

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

(SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.)

VOL. XIII. NO. 48.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

{WHOLE NO. 672.

**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. BRADTON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### WINTER'S LABORS AND DUTIES.

THE season of bleak winds and falling snows—the general hibernation of Nature—has again arrived, and with its advent the farmer must assume peculiar cares, duties, and responsibilities. Though a war of intercession rages over a large portion of our National domain, the Home Guards of the Republic—the Producing Classes—have similar labors to perform as in years of peace and quietude. Those who remain at home, indeed, have more to do than formerly for they must not only look after the welfare of their families, (seeing alike to their physical comfort and mental improvement and progress,) and the care of domestic animals, protection of implements, &c., but also to new and responsible duties which the crisis of the country devolves upon every citizen who would perpetuate the Union and its institutions. The annual season of leisure and recreation must therefore be treasured open to some extent, and instead of whiling away the usually monotonous days and long evenings of Winter in comparative ease, if not absolute idleness, as many do, each right-thinking husbandman will labor more, and experience greater anxiety, than in former years. Many are short of help and will consequently be under the necessity of giving more personal attention to the care of stock and oversight of premises, for their sons or hired men have gone to the war, while economy will induce others to attempt and accomplish what they formerly delegated to laborers. Indeed, many a farmer is like a ship-master at sea without a crew, and must act in different capacities—as captain, supercargo, pilot, helmsman, and sailor—for the ship has too valuable a cargo to be wrecked while a man of brains and muscle is aboard.

RURAL reader, how is it with you? Are you ready for Winter, with its long months of storms and snow and ice? If aye, "all right"—but if you have not already made due preparation, bestir yourself and take by the forelock what time remains before the earth becomes frost-bound. The first duty of rural residents is to secure their homes against the rigors of Winter—especially those whose "local habitations" are north of MASON & DIXON'S line, as is the case with most of our parishoners. Make every thing tight—windows, doors, cellars; point the underpinning with mortar where it is loose and bank up with earth if the walls are doubtful. Carefully guard each and every avenue at which frost will be likely to make an entrance. Bear in mind that "delays are dangerous" at this season, and it will not be safe to follow the apparent rule of some good people,—viz., to do nothing to-day which can be done to-morrow! Make every thing tight, indoors and out—especially the wood-pile and those other essentials to comfort and convenience (your wife, reader, can readily enumerate them, if you forget,) which save yourself and family time and trouble. Taxes are likely to be high enough, without putting any extras on temper and patience, particularly during the prevalence of a frigid temperature.

"Mind" the tools and implements or they will not be in order and at your command in the spring. With hundreds of thousands of men in the army, we must depend largely upon labor-saving implements and machines, and cannot afford to allow them to rust or rot for the want of a little timely attention; but they must be protected from the decay and dilapidation which naturally result from exposure to alternate storm and sunshine. In the present condition of the country it will pay—aye, it is a bounden duty—to spend more time than usual in protecting, repairing and arranging for future use the various farm implements. Paint and shelter, remember, are great essentials in the preservation of all sorts of tools, implements, machines, wagons, &c., and the present is the most appropriate season to give such matters attention. The best time to pay money is when it is due, and the best time to

see to implements, and care for other things, is the moment when they need attention. See, therefore, that your mowers, reapers, plows, drills, harrows, cultivators, cradles, scythes, rakes, wagons, carts, and lesser implements and tools, are all under cover and made ready for the spring campaign. Every farmer should have a good tool-house, and devote a portion of his Winter's leisure to putting its contents "to rights."

Domestic Animals require special care at the present season. All who would not have hides or carcasses for sale in the Spring—or who are opposed to using bone manure of their own manufacture—should give their stock proper attention in the beginning of Winter. It is false economy to attempt to winter more stock than you can keep in good condition. Decide what you can and will do, and if you feed the best your barn and granary affords you will not probably be any poorer—and certainly the animals won't. Indeed, keep the four-footed tenants of your barn and sheep-yards and hog sty in good heart now if you would winter them easily or fatten them readily. If you must do any pinching wait till spring or as near it as possible. If animals become poor early in winter it will be an up-hill to keep them alive until grass grows, and cost more, in the end, than it would to have given them proper care and feed from the "ides of November" to May-day. In case forage is scarce make the most of what you have by using a feed cutter and other modes of economy. Coarse hay, straw and corn-stalks go much further when cut, and even the best of hay is increased in value by this operation. If grain is fed let it be ground and mixed with cut straw, and the whole moistened with water. It is a good plan to use apples, pumpkins and the different roots as *sauces* with the dry fodder usually given animals in winter. But it is necessary to give water as well as feed. Every barn-yard should be supplied, if possible, so that each animal may have what is required for its health and comfort. Where springs or streams are available water should be conveyed to the stock-yard; wood pipe is cheap and durable, and water rams are not expensive. In cases where water cannot be thus obtained it is a good plan to have cisterns which receive water from the barn and shed roofs—attention to which item will pay good dividends.

Speaking of barns and sheds—are yours in order? Have you ample barn and shed room for your stock? If not, see to the matter now. As we have said aforetime, sheds may be built of boards, poles or rails, and straw, which will keep off many a shivering blast of sleet, and shelter sheep and cattle about as well as more costly structures—for the winter. When built of rails make double walls and fill them with straw, which may also be used as a thatch; or evergreen boughs, when convenient, form an excellent substitute. If you cannot have a permanent protection make a temporary one, of some sort, by all means.

—But Farmers must exercise their minds as well as muscles; and in these times brain-power must be brought into requisition, if ever. They must figure and plan for the future in order to keep pace with the times and progress of those whose minds and thoughts and actions are bent on improvement. In fact, farmers should become *business men*—know how to market and sell their products to the best advantage, as well as to raise them profitably. The farmer who grows and secures a large crop of corn, wheat, barley, or oats, should watch the market reports and post himself as to prospects, before he can dispose of it intelligently. However, we will not stop to discuss this subject, important as it is, but leave it with the remark that few farmers who do not read and think act wisely in the matter.

One thing more and we will have done with these hastily-penned suggestions. Every Ruralist should regard the Intellectual Improvement and Entertainment of himself and family. For his own benefit he should not only obtain and read useful and practical works which treat upon matters pertaining to his calling, but attend the discussions of the Farmers' Club of his neighborhood, and participate therein—and if there is no Club, see that one is organized. Make proper provision also for the education of your sons and daughters. Provide suitable text and other books, and see that competent teachers are employed to guide them in obtaining knowledge. Last, not least, do not neglect suitable reading for the home circle—remembering that wives and children require mental aliment and entertainment as well as husbands and fathers. Good books and periodicals are accessible to all, and it is poor economy to discard them from the family circle, for they pay in every sense of that comprehensive expression. Supply yourself with some of the best journals, and after securing them introduce the same to the favorable notice of neighbors and acquaintances. The Agricultural Press, and standard Agricultural Books, will furnish much matter for study and reflection. Read them carefully and critically, and if errors in theory or practice are discovered, communicate what you know to be correct for publication. If the RURAL is a favorite with you—as we trust is the case—write for its pages the results of your criticisms, observation, and experience for the information and guidance of the thousands of readers who seek instruction from competent sources, and always cheerfully receive truth and knowledge.

## WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

**THE BEST TURNIP.**  
ALMOST every other man has, or has heard of, the best turnip. One of my friends in Onondaga Co., who is always trying to get the best, and is a good judge in such matters, says the White Waldo Turnip is the best one that can be grown for feeding stock or for cooking in the kitchen. He says it is as crisp and brittle as fresh celery the June after harvest, and as sweet and palatable as they are crisp and brittle. Says they should not be planted until June; and then right where it is desired they shall grow. They do not do as well, nor grow as large nor of as good quality if transplanted.

**HOW TO GET NORTHERN SEEDS.**  
Many people know how; some have not yet learned. The friend above referred to had. He has an orchard of this fruit. He had waited a long time for the trees to bear him a crop. They didn't. He determined they should, and in August and September he got some small cord and tied it closely about some of the main limbs of each tree. The next season his trees bore on the limbs thus treated; all the fruit he desired, of excellent quality and size. He says cord is better than wire, or anything else he has tried for this purpose. The trees are in no wise damaged thereby. I walked through the orchard. It was difficult to distinguish the marks of the cord. Few would have noticed it, in passing. He no longer mourns for fruit.

**GAS TAR ON SEED CORN AND TREES.**  
"It is death to the corn; it kills the germ in nine cases out of ten." Such is the testimony of a gentleman, with whom I chanced to be talking, in an orchard where the farmer had used it on his trees to prevent the ascent of caterpillars and ants. He had simply made a narrow ring about the body of the tree with the tar, and it had proved effectual; he was commending it, when I received the above testimony as to its effect upon corn. The entire seed of large fields had been destroyed.

**GRAFTING IN AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.**  
With a friend, I visited the neatly-kept and thoroughly-cultivated grounds of E. S. SALISBURY, at Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y. On the bank of the Big Sandy he is growing grapes successfully, pears ditto, and other fruit.  
Mr. S. is a practical nurseryman; hence what he recommends is entitled to some attention. He called my attention to pear grafts, which he said he had inserted the 20th of last August, and which had then (Oct. 10th) made six inches growth. He grafts pears, apples, cherries, and grapes with success at this season. He whip-grafts, using waxed cloth to tie with. He has found that the shorter the scion the better. He regards it perfectly safe to graft, in that latitude, from the 20th of August to the 20th of September. The advantages are, that grafting can be done during a period of comparative leisure and with less liability to error. The orchardist can cut his scions from the fruit-bearing tree without any danger of mistake, and insert it where he chooses. The season is a pleasant one in which to do this work. The knowledge of this practice may be of service to some one.

## THE WIFE OF JOHN MILLER.

Stopping at Syracuse a few hours, a friend chanced to speak of the vineyard of JOHN MILLER. Expressing a desire to see it, he accompanied me thither. We found JOHN MILLER'S wife at home—a lively, go-ahead Swiss woman, accustomed to training the vine in her own free home-land. We were cordially welcomed, and shown over the acre-homestead. Most of that part of the acre not occupied by the house and out-buildings, was planted in grapes. The acre comprised the two sides of a narrow ravine at its apex, with a north-eastern and south-western exposure. The Isabella, Clinton, and Catawba, are cultivated. Stake culture is adopted—the Swiss mode of training predominating. The renewal system is adopted—a good, strong cane being grown from the same root each year to replace the fruit-bearing cane. On the side of the ravine having a south-western exposure, the vines are planted very close—at least within three feet of each other. "Are they not too close?" I asked. "Nay," the good woman said, "they bears well—they's get sun, and are not trained high, ye see." They were not much over four feet high. She had trellised grapes; but they neither bore as bountifully, nor did they ripen as well as on the stakes, with the severer pruning the latter received. The Catawbas were the best ripened I have seen the present season. The only fault to be found with the vines was, that they were allowed to bear too full. Mrs. MILLER told me there were about 1,200 vines on the acre—three and four years old. She sold \$70 worth of grapes from the vines in 1861; has sold about one ton the present season; and at the time of my visit there were certainly 1,000 pounds on the vines. This woman has taken exclusive care of this vineyard, keeping the ground clean, tying up, and pruning the vines, pinching off the fruit; and she said she should lay each cane down and cover it this fall. She covers the canes from four to six inches deep with earth. I asked if it was necessary to cover so deep. She replied, "I tink so; I

have better look (luck) when I do so." That is what one woman does on the rich hillsides of Onondaga.  
One thing more. She called my attention to the difference in the growth of the vines at the base and on the top of the hillside. Rank and green was the foliage at the base, with little fruit; while high up the sides of the ravine there was less growth of vine and foliage, and more fruit. I asked if she thought the ground rich enough at the top. "Yes, and I no manure it much, either; at the bottom too rich." There are many vine growers in the Empire State who have learned, with sundry Englishmen and some Westerners, that it does not pay to feed the grape too many dead horses, dogs, hogs, or "other cattle."

## WHITTLING SHINGLES.\*

### PROF. PUMPSOCK AND HIS "GREAT DISCOVERY"

SOME—Mr. PLOWHANDLE'S house, and in a room which JOHN calls his *smuggery*, being part library and some barn, for he has various samples of wheat, oats, barley and corn on the straw or on the ear, and heads fastened on pasteboard and hung up. A sort of granary, for he has samples of all sorts of seeds, and grain in vials, paper boxes and glass jars, and upon the whole a free and easy sort of a room, for he whittles and smokes, and writes, or reads, or takes a snooze, and nobody to make him afraid, for the broom never comes inside till he is out of sight of the house.

TIME.—After tea, and just as the twilight begins to set in.  
POSITION.—JOHN in his big arm chair, with one leg on the window-sill, and the other three too when not in the chair. The Editor, perched upon a sort of lounge whose cushion is the soft side of a pine plank, painted, with a bag of wool for a bolster. Both with knives and shingles—the Editor's shingle taking the shape of a sharp stick.

Editor.—So you want me to go with you to hear Prof. PUMPSOCK'S lecture to-night?  
John.—Yes. I am told it's a very important one, and that we shall get some very valuable information. Probably a little of it won't hurt even you.

Editor.—Complimentary, JOHN; which do you mean, the lecture or the valuable information? By the way, PUMPSOCK is not so bad a name, for the Professor evidently understands the science of extracting the dimes from the people's pockets, for —

John.—For making known one of the greatest discoveries of the age, which is —

Editor.—Yes, which is, that farmers, of all others, like to be humbugged. Why, JOHN, the bug will come right under your nose, and lay, and hatch, and empty your pockets—and still you will go on and let him do the same again and again. Indeed, you will get angry to have any body try to keep it away.

John.—It's all very well for you to call anything you don't happen to comprehend a humbug. But, after all, other folks may know some things as well as you.

Editor.—Granted, good JOHN. But what have you to say about this man. It seems he puts every body who goes in through a course of sprouts—swearing to secrecy, after getting his two dollars.

John.—Well, to begin with, here's the *Screwtown News and Weekly Gas-Blower*, and you will of course admit that editorials are always to be received as law and gospel.

Editor.—Humph! But go on; let us hear the editor of the *Gas-Blower*. By the way, where is Screwtown?  
John.—Oh, out West somewhere. It says—"We have rarely listened to a richer treat than the very able and admirable lecture delivered last evening by Prof. PUMPSOCK, to a very large audience, composed mostly of the sturdy and intelligent farmers in and about our town. The subject was *Terra Culture*, and as some of our readers may not be well posted in German, we would just premise that *Terra* means earth, so that the subject was Earth Culture."

Editor.—Terra is German, is it?  
John.—Why, yes, don't the editor say so, and he ought to know.

Editor.—Well, wisdom is a great institution. But is that all?  
John.—Oh, no; he is not quite out yet. Reads—"It will be seen by an advertisement in our columns, that the Professor proposes to lecture next Wednesday, at Boggy Hollow, if a class can be secured. From our limited knowledge of such subjects we may not be a safe judge, but it does seem to us that every farmer will miss it who does not patronize the Professor." What do you say to that?

Editor.—Simply that the fellow who wrote that article is a trump—and that the advertisement accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut.

John.—Well, as you are in the business, you ought to know.

Editor.—Your stick's getting sharp, JOHN. But is that all?  
John.—By no means, for here's his advertisement, and more than a cart-load of puff's in his favor.

Editor.—Gas, you mean. Let us hear some of it.

\* In our last number a correspondent asked what had become of Major PLOWHANDLE. Since then we have had a call from the Major, and are happy in being able to say he is hale and hearty—having repented of some of his former heresies, such as a belief in Prof. PUMPSOCK'S theory for example. Learning this we were reminded of an article on the subject originally published some seven years ago, which we now give for the benefit of all interested in the matter it discusses.

John reads—"Prof. PUMPSOCK, H. M. B. G., A. S. S., &c., &c., presents his compliments to the inhabitants of Boggy Hollow, and its vicinity, and begs to inform them that if a sufficient class is formed by Wednesday next, he will deliver a lecture on his wonderful discoveries in Agriculture, at the basement of the Brick Church. As Prof. P. gets no other compensation for his great discovery than what is paid by his hearers, and as he does not yet propose to make it public, he charges each person two dollars, and requires them to pledge their honor not to make any divulgence of the lecture. No women or children admitted. Prof. P. begs leave to further state, that his lectures are always attended by the most respectable and intelligent people in the vicinity. See testimonials below."

Editor.—Put your finger down there, JOHN. His handbill here is substantially like the one read.  
John.—Yes, except place and date.

Editor.—Well, the most intelligent and the most respectable people attend, don't they, JOHN? Perhaps that has nothing to do with your going; perhaps you do not want to be considered in that category.

John.—Suppose I do or don't, what's that to do with the lecture? Why don't you let me go on with his recommendations? Perhaps when you have heard them you will go.

Editor.—Go on, by all means.  
John reads—"Opinions of the Press. From the N. Y. *Scribner*: 'Prof. PUMPSOCK'S wonderful discovery entitles him to the everlasting gratitude of the world. If the farmers were not so stupid, they would avail themselves of it at once, and put an end to those high prices and dull times.'"

"From the *Western Locomotive and Daily Cow-Smasher*: 'Is there no way to compensate Prof. PUMPSOCK, so that his truly wonderful discovery may yet be made available to the whole country? If he should die now, the loss would be irreparable. We shudder when we think of the possible consequences.'"

"From the *American Flag and Weekly Eagle*.  
Editor.—Look out now.  
John reads—"We should not blame Prof. PUMPSOCK if he left his ungrateful country forever. If such a discovery had been made in any government in Europe, the King would have raised him to the highest honors. It speaks well for the Professor, that his patriotism keeps him among us. After all, where on this globe is there such a country as ours?"

Editor.—Pretty good. But JOHN, you have piled on a plenty of newspaper agony. Any thing else?  
John.—Why, bless your shingle, here is half a column more. Ah! here's something that comes to the point at once. Reads: "We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we attended Prof. PUMPSOCK'S lecture on the great discovery he has made, and are entirely satisfied, and have no doubt every person attending will be as well satisfied as we were."

Editor.—Is that signed by anybody?  
John reads—"Peter Simple, John Smith, Samuel Sled, Ichabod Cartwheels."

Editor.—That will do. I am entirely satisfied. But do you really mean to go?  
John.—Of course I do, though I must say this secrecy business does not exactly suit me, for I got caught once beautifully,—you would say humbugged.

Editor.—How was it?  
John.—Won't you let it out if I tell you.  
Editor.—Tight as a drum, good JOHN. I won't say a word about you, any more than I would about myself.

John.—Well, a few years ago, I had a large number of hogs, and they were the most unmitigated rooters I ever saw. I put rings into their snouts, but it was no go, or rather no stop, for the season was wet, and they would root up everything they came to. One day I stood by the road fence looking at their operations, very much out of humor, and I said I would give a dollar to know something to stop them. "Wall," said a fellow, so close to me that I fairly jumped one side, "I sort o'calcilate, cap'n, I've got the very thing you want. But it's a patent secret." "I will do as I said," said I, "I will give a dollar to know how to keep my hogs from rooting, and have them run in the field." "Will you throw in the dinner," said he. "Yes," said I, "if it's a good thing I won't mind that." "Wall," said he, "my patent anti-hog-rooter is one of the things, and no mistake. But you must pledge your sacred word and honor never to tell anybody." "Yes," I told him, and so the promise was made in all solemnity. The fellow pulled out a stout string from his pocket, tied a slip-noose at one end and a piece of rubber in the middle. "Now," said he, "this is a real anti-hog-rooter; you see it's as simple as an old shoe, only more so, and everybody likes it that have used it."

Editor.—Nothing remarkable in that, I'm sure.  
John.—Hold on a bit. I called up the hogs for him to put it on one. "Oh, no occasion for that," said he; "I will give you this for a pattern, and you can make up a lot by it." "But," said I, "how is it to be applied?" "Wall," said he, "just catch your hog, and put this slipper-noose round his tail, close up, and tie the other end into the ring in his nose: be sure and get the right length. The rubber will stretch so that he can get his head to the ground, but if he goes to root, up comes his hind legs,—and

If you ever noticed it, a hog can't root unless he stands on legs. You see the philosophy of loker-motion. "Hang you and your patent," said I; "here's your dollar, and if you will just go along and hold your tongue there's a quarter to get your dinner with." He started off, the very picture of injured innocence. However, after getting a little way, he turns round with "I say, mister, if ye ever uses that er thing you will find it to work like a stick in soap grease."

**Editor.**—Did you ever use it?  
**John.**—Did I ever use it? What do you think?  
**Editor.**—Why, that a man who would go to hear the Professor would be pretty likely to use the "patent anti-hog-rooter." But did it ever get out, JOHN?

**John.**—Somehow SMITH got hold of it, for he used to ask me sometimes, in a sly way, how my hogs got along. I shut his gate, however, beautifully.

**Editor.**—How?  
**John.**—No time to tell now, as I must be off to the lecture.

**Editor.**—Write and let me know how you like it.  
**John.**—I will. So, good night.

### CLOVER—SAVING THE SEED.

**TO THE FARMERS OF THE WEST.**  
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—As I have a good many inquiries respecting raising clover, and saving seed from the same, I would take this opportunity of giving my mode of operation. I try to cut the first crop and get it off the last days of June, and not later than the 4th of July. The second crop I save for seed, letting it stand until I think two-thirds at least of the heads are ripe, when I take my reaper, with the platform on, and cut, raking it off in gavils and putting them in rows, so as to save time in gathering. I then let it lay until it gets one or two good showers, and soon as dry, having no barns, (and by the way I would prefer to get out the seed out of doors.) I take and make a bottom of rails at least eight inches from the ground—say ten feet wide and forty long, according to the amount of clover. I build the side very square up—if anything a little wider on top—until the last two or three loads, owing to the size of the stack, throwing them in the middle, and top out, good, with coarse prairie hay, or a load or two of corn-stalks, bound up and lapped over, so as to make a sure thing of it. This done, I let it stand until the ground freezes and the weather settles. I then take one of BRIDSELL & BROKAW'S Premium Clover Threshers and Hulers, combined, and make short work of it in preparing it for market.

Our yield in this Western country, on an average, is three bushels; I have raised seven. I am sure, as a general thing, our Western farmers do not seed one-half enough for the benefit of the land. I know of pieces of land here that never get a load of manure or a coat of clover for ten, and sometimes fifteen years, and consider it a poor way of farming. A good crop of clover seed pays me better than a crop of wheat; wheat at 75 cents, and clover at \$3 per bushel. Some may ask, where can BRIDSELL & BROKAW'S machine be seen or got? As I am the Western Agent, any one can get all the desired information by sending a letter to my address, with a stamp enclosed, or by coming to my place. [See, also, B. & B.'s advertisement in RURAL.]

Yours, truly,  
HUGH HULB.  
St. Charles, Ill., Nov., 1862.

### DISADVANTAGES OF RURAL LIFE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—It has become very much the fashion for the speakers at our County Fairs, and writers in Agricultural papers, to congratulate the farmer on his enviable position as a tiller of the soil,—holding daily communion with Nature, breathing the free, mild air of heaven, with cheerful exercise and occupation, contentment, &c. Now, cant is always disgusting; and it strikes me that there has, of late, been not a little of it concerning country life; and as the RURAL is open to disquisitions upon all subjects, I have a word to say on this, which, if not quite as flattering as much that we hear and read, may at least have the merit of being equally true.

Every one who knows anything about farming, knows that it is very hard and very dirty work. I am aware that it is exceedingly delightful to sit in the shade of some thick-branching, wide-spreading tree, on a lovely July day, and watch the mowers at work in a luxuriant meadow. How like play it looks; how beautifully the tall grass comes down, rank after rank; what music in every swing of the scythe, as it rushes in and out the mimic forest; and then the delicious fragrance which floats upon the air,—very, very, there is no perfume equal to the breath of new-mown hay! That is the poetry of the thing. But come out of your leafy retreat, take the scythe in your own hands, bend your back to the required angle, and keep it so bent, hour after hour, through the whole day, with the sun (which you thought was shining just right, as you sat in the shade,) beating upon you, and not a breath of air stirring. That, I am inclined to think, you will conclude, is plain prose.

I do not, by any means, wish to be understood as speaking of work with contempt, for I know that everything worth having must be toiled for, and often the highest good comes only by the hardest labor. And, moreover, there is a vast deal to be done in the economy of life, which is very dirty and disagreeable, and no one is less a man or woman because it chances to fall to his or her lot to do it. But what I do maintain is, that it is always better to have a correct and definite understanding of our position and circumstances; whatever is peculiar or disagreeable therein, for it is only thus that we can apply ourselves intelligently and effectually to overcome what can be overcome, or "making a truce with necessity" bear courageously what must be borne, and so get from life all of good that the Creator, in bestowing it, designed it should yield us.

I have observed that those of our farmers who are most thoroughly imbued with the idea that their condition is the most enviable to which mortal ever need aspire, and who look upon "corn and pumpkin plenty" as the sum and substance of human felicity, are usually the most ignorant, undesirable part of community, almost invariably proslaveryites of the strictest sect, thoroughly rooted and grounded in the faith that the negro is only an animal, and that the salvation of this nation in particular, and the world in general, depends upon his being kept in bondage. Enter the home of one of this class, and make yourself familiar with the spirit that pervades it, and I think it will not require a very long sojourn therein to convince you that the condition of his pigs is far preferable to his children, in so far as respects facilities for attaining the highest ends of their existence. Now I grant

this may sound a little extravagant, yet I think that no one who has had opportunities for observation will deny that the tendency among our rural population, and especially in districts remote from large towns, is to snub into a sort of half-animal existence, and it is only by constant watchfulness and effort that this tendency is counteracted. I believe no intelligent farmer who has ever been a dozen miles from home, mingled among men of other callings, and observed the quickening and sharpening effect of constant intercourse with others in the way of business or pleasure, but has felt with a sigh that he, too, is "a man of whom more might have been made."

There are scattered here and there all over the country, men who in their boyhood had longed for a more satisfying life, a higher cultivation, but who, from various causes,—perhaps by reason of the burden of debt resting upon the homestead, which his strong arm must help to lighten, or from paternal unwillingness to give him a start in another direction; or what so many have longed for in vain, even permission to go out and work his way alone. I say there are many such, and noble men they are, too, many of them, who have quietly given up all their hopes, and set themselves heroically to do their best in the lot which seemed to be marked out for them. For I hold it to be the highest heroism for one to reconcile himself to, and work heartily and cheerfully in, a calling into which he may have been forced against his will.

But, Mr. Editor, this is an extensive subject, and as I fear I have already trespassed too far, I will reserve for another letter a few more things that I have in mind concerning the disadvantages of rural life.  
F. M. GAY.  
Easton, N. Y., Nov., 1862.

### AN OUT-DOOR CELLAR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In the RURAL of the 15th inst., "Farmer" desires some information about the building of an out-door root cellar—"If you think such a construction valuable for a farmer."

We consider a good root cellar one of the indispensable to a good farmer. The reason why we say good farmer is this:—A root cellar is of but little benefit to any but a good practical and systematic farmer, or one desiring so to be. We say systematic, because it needs a thorough system in feeding roots and other succulent fodders to make such a course of feeding profitable. Again,—a good farmer will, as far as he is able, have a good barn and stables and everything well adapted to the profitable feeding of such succulent fodders in all kinds of weather during the winter season.

In building a root-cellar—as in everything else—the old adage holds good, "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." I should not advise any one to build a root cellar of posts, plank, and straw, as such an one would soon be converted into a harbor for rats and mice, and well tenanted, too. I should prefer to bury in common holes rather than build such a cellar. I find, from experience, it is better not to put more roots in a cellar at one time than will last your stock six weeks or two months, as they keep more fresh buried than in a cellar.

I will now give the mode of building what I call a good root cellar, by giving a description of one I built. Any one wishing to build can vary to suit themselves. It is attached to the end of my barn on the overshot side. The bottom of it is about on a level with the bottom of my stables. The size of it is sixteen by twenty feet. The walls are built of stone, laid in lime mortar; wall pointed in and outside. No one stone should run through the wall, as it will be more apt to freeze. The height of wall is seven feet, which brings it to the top of barn wall. I have a door entering it from under the overshot of my barn, which makes it always dry and warm. The thickness of wall is twenty inches. To prevent it from freezing at the door, I hung two doors on one frame, one swinging in and the other out. The bottom of the cellar is plastered with two coats of water lime, which prevents the rats and mice from entering. It has two coats of common plastering overhead. This, with two windows, finishes the cellar. I then set on it a building the same size of cellar with twelve feet posts. This I divide into two stories. The first I use to keep my farming tools in, and find it better than the money it cost put out on interest. The second I use for a work shop. This I find, by having a good supply of tools and timber, such as every farmer should have, is better than double its cost.  
W. H. SILVERBORN.  
Fairview, Pa., 1862.

### The Bee-keeper

#### Bees and their Destroyers.

Do birds destroy bees? Is not the sting of the bee a sufficient protection? I have also seen it stated that toads destroy bees but this would seem hardly possible, and as I have always encouraged the presence of toads in my garden for the purpose of catching insects, I would like to be informed of the facts. Will mice attack bees in winter?—LEARNER.

BIRDS will destroy bees, that is, those that feed upon the wing. Toads will eat bees in vast quantities, and should never be permitted to harbor around hives. We have often seen toads at their work, in the evening twilight. Mice like the warm comfortable quarters furnished by the bee-hive, and they also relish the honey as well as the dormant bees. The following on this subject: is by Mr. LANGSTROTH:

"It seems almost incredible that such puny animals as mice should venture to invade a hive of bees; and yet they often slip in when cold compels bees to retreat from the entrance. Having once gained admission, they build a warm nest in their comfortable abode, eat up the honey and such bees as are too much chilled to offer resistance, and fill the premises with such a stenches, that the bees, on the arrival of warm weather, often abandon their polluted home. On the approach of cold weather, the entrances of the hives should be so contracted that a mouse cannot get in.

"That various kinds of birds are fond of bees, every Apianian knows to his cost. The King-bird (*Tyrannus musicopa*) which devours them by scores, is said—when he can have a choice—to eat only the drones; but as he catches bees on the blossoms—which are never frequented by these fat and lazy gentlemen—the industrious workers must often fall a prey to his fatal snare. There is good reason to suspect that this gourmand can distinguish between an empty bee in search of food, and one which, returning laden to his fragrant home, is in excellent condition to glide—already sweetened—down his voracious maw.

"No Apianian ought ever to encourage the destruction of birds, because of their fondness for his bees. Unless we can check the custom of destroying, on any pretence, our insectivorous birds, we

shall soon, not only be deprived of their aerial melody among the leafy branches, but shall lament, more and more, the increase of insects, from whose ravages nothing but these birds can protect us. Let those who can enjoy no music made by their winged choristers of the skies, except that of their agonizing screams as they fall before their well-aimed weapons, and flutter out their innocent lives before their heartless gaze, drive away, as far as they please from their cruel premises, all the little birds that they cannot destroy, and they will, eventually, reap the fruits of their folly, when the caterpillars weave their destroying webs over their leafless trees, and insects of all kinds riot in glee on their blasted harvests."

#### Wintering Bees.

MR. WALTER, in an article on wintering bees, asserts that colonies which have no stores of pollen, or are only meagerly supplied therewith, will not be injured, but rather benefited, by being placed during winter in a dark depository with a moderate temperature. On the contrary, colonies well supplied with pollen, will be brought to the verge of ruin by being placed in such a depository, with the temperature considerably above the freezing point. This may, perhaps, explain the discordant accounts bee-keepers give of the results of experiments made in this mode of wintering bees.

WHEN a colony perishes of starvation in summer or in the fall, the workers first become too feeble to fly, and then too weak to walk, their motions being tottering and slow, till finally they die. If bees exhibit such symptoms in winter, they are not really dead immediately after becoming motionless, and may generally be restored, if found soon after getting into this condition and removed to a warm room. If their hive contain sufficient supplies of sealed honey, or they be transferred into one which 's thus furnished, they may then still survive the winter.

IN the month of March, Capt. BALDENSTEIN gathered from the snow on which they had fallen, a large number of chilled and apparently dead bees. He laid them on the alighting board of one of his hives in the evening, and closed up the apiary. On re-opening it next morning, at 10 o'clock, they still lay there without any sign of life. But after the sun shone on them awhile, the greater part of them revived, and flew to their respective hives. They had remained in a benumbed state sixteen hours without being really killed.

#### Winter Management of Bees.

If his stocks were carefully prepared for wintering during the mild weather in October and November, the bee-keeper will not be called on to give only a general supervision from time to time, though if warm days occur, on which the bees can fly out, he may use the opportunity to inspect his hives more narrowly. Dead bees and droppings should then be removed from the bottom-board, as a precaution to prevent the entrance from becoming obstructed or closed. This should be done quietly and expeditiously, and only when the temperature is such as to allow bees to fly. Fowls must not be suffered to roost on or between the hives, nor should dogs, cats, or other domestic animals be tolerated about the apiary, especially during the winter. The less the bees are disturbed, at this season, when complete repose is so essential to them, the better. If the hives are situated on the north side of a fence or building, the bees will be less likely to be affected by transient changes of the weather, and in other locations, the front of the hives should, if practicable, be sheltered from the sun's rays. A temporary screen will serve an excellent purpose, saving numbers of bees which would otherwise be tempted to issue and find themselves unable to return. Thin hives, whether made of straw or wood, will need some protection during very cold weather, in Northern districts; and where this seems necessary, it is always judicious to attend to it early in the season, so as not to disturb the colony when clustered in a semi torpid state.

Bees kept in Langstroth hives, will require upward ventilation, especially if the stocks are strong. The mere removal of the tin coverings of the hives in the honey-board is not always sufficient to prevent the condensation of moisture within the hive, and the honey-board should then either be elevated about an inch, or entirely removed. If replaced by a frame of suitable size covered with canvas or coarse linen, sufficient ventilation may be furnished, and if the stock needs feeding, honey thickened with brown sugar and worked to a stiff doughy consistency, may be spread on the canvas immediately above the clustered bees, when it will be taken as required. If condensed moisture still collect within the top or cover of the hive, after the removal of the honey-board, (as sometimes happens with strong colonies) additional ventilation should be given by boring one or more three-fourth inch holes through the sides of the cover. The entrance of the hives must, during this period, be kept so contracted as to allow the passage of only one bee at a time.—*Bee Journal.*

### Rural Spirit of the Press.

#### Lice on Fowls.

A WRITER in the London *Field* says fowls may be kept free from vermin as follows:—"First of all if in confinement, in the dust corner of the poultry house mix about half a pound of black sulphur in the sand and lime that they dust in. This will both keep them free from parasites and give the feathers a glossy appearance. If infested with the insects, dampen the skin under the feathers with a little water, then sprinkle a little sulphur on the skin. Let the bird be covered with insects and they will disappear in the course of twelve hours. Also, previous to setting a hen, if the nest be slightly sprinkled with the sulphur, there is no fear of the hen being annoyed during incubation, neither will the chickens be troubled by them. Many a fine hatched brood pines away and dies through nothing else, and no one knows the cause."

#### Sheep-Pox.

THIS disease has created considerable alarm in England, and is being discussed by many writers for the Agricultural press. Though it has not appeared in this country, its introduction is not improbable, and hence any information concerning it will prove interesting. We therefore copy the following on the subject from the *Edinburgh Veterinary Review*:

Firstly—The sheep-pox on British soil has never yet been proved to occur, except by the introduction of the disease from the European continent. No well educated veterinarian, who has devoted any attention to epizootic diseases, can assert otherwise.

Secondly—The sheep-pox commences almost invariably by one or two cases, which, if separated early, do not propagate disease; and it may be limited to this insignificant number. If these first cases, however mild, are not attended to early, the results are disastrous.

Thirdly—It is very easy to attend to these early cases. There are always signs of indisposition, loss of appetite, dullness, drooping ears, redness of the eyes, &c. Whenever these symptoms appear, a rash or pimples are seen on the thighs and arm-pits. This is the golden opportunity not to be lost, and the affected animals must be enclosed in a place of perfect safety, or destroyed and buried.

Fourthly—In whatever district the disease may appear, we recommend the farmers to act as one man—to join and protect each other, and secure the very best professional aid money can obtain. An early effort will save a county, or the country, from irreparable loss.

#### Prince Albert's Farm.

ACCORDING to a writer in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the late PRINCE ALBERT'S farm is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles south-west of London, occupies one thousand acres, one hundred of which are never plowed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is subsoiled every two or three years with four enormous Scotch horses, driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn.

Barley and oats are crushed in a mill driven by steam; eighty short-horn and Alderney cows are kept; cow-stalls made of iron; iron troughs always full of water in each stall, with waste-pipe to gutter behind them, and thence to manure-shed, from which it is pumped into carts similar to ours for watering streets, and sprinkled over the grass. Keeps none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs; prefers former on account of their taking on fat; as one of the swine-herds said, "A dale of fat a dale quicker."

The pig-pens are of stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the center, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep. In the garden I saw peach, apricot and plum trees trained espalier; pine apples, strawberries and grapes, in all stages of growth; the latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous, and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine ones in frames. Her Majesty must certainly fare sumptuously every day. There are forty men to attend to the garden alone.

Mr. Tait, the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace; they would make more comfortable dwellings than two-thirds of the people of London live in. English farmers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be low by two inches at least. There are in those stables one hundred and six horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys, and may be seen driving two in hand in Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream-colored horses that draw her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament. Their harness is red morocco, gold-mounted, cost \$10,000; and the state carriage cost \$35,000 ninety years ago.

#### Agriculture, &c., of New York.

The *Country Gentleman* furnishes the following compilation on this subject:

NEW YORK—the first State in the Union, in point of population, is the 17th in geographical area. It is the 4th in density of population, having 24 inhabitants to the square mile, while there are 158 in Massachusetts, 134 in Rhode Island, and 98 in Connecticut. These facts are derived from the Preliminary Report of the Census of 1860, for a copy of which we are indebted to Mr. Supt. KENNEDY, through J. S. GRINNELL, Esq., of the Bureau of Agriculture.

The Agricultural tables in this Report, show that although New York is only the 17th State in area, she stands first in the extent of Improved Land, Illinois being second, Ohio third, Virginia fourth, and Pennsylvania the fifth on the list. New York also "stands at the head" in the cash value of her Farms, Ohio being here the second, Pennsylvania third, Illinois fourth, and Virginia fifth. In value of Farm Implements and Machinery, New York is again first, Pennsylvania second, Louisiana third, Illinois fourth, and Ohio fifth.

In Live Stock, New York stands third to Ohio and Illinois in the number of Horses; but in Asses and Mules she is the twenty-third on the list of States. New York is first by very long odds, in Milch Cows, Ohio standing second with less than two-thirds as many; is third in Working Oxen to Texas and Missouri; and fifth in "Other Cattle," to Texas, California, Ohio, and Illinois. New York has the second largest number of Sheep, Ohio being first, Indiana third, and Pennsylvania fourth. In Swine we make no show at all, being seventeenth from the top, with Indiana first, and Missouri, Tennessee, Ohio, Kentucky, and several other States following close after her. But in the total value of Live Stock, New York again heads the list, Ohio following next, with not quite eight-tenths our pecuniary amount.

As to Crops, New York is the sixth State in the production of Wheat, the second in that of Rye, the fourteenth in Indian Corn, the first in Oats, the eighth in Tobacco, the fifth in Peas and Beans, the second in Barley, (California being the first;); the second in Buckwheat; the first in Orchard Products, in those of Market Gardens, and in Hay; the third in Clover seed and in Grass seed; the first in Hops, (producing nearly ten-elevenths of all grown in the Union,) the first in Flax, and the first in Maple Sugar, (producing more than one-fourth the total crop.) In amount of Wool, she stands second only to Ohio, and the difference in favor of the latter State is not so large as in the number of Sheep, showing either that our fleeces average heavier, or that more sheep leave the State of Ohio when young (which may be the case) to be fed or shorn at the East. Our product of Butter in New York is set down at more than double that of Ohio,—not quite double that of Pennsylvania—the two States ranking next. Our product of Cheese is also more than double that of Ohio, and lacks comparatively little of being one-half the total product of the Union. The "value of animals slaughtered" is greater in New York than in any other State. Our product of Honey is also at the top of the list.

These odd facts and comparisons do not amount to anything, except to gratify one's curiosity by showing to what objects our Agriculture is mainly devoted in this State as placed side by side with others.

### Rural Notes and Items.

OFFICE OF OUR WESTERN EDITOR.—For the information of RURAL readers in the West, and especially the many acquaintances of our Western Associate, we would state that Mr. BRADGON'S office is at No. 69 State St., Chicago, where he will be happy to see his friends from the country. It is unnecessary for us to add that Mr. B.'s is deeply interested in all that pertains to the progress of the West, and zealously laboring to promote improvement in its Agriculture, Horticulture and kindred pursuits. Identified and familiar with its Rural Affairs, he will be glad to meet the Farmers and Horticulturists of the West, and receive and impart information on topics of interest to the people and country. To his friends no introduction will be necessary, and other readers of the RURAL will, we doubt not, receive a cordial welcome. One who has traveled so much in the West, and observed so closely and written so well about what he has seen and heard, requires no commendation to those desirous of elevating the position or enhancing the interests of the Agriculturists of that vast and productive region. We therefore invite those visiting Chicago to call at No. 69 State St., and have a chat with our Western Aid, who may add, in both intelligent and amiable—a man thoroughly imbued with progressive principles and right impulses, and who, moreover, firmly believes in the West and its People.

A GOOD SEWING MACHINE, although not an agricultural implement is considered indispensable by many a farmer's wife and daughter, and therefore a proper subject of comment in this journal. So thought we a day or two ago, on entering the fine and splendidly furnished and stocked rooms at No. 70 Buffalo street, this city, recently opened as the Western New York Emporium of the WHEELER & WILSON Sewing Machines. The Rochester Agency for the sale of these machines has long been superintended by Mr. B. W. DIBBLE, a gentleman "to the manner born," assisted by HARRY HALL; but at the new headquarters (situated up and arranged under the eye and direction of Mr. DIBBLE, who is a member of the firm of W. & W., and now resides in New York,) the management is submitted to Mr. D. O. DUTTON, late of Lockport, and Mr. HALL, both largely experienced in the business. Messrs. D. & H. have a fine stock of machines and findings, and we cordially and voluntarily commend their wares to the attention and examination of ladies visiting Rochester. And any father, husband, brother, or even lover, wishing to present a certain party a very useful as well as musical instrument can find such an one by calling at the Emporium.

CROPS IN REBELDOM.—The planters of the Carolinas, Louisiana, and other Southern States, are finding that accession is a hard road to travel, with both Providence and the Union Army to contend against. The Charleston Mercury states that the corn crop of South Carolina has been seriously diminished by a drouth, and that the rice crop is small on account of the removal of the planters from the tide water region. It has apprehensions of a short supply of food for the winter. The first instalment of the new sugar crop was received in New Orleans on the 20th. The prospects are not favorable for saving any considerable proportion of it, though if the usual force of negroes was available, the largest crop ever raised in the State would be gathered this season. The New Orleans Advocate of the 21st ult. says—"Fine and propitious weather for a grinding season, but planters have, in nine cases out of ten, miserably to stand by, as it were, and see their crops go to ruin. The negroes have been so turbulent and insubordinate during the season that no wood has been secured, and there being no coal on hand there are none of the usual requirements for taking off a crop of cane available."

MINOR RURAL AND OTHER ITEMS.—The *Greatest Wool Growing State*, according to the census, is Ohio; New York and Pennsylvania next, and Michigan ranks fourth. New Jersey raises more potatoes than any other State by two to one.—The Snow Storm of the 25th ult., extended as far south as Chattanooga, Tenn., where the ground was covered to the depth of an inch and a half—and to the Black Mountains of N. C., where the snow was half a foot deep.—The Western Railroads are doing an enormous business, and the Illinois Central has lately made a contract for the building of 600 new cars. The Michigan Southern and Michigan Central are also adding largely to their rolling stock.—The Manufacture of Salt at the State Works in Onondaga county continues to increase in amount over that of any previous year. The number of bushels inspected this year up to the 8th inst., is 7,650,000, which is an increase over last year to the same date of nearly 1,350,000 bushels.

THE BUSINESS OF THE WEST.—The following is cut from the commercial column of the *Chicago Daily Post*, one of the most reliable and discreet Journals published in the West. We are assured that the condition of things thus stated is not exaggerated. The article is under date of Nov. 7th:

"The business of the city continues very active, and notwithstanding it has been election week, which is generally considered a poor one for business, the sales of the jubbing houses will not fall very far below last week, which was beyond all question the most active one ever witnessed in Chicago. The amount of produce going forward to the east is without a parallel in the history of our city. For the past three weeks the depots of the three eastern bound lines have been so full of freight that the agents have been compelled to refuse hundreds of car loads. The lake transportation companies have also been overrun, and had the capacities of both railroad and propeller lines been double what they are, they would have had all they could possibly do. The western and southern bound railroads centering in Chicago have also been overrun with business, and the Illinois Central and Chicago and St. Louis lines have not been able to do the business offered, and if the former line had 200 more freight cars they could all be employed to good advantage."

PORK IN CHICAGO.—This city will soon claim the distinguished title of *Porkopolis*, heretofore given to our sister city, Cincinnati; indeed it may properly claim it now for the figures of the last season's packing warrants it. Last season Cincinnati cut 453,000 hogs; Chicago 614,481! The season now commencing finds Chicago prepared to nearly double the capacity for cutting that it possessed last year. It is expected that at least 700,000 hogs will be cut here the present season; some place the figures at 1,000,000. Last season the entire receipts of hogs was over 748,000; 229,000 being shipped East. With the increased facilities for packing, it is believed shipments will cease to a great extent during the packing season.—G. D. B.

OSWEGO CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Fulton on the 7th inst., a resolution was passed to hold the next Fair on the same grounds (at Oswego Falls) as this year, and the following board of officers elected for the year ensuing:

President—GARDNER WOOD, of Fulton.  
Vice Presidents—J. M. Robert Oliver, of Oswego; 2d David I. Nichols, of New Haven. Treasurer—Samuel G. Merrill, of New Haven. Secretary—John U. Smith, of Oswego Falls. Executive Committee—Edwin Harwood and L. A. Hovey, of Fulton, and A. G. Washburn, of Granby.

TRAY SADDLES OF BRANFORD sent us a few days ago by H. G. BRANFORD, Esq., of Branford, C. W. (one of the most active and successful agents of the RURAL in all the British Possessions of North America.) made some of the finest brasses and staves we ever saw or tasted—as "this deponent" and sundry friends could safely testify if called upon so to do before the "Queen's Bench" or other dignified judicial body. Friend B. will therefore please accept profound acknowledgments, with the assurance that he has gratified the appetites and "stayed the stomach" of the writer, his family and several friends, all of whom, like unto OLIVER TWIST, "ask for more"—when convenient! May all our *Writers* have as good friends in Queen Victoria's dominions, or elsewhere (where the "stricken deer" is not a myth), and be favored in like manner.

DON'T REMIT "SHINPLASTERS," CHECKS, &c.—Agents and others remitting for the RURAL will please bear in mind that fractional notes or "shinplasters," issued either by corporations or individuals (except the checks of the Treasurer of Rochester or the Monie Co. Bank) are nearly worthless in this city. Please don't send them to us, but, instead, Government postal currency, or postage stamps. Some agents send us checks on, or certificates of deposit in, local banks, in payment for clubs. The collection of these often subjects us to trouble and expense, and we greatly prefer drafts, less out of exchange. Will our friends please make a note of this, also.

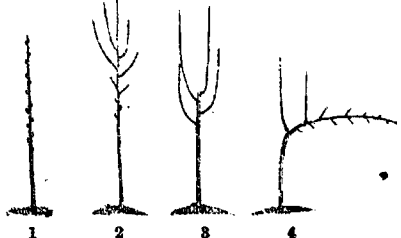
HORTICULTURAL.

NECESSITY OF PRUNING.

A CORRESPONDENT inquires whether pruning is necessary in this country, having been informed by some, who professed to know, that it was a practice imported from England and other European countries...

All systems of culture are somewhat artificial. Our fine fruits are far from being natural, and we propagate our trees by artificial processes. We are not satisfied at this day with what is called natural fruit; nor will it answer to leave our trees to nature.

Why is the fruit produced on young trees so fine and fair, so well colored, so large and smooth, so juicy, whilst that produced on older trees are small, hard, gnarly things, looking like a different and much poorer sort. Ask the farmer or fruit grower the cause of this difference, and he will tell you without blushing, that one is grown on young trees, and the other on old.



TO CHECK THE GROWTH AT ONE POINT AND ENCOURAGE IT AT ANOTHER.—In a young tree it will be often noticed that one branch, or perhaps several branches on one side, make a much greater growth than others, and seems disposed to monopolize nearly all the strength of the tree, at the expense of the others, which grow weak and puny.

There is a tendency in the sap to go to the highest point, and to the young growing points. Growth is the most active and vigorous at the newly-formed parts, and the young buds are most excitable, and grow the most readily. If we plant a yearling tree with one straight stem, and containing a dozen buds, like that shown in the engraving, fig. 1, only one, two, or three, and those at the extreme point, will grow and form branches, as is shown in figure 2.

The sap naturally ascends to the highest point, as we have before stated. If, therefore, we bend down a young tree, or a branch, which is the same, the buds at the highest point will burst and grow, and those at the extremities be retarded, as we have endeavored to show in figure 4. This fact is often taken advantage of in growing vines in grape houses. The canes are bent over until the lower buds have got a good start, when they are fastened to the trellis, and the branches grow equally.

ORCHARD CULTURE.

Among the papers read before the American Pomological Society, at its recent meeting in Boston, was one by JOHN A. WARDER, M. D., of Cliftonville, on Orchard Culture in the West, which contains so many valuable hints, notably to Western fruit growers, but to orchardists everywhere, that we make the following liberal extracts:

After the trees have been well planted in their new home, it becomes an important question to decide what shall be the most appropriate culture to bestow upon them. The practice of some would-be orchardists is that of no-culture, which, with the usual neglect that accompanies such treatment, is certain to end in disappointment, from the loss of trees, for no matter how good the selection may have been in the nursery, nor how thorough the preparation of the soil, nor how careful the planting, the young orchard will never develop its highest degree of perfection, if left at this stage of its progress to take care of itself, if neglected now, it will go back, and prove a failure, as any one may have seen who has observed the thousands that are thus sacrificed annually in various parts of the country.

It being conceded that thorough culture is necessary for the proper development of the young trees, it may next be asked whether any other crop should be planted in the orchard. The answer to this question will depend upon the condition of the soil as to fertility; if poor it will not do to rob the trees, which constitute the main crop, but it is seldom the case that such poor land is selected for an orchard, generally our soils are sufficiently fertile to admit of cropping, at least partially, between the trees, without injury to them. Most writers advise the planting of a hoed-crop, and prohibit altogether the sowing of grains among the trees. This is not without reason, for the long period, between seed time and harvest, that the soil about the roots, has to lie without the disturbance of the cultivator for the admission of air and moisture, causes it to become compact and dry, and the trees must suffer.

The partial culture with the spade, immediately around the trees, which has been proposed as a substitute for thorough culture, is very seldom well done, nor to a sufficient extent, and is generally neglected entirely, so that the poor trees are not only robbed by the surrounding grain crop, but worse than this, they are imprisoned in the hard soil, which is left after harvest in a condition unsuitable for plowing, and the droughts of summer continue to injure the trees. Such crops as require or admit of the occasional use of the plow and cultivator among them, enable the farmer to keep the soil loose and mellow among his trees; this is the reason such should be selected for planting in a young orchard; these are called hoed-crops: some persons prefer those that are of a low growth, such as potatoes and beans, others think that Indian corn is the very best crop, and suggest that the shade cast by it upon the ground about the trees, and the moisture attracted by the leaves, which often falls to the soil, more than compensate for the injury caused by the corn roots absorbing the moisture from below.

Whether we plant any other crop or not, let it be distinctly understood, and constantly borne in mind, that the young trees must be cultivated; the soil must be constantly stirred, and kept clean, until the orchard has fairly got under way with a thrifty growth. This is best effected by continuing the culture for some years, and, as men are often unwilling to work without an immediate return for their labor, the naked fallow among the trees will too often be neglected, but the partial crop between them, is an incentive to giving the orchard, just such attention in the way of cultivation, as it requires.

The length of time that this culture should be continued, will depend upon the condition of the trees, and the character of the soil and surface. The orchard should have assumed the most thrifty growth, before the cultivation is suspended, whether this may have required three years of culture or six; but on hilly lands, with a soil disposed to wash into gullies, we cannot continue the plowing with impunity, but must use such an alternation of crops as will obviate the necessity for constant open culture. This may be arranged by a rotation of clover with corn or potatoes, a valuable alternation it is, since this legume is itself almost a cultivator of the soil, rendering it loose and mellow, while, at the same time, the surface is clothed, and the soil is bound together by its roots; moreover, this plant attracts much of its sustenance from the atmosphere, through its abundant foliage, and the radicles sink deep into the subsoil in search of nutriment. The clover may be sown at midsummer after the last plowing of the corn, with or without rye, which last is only used for the sake of clothing the surface, and preventing the washing of the soil, and should be pastured by hogs the following season; let it by no means be harvested. After one year the clover should be again plowed-in, and the cultivation of the young orchard should be continued until the trees be well established; when the land may be again laid down to clover, or clover and orchard grass, and be allowed to continue in this condition for an indefinite period, or until plowing appears to be again required.

ment, is the great desideratum with most of us, and many people will prefer to treat their orchards in such a manner as to insure early productiveness, trusting to the future for the supply of fruit for future years. On this account, we find that the early producing varieties, are always inquired after and often, preferred by orchardists, though the fruit be of inferior quality to that produced by trees of the varieties that are longer in coming into bearing.

PEARS.—A CURIOUS FACT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Having a desire to get information, I thought I would drop a few words touching my experience relative to the culture and growth of pears. Some years ago, (ten or more,) I obtained some scions from the town of Greece, called Virgalieu. They are a choice pear, getting ripe in the month of November. Since obtaining the first, I have set some scions for my neighbors, and more for myself; and there is something singular, to me, about them. The first that I set, were upon a standard stock of a very good kind, the name I do not know. They are not as good as the Virgalieu, but are a good article, fair size, and sometimes very large, three or four inches through, and a great bearer, producing every year. The Virgalieus are also great bearers—bearing every year with us. The first I set were upon the two sides of the tree, upon the lowest limbs. Those on the south side bore genuine good fruit, but that on the north side didn't bear at all. I then grafted more into the same kind of stock—two scions from the same shoot into the same limb,—in this case, also, the north bearing, and the south not,—the north side inclining to dwarf, and the south growing straight and tall, and bearing nothing. I grafted more, the scions from the same shoot, and in the same stock, and to my surprise one scion produced choice fruit, while the other bore the same, in appearance, and color a dark green—beginning to be soft in the latter part of September, now about gone, and they are sour, inclined to stringency,—altogether an unpleasant article; while the others, on the opposite side of the limb, are all sound, hard, and healthy. We have three several cases this year, and have had them before in different localities. The earth is a sandy loam, first rate land for peaches, plums, apricots, and apples; for we raise all of them around and about the pears. Now my curiosity is excited to know the cause, if it is to be known, or if not, should like to see, through the RURAL, the views and thoughts of the learned ones, or any one, that may feel disposed to speak on the subject.

KEEPING WINTER FRUIT.

A GREAT portion of our winter fruit is destroyed for want of care in keeping, while much not wholly destroyed is considerably injured. This is often the result of want of knowledge, but perhaps more frequently of negligence. We often observe persons complain of the worthlessness of winter fruit, particularly pears, when, if they would have a little more patience, that which appears useless would, in a little while, become really delicious. We have endeavored to do our full part in correcting this evil, by giving the necessary information, and we now copy the following suggestions on the subject from the Gardener's Monthly.

How to ripen fruits, is a branch of pomological knowledge as important as how to grow them; yet it is one very little understood. It is questionable whether this knowledge can be taught; for experience shows that no rule is applicable to all varieties alike; for some apples and pears are improved by being taken off the trees before they are ripe, while other kinds are best when left on the tree as long as possible. With regard to apples and pears,—kinds of fruit most generally understood when we talk about preserving fruits,—the fall fruit, for the most part, are best gathered a few days, or it may be, a week, before they would drop of their own accord from the tree; while others ripening at the same season are best left on until they will scarcely bear their own weight without falling. The Bartlett pear, for instance, may be gathered at least two weeks before apparently ripe, and will mature well in a cool, shady place, and, to some tastes, be even better for it; while the Duchesse d'Angouleme is ruined by what, in the same instance, would be called premature gathering. All these nice points have to be practically determined,—and the only safe general rule that can be given is when a fruit will part readily from the tree when gently lifted; or, when the seeds inside are of a deep black color, the crop may be gathered and stored away.

In most cases, by far too many fall-ripening varieties of fruit are planted. If the orchard is intended to supply family consumption, the crop will not keep till all is used; and if for market purposes, many will rot before purchasers are found for them; or more important duties have to be neglected to give attention to them. Where a great abundance of fall fruit exists, and it is desirable to keep them as long as possible, they should be gathered before fully ripe, just as the seeds are changing color, and kept in a cool, dark room,—one not too dry, however,—until they can receive attention.

This coolness and darkness is, moreover, the main secret of keeping fruit of the winter-ripening kinds through to their proper season; and it is in endeavoring to find the exact conditions that so many fail. If too dry they shrivel—if too hot they prematurely ripen and are worthless—if too damp they rot; and if too cold they are tasteless and insipid. To just hit the mark is not easy to a beginner, and yet in practice it is found not so difficult as it appears to be. Some house cellars are so constructed as to be just the suitable thing; but the majority usually border on some one of the extremes we have noted. Probably the best plan for the apple where the fruit is perfectly sound, is to carefully hand pick the fruit, and pack them gently in flour barrels, being careful not to bruise them in the least, either in filling the barrels or in handling them afterwards. In this way they will keep in cool cellars that are tolerably dry, when in the same cellars they would probably shrivel on open shelves. Where the fruit are subject to the depredations of the apple moth, or to fungoid diseases, this plan is liable to objections, as the injured fruit will decay, and is difficult to get at inside the barrels; and if not taken out in time a considerable portion of the fruit will be destroyed by the heat evolved in putrefaction. The English fruit rooms, which are mostly constructed more with an eye to perfect fruit preserving and ripening than to economy of arrangement however, are usually made expressly for fruit, and all gardens of any pretensions have the fruit room as regularly as the tool shed. They are usually built on the north side of a wall or other building, in order to secure a regular

temperature. The walls are thick to ensure against frost penetrating them, and many of them have a roof of straw thatch which tends still more to keep out frost, and a regular natural temperature inside; along all four sides of the building are rows of shelves, arranged one above another, like the sleeping berths of a ship, and on these boards are spread the fruit in thin layers—usually but one course thick. Some of them have ventilation provided both from below and above; but those we have seen were not thus arranged, and there were no means of communication with the external air beyond what the doors and windows afforded. In these rooms apples and pears kept perfectly, ripening in succession, according to their season, and some of them keeping till apples and pears came again.

The secret of success undoubtedly is the keeping up of a natural temperature of between 40° and 50°. In our climate this arrangement would not answer. The severity of the winters demand more protection from a low temperature than the strongest walls would alone afford. Where a dry gravelly bank is at command, a room could be constructed, part beneath the surface, and part above—the exposed part covered with the earth thrown out from below—which would make a fruit room to perfection.

After all, the keeping of fruit on a large scale is not within the wants of most of our readers, who have but a few bushels, and in whose eyes a special fruit house would not be warranted by the small quantity to be kept. There is then no alternative but to make the best use of the facilities cellars, rooms or out-buildings afford; and for this barrels, boxes, cupboards, and enclosed cases, must be called into requisition; being careful to ensure a temperature of about 40° to 50°, not too damp or dry, and if somewhat dark the better.

Horticultural Notes.

A GOOD APPLE-PICKER.—A cheap and handy apple-picker can be made as follows.—Get two pieces of 1/2 wire, (or a little larger), each 2 feet 10 inches in length. Bend each piece in the shape of a triangle—one of the sides 7 inches and the other two sides 10 inches each. Cross the 7 inch sides and have them together 1 inch from the middle of each, and wind a fine wire around them to keep them in their places. The wires should not cross each other square, but the wide side of the cross should be about 4 inches to receive large apples and the other side for small ones or peaches. Now get a pole the length you want, and put a small ring around the top to keep it from splitting. Bore a 1/2 inch hole down into the center of the top 8 inches deep, put the ends of the wires into this hole, and drive a small iron (or wood) nail, pin in between the wires to keep them in. Sew some cloth or thin leather around the wires, and it is finished. This implement is very useful in picking apples that are on the ends of the limbs that cannot be easily got with a ladder. It will hold 15 or 20 medium sized apples, and is easily emptied when full. B. B. TAMMAY, Attica, Ohio, 1882.

RHOENODENDRON FULGENS. J. HOOK.—A half hardy shrub growing six feet high; with crimson-scarlet blossoms; appearing in spring; increased by grafting; grown in health soil. Of all the magnificent series of rhododendrons which have reached us from India, none can vie in color with this, which from the gorgeous hue of its blossoms received the name of fulgens from its discoverer, Dr. HOOKER, who says of it, "This, the richest ornament of the Alpine regions, in the month of June, forms a very prominent show on mountain slopes and spires, at an elevation of 12,000 to 14,000 feet, flowering in June, and fruiting in November and December. The foliage is perennial, of a bright green hue, and gives a singular hue to the bleak snowy mountain faces, immediately overhanging by the perpetual snow, contrasting in August with the bright scarlet of the barberry, the golden yellow of the fading beech and mountain ash, the lurid green of the juniper, and the brown of the withered grass. Whether, then, for the gorgeous effulgence of its blossoms, which appear to glow like fire in the few sunny hours of the regions it inhabits, or in the singular tints its foliage assumes at other seasons, it is one of the most striking plants of the inhospitable regions it inhabits. The leaves are deep green, ferruginous beneath, and the heads of flowers are very dense. It is probably very nearly hardy, and would be a valuable kind to fertilize our catwaxwines in order to secure dark colored varieties."—Bot. Mag.

GRAPE EXHIBITION AT PITTSBURGH.—We are indebted to some unknown friend for a copy of the Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle, containing an account of a great exhibition of grapes made in that city by J. KNOX, the well known strawberry grower of Pittsburgh. The Chronicle says—"Several years since Rev. J. KNOX was led to the conclusion that the season here was too short to mature the old varieties of grapes common here, but that the climate and soil were admirably adapted for grape culture, provided the proper kinds could be obtained. Pittsburgh had fairly beaten Cincinnati in the size, flavor and productiveness of straw berries, and there was no reason why she could not excel in the culture of grapes. He was thus led to examine into the matter, and the result was the purchase and culture of several varieties of native vines which began to be much talked of in the East, but which had never been seen in these regions. Large plantations were made of the Diana, Rebecca, Herbeumont, Elvingburg, To Kalon, Union Village, but chiefly of the Concord and Delaware. These two varieties, Mr. KNOX was satisfied, would best suit our climate; would prove most hardy and productive, and would grow the largest, finest, most luscious and most profitable fruit, either for the table or for wine. That his judgment was not astray, most of our citizens who have been purchasing during the last six weeks the berries he exposed in market, or who witnessed the late exhibition, can abundantly testify. Never before were clusters of grapes of such largeness, rich bloom, uniform size and delicious lusciousness, offered in our market. Twenty-five cents a pound were readily given for Concord, when formerly ten was the average; while the Delaware, although a much smaller grape, brought even more, on account of their delicate and exquisite flavor. The Concord and Delaware among grapes are what the Bartlett and Seckel are among pears, without a parallel or an approach for lusciousness and flavor."

PRICES OF FRUIT, VEGETABLES, &c., IN NEW YORK.—The following report of prices in the New York market, which we obtain from the city papers, will be interesting to our readers, as by the prices in the great metropolis nearly all our markets are regulated:

Table listing prices for various fruits and vegetables in New York. Items include Potatoes (Mergers, choice, L. 1, 2, 3), Onions (Common, Choice), Apples (Sweet, Mixed), Peaches, and other produce. Prices are listed in dollars and cents.

Inquiries and Answers.

FLOWER FOR NAME.—Enclosed I send a flower for name. It was given me for a fuchsia, but being different from any flower of that species that I am acquainted with, I therefore send a specimen to you for a name.—S. W. W., Westport, N. Y.

WHAT KILLS TREES?—I have a young orchard of about six years standing—trees have been very thrifty—have been well cared for—ground cultivated with low crops. Last summer I noticed the bark looked red or sun-burnt on some of the trees, the leaves withered in early autumn, and this spring those trees affected were dead. I now notice that many of the remaining trees have the same appearance. I wish to know the cause and cure, or preventive. The bark is affected on the east side of the trees, on some from the ground to the branches, but on others a shorter portion is diseased.—E. H. W., Attica, Conn.

ABOUT PLANTING AN ORCHARD.—Will you, or some of your RURAL readers, please inform me in regard to setting an orchard. What is the best way of setting an orchard of two hundred trees? Will the young trees thrive and do well in a rich soil, or will they do better if the ground is tilled? Will it answer to set young trees between the rows of an old orchard, so they begin to bear, and then remove the old ones. Answers to the above questions will much oblige a young farmer in Wyoming Valley.—L. A. RUSSELL, Wyoming, N. Y.

The trees will do well if set in good ground, though some prefer to cultivate one season with some hoed crop. We have never known young trees to do well if set in an old orchard, and would much prefer to plant a new orchard on fresh soil. When the young trees begin to bear you can destroy the old ones.

Domestic Economy.

HARD SOAP AND WASHING FLUID.

FRIEND MOORE.—Being a reader of the RURAL, (from which I have gained much useful information,) I notice an inquiry how to make hard soap, and having a good recipe, present it to RURAL readers:

Take 3 lbs. sal soda, 1 1/2 lbs. of good lime, 2 gallons rain water; add together, and boil fifteen minutes. Let it settle, and pour off the clear liquid. Add 3 lbs. of nice clean grease, boil half an hour, then set it away to cool. When cold, take off the soap and melt it up, put it in something to make it in proper shape for cutting up, and when that is done, it is finished.

I have a Washing Fluid that I have used for one year, and many times have wished it was made more public. It is made and used as follows:

Take 1 lb. sal soda, 1/2 lb. good soft lime, and 5 quarts of rain water. Boil a short time, stirring occasionally; then let it settle, and pour off the clear fluid into a stone jug, and cork for use. On washing day make a good warm suds; soak your clothes about half an hour; wring out and soap collars, wristbands, and dirty or stained places. Have your boiler half-filled with water, and when at scalding heat, put in one common teaspoonful of the fluid; stir and put in your clothes; boil for half an hour; then rub through one suds, rinsing well, and all is complete. For each additional boiler of clothes add half a cupful of fluid, through the whole washing. Don't be afraid of fading the calico clothes; you will find it will help them. Try it. Ypsilanti, Mich., 1882. H. H. M.

A STRING OF RECIPES, &c.

WE find the following recipes in an exchange, uncredited. They are good enough to be copied and heeded, though their paternity is unknown:

PEPPER SAUCE.—Take two dozen peppers, cut them fine, with double quantity of cabbage, one root of horse-radish grated; one handful of salt; one tablespoonful mustard seed; one dessert spoonful of allspice; one dessert spoonful of cloves; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a little mace. Boil the spice and sugar in two quarts of the best cider vinegar, which, as soon as removed from the fire, and while yet boiling, pour over the other ingredients. When cold, put in jars, cover close, and keep in a cool place.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA.—M. Soyer, the celebrated Parisian caterer, recommends that, before pouring in any water, the teapot, with tea in it, shall be placed in the oven till hot, or heated by means of a spirit lamp, or in the front of the fire, (not too close, of course), and the pot then filled with boiling water. The result, he says, will be, in about a minute, a delicious cup of tea, much superior to that drawn in the ordinary way.

DELICIOUS TOASTED CHEESE.—Cut two ounces of cheese in thin slices, put it into a saucepan, set on the fire, and add one gill of fresh milk; stir it till the cheese is quite dissolved, then take it from the fire, and pour into a shallow dish; when cooled a little, add the yolk of an egg well beaten. Then place it before the fire, and brown it nicely.

CORN MEAL PUDDING.—To seven heaping tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, add one cup of molasses, a little salt and butter. Stir all well together, and just as it goes into the hot oven, put in a cupful of cold water or milk. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

PICKLED CABBAGE.—Slice red cabbage very thin, put on it a little coarse salt, and let it rest twenty-four hours to drain; add sliced onions, if you like them. Boil four spoonfuls of pepper, and four of allspice, in a quart of vinegar, and pour it over.

PUFF PUDDING.—Take three eggs, nine tablespoonfuls of flour, a pint of milk, and salt to taste. Pour the milk on the flour scalding hot, then add the eggs. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. Serve with sauce to suit the taste.

EFFERVESCING SALINE DRAUGHTS.—White sugar powdered eight ounces, tartaric acid two ounces, sesquicarbonate of soda two ounces, essence of lemon a few drops. Mix well and keep in a corked bottle.

BUTTERMILK PIE.—Three pints of buttermilk, two eggs, four table-spoonfuls of sugar, a tea-spoonful of flour stirred into the milk, and half a nutmeg; stir well together, and bake like a custard pie.

COLD CUSTARD.—One quart of new milk, one half a pint of cream, four ounces white sugar, a glass of water in which an inch of washed rennet has been soaked, and nutmeg.

TO CLEAN TEA-TRAYS.—Do not pour boiling water over them, particularly japanned ones, as it will make the varnish crack and peel off, but have a sponge wetted with warm water and a little soap, if the tray be very dirty; then rub it with a cloth; if it looks smoky, dust on a little flour, then rub it with a dry cloth. If the paper tray gets marked, take a piece of woolen cloth, with a little sweet oil, and rub it over the marks; if anything will take them out, this will. Let the urn be emptied and the top wiped dry, particularly the outside, for if any wet be suffered to dry on it, it will leave a mark.

BROWN BREAD.—A very nice loaf of brown bread may be made in the following manner, and it will seldom trouble the most delicate stomach. Or a and half pints of Indian meal, one and a half pints of Graham or coarse wheat meal, one and a half pints of sour milk, two small teaspoons soda, three spoons molasses and one teaspoon of salt. Dissolve the soda in about half a pint of hot water and mix all together. Bake two or three hours in a slow oven. This loaf is very nice to be steamed in a deep pot with a tight cover three or four hours. Put your bread in a tin pail with a close cover, and don't let the water get into the pail.—Mass. Ploughman.

Ladies' Department.

THE FLY

Baby Bye,  
Here's a fly;  
Let us watch him, you and I.

FORMALITY.

How often does my soul sigh when I think how much formality there is in this cold, dark world.

For which they think of naught but self,  
To gain the fleeting pomp of wealth,—  
how do I shrink away from every mortal, and gaze,

And then in my daily walks and in public gatherings, how often do I meet those whom I so love, not by long association merely, but because my heart is drawn to them, I know not why;

ality by habit? Not by nature, for nature longs for love and friendship.

HOW TO GUIDE CHILDREN.

Dr. JOHN BROWN'S little book on "Health" has more good advice in it than is often crowded into such small compass, and no parent can read it without receiving suggestions he will remember, and put to worthy practice in the home circle.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you, and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them.

One thing, however poor you are, you can give your children, and that is, your prayers, and they are, if real and humble, worth more than silver or gold, more than food and clothing, and have often brought from the Father who is in heaven, and hears our prayers, both money, and meat, and clothes, and all worldly good things.

THE BABY.

THE baby rules everybody in the house; issues her mandates in the feeblest of voices, yet all hasten to interpret her wishes. It matters not that they be expressed in the most unintelligible of dialects, every one intuitively makes out a wondrously wise meaning, and watches with the intensest interest for the next utterance.

Is baby asleep? Then is the household hushed, and the mother, as she sits by its side, sewing, and occasionally rocking the cradle with her foot, is most truly the "guardian angel" of its happiness, and the smiles which flit across its innocent face might well be the reflections of her own love-lighted beauty.

THE MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—The solid rock, which turns the edge of the chisel, bears forever the impress of the leaf and the acorn, received long, long since, ere it had become hardened by time and the elements.

Choice Miscellany.

MY LOVE.

As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.—Song of Songs.

My love seems not to others fair;  
Her brow is marked with lines of care,  
And on her once soft dimpled cheek,

EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

TOUCHING to me was the demonstration of respect, affection, and love, which I witnessed at the burial of a friend, and a relative of a family of friends.

It was in the country—in the midst of a garden—where flowers bloom and fade and die—where fruits bloom, develop, mature, ripen, rich and beautiful and luscious for the harvest.

I looked for the sympathetic neighbors who were to perform the sad and sacred duty of Christian burial. None appeared to bear the body of the man and friend to the grave beneath the evergreens.

THE more I think of it, the more the practice is approved by my judgment and heart, for who can so carefully, considerably and tenderly perform this duty to our friends as ourselves.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I PRESUME it will be allowed that no human character, which we have the opportunity of studying with equal minuteness, had fewer faults mixed up in its texture.

THE common distich which recounts the days of the month is well known. In 1596, it ran thus:

KNOW THYSELF.

A WRATHEN philosopher once uttered two words, original with himself, which open a boundless range for thought, that if but duly considered and faithfully practiced, would annihilate a thousand human ills.

It is not the work of an hour, a month, or a year to understand this mighty machine called self. Many an honored one has spent a life-time in developing and tracing out a single faculty.

We would not seem to depreciate rigid discipline, nor underrate what continued effort may accomplish, but the echo of doom will be heard before the expected goal of many a one shall be reached.

Right here we are subject to an error which many learned ones are not saved from. It is a matter of no uncommon occurrence when one becomes conscious that he excels in a particular direction, to imagine that he may excel in many; and not content with occupying the sphere to which he is fitted,

Self-knowledge not only guides to positions in life, but moulds and gives beauty to every element of our nature. One conscious of inward purity, and more fully aware of the real nature of his inner heart than any other can know, has an inward pride and self-approval, when approached with scoffs or met with sneers,

THE WANT OF TRUTHFULNESS.

Truthfulness is a defect among Christians. The most expressive adjectives, the fullest epithets, the strongest forms of speech, are brought into constant requisition, in the most trivial affairs of life.

Sabbath Musings.

AMONG THE GRAVES.

It is a Sabbath, the brightness of which, though it belongs to the Autumn, brings back the thoughts of May.

It would be difficult to find a place less appropriate for a burial-ground than this which we are approaching. Suitable places may always be found in the country, but this—the heart turns away from it, extending as it does over the slope and to the summit of this bare ridge, accessible to every wind,

Let us notice some of the mottoes. Many of them are original, and not a few are poetical. Persons who have never before composed a stanza often do so after the shock of death is past, though the heart is bleeding.

"Farewell! we meet no more,  
On this side Heaven;  
The parting scene is o'er,  
The last sad look is given.

Here are some feeble violets, striving to blossom on above this grave till winter. Nowhere else do I go love to see them bloom. Here are some autumn flowers, strewn upon a grave but recently made.

Yonder rises the belfry of the Academy, and a little farther on the Church spire. Standing among the graves, the life-time of earth seems short in which to educate the soul for the life which follows.

But let us turn back from the dead to the living. Soon shall I be borne from the busy scenes of the present life to my long repose. Neither the love of friends nor the skill of physicians can save me from the grave.

EXPERIENCE in religion beyond notions and expressions. A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE GLACIERS OF SWITZERLAND.

But the most extraordinary phenomenon of the Alps is the glacier. And though I never had a just conception of one until I saw it, I will try and give you a faint idea of it in a few words.

The number of glaciers in Switzerland has been put at about 600, and the extent of surface occupied by them at about 1,000 square miles.

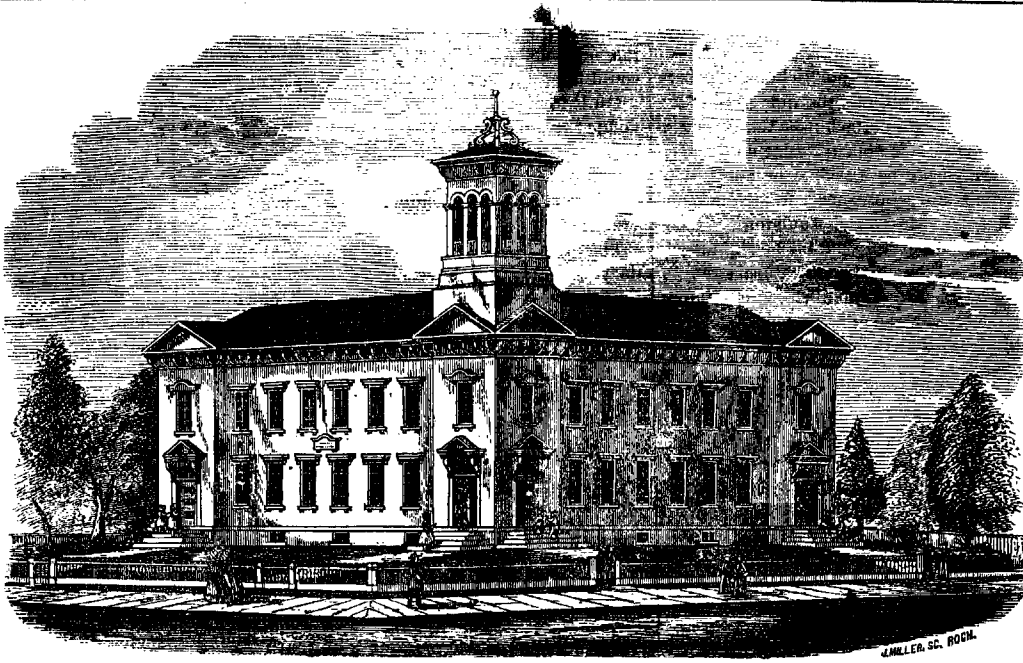
PILLARS OF SAND IN THE DESERT.—The deserts of Arabia are among the most remarkable places in the world, and are especially remarkable for their pillars of sand; they are raised by whirlwinds, and have a very close resemblance to waterspouts.

THE GREAT CHINESE WALL.—A traveler in the East thus describes this vast work of human industry, which is said to have cost the country two hundred thousand lives from sheer physical exhaustion.

"SKEDADDLE."—The Historical Magazine says that this word may be easily traced to a Greek origin, and that the original word is used by at least two great historians, in reporting the dispersion of routed armies.

THE CAPITOL DOME.—This majestic structure, at Washington City, is slowly yet steadily rising, as ton after ton of massive iron plates and ribs are hoisted into place, and securely bolted together.

The first postage stamp was issued in London on the 10th of January, 1840, and for nine years England alone made use of it.



DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE NO. 9, ROCHESTER.

On many occasions we have spoken of the admirable Public Schools of Rochester, and in former volumes given plans and descriptions of several of our "People's Colleges"—District School Houses.

"School House No. 9 is situated on the corner of St. Joseph street and McDonald Avenue, in the Sixth Ward. It was completed in August, 1861.

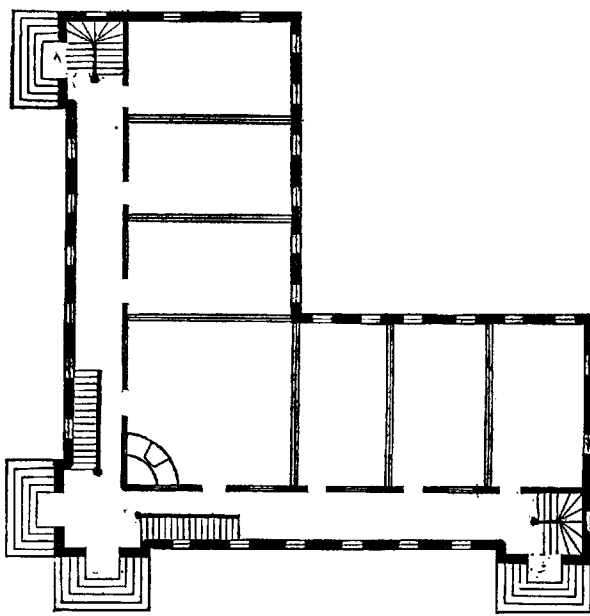
It is built in the form of an L, and each wing 90 feet in length. There is a hall, both above and below, in each wing, seven feet in width and running the

entire length of the wings. There are fourteen rooms in the building, seven on each floor, and all of equal size, excepting the two at the angle of the building. Those two are larger, but owing to the position in which the seats are placed, no more can be seated in them than in the others.

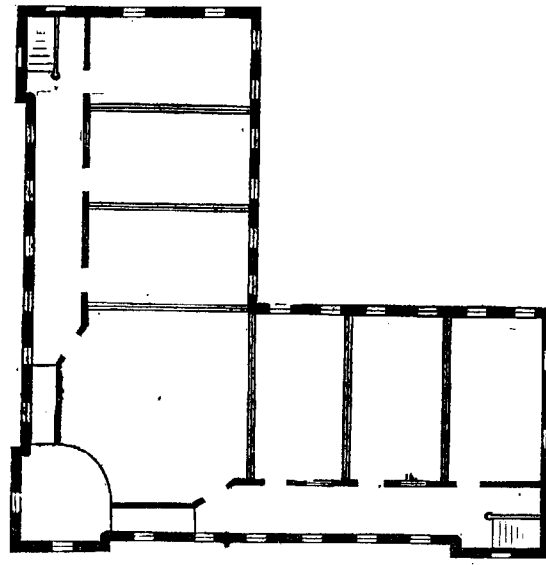
The Principal of No. 9, Mr. THOS. DRANSFIELD, informs us that the pupils are arranged in classes according to their proficiency. There are seven

grades, of which the 1st, 2d and 3d comprise the Senior Department, the 4th and 5th the Intermediate, and the 6th and 7th the Primary.

TEACHERS.—The following list comprises the teachers at present engaged in this school:—Mr. THOMAS DRANSFIELD, Principal; Miss H. A. Mulbolland, 2d Grade; Miss S. E. Sands, 3d Grade; Mrs. H. A. Butler, 4th Grade; Miss M. A. Madden, 5th Grade, Class A; Mrs. A. S. Cole, 5th Grade, Class B; Miss S. R. Havill, 6th Grade, Class A; Miss A. L. French, 6th Grade, Class B; Miss S. J. Campin, 7th Grade, Class A; Mrs. S. R. St. John, 7th Grade, Class B; Miss J. H. Strong, 7th Grade, Class C.



PLAN OF LOWER FLOOR.



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

READING IN SCHOOL.

THIS most essential of all studies, do you not think it sadly neglected in our schools? Have you not fairly "ached" when hearing a class of little ones read in such a monotone, drawing the words, or spelling them, instead of reading as if they were talking and telling you a story.

Where lies the fault and how can it be avoided? The scholars have been "put ahead" too much. The parents say, "It doesn't look right for my SAMMY, who is twelve years old, to read in the Third Reader, while JIMMY RICE, only nine, reads in the Fourth," when in reality "my SAMMY" ought to be in the First Reader, or, better yet, drilling on "Webb's Cards."

Little ALLEN G., a scholar of mine, had a Second Reader, in which he read most miserably, for he could not tell half the words. I talked with his mother, asking if he might not use a First Reader, telling her I found I could not teach him much in reading unless he used another book. "Oh," said she, "Miss H., our teacher last winter said he ought to have a Second Reader, and he must use it."

Again. How can this monotonous, sing-song habit of reading be entirely overcome? BY COMMENCING RIGHT. Unless the foundation be firm and substantial, the edifice will soon crumble and decay.

Shall I tell you my plan of teaching young scholars to read? I have tried it two terms, and it succeeded well. It is the "word method." I use "Webb's Primary Cards." The first day the little ones come to school I talk with them about their plays, home and pets; may be, ask them if they have a dog; inquire if they would like to learn the word dog. I show it to them on the card, have them find several of the same kind; then ask them to make something on the blackboard, or their slates, (for even the little ones ought to have slates and pencils,) which looks like the word.

The first effort may be quite laughable; but don't discourage them—before school is out they will print nicely and readily, if you require them to print each new word, every time. Perhaps they will be quite bashful at first about trying to write, but they will soon learn to print on the board. After they have learned the word dog, talk about the varieties of colors; teach them the words, bad, good, runs, boy, girl, cow, &c., also the letter a, and they can read,

a good black dog runs, a bad cow runs; Just as well as you can, and know what they are reading about too. Do not hurry them; their minds

are not disciplined, but young and tender—just beginning to develop in all their loveliness and purity. By the time the scholar completes Card No. 3, having made equal advancement in "Webb's First Reader," you will be surprised to find that he knows nearly all the letters, even when you have not tried to teach them, only speaking occasionally of the number in a word.

Teach the scholars to make sentences, when you give them a new word to learn; for instance, sing. Tell them to write something with that word in it. If this plan is pursued, letter and composition writing will not be such a "bug-bear." I think it is the way. And why?

1st. The scholars are interested; they love to read, as one may clearly see by noting the eager manner and sparkling eye. You see no tear, sour face, or pouty look when "Card Class" is heard. And if you should chance to forget the class you would soon be reminded by "Teacher, I haven't read." "We must love learning if we would possess it."

2d. It is the most natural way, for one can not read a sentence well until he understands it, and only a word at a time is taught. "Slow!" you say. Yes, it is going over less space than usual, but is very sure, and faster, too, than you think. That word is learned, they have talked about it, thought of the idea which it represented, read about it, and written it; how can they forget it? The scholar can soon read, (better, too, than many who have pored over their reading books for years,) giving the necessary inflection and emphasis, and as if they were talking. Teacher, try Webb's Card for a term or two, then you will say they are indispensable in a school-room.

THE STUDENT'S LIFE.

THERE are many persons who vainly and thoughtlessly imagine the life of the student to be one of unsurpassed ease and idleness; who suppose that his mind is liberated from the common perplexities of mankind—that no dark clouds intervene to disconcert him; but that everything glides along harmoniously in his onward and upward career. We most cordially solicit all such to accompany us as we briefly notice some of his perplexities. He is striving to surmount the rugged cliffs of that lofty hill of Science which many a noble one has fearlessly ascended. Numerous difficulties almost daily beset his pathway and impede his progress; but still he toils for weeks, months, and even years without despairing. He is constantly endeavoring to store his mind with useful knowledge, that he may one day be fitted for some occupation which may prove beneficial both to himself and those around him.

Such an one, as he enters upon the duties of each succeeding day, often feels that his endeavors are in vain. He may have spent the greater part of the preceding night in poring over those deep and abstract principles which govern the material universe;

or, perchance, in endeavoring to conjugate the well-known verb amo, to decline the pronoun hic; or in puzzling his brain over the right-angled triangle or polygon, which not only perplex his mind during the day, but even haunts him in his sleep. While pondering over his Latin or Greek he meets with a sentence the meaning of which he does not fully understand. He arranges the words, first one way and then another, according as his better judgment directs; still he cannot comprehend its true import. He tries and tries again, perhaps for the twentieth time, bearing in mind the appropriate proverb, "Labor omnia vincit," and with renewed diligence he still perseveres, and finally discovers the great mystery. 'Tis then he realizes that his labor was not in vain, and feels amply rewarded, by the congratulatory smile which his kind teacher never fails to impart.

But of all the perplexities that are strewn along his way, that irksome task of writing compositions seems to be the most prominent. By some it is considered a very slight one; but the majority regard it as a branch of education which requires long years of close application to attain. 'Tis then he would despond were it not for that precious jewel, hope, which so often cheers his drooping spirits. But whilst he is striving to gain the summit of this lofty hill of Science in order to enjoy earthly renown for a few brief years, may he ever remember that he has a loftier mount to climb, a nobler work to perform, whose rewards shall not be restricted to years, but shall endure throughout the endless cycle of eternity.

"JAPANESE EXPRESS"—A NEWSPAPER CURIOSITY.

WE have been favored by our townsman, Hon. T. HART HYATT, late U. S. Consul to China, with a couple of numbers of the "Japanese Express," published at Yokohama, Japan, and recently received by Mr. H. from his son, in Japan. The Express is published by R. SCHUYER, an American merchant of Yokohama, formerly of San Francisco. The newspaper is in script—being a literal copy, or fac simile of the copy, as originally written—cut on wooden blocks, by the native Japanese, and printed as we print wood-cuts; even the printed extracts, which the editor used in making up his articles, are copied or cut on these wooden blocks, and in fine types at that.

One number of the Express contains a description and a diagram of the British Legation at Yedo, showing the particulars of the late attempt to assassinate the British Minister at Yedo, by the wretches, or Japanese outlaws. The papers contain several articles of local news, advertisements, shipping news, &c. They are printed on Japanese paper, made, it is believed, out of bamboo. It is, altogether, a literary curiosity, and may be seen at the RURAL office.

WHAT word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it?—Quick.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



GLORIOUS flag! thy folds shall shelter All that tread this hallowed shore, Till "suns shall rise and set" no longer, And "all time shall be no more." Shout, ye people—let the echoes Ring far over land and sea— For the flag that ne'er was conquered, For the banner of the free!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

The Impending Battle at Holly Springs.

Men of all classes and conditions in the South-West are now watching with intense interest the movements of the rebels at Holly Springs, Mississippi, and the action of the Federal troops moving upon that point. It looks as though a battle will soon be fought in that vicinity which may possess a deciding influence upon the fate of the Mississippi Valley.

The battle at Corinth, so disastrous to the Confederate arms, was fatal to the plans of the leaders of that cause, and preparations have been making ever since the consternation the defeat there entailed somewhat subsided, to redeem, if possible, the fortunes of that inauspicious occasion. The Confederates have been massing their forces at Holly Springs, and again assuming a threatening attitude. The Federal forces having completed the formidable defenses of Corinth and possessed themselves of Grand Junction, have assumed an offensive attitude.

The Confederates at Holly Springs some days ago received a telegram from Gen. Lovell, stating that the Union forces were moving on Lagrange, and that his pickets were driven in. This information at once put the troops at Holly Springs on the qui vive. The mass of the war material, stores and provisions, were sent down to a point about seven miles off across the Tallahatchie river. This river has a wide channel and extensive bottoms, often swampy and broken into lagoons, almost always covered with thickly growing timber, mingled with a profusion of vines and undergrowth. Here the coming battle, the fate of which is big with serious consequences, will very probably be fought. This falling back from Holly Springs, but with the intention of making a desperate stand within a short distance of the place, explains the contradictory stories, as to the evacuation or retention of the town, that have lately prevailed.

The Confederates, however, have determined that the intended spot of battle shall not be reached by an unharassed foe. They have thrown a body of men into Lamar, ten miles in advance, while their main body, at the last accounts, was still lying at Holly Springs, but in a condition to be put almost instantly into line of battle or marching order. Skirmishes will doubtless try the metal of the assailants before the final trial of strength is ventured on. On Friday morning the Federals were on their march, and yesterday, unless the obstructions at Lamar or elsewhere proved formidable, they would reach the neighborhood of Holly Springs.

The consequence of the loss of another battle, at the present time, by the Confederate army now in Mississippi, would be momentous. In such a case the defeated army would have to attend to dangers accumulating at Vicksburg by falling back on Jackson, Miss. To that place it would be followed by the conquerors, who would be able to reach supplies from the river, and there it would be liable also to attack from troops coming up from New Orleans. Supposing the place to be able to hold out against the combined attack, men and material would be drawn from Vicksburg, which is not far from Jackson. As soon as the rising of the river will permit, a flotilla of twenty gunboats, with a large fleet of transport boats in the rear, will attack Vicksburg; with what result, under the circumstances, who can doubt?

If the defeated army should take some other direction than the one suspected above, of course Jackson lies open to attack; if taken, Vicksburg is flanked and becomes indefensible. In case of such a result, Grenada would, as a consequence of the taking of Vicksburg, fall into Federal possession, probably without the striking of a blow, and Tennessee would be as clear of Confederate authority as Kentucky, Maryland and Missouri now are. Arkansas would be rapidly placed in a similar position, while gunboats passing up and down the river as a river police, would completely cut the country on the west bank of the river from the control of the Government at Richmond. These speculations as to possible consequences show how important may be the result of the approaching struggle at Holly Springs.

Latest Intelligence from the Gulf.

The U. S. gunboat Connecticut, Capt. Haxton, arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 14th inst, and we gather the following interesting detail of movements in and around the Gulf:

Nearly all the rebel salt works on the Florida and Louisiana coasts have been demolished by our gunboats, which still lie off Galveston to protect the Unionists there; but raids of rebel cavalry are frequently made at night, and the Unionists forced into the rebel ranks or shot. A regiment is much needed in Galveston. The entire coast of Texas is in possession of the Federals.

Capt. Haxton reports that on the afternoon of the 30th he captured the English schooner Hermosa, of Nassau, about 15 miles east of Sabine River and close to land. She was put under charge of a prize crew and sent to Key West.

The British schooner Water Witch, of Kingston, was also captured off Aransas Pass, Texas. Her cargo was gunpowder.

The Connecticut brings voluminous dispatches to the Navy Department from Rear Admiral Farragut, dated Pensacola Bay. After stating that the Galveston, Corpus Christi, Sabine City, and adjacent

waters are now in our possession, he says:—A short time ago I sent down the coast of Texas Acting Vol. Lieut. J. W. Kridgeway, with the bark Arthur T. Little, steamer Sachem, and the launch, with which force he said he could take Corpus Christi and waters adjacent, whence we heard of so many small craft running to Havana. He succeeded very well, took the place, and made several captures, and compelled the enemy to burn several of their vessels; but on one occasion venturing on shore with his small boat he was surrounded and taken prisoner and carried to Houston, where he was paroled on condition that he should go north and not serve till regularly exchanged.

I next sent the Kensington, Acting Master Crocker commanding, with the Rachel, Seaman, and a launch with a howitzer, to Sabine Pass. He, too, succeeded well. He found at the bar, one of the mortar schooners, Henry James, Acting Master Pennington commanding, whom he invited to take part with him, which he did, and, according to Acting Master Crocker's report, performed his duty with great credit. They took the fort, and are still going ahead finely, having taken several prizes, one of which arrived here yesterday with dispatches.

I next sent Com. Renshaw with the gunboats Owasco, Harriet Lane, Clifton, and Westfield, to take Galveston, which he did in the shortest time and without the loss of a man. It appears that the first shot from the Owasco exploded over the heads of the men at and around the big gun, their main reliance, and the men left. A flag of truce was hoisted and preliminaries arranged for surrender on the 9th inst. Corpus Christi and adjacent waters are still held by the Sachem and other small vessels.

Among other matters contained in these dispatches, is the announcement of the capture by the gunboat Sagamore, on the 28th, of the English schooner Trick, of and from Nassau, with a cargo of 100 bags of salt and miscellaneous articles. On the 23d, the same gunboat captured the English schooner Francis, of and from Nassau, with salt, powder, &c. &c. The schooner Rachel Seaman, on the 6th ult., captured, off Sabine Pass, the English schooner Dart. The steamer Kennington captured the English schooner Adventurer attempting to run the blockade off the coast of Texas.

The entire Texas coast is now closely sealed by our blockade.

In connection with the foregoing we give a brief description of Galveston and Sabine Pass, and we doubt not it will prove of interest to RURAL readers, when it is considered that the capture and occupation of the latter point by the United States forces is a movement which will prove of great importance to the Government as a base of military operations in Texas, as well as for the purpose of checking the smuggling of cotton and arms of the rebels. Since the commencement of the war, Sabine Pass has been an important point to the rebels for the exportation of cotton and the importation of arms and munitions of war. The Sabine River is the boundary line between Louisiana and Texas, and across this stream are transported the thousands of bales of cotton sent from other States of the so-called Southern Confederacy into Texas, to be shipped from ports of that State to Cuba and other points in the West Indies and to Europe. All the arms and munitions of war that are landed at Matamoros cross the Sabine, on their way to supply the rebel army east of the Mississippi River.

The Sabine River rises in Hunt county, Texas, and from its head-waters to the Pass at its mouth, it traverses about 500 miles, and empties into the Gulf of Mexico, after passing through Sabine Lake. It is said to be very shallow at its mouth, but small boats can be used upon a greater part of its waters. The Gulf coast from the Sabine River lies west, and then trends south-west as you approach the entrance to Galveston Bay, a distance of 50 miles, the whole of which is clear, having three fathoms within a mile of the shore. The entrance to Galveston Bay is between Point Bolivar on the north and the east end of the St. Louis or Galveston Island on the south. Between them are four channels.

Galveston was at one time the most populous and commercial city in Texas, the most flourishing port in the Gulf, and situated on an island at the mouth of Galveston Bay. This island is about thirty miles long, and three miles broad. The surface is level, and elevated about four or five feet above the water. The bay is about 35 miles long, and varies from 12 to 18 miles in breadth. The harbor is the best in the State. Its shipping at one time amounted to nearly 6,000 tons, one-half of which was engaged in the coasting trade. Foreign vessels also used to trade at this port. The city contains a fine market hall, eight churches, and several large hotels. The private houses are mostly of wood, and painted white. The streets are wide, straight, and rectangular, and bordered by numerous flower gardens. It was first settled in 1837, and had in 1853 a population exceeding seven thousand.

Advices from New Orleans report an expedition, under Gen. Weitzel, as having met the enemy at Laborinsville, and defeated them after a brisk fight. Upwards of 200 of the enemy were killed, wounded, and prisoners, and one piece of artillery captured. The rebels were pushed toward Berwick Bay, where Gov. Moore is thought to be. Our forces engaged were the 8th N. Y., and 11th and 12th Conn., 75th N. Y., and 1st La., with Carrough's and Thompson's batteries. Our loss was 13 killed and 74 wounded. Gen. Weitzel says all his command did well. The rebels captured were paroled.

The negro brigade of New Orleans is stationed at Algiers.

Gen. Dow commands at Pensacola.

The N. Y. Herald has a Fernandez letter of the 10th, giving an account of the bombardment of St. Mary's by the gunboat Mohawk. The troops landed and were fired on by the rebels, one being severely wounded. The rebels then mustered strongly, and the Neptune with troops left the wharf, whereupon the Mohawk fired shells for twenty minutes on the town. The firing was stopped owing to a female bearing a flag of truce approaching the ship. Lieut. Durand went ashore and communicated with her. On his return Capt. Hughes hailed off with the intention of returning to Fernandez. The rebels fired a volley of musketry at the ship—one shot grazed the cap of the Captain. He instantly returned to the town and kept up an incessant fire for an hour and a half. Half of the town was reduced to ashes, and almost every house more or less injured. Previous to firing the second time, Capt. Hughes invited all the women on board the ship; but they declined. No guns were aimed at the houses in which they ensconced themselves.

A letter from St. John's river, Florida, reports the establishment of a colony of white refugees at Pilot Town by Commander Woodhull. They are all Union Southern men, who have fled from home to avoid conscription.

Seven hundred contrabands have been sent to Port Royal from Fernandina. All were runaways from servitude.

Dispatches from Mobile to the Richmond papers state that the army has been on the qui vive for the week past, anticipating an attack from the Federals. From the movements it is difficult to decide whether Pemberton's army is to be attacked or not. It is certain that they have advanced from Jackson. Boloxi and Lagrange to Grand Junction. At the latter place Grant has established his headquarters. Our army occupy a position of great natural strength and are well fortified, and manifest much impatience to advance upon the invading forces. It is thought improbable that the Federals will hazard an engagement.

#### The Army of Virginia.

But little occurred affecting the army under Gen. Burnside during the past week, though there are promises of important movements for the next ten days. On the 19th the second army corps, under Gen. Sumner moved to the front, destination Fredericksburg. The other commands were to move as rapidly as possible. On the morning of the 21st, Gen. Patrick, Provost Marshal General of the army, went across the river to Fredericksburg under a flag of truce, conveying to the civil authorities of that city the following letter demanding its surrender:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
November 21st, 1862. }

To the Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg:—GENTLEMEN:—Under cover of the houses of your city snouts have been fired upon my troops. Your mills and manufactories are furnishing provisions and material for clothing armed bodies in rebellion against the United States Government; your railroads and other means of transportation, are removing supplies to the depots of such troops. Such things must terminate; and, by the direction of Gen. Burnside, I accordingly demand the surrender of the city into my hands, as the representative of the United States, at or before 5 o'clock this afternoon. Failing an affirmative reply to this demand by the hour named, sixteen hours will be permitted to elapse for the removal from the city of women and children, sick and wounded, aged, &c., which period having expired I shall proceed to shell the town. Upon obtaining possession of the city every necessary means will be taken to preserve order and secure protective operations of the laws and policy of the United States Government. I am, &c., E. V. SUMNER.

Maj. Gen. U. S. A., commanding Right Grand Division. On arriving on the opposite side of the river Gen. Patrick was conveyed to the guard house by military, where he was detained till a reply was ready. In the meantime, his communication was conveyed to Gen. Longstreet, whose troops are encamped a short distance outside the city. As the demand was made upon the civil authorities, the Mayor sent an answer, evidently written at the dictation of Longstreet, to the following effect:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, FREDERICKSBURG, }  
November 21st, 1862. }

To Brig. Major-General E. V. Sumner, Commanding U. S. A.—In reply to the communication did not reach me in time to convene a council for its consideration and to furnish a reply by the hour named—5 P. M. It was sent to me through the hands of a commanding officer of the Confederate army, to whom it was delivered by consent of Gen. Patrick, who brought it from you, and I am authorized and informed by the former to say there was no delay to pass it through his hands to me.

In reply to matters complained of by you, it occurred upon the northern suburbs of the town, and was the act of an officer commanding Confederate forces near here, for which neither the citizens nor the civil authorities are responsible. In regard to other matters of complaint, I am authorized by the latter officer to state that the condition of things therein complained of will no longer exist; that your troops shall not be fired on from this town; that the mills and manufactories will not furnish any further supplies, provisions, or material for clothing of the Confederate troops, or will railroads or other means of transportation here carry supplies from the town to the depot of said troops outside the town.

The civil authorities of this city have no control, but I am assured by the military authorities of the Confederate army here, that nothing will be done by them to infringe the conditions herein named as to matters within the town; but the latter authorities inform us that while the troops will not occupy the town, they will not permit yours to do so. You must be aware that there would not be more than three or four hours of daylight in the sixteen hours given by you for the removal of the sick and wounded, women and children, aged and infirm, from this place. I have to inform you that while there is no railroad transportation accessible to the town, because of interruption thereof by your batteries, all other means of transportation within the town are so limited as to render the removal of those persons within the time indicated, an impossibility. I have convened the Council, which will remain in session awaiting any further communication you may have to make. Very respectfully, &c.,

M. V. SLAUGHTER, Mayor.

A telegram from Washington this (Monday) A. M., states that at 10 o'clock yesterday, eleven additional hours had been given the authorities of Fredericksburg to surrender the town.

Scouts report the rebel Gen. Early at Shepherd's Mills, with 9,000 men, and Gen. Markell near the same place with a like number, and a rebel force of 10,000 near Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. A refugee says a rebel force of 8,000 men was in Warrenton on Tuesday night, and had since advanced as far as Gainesville.

On the 19th, our pickets were driven in at Suffolk, whereupon Gen. Peck sent out a force and drove all the rebels over the Blackwater river. Bridges are now being built over all the creeks between Suffolk and Blackwater, and across that river by our forces.

It would seem from the following dispatch that our troops did not open fire on Fredericksburg at the time appointed:

HEADQUARTERS, FALMOUTH, }  
Sunday evening Nov. 23. }

The day passed off quietly, without anything worthy of note transpiring. The church bells in Fredericksburg were ringing to-day, announcing the hours of divine worship, although most of the inhabitants had fled the doomed city. If the passage of the river by Federal troops should be resisted by the rebels, their chimes will be heard for the last time. A great many unarmed soldiery were seen walking through the streets to-day, probably to attend church. During last night, the enemy's works were somewhat extended, but no additional guns are visible.

The N. Y. Herald's Falmouth correspondent says:—In Falmouth great alarm was felt, especially by the female portion of its population, many of whom left the place, and have gone back into the country for safety. Fredericksburg appears utterly deserted, and last night not a light was visible in the whole city. The campfires last night indicated the presence of a considerable rebel force in our front. Since Friday the rebels have evidently received large accessions to their forces in our front, and there is no doubt but that Lee and Longstreet are in our immediate vicinity.

After the rebels have been driven from their present position, it is thought that they will give us battle again along the Massaponax, eight miles beyond the city.

There is no doubt but that the rebels have availed themselves of the time allowed for the removal of the non-combatants to carry off everything that could possibly be of service to them or to us.

On Friday night loud explosions were heard beyond Fredericksburg, but the cause has not yet been ascertained.

The river has risen but very little since the recent storm passed off, and the roads are rapidly drying.

The inhabitants living along the route of the military telegraph line have already commenced cutting the wires to annoy and delay us in our operations. The severest punishment will be promptly administered to any person detected in the act.

It was rumored at Fairfax Station yesterday that Gen. Jackson was on his way down from the mountains with a force of 40,000 men, with the intention of making a dash on our defenses at Arlington Heights.

From Harper's Ferry we learn that the enemy is keeping a strict blockade on our front, but there was no collision between the two forces yesterday.

Trustworthy information has been received here that Hampton's Legion came into Warrenton on Thursday, coming up the Cherryville road. Stonewall Jackson's army was expected in Salem on Saturday, and great preparations were being made by the citizens to feed them.

#### Movements at the West.

KENTUCKY.—One of the most important expeditions of the present rebellion, is now being rapidly pressed forward to a condition of readiness for an advance, at Columbus, on the Mississippi river. Maj. Gen. McClelland is now there, giving his personal superintendence to the armament and equipment of the forces, and taking all the necessary steps to insure the success of the expedition. His corps d'armee will consist entirely of Western and Northwestern regiments. It will embrace ten regiments from Indiana, twelve regiments from Illinois, four regiments from Iowa, four regiments from Wisconsin, two regiments from Minnesota, and some ten thousand troops, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, from the army now in Kentucky, probably a portion of General G. W. Morgan's command, and a portion of the late command of General Grauger. The cavalry and artillery force will be ample for any and every emergency.

In addition to this force, the gunboat fleet under Commodore Porter will co-operate with the expedition. The fleet of Commodore Porter consists of the following vessels:—Benton, (flag-ship,) Capt. Gwinn, 16 guns; Eastport, Capt. Phelps, 13 guns; Carondelet, Capt. Wilkes, 14 guns; Cincinnati, Capt. Steble, 13 guns; Cairo, Capt. Bryant, 13 guns; Mound City, Capt. Wilson, 13 guns; Louisville, Capt. Meade, 13 guns; Baron De Kalb, (formerly St. Louis,) Capt. Winslow, 13 guns; Essex, Capt. Porter, 7 guns; Lexington, Capt. Shirr, 7 guns; making a total of ten gunboats and one hundred and twenty-one guns. Were it necessary, this force could be augmented by the Tyler, Conestoga, Chillicothe, Indianola, Bragg, Little Rebel, Fort Henry, and those of the new gunboats now nearly finished.

The first great obstacle for the expedition to overcome will be the formidable fortifications at Vicksburg. But when it is remembered that Commodore Farragut, with his fleet of gunboats and mortar boats, is below these works, and can easily co-operate with the fleet from above, it will be seen what an overpowering force will be brought to bear for the reduction of the rebel stronghold at Vicksburg.

The attack on Vicksburg last summer failed for want of a co-operating land force on our part. McClelland's expedition will obviate this want in the future, and when Vicksburg is again attacked, it will be taken by storm by McClelland's troops. This city captured, the way is comparatively clear to New Orleans.

The expedition of Gen. McClelland will be ready to move by the 10th of December at furthest, perhaps much earlier. It will be followed by the gunboats of Gen. Ellet, who will have a large force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to keep the river clear of guerrillas and rebel batteries. Gen. Ellet's command will be quartered upon armed transports, so that it can be moved rapidly to any point where its presence may be required; and it will have, in conjunction with the gunboats, complete surveillance of the lower Mississippi and its navigable tributaries, so that when the river is once opened it will remain open, and its navigation become entirely safe to steamers.

The success of this expedition will be prayed for most fervently, and will prove the end of the rebel reign in Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas.

The Unionists of Kentucky are greatly dissatisfied because the Government has not authorized a contribution to be levied upon wealthy secessionists to prevent starvation of the loyalists of the mountain border counties, who have been stripped of everything by the raids of Morgan, Bragg and Smith. The Unionists say unless the Government gives such authority, they will soon be forced to supply rations for the above purpose.

Col. J. Dills, Jr., writes (Nov. 10th) to Adj. Gen. Finnerl, that he has routed the rebels out of Eastern Kentucky, capturing eighty prisoners, and a large lot of tents, guns, wagons, horses and mules near Pike-ton. The main body of the rebels escaped through Pound Gap.

TENNESSEE.—Seventy-five of Morgan's and Forrest's guerrillas were brought into Nashville on the 22d. On Thursday we captured a guerrilla provision train and 30 prisoners, near Clarksville.

Parson Brownlow and Maynard addressed an immense Union crowd at Nashville on the 21st. The war feeling is increasing.

Col. Davis captured 43 rebels on the 20th, while scouting on Stone's river.

Letters received in Nashville say that Jeff. Davis required Bragg to fight every inch of Tennessee soil. Breckinridge's division has occupied Shelbyville. The rest of the rebel army is south of Duck river, fortifying Elk Ridge. Kirby Smith's corps of Bragg's army was crossing the Tennessee river on Thursday.

MISSISSIPPI.—A letter from Abbeville to the Mobile News says Holly Springs was evacuated by consent of the rebel Generals, they not considering it a tenable point. At Abbeville they are preparing winter quarters, and consider it highly improbable that the Federals will attack them there.

Passengers from Holly Springs report the army at a standstill. The hospitals were being prepared, and large quantities of grain being collected.

MISSOURI.—A letter from Fort Scott, 17th, says the burning of Lamar, Mo., has been confirmed. The train looked for has safely arrived, though not

without great caution and perseverance on the part of the commanding officer. A train of 100 wagons started on the 15th for Blunt's command, mostly loaded with clothing. They had proceeded but a few miles when Maj. Heming received news that justified him in ordering it back to the fort to await a larger escort.

Liington and his band have twice been in Kansas, on Dry Ward Creek, within the past week, murdering and plundering indiscriminately.

#### AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

The War Department has commenced the publication of the names of dismissed officers from the army. Causes—absence without leave, intoxication, disrespectful language toward the President and commanding officers, cowardice, &c. The first printed list comprises eighty-one captains and first lieutenants.

General Halleck has resolved to adopt most stringent measures for compelling officers to pay that attention to their duty which natural pride and a sense of duty would seem, in too many cases, unable to enforce. Delinquent commissioned officers are to be taught by prompt and inexorable punishment that their superior rank—and higher intelligence it should argue—will only be regarded as aggravation of every fault they commit, it being resolved that soldiers and non-commissioned officers shall have no reason to complain of being held accountable for offences committed with impunity by those who should set examples of strict subordination and discipline. Provost Marshals, Policemen, Military Police, and officers specially detached for the purpose, are now being sent to all the principal cities, and even to all lines of railroads throughout the country, to collect names of officers absent from the army in the field and in garrison; and all thus found absent without authority, will be either immediately and ignominiously dismissed from the service, or placed on trial for desertion while in presence of the enemy. A credible rumor prevails that more than 1,000 commissioned officers are now absent without leave, and so reported, all of whom will be dismissed under circumstances attaching disgrace to their names, leaving them no possibility for return to service or any other employment under Government.

It is said, on high authority, that the President, on being recently shown by the Secretary of War and General-in-Chief the immense lists of deserters and roll calls of absentees, sternly pledged himself hereafter to preserve the most vigorous policy with these offenders, and that by the execution of dismissals, ball and chain labor for the whole term of their enlistments, and other very severe penalties. He is resolved to deprive the rebels of the great advantage heretofore enjoyed over us in the means necessary to preserve discipline and prevent crimes of straggling, absenteeism, and desertion.

Our Ministers at the Courts of Denmark and Sweden having recently observed in the possession of the Sovereigns of those countries presents from European and other Governments, but none from the United States, suggest that some appropriate marks of respect be forwarded to them. Accordingly President Lincoln has procured two very beautifully manufactured rosewood boxes, richly mounted with silver, and each containing two of every pattern of Col. Ellet's revolvers, stocks ornamented with silver and the barrels elaborately chased with gold, and bearing figures of agriculture, commerce, and the arts. They will at once be sent to our Ministers for presentation to the Sovereigns for whom intended. Each case and contents cost about \$500.

Much speculation has recently been indulged concerning alleged protests, or earnest representations, in relation to the seizure of vessels for attempting to run the blockades, and of property belonging to, or in care of foreign subjects. There is no opportunity for obtaining information of particulars of what in such cases has occurred in diplomacy; prudence and courtesy being understood to forbid premature disclosures of debated positions. It is true that foreign ministers have in respectful terms called the attention of our Government to complaints on these subjects, and it is equally certain they are receiving the attention their importance demands. They are complex in point of fact, because involving principles of international law, but this is always going on, especially at a time of war and of blockades. Old cases are disposed of and new ones come up daily. The sending of a Commissioner to New Orleans, and the appreciation of his impartial report upon the subjects which he examined, according to the strict principles of law, is regarded here as an earnest intention of the Administration to act circumspectly, and justly regarding all matters of this nature.

The President has issued the following order:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Nov. 18th, 1862. Ordered by the President of the United States, that the Attorney General be charged with the superintendence and direction of all proceedings to be had under Act of Congress, July 17th, 1862, entitled "An Act to suppress insurrection, punish treason and rebellion, seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes."

In so far as may concern the seizure, prosecution and condemnation of the estate, property, and office of rebels and traitors, as mentioned and provided for in the 5th, 6th, and 7th sections of said act of Congress, the Attorney General is authorized and required to give to the attorneys and marshals of the United States such instructions and directions as he may find needful, touching all such seizures, prosecutions, and condemnations, and moreover to authorize all such attorneys and marshals, whenever there may be reasonable ground to fear any forcible resistance to the act, in the discharge of their respective duties in this behalf, to call upon any military officer in command of the United States army, to give them such aid, protection, and support as may be necessary to enable them safely and efficiently to discharge their respective duties, and all such commanding officers are requested promptly to obey such call and render necessary service, as far as in their power consistently with their other duties.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In accordance with this order, Attorney General Bates will shortly issue specific instructions to United States attorneys and marshals for carrying into effect provisions of the act to which reference has been made.

On Friday week, President Lincoln, in the course of an interview with unconditional Union Kentuckians, discussed at length the question of emancipation. He said he would rather die than take back a word of the proclamation of freedom, and he dwelt upon the advantages to the Border States of his scheme for the gradual abolition of slavery, which he urged them to bring fairly before the people. They assured him that it should be done. Mr. Lincoln also expressed his determination to enforce vigorous measures to rid the State of rebel sympathizers, and for that purpose a new Provost Marshal General, who has his heart in the work, will be appointed.

#### The News Condenser.

- The health of Florence Nightingale is improving.
- Five thousand workmen are now employed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.
- Late statistics show that 5,000,000 persons are supported in England by cotton.
- Well executed \$10 counterfeits on the Bank of Royalton, Vt., are in circulation.
- The American Consul at Guadeloupe, died at that place on the 20th of October.
- It is stated that the Sons of Temperance in North America now number 175,000.
- The British American fleet is about to be reduced by seven ships and 345 guns.
- The New York Assembly is a two—sixty-four Democrats to sixty-four Republicans.
- A rebel paper published in Louisiana is printed on the inside of ordinary wall paper.
- Senator Rice of Minnesota, has declined the appointment of Major General in the army.
- Snow fell in Rome, Ga., on the 28th of October, and in Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 25th.
- The country through which Gen. Grant's army has recently moved, is said to be filled with cotton.
- A mass of copper weighing 47,023 pounds, has been unearthed at the Meander mines, Lake Superior.
- The London Times is now publishing a regular correspondence, claiming to be from Richmond, Va.
- One hundred mechanics and laborers left Boston on Monday week for Port Clinch, Fernandina, Florida.
- The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided the conscript law of the Confederate States to be constitutional.
- On Saturday week there were 9,876 men in the various camps in Massachusetts awaiting marching orders.
- The Sixteenth Virginia, a loyal regiment 800 strong, has been mustered into the service of the Government.
- Gen. Corcoran is in command of Newport News, where his legion is in camp of instruction for the present.
- The number of hogs shipped over the Erie Railway last week, was ten thousand two hundred and nineteen hogs.
- Philadelphia has exported petroleum oil during the past six months to the value of \$862,000, or 2,062,208 gallons.
- The Postmaster General has given orders for the redemption of postage stamps which have been used as currency.
- The Japanese Government announces its intention to buy and fit out vessels for the extension of native commerce.
- The revenue returns of England show that the drinkers and smokers pay the amount of interest on the national debt.
- Gen. Burnside's forces on the Potomac consist of three grand armies, nine corps, thirty divisions, and seventy brigades.
- At the last dates from Vicksburg, fresh meat was from forty to fifty cents per pound, and everything else in proportion.
- A new work upon fungi, to be published by subscription at a guinea, is in preparation by Mrs. Price, of Bitterly, England.
- The handsome sum of \$14,520 per annum will be realized by the Income Tax on the salaries of members of Congress.
- The London Morning Star takes strong ground in favor of stopping the work on rebel vessels in English shipyards at all hazards.
- In the United States Supreme Court at Washington the black silk robes are abolished, the new members being averse to them.
- The St. Louis correspondent of the New York Tribune says there are now four hundred of Gen. Pillow's negroes in that city.
- The Queen has officially given her consent to the marriage of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra of Denmark.
- The government crop of Sea Island cotton, raised by the contrabands at Port Royal, is estimated at 2,500 bales, worth \$1,000,000.
- James Madison Porter, Secretary of War under President Tyler, died on Tuesday morning week, at Eastern, Pa., aged sixty-nine.
- Up to the 1st of the present month, 219,000 men, for long and short terms of service, have taken the field from New York State.
- The city of Cambridge, Mass., has reduced the salary of the mayor for the next year, from \$1,500 to \$1,000 on account of the times.
- The Troy Times says that five hundred dollars worth of shiplifters have found their way to Newbern, N. C., and circulate freely.
- The Tribune says the Navy department has secret agents in Europe, and is advised beforehand of all the movements of rebel vessels.
- The Government has contracted for twenty thousand barrels of flour at St. Louis, at prices ranging from \$4.69 to \$5.14 per barrel.
- American silver coin is very plentiful in Canada; but it is hinted that the samples are not such as have been made at the United States mints.
- A Captain Ingram, formerly a member of the New York fire department, has been elected Superintendent of the fire brigade in Dublin, Ireland.
- Some of the New York papers propose that collections be made throughout the United States for the relief of the suffering operatives in England.
- There is great activity at all the fortifications in New York harbor. Immense guns, ammunition, &c., are collected, to meet any probable emergency.
- By an order from the Governor of Connecticut, the draft which was to have taken place on Wednesday of last week, has been indefinitely postponed.
- The colony of New South Wales has contributed sixty-five thousand dollars for the relief of the suffering operatives in the cotton districts of England.
- Wm. H. Allen, D. D., for thirteen years President of Girard College, Philadelphia, has resigned, the resignation to take effect on the 1st of December.
- Two hundred tons of foreign salt are being received daily over the N. Y. Central Road at Buffalo, for the supply of that market and those further west.
- The Lawrence (Mass.) Courier says they have a place in that city where sewing girls are employed, whose compensation is only about sixty cents per week.
- The sorghum crop of Iowa, for the present season, is set down at 3,000,000 gallons. Syrup in considerable quantities is being exported from that State this fall.
- The Turkish Ambassador at Paris brings seven wives with him. The French have christened them Mesdames Monday, Tuesday, &c.—a wife for each day.
- Some two hundred sailors from New York City passed through Indianapolis, Indiana, on the 12th inst., on their way to join the Mississippi river gunboat fleet.
- The Paris police has discovered a complete laboratory for the manufacture of forged bills on the principal mercantile houses of France, and indeed of all Europe.
- Hon. A. J. Hamilton has been appointed military Governor of Texas, with the rank of Brigadier General and authority to raise two brigades of loyal Texans.
- The Springfield Republican says that several enterprising fellows in Connecticut have gone into the collection and restoration of old postage stamps on a large scale.
- The Emperor of Austria proposes to restore the confiscated estates of political refugees on the occasion of the marriage of his brother—granting an amnesty at the same time.
- Gen. Weitzel, who achieved a victory at Labadieville, Louisiana, is one of the youngest Generals in the service. He graduated from West Point in 1855, and is 30 years of age.
- The Steuben (N. Y.) Courier says that one man walked forty miles to claim exemption from draft, on the ground of inability to endure long marches and hardships of camp life.

Publisher's Notices.

No TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local club agents.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the old address as well as the new to secure compliance.

THE RURAL is more popular this year than formerly. People evidently begin to think it doesn't pay to furnish such a journal as the RURAL at the club rate, for many receive \$2 per copy, and call the paper cheap at that price.

Direct to Rochester, N. Y.—All persons having occasion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER, will please direct to Rochester, N. Y., and not, as many do, to New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c.

ADVERTISERS TO TERMS.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and no person is authorized to offer the RURAL at less than published rates.

LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If you are ordering the RURAL, write all names of persons, post-offices, etc., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about other people's errors.

HOW TO GET SUBSCRIBERS.—The BEST WAY to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to show a number.

PLEASE FILL THE BANKS! Many of our Agents have gone to the war, and we must depend upon those at home, and volunteers, to maintain the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL throughout the country.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1863.—When we penned the announcement relative to the club terms, published in the RURAL of the 1st inst., we stated that the quantity of paper we were using this year, would next year cost us, at the advanced price, Three Thousand Dollars more than before.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.—NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Table with columns for 'This Week', 'Last Week', and 'Year Ago' for various livestock items like Beef Cattle, Cows and Calves, Sheep, and Swine.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, NOVEMBER 28th, 1862. FLOUR—No change to note in the rates for Flour, and transactions are very light.

RECHSTER WHOLESALE PRICES.—Flour and Grain. Flour, spring do., 6.00; do., do., 5.75; do., do., 5.50.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.—NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Flour—Market rules less active, and prices may be quoted a shade firmer.

THE WOOL MARKETS.—NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—The market has ruled quiet firm, with the demand has been fair.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.—NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Table with columns for 'This Week', 'Last Week', and 'Year Ago' for various livestock items like Beef Cattle, Cows and Calves, Sheep, and Swine.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

Table with columns for 'This Week', 'Last Week', and 'Year Ago' for various livestock items like Cattle, Sheep, and Hogs.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car.

LIST OF COLORS.



These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, and thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

WANTED.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Married.

In marriage, Nov. 12th, by Rev. W. H. M. ...

In marriage, Nov. 17th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 18th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 19th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 20th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 21st, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 22nd, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 23rd, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 24th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 25th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 26th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

In marriage, Nov. 27th, at the residence of the officiating minister, ...

Wanted.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—FIFTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion.

Wanted.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

Wanted.—Dapple gray, horse with black spots, etc. Price \$150.00.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

(Some forty years ago the following poem was found in the London Morning Chronicle. Every effort was vainly made to discover the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair clerical hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable symmetry of form in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the curator of the Museum sent them to the Morning Chronicle.)

BENOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full,  
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,  
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.  
What beatific visions filled this spot!  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!  
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,  
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy,  
Once shone the bright and busy eye;  
But start not at the dismal void;  
If social love that eye employed,  
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be forever bright  
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung  
The ready, swift and tuneful tongue,  
If falsehood's honey it disclaimed,  
And when it could not praise, was chained;  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke!  
This silent tongue shall plead for thee  
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?  
Or with the eviled rubies shine?  
To how the rock or wear the gem,  
Can little now avail to them.  
But if the page of truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avoid it whether, bare or shod,  
These feet the paths of duty trod?  
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,  
To seek Affliction's humble shed;  
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to Virtue's cot returned,  
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

The Story-Teller.

TEN YEARS AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ten years since the wedding day. Mrs. Howland was alone. She had left her husband in the little room where they usually sat together through the evenings, while she put the children to bed.

Mrs. Howland did not feel inclined to return to the family sitting-room where she had left her husband; but remained in the chamber with her sleeping little ones, in a musing, brooding unhappy state of mind. Something of coldness and alienation had been growing up between her and her husband for a long time past. The old tenderness of manner, which had been so sweet, was all gone. He was kind, thoughtful in regard to her comfort, honorable and true; but getting more formal and less affectionate in manner every day. His wife, who had loved him very tenderly—and who still loved him—had failed, in her life, to give the adequate response to his; had, in the fret and fever of a disciplinary existence, suffered herself to walk amid disturbing and unbecoming elements, instead of taking her place serenely by his side. And so inharmonious things had been permitted to jar, where all might have been peace.

It was pressing upon the mind of Mrs. Howland that her husband had ceased to love her, and this conviction was taking all the sweetness from her life. It did not occur to her that she was herself growing unlovely. That she had laid aside nearly all the external things by which, when a maiden, she had sought to win him. The sunny countenance; the alluring voice and manner; the scrupulous attire; the deference to his tastes and opinions; the guard upon her temper; the womanly elevation of character that made her seem as one who ruled in the kingdom of her own soul. This was the being he had loved; this the woman he had taken to walk with him through life. Alas, for the fading idea! He had found, instead, one who made scarcely an effort at self-government; whose feelings and impulses were her springs of action. Deeply, passionately she loved him; but only a wise, self-abetting love blesses both itself and the object of its devotion. Without some change on the part of Mrs. Howland, it was impossible for them to grow together as one.

For nearly half an hour after her children were asleep, the mother sat, in her wretched mood, apart from her husband, and feeling no inclination to join him. "All love has died," she said. "I am nothing now." And as she said this, her heart shivered with an instinctive realization of what her words involved. Then fear for the loss of a thing so precious as a husband's love, seized upon her soul, and inspired a new purpose. A love worth winning, was surely worth an effort to retain. And was not the way to win the way to keep? A new light broke into Mrs. Howland's mind. She began to see things in herself that were very far from being in harmony with her life when a maiden; things that would certainly have repelled a lover, and were they bonds for a husband?

These thoughts startled the awakening wife. Then old memories were revived, bringing back old states. Pictures, warm with the hues of love, came out of the dim past.

"Is the cup broken and the wine spilled?" she asked of herself. "God forbid!" came from her lips in audible utterance. Then she left the chamber where her children slept, and with silent feet went slowly towards the apartment in which she had left her husband alone. On the way she paused, stood still for a moment, then returned. The gas was burning low. She threw up the light, and caught a reflection of herself in a toilet glass. One glance sufficed. That was not the style in which she had appeared before her lover. Taking down her hair, she applied the comb and brush rapidly for some minutes, and then arranged the glossy masses with taste and skill. Next the soiled and tumbled wrapper was removed, and her person attired in a neatly fitting dress, around the neck of which was laid a snowy linen collar, fastened by a small coral pin, her husband's gift of other days. Already her cheeks were in a glow, and her eyes filled with light. One long glance in the mirror revealed a wonderful transformation. How the old memories were crowding in upon her! How soft her heart was growing! How full of tenderness

was every thought of her husband! Her lips were athirst for kisses!

And now Mrs. Howland left her chamber again. Her slippers feet gave no sound as they moved over the carpet, and she came to the open door of the sitting-room without betraying a sign of her approach. There she stood still. Mr. Howland was not at the table reading, as she had left him; but at his secretary, which was open. He was reclining his head on one hand, and gazing forward upon something held in the other, and seemed wholly absorbed. For more than a minute he remained in this fixed attitude, his wife as still as himself. Then a long sigh trembled on the air; and then, lifting the object on which his gaze was directed, Mr. Howland pressed it to his lips, kissing it almost passionately three or four times. A wild throeb leaped along Mrs. Howland's veins. Then her heart grew still as in the presence of some unknown, but stupendous evil. Something impelled her to spring forward and read this mystery, and something as strongly held her back. As she stood, pale now and in a tremor, the object was kissed again, and then returned to a drawer in the secretary from which it had been taken. In this act, for an instant the miniature of a lady met the gaze of Mrs. Howland! Leeking the drawer, her husband placed the key in his pocket, and then resting both arms on the writing leaf of the secretary, buried his face in them and sat motionless.

Turning away as noiselessly as she had approached, Mrs. Howland fled back to her chamber in wild affright, and sat down panting in bewilderment. As soon as thought began to move in a determinate way, the first result was a flood of indignation, a burning sense of wrong; and it was only by an effort that the outraged wife could hold herself back from confronting her husband and demanding to see the miniature. A calmer, but not less painful state succeeded, in which conscience whispered of indifference and neglect. Had she turned, habitually, her most attractive, or her least attractive, side to her husband? Had she kept herself lovely in his eyes. Lovely in temper and lovely in person? Her heart sunk; it grew darker and darker around her; life seemed crushing out.

"Who is it?" This question marked a change in the current of Mrs. Howland's thoughts. Rapidly she passed in review one lady friend after another, but without an incident to fix suspicion. Then times and seasons in which her husband was absent from home, were dwelt upon. Once a week regularly he went out in the evening, occasionally twice. The regular absence was for the purpose of attending a literary society, at least so he had informed his wife. Now, for the first time, doubt of his truth crept in; and this doubt was as the sweeping away of all the sure foundations on which her soul had rested.

For a long time Mr. Howland remained sitting at his secretary, with his face buried in his arms. At length, rising with a slow, weary motion, as of one exhausted by bodily or mental exertion he drew out his watch.

"Half past nine!" was ejaculated, in surprise. And then he looked through the door, over towards the chambers to which his wife went with the children, and stood listening for some sound. All was silent. For a short time he moved in an uneasy, irresolute way about the room, and sitting down, tried to find relief in the pages of a book, but in a little while, the volume closed in his hands. Thought was too busy in another direction to dwell even with a favorite author.

"Ten o'clock!" The bell was ringing its clear notes from a neighboring steeple. Mr. Howland started up, and turning over the light, went over to the sleeping rooms. His wife was in bed. He spoke to her, but she did not answer.

"Are you asleep?" No motion nor response of any kind. She lay with her face nearly hidden under the bed clothes. He looked at her in a strange, earnest manner for some moments, and then moving about noiselessly, prepared for rest. The day had been one of much activity, and Mr. Howland was weary, enough for sleep. Soon after his head touched the pillow, he was in the land of dreams. His deep breathing had scarcely given evidence of the fact, ere a light movement on the part of Mrs. Howland showed her to be awake. Presently she drew the clothes from her face, and raised her husband cautiously. The heavy breathing of her husband was not interrupted. She sat up in bed—he still slept on: she glided from beneath the covering, and groping in the darkness, found her husband's vest, from which she took a key.

"Mother!" The slight noise made in opening the chamber door, had disturbed one of the children. Mrs. Howland stood still, holding her breath. The call was not repeated, and she went out, groping her way along the passage with a hand on the wall. Entering the room she sought, she closed the door behind her, and drew the bolt, fastening herself in. Now all her motions became hurried and nervous. After lighting the gas, she went to her husband's secretary, and with the key in her possession unlocked one of the private drawers. Her hand shook so that the key rattled on the scutcheon before a way was found into the wards. The first object that met her view, as the drawer came open, was a morocco miniature case, which she seized upon with a clutch as eager as that of a bird of prey, and bearing it to the gas light, unloosed the clasp, and exposed the face of her rival!

It was a young and lovely face, and the eyes looked up into hers with a tender sweet expression. Away from the pure forehead, the hair of golden auburn fell smoothly back, and lay in curls upon her neck, that was whiter and purer than alabaster. The lips were full, soft, and arching for a flight of arrows. Love's witchery was in the pictured countenance.

Still, very still, did the wife sit and gaze down upon her rival's face—that face on which, scarcely an hour before, she had seen her husband's kisses laid. Still, very still, she sat, the tears creeping out of her eyes, falling slowly over her cheeks, and dropping upon the miniature. Was she jealous of that rival? No! Her heart was too glad for jealousy, too full of joy, too wild with a new-born happiness. The bride of ten years ago was the rival of to-day; and the heart of her husband was true to his marriage vows. It was no fault of his that he could not love what had become unlovely. Not unlovely in the poorer signification of that word, as indicating changes wrought by the wearing hand of time; but unlovely through impatience and fretfulness, and in the neglect of self-discipline; unlovely, also, from carelessness of attire and personal neatness.

With the image of herself as she was ten years before, and with the image of her husband fondly, passionately kissing that image, dwelling in her imagination, Mrs. Howland went back to her bed.

She had suddenly awakened as from a dream—a long, weary, troubling, exhausting dream; and the language of her heart was—"Thank God that I am awake!"

As they sat at breakfast on the next morning, Mrs. Howland noticed a change in the expression of her husband's face as he looked at her across the table, letting his eyes dwell upon her with unusual interest. It was a pleased, almost admiring expression. She was in no doubt as to the cause, for she had attended herself with scrupulous care in a clean, bright morning wrapper, and wore a cap fastened at one side with a ruby hair-pin, and ornamented with two or three small pink bows and a sprig of flowers. A plain linen collar, pinned with a cameo, was around her neck. And, better than all, she had banished every sign of discontent and fretfulness from her face.

"How sweet mother looks this morning," said Mr. Howland, glancing at one of the children who sat near her, and smiling one of his old bright smiles.

"Don't she," answered the little one, lifting her very mouth to mamma for a kiss.

"Me kiss, too—mamma so beautiful!" And little Allie scrambled down from her chair, in new-born admiration of her mother, and put up her rosy mouth.

"And me, too," exclaimed Mr. Howland, passing around the table, and laying his lips softly and lingeringly upon the lips of his wife. He saw, as he looked across the table on resuming his seat, that her eyes were dim with tears. He knew they were tears of pleasure, but did not imagine how deeply her heart was stirred, nor how full of precious memories and golden hopes the moment was crowned.

Ten years after marriage. Love's lamp was burning low, the oil nearly exhausted; the wife grown so unattractive that the husband's heart was turning back in worship of the bride. But, the lamp has blazed up again—there is a supply of oil. A beauty, beyond any bridal beauty, invests the wife; and it shall grow more womanly, more luxuriant, more enchanting as the days succeed each other and years progress, until the son puts on her garments of eternal youth.

QUEER ESTIMATE.

"How much did it weigh?"

"Is it possible?"

"I never! You don't say?"

Thousands of times has the question been asked, and thousands of times has it been wondered at and "I never'd."

And what commodity is it that is great at ten pounds, and a marvel at thirteen? Don't mind the Price Current, for it isn't there. It was something bundled in a flannel blanket—the blanket securely pinned and knotted at the corners—the something in an active state of unrest. The steelyards had been called into requisition, and its banded iron was indeed "hooks to hang a hope on." The little bundle was swung up; the weight clicked along the bar. "That's the notch! Eight and a half!" Eight and a half of what? Why, of—humanity. By the memory of Malthus, there's a baby in the blanket! So there is, a little voter or, if not that, as Shakespeare says, "a child." Something that may cut a figure in the world, break heads or hearts—have a great name, and be a man or a woman. Eight pounds and a half of a hero or a heroine, a monster or a minister. Piety and patriotism by the pound. Beauty and baseness by the blanketed. Queer measurement, isn't it? But there are queerer still.

Time wears on apace with us all, and the something in the blanket too. He is a boy of five. He stands erect as God made him, "that he may look" as a writer says, "upon the stars." But they are talking again, but the steelyards hang undisturbed in the cellar way. No use for them now. But they are talking, and we are listening.

"Tall of his age, isn't he?" He looks over the table like a man; the "high chair" was put away months ago!

Tall, is he? Three feet and an inch high, and this is the altitude of humanity. Weight is out of the question; estimates all run to height. Ambition is but another name for altitude, and success a synonym for getting higher. The boy is a man; the man climbs a rostrum to get higher. Monuments go up; shouts go up; favorites go up to court, conquerors go up to glory. Height, height, everywhere height. Six feet of glory; six feet, too, of honor and dignity. Queer again—don't you think so?

By and by—melancholy trio—the form is bent a little, and there goes an inch or two from stature. He or she is looking at something in the dust. What can it be? Surely, it is not a grave that they look at. Eyes grow dim, and they bend lower to see. To see? What can there be to be seen, we wonder?

By and by, they weary, and throw themselves along the bosom of the dusky mother of us all. They sleep—sleep, but do they dream! Where are your altitudes now, your mountains, monuments and thrones? Men take up the sleeper, carefully, slowly, as it were a treasure. And so it is—a treasure of dust. The old estimate is resumed, weight has come again; 'tis "dead weight"—nothing more.

And this would be queer, too, if only it were not sad.

But they are talking again. "She had three names hadn't she?" "Indeed, but I can remember but two."

Remember but two, can they? Names of what? Why, of all that weight and height of fame and love, and hope and fear, all thought and passion.

And two words—two breaths of air—two murmurs, are all that is left of what was once a man, a woman.

Years elapse, and age is talking again—"There was—was—I cannot remember the name now—well, well, 'tis what we are all coming to," and the old man sighs sadly.

The last syllable of all has died on the lip, is erased from memory, ripples not on the still and listening air—is lost; not a murmur of it lingers in "the fearful hollow" of a human ear! "Pah! how the dust flies!" Dust did you say? Listen, and we will whisper just a word; that dust was warm once, loved once, beauty once.

PLAIN SPOKEN.—At a meeting of Friends in Pennsylvania, since the beginning of hostilities, a very worthy member was placed on a committee, whose duty it was to see that the Friends did not aid in carrying on the war. He modestly declined the place, saying, "I am connected with a railroad, which is now engaged in conveying troops, and shall not dissolve that connection. But if the meeting will appoint a committee to see to it that no Friend makes any money out of the war, I will serve on it, and act as chairman."—New Bedford Mercury.

Wit and Humor.

THERE is no place like home, and the henpecked husband thanks God for the fact.

WHILE standing at a window around which a small group were gathered, an ice cart passed by, when a friend remarked to our venerable Uncle Bill that "the ice company reaped a very small harvest last winter. Turning to the speaker, Uncle Bill dryly asked, "Do they reap their harvests with an icicle (ice sickle)?"

It was said of a rich miser that he died of great want—the want of more money.

"WELL, that's always the way with telegraph folks!" exclaimed Mrs. Mellow. "The good news they send us one day, is pretty sartin to be contradicted the next. Why, there's our neighbor, Sally Slute, who got a story as how her husband had been killed in one of the battles, and the day after it was all upset, for it proved to be another man. Give me the old mail stage, after all," continued Mrs. Mellow, "if 'twas slow 'twas sartin."

A WELL-DRESSED and rather pompous youth, asked a young lady who was reading in the cars, "is this seat engaged, madam?" The answer was direct—"yes, sirl and I am engaged too!"

IN ILLUSTRATION of the powers of imagination, the case of the old lady who watched the name to see when her rheumatism was going to be a, is not equal to that of the storekeeper who painted the lower part of his stove red, and saved seventy-five per cent. In the consumption of wood thereby during the winter. The illusion was so complete, that one man tried to make him pay for a pair of boots that he had burned on the stove.

A WOMAN offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign? "He compel me!" said the lady: "no, nor twenty like him."

A LADY well advanced in maidhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing, "This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not."

A MAN with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house. WHY is the letter k like a pig's tail? Because it is the end of pork.

If a clock were to speak to a parrot, what would it say? Poll I ticks.

The friendship of some people is like our shadow, keeping close while we are walking in the sunshine, but deserting us the moment we enter the shade.

A ONE-LEGGED orator, named Jones, was pretty successful in bantering an Irishman, when the latter asked him: "How did you come to lose your leg?" "Well," said Jones, "on examining my pedigree and looking upon my descent, I found there was some Irish blood in me, and becoming convinced it was all settled in that leg, I had it cut off at once." "Be the powers," said Pat, "it ud bin a good thing if it had only settled in your head."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 38 letters.  
My 1, 20, 32, 27 is the name of one of the disciples.  
My 11, 35, 2, 8, 30 is a common surname.  
My 5, 12, 23, 14 is the material substance of an animal.  
My 22, 16, 38, 10 should be carefully avoided.  
My 34, 3, 20, 18, 31 is what you have never seen.  
My 25, 26, 9, 28 is used at weddings.  
My 15, 36, 21, 34, 3 is what we should all do when we can.  
My 25, 35, 5, 17, 22, 15, 29, 7, 30 is the cause of the present war.  
My 87, 24, 6, 19, 16, 4 are disagreeable things.  
My 18, 2, 37, 33, 6 is an English town.  
My whole is the first line of a popular song.

STUMPF.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 46 letters.  
My 21, 2, 14, 1, 46, 10, 22, 7, 16, 27, 45, 16, 42 was an officer in the French Revolution.  
My 18, 33, 8, 36 was a celebrated English Poet.  
My 41, 29, 32, 28, 6, 42, 30 is a renowned American Preacher.  
My 16, 24, 33, 28, 41, 36, 21, 4, 39 was a celebrated English Author.  
My 16, 46, 15, 35, 19, 7 was a French Novelist.  
My 41, 33, 36, 20, 9, 3 is an American Poet of celebrity.  
My 43, 7, 41, 26, 5, 42, 21 was a noted American Statesman.  
My 38, 16, 18, 37, 11, 13, 25 was an eminent American Artist.  
My 57, 12, 49, 16, 16, 7, 36 was an English Author of some note.  
My 31, 17, 25, 5, 29, 21, is an American General in "the war for the Union."  
My 15, 29, 34, 20, 33, 40 is a member of President Lincoln's Cabinet.  
My 41, 21, 2, 22, 44, 7 was a distinguished English Physician.  
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.  
Macomb Co., Mich., 1862. J. M. BRAINERD.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A POLE 150 feet high was broken off by the wind, the top striking the ground 30 feet from the bottom of the pole. What was the length of the part broken off?  
Monroe, Green Co., Wis., 1862. B. W. PRITCHARD.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

1. A GENTLEMAN'S appellation, and a useful part of a man's clothing.
  2. A wild animal, and a lady's name.
  3. A luminous body, and a useful article.
  4. The name of a sovereign, a letter, and a plume.
  5. A kind of cloth, and a part of a tree.
  6. Well known substance, and a kind of vegetable.
  7. A lady's name, and an ore.
  8. A nunny, and an animal.
  9. A shrub, and a substance found on trees.
  10. A color, an animal, and a lady's name.
  11. A verb, a pronoun, and an adverb.
  12. An adjective, and a woman.
  13. A lady's name.
  14. An adjective, and a fruit.
- Pike, N. Y., 1862. S. H. F.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 670.

Answer to Geographical Enigma.—Washington was the Father of his Country.  
Answer to Towns Enigmatically Expressed.—1. Washington. 2. Frankfort. 3. Brookfield. 4. Jackson. 5. Lockport. 6. Little Rock. 7. Barnstable. 8. Woodstock.  
Answer to enigmatical Charade.—Cheat.

Advertisements.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER  
IS A RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR  
NEWSPAPER,

PUBLISHED ON A DOUBLE SHEET, SO AS TO BE  
EASILY SEPARATED INTO  
TWO DISTINCT PAPERS.

Its Religion is free from sectarianism, and gives a full, fair and impartial report every week of all matters of general interest.  
IN ALL THE DENOMINATIONS,  
In Politics it is entirely free from party relations or affinities, discussing great principles with freedom and candor, and giving the fullest and latest intelligence of all the movements of the day.

IT SUPPORTS THE GOVERNMENT WITH VIGOR,  
FIDELITY AND ZEAL, IN ITS EFFORTS TO

CRUSH THE REBELLION,  
and restore the Union, and preserve the Constitution. It criticizes with freedom whatever measures are not adapted to the accomplishment of these ends, but its steady purpose, from the beginning of the war, has been, and will be, to uphold the hands and strengthen the heart of the Government, while it puts forth its energies to promote us against the most unwholly rebellion that ever disturbed the peace of any country. The New York Observer is the most complete family newspaper.

IN THE WORLD,  
In the variety of its Departments,  
In the fullness of its Correspondence,  
In the extent of its Correspondence,  
In the number of minds enlisted in its Editorial and other columns,  
In the amount of money expended in procuring materials to enrich and adorn its pages,  
In the beautiful, religious, conservative, genial tone that pervades the paper,  
In its stores of anecdote, biography, poetry, science, art, and general literature, it will strive to exceed every other weekly newspaper.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.  
The Proprietors of the New York Observer offer the following valuable premiums for

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

IN ALL CASES, THE NEW SUBSCRIBER MUST be those who have not in their own or others' names taken the paper during the past year.

To Ministers and Others.

The Annals of the American Polity, by Rev. WILLIAM R. SPRAGUE, D. D., are comprised in seven large octavo volumes, viz.:

Congregational..... 2 volumes.  
Presbyterian..... 2 do  
Methodist..... 2 do  
Episcopal..... 2 do  
Baptist..... 2 do

They contain the biography of more than a thousand ministers, and a history of each denomination, with a statement of its doctrinal views, and a complete library of religious biography and history. The lives of these ministers are interspersed with memorable anecdotes and incidents, and illustrated by letters from distinguished statesmen and clergymen, rendering the volumes an inexhaustible source of instruction and entertainment.  
The Publishers price for the seven volumes is \$15.50. We will furnish the whole set to the order of any person who will send us twelve new subscribers with the payment for one year, or any two volumes for four new subscribers, or any one volume for two new subscribers. In all cases the money (\$2.50 for each subscriber) must be paid in advance.

To Farmers and Others.

We will furnish the whole set of the following works to any one who will send us fifteen new subscribers—with payment of \$2.50 in advance on each for one year—viz.:

American Farmer's Encyclopedia..... \$4.00  
Allen's (R. L.) American Farm Book..... 1.00  
Allen's (R. L.) Book on the Culture of the Grape..... 1.00  
Bart's Fruit Garden..... 1.25  
Boushangan's Rural Economy..... 1.25  
Bridgman's Young Gardener's Assistant and Record..... 1.50  
Buis's American Flower Garden Directory..... 1.50  
Comprehensive Farm Record..... 5.00  
Dodd's Modern Horses..... 1.00  
Dodd's American Cattle Doctor..... 1.00  
Dana's Muck Manual..... 1.00  
Dunn's Farm Primitives..... 1.00  
Garlick's Fish Culture..... 1.00  
Herbert's Hints to Horse Keepers..... 1.25  
Warner's Hedges and Pastures..... 1.00

To any one sending us ten new subscribers, and advance payment for each one year, we will send the Farmer's Encyclopedia, Farm Record, and any five other books on the list—or the entire list, except the Encyclopedia and Record.

For five new subscribers, with payment in advance, we will send the Farmer's Encyclopedia and Farm Record, or any other five books on the list.

For four new subscribers and payment, the Encyclopedia and any four books less than \$3.

For three new subscribers, the Farm Record and any dollar book.

For two new subscribers, any two books in the list costing less than \$2.50, and for one new subscriber any book costing less than \$3 on the list.

These books will be sent by mail or express, at the option or choice of the subscribers.

Every evening devoted to canvassing may secure one or more of these volumes.

They are among the most practical works now published on the subjects treated. With this collection of books in his library, neither the beginner, nor the more advanced farmer need search far for instruction in any branch of his pursuits.

They are here placed within the reach of every young man in the country, without a dollar in money.

Specimen copies of the paper are free to any address.

S. H. F. MORSE,  
Editor & Proprietor, 57 Park Row, N. Y.

THE INDEPENDENT,

EDITED BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

IS A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER,

AND A REAL NEWSPAPER.

IT AFFORDS ITS READERS:

Fair and thoughtful editorial discussions of the most important facts and occurrences and interests of this nation and of the world.

A comprehensive record of facts, men and movements of the Religious World.

A full and careful weekly history of the progress of the Rebellion.

Amples chronicles of the important general news, home and foreign.

Fair and careful accounts of new books; made on the express principle of serving as a safe guide to buyers.

Interesting correspondence from Washington, from the West, from the Army, from Abroad.

Six columns a week of carefully selected matter for Family Reading; being prose and poetry, suited to interest both the Old People and the Young People.

A full chronicle of the progress of business and of the current prices of merchandise, produce and live stock in New York City.

ONE SERMON EVERY WEEK

BY