in its behalf, the RURAL will be sustained in preference to the so called cheap "big story" papers, and reprints of daily and other journals—but if otherwise we shall endeavor to bear the reverse with becoming fortitude.

—While closing the above paragraph, our paper maker called. On reading it to him he remarked—"Your terms are too low; you ought to make the lowest club price \$2." But as we replied, "our flag is nailed to the mast, and we will stand by the terms already announced."

THE CALIFORNIA STATE FAIR was held at Sacramento, Sept. 30th to Oct. 4th inclusive. According to a report in the California Farmer of the 3d ult. we infer that the display was meagre in several departments. It says "the fruits were highly creditable to the exhibitors, but the majority of them were from Eldorado and Placer counties—two or three exhibitors only from Sacramento." The Stock Grounds were the great attraction. "The entries were numerous, especially in the 'horse' line, of which there were some as splendid specimens as any State of our Union can boast, and we think England, with her 'whalebone' steeds, couldn't beat our fast ones. The entries at the Stock Grounds, up to noon of Wednesday, (the second day,) numbered 683 from 106 exhibitors." The report says that the Hall of the Pavilion did not present a very satisfactory appearance; that there was a great lack of interest on the part of the tillers of the soil and producers generally; that a vast number of the staple products of the county of Sacramento were not represented, and many of the tables remained empty throughout the Fair. "A single bag of wheat, but not one sheaf of wheat, to represent Ceres, was there." There was comparatively nothing to represent the home manufacturing interests in the shape of agricultural implements. The attendance must have been large, as it is said strangers "filled the city to repletion." Yet nothing is said of the receipts at the Fair, or whether it was a success financially. In concluding its report the Farmer says—"The Race Ground was the Agricultural Fair this year. All the interest and attention centered there, much to the dissatisfaction of those who feel an interest in the cause of farming, orcharding and vine-growing. These interests were swallowed up in the Race Track and its associations."

GYPSUM IN MICHIGAN.—As most of our readers are aware, there is an extensive bed of gypsum at Grand Rapids, Mich., from which a large quantity of superior plaster has been annually furnished for a number of years. We have some beautifully polished specimens of this gypsum—such as we have heard, incidentally, are used somewhat for the fronts of stores and other buildings in Grand Rapids, (though we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement.) We now learn from an exchange, that a deposit of gypsum, of one hundred and fifty acres in extent, and equal to the best Nova Scotia article, has been discovered within sixty rods of Tawna bay, Saginaw county, Michigan. It is pure white plaster, and the bed has been bored into fifteen or twenty feet without going through. It can be mined for fifty cents per ton. This discovery is of great importance, as the deposit is in close proximity to the route which all westward-bound vessels take. If these statements are correct, the discovery will prove a mine of wealth to the farmers of the West—more valuable than a lode of gold or silver—and we congratulate them accordingly.

THE MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN of the 1st inst., announces the retirement of W. BUCKMINSTER, who has edited it for more than twenty-one years, and that he and his son "have sold and transferred to the Hon. HENRY W. VAN LEAF the copyright and good-will of the paper." Mr. B. is in the 70th year of his age, has done good service in the cause, and hence is entitled to the benefits of the retired life. We cordially concur with a contemporary who says Mr. B. "retires to his pleasant farm in Framingham, where we wish him all the peace and prosperity that ought to accompany a green old age." Mr. GREENE, who has been a member of the State Council for some years, and mingled somewhat in political affairs, is characterized as an upright, intelligent and honorable man. We welcome him to his new field of labor and usefulness in the hope that the Plowman (why not spell it so!) will be as well sustained in the future as it has been under the guidance of his venerable predecessor.

A PRINTER-SOLDIER FOR FURLOUGH.—In common with many others of his "hoets of friends" we were last week pleased to meet Mr. CHAS. G. VAN SOBHYER, of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry Regiment, stationed at Newburn, N. C. VAN left the RURAL Office a little over a year ago, enlisting as a private. He was soon made corporal, was subsequently promoted to the responsible position of sergeant, and evidently has a fair prospect of winning the shoulder straps—for, as we said when he joined the service, CHARLES IS plucky and patriotic, and has mind and muscle enough to figure and fight to the best advantage. As he is about to return to his Regiment, we repeat our remark when he first left the tented field—"May he fight the good fight for the Union most valiently, and return safely, covered with glory and honor." And may he be spared the fate of his friend, the lamented Lieut. VAN IXGHE, (also from this office,) who fell, mortally wounded, while heroically fighting under BURNSIDE at Antietam.

SORGHUM BEGASSES FOR PAPER.—Your issue of Nov. 8th, which is just at hand, contains an item under the head "What are paper consumers to do?" In the West manufacturers are seeking to solve this question, and experiments have been instituted to determine whether paper may not be made from Sorghum bagasse. I have before me a sample of brown wrapping paper—the result of a first experiment—manufactured from it; and the machinery is being now put up for the purpose of more extended experiments in its manufacture into print paper. There is little doubt in the minds of the parties making these experiments, that they will succeed. I am told. The great difficulty is in keeping the bagasse after the juice has been extracted; for if the juice has not been completely taken out, and the weather is warm, fermentation soon follows, and the fiber decays. The importance of this matter to the paper consumers warrants the encouragement of these experiments. Those referred to are at St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill.—O. S. S.

AMERICAN EXPORTS.—The following is a table of the value of American exports for the three years ending June 30, '62. It is made up from returns of the Treasury Department:

Table with 3 columns: Product, 1860, 1861, 1862. Includes items like Products of the Sea, Products of the Forest, Of Animals, Vegetable Food, Cotton, Tobacco, Flaxseed, Hemp, Brown Sugar, Hops, Manufactures, Coal, Iron, Wheat, Gold and Silver bullion, and Raw produce not specified.

HORSES IN VERMONT.—The Secretary of the Vermont State Agricultural Society says that the number of horses in that State before the rebellion was 65,000, since which nearly 16,000 have been carried away for army purposes.

HORTICULTURAL.

SEEDS AND TREES.

No class of men have received better advice, and perhaps none have been better abused, than the nurserymen and seedsmen.

"WEeping Sufferers" has struck a lead, as we say at the mines, which I hope to see followed up.

Several years ago, I had the misfortune to allow a person of this class to become indebted to me.

The result was, I contracted for the number of trees wanted, and had the satisfaction of knowing that they were dug out on his own grounds.

But, Mr. Editor, there is another grievous evil which your patrons are suffering from yearly.

The frauds in seeds affect a class of people who are less able to bear the disappointment, than those who own large tracts of land.

They also affect a class that can not well gird on the sword to combat the common enemy, and who, unfortunately, do not often enough know their own power to wield the pen in self-defence.

frands are mostly exposed in the agricultural journals, and he who will not read them deserves to lose ten times the subscription every year.

It is quite natural for men to blame others for the results of their own misconduct.

THE LATE WILLIAM REID, Nurseryman, of Elizabeth, N. J.

In nine cases out of ten, or even more, that have come under our observation, of difficulty between buyers and sellers of trees, the cause of all the trouble has been ill-treatment and neglect.

Many seem to think that seeds will grow anywhere and under any circumstances.

We will examine the causes of failure. If fine seeds are planted too deep, they either rot in the damp, cold earth, for the want of the warmth necessary to their germination, or after germination perish before the tender shoots can reach the sun and air.

If the soil is a stiff clay, it is often too cold at the time the seeds are planted to effect their germination, for it must be understood that warmth and moisture are necessary to the germination of seeds.

"coming up," or, if during showery weather they happen to get above the surface, they become locked in, and make but little advancement, unless the cultivator is careful to keep the crust well broken.

If seeds are sown in rough, lumpy ground, a portion will be buried under the clods and never grow, and many that start will not find a fit soil for their tender roots, and perish.

But, it may be asked what we have to say in case where seeds, grow and plants thrive, but the flowers are not as represented.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE comes home to us with peculiar force in the case of our late friend, Wm. REID.

In less than three weeks from that day we were summoned to attend his funeral.

His trees were remarkable for their vigorous growth, and his grass, walks, and live hedges of great variety, models of perfection.

Mr. REID was not only distinguished for his skill and taste as a cultivator, but also for his enterprise and public spirit.

He loved his profession—his heart was in it—his zeal never flagged.

Mr. REID's business and social relations with his brethren in the trade were of the most agreeable kind.

leaves behind him a family of two daughters, the eldest having nearly attained womanhood; the youngest is still at school.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From WILLIAM FIELDING, of Clarkson, a basket of splendid Baldwin apples—the largest and finest we have seen this season.

From E. CHAMBERLIN, Rochester, a box of Isabella grapes, large and ripe.

From Prof. S. S. CUTTING, Rochester, a very large and fine specimen of the Burr's Die! pear.

From GEORGE MERRICK, Genesee, N. Y., a pear for name—the *Opagoda* or *Stark's Orange*.

From Prof. S. W. CLARK, of Homer, superior specimens of Isabella grapes, grown in his vineyard at Naples.

SUPERIOR ROSES.—It will thus be seen (says the *Collage Gardener*, of a London exhibition.) that whenever a Rose Show is held, there are some kinds which are sure to hold a leading place; and that all over the country General Jacqueminot, Eugene Appert, Madame Vidot, Jules Margottin, and other well known names are certain of victory, or of a place in the victor's triumph.

A CHARISIT.—Did you ever see or hear of the like? I never did. Probably it may be called a Canadian curiosity!

CRECULAR.—AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The undersigned, President of the American Pomological Society, congratulates the cultivators of Fruit and the public generally upon the gratifying progress which the science of Pomology has made in our country.

ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. PROGRAMME OF EXERCISES FOR WINTER MEETING. Commencing Dec. 24, at 10 A. M., at Bloomington.

First Day. Morning Exercises—Essays and Addresses. Address by O. B. GALUSHA, the President. Essays on Apples.

Afternoon Exercises—Essays on Peaches. Robert Douglas, of Watkings. Very Rev. Theologian, of Chicago. Ornamental Fruit Trees.

Evening Exercises—Essays on Grapes. C. N. Andrews, Rockford. H. L. Brush, Ottawa.

Afternoon Exercises—Essays on small Fruits, Strawberries and Blackberries. H. M. Kilder, Evanston on Strawberries. H. Shaw, Tremont on Strawberries.

Evening Exercises—Essays on small Fruits, Raspberries, etc. Chas. Kennicott, Soudoval on small Fruits of Egypt. H. M. Kilder, on Raspberries.

Morning Exercises—Essays on small Fruits. Chas. Hamilton, Henry, on Gooseberries. J. T. Little, Dixon, on Cherries.

Afternoon Exercises—Essays on Evergreens, etc. S. Edwards, La Moille, on Evergreens. M. D. Dunlap, Champaign, on Spruces, &c.

Evening Exercises—Miscellaneous Essays. J. Periam, Hope, Kitchin and Market Gardening. G. W. Minter, Mackinaw, Forest Trees.

Morning Exercises—Miscellaneous Essays. J. A. Warder, Cincinnati, optional. E. D. Walsh, Rock Island, Entomology.

Evening Exercises—Miscellaneous Essays. The essays and addresses will be followed by discussions on the topics treated of.

Evening—A Social reunion. The citizens of Bloomington, with their usual liberality, offer to the members the hospitalities of their homes.

There are thousands of RURAL readers in the West who will read the above programme. They are respectfully urged to be present at this meeting.

The gentlemen whose names are above given as essayists, are urged to be prepared with their papers and promptly on hand at the time specified to read them; at least, if not able to be present personally, send the papers.

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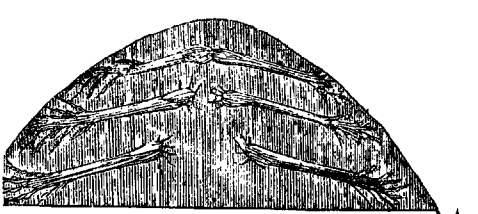
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Inquiries and Answers.

KEEPING CELERY.—Will you please tell me the best way to store Celery for winter use—AMATEUR.

There are many ways of storing celery. The plants may remain in the ground where grown, and be covered with boards, over which manure, leaves, &c., are placed to prevent freezing.



still more against wet, a small gutter is dug around the ridge, to carry off the water.

Domestic Economy.

APPLE BUTTER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We are exceedingly anxious to make a little apple butter, but do not understand the way.

In answer to the foregoing query we re-publish, from the RURAL of Nov. 3d, 1860, three methods, as then furnished by correspondents:

ELIZA, of West Fayette, N. Y., says that she can recommend apple butter thus made:—Take two barrels of cider manufactured from nice, sound, sweet apples; draw off six or eight gallons; then boil the remainder to sirup.

NETTIE E., of Clyde, says the apples must be either all sweet or all sour. Pare, core, and cut as for drying.

An Erie County correspondent enters more into detail, giving the mode there adopted, as follows:—Apple butter, if properly made, is indeed excellent.

BAKED BEANS.—Few people know the luxury of baked beans, simply because few cooks properly prepare them.

CURDS AND WHEY.—Infuse a piece of rennet in a little boiling water, as for making cheese; let it stand an hour or two; then put a table-spoonful to three pints of new milk warmed.

BREAD PUDDING.—Fill a four quart pan half full of light bread, crumbled fine; add milk so as to nearly fill the pan; let it soak for two hours; then add two thirds of a cup of sugar, two eggs, two spoonfuls of sweet cream, a tea-spoonful of salt, half a nutmeg.

Ladies' Department.

WISHING.

A NURSERY SONG.

Here, ting! I wish I were a primrose—
A bright yellow primrose, blooming in the spring!

AID FOR SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The following letters from Washington to the Rochester Volunteers' Aid Society, and the comments of the Secretary of the Society, though referring to a local effort, will be read with interest by all our readers interested in meeting the wants and relieving the sufferings of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Union Army.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 23d, 1862.

Your boxes have arrived. Every thing came nicely. You must have had an experienced packer, for of all we have received, (over 100 boxes,) none have come so safely as yours.

The flannels you sent are particularly needed: most New Yorkers in hospital, here, are wearing cotton shirts. This is wrong; it is entirely too cold, and sickness must be the consequence.

Pickles are hailed with joy by all, and especially by scrovy patients. It is quite necessary for their recovery that they have pickles; therefore your keg is particularly acceptable.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27, 1862.

I came here last week, not expecting to do any thing for hospitals; but I have become acquainted with Mrs. Munson, and on Saturday last I went to Harwood Hospital with her, to distribute necessities to the sick soldiers, and found several Rochester boys there.

Mrs. Munson is doing a hard work, but her heart seems to be in it, and I think she does it judiciously and successfully. The soldiers welcome her presence among them; they crowded around our ambulance, looking so wishfully.

The above letters will not be without interest to those who have so generously assisted our Society in its endeavors to contribute to an object dear to every patriotic heart—the kind provision of delicacies and comforts for our wounded, sick and suffering soldiers.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 7, 1862.

CRINOLINE AMONG THE ORIENTALS.—The French papers publish accounts of the expedition of M. Lambert to Madagascar. Its object being primarily the spread of civilization and toleration, the envoy took out for the princesses of that island an abundant stock of crimson robes, having skirts resplendent with embroidery, sent by her Imperial Majesty.

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

Do you remember it, NELLIE? The old spring at the foot of the hill, that bubbled up clear as crystal from its home among the rocks, and went tinkling away over the shining pebbles in a merry little rivulet?

NELLIE, they tell me that the old spring is unchanged—its waters are as sweet and clear as in other days. The early violets still wait their perfumed breath over the rippling brooklet, and the rustic gate still stands beneath the willow boughs.

SHIRLEY CLAIR.

WHAT IS A LADY?

A GREAT deal of argument is going the rounds respecting the title of lady and the name of woman. The expression "lady" is so much abused, that I infinitely prefer the sweet, unpretending title of woman.

WOMEN TOO CREDULOUS.

How is it that almost every scamp, with or without a prepossessing personal appearance, can go about the country winning the affections of respectable women so successfully? A fellow, recently arrested in London, was discovered to have married four different women within a short period; and how many more he has inveigled into a similar snare in other places may be left to the imagination.

THE DESERTED ROOM.—Few things are calculated to make a more painful impression than the view of empty rooms, once containing within their walls so much of the warmth, and light, and joy of life.

Choice Miscellany.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY FLORENCE FERRY.

Beside the tollsome way, Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest, Which my worn feet tread sadly day by day, Longing in vain for rest,

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

THE war is what I want to talk to RURAL readers about. I want to tell the young men, and the old men, too, not to disgrace their manhood by trying to evade the draft; and I want to tell the sisters and wives of those who are taken to serve their country, not to disgrace themselves by urging a father or brother to stay here idly when their presence is so much more needed in another direction.

Do not say that one alone can do no good, but go and be one in that grand unit which shall be victorious wherever it goes. No true patriot wishes to see this fair land over-run with a lawless band of slaveholding tyrants.

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

THE man who can say "my country is the world, my countrymen all mankind," is the representative man of this age and country. He goes forth into the world, and meeting strangers, looks into the "soul's windows" to find if there be redeeming traits.

Taken even in a selfish sense, generous, open-hearted public spirit pays; pays in dollars and cents; pays in happiness here; pays after death. Then throw off this iron despotism of the almighty dollar, ye who are tortured in its inquisition, and resolve to live for the good of humanity.

WHY THE SOLDIER WAS HAPPY.

A LETTER WRITER from Washington says:—It is astonishing to see how cheerful the wounded men are. Almost without exception they are lively and garrulous over the incidents of the battle.

"You are in good spirits for a wounded man!" said a stranger to him. He looked up from his cot with a smiling, happy face, and replied: "Yes, why should I not be happy? I have saved my life, and now I have got something to show to my family as long as I live."

VIRTUE OF ECONOMY.

ECONOMY is as much a gift of birth as the poetic gift, or any other element of genius. Some men are naturally managers. It is scarcely a matter of thought, but rather of instinct. From their childhood, we see traces of this disposition with many happy persons.

Here is my worthy friend Plutus, who has amassed much money, who lives in no inconsiderable state, is ostentatious in his furnishings, hospitable as good-natured vanity prompts, and profuse upon occasion.

Close by him lives a neighbor, who rents his house, the whole of which might be swallowed up in one story of the ambitious mansion alluded to, who is not rich, but lives upon a moderate salary. But, all the wealth in the city could not furnish his house so admirably as he did by one single act, when he married the woman, now his wife, whose taste, exquisite economy and sweet decorum, spread out before him every day that fairest domestic panorama—household economy!

But, this is a fancy picture! We don't know any body of this kind, except in day-dreams. We have a little kingdom up in the air, not a great ways up either, in which live the most notable people, the noblest dames, the most perfect artists, the rarest managers, the truest friends and friendships; and sometimes we forget, and describe these people of Air-don, as if they lived down here!

POVERTY.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with ten thousand dollars a year suffer more for want of means than others with three hundred. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. His income is ten thousand dollars, and by habit he spends twelve or fifteen thousand, and he suffers enough from being dunned for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man.

INWARD LIFE.—The age is splendid in its externalities. We have the most gorgeous upholstery of civilization that has ever been woven since the world was made, the most splendid implements, the most gorgeous vehicles; but I do not think we have as true an inward life, as correct a conscience, as deep and thoughtful a heart as men of other ages have had; and one of the great things we need is, to counterbalance this external tendency by coming back a little to the inward.

VERY WELL PUT.—Some one writes both gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house, and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible and enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display."

Sabbath Musings.

PRAYER.

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

FATHER, this solemn night-time brooding o'er me Hath stirred my soul to deeper thoughts of thee, And in thine own great temple to adore thee On benedict knees.

Alone a suppliant worshiper and lowly I to thy presence come, but in thy sight Abashed I stand; what offering have I holy For thee to-night?

None, righteous Father, naught save heart unworthy That hath been wandering from thee all this day; I, trembling, lay the sacrifice before thee, Turn not away.

The gift is proffered in all fear and meekness; Accept it, Lord, although so low and mean, And give me strength and courage for my weakness, And make me clean.

That I may walk upright and pure in spirit; When prospered, humbled; patient thro' all ill; Be of each precious gift that I inherit A portion still.

Grant to me, Lord, with heart to bless the giver, A voice forever ready to proclaim Thy praise, and eye that is accustomed ever To read thy name

In every blade of grass or humble flower That every hour I crush beneath my tread, Or solemn glories that the midnight hour Hangs o'er my head;

An ear to hear in every sound that reaches In calm or storm from every stream and shore; A voice sublimely solemn that still teaches Me to adore.

And O, for those I love, my Lord, my Savior! To-night lift I my voice unto thy throne, Nor ask thee tokens of thy blessed favor For me alone.

Bless, bless us all; lead safe thro' Death's dark portal; O'er the cold river guide to that bright shore Where we shall dwell redeemed and crowned immortal For evermore. [Ladies' Repository.]

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

Who can comprehend the mind!—the thinking, reasoning, loving, willing, spiritual, immortal part of man—that part which shall live long after its frail casket shall have moldered back to dust, and the earth itself been wrapt in flames? Without the mind, man would be one of the least of living creatures; but with it, he is "the noblest work of God in this lower world."

It has been truly said, that "the human mind can comprehend almost everything except itself." It can philosophize on the mechanism of our own world and far distant worlds; but when it turns its researches within itself, it is lost in the boundless depths of its own infinitude. It can trace the paths of hundreds of worlds, as they move on nothing in their prescribed courses; but it is bewildered in trying to follow the mazy labyrinths of its own journeyings.

The very existence of a thing so wonderful shows plainly that it must have had a Creator, and that that Creator must have been vastly superior to the human mind—for the maker must always exceed the thing made. We talk of the wonders emanating from the hand of the artist; and yet they are but feeble miniatures of the great mind that designed them.

But I will close; for I have chosen a theme too high for my earth-bound intellect; and one which I can never understand, until when, freed from these fleshly toils, "this corruptible shall have put on incorruption," and "this mortal shall have put on immortality." A. S. L. Lorain Co., Ohio, 1862.

TIMELY THOUGHTS.

EXTRACT from a sermon, on Proverbs, chapter 76, verse 10, by Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D., a Scotch clergyman, of the last century:

"While the wrath of man thus praises God by the advantages which it is made to bring to good men as individuals, the Divine hand is equally apparent in the similar effects which it is appointed to produce to nations and societies. When wars and commotions shake the earth, when factions rage, and intestine divisions embroil kingdoms that before were flourishing, Providence seems, at first view, to have abandoned public affairs to the misrule of human passions; yet, from the midst of this confusion, order is often made to spring, and from these mischiefs lasting advantages to arise. By such convulsions nations are aroused from that dangerous lethargy into which flowing wealth, long peace, and growing effeminacy of manners had sunk them. They are awakened to discern their true interests, and taught to take proper measures for security and defense against all their foes. Inevitable prejudices are corrected, and latent sources of danger are discovered; public spirit is called forth, and larger views of national happiness are formed; the corruptions to which every government is liable are often rectified by a ferment in the political body, as noxious humors in the animal frame are carried off by the shock of a disease. Attempts against a wise and well established civil constitution tend in the issue to strengthen it, and the disorders of licentiousness and faction teach men more highly to prize the blessings of tranquillity and legal protection."

A MAN is circumscribed in all his ways by God's providence just as he is in a ship; for though the man may walk freely on the decks, he must go whither the ship bears him.

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] ABOUT SCHOOL BOOKS, AGENTS, &c.

I was much gratified in reading an article in the RURAL of the 8th inst., under the title of "A Fraternal Epistle," and signed "JOPAS."

Beware then of the wily school book agent, if you would preserve your district school inviolate, which should be the first duty of the teacher, as well as the official and patron of a public or district school.

Thus it will be seen the work is accomplished—the agent is successful in the city, and proceeds to the districts armed with the recommendation of the City Superintendent, and the assurance that the books are to be used in the Public Schools of the City of—, and have been "adopted by the Board of Education."

I am cognizant of an instance where a City Superintendent of Schools received a bonus of \$200 for the introduction of an inferior series of school readers (which he knew to be such) into the Public Schools of said city, and which so incensed the patrons of the schools that they raised such a clamor about the ears of this individual, that he was forced to resign his office.

The only way, in my opinion, to get rid of this evil is by exposing and holding up to public ridicule, these intriguing school book agents.

Another thing. There is nothing, as a general rule, to be gained to a school or district by a change of text-books—unless the new are in every respect superior to the old ones.

The remarks of the editor of the RURAL, in this connection, are to the point, and worthy of attention. It is a truism, and will not bear contradiction or gainsaying, that editors too frequently commend school books without knowing or seemingly caring anything of the merits or demerits of the same, but puff them for the sake of the pay they receive, or the good opinion of the publishers; or allow publishers to write their own notices, and let them appear as editorials.

others, to make a proper and judicious selection of books to be used in our public schools; if they will but do this, I venture the assertion that we shall hear no more of the boreism of traveling school book agents, while the interests will be greatly enhanced by so doing.

"JOPAS" has commenced the good work in Ohio, and I trust there will rise up others, JOPAS-like, not only in the Buckeye State, but also in every school district in the Union, and all will be well.

Monroe County, N. Y., Nov., 1862.

MORAL EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

THE moral education of the child should commence with its first perceptions. You are not to wait till it can distinguish between right and wrong, between good and evil, but you are to teach it to make that distinction.

TEACH SCHOLARS TO THINK.

WRITERS have often discussed the importance of correct habits of thought and have dwelt at length on methods of mental culture.

It is the business of the educator to teach to think, as well as to teach how to think. This should be the one great object of his efforts.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system.

AN ABSENTEE.—A country school teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions and answers to the questions which he would put to them on examination day.

It is one of the gravest mistakes in the world to be looking for great opportunities.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

INCREASE OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

THE Bourse Gazette of St. Petersburg, has the following remarks on the progressive increase of the Russian Empire:

In the time of John III, that is to say, in the second half of the fifteenth century, it only occupied a surface of 18,000 square miles. In the reign of Alexis Michailovich, in 1850, its extent had already reached 237,000; under that of Peter the Great, 280,000; under Catharine II, 335,000; and under the present reign, 392,000 miles.

HOW MIST IS GENERATED.

THE production of mist is the subject of a note by the veteran Dr. John Davy (brother of Sir Humphrey) in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

Dr. Davy, however, refers to another cause, not so much noticed, viz.—a mild, moist air, coming in contact with a colder air, equally humid, resting on cold surfaces, whether of land or water, about the end of winter or beginning of spring.

SINGULAR FACTS IN HUMAN LIFE.—The average length of human life is about 28 years. One-quarter die previous to the age of 7; one-half before reaching 17. Only one of every 1,000 persons reaches 100 years.

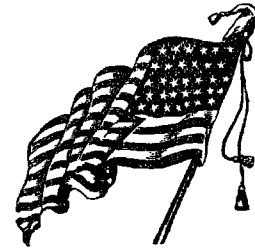
REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 wide, and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast.

HOW PONTOON BRIDGES ARE MADE.—Pontoon boats are flat-bottomed, thirty feet long, two and a half feet wide at the bow, and five feet at the stern, swelling out at the sides to the width of six feet.

THE YEARS' COINAGE IN ENGLAND.—Seven millions and a half of sovereigns and over a million of half-sovereigns were coined last year.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



There's a bright and starry pennant floating wide upon the air, With its hues of changeless beauty, Borrowed from the rainbow fair;

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Scenes in Our Hospitals.

Who shall describe, with "thought that breathe and words that burn," in language that shall compress a volume into a sentence, a sentence into a word, the agony of mind and body, which is the hourly boon of the hundreds in our hospitals.

"No, ma'am, I'm not asleep," he answered. It was a silvery voice, full of the sweetness of innocence and boyhood.

"Well, my little fellow," continued the lady, as she nearer drew, "are you not fond of ice-cream?"

"Very much so," he replied. "Didn't you see me place this on your little table?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, tremulously, "but I shut my eyes and cried to myself."

"Cried, my child? why, what made you cry, my dear?"

"Oh, madam! if you will pull the quilt down a little, you will see."

The lady did so, and found that he had no arms! Both of them he had lost in battle.

Poor little fellow! the sympathy of silence and tears was all that could be bestowed upon his wounded spirit.

BLIND JOE PARSONS OF BALTIMORE.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from the hospitals at Alexandria, relates the following anecdote:

Joe enlisted in the 1st Maryland regiment, and was plainly a "rough," originally. As we passed along the hall we first saw him, crouched near an open window, lustily singing, "I'm a bold soldier boy."

"Joe, sir," he answered, "Joe Parsons."

"And what is the matter with you?"

"Blind, sir,—blind as a bat."

"In battle?"

"Yes—at Antietam. Both eyes shot out at one clip."

Poor Joe was in the front, at Antietam creek; and a Minie ball had passed directly through his eyes, across his face, destroying his sight forever.

"I was hit," he said, "and it knocked me down. I lay there all night, and next day the fight was renewed. I could stand the pain, yer see, but the balls was flyin' all round, and I wanted to get away."

"Hello!" says I. "Hello, yourself," says he. "Who be yer?" says I—"a rebel?" "You're a Yankee," says he. "So I am says I; 'What's the matter with you?'"

"My leg's smashed," says he. "Can't yer walk?" "No," "Can yer see?" "Yes," "Well, says I, 'you're a rebel, but will you do me a little favor?'"

"I'll tote yer off the field, on my back." "Bully for you!" says he. And so we managed to git together. We shook hands on it. I took a wink over his canteen, and he got on to my shoulders. I did the walkin' for both, an' he did the navigatin'.

"But you will never see the light again, my poor fellow," I suggested, sympathetically.

"That's so," he answered, gloomily; "but I can't help it, you notice. I did my dooty—got shot, pop in the eye—an' that's my misfort'n, not my fault,—as the ole man said of his blind hoss. But—"

"I'm a bold soldier boy," he continued, cheerily renewing his song; and we left him in his singular merriment.

Poor, sightless, unlucky, but stout-hearted Joe Parsons!

Death of two Able Federal Generals.

THE latest intelligence from the "Department of the South," is of a melancholy character, inasmuch as it brings to our knowledge the loss of one of our ablest military men—Major-General O. M. MITCHELL, who expired at Beaufort, S. C., at half past six o'clock on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 30th.

On the 25th ult., Gen. Mitchell removed with his personal staff to Beaufort. Lieut.-Col. W. P. Prentice, Capt. F. A. Mitchell, Capt. J. C. Williams and Capt. E. W. Mitchell, all of the General's military household, were at that time seriously ill, and it was for their improvement that the change of air and locality was made.

General Ormsby McKnight Mitchell was born in Union Co., Ky., August 28, 1810. On graduating at West Point, in 1829, he was made acting-assistant professor of mathematics, which post he held for two years. From 1832 to 1843 he was counselor at law at Cincinnati, Ohio; from 1834 to 1844 professor of mathematics, philosophy, and astronomy at Cincinnati College; in 1836 and '37 we find him chief engineer of the Little Miami Railroad; and in 1841 he was a member of the board of visitors of the Military Academy.

Brigadier-General ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON, died at Sharpsburg, Md., from wounds received at the battle of Antietam. Gen. Richardson was a native of Vermont. He was commissioned Brigadier-General on the 17th of May, 1861. He was a graduate of West Point, class of 1841, and served in the army leaving it with the rank of Major a few years ago.

Gen. Schofield's Advance into Arkansas.

THE Cross Halls (Ark.) correspondent of the Missouri Republican, under date of the 26th ult., has the following details of Gen. Schofield's movement into Arkansas:

This command left Springfield, Mo., early in October, for the purpose of engaging the enemy, wherever he might be found. He was reported at Newtonia, in Newton county, 8,000 strong, with separate commands at Neosho and Pineville, of 7,000, and small bodies at Cassville and Pea Ridge. At Sarcoxie we were joined by the Kansas forces under Gen. Blunt, and with this and his own division, Gen. Schofield decided to march at once upon the rebels in Newtonia.

The infantry stretched into line, while the cavalry and artillery prepared for action. The 26th Indiana and 37th Illinois, heroes of Pea Ridge, threw aside blankets, knapsacks, and whatever else might encumber them, and started eagerly for the fray.

Gen. Schofield now made active preparations to attack the force at Pineville. After a day of rest, a part only of our forces started for that place. At Indian Creek, eighteen miles, we were overtaken by one of the most severe storms I have ever witnessed. For two days and two nights the rain fell—not in drops—it came in quantities, and without regard to measure.

Gen. Brown's brigade was sent forward with two mountain howitzers, to shell the enemy out of Pineville, or drive them out with the bayonet. The movement was successful. The enemy waited only to hear the second discharge, when he left in great haste. This left only the force at Cassville to be disposed of. While this movement of Gen. Brown's was going on, the forces under Gen. Totten were marching upon Cassville. The rebels, hearing of our approach, of course ran away.

So sudden was the movement of Gen. Schofield from Cassville, that four regiments of rebel infantry, under Rains, had barely time to get away with their five baggage trains, and we arrived at the old bat-

RECRUITING OFFICERS OF THE RURAL BRIGADE.

An efficient Agent of the RURAL BRIGADE, to call the roll and prepare for the Winter Campaign...

ADVERTISE TO TERMS.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms...

OLDER RATES OF THE RURAL.—Agents will please make note of the fact that the lowest club rate of the Rural for 1864...

Special Notices.

THE LADY MANAGERS OF THE HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS will be happy to see the Friends of the Institution at their DONATION PARTY...

We trust the above invitation, which is extended to all in this region, will receive a very general acceptance...

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 11th, 1863. These changes for the week are very few...

Recruiter Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Flour, Wheat, Corn, Hams, etc.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Flour.—Market steady and prices may be quoted as follows...

Wheat.—Market quiet and prices may be quoted as follows...

Corn.—Market quiet and prices may be quoted as follows...

Provisions.—Market quiet and prices may be quoted as follows...

Beef.—Market quiet and prices may be quoted as follows...

Pork.—Market quiet and prices may be quoted as follows...

Table of market prices for various goods like Prime quality, Ordinary quality, etc.

Table titled 'PORK MARKETS' listing prices for Pork, Bacon, etc.

Table titled 'THE WOOL MARKETS' listing prices for various wool grades.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—We make no change in our remarks...

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—The market rules firm for both descriptions...

BUFFALO, Nov. 5.—Wool moderately active at 80c for medium...

BOSTON, November 5.—There is a steady and firm market for domestic wool...

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CARRIAGE HORSES WANTED!—Dapple gray, long tails, heads well set...

WHEEDS AND SEEDLING STOCKS.—JOHN GUNDY, (formerly BARSTOW & WILLIAMS), Danville, Livingston, N. Y.

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

FOR CHEESE FACTORIES, ROE'S PATENT VAT, With COOPER'S IMPROVEMENTS...

THE INDEPENDENT, A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER, AND A REAL NEWSPAPER.

ONE SERMON EVERY WEEK, REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, THE LEADING AND MOST POPULAR Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT. THE RURAL NEW-YORKER will enter upon its Fourteenth Year and Volume in January, 1864.

THE BEST JOURNAL OF ITS CLASS ON THE CONTINENT! And if its Agents and Subscribers continue their aid and support...

A BRIEF APPEAL TO RURAL AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS. In these times which try the purses of publishers we especially appeal to the friends of Practical, Useful and Instructive Literature...

Will, in all respects, maintain the enviable reputation THE RURAL has acquired. It will be published in SUPERIOR STYLE...

TERMS, Always in Advance.—Two Dollars a Year. To Agents and Clubs: Three copies for \$5; Six for \$10; Ten for \$16...

Now is the Time to Subscribe and form Clubs, as Subscriptions can begin with the volume or any number. Efficient Local Agents wanted in all places reached by the United States and Canada mails...

BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, Magnifying Five Hundred times for twenty-eight cents (in silver).

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, OVER ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK, IS NOW OPEN, With the Finest Collection of Statuary and Paintings in the States.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. Awarded the First Premium at the Great International Exhibition, London, 1862.

CHOICE NATIVE AND FOREIGN Grape Vines. LENK & CO. offer for sale a large stock of Native and Foreign Grape Vines...

THE GROVE NURSERY.—DR. JOHN A. KENNICOTT, THE GROVE N. Y. CO. COOK CO. 277 Main St. Rochester, N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN'S HARMONIUMS AND MELODIONS. Warranted the BEST INSTRUMENTS of the class in the world.

JAMES TERRY & CO., DRUGGISTS, 634 Broadway, near Bleeker Street, New York.

TO ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE: Fruits, dry and green, Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Hams, etc.

TO FARMERS, To Dairymen, TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS. A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT.

SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT. AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS, TO JOSIAH CARPENTER, 32 Jay Street, New York.

Interests of U. S. seven and three-tenths per cent. Bonds, due August 15th, 1862, paid at their Banking Office...

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THE STORY OF LIFE: IN SIX CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN G. SAKE.

SAY, what is life? 'Tis to be born; A helpless Babe, to greet the light With a sharp wall, as if the morn Foretold a cloudy noon and night; To weep, to sleep, and weep again, With sunny smiles between; and then?

The Story-Teller.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was on the evening of the 2d of May, in 185-, that I went to hear the Russian Princess Strainervoyce, who at that time attracted the fashionable world to her concerts. I went to hear the princess, partly to kill time, and partly from a desire to hear and see for myself the marvellous foreigner whose name was in everybody's mouth. When I reached Her Majesty's Concert Room, it was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was so closely wedged that one could have studied anatomy, after a fashion, merely from the impression of one's neighbor's bones. At the close of the concert, I was borne along with the crowd, and jammed through the doorway at the risk of breaking every rib in my body. Ere I could escape from the throng, and while I was shrugging my shoulders to assure myself that my collar-bone was in its proper position, I felt a hand clasping my arm, and a musical voice exclaimed: "You good-for-nothing! I thought I had lost you! What a frightful crush! I do believe my arm is broken, and my dress ruined, all for the sake of hearing this Strainervoyce! I would not give our Clara Novello for a world of Strainervoyces."

Don't say I'm silly and sentimental, Ralph. I know you will give your share towards the sum, like a good brother, as you are. I have been talking to her about it, and I know I can manage it so as to over-rule any scruples she may have against receiving anything in that way from us. Here my companion became quiet, and the question presented itself to my mind: "How am I to escape from this awkward position honorably? Here I have been guilty of listening to a communication intended for the ear of another—have been guilty of an inexcusable deception, practiced upon a stranger and a lady knowingly. Perhaps the most honest plan would be to acquaint her at once with the mistake, and solicit her pardon." I had at last summoned courage sufficient to clear my throat, and was about to commence my well-studied speech, when my companion gave a little laugh, as she said: "Really, Ralph, you are very entertaining in your own peculiar way; but if you are as dumb when in the presence of Miss Vernon as you have been to-night, she is to be pitied rather than envied. You are little better than a barbarian. But here we are at uncle's, and you know I promised to stop with Carrie to-night; so you will have no one to bother you the rest of the way. How singular you do act to-night, Ralph! Well, I won't tease you any more."

"Have you not made her acquaintance? That is Miss Wright?" "Any relation to Miss Emma Wright?" "No; but they are quite intimate, however. Let me present you." I fancied Miss Wright bestowed a look of more than ordinary curiosity upon me as my cousin presented me; but I had the effrontery to meet her inquiring look, as if unconscious of the fact that I had met those eyes before, and had received from those lips a sisterly kiss. As I seated myself beside her, I overheard the words:—"Taking everything into consideration, I think very little blame can be attached to the gentleman." The remark was made in a merry tone by a person who was at my elbow, but whose face was turned from me. "Pray, have you done, Ralph?" said Miss Wright, as she tapped his shoulder lightly with her fan, a faint blush suffusing her cheeks. "But the coolness of the whole proceeding!" continued he, heedless of her remonstrances. "The fellow even gave her a brotherly kiss."

HERBERT'S DREAM. WHEN Herbert was twelve years old, his friends asked him one day, "What calling do you intend to follow?" Herbert had never thought much about the matter, and he was very fond of fun, so he stood for a minute as if listening, and then said, "Calling? I don't know. I don't hear anything calling." But although he laughed at the time, all day the subject kept coming into his mind, and at night when he fell asleep he dreamed; he thought he saw a plowed field, brown and bare, and deep down between the furrows, almost out of sight, were potatoes and turnips and great yellow ears of corn, and ripe red apples and delicious-looking melons half buried in the earth; and they called to him, "Come, Herbert and help us to get out of the ground." He heard another voice, and he turned towards a grove of trees, and behold all the trunks were bursting open, and through the cracks in the bark he could see boxes and pails and beautiful furniture, and great timbers for houses and bridges and ships, all trying to get through; and they called, "Herbert! Herbert! Take an axe and split down the door. We are shut up here in prison." Before he could tell what to think of it, he heard many voices behind him, and turning his head he saw hundreds of little boys and girls, with bright, eager faces, and little tin pails and satchels in their hands, and they cried out in a chorus, "You are wiser and better than we are; come and teach us to read, and to be upright and kind." Herbert was fond of little people, and he had just started to meet them, when he heard a pitiful cry, and there, on his right hand, was a man bleeding to death, in a doorway, from a wound he had just made with an axe, while cutting wood; his wife could not help him, for she lay on a bed, tossing in a fever, and his little child lay in a cradle, dying with the croup. "Can't you help us?" said the poor man, and Herbert could hardly keep from crying. How he wished he had bandages and medicines, and knew how to use them. He did help the wounded man to stop the blood, and while he was doing so, he was startled by a faint groan; his patient started up and caught his axe and limped away, with his feet all bloody, towards a tree on the left hand. The rebels had just hung a Union prisoner upon this tree; he was not dead, and Herbert and his new friend out the rope and took him down, and very soon he was so far revived that he could speak. Then on a sudden, the earth, and the trees, and the children, and the sick people, and the soldier they had just saved, all spoke together, and they said, "We are glad Herbert is growing up to be a strong, active, useful man. He will certainly help some of us; perhaps he will help us all." When Herbert awoke he could not forget his dream, and he never said again, "I don't hear anything calling."—Springfield Republican.

Advertisements. THE UNIVERSAL. SOLID ONLY BY CANVASSERS. Clothes Wringer. It is the Original and only Genuine and Reliable Wringer before the people. It surpasses all others in Strength of Frame! Capacity for Pressure! Power of Action! WE CHALLENGE THE WORLD! We Defy All Competition! WE INVITE fair comparison with any other Wringer, and will show, by positive proof and actual demonstration, that THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER will finish work that "Self-adjusting" Machines and other cheap appliances for Wringers have left undone, and will easily press a water from articles on which they have done their best! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT, TRY IT. We ask those to buy without a thorough test, for which abundant opportunity will be given to all. WE WARRANT EACH ONE IN EVERY PARTICULAR! 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, liberal inducements will be offered and good territory given them (they paying nothing for the Patent Right) in which they shall have the exclusive sale. Descriptive Circulars furnished by JULIUS IVES & CO., General Agents, P. O. Box 310, 846 Broadway, New York. Sold by SPECIAL CANVASSERS throughout the land. TO GROWERS OF SPRING WHEAT. Chappell & Sprague, ROCHESTER, N. Y., SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF SEPARATING OATS, BARLEY, &c., FROM WHEAT. THE BEST MACHINE EVER INVENTED FOR "BOOTH'S PATENT SHAKER." For separating Oats, Barley, and other foreign substances from Wheat, it is the BEST, SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST and only Machine ever invented, that thoroughly accomplishes this desired object. It cleans from 150 to 200 bushels per day, and a boy can operate it, and its exceeding LOW PRICE brings it within the reach of every Farmer. On receipt of Eight Dollars, a Machine (with printed instructions for operating) will be shipped as directed. Those wishing to engage in the sale of the machine and purchasing by the dozen, will have a fair discount made to them. All orders to be addressed to CHAPPELL & SPRAGUE, Rochester, N. Y., 608-1st. Sole Manufacturers. BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED CLOVER THRASHER AND HULLER. Patented May 18th, 1858; Dec. 13th, 1859; April 8th, 1862; and May 13th, 1862. MANUFACTURED BY 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 operation, without re-handling the chaff. In the hands of good operators it will thrash, hull, and clean from 10 to 20 bushels a day without waste of seed. The undersigned are manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes, hulls and cleans, all at the same operation. All machines that do the whole work not marked BIRDSELL'S PATENT, are infringements. The public are hereby cautioned not to purchase those that are infringements of said patent. All communications directed to the subscribers at West Henrietta, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine. This Machine has always taken the First Premium at State Fairs where allowed to compete; and saves more than half the expense of the old way of getting out clover seed, in time and labor. BIRDSELL & BROKAW, Manufacturers, West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y. 622nd

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 24 letters. My 23, 9, 6, 16, 21 is a river in Georgia. My 28, 4, 5, 6, 12 is a sea in Asia. My 3, 16, 5, 6, 21 is a river in France. My 9, 6, 16, 7, 2 is a lake in Russia. My 3, 2, 6, 8, 16, 21 is a river in South Carolina. My 12, 30, 3, 8, 5, 6 is a city in Texas. My 3, 8, 16, 8, 22, 26, 6 is a city in Prussia. My 1, 2, 13, 4, 5, 8, 2 is a river in Arkansas. My 3, 28, 6, 9, 8, 9 is a river in Ohio. My 28, 4, 16, 13, 8, 16, 22 is a city in Vermont. My 8, 22, 16, 6, 8 is a river in England. My 36, 22, 6, 21 is a lake in Ireland. My 8, 8, 12, 30, 10, 14 is a city in Virginia. My 2, 30, 7, 30, 13, 8, 12 is a city in Maine. My 1, 5, 13, 28, 9, 6, 13, 5, 10 is a river in Wisconsin. My 9, 22, 8, 4 is a cape in the northern part of Europa. My 9, 13, 12, 7, 16 is a river in Missouri. My 4, 16, 6, 22, 34 is a cape east of Virginia. My 22, 5, 7, 2 is a gulf in Russia. My 8, 22, 5, 16, 3, 8, 21 is a city in Austria. My 12, 30, 3, 8, 22, 5, 12 is a country. My whole is a true saying. A. A. PARKER. Highland, Illinois. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1. A woman's work on Monday and a weight. 2. A boy's name and a building. 3. A stream of water and a tract of land. 4. A nickname for a boy and a male child. 5. A very useful instrument and a harbor. 6. A small quantity and a hard substance. 7. A building and a place in the building. 8. A hard substance and a part of a gun. Cold Brook, N. Y., JOHN G. BEMBO. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ENIGMATICAL CHARADE.

I AM composed of 5 letters. My whole is what a great many folks do. Cut off my first and I am in the fire. Cut off my first two and I am what we all do. Cut off my first three and I am a preparation. Cut off all but my last and I am a kind of plant. J. G. B. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 608.

Answer to Enigma:— Let every minute as it springs Convey fresh knowledge on its wings; Let every minute as it flies, Record the good as well as wise. Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Our liberties we prize, and our rights we will maintain.

"That lady in blue," said my cousin. "No," said I, "the lady beside her."

HOW TO GET AHEAD OF TIME.—The *Alta California*, of August 24, has this paragraph:—"The telegraph worked bravely last night. Our latest dispatches are dated Washington and New York, 12 o'clock, midnight. They reached us at 10 o'clock P. M., two hours before they were transmitted."