

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXERCISES LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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

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

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AGRICULTURAL.

HAVE PATIENCE.

No class of men stand in need of more patience than farmers; and we have often thought that most of their troubles and perplexities resulted from a lack of this scarce, though very useful commodity. The mechanic can in a great measure control his work; if the weather is unfavorable he can wait for better, and then resume his labors, while nothing suffers by the delay, everything remaining just as it left. If he happens to make a mistake he can retrace his steps and correct the error, and generally without much loss or inconvenience. The farmer, however, at all seasons, and in all his multifarious operations, is subject to trials which test his patience severely. In the spring time he desires to get in his crops early, but the season is late,—it does seem as if the frost would never get out of the ground,—and when at last the favorable moment arrives and the soil is dry enough for the plow, the heavens become black with clouds, and the rains descend, and for days, and perhaps weeks, he has to wait patiently for an opportunity to commence spring work. When the weather becomes favorable and everything is to be done and done quickly, a son on whom great dependence was placed, has concluded to heed the calls of duty and patriotism, and is off for the war, or a hired man is found to be dissatisfied or worthless, and no other help can be obtained. Happy is he who can command sufficient patience and energy to overcome these and similar evils, and carry out the good plans that he had arranged for his guidance. How many under such difficulties lose all patience—all command even of their own actions—and seem intent only on hurrying along with their work in the most superficial manner, intent only on getting things done in the quickest way, regardless entirely of the manner or the ultimate results!

But this is the beginning of trials only; for very often the season is unfavorable for hoeing as well as planting, yet exceedingly favorable for the production of weeds which over-run the crops and threaten their destruction. When a fine time comes the farmer scarcely knows what to do first; for while he is at work in one field the other is suffering, and while employed in the lot the caterpillars are at work in the orchard. Then in haying and harvesting how much patience is required; for it is seldom we have just the weather we think would best suit our purpose or conduce to our interest.

Experience and observation have taught us that most of the bad farming we observe results not from want of knowledge, or from any determination to do things in a slovenly manner, but in opposition to good resolutions and plans wisely formed, simply from want of patience to carry them out in practice. Many who talk and write well about good farming and the necessity of order and system in the operations of the farm, are the most untidy and disorderly in their practice; and this is a matter of surprise—a great mystery to many. They know and teach the right, yet practice the wrong. They have not the patience to carry out the plans which they recommend to others, and form for their own guidance; but when work commences get in a hurry, out of patience, and do everything in a loose and slovenly manner. Their practice is a constant source of annoyance and vexation to themselves. They stand self-condemned, yet cannot command sufficient patience to do things as they should be done. They have not yet conquered an unfavorable disposition that has proved the bane of their lives.

With some friends, about two years since, we visited a large town in an adjoining State, and, as is our custom, visited some of the best farms and most prominent farmers in the neighborhood. Not having time in one day to see all we desired in the suburbs, we sent word, by one of his neighbors, that we would call on a certain gentleman the next day. This individual has almost a national reputation as a writer upon agricultural and horticultural subjects, and is a man of much information and more than ordinary ability. The next morning we took an

early start for his place, and did not find him at home, but did find the grounds. We cannot say we were disappointed at their appearance, having learned a little of the philosophy of the old lady, who said, "blessed are they who don't expect nothing, 'cause they ain't agoin' to be disappointed." We did, however, see sad evidence of want of care, and that system and order which it requires a good deal of patience to carry out. On our return to town we found the gentleman in question had also started early to find us, called at several places where he thought we would be likely to stop, and finally left a note at the hotel, stating that it would be impossible for him to meet us at his place, but at some other time would be very happy to have us make him a visit. The cause of the difficulty we could imagine very readily. We could not remove the impression that he was unwilling we should see the clear evidence that he disregarded his own teaching.

The present season a friend invited us to see his young stock—horses and cattle—in the meadow, and at the same time drove some of the younger ones that had been in the yard, down the lane that took us to the field where we were to find the principal part of the animals. Soon we came to a set of bars. Three or four rails were taken off and they had to make their way over the rest, which they did remarkably well, considering their age and size. Opening directly into the meadow was a gate, and this was opened a little way and the young animals left to crowd their way through, which they seemed quite pleased to do. The older of the young animals we noticed were ornamented with ugly pokes, a species of jewelry that we very much dislike. On inquiring the reason we were informed that his stock had a good deal of life and were more unruly than those of his neighbors. We suggested that he gave them very good lessons by compelling them to jump bars and crowd through gates; but he declared he had not patience to take down every bar when they could just as well get over without.

We need not a little patience in making our plans. Lay out no more work than can be well done with the help at command, making all due allowance for interruptions from weather, &c., and when the time comes for putting these plans into operation, let nothing divert, but pursue them with that industry and patience that knows no defeat. A little more patience in mending the fence will preserve crops from depredation; a little more in repairing barns and sheds and providing more shelter, will make stock far more comfortable and thriving; more patience in preparing the ground and in putting in crops, in destroying weeds, and mellowing the soil, will give you better crops and add materially to your wealth,—a good deal more patience will make you a better farmer, a better and happier man, and add to the peace and comfort of all with whom you have to do.

HORSES AND OTHERS—HEALTH.

Not meaning to be a fast man, I nevertheless went the other day to see the celebrated trotting stallion "George M. Patchen." He has been professionally employed for several weeks at the stables of JOSEPH HALL, of Rochester. Inquiring for "Patchen," I learned he was out taking a walk, but was informed that one of his colts was in. I paid my respects to the colt, a comely sorrel, three years old, good size, civil and well bred, "lying round loose," in a large, ceiled, well-finished and lighted room, fit for a parlor up in Minnesota. I agonized in spirit as I thought of the colts, guiltless of any crime, in this civilized land, (or half-civilized, as the case may be,) cramped and confined, half-fed, (less or more, as the case may be,) turned in or turned out in the cold, as caprice or convenience dictates. I wished their owners could all see how this son of "Patchen" fared!

"Patchen," the elder, not returning, I followed after and found him by the side of the track, eating short grass, held by his groom and covered with a thin blanket—it was a cool day. He is a dark bay, with dark legs and no white on them, has not the finish of the best thorough-breeds, but the substantial qualities of a business horse. With strong limbs, full sixteen hands high, weighing, in fair flesh, 1,230, muscular and active, he is the horse of all horses, the "horse of all work." A span like him, if he can be broke without being "balky," would draw fifty bushels of wheat to any market that was fit to go to. That he can go fast, is not really an objection, unless he runs away, or tempts somebody to bet on his speed, or drink over his success. The fast-horse mania may prove where the muscle is, and endurance, and so serve as a guide to breeders. There is doubtless a great difference in the quality of bone and muscle, the raw material of horses, and in the making up, men may be allowed to experiment a little by way of testing the quality and composition. I can't see the use of a horse going fast, unless he is able to take something along with him; I believe we are breeding too light. If we keep on, we shall have to plow shallow, and go through the world half-empty.

As I looked upon "Patchen," I could scarce realize that he would sell for money enough to buy two hundred and fifty good army horses. Presuming that modern science would do all it could for so valuable a horse, I inquired how he was treated? "I feed him hay and oats," said the groom, "and give him air and exercise every day." "How much

exercise?" said I. "I drive him from five to ten miles every morning, and generally give him the air in the afternoon, as I am doing now. I never omit this unless during the severest of the storms. No animal can be tough and healthy that does not take regular exercise in the open air."

A man is an animal, a woman is an animal, a child is an animal, thought I, and what this man says is true. This horse, a match for "Flora Temple," more or less, for which twenty-five thousand dollars is said to have been refused, must needs have his health looked after. Wouldn't it "pay" to look after your own health, my dear sir, my dear madam? Excuse me, I may put you too high, for there is in this country no established market for men and women, except they are black or mixed, but I prize you as high as I do this horse; you can't "go in two twentys" odd, but there are some things you can do better than this "Patchen!" I have hoped, I have anxiously desired, that humanity might rise in its own estimate, till it would not smother its energies, and put out its life by in-door or out-door folly and crime.

It is as true of you, as it is of "Patchen," that two or three hours of out-door exercise, every day, is the established condition upon which you can have either a sound mind, or a sound body. If you refrain from the exercise, you make a league with death, and will have to fulfill on your part. If that is false, was true—that you have a right to do as you will with yourselves—your family demands as careful treatment as you would give them if you had them "contracted" when of age at \$25,000 apiece. H. T. B.

FARMERS' CONVENTION AT OTTAWA.

REPORTED BY OUR WESTERN AID.

SOME days since a call was issued for a mass meeting of farmers at Ottawa, Illinois, "for the purpose of taking measures to protect and promote the industrial interests, and particularly to give expression to their wishes and views on the subject of our national finances and currency, and to take steps to secure the adoption of the policy they may deem best calculated to promote their interests." It was further announced that "a proposition would be made to organize an Industrial League, to enable these classes and interests to exert a combined influence in the National and State Legislatures to secure the enactment of such laws as shall at least be friendly to these great interests."

I attended this meeting, taking full notes of the speeches made. I have no doubt they will interest the mass of farm readers of the RURAL; especially since they indicate pretty clearly the spirit which is possessing Western farmers, and that this feeling that "something must be done," is pervading the entire body of producers here.

SPEECH OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

The Convention was organized by the election of ALEXANDER CAMPBELL as Chairman, and H. L. BRUSH as Secretary. The call was read, and the Chairman said that it explained the object of the meeting. He said it seemed strange that there is any necessity for such an organization as is proposed in the call. But the people—the producing classes—have little to do with the Government, and little influence over it, notwithstanding the theory of our Government—which is a correct one—is right enough. Less than one-fourth of the population of the country, in which the Government is vested, govern it; and this is not by any means any part of the producing population of the country. Public opinion is not made by the producing classes. But an important matter for this Convention to discuss is the Currency Question. Our circulating medium is bad enough—as bad as it can be. Take a vote of those present, and there would not be a dissenting voice against the worthlessness of the currency. But public opinion is manufactured through the agency of the public press, and it is almost entirely under the control, directly or indirectly, of currency manufacturers. I don't mean to be partisan in my remarks. But it is a fact that the professional politicians are the men who manufacture public opinion. One thing right here? This worthless currency cannot be removed until there is a substitute provided. Now we have the opportunity to provide a substitute. It may be obtained, and it is our duty and our interest to secure it. We must sustain the Government, and it is a fact that the producing population must ultimately foot the bill of expenses of this war. For all wealth comes from the earth,—grows out of it,—is produced by labor. You grow corn, but you have no more to say about its price than the negro has to say of the price of cotton. It is so,—no mistake about it. You derive no benefit for the blessings of a bountiful crop; you have to thresh and haul more grain for the same money, while the commercial classes combine to reap the profits of your industry. I am glad now to see that an intelligent combination is being agitated. You must combine. You elect men to the State and National Legislatures. But they know nothing of your interests. They never do know. They are governed and controlled by other combinations. These combinations tell their representatives what they want done. You must tell your representatives what you want done. If you do not, they never will know. This meeting is for the purpose of expressing what you want. Why, you are not consid-

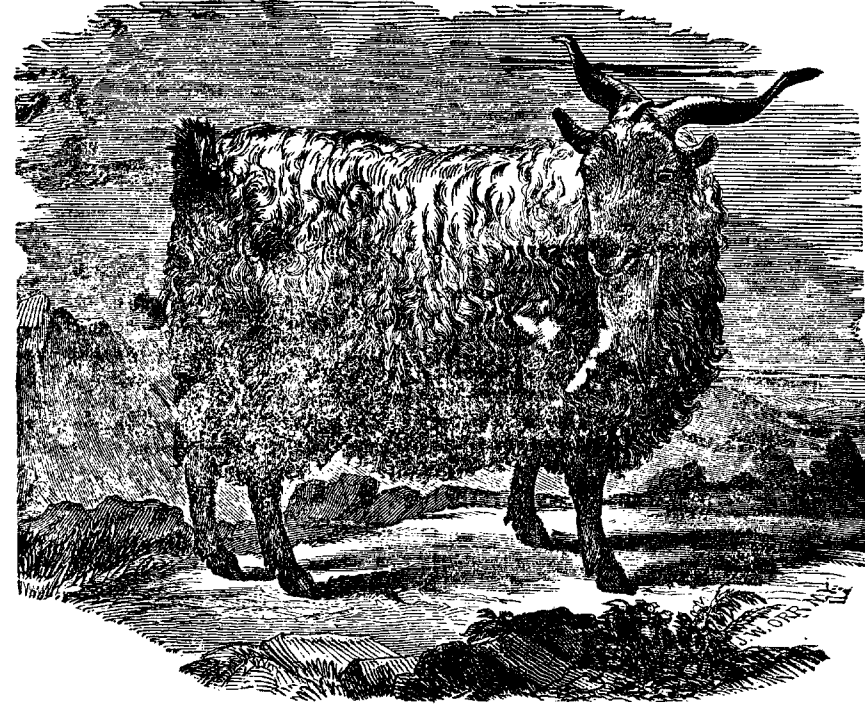


FEMALE CASHMERE GOAT.—LIVE WEIGHT 102 LBS.; YEARLY FLEECES 4½ LBS.

CASHMERE GOATS.—We give portraits of a pair of Cashmere Goats, imported from Asia, by Dr. J. B. DAVIS, of South Carolina, and subsequently owned (in 1856) by RICHARD PETERS, of Atlanta, Ga. Dr. DAVIS sold his flock to various planters in South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. Mr. PETERS purchased most of the flocks, and had nearly thirty head of Cashmeres in 1856. At that time Mr. P. furnished us an article from which we re-publish the following:—"That they are not the 'Thibet Shawl Goat' is proved by their dissimilarity to a specimen of that breed in the possession of the subscriber; the latter variety having only an under-coating of a few ounces. Works on Natural Science show that they are not the common Angora Goat of the Province of that name, in Asiatic Turkey, as that animal is of varied color, with fleeces of indifferent value. They have become known as 'Cashmere Goats,' from the pure white color and fineness of their fleeces and their undoubted Eastern origin, having been characterized by America's celebrated Naturalist, Rev. J. BACHMAN, D. D., as the most valuable variety that can be introduced into our country. The fleeces of the matured bucks weigh from six to seven pounds. Ewes yield from three to four pounds. The flesh of the crosses is superior to most mutton, tender and delicious, making them a desirable acquisition to our food-producing animals. The ease with which they are kept, living as they do on weeds, briars, browse, and other coarse herbage, fits them for many portions of our country where sheep could not be sustained to advantage."

Since the breaking out of the rebellion we have heard little of the success of Cashmeres at the South; but we occasionally hear of specimens and flocks at

the North, and especially in the West. We believe there are flocks in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. Last year we published a statement that Mr. KENDRICK, near Chicago, had fifteen grade Cashmere goats, purchased in Tennessee the previous fall, from which he was breeding—proposing to test their profit in that climate. We should like to be advised of the result in this and other instances. The most favorable notice of Cashmeres which we have seen for some time is that contained in the Ohio Cultivator's report of the recent Ohio State Fair. The editor says:—"We have steadily watched the progress of the last few years in the breeding and diffusion of Cashmere Goats, which were first imported from Asia, by Dr. DAVIS, of South Carolina. From thence they passed to Col. PETERS, of Atlanta, Georgia, by whom they were very highly esteemed, and through whose enterprise they were sent to various places in the North. At a later date, Mr. BROWN, of Constantinople, sent a lot of these animals to his cousin in Ross county, Ohio. From these various importations and the prolific nature of the animal, they are becoming a part of the staple live stock of the country and promise to be profitable. The yield of wool on the high bred animals is from three to five pounds per head, which sells readily at about \$8 per pound. The rapidity with which grades can be raised to fine bred, together with the hardiness and economy of keeping, make this a desirable addition to our farm stock; while their beauty, docility and unique appearance, secures for them a place in the lawn of the amateur. The principal breeder of Cashmeres in Ohio at present, is Mr. S. S. WILLIAMS, of Granville, whose pens, at the three last annual State Fairs, have been the center of attraction."



MALE CASHMERE GOAT.—LIVE WEIGHT 155 LBS.; FLEECES 7 LBS.

ered a part of the people at all! New York is the people in its influence in Congress. Wall street has more to do in the enactment of laws than all the people on the Northwest? Why? Because, when any measure is up, Wall street is on hand to work with all its might. A great deal of fault is found with members of Congress, but you are to blame. You don't tell them what you want. They will listen if you do. They are sensitive to the wants of the people and to their opinions; but they must be instructed in what they are. The people of the Northwest have a vague impression that they are oppressed; that something is wrong; and they will discover it the moment the thing is pointed out.

THE FARMERS HAVE THE POWER.

W. H. VAN EPPS, of Lee county, President of the State Agricultural Society, who was present, was called upon to address the meeting. He said he came to listen—not to instruct, but to be instructed, that he might go home and go to work in the right direction, and do something there. He had a heart in this matter; the matter all lays in the hands of the farmers and industrial classes of the country, if they will only take hold of the work with a right appreciation of its importance. He said:—"Your own representatives will not only do your bidding when you bid them, but they will try to anticipate you if they can. It is their interest to do so. But let me say

plainly, you must be up with the times. You must keep yourselves posted, and you must work in cooperation. You must be vigilant to discover your own wants, and prompt to express them; and in such a manner, and with such a force, that no man or class of men can mistake them.

THE EFFECT OF USING IT.

Why, gentlemen, see what could have been saved to the farmers of the country during the past two years, by perfectly legitimate legislation in the early history of railroads in this State. Take notice, I do not make war on railroads. They have been built by Eastern and English capital, and are a monopoly, and sometimes impose burdens upon the people grievous to be borne; but they have built up the State. It is the railroad system that has developed the wonderful resources of the State. But suppose we had been represented in the Legislature at the time these railroads were being for their charters, by men who properly appreciated or comprehended the interests of the producer in his relation to the progress of the development of our wealth; and suppose those charters that were granted had provided a limit beyond which the carrying trade should not go in fixing its rates of freight and passengers, and established a graduated scale of rates corresponding to the price of produce, do you suppose these capitalists would have refused to have received these charters with those provisions? No, sir; and then we would not have to pay thirteen cents freight on a bushel of corn from Dixon to Chicago, when the corn itself would only bring ten or twelve cents per bushel to the producer in Dixon.

THE FARMERS FAULT—BULLS AND BEARS IN THE GRAIN MARKET.

No, gentlemen, you do not control your own interests; and I must say it is almost solely your own fault. You are passive sufferers, while other interests combine to protect themselves, and often, without real design to injure you, become your aggressors. Men say that the price of products is fixed by supply and demand. No, sir!—no more than the price of stocks in Wall street is fixed by supply and demand. Why, gentlemen, bulls and bears regulate prices in your grain markets as much as they do the price of stocks in Wall street,—just as much. As farmers, I say we are too passive.

NOT WIDE AWAKE.

We are not wide awake. We must combine,—not to war upon other interests, but to protect our own, and compete with other men in other vocations with equal advantages, and by securing to ourselves equal rights. I believe the farmers of Illinois are capable of governing in this matter of regulating their affairs, if they will to do it. This other controlling class don't have to labor with their hands, and they concentrate thought upon the subject in hand. Farmers do not always do it. They should, and must, before they can cope with the non-producing political power which governs us, and monopolizes all our places of trust and responsibility. Farmers, use the public press of the country; shell out money; pay the press and speakers, if necessary, to agitate the subjects that interest you, and manufacture public opinion of the right character. These matters must be taken hold of as if you were vitally interested in it, as you are. Before voting for any man, find if you are going to be represented by him,—if your interests are to be looked after by these politicians that you vote for.

WE DO NOT FIX OUR OWN PRICES.

One thing: We, of the West, pay the prices asked by Eastern manufacturers for their goods, including the tax levied on the manufacturer, on the dealer, and his profits on his goods besides. No one would complain of this if he had the privilege of fixing his price on his own products. We of the West do not do this. The seaboard towns do it. And then we are in the power of the carrying trade. There is no limit to their exactions, and what they take is taken from us,—not added to the cost of the product to the consumer abroad. These railroads are owned in the East, and hence the pertinence of the argument before made with reference to them, and the granting of charters to such corporations. The people of the West must regulate the carrying trade. You must get together often. It is association which strengthens us, and the friction of contact stimulates us to act. How easy it is to interest the farmers in a political pow-wow. A little paper and ink, and together we come,—burrah, boys, how we go in. Apply the same means to interest and excite the farmers in the country on subjects that more vitally concern them, and there will be the same success, and the same end will be secured. The politicians have a systematic way of doing their work that is effective. We may profit by adopting their system of canvassing the country. Work hard. Get an expression of the wants of the people; and then let your representatives know what you want. Demand it of them. You will get it.

A CURRENCY WANTED THAT WILL KEEP OVER NIGHT.

Mr. ABRAMS, of La Salle, said:—I have been engaged in mercantile matters several years. The money lost by discounts on currency has been immense, and yet the parties who have wrought these panics make the money. The gold is now in the hands of men who control it. We must memorialize Congress to be responsible for all the currency issued. We have suffered long enough. Our labor is brought down to the level of the serf of Russia and the negro of the South.

You say this is not the time to agitate this question. It is. Bonds are going into the hands of irresponsible bankers as a basis of currency, and then a scheme is gotten up to put it down, to depreciate it, that the bankers may buy it. We want \$50,000,000 of currency issued by the United States Treasury and made a legal tender. Let it be backed by Government. We want a currency that can be kept over night. We don't know whether money is good or not. It is up to-day and down to-morrow. Let us have a currency backed by the nation; when the nation goes down we don't need any currency. The people will back it; will fight for it.

THE TROUBLE IS THE BANKING SYSTEM.

JOHN HISE said:—The representative wealth of this nation is confined to the East, and it is embodied in her banking systems. Hence, if you would be relieved from this butthen which fluctuations in currency produce, you must rid the country of the entire system. I can see but one practicable way of doing it. Memorialize Congress to tax bank note engravers for every bank note they engrave, and every banker for every note he issues. The people must be permitted to have their own currency. Give us a national currency. The people will back it; will fight for it.

IN FAVOR OF DIRECT TAXATION.

He was in favor of direct taxation, and believed the internal revenue laws most unjust and oppressive in their operation practically. The tax should not be levied on articles consumed, but on the aggregate wealth of the country, and should be assessed upon each man according to what he owned. He thought the carrying trade would regulate itself as soon as the Mississippi was opened.

NOT AN EASY THING TO DO.

Mr. HISE said:—It is not an easy thing to wipe out this banking system at a single stroke. It enables men to control the products of the country. It is our duty to prevent this, if we can; but it cannot be done except gradually, and only by shattering moneyed monopolies by the abolishment of tariffs or the establishment of free trade.

A REFLECTIVE PRESS WANTED.

Mr. Z. TUTTLE said:—We want our political system changed. We must act. Our slavery is based on one system of politics. We need to be educated differently. We white men are more slaves than the slaves of the South, because our appreciation of oppression is more sensitive. We must be educated differently. We need a press that will reflect our interests. Let us establish one,—one that will advocate our rights. Let us pay money to do it, if necessary. The trouble is, farmers don't understand their own interests. They must be instructed.

FARMERS DO NOT CO-OPERATE WITH OTHER CLASSES.

Among others, Hon. W. H. REIDICK addressed the meeting. He said:—There is difficulty in undertaking to regulate currency matters and the issues of banks in any other way than by taxation. All classes are obliged to take the same kind of money that the farmer does. You, gentlemen farmers, are the source of power in this manner, and we appeal to you. I am sorry to say that, in some instances, our appeals have been without success. You do not refuse to take bad money when you know that it is bad. You have done this in this town when the stocks on which Illinois currency was based were tottering, notwithstanding the urgent advice of the merchants here, who were fighting a powerful combination of bankers determined that these worthless rags should circulate. Wherever a cent more on a bushel of grain could be obtained, nominally, whether the farmers would flock and sell their grain for this depreciated stuff, and bring it right around to merchants and ask them to take it at par for indebtedness. The farmers must co-operate with the class or classes that best guard and subserve their interests.

THE VALUE OF THE CURRENCY CIRCULATING NOW.

One item which may benefit you and save you loss. You are daily receiving, and taking home, in payment for your produce, bank paper from almost all the Eastern States you can name, and yet you can go to-day into Wall street and buy these identical bank notes for seventy-five or eighty cents on the dollar, United States currency. I know what I assert, for I have been so advised by Wall street brokers. Just let Congress say that United States legal tender notes will be received for revenues, and these banks will collapse. You, and you, and you, who carry this vile trash about in your pockets, will suffer by this collapse. Men who live in towns, can deposit their money every day in bank, and watch the current of affairs, will not lose in proportion. But, I say, let the greenbacks be made receivable for revenue and you who hold this irresponsible paper will lose it.

A LITTLE ADVICE.

It may be that Congress can pass a revenue law better than the present. I do not believe it is perfect. But we must be careful what we do. We must sustain the Government. Let us drop questions that only irritate and upon which we cannot agree, and combine upon something on which we can agree. Let us put this currency question forward. Let us combine to do it. Every other interest combines for its protection. Even lawyers, as dishonest as they are, combine. Cannot farmers? They have not. Why? Whether it is because they are not honest enough to do it, or whether they have been so oppressed that they distrust everybody, I cannot tell. But we must combine together to educate ourselves and know what is going on. We can then command our representatives intelligently, and exert an influence that shall be felt.

THE MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

A committee was appointed to report a memorial to Congress. Such a memorial was presented and adopted. Its object is of sufficient importance to warrant its publication and to demand the careful consideration of thoughtful men.

(Concluded on last column of next page.)

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

FARM IMPLEMENTS OUT OF DOORS.

THERE is no more important subject (to Western farmers,) on which I can write at this date. It is enough to make an economist go crazy, to travel through some—many—parts of the West and witness the waste of money resulting from the exposure of farm implements. The war tax is a small item compared with the tax this useless wastefulness is imposing upon the producing classes. I had occasion to drive through a part of La Salle county, a few days ago, and scarcely a farm was passed on which I did not notice some implement or other—a plow or harrow, reaper or mower, horse-rake or cultivator, or some other implement exposed in the fields, by the roadside, and in the yards, without shelter, going to decay, checking, warping, shrinking in the sun, or rusting and rotting in the rain. What excuse is there for this extravagant waste? None! There is no sort of an excuse that can be rendered. Farmers—this class of farmers—complain with great clamor of the low price of produce, of the oppression of other classes; and they may have much cause to complain. But they are their own worst enemies. No tax is greater than the one they thus impose on themselves. Low prices! Why there are plenty of men who will spend more time to save a bushel of corn, worth fifteen or twenty cents, after being hauled five or six miles to market, than it would take to save ten or fifteen dollars' worth of machinery, which they are surely losing, and which may be saved. It is now the time to attend to this matter; the farmer is urged, for his own good, to do it.

ABANDON THE RED CORN.

At a Farmer's meeting at Ottawa, recently, a grain-buyer present urged farmers to abandon the culture of the red or red mixed corn. He said it would bring three to four cents less than either yellow mixed with white or either of the latter

pure—in the same market. A letter on this subject was also received by the Secretary of the meeting, from the proprietors of a grain elevator in Chicago, and heavy grain dealers, Messrs. MUNGER & ARMOUR, from which I make the following extract:

"It has occurred to us that it would be a favorable time to present to farmers the propriety of changing their seed corn to that of yellow or yellow mixed. The red corn, while it is not more productive or less expensive in its culture than yellow or yellow mixed, realizes on an average four cents per bushel less than yellow, and about one and a half cents less than yellow mixed, in the same market. * * * We have had a large and long experience in handling, selling, and shipping all kinds of cereals, and in doing so, we have found red corn difficult to sell in this market; still more so on the seaboard; and in New England, where corn is wanted for milling purposes, it is altogether unsaleable. It is obvious that where there is not a ready demand for an article, such as red corn, sellers are compelled to submit to the terms of the buyers, and in consequence the prices realized are often the source of complaint and dissatisfaction to the owners. With yellow and yellow mixed corn, there is always a ready market at current prices. It may also be mentioned, that in warehousing red corn, here and elsewhere, it has frequently to be mixed in bins with corn of a more desirable color to the loss and injury of warehousemen and the holders of the better grade."

ARE YOU READY FOR WINTER?

OLD WINTER is close upon us, and are we ready to welcome him and say "all is well?" His time is appointed, and we know there will be no delay; he may even send his train before him in snow and frost and chilling winds. Are we prepared for them? Are the crops all secure, the roots dug and housed, or buried from the frost? Are the apples all gathered, or are there a few trees left with fruit half picked to be an eye-sore through the long dreary months of winter? Are the cellars banked around, so that Jack Frost will not creep in and mar our happiness by fear of his mischief? The garden sauce has all been taken in when dry and before hard frosts. Those flower roots have received their winter protection, have they?—if not, "do not put off until to-morrow what ought to be done to-day." A load of coarse horse-litter is preferable, but straw, forest leaves, or even the refuse from the garden will answer a very good purpose, and save most of them. Are the grape vines laid down and covered with straw or earth, that the past summer's growth may be preserved? If so, another summer we may say how much comes of a little. An hour's labor now may give us many hours of pleasure in the enjoyment of rich clusters of well-ripened fruit.

No doubt the barns are all well supplied with hay and grain for the comfort of the poor brutes dependant upon us for their many wants. But their many wants are not all supplied by food alone. The one-idea man might claim that all their wants are summed up in food and drink, but this the experience of thousands verify to us is all a fallacy. There is a certain amount of animal heat to be kept up; in all cases where it can be done artificially, by means of shelter, it adds much to the saving of fodder and to the comfort of the cattle, and the value of the manure. The cattle should all be put in stables that can be conveniently. But these, with their side-boards flapping in the wind, with floors raised two feet or more from the ground for the wind to have free circulation, is little if any better than the broad canopy of heaven for a shelter. Nail the loose boards, batten the cracks, bank up around the stables and sheds, and keep them well littered, and one-fourth the cost of wintering a stock of cattle is saved, beside the pleasurable reality that your duty is done and your conscience clear.

Regularity of feeding is one of the most essential things in bringing through your cattle in a prosperous condition. My idea is feeding but twice in twenty-four hours—as soon as light in the morning, and as late as I can at night. I have tried feeding three and even four times a day, but have settled upon the twice-a-day system—for the reason that when so fed all is eaten up clean and nothing wasted; then the cattle lie down to chew their cud contented until the hour for feed again; while by the former (three or four times a-day) system they are constantly expectant of something more, and are always uneasy and restless, never quiet.

Are the sheep provided with shelter from the rain, snow, and changes of weather, so that the draft upon their system for heat to dry their wet fleeces is not an over-tax on them at an enormous expense of food, lambs and wool? A little care, now, will add much to their comfort, lessen the expenses, and pay a larger income on money invested. Stop the cracks and thus prevent the leaks, is my motto, believing "an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." Are there good substantial racks for their fodder out of doors? It will do after the old-school practice to feed on the ground in frozen weather, but the racks must be used in open, muddy weather, or waste at least one-third of their fodder. Are you looking to your interests for the present and the future for your profits?—feed a little grain, but feed it regularly; a gill of corn a day per head to those sheep will perhaps give you a pound of wool extra next spring, which will furnish you not less than 50 cts. A little at stated times is all they need to pay us in good feelings,—to see sleek fat cattle and sheep—if not in a full purse at market time.

OLD FOGY FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—My father is a farmer; I am my father's son; ergo (the inference may not be a necessary one, although it is true.) I am a farmer. I read the RURAL and several of the minor Agricultural journals, but I confess it does me very little practical good, except the satisfaction I receive in knowing that other people are pushing on the car of progress and lifting up the profession of Agriculture to its natural level, so that it is no disgrace for a man to say in any society, "I am a Farmer."

You will, perhaps, ask why I am not benefited by my reading. Because I have no opportunity of putting the ideas of which I thus become master in practice. My father (I mean no irreverence) is an old fogy. He adheres to the traditions of the fathers. He farmed it twenty, thirty, forty years ago just as he does now, and prospered—paid for his own farm of nearly two hundred acres, and bought and paid for farms upon which he has comfortably settled all his boys, except your humble correspondent. He got on well in the years gone by, farming in the old way; therefore the old way is a good way. But the

old way is destined never to purchase any more farms. "Luck" in raising crops is no longer invariably or even generally good. Chance, the deity which presides over the operations of old fogy farmers, now and then gives us an abundant harvest, but at intervals, which I can perceive, increase in length with the march of time.

Such a thing as making improvements which would take results out of the hands of chance, and render success certain and invariable? Pshaw! That would be flinging insults right into the face of Providence. We must have our ups and our downs. We must have our hard times, and our good times, and our indifferent times, and these must depend on our good crops, our poor crops and our medium crops. I sadly fear the ups, the good times and the good crops will soon be altogether among the "things that were, but are not," to all these traditional farmers. But it will make no difference in their professional opinions. Their confidence in the soundness of their inherited dogmas and whims can never be shaken—never. As long as they live and control operations on the soil of their deteriorated acres, they will do it just as their fathers did, and just as they have always done, though nothing but starvation to the soil and to themselves ever comes of it.

No system of underdraining on their farms. It would cost as much as they paid for their farms in the outset. No fine cattle in their pastures. Do you think they would pay twenty-five, fifty or a hundred dollars for a blooded calf to improve their stock, when their own half-starved creatures will hardly bring fifteen dollars at two years old? No, indeed! They will keep their short-cropped pastures overrun with poor half-starved cattle and sheep of the real dung-hill sort, and pens full of squealing, bony creatures which they call hogs, but which look the personification of— but I forbear; "it's no use talking." Go you on, good old RURAL! Continue your efforts to diffuse liberal ideas, and we will hope that their influence will be perceptible in the old fogies' children, if not in themselves.

West Sparta, N. Y., Nov., 1862.

RUSTICUS.

RURAL EXPERIENCES.—No. I.

WHEN barns are scattered about the farm some thirty rods from each other, and as many more from the house, it pays to move and arrange them in the most convenient manner—as the time would soon amount to enough to pay all expenses, say nothing of what better care the stock will receive when near the house, than they used to, at the "further barn." Also, it pays to put a good stone wall (laid up with mortar) under every frame building—except corn-houses and cheese-houses, which should stand upon posts set solid in the ground, with a large tin pan bottom side up placed upon the top of every post to prevent mice running up. Remember and have the mason leave several small holes at the top of the wall to let air in; for if closed tight it will cause the sills and sleepers to decay. When you build a bridge in front of the large doors, of stone and dirt, do not put any dirt near the sill, as the water from the roof will soon cause decay. I believe thousands of dollars are wasted in this way every year. Remedy—Build your bridge of stone and dirt within two feet of the doors and place a stick of timber four inches from the sill and four short pieces from sill to embankment, and place two planks upon this foundation, and your sills will not decay here before it does anywhere else. Do not nail a board on the front side of the sill where the doors are, as this will cause decay.

Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1862.

FARM GATES.

SOME time ago, somebody gave you the old recipe for making a gate:—"Scantling, boards and nails," and proposes to bate the scantling. "Progress and improvement," so far—but, as your friend tells how to hang the gate, I interpose—*hating the hanging*.

Since it is discovered that heavy lumber is useless in a farm gate, why not let fastenings (catches, latches, hooks, sockets, grooves, bolts, or any cheap device,) hold both ends when in place, and lift the light thing and set it one side when animals or teams are to pass it? Or, if it is to be used frequently, or the old notion of a substantial thing is insisted on, mount it on rollers, with a plank or small timber, twice the gate's length, for the wheels to run upon—fasten it at each end with a hook—and have an extra staple to hitch one hook into while you change staples with the other hook when your gate is open. Of course you steady the gate while running it back and forth.

One extra hook, two staples, the rollers and the plank or timber to run them on, will cost less than a pair of suitable hangings and a heavy post suitable to hang a gate upon—and by my "improvement" the gate makes "progress" without danger of sagging or being broken down by lazy boys swinging on it.

Attica, N. Y., 1862.

To Test the Quality of Wool.

A TEXAS paper says:—Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from thirty to thirty-three of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest Electoral or Saxony wool grown. Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior. Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best. Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch. With this test every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools which experienced wool growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness and straightness of the fibre.

ADVANCING PRICES OF STOCK.—According to the American Stock Journal the raising of horses and cattle is to pay better for some years to come than formerly. It says the demand for horses for army and other purposes is such that the prices paid for them are from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. higher than the same quality of horses sold for one year ago, and yet they are rising, and will continue to rise so long as the supply is inadequate to the demand. Farmers who give their attention to the raising of good horses will find it a remunerative business for the next few years. Cattle for beef, work, and milk, though not materially higher than one year ago, must advance considerably in price the year to come, or we must mistake the signs of the times. Those who have large stocks, or who have the means to produce them, will do well to double their efforts, with a certainty of realizing large profits.

"SOWING PLASTER ON CLOVER."—The thrifline of the article under this head, on page 374, should read—"to sow the plaster soon after the grain comes up," instead of "to sow the clover," &c.—O. D. B.

Rural Notes and Items.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT OF WESTERN FARMERS.—An Industrial League.—We devote considerable space, this week, to a synopsis of the proceedings of a Farmer's Convention, recently held at Ottawa, Ill. The report of the discussion and action of this Convention, (as furnished by our Western Association,) will be read with interest by the great mass of our readers, both East and West. Though the meeting was comparatively local, we consider it the germ of an important movement, likely to extend over the State of Illinois, and indeed the whole West. The discussion is especially worthy the attentive consideration of Western farmers—those who produce largely, and are poorly remunerated—while, in fact, pay the extravagant expenses, and make the large fortunes of commission merchants, contractors, forwarders, and speculators in breadstuffs and provisions. Some of the speeches are a little "strong" on the Government and bankers, yet the discussion, as a whole, embraces an abundance of such salutary truth as should be iterated and reiterated until those most deeply interested shall be induced to give the subject profound thought and decided action. Farmers have too long been bamboozled by demagogues, politicians and speculators, have permitted others to think and talk and act in their behalf, and it's about time for a change in the programme such as this embryo movement indicates. But unless our Western friends are shrewd and discriminating in their action, the political demagogues will outwit them, riding into power and place on the new and popular horse, and then snapping their fingers at those who furnished the means of their elevation. It won't do for them to trust the politicians or partisan or commission organs, but they must, in the main, do their own thinking, talking and writing, and enlist as advocates of the cause only those persons and journals known to be honest and unqualifiedly for the Rights of the great Producing Interest of the Country. We cannot devote proper time or space to this subject at present, but shall endeavor to recur to it in a future number.

A GOOD IDEA.—A farmer asked his neighbor if he would join a club for the year at \$1.50 per year? "No," said he, "I am going to economize next year." "Well," said he, "as you cannot do without an agricultural paper, give me 50 cents for the year. You will save a dollar." Our friend might have added, too, that he would get as much agricultural and horticultural matter for the half dollar as for the \$1.50—and certainly of quite as high a character.

—We clip the above manly and modest morsel from a journal of twelve issues a year,—price sixty cents (50 cents to clubs),—which constantly prates about furnishing the best and cheapest paper in the universe. As it omits the name of the \$1.50 paper, we are equally courteous as to the cognomen of the 50 cent "slow monthly." But what paper was the sensible farmer canvassing for—the RURAL NEW-YORKER, Country Gentleman, or New England Farmer? In either case it was "a good idea" to first ask his neighbor to subscribe for a weekly, and according to our notion it showed his own wise preference! But we reckon the farmer was canvassing for the RURAL—a great many are, now-a-days, quite successfully—and if so, why not print it right out! It won't hurt our "fellows" a bit; and besides, if disposed to open the omnipotent business (which thank Heaven, we are not,) we could publish any number of letters desired by Mrs. GARDNER, who runs the paper which contains so much agricultural and horticultural matter of such "high character," (in her own estimation,)—said letters showing "a white horse of another color," or changes to instead of from the RURAL. It's a great pity that the people don't appreciate Mrs. G.'s transcendent ability and high reputation—but a "prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," and it's a blessed thing that the old lady circulates more extensively in Canada than her own Empire State! It is also consoling to know, for the old lady has published it for a long time, (not having heard of the rebellion, or not thinking how ridiculous the transparent fib would sound to people of intelligence,) that her wonderful monthly "has large lists of subscribers in every State and Territory, and in ALL the British Provinces"! There's simplicity for you!—and Mrs. G.'s is the only paper in which you can find it (twelve times a year) in all America—for there is not a journal in all the Loyal States which does or can circulate "in every State and Territory," and the one from which we quote is alone simple enough to stereotype such nonsense. *Vive la Mrs. Grundy!*

DANGER OF FAMINE IN THE SOUTH.—A correspondent of the Savannah (Ga.) Republican gives the figures to show that both the Southern army and people are in peril of starvation. He asserts that if the manufacture of whiskey is not stopped, the rebel army will have to be disbanded for want of provisions in less than eight months, and adds:—"We have no grain to spare. If every acre of land in the confederacy, which is safe from the ravages of the enemy, were cultivated in grain at an average yield, it would not supply us with provisions without the most rigid system of economy. The cavalry branch of the service and transportation stock alone consume at least 70,000 bushels of grain per day, while 20,000 bushels of meal and 600,000 pounds of bacon, at regular army rations, is required to sustain the army daily. To this almost incredible amount we may add one-fourth for waste in transportation and destruction upon retreats, and another fourth for the consumption of the invading forces. Now multiply this amount by 365 and we have 36,500,000 bushels of grain, 182,500,000 pounds of bacon, which amount is absolutely required for the support of the army, alone, for one year. Independent of this we have to support a population of about eight millions. This calculation is made independent of the two fourths allowed above for waste and consumption of the enemy. These are mathematical facts."

RECEIPTS OF HOGS IN CHICAGO.—The receipts of hogs for the week ending November 29th were 55,689 head. The receipts for twenty-eight days in November were 222,720 against 117,975 for the corresponding month in 1861, showing an increase of 104,825. The hogs received this season are said to be much lighter than the average weights of last year, and the packers think the falling off in weight this year as compared with last season will be equal to ten per cent. The natural yield of lard will also be less than last year. It is generally believed, that while the number of hogs packed in the city will be larger than ever before, the aggregate hog crop of the West will not be found to be larger than last year. This belief is based upon the representations of men who have visited the principal hog raising sections of the country.—O. D. B.

THE SORGHUM CROP OF 1862.—Though the figures seem too large to be correct, it is printed that statisticians concur with the progress of the Sorghum culture, and qualified to judge pretty correctly of the past season's product estimate the aggregate of cane syrup at 40,000,000 gallons, and the area cultivated at 250,000 acres. In 1859, by the showing of the last census, the product was less than 8,000,000 gallons. The estimated amount for 1862 is sufficient to supply more than half the syrup and molasses demand of the United States. The Sorghum syrup, this fall, is said to be unusually rich and pleasant to the taste, and many farmers throughout the West are laying it up by the barrel.

COTTON IN ILLINOIS.—A Chicago paper denies the truth of the statement published by many journals, that the cotton crop of Illinois for 1862 will amount to 20,000 bales, and says there was considerable difficulty about getting enough seed at the proper season, and much of what was planted did not germinate, from a variety of causes. There were few instances where many acres were planted together, but on the contrary, the cultivation of it was confined to "patches," for home consumption. It estimates the quantity for export at about two hundred bales.

PERSONAL.—DR. GEO. DAND, the accomplished Veterinary Surgeon and well known Author, is now located in Chicago. Perhaps, and probably there is no man in the country better qualified to instruct medical students in Veterinary Science, than Dr. DAND; and this fact ought to induce young men in the West who attend the medical schools here, to seek to profit by his tuition. I do not know whether he receives pupils; for I write this without his knowledge. But veterinary skill is of so much importance in the West I am led to make this recommendation.—O. D. B.

THE EXTRA PREMIUMS, offered for early and efficient efforts for obtaining subscribers for our next volume, will be found on seventh page of this paper. Agents and others interested will please give the Mat a careful perusal, and decide as the propriety of immediate action in the matter.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER GRANTED: A rhythmical expression of the music so entitled.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

CRIBER thou for aid so soon? Ere the full red heart of noon Throbs out the day's completeness: While seas of amber light Flow through Heaven's crystal Light, To swell life's dawning sweetness? Thou child of loveliest June, Creest thou for aid so soon.

Why steals thy gushing prayer Through the soft waves of air, In silver-voiced emotion? Like some wild cry for rest, Poured from a siren's breast, Beneath the troubled ocean, Unwaged by grief or care, What need hast thou of prayer?

"Some deeper life to prove, To feel some larger love That by its holy burning Kindles the immortal powers." Ah! dost thou tire of flowers? Is thy pure spirit yearning Life's wildest strife to prove, To waste thine heart in love? Yet pause! thy beauty's crown— Child, canst thou fling it down; Drop the glad lyre of pleasure; The cross of grief sustain, Drink the dark draught of pain, In overflowing measure, And, kneeling meekly down, Accept care's thorny crown?

"All, all! let prayer prevail, Though life's bright fount should fall Though heart-strings may be riven: On the fleet wings of love, The soul shall soar above, Even to the gates of Heaven. Let all earth's blessings fall, If this wild prayer prevail!"

Arise! receive the boon! Like a fair red rose at noon, Shall bloom thy life's completeness; And while day's waning light Fades out in sorrow's night, Live thou within its sweetness: Then sink in death's pale swoon: Heaven has no holier boon.

Black Rock, N. Y., 1862.

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

Yes, girls, I know you are discontented with your common-place lot;—I know you are weary with your monotonous life, and you sigh for a change—for anything but this hum-drum, drowsy way of living. The same dull, ceaseless, time-worn round of duties—the same drudge, drudge, three hundred and sixty-five times every year; you are tired of it, I know you are—I read it in your woe-begone looks, in the peculiar way you have of grumbling about it. Like an automaton you pursue your daily vocation, with your face drawn long as a petition to Congress, a scowl on your forehead, and a pout on your lips. You are getting blue-eyed and blink-eyed in trying to shut out the hateful visions of reality, which are ever before you in the shape of domestic toil, imaginary dull cares, &c., which you perform, mechanically, as a certain cast-iron machine "got up" expressly to do house-work. Indeed, you present an appearance forlorn as a withered mullen stalk in a sheep pasture.

You worry and repine, fret and wish for things innumerable, things indescribable; in fact, you are so given to complaining that an attempt to satisfy you would be as difficult as to remove the North Pole from its frigid locality. You complain because Providence did not assign to you a higher sphere—did not give you a seat in the lap of luxury, and strew your path with "thornless roses"—for you do want to be the famous "Mrs. FOXSTY of the Hill," and create a sensation. Truly you are "born with more desires than guineas."

Now, have you ever thought of the solemn reality that life is short? that you have but one life to live? and "no amount of money, or influence, or fame, can pay you for a life of unhappiness"—and no amount of grumbling and complaining can secure to you happiness? Then away with useless repinings, and, as labor is the penalty, put shoulder to the wheel and go to work, cheerfully take life as it comes, uncomplainingly, remembering it is what you make it. "Care is the stuff we are made of"—responsibilities are the trials of life. She who would shrink these, the duties of life, would be but a blank page in the great book of God's designs.

Providence has assigned to you your true sphere, whether in palace, hut or hovel—in kitchen, parlor or court—and the scriptural injunction, "therewith be content," is meant for you only who are discontented. Then, girls, receive the admonition, and profit thereby.

Clarence, N. Y., 1862.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.—If it were for me to direct how little boys and girls should be led to think of the wisdom and goodness and power of God, I think I should say, make them acquainted with the world of flowers. Let them be taught, even while little children, to tell the common names of flowers. Let them have little spots of ground or boxes of dirt in which to plant flowers and take care of them. Let them gather wild flowers on the hills, in the valleys, over the meadows, in the woods, and along the brook. When old enough, give them a cheap magnifying glass, and let them see the exquisite delicacy of form and structure and tints, and the dependence of each part upon the other, and all upon the soil and the shower and the sun, and so trace the whole to the wisdom and benevolence of Him who formed and produces them all.

HAPPINESS.—Now let me tell you a secret worth knowing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy is to take drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lesson; the apprentice while he is learning his trade; the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss the enjoyment, when he gains what he sighs for.

The hands of the usurer are often as red as those of the midnight assassin.

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

WHAT fond associations cling to old school books, with their worn-out covers and dog-eared leaves. How diligently you studied them, from the green-covered primer with its a, b, c's, through the mathematics and sciences, the ologies and languages. You remember the rosy-lipped girls and happy boys who used to be in your classes; some who studied, and some who didn't care; some who have earned for themselves honored names, and some who now regret those wasted hours, and many who have gone through the Valley of Death to their rest in the grave.

Here is the Speller you studied so diligently to get above the "big boys" in the class; and the Reader, on whose fly-leaf is written your name with that of the black-eyed boy who sat opposite, and threw kisses to you when the teacher was looking another way. His book was always ready for the teacher; for then he could look over with you, and smuggle rosy-cheeked apples from his pocket to yours. Here is the old Atlas, above whose maps of red and green you have bent so often with the sweet, brown-haired girl you loved so well, and who was laid to rest last summer beneath the church-yard sod. Here is the little Testament you used in the chapel exercises, when the morning hymns and prayers went up to Heaven.

Then you left the old brown school house on the hill for statelier halls of learning and deeper searches after knowledge. Ever ready to aid you was a loving cousin who went forth at his country's call one year ago, and over whose grave the sods are green where a southern river is winding toward the sea. The grave professors on whom you played such pranks, the kind preceptor who lectured you deservedly sometimes, and the gay young friends, are widely scattered now. All over the old books you find their penciled names. How you long again to clasp their soft, warm hands, and look into the eyes that with yours have so often glanced over these pages! But those hours are gone forever; you cannot meet the friends, and all you have left are the dusty old books and the memories.

Rome, N. Y., 1862.

A WOMAN WHO NEVER GOSSIPS.

OH, no, I never gossip! I have enough to do to take care of my own business, without talking about the affairs of others, Mrs. Smith.

Why, there's Mrs. Crocker, she deals in scandal by the wholesale. It does seem to me as though that woman's tongue must be almost worn out; but, no, there's no danger of that. If everybody was like me, there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Oh, no, I never gossip! But did you know that Miss Elliott had got a new silk, Mrs. Smith? You didn't? Well, she has; it's a real brocade; I saw it myself; and I do say it's a shame for her to be so extravagant. I mean to give her a piece of my mind, Mrs. Smith. You believe her uncle gave it to her? Well, I don't care if he did. Why it's only two months since her father failed; and now to see her dash out in this style, it's a burning shame. I suppose she thinks she's going to catch young lawyer Jones; but I think she'll find herself mistaken. He's got more sense than to be caught by her, if she has got a brocade silk dress.

And there's the upstart dress-maker, Kate Manly, setting her cap for the doctor's son. The impertinence of some people is perfectly astonishing. I don't think she's any better than she ought to be, for my own part. I never did like her, with her mild, soft look, when anybody's about. My word for it, she can look cross enough when there ain't. Then she says she is only seventeen! Goodness knows she's as old as my Arabella Lucretia; and she's—well, I won't say how old, but she's more than seventeen, and I ain't ashamed to say so, either; but I think Dr. May's son will have more discretion than to think of marrying her. Some folks call her handsome. Well, I don't. She ain't half so good looking as my daughter Jane. Then she does up her hair in such fly-away curls! and, if you believe it, Mrs. Smith, she actually had the impudence to tell me she couldn't make her hair as straight as my Maria's. Impertinence! If she'd let curling-papers and curling-irons alone, I'd risk but what her hair would be straight as anybody's.

But what do you think of the minister's wife, Mrs. Smith? You like her? Well, all I can say is you've got a very peculiar taste. Why she's as proud as Lucifer—been married a whole week, and hasn't been to see me yet. You presume she hasn't had time? I don't see what the minister wanted to go out of town to get him a wife for, anyway; and then above all things, to get that girlish-looking thing! Why didn't he take one of his parishioners? There's my Arabella Lucretia would have made him a better wife than he's got now. And she's just about the right age for him. What do you say? that Arabella Lucretia is two years older than the minister? I should think it was a pity if I didn't know my daughter's age, Mrs. Smith! If some folks would mind their own business, as I do, I'd thank them.

SUSPICION.—One thing you will learn fast enough in the world, for it is potent in such teaching, that is, to be suspicious. Oh! cast from you forever the hateful lesson. Men do not think how much of true innocence they are laying down, when they assume a clothing whose texture is guile. Beware of this mock protection; for you can hardly use it without praotiding deceit. I do not ask you to trust always, but I would have you think well of men until you find them otherwise. When you are once deceived, either by an acted or a spoken falsehood, trust that person no more. I had once laid down to me as an axiom by a very dear friend, (and I am so satisfied of the precept's truth as to make it a rule of my life), that persons rarely suspect others except of things which they are capable of doing themselves. Yes! these shadows of doubting are generally flung from some bad realities within. You are looking at your own image when you see so much villainess in your neighbor's face. How much better might not we ourselves become, if we used more largely to others that blessed charity which thinketh no evil!

HEART-WORDS.—An old writer has truthfully remarked, that we may say what we please, if we speak through tears. Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending. Hence, when we are most tender at heart, our words are most powerful. Hence one great reason why our words have so much more power during a revival than at other times. Our hearts are more tender than they usually are—we feel more, and it is easy for the impatient to see and feel that our hearts are interested in their behalf. They feel that our words are not mere lip-words, but heart-words.

Choice Miscellany.

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

Mrs. LOFTY keeps a carriage, So do I; She has dapple grays to draw it, None have I; She's no prouder with her coachman Than am I; With my blue-eyed laughing baby, Trundling by, I hide his face lest she should see The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine husband has white fingers, Mine has not; He could give his bride a palace— Mine a cot; Here comes home beneath the starlight— Ne'er cares she; Mine comes in the purple twilight, Kisses me; And prays that he who turns life's sands Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

Mrs. Lofty has her jewels, So have I; She wears hers upon her bosom— Inside I; She will leave her's at death's portal, By-and-by; I shall bear my treasure with me When I die; For I have love and she has gold— She counts her wealth—mine can't be told.

She has those who love her—station, None have I; But I've one true heart beside me— Glad am I; I'd not change it for a kingdom, No, not I; God will weigh it in his balance, By-and-by, And the difference define 'Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

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

WHERE upon the records of the past can we find a country that has kept time to the national airs of our beloved America! Tell me, ye philosophers, tell me, where in this wide world is there a nation that has, within the past eighty years, written so many names in letters of living light upon the pages of immortal fame! Where is the country that inside of four-score years and ten has increased its population from four to more than thirty millions? Where is the land that has within the ordinary life of an individual, raised itself from a mere desolation to work foremost among the first nations of the globe? Here ultimate greatness seems almost too vast for human conception.

But, say you, we are in the midst of a bloody civil war. We are no more the United States of America. In more than half of our wide and extensive territory our loved flag is disgraced and dishonored. The foul breath of rebellion has penetrated into the heart and poisoned the very air of the Keystone State. You may say that men who were born and brought up under the stars and stripes; men who have been educated at her expense, men who have been pampered at her treasury, men upon whom have been bestowed high and repeated national honors, are arrayed in an unholy rebellion against this Government—the blackest and most wicked rebellion that was ever recorded upon the pages of history—and you can say it truly. It is true that a dark, yea, dreadful cloud hangs over the future destiny of our country. It is true that some of our ablest statesmen, those in whom we placed the greatest confidence, look forward to the result with fearful anxiety. It is true that repeated Rebel victories and Union defeats have caused the leaders of this rebellious host oftentimes to be made glad, and has sent a chill to the hearts of the lovers of this Union. It is true that, although millions of treasure have been expended, and that the waters of the James, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and even WASHINGTON'S own Potomac have been made to blush with loyal blood, although thousands of our beloved countrymen, some of the brightest intellects of the 19th century, have filled a soldier's grave in her behalf; yet our condition, as a nation, is worse than it was the 19th day of April, 1860. This is all too true.

It would be strange indeed if, with a country so extensive as ours, populated with its millions of ambitious inhabitants, we could live century after century, in peace and prosperity, without an occasional difficulty. All nations have their domestic quarrels, and why should we expect to escape? We ought not to expect this; these disturbances are the necessary consequences of human imperfection. Rebellions are coeval with the existence of man himself. We find that in the Garden of Eden, in that paradise where there were no rude defects to mar the beauties of the scene, there was a rebellion; and even in Heaven itself, where none but angels in all their crystalline purity shed their hallowed influences around, there, too, was a rebellion.

We are too apt to give up to despondency. We too frequently forget that "There is a just God who presides over the destinies," and at whose will nations survive or forever perish. That same Being who delivered us from the yoke of British oppression and established our national independence, and by whose permission we have enjoyed eighty years of uninterrupted prosperity, is able to preserve it. That same Being who permitted our loved flag to wave triumphantly in the breeze of Heaven for nearly a whole century, is able to let it wave for centuries yet to come. Who knows but what the same God who gave us our WASHINGTON of '76, has concealed, perhaps, in some obscure camp, in the dingy "work-shop, or in some isolated mountain home, a WASHINGTON of '62, who, GARIBOLDI-like, will lead our mighty and patriotic army to speedy and triumphant victory? Who knows but what the crisis in England has, by exhausting their resources and crippling their means, compelled them to non-intervention in our affairs? Who knows but what the civil war in Italy has been the means of directing the attention of the European powers thitherward, thereby allowing us time to settle our affairs in our own way? These things are all unknown to us; they remain in His hidden and impenetrable future. But this we do know, that our Government needed an entire revolution. The condition of our army was exceedingly bad; our navy had dwindled down to a few poor crafts, scarcely able to keep their time-worn sails floating in the breeze; our Executive, Legislative, and Judicial officers had become too corrupt longer to conceal their traitorous intentions from the public eye. We needed men whose souls had been tried and who would stand by

the country in the darkest hours of her adversity, to administer her affairs. We needed a "night to bring out the stars." All will yet be well.

Let us, then, lay aside these gloomy forebodings, and "Let this be our motto, in God is our trust."

And ere many suns shall rise and set, we shall once more assume the dignified position of the First Nation of the Globe. America can emphatically be called the Land of Liberty. It can be truly said of the bondsman, "touch but our soil, your shackles fall." The sun in his diurnal round will cease to hold the cankering, corroding fetters of the African upon our domains. The moon, in her nightly wanderings, will cease to shed her pale light upon the hovel of an American Slave. Those bloody stripes upon the back of that oppressed African will be only monuments of what has been, to be no more; and our Flag, with its complement of stars, under which our fathers fought, bled and conquered, will proudly wave from every dome throughout the land. It will float majestically upon every breeze, and be borne in triumph upon every sea. That flag which has sent joy to thousands of the oppressed members of the human family, will send joy to the hearts of millions yet unborn. At her sceptre proud and haughty nations will yet be made to bow the suppliant knee; at the sight of HER banners tyranny in its foulest form will yet "be made to tremble." She will be the beacon light by whose aid scores of other nations will leave the dark sea of oppression and anchor in the broad haven of Universal Liberty. Respen, N. Y., Nov., 1862. N. E. D.

FALLEN LEAVES.

How they are mixed up of all species—oak, and maple, and chestnut, and birch! But nature is not cluttered with them; she is a perfect husbandman; she stores them all. Consider what a vast crop is thus shed annually on the earth! This, more than any mere grain or seed, is the great harvest of the year. The trees are now repaying the earth with interest what they have taken from it. They are discounting. They are about to add a leaf's thickness to the depth of the soil. This is the beautiful way in which nature gets her muck, while I chaffer with this man and that, who talks to me about sulphur and the cost of carting. We are all the richer for their decay. I am more interested in this crop than in the English grass alone, or the corn. It prepares the virgin mould for future corn-fields and forests, on which the earth fattens. It keeps home-steads in good heart.

For beautiful variety, no crop can be compared with this. Here is not only the plain yellow of the grains, but nearly all the colors that we know, the brightest blue not excepted; the early-blushing maple, the poison-sunach blazing its sins as scarlet, the mulberry ash, the rich cream-yellow of the poplars, the brilliant red huckleberry, with which the hills' backs are painted like those of sheep. The frost touches them, and with the slightest breath of returning day, or jarring of earth's axle, see in what showers they come floating down! The ground is all partly colored with them. But they still live in soil, whose fertility and bulk they increase, and in the forests that spring from it. They stoop to rise, to mount higher in coming years, by subtle chemistry climbing by the sap in the trees; and the sapling's first fruits thus shed, transmuted at last, may adorn its crown, when, in after years, it has become the monarch of the forest.

It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould!—painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them half-way. How many flutterings before they rest quietly in their graves! They that soared so loftily, how contentedly they return to dust again, and are laid low, resigned to lie and decay at the foot of the tree, and afford nourishment to new generations of their kind, as well as to flutter on high! They teach us how to die. One wonders if the time will ever come when men, with their boasted faith in immortality, will lie down as gracefully and as ripe—with such an Indian summer serenity will shed their bodies, as they do their hair and nails.

When the leaves fall, the whole earth is a cemetery pleasant to walk in. I love to wander and muse over them in their graves. Here are no lying nor vain epitaphs. What though you own no lot in Mount Auburn? Your lot is surely cast somewhere in this vast cemetery, which has been consecrated of old. You need attend no auction to secure a place. There is room enough here. The loose-strife shall bloom, and the huckleberry-bird sing over your bones. The woodman and hunter shall be your sextons, and the children shall tread upon the borders as much as they will. Let us walk in the cemetery of the leaves—this is your true Greenwood Cemetery.—Atlantic Monthly.

KINDNESS.—A well-meant act of kindness shown towards one who is superior in station, however trifling in itself, is always felt to be of real value. Such tokens are always well received, and tend greatly to promote that heartiness of kindly feeling which it is so important to maintain between the different orders of society. Those in humble life should therefore consider and cultivate this practical manifestation of good-will towards the more elevated. While, on the other hand, the high in station may do as much, or more good, by the character of their personal acts of benevolence, as by any amount of alms-giving. The feelings, the tastes, the circumstances, the position of our humbler brethren should be respected in every work that is undertaken for their benefit.—Rev. F. W. Naylor.

AMERICAN HOPEFULNESS.—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the good-natured Mr. Trollope, in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable good humor and hopefulness of the people. He meets frequently people who are ruined by the calamities of the war. They never weep, or wring their hands, or tear their hair. One man, from whom the secessionists of Missouri had taken cattle and crops, and all the fruit of the labor of years, merely remarked, in a quiet way, while he picked his teeth with a bowie knife, "Yes, they have been kinder rough with me." That was all; he had nothing else to say. Mr. Trollope thinks a genuine American never complains and never desponds. Whatever happens in the external world, says Mr. T., "the man is always there."

Sabbath Musings.

THE ONLY WAY TO HEAVEN.

"The road to Heaven is the royal road of the Cross."—Thom. Kempis.

We may spread our couch with roses, And sleep through the summer day; Bat the soul that in sloth reposes, Is not in the narrow way. If we follow the chart that is given, We never need be at a loss; For the only way to heaven Is the royal way of the cross. To one who is reared in splendor, The cross is a heavy load; And the feet that are soft and tender Will shrink from the thorny road. But the chains of the soul must be riven, And wealth must be held as dross, For the only way to heaven Is the royal way of the cross.

We say we will walk to-morrow The path we refuse to-day; And still, with our lukewarm sorrow, We shrink from the narrow way. How heeded the chosen eleven How the fortunes of life may lose, As they followed their Master to Heaven By the royal way of the cross?

[Translated for the Rural from the French of Fœnstel.] THE BIBLE.

THE Scriptures surpass in simplicity, vividness and grandeur, all the writings of Rome and of Greece. Never has HOMER himself approached the sublimity of MOSES in his Songs, especially the last, which the children of the Israelites were to learn by heart. Never has ode, Greek or Latin, been able to attain the high of the Psalms; for instance that beginning, "The God of gods, the Lord, has spoken, and He has called the earth," exceeds human imagination. Never has HOMER, or any other poet, equaled ISAAH painting the majesty of God in whose eyes "The Kingdoms are as a grain of dust; the Universe as a tint, which is spread to-day and folded to-morrow." Now the prophet has all the sweetness and delicacy of the eclogue, in his smiling pictures of peace; now he rises to leave all below him.

What is there in profane antiquity to be compared with the tender JEREMIAH, bewailing the woes of his people; or with NAHUM, seeing afar in the spirit, proud Nineveh fall under the efforts of a countless army? We seem to see the host, to hear the clang of arms and of chariots; all is sketched in that striking manner which seizes the imagination; he leaves HOMER far behind. Then read DANIEL denouncing against Belshazzar the vengeance of GOD ready to burst upon him, and seek in the most sublime originals of antiquity anything to be compared with it. Besides all is sustained in the Scriptures; every part keeps its own character, the history, the detail of the laws, the descriptions, the glowing passages, the mysteries, the moral discourses; finally, there is as much difference between the profane poets and the prophets, as there is between the true enthusiasm and the false. The former, truly inspired, strikingly express something divine; the latter, struggling to rise beyond themselves, always exhibit human weakness. PHILLO. Cardington, Ohio, 1862.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes back to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window in the soul over life's restless waters, but wings its way wearily back, with an olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in the heaven, yet breathes no secret of the ethereal wilderness; the crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message, and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Between this and the other life is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend, whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart, but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her.—J. G. Holland.

COMING OF SPIRITUAL IMPRESSIONS.—The coming and going of the thoughts of the mind, the mysterious manner in which they sometimes break in upon us, fill us with inquiring wonder. But when we ascend to the spiritual, how greatly is that wonder increased: "Often deep spiritual impressions come most unexpectedly. It is night: the tolls of the day are over, and the man has retired to rest. All is dark, lonely, and silent around him; the doors are fastened, and, with conscious security, he sinks into repose. But, see! a vision approaches; it halts right before his eyes; it illumines midnight with its brightness; it breaks the silence with its voice, and delivers a message from the Everlasting. What a symbol is this of a spiritual thought! It often comes into the chamber of a man's soul at night on his bed, breaks his slumbers, and shakes his spirit to its center. Nothing can exclude it—no walls, gates, bolts, nor locks can shut out a thought. He who made the mind knows its every avenue, and can reach it wherever and however he pleases."

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God or man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

RELIGION.—Religion is not the doing of certain acts, or the avoiding of certain sins, or the exhibition of certain feelings, or the offering of certain prayers; it goes far beyond these. All these may exist, and yet there be no religion. As the marble statue is not the living man, so the most perfect routine of duty is nothing without life from the indwelling Spirit. Without the latter, there may be a religious machine, but not a religious man.

THE saint is greater than the sage, and discipleship to Jesus is the pinnacle of human dignity.

The Educator.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LEAF FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY.

I LOOKED into the eyes of one of my scholars to-day, and saw plainly there the stamp of consumption. She is one of the best students in the whole school. I looked at her; then I turned away, for I felt so sad I could not see her without feeling a dimness come over my eyes. The tears would gather there. I feel them now. She looked up to me so sweetly, she was so kind, that her soul seemed full of goodness; yet she must soon die. How hard it seems to me, but she appears as cheerful as ever. I notice she listens very attentively when I am talking to my Physiology class about consumption. She must know how frail she is; yet no thought of death ever appears to shade her brow. Blessed girl! I wish all could thus live, all enjoy the gift so kindly bestowed by the Great Father.

That one look of this morning has followed me all day. I cannot rid myself of it. This is only one of my daily observations. How honestly scholars look up to a teacher for advice and instruction. Teachers, we have a holy office. Do we pray enough? I fear not. I have thus mused on the day, led to it no doubt by that one look, which, I hope, may lead me to think more of what I might do with these gems of immortality. See their soul-thought in every word, every action; manly strength in the embryo yet nobility there, although it may often be encased within the brawny muscles and rough exterior of the honest farmer boy. He enjoys the life-power. He lives, and it does me good to see him full of life. I wish I could give him more time to play. Here, too, is womanly grace growing into purity of character, marking out holy aims in life. They do not even know these things themselves. There they are, and time shall reveal them, making them bloom into beautiful forms hereafter.

Thus I think of my pupils to-day; thus I am glad that I can look into their faces, feeling thankful in granting unto them, from my scanty store, that which I hope may make them better. Not all my thoughts are so pleasant. There are the careless, listless, lazy boys, always trying to show out their nature in some funny action; still I like them. I attribute this fun to an extra amount of vitality which they must work off, somehow, or be miserable. They do not mean to be bad; they can hardly help having these good times of fun and mischief. From among these boys will grow up men to take the various stations in life. How we shall be disappointed in them. Some of these wild fellows will fill the chairs of state, some will herald the everlasting Gospel to other nations.

But I cannot tell all my thoughts to-day. I only wish all of them could be as hopeful, that I might always thus feel the grandeur of my toiling, wearisome, yet truly great vocation. The twilight has faded away amid the crimson leaves in the west, and all is hushed. May I see many days like this when I may rejoice in feeling better and purer from the soul-power gained in the blessed intercourse with my scholars. I am almost wearied, yet I feel it not, all is so pleasant and cheerful. Darkness has come. My eyes cannot follow the pen. It is night. Seville Academy, Medina Co., Ohio, 1862.

BENEFITS OF RELAXATION IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Sir Benjamin Brodie thus expressed his opinion on this subject:—"It is only to a limited extent that the education of children can be advantageously combined with bodily labor. Even in the case of grown-up persons, some intervals of leisure are necessary to keep the mind in a healthy and vigorous state. It is when thus relieved from the state of tension belonging to actual study that boys and girls, as well as men and women, acquire the habit of thought and reflection, and of forming their own conclusions, independently of what they are taught and the authority of others. In younger persons, it is not the mind only that suffers from too large a demand being made on it for the purposes of study. Relaxation and cheerful occupation are essential to the proper development of the corporeal structure and faculties; and the want of them operates like an unwholesome atmosphere, or defective nourishment, in producing the lasting evils of defective health and a stunted growth, with all the secondary evils to which they lead."

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all re-produced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little farther on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and moulds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate. Now, it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.—Bushnell.

LITERARY EXHAUSTION.—Frequently we meet with a writer who achieves one remarkable book, and whatever other books he writes are comparative failures—echoes of the same thought, repetitions of the same creations. The reason of that stint of invention is obvious: the author has embodied certain ideas long meditated; and if his book be really great, all the best of those ideas are poured into it. In the interval between that book and the next, he has not paused to ponder new studies and gather from them new ideas, and the succeeding books comprise but the leavings of the old ideas. A man of genius is inexhaustible only in proportion as he is always renourishing his genius. Both in mind and body, where nourishment ceases vitality fails.—Butcher.

A GOOD HINT.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

THE PETROLEUM TRADE.

THE rapid and extended use of petroleum has no parallel in the history of manufactures or commerce. It is but three years (Aug., 1859,) since petroleum was first obtained in any notable quantities in the valley of Oil Creek, Pa.; and yet in that short period its employment for artificial illumination has spread over all parts of the civilized world and the distant islands of the sea. The obtaining of it from the oil wells, the refining of it, the carrying of it to market and the export of it abroad, combine to form a new manufacturing and commercial business for America, of great extent, which is the source of no small amount of wealth. Its rapid growth is proven by the fact that in the first nine months of 1861 the exports of it amounted to only 368,940 gallons, while in the same time in the current year they amounted to 6,294,819 gallons,—an increase of no less than 5,925,879 gallons. From the first of January last up to the 7th of this month, there was exported from the three ports of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, 7,887,768 gallons, valued at \$2,040,750. Australia, China, New Zealand, and the West Indies, have received cargoes, but the greatest quantity went to Europe, and no less than 4,101,437 gallons to Great Britain.

In a circular recently issued by A. Macrae, the great oil broker in Liverpool, it is stated that from the first of January up to the 18th of October last there were received at Liverpool, of crude and refined petroleum, 200,000 casks, valued at \$3,000,000; this includes Pennsylvania and Canada petroleum. Crude American is now selling at Liverpool for \$100 per tun; it was selling in May last for only \$40 per tun. Benzine (the lightest refined oil) is in large demand. There is also a great demand for the heavy lubricating American petroleum. This circular says:—"The oil exported from America and Canada in 1862 (the first of its European introduction) exceeded in value £1,000,000. Yet one tithe of its dissemination is not effected; Britain has manipulated pretty freely, so have France and the German States, but so clamorous are they for more that the export extension cannot be made sufficiently general. Spain, Portugal, Italy and Russia have yet to receive it in the crude form."—Sci. Amer.

WELLINGTON'S STRATEGY.

ON a certain occasion during Wellington's campaign in the Pyrenees, that "Great Captain" being displeased with the dispositions General Picton had made for receiving the assault of Marshal Soult, who menaced him in front, ordered the plan to be entirely changed. But the difficulty was to delay the attack of the French until the change could be effected. This the "Iron Duke" accomplished in person, in the following manner:—Doffing his cocked hat and waving it in the air, he rode furiously to the head of a regiment, as if about to order a charge. Thereupon arose a tremendous cheer from the men, which was taken up by corps after corps, until it reverberated along the whole extent of Picton's line. As the roar died away, Wellington was heard to remark, musingly, as if addressing himself—"Soult is a skillful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force until he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and we shall beat him." It turned out as he anticipated. Soult, naturally enough, supposed these tremendous shouts announced the arrival of large re-enforcements, and did not attack until too late. Had he struck at the right moment, he would have won an easy victory; as it was, he met with a bloody repulse. This was strategy. Not the strategy of books, but the strategy of genius, engendered and executed in the same moment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEAM.—The application of steam to photography is a new American invention. Mr. Charles Fontayne, of Cincinnati, has perfected a machine for printing photographs from the negative, at the rate of from two thousand five hundred to twelve thousand impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printing as ordinarily practised. The illustrations for a book, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a rapidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate printing or lithography. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative come direct from artists' hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

DISCOVERIES IN ANCIENT AFRICA.—The African, of Constantia (Algeria), states that the excavations now being made on the site of the ancient Numidian town of Tiddis, on the banks of the Rummel, have brought to light several inscriptions which prove that place to have been still inhabited under the Byzantine Empire. A great number of silos or corn-pits, lined with masonry, have also been discovered, showing that this mode of preserving corn was then employed in cities, though it has long been supposed that it was introduced by the Arabs. On the plain of El-Heri, not far from this ancient city, stands the mausoleum of the Senator Lucillus, the friend of Marcus Aurelius, from which it is inferred that even the highest functionaries of Rome personally superintended the cultivation of their estates in Africa.

GREAT ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF COAL OIL.—Three months ago coal oil was selling in New York for 32 cents per gallon; it is now selling at one dollar per gallon by the cargo. Benzine, which was a drug in the market at 84 cents per gallon about the time when coal oil was selling at 32 cents, is now worth about the same as coal oil. Any person who will invent a coal oil lamp which will give a greater light with less consumption of material than the kind now in use will be sure to realize a fortune from his invention, if it is brought out immediately. Who will be the lucky man?—Sci. Am.

RICE IN HAWAII.—One and half pounds of South Carolina rice seed, sent to Hawaii in 1860, were planted there Aug. 11th; their produce, harvested December 29th, was forty pounds. Before the end of November, 1861, 3,800 pounds had been gathered, of the second crop; and it was estimated that by the end of August, 1862, more than a million pounds would have been harvested, all from that one and a half pounds.

Reading for the Young.

ECONOMY VERSUS MEANNESS.

BY H. H. ARR.

"OLD stinky boots,"—"Meaner than dirt!"—"Greedy Jaws,"—"Swallow your berries whole," shouted half a dozen sharp voices on the street, one day last week. My window was open, but my blinds were closed; and I will assure you that I took good care not to open them, for when there is any quarrelling going on I had much rather be behind than before the scene. I am not a coward, however; and, though I am rather given to peeping through the blinds, yet, when justice requires it, I am not afraid to fling them wide open, and thrust myself betwixt a set of fighting boys or teasing girls. In this present case I pulled the wire of my Venetian blind, and took sharp of the seat of war.

The sharp voices and sharper words seemed to be fired off by half a dozen stout, brown faced boys, of ten years or more, who were bristling against a tall, pale-faced lad, of about the same age, who held a covered basket tightly in his arms. The six urchins were evidently trying to get the cover of the bucket off. "Take away your hands," the tall lad kept saying. But the more he said "hands off," the more the hands were on. And most villainous looking hands they were too, brown, streaked, scratched, with black finger nails, and looked altogether as though they had not been washed for a twelve-month.

"Old stinky boots,"—"Meaner than dirt,"—"Greedy Jaws" came through the blinds again. The boy held on to the bucket, but never were six wolves more determined. You would have knocked them all down, would you? No—you wouldn't have done any such thing. You would have risked the tearing of your jacket, and a good pounding beside. Most likely you would have called out lustily for help, and so have saved your berries. But very few of you, I am sure, would have done what my little hero did. When he found that words were of no avail, he set his bucket down in the middle of the street, took off his cover, and then stood back with folded arms to see the berries go.

And O, boys, how they did go! However, I have seen just such greedy sights before; for, though there may be an end to your capacities, it does seem as if there was no end to your appetites.

Down to the bottom they came in a twinkling. Only one more handful; and, like the guzzlers that they were, a regular scramble they were having for that. "Now you may eat the bucket," called out the pale lad. And here comes the cream of the story. Tim, the saddler over the way, had been watching them as well as I; and whilst they were all struggling for the last berry, with their heads all in a bunch, out he ran with a stout cane. Whiz, whack, bang—over their heads, over their ears, over their backs. Never a swarm of flies started quicker than those six little miscreants, who ran howling down the street.

"But why didn't you interfere before? some boy or girl asks. "I wouldn't have looked on so calmly." "So calmly! Was I calm? Why boys, my blood fairly boiled. I called, I screamed, I hallooed. And what do you think they said? "Pooh, don't mind her, she's only a woman." "Only a woman." Won't they make tender, dear, little men when they grow up? Don't respect me the less for this, I pray you, for I assure you that, for these six young boots, twenty well bred, handsome lads will lift their caps to me on the street, and as many bright-eyed, little girls delight to make me bouquets.

I opened the blind, and called the lad to me. It was none of my business, but I could not help asking him what he had picked the berries for. He blushed, stammered, and then said, quickly, "To carry to Jim Langly, ma'am." I knew Jim Langly—I have carried berries and oranges to him myself. He is very fond of them. He is no relation of the lad's; but a poor, forlorn, decrepit old man, living upon charity and a very small pension.

This boy it seems, who is as fond as any of you of a game at ball, or marbles, had voluntarily given up half of his holiday, that he might add a little to the comfort of a poor, sick, old man. Wasn't that right noble of him, boys? Isn't that what you call self-denial? I have inquired him out, too, and of course have found him to be a good son, a good brother, and a faithful pupil. He will grow up a self-forgetting, kind, benevolent man. He will make a good soldier on the right side of any cause. No coward was he. He was not tall enough, nor strong enough, nor thoughtless enough, to beat his tormentors; but he cut them with a clean blade, when he branded their consciences with a sense of a most mean act. How long hereafter they will sneak from that boy's presence!

I must not forget to tell you that Jim Langly got his berries, no matter how, and my hero carried them to him.

Boys, did you ever think what a vast difference there is between economy and meanness? That lad had picked berries that he might not infringe upon a little sum which he was getting together for another work of love. He might have bought them with his father's money; but then he would have missed the blessed growth of economy, patience, and self-denial in his heart. There is a vast difference between economy and meanness. Do you know that the most economical persons are very apt to be the most liberal; whilst the most extravagant are the meanest? Habits of self-denial beget interest for others; whilst habits of self-indulgence and lavish expenditure beget selfishness and meanness. Form your good habits now. Be chary of your pin money. Deny yourselves, and early learn to think of others' good; so shall you, ruled by a noble sense of duty, become beloved and useful men.—Student and Schoolmate.

THE way to be accounted learned is, not to know everything, but to be able to marshal up what you do know, be it much or little, and tell it.

LET us live patiently. We should have aspirations, but, till the time for flying comes, let us brood contently upon our nests.

MEN of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

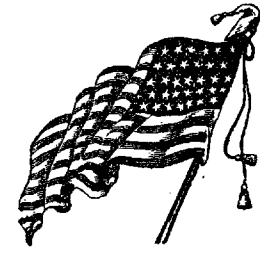
LITTLE differences keep up the commerce of friendship between sensible men, and destroy it between fools.

MOST men are angrier at him who reprehends their faults than at him who has been the occasion of them.

AN ungrateful man is justly regarded as the common injurer of all those who need assistance.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 6, 1862.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

Management of Gen. Buell—His successor, Gen. Rosecrans, Used by the Army—Kentucky and Tennessee Secessionists—What the Negroes say and are doing—Appearance and Condition of the Country—Prices of Provisions, &c.—Nashville; its surroundings, railroads, bridges, &c.—Morgan's guerrilla band—The Weather, Crops, &c.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 17th, 1862.

EDW. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Knowing as I do, that the RURAL has many readers that have friends in this Department of the Army, I have thought a few lines from here might prove acceptable to you. This Department, as you know, was until recently under command of BUELL. On the first of October the army, two hundred thousand strong, fully armed and equipped, left Louisville to attack BRAGO, who was reported within twelve miles of that town, with his main force. Officers and men were full of hope and sanguine of victory, knowing that our force, if ably managed, was sufficient to handle that wily traitor without gloves, and thus free Kentucky from rebel invasion. But alas, it soon became evident that our chief in command had no idea of punishing his dear brother-in-law BRAGO.

Skirmishing began on the 4th and continued daily until the 8th, when it was no longer possible to avoid a semblance of fight. There had been no rain since early in spring, and our troops were suffering for want of water. We were now approaching one of the finest springs in the State, where good water was abundant, and if we could be kept from that, our only course would be to fall back. Hence the battle of Perryville, of which I suppose you have been fully informed. Since this battle it has been one continuous march through heat and dust almost unendurable, keeping just near enough to the enemy to avoid hurting him, and thus allowing him to escape. I have conversed with many of the prisoners, and they all scout the idea of soldiers expecting to fight BRAGO under BUELL. They told me that at three different times our forces were on three sides of them, and the only way they got out was by marching night and day. BUELL was removed from this command in good time. It is generally thought that a longer delay would have proved disastrous. Much is expected of ROSECRANS. The army will follow him into the field full of confidence. He is a fighting man, and his command is composed of men who enlisted for no other purpose than to put down this rebellion in the shortest and safest manner.

In traveling through Kentucky and Tennessee, one cannot fail to notice how generally it is the case that the "upper-ten-dom" favor secession, while the poorer class universally hail the approach of the Union Army with unfeigned joy. Where slaves are the most plentiful, rebels are the most common. In all cases where I have had an opportunity to talk with the slaves of rebel masters, they have been instructed that it is our intention to take their master's houses and lands from them, and work the negroes for our own benefit. They pretend to believe this, and talk secession "right smart" when any of the master's folk are in hearing; but when with us alone they assure us that they are only abiding their time. They are fully aware of the significance of the President's proclamation. Hundreds of them are now leaving their families behind and following our army in the capacity of servants, cooks, &c. Many of them are making and saving money, which is so different from their former experience that some of them hardly know how to contain themselves. When opportunity offers they speculate on a small scale in bread, potatoes, meal, apples, pies, &c. They are generally strictly honest, but quite pennurious.

The general aspect of this country is desolate enough. Much valuable property has been burned—houses, bridges, fences, and anything which could be made available, has been appropriated by either army. Prices are ruinously high. A pair of fine boots are worth sixteen to twenty dollars; calico one dollar per yard, and finer goods in proportion; potatoes, \$3.50 to \$4 per bushel; apples, \$3 per bush; butter \$1 per pound, and coffee ditto; sugar, 50 cents; molasses, \$4 per gallon, and many other things proportionately high.

Nashville, in good times, numbers about 45,000 people. It is finely located and surrounded by a desirable farming country. The State House stands on the highest grounds in the city, and commands one of the finest prospects I ever saw. The fine suspension bridge which spanned the Cumberland was destroyed by the rebels last spring—the river now being crossed by a pontoon bridge. The railroad bridge, which was burned at the same time, has been rebuilt. The cars on the Nashville & Louisville Railroad now come to Mitchellsville—distant 36 miles. A bridge and tunnel which were destroyed have yet to be rebuilt before we are in direct rail communication with Louisville. It is expected this will be done in ten days. Until within a week, not a Northern paper has been received in this town for five months. This morning the news boys are selling Chicago papers of the 14th inst.

The railroad is strongly guarded on account of JOHN MORGAN'S guerrilla band which still infests the country. This man is a perfect terror to this whole country. He is one of the most cunning and desperate men in the rebel service. I could relate instances of almost unheard-of barbarity as committed by him. Of late his transactions are mostly confined to cutting off our trains and destroying railroads and telegraphs. The mountainous character of this region affords him facilities for refuge and security. I am told this morning that this Division

is to be furnished with five thousand pack mules to carry our baggage while we devote our attention to routing him from his mountain haunts. The motto is "no quarter to him nor any of his accursed minions."

The weather is very mild and pleasant—much like early Sept. in New York. As I have before intimated, the season has been remarkably dry. Hundreds of the springs which have heretofore furnished plenty of water are now dry. The Cumberland is lower than ever known before. Crops of all kinds are just about a failure, and how the people of Southern Kentucky and Tennessee are to live until another crop can be grown is more than I can tell. Uncle SAM'S teams must live, and as long as an ear of corn remains in the country our foraging trains will get it. Should this prove acceptable to you, you may hear from me again. H. F. CORRY, Co. E., 74th Reg't. Ill. Vol's.

APPEAL OF WOMEN TO THE PRESIDENT.

EIGHT thousand signatures have been appended to the following appeal from the women of the loyal States to the President, praying for the removal of incompetent army officers:

"To the President of the United States:—We, the undersigned, women of the United States, who have freely given our brothers, sons, and husbands to fight for the country in this deadly struggle, and who will seek every opportunity to aid, cheer, and uphold them to the end—seeing our army, the flower and hope of the land, exposed to needless danger and sufferings—do hereby ask of you, Abraham Lincoln, that you, as chief ruler of this nation, see to it that the strength which is needed against the enemy be not wasted by a foe within—and that you cause all negligent, incompetent, drunken, or knavish men who in the first hurry of election obtained for themselves weighty charges and posts of responsibility, to be at once sought out and dismissed—and that you give our precious soldiers in keeping to the most honest, the most capable, the most faithful, trusty, and zealous officers, both civil and military, that can be found within our land.

"So that we, waiting at home that issue which the God of battles alone can give, need feel for our soldiers no evil, but those inseparable from war—need fear no inefficient or untrusty quartermasters, no careless, ignorant, or drunken officers, no unskilful, unfeeling, or drunken surgeons.

"We believe that a just severity to such offenders would greatly increase the efficiency of our army, and would strengthen the hands of Government by securing the confidence of the people.

"It would be welcome to all those officers and officials who are now working faithfully. It would be welcome to every one; for though men are prone to float on the frail platform of 'Whatever is, is right,' they rejoice when some bold hand breaks it in fragments under them.

"We have intrusted to you all that we most value—we believe that you will care for it tenderly and conscientiously—remembering that of this host, when one man suffers many hearts bleed. We suffer willingly, but we look to you, our chosen ruler, that we do not suffer in vain."

All women interested in the subject of this petition are requested to send their signatures to Box No. 2,733 Post-Office, Boston, Mass.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Department of the South.

It will be remembered that we made brief mention concerning an inland movement of the Federal troops under command of Maj.-Gen. Foster, with the double intention of performing a reconnaissance in force, and capturing three rebel regiments which were stationed in Washington county. The letter portion of the programme failed owing to the condition of the roads which were much broken up by long continued and heavy rains. The following official report has been received at the War Department:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT, NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBERN, November 11th, 1862.

General—I have the honor to report that agreeably to my letter of the 30th ult., informing you of my intention to make an expedition through the eastern counties of this State, I left this post on the 21st, and have just arrived here on my return. Though an original plan for the capture of the three regiments foraging in that section, was intended, the condition of the roads, frustrated us. The expedition, however, will be of great service to our cause in this department.

The First Brigade, under Col. Armory, with artillery and cavalry, and wagon trains, were marched from this point across the country to Washington. The balance of my forces were embarked on transports, and landed at Washington, where they were joined by Col. Armory's command. On Sunday, 3d, all the forces, including artillery, left Washington, under my command, for Williamson. The same evening we encountered the enemy, posted in a strong position, at Little Creek. I immediately ordered Col. Stevenson, commanding second brigade, who was in advance, to haste in driving them from the opposite side of the creek and push on at once. The engagement lasted an hour, when the enemy were driven from their rifle pits by the officers and men of Belzer's Rhode Island battery, and retired to Paul's Mills, where they made another stand in a field work. Belzer's battery and two batteries of the third New York artillery were immediately ordered into position, and after a spirited engagement succeeded in driving the enemy across the bridge, which they burnt.

That night, while the pioneers built a bridge the forces bivouacked on the field, and proceeded next morning to Williamson, where we arrived about noon. We started there at a short rest in pursuit of the enemy, bivouacking about five miles from that place. On the following day we reached and occupied Rainbow fortifications three miles below Hamilton, and then pushed forward to the latter place. There we expected to find some iron boats, said to be making, but discovered nothing of the kind.

On the 6th, we left Hamilton in pursuit of the enemy towards Tarboro' and encamped the same night within ten miles of that place. It was my instructions to pursue the enemy to Tarboro', but the exhausted condition of my men, most of whom had been sick during the last two months and had not yet recovered their strength, and the provisions being entirely exhausted so that I had to subsist men by foraging, as well as the fact that the enemy were being largely reinforced by rail, changed my plans, and on the following morning, 7th, I countermarched the column, reaching Hamilton the same night, where we remained till the next morning, when we marched for Williamson, in the midst of a severe storm, where we remained a day to rest. At daylight, on the 11th, we started for Plymouth, where we arrived at night. The following day the troops were all re-embarked at Newbern.

During the engagement at Rawl's Mills and Hamilton, we captured five prisoners, who were paroled at Williamson. Our loss is six killed and eight wounded.

The expedition was instrumental in saving Plymouth from destruction and capture, as I found upon my arrival there that the enemy was lying near, besides being engaged in foraging and reconstructing the bridge over the creek three miles outside of the town, for the transportation of artillery to the opposite bank. I also learn from information gathered on the spot, that an immediate attack was to have been made upon the place, but for my advance, and the danger of capturing, when they beat a hasty retreat.

I recommend that Col. Stevenson for efficient service in this march and at Little Creek and Rawl's mill, as well as previously at the battle of Roanoke and Newbern, be promoted to Brigadier General, to date from November 3d, 1862.

I have the honor, &c., J. G. FOSTER, Major-General Commanding.

The Army in Virginia.

That portion of the Federal force engaged immediately before Fredericksburg have been kept very quiet during the week.

General Stahl returned this evening from the reconnaissance in force commenced on Thursday night last. After driving in White's pickets at Ashby's Gap on Friday, the command returned to Middleburg, and there encamped for the night.

General Stahl returned this evening from the reconnaissance in force commenced on Thursday night last. After driving in White's pickets at Ashby's Gap on Friday, the command returned to Middleburg, and there encamped for the night.

In this affair we had one man killed, and eight or ten wounded, and one—Lieut. Hallet, of the Ninth New York—missing. The principal force of the rebels, commanded by Gen. Jones, fell back on Winchester, and were pursued by the Ninth New York Cavalry to within four miles of that place.

Major-General Sigel reports the result of the foregoing skirmishes as follows:

Brigadier-General Stahl has just returned. He attacked the enemy at Snicker's Ferry and followed them with 300 cavalry into the camp on the other side of the river, and near Berryville. Our men charged splendidly whenever they met the enemy.

The 3d, 7th and 12th Virginia cavalry were also attacked and routed. Forty of them with horses were taken prisoners, and 50 killed and wounded, and two colors taken.

Stahl says the officers and men behaved excellently, and used only their swords and no fire-arms. He also reports that there is a brigade under Jones, at Winchester, but that Jackson's main force was at Newmarket last Wednesday, as reported previously.

A successful scout was made by the 2d Virginia cavalry, under Col. J. C. Baxter, in the vicinity of Lewisburg. The troops left Camp Platt, ten miles from Charlottesville, on the 24th ult.

Gen. Geary made another successful reconnaissance from Harper's Ferry on the 26th ult., in which he destroyed a cloth mill and took possession of some flour belonging to the rebels.

A telegram from Fredericksburg this (Tuesday) A. M., states that the rebels are working with redoubled vigor on their fortifications, and their cavalry have of late been very active, and have captured a number of our pickets along the fords of the river, besides the two companies of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry at Harwood Church.

Fortress Monroe, Nov. 27.—On Saturday week an expedition left Yorktown, consisting of three gunboats and 600 of the 11th Maine. They returned on the 26th, after having scouted ten miles beyond Mobjackday, where they destroyed extensive and valuable rebel salt works.

Last Tuesday our pickets near Williamsburg captured eight rebels near Fortress Monroe. A flag of truce leaves here early to-morrow morning for City Point to bring down Union prisoners in charge of Capt. Mulford.

Movements in the West.

KENTUCKY.—A dispatch from Columbus, on the 29th ult., says the grand army of the South are all in motion. Sherman with his forces left Memphis on Wednesday. Grant's army struck their tents at dawn yesterday, and marched off on the Holly Springs road. The army took seven days' rations, only one tent allowed to twenty men, one to officers of each company, and six wagons to each regiment.

An important order has just been issued by Gen. Boyle, which is in substance as follows:

All commanding officers serving in this District are ordered not to permit any negro or slave to enter their camps, and all officers and privates are forbidden to interfere or intermeddle with the slaves in any way.

TENNESSEE.—The Murfreesboro Banner of the 26th, states that Joe Johnston will assume command of Bragg's army.

The Banner reports heavy skirmishing at Lavergne on the 29th.

In incendiaries have been trying to burn the city of Memphis. On Sunday night there were 10 different fires—Monday night 14—showing conclusively that there is a concerted movement for the destruction of the city. Great alarm exists in consequence.

On Tuesday morning, 250 rebel cavalry took the town of Henderson, on the Mobile and Ohio road, burning the station-house and other property.

They also took one company of Federal soldiers prisoners.

The weight of military opinion continues favorable to the view that there will be no great battle in Middle Tennessee. If there is, it will be between Tullahoma and Winchester. Considerable bodies of cavalry hover about our front, but since they were vigorously driven by Col. Kennett's command, they have been more cautious.

Some 400 of Morgan's cavalry left camp seven miles from Lebanon, to attack the Federals at Wood's Ferry, on the Cumberland, but were shelled back with a loss of two men.

Union refugees from McMinnville say the emancipation proclamation is generally approved by the loyalists there.

On the 27th, Col. Kirk, of the 5th brigade of Col. Sahl's division, with two companies of the 3d Indiana cavalry, had a skirmish with rebels near Lavergne. Several rebels were killed and wounded and three captured.

Some Texas Rangers fired on Gen. Sherman's pickets on the 27th, when the Rangers were routed, losing one killed and one badly wounded.

Col. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois, captured guerrilla Capt. Porter and several of his men on the 28th.

The troops are in fine condition. The weather is cold and dry.

ARKANSAS.—Gen. Hovey's expedition of 17 transports, carrying 10,000 men, which left Helena some days since, returned on Friday week. It proceeded to the mouth of White river, but owing to its shallowness, could not go further.

MISSISSIPPI.—A speech delivered by Gen. Pemberton, on taking command of the rebel Gen. Van Dorn's army of the South-West, is significant. It is published in the papers received lately from New Orleans. He begins by telling his soldiers that though a Northern man by birth, he has married, raised children and owned negroes in the South, and will never consent to the social equality of the white and black races.

"I am," says he, "no street scavenger—no Gen. Lovell." The General then expatiated on foreign interference by Europe. "We want no interference in our private quarrels. We must settle the question ourselves, or fail entirely. The moment England interferes, she finds us a united people, and she will have to meet the armies of the South as well as of the North."

The Grenada Appeal, of the 21st, publishes the proceedings of the manufacturers' convention at Augusta, Ga., at which, owing to the high prices of articles used in manufactures, it was not thought advisable to contract with the government at fixed prices for more than one month.

The Appeal learns from several sources that the Federals in Western Tennessee and the vicinity of Holly Springs have forbidden farmers from sowing wheat, declaring that they will not be allowed to raise it. The Federals purpose to prohibit the production of anything but cotton.

The following order has been received by Gen. P. J. Holmes:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Richmond, Nov. 17, 1862. Lieut.-Gen. P. J. Holmes, Commanding Trans-Miss. Department:—Inclosed you will find a slip from the Memphis Daily Appeal, of the 3d inst., containing an account purporting to be derived from the Palmyra (Mo.) Courier, a Federal journal, of the murder of ten Confederate citizens of Missouri, by order of Gen. McNeil, of the United States army.

Gen. Blunt, with 5,000 Federals, attacked and routed about 8,000 rebels, under Gen. Marmaduke, at Cane Hill, Ark., on the 20th ult., killing 60 and driving the balance some twelve miles. Gen. Blunt telegraphs that the enemy is badly whipped, and will not probably return north of Boston Mountains again this winter; and as they have consumed all the subsistence in the valley of the Arkansas, they must soon retreat into Texas.

The following have been received at the War Department:

To Major-General Halleck:—Gen. Blunt, with his division, made forced marches and attacked the enemy yesterday morning at Stone Hill. The battle lasted several hours. The enemy, under Gen. Marmaduke, began to fall back about 10 o'clock, but retreated fighting until sundown. The victory was complete. Our loss is not great. The enemy's loss is much greater than ours. Our forces encamped on the battle-field.

To Gen. H. W. Halleck:—Gen. Davidson telegraphs that a cavalry expedition, under Major Torry, to the forks of Mingo and St. Francis, captured Col. Phelan and ten men of the rebel army.

Department of the South.

A DISPATCH to the Navy Department from Com Parker, of the United States steamer Cambridge, reports a schooner having been discovered near Masonborough Inlet. He immediately bore down on her and fired a 30-pound Parrot gun, and the schooner ran ashore. A boat, and two men were sent to him with instructions that as the surf was too high not to venture too near; and if they could not reach the vessels safely, to return. The boat however reached the shore and fired the schooner, which was entirely destroyed. Two other boats were sent to communicate with, and, it is possible, give relief. At this juncture some 30 men suddenly upon the party and all were taken prisoners.

During Commander Parker's absence, while engaged in destroying the schooner, the Daylight drove an English barque on the beach, at one mile from the fort, where she became hard and fast. The dispatch of Lieutenant Commanding Brain,

dated the 18th, reports, after giving chase to a schooner, the parties on her ran ashore. With a few shells she unloading her dispersed. She proved to be the schooner Halifax with no papers on board. At this time another schooner was discovered down the coast. Leaving two boats to get the first schooner, Commander Brain started after the second, and she was also run ashore. On boarding she proved to be the English schooner Ann Maria, of Nassau. No colors or papers found aboard. Getting as close as possible with the steamer she was hauled off but she laded in four fathoms of water. Immediately returning to the first schooner and finding her laded, she was destroyed. These vessels were loaded with salt. A few kegs of lard and several barrels of flour and sugar were destroyed, including 2,000 bags of salt.

Lieutenant Commanding Truxton, of the gunboat Chocura, at Beaufort, N. C., Nov. 12th, says they seized an unknown schooner for violating the blockade. She was from Wilmington and bound to Nassau. Her Master stated that she left Wilmington without papers, flag or name. The death of the Collector and the prevalence of yellow fever had caused the Custom House to be closed and business to be suspended. Eight hundred cases of yellow fever had occurred when he left. The schooner was laden with resin, turpentine and stibiles. As she sprang a leak and was found to be sinking she was set on fire, when she capized and her destruction was completed.

Advices from Port Royal give an account of the expedition of the colored regiment to Doboy sound. The negroes behaved very commendably. The expedition brought back 200,000 feet of sawed lumber. Three of the negroes were wounded. It was rumored that Beauregard pronounced Charleston indefensible and the inhabitants were removing their property from the city.

NEWBERN, N. C., via FORTRESS MONROE, Nov. 27.—On Tuesday the 18th ult., some 4,000 rebels under command of Brigadier General Martin, attempted to drive in the Federal pickets and take the city of Newbern. They advanced on the Trent road from Pollockville, and succeeded in driving the pickets a short distance. About 400 rebels then marched through the woods 7 miles, capturing two companies of the Massachusetts 27th, and one company of the Massachusetts 24th, stationed at Bechebator's creek on the railroad.

A private letter says it is rumored at Kingston that two companies of the 10th North Carolina battalion artillery encountered a large force of the enemy at Con Creek on the 18th inst., consisting of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The rebels were in rifle pits sheltered from the artillery. After two hours fighting they retired from their pits. Our loss none, that of the enemy not known.

RALPHIGH, N. C., Nov. 18.—The Legislature of North Carolina convened on the 17th ult., and Governor Vance sent in his mes. age. He takes strong ground for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and proposes a reserve force of 10,000 men for the State, to be discharged in the Spring in time for their farming operations. How to raise this force he leaves to the Legislature to decide.

The authorities of Savannah are preparing to move non-combatants from the city, preparatory to an anticipated attack of the enemy.

Department of the Gulf.

By the arrival of the steamships Cambria and Roanoke we have New Orleans dates to the 20th ult., with the following interesting intelligence:

By an order by Gen. Butler, the property within the district recently possessed by our forces under Gen. Weitzel, to be known as the Lafourche district, is declared sequestered, and all sales or transfers of it are forbidden. The district comprises all the territory of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi, excepting the parishes of Plaquemine and Jefferson. A Commissioner is appointed to take possession of the District, and the sugar plantations are to be worked by them when they are not worked by their owners, and negro or white labor may be employed at discretion. All property belonging to disloyal persons is to be inventoried and sold for the benefit of the Government under the provisions of the Confiscation Act.

Another order suppresses distilleries and other manufactures of strong drink. Another one announces that any officer found drinking intoxicating liquors in any public place, will be recommended to the President for dismissal from the service.

Another one suppresses a newspaper known as the National Advocate, as improper for publication. Still another prohibits the arrest of any slave, unless the person arresting knows that such slave is owned by a loyal citizen.

Among the property confiscated as above noted is Gen. Bragg's plantation.

We receive glowing accounts of the Union demonstration on the 15th. It consisted of a large procession of Union Clubs. A grand Union meeting was held and presided over by J. A. Rozier, and fifty Vice Presidents. Speeches were made by Mr. Rozier, Hon. Thos. J. Durant, Deming and others. Resolutions were adopted sustaining the President and the Union, and expressing a desire for a speedy opening of the Mississippi, and sustaining General Butler.

The Delta states that the procession several times gave cheers for President Lincoln.

Military Gov. Shepley has issued a proclamation calling upon the loyal electors of the 1st and 2d Congressional districts of Louisiana to choose members of Congress, and appointed December 3d as the day for holding the election.

One hundred and twenty-four men of the 8th Vermont, captured September 4th by the rebels, were returned to New Orleans on the 15th. Seven were shot by the rebels for having enlisted in New Orleans.

Gen. Butler had seized and cloed the Bank of New Orleans, for sending \$406,000 in specie, within sixty days, to the Confederate government. This specie had previously been reported to Gen. Butler as having been sent away, which was false.

A cavalry reconnoissance from Weitzel's force captured two cannon within four miles of Baton Rouge.

The Delta, of the 15th, exposes the transaction of E. Grantherin & Co., with the rebels, and implicates the French Consul.

The President has been memorialized to establish a United States District Court at New Orleans.

Advices state that a powerful squadron is concentrating in Mississippi. Already there are more vessels at New Orleans than any time since its capture.

A large number of rebel boats have been armed. Great activity in military circles preparatory to offensive movements. A general inspection of arms and men is about to take place. Guerrillas infested the river above and below the city. One naval vessel has been fired into and returned the shot, with grape and cannister, but thick brush and wood enabled the enemy to escape. None but vessels fully armed leave the city.

Butler is about to place overseers on confiscated plantations to save cotton and sugar.

The new cotton crop is coming in quite freely; and the resumption of the publication of the National Advocate has been permitted after explanations, no intention to aid the rebels having been avowed.

The Democrat has information that the rebels are now at work fortifying Fort Hudson, 150 miles from New Orleans. The same engineer who laid out the rebel works at Vicksburg has just completed a plan of the fortifications at Fort Hudson. Ten or twelve guns are now in position, and in a few weeks from the present time Fort Hudson will be as strong as Vicksburg, and will prove a serious bar to the descent of Rear Admiral Farragut's fleet.

The rebels are now running steamboats from Fort Hudson to Lake Providence, a distance of more than three hundred miles. The rebels are also running boats on Red River, bringing immense supplies of cattle from Texas, and large quantities of salt from the vast salt works on Red River, which are situated about 50 miles from its mouth. It is stated that these works produce 10,000 bushels of salt daily, all of which is rapidly sent to the east via Vicksburg. The object of the fortifications at Fort Hudson is to prevent the Federal forces from marching on their salt works.

There were still some cases of yellow fever at Houston, Texas, 31—but not epidemic. Fever is still prevailing at Matagorda, Indianola and Lavaca, with deaths therefrom at each.

On the 31st ult., as the Dan was towing the Federal gunboat from the Sabine Pass to the town, she was assailed by a volley from 40 rebels concealed in a mill. The United States army opened fire on the mill and town, destroying the mill, a few residences, and firing other buildings. The fire was extinguished.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

THERE is a prospect that the scheme for the armed colonization of Florida will soon be practically tested. The General who is to be in command has expressed the opinion that with 10,000 armed colonists he can dispense with a very large portion of the soldiers originally destined to take part in the engagement, so that the execution of the scheme will not very materially interfere with any other military movement. Information has been received that many thousands have already made application to enlist as armed colonists to take part in this expedition, and the leader of the enterprise is only awaiting authority from the War Department to raise the full number indicated as necessary for the initiation of this scheme.

A dispatch says Secretary Seward looks upon the proposed mediation of the French Government as an act of a friendly power simply to renew an interview between the belligerents without prejudice to what they may do afterwards; and that to prevent a continuance of the war, or exercise the least pressure on either party, directly or indirectly, is in no manner expressed or hinted at in the document.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue having heard arguments of counsel in regard to the liabilities to taxation under the revenue law, of persons engaged in the manufacture of clothing, has prepared an elaborate statement, deciding that clothing is a manufacture, subject to taxation at the rate of three per cent ad valorem, the value to be returned by the manufacturer as estimated by assessors in the manner pointed out by the statute.

Commander Thatcher, of the ship Constellation, in a letter to the Navy Department, dated Spezzia, the 3d inst., says he had just received advices from our Consul at Beyrout, that the Sultan's Firman, for the execution of the murderer of Mr. Coffe, American missionary, reached Adan while the Constellation was at anchor near that place, and the criminal was beheaded amid a vast concourse of people, and without any popular outbreak, as had been anticipated. The Turkish government behaved with great justice and comity toward the United States in this matter.

The Commissioner has given notice that the tax stamps for telegrams are ready for delivery, and the senders of messages will be required, on and after Dec. 1st, to place a stamp on each telegram, and cancel it with the date and initials of the writer. The telegraph companies throughout the country will require compliance with the law.

Hon. Frank P. Blair, Jr., has resigned his seat in the present Congress, in order to take command of a brigade at Helena, Ark.

The Senate met at 12 o'clock, Dec. 1st. Vice-President Hamlin was absent, and the Senate was called to order by the President pro tem, Senator Foote. All the Senators were present except Bayard, Doollittle, Hale, Kennedy, Pearce, Wilmot and Wilson. Messrs. Collamer, Grimes and Salisbury were appointed a committee to confer with the House committee, and inform the President that Congress was ready to receive any communication.

The proceedings of the House opened with a prayer from Chaplain Stockton, during which he returned thanks for the brightening prospects of liberty of the slave, for our emancipation from a system, which he said had involved us in so much sin, sorrow and shame, and for the renewed Union, and greater power, and greater love, and greater joy forever. At the conclusion of the prayer, the roll of members was called by States. A quorum answered to their names.

A message was received from the Senate that a quorum of that body had assembled and were ready to proceed to business. On motion of Mr. Washburne, a similar message was sent to the Senate, and at his (Washburne's) instance, a committee was appointed to act in conjunction with a similar one of the Senate, to wait on the President and inform him that both Houses were ready to receive any communication he might have to make.

[The Message of the President was received in due form, read, and telegraphed to the press. A copy has been received, but the mode of transmission adopted almost necessitates inaccuracies. It is very evident that mistakes are quite numerous in the present instance, and as we prefer to publish correctly, we delay the issue of this important document until our next number.]

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion—Harper & Bros. Bloomington Nursery, Illinois—F. K. Phoenix. Clover Machine, &c.—J. Westinghouse & Co. The Stone Sea Horse—Joseph Woodroffe. Tree Soda Water—Paine & Co. Mgr. C. Pocket, B. oke—Snow & Haggood. White Face Back Spanish Fowls—L. E. Silver.

The News Condenser.

- The small-pox is said to be prevalent in Washington.
—An election of a Member of Congress has been ordered in Louisiana.
—Union men, in Middle Tennessee, are arming against rebel conscription.
—The next draft in Massachusetts will take place on Monday, December 8th.
—An insurance company against tornadoes has been started in Freeport, Illinois.
—Two steamers took out from New York on Saturday week \$1,589,409 in specie.
—Col. Charles A. Mulligan, the hero of Lexington, has been made a Brigadier-General.
—Over fifty thousand shelter-tents were furnished last week to the army of Gen. Rosecrans.
—The St. Louis Union states that Gov. Gamble of Missouri has become an emancipationist.
—There are now nine Major Generals in the army of the Union who have no commands.
—The drafted men in the camp at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, it is said desert by hundreds.
—The Democrats carried Hartford, Norwalk and New Haven, Conn., at the Charter Election.
—The paper mills of the State of Maine are forced to stop manufacturing for the want of logs.
—The steamship Ariel, just in from Aspinwall, brought nearly a million of dollars in specie.
—They ship about 40,000 bushels of potatoes, worth about \$20,000 from Bangor, Me., every week.
—Gen. Pope, it is said, has been ordered to St. Louis from St. Paul; probably to relieve Gen. Curtis.
—A deficiency of \$117,000 has been discovered in the accounts of the treasurer of Providence, R. I.
—A London letter of the 24th ult. says, by Christmas there will be 780,000 paupers to be fed in Lancashire.
—Gen. Ward, the Yankee leader of the Imperial forces in China, was killed in a late engagement with the rebels.
—The Sturgis Rifles, Gen. McClellan's Body Guard, have been mustered out of the service at the General's request.
—Gen. Butler, having accomplished the "pacification" of New Orleans, is now paying his respects to the rural districts.
—Leprosy prevails to an alarming extent in the British West India colonies. It was introduced by the Chinese coolies.
—The bride elect of the Prince of Wales is named Alexandra Caroline Maria Charlotte Louise Julia, and she is in London.
—Second-hand flour barrels sell for 60 cents a piece in Philadelphia, and new ones can scarcely be obtained at any price.
—Gen. Charles D. Jameson, a prominent Maine democrat, and nominee for Governor at the late State election, died last week.
—The Chicago papers have advanced their rates to \$10 per year for their dailies, and a similar advance on their other issues.
—The Poughkeepsie Eagle printing establishment was destroyed by fire on the night of the 22d ult. It was partially insured.
—Among the prisoners captured lately in the South-west was one Major Rogers, recently released on parole from Fort Warren.
—The tolls on the Erie Canal, located at Buffalo, from the opening of navigation to the 18th inst., exceed three million dollars.
—The President has given Brig. Gen. Edwin R. Price, son of Major Gen. Sterling Price, and late of the rebel army, a free and full pardon.
—The new statue of Franklin, made by Powers in Rome, has just arrived in Washington, and is opened in the House of Representatives.
—Old Wethersfield, Connecticut, is rebellious. It has directed its selectmen to pay no attention to any Government order for a draft.
—Counterfeit ten 0's of the Rhode Island Bank, Newport, and five of the Cuyler Bank, Palmyra, N. Y., are in circulation in Philadelphia.
—A little boy was bitten by caterpillars in France recently, while climbing a tree, and was so poisoned by the bites that he died in a few hours.
—Gen. Grant has ordered a brigade of Negroes at Grand Junction, Miss., to pick cotton. A regiment of infantry is assigned to guard them.
—Counterfeit Treasury notes, \$50's and \$100's raised from 1's and 2's have made their appearance in New York. Keep a sharp lookout for them.
—The Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks will, it is said, be the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate from Indiana for the next six years.
—The attempt to raise the fares on the Philadelphia city railroads has been abandoned on account of the popular displeasure which it created.
—The diplomatic correspondence to accompany the President's Message, now passing through the press, will make a volume of 700 or 800 pages.
—Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, has been assigned to the command of the troops and fortifications surrounding Covington and Newport, Ky.
—The citizens of Cedar Falls, Iowa, have sent an agent to Cairo for the purpose of procuring a lot of "contrabands" for that town and neighborhood.
—It is said that a large number of Quartermasters are behind with their accounts and statements; also, that a long list has been reported for dismissal.
—Gen. Ward, senior Mandarin of the Chinese Empire, originally a Yankee sailor, has ordered three gunboats at New York for the Chinese Government.
—An old lady died in London recently, from sheer destitution, who was the claimant under a will to an estate of no less than seventeen millions of dollars.
—The total valuation of real and personal property in New York State, \$1,477,897,700. The State tax is four mills and three fourths, producing \$7,020,014 12.
—Gratz Brown of Missouri, thinks there will not be more than 30,000 slaves in that State on the 1st of January, and that one-half of these are owned by ratons.
—When Burnside appeared opposite Fredericksburg, an order was given to destroy all the tobacco, and about 1,000 boxes were tumbled into the Rappahannock.
—Chicago papers notice the fact that for the first time since 1855, there is an active movement in real estate in that city. The demand is confined to business property.
—Late West India papers furnish accounts of an insurrection among the free negroes in the island of St. Vincent, which led to much excitement and some bloodshed.
—Forty-eight persons, mostly children, in one school district in the town of Jackson, Pa., have died from diphtheria. That is more terrible than the ravages of war.
—A lot of powder in flour barrels, valued at five thousand dollars, stored conveniently for shipment to the South, was discovered and seized at Baltimore, Monday week.
—Up to November 1st the quantity of coal conveyed over the Reading (Pa.) railroad since January 1, was 2,048,000 tons—an increase of 589,000 tons on the same period last year.
—Every geographical square mile of Europe is burdened with an average of over fifty dollars of public debt, and every inhabitant with an average of more than thirty five dollars.
—The St. Louis Democrat publishes a letter from a Missouri slaveholder, who urges immediate emancipation. The Journal says it is constantly receiving letters of the same tenor.

More "Good Pay for Doing Good!"

WINTER CAMPAIGN OF THE RURAL BRIGADE.

The following Programme of Extra Premiums offered as inducements for effort during the WINTER CAMPAIGN of the RURAL, is respectfully submitted for the consideration of all Agent-Friends, and those disposed to become such, in the confident belief that its Substantial Inducements are worthy their early attention and action.

We have quite a number of changes in prices to note for the week but there is very little business transacted. Corn, Oats, and Barley have all advanced. Corn and Barley having each moved up 5 cents. Oats fully 9 cents. DRESSED HOGS are worth 20¢ more than at the date of our last report. Hams and Shoulders declining. Mutton has fallen off a little.

EXTRA PREMIUMS FOR CLUB LISTS SENT IN EARLY.

\$250 IN CASH PREMIUMS. And nearly \$500 in Books, Albums, &c.

As it is important to secure a portion of our list of Subscribers for 1883 as early as convenient, (in order that the names may be put in type for Mailing Machine before January,) we offer the following liberal EXTRA PREMIUMS, in addition to any others offered:

FIFTY CASH PREMIUMS! - To each of the FIFTY PERSONS, paying or remitting according to our Club Terms for the first lists of FORTY or more Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1883, we will give a U. S. Treasury Note for FIVE DOLLARS.

ONE HUNDRED BOOK PREMIUMS! - To each of the ONE HUNDRED PERSONS remitting for the first lists of TWENTY or more Subscribers, as above, we will give a handsome and perfectly bound volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1882 or 1880 - price \$3; or, if preferred, to bound RURAL, one of MASON'S AUTO-PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS, each regular for at least \$2; or, if preferred to either of above HARPER'S MAGAZINE for one year.

FIFTY BOOK PREMIUMS! - To each of the FIFTY PERSONS remitting for the first lists of FORTY or more Subscribers, as above, we will give either THE HOUSEHOLD (a \$2 Magazine) or ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE (price \$2) one year, as preferred; or, if preferred to either Magazine, a copy of WESTBURY C. H. and FAMILY DIGEST (400 pages bound in leather) or, if preferred to any of above, a PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM, cash price \$2.

FIFTY MORE BOOK PRIZES! - To each of the FIFTY PERSONS remitting the first lists of TEN or more Subscribers, according to our terms, we will give either one of the following works which may be selected by the person entitled: FRUIT AND VEGETABLES, (a \$1.25 Magazine) and HIS DISHES, (a \$1.25 Magazine); THE FAMILY DOCTOR, (a \$1.25 Magazine); MODERN COOKERY, by Mrs. J. H. HALL and Miss ARNOTT, (a \$1.25 Magazine); or LOSSING'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF U. S., (a \$1.00 Magazine) - we paying postage as sent by mail.

Remember that these are Extra Premiums, in addition to all others offered - and given as a reward for prompt and efficient action. Any person remitting on our lists can also obtain one of the larger premiums, the lists on which Extra Premiums are taken being counted toward others.

The Fifty \$5 Cash (Treasury Note) Prizes will be sent to the persons entitled (the fifty persons who sent first lists of forty or more subscribers) on receipt of their remittance, and the Book Premiums as soon as selected and ordered, after we have reached the result, which will be given to the persons entitled to the larger premiums. A careful account will be kept of the time each club is received, and every pains taken to insure accuracy in awarding the Premiums, so that there shall be no just cause of complaint.

Every person on forming a club of ten or more will be entitled to a free copy of the RURAL, no matter how many premiums he or she may become entitled to.

TERMS OF THE RURAL - Always in Advance:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies, one year, \$5; Six Copies, and one free to club agent, \$10; Ten, and one free, \$15; and any greater number at the same rate - only \$1.50 per copy. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pay American postage on copies mailed to foreign countries, \$1.00 is the lowest club rate for Canada and \$2.00 for Europe - but during the present rate of exchange, Canada Agents or Subscribers residing in bills of their specie-paying banks will not be charged postage.

United States Treasury Notes and Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents in the U. S. will please remit in Drafts on New York (less exchange) or New York, New England or Upper Canada money as far as convenient. All Subscribers' Money remitted by Draft on New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange) MAY BE SENT AT THE RISK OF THE PUBLISHER, if made payable to his order.

Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, Young Men and Maidens, Boys and Girls of the RURAL BRIGADE, finding our list all on the square - the most substantial and liberal offered by any publisher - will not BOAG of you enter upon the Campaign at once, and report to Headquarters as early as convenient? Specimen Numbers of the RURAL, Show-Bills, &c., sent free to all requesting them. Election being over, and the long evenings and leisure of Winter coming on apace, NOW is the Time to canvass successfully for the Favorite RURAL and FAMILY NEWSPAPER of America.

Please write all addresses plainly and carefully, in order that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly PRINTED by our Mailing Machine. All subscriptions should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Publisher's Notices.

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

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. Money letters intended for us are frequently directed and mailed to the above places. Please note.

CLIPPING FROM THE MAGAZINE. - We will furnish the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1883 (or one year), and either The Horticulturalist, (price \$2) or Arthur's Home Magazine, (at the same price, for \$3), and the RURAL and either Harper's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, or Godey's Lady's Book, one year, for \$4.

ADHERS TO TERMS. - We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and no person is authorized to offer the RURAL at less than published rates. Agents and friends are at liberty to give away as many copies of the RURAL as they are disposed to pay for at club rate, but we do not wish the paper offered, in any case, below price.

ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fit it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with you - acting their names to those to you may procure, and sending all together.

BACK VOLUMES - Bound copies of our last volume are now ready for delivery - price, \$3; unbound, \$2. We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished by us at any price. The subsequent volumes will be supplied, bound, at \$3 each - or if several are taken, at \$2.00 each. The only complete volumes we can furnish, unbound, are those of 1880, '80 and '91 - price, \$2 each.

LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS! - If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about other people's errors. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are not attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge us with their sins of omission, etc.

CLUB RATES OF THE RURAL. - Agents will please make a note of the fact that the lowest Club Rate of the RURAL for 1883, is \$1.50. Many seem to have overlooked the announcement in late numbers, for we are daily receiving additions to clubs at the rate of \$1.25 per copy. We cannot send the paper at that price without losing money, and surely none of our friends wish us to do that. It is hoped those who have remitted at the \$1.25 rate since Nov. 1st, will collect and forward the deficiency. Our lowest price to clergyman, or for copies sent as presents to friends, is now \$1.50.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, December 1st, 1882.

We have quite a number of changes in prices to note for the week but there is very little business transacted. Corn, Oats, and Barley have all advanced. Corn and Barley having each moved up 5 cents. Oats fully 9 cents. DRESSED HOGS are worth 20¢ more than at the date of our last report. Hams and Shoulders declining. Mutton has fallen off a little.

COAL - In Coal there has been an additional dollar per ton imposed.

RECEIVER Wholesale Prices.

Table of market prices for various goods including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Dressed Hogs, and various oils. Includes items like Flour, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Barley, Eggs, Lard, and various grades of oil.

CHICAGO MARKET, Saturday Evening, Nov. 29.

Flour, 37¢@66¢ for white wheat; \$1.25@1.40 for choice spring. Wheat, 99¢@1.00 for No. 1; 78¢@79¢ for No. 2. Spring; 67¢@68¢ for rejected spring. Corn, 50¢@51¢ for mixed, and 47¢@48¢ for rejected. Barley, 84¢@85¢ for 100 lbs for good. Oats, 36¢@37¢. Dressed hogs, 85¢@86¢. Pork, \$2.10@2.15. Timothy seed, \$1.00@1.10. Butcher, 23¢@24¢. Cranberries, 8¢@10¢. Potatoes, 7¢@8¢. Beans, \$1.75@2.00. Eggs, 12¢@14¢.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1. - Flour - Market ruled dull and heavy and prices may be quoted as follows: 00 Superfine, \$1.50; 00 Extra, \$1.40; 00 Choice, \$1.30; 00 Family, \$1.20; 00 Superfine, \$1.10; 00 Extra, \$1.00; 00 Choice, \$0.90; 00 Family, \$0.80. Corn, 50¢; Oats, 36¢; Barley, 84¢; Dressed Hogs, 85¢; Pork, \$2.10; Lard, 23¢; Butter, 24¢; Eggs, 12¢.

DETROIT, Dec. 1. - DRESSED HOGS - Prices are steady, and the market is tolerably well supplied, but all well-fatted hogs offered are readily sold at the following range: Do do to 200 to 250, \$4.00@4.10; Do do to 250 to 300, \$4.10@4.20; Do do to 300 to 350, \$4.20@4.30; Do do to 350 to 400, \$4.30@4.40; Do do to 400 to 450, \$4.40@4.50; Do do to 450 to 500, \$4.50@4.60; Do do to 500 to 550, \$4.60@4.70; Do do to 550 to 600, \$4.70@4.80; Do do to 600 to 650, \$4.80@4.90; Do do to 650 to 700, \$4.90@5.00; Do do to 700 to 750, \$5.00@5.10; Do do to 750 to 800, \$5.10@5.20; Do do to 800 to 850, \$5.20@5.30; Do do to 850 to 900, \$5.30@5.40; Do do to 900 to 950, \$5.40@5.50; Do do to 950 to 1000, \$5.50@5.60.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25. - The auction sale in the early part of last week was well attended and the prices paid were to be expected. The wool market is generally quiet and prices are steady. American full-blooded Merino, \$1.00; American half-blood Merino, \$0.80; American three-fourths Merino, \$0.60; Extra pulled, \$0.50; Superior pulled, \$0.40; California fine, unwashed, \$0.30; California common do, \$0.20; Chilean Merino unwashed, \$0.10; Chilean Merino washed, \$0.05.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25. - The current prices for the week at the markets are as follows: BEEF CATTLE - First quality, \$5.00@5.10; Second quality, \$4.80@4.90; Common quality, \$4.50@4.60; Inferior quality, \$4.20@4.30. COWS AND CALVES - First quality, \$3.00@3.10; Second quality, \$2.80@2.90; Common quality, \$2.50@2.60; Inferior quality, \$2.20@2.30. SHEEP AND LAMBS - Prime quality, \$4.00@4.10; Extra, \$3.80@3.90; Common, \$3.50@3.60; Inferior, \$3.20@3.30. SWINE - Corn-fed, \$4.00@4.10; Stiff-fed, \$3.80@3.90; Very poor, \$3.50@3.60.

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Table showing weekly receipts and total since January 1 for various commodities like Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, etc.

Average weekly receipts last year, Total since January 1, Date same date last year.

To the receipts of cattle add 37 head, more of which were driven in, and others held over - making the total of 2,277.

Prize - All the good cattle and most of the bad changed hands pretty freely at the prices quoted.

Premium - This week. Last week. Extra, \$4.70@4.75. First quality, \$4.50@4.55. Second quality, \$4.30@4.35. Third quality, \$4.10@4.15.

RECAP - Receipts fair and inquiry rather active, although there is no improvement either in prices or the demand for winter stock.

HOGS - Receipts are enormous, upwards of 25,000 head, demand continues good and prices remain about the same.

CATTLE - Receipts are about 600 head at 4¢@4.75 for good common and 4¢@4.50 for extra and corn-fed. Western 4¢@4.75 for the outside for heavy extra; sales about 500.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 25. - At market 725 Cattle, about 600 sheep, and 225 Swine, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and pigs. Two and three years old.

MARKET BEEF - Extra, including nothing but the best large fat (all-fed) Oxen, \$5.25@5.50, first quality, \$4.00@4.25, second 3¢@3.50, third 2¢@2.50, for extra and corn-fed. Western 4¢@4.75 for the outside for heavy extra; sales about 500.

WORKING OXEN - \$3.00@3.50, ordinary, \$2.00@2.50. Cows and calves - \$2.00@2.50, two years old, \$1.50@2.00; Three years old, \$1.00@1.50.

SHEEP and Lambs - \$1.50@2.00 at market. Prices in lots, \$2.70@3.00 for 100 head, \$2.00@2.50 for 50 head, \$1.50@2.00 for 25 head. Fall - 7¢@8¢. Fall - 7¢@8¢. Fall - 7¢@8¢.

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"A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME."

O WHERE will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gaily now?
O, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh;
A hundred years to come?
Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread you church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?
We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come!
No living soul for us shall weep,
A hundred years to come!
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill;
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come?

The Story-Teller.

HAM'S ESCAPE.

FROM WINTHROP'S "JOHN BRENT."

[John Brent, Sir Biran Biddulph (an English baronet) and Richard Wade (who tells the story) are returning across the plains from California, when they meet with "Ham" under the following circumstances:]

Winter chills us close. It was full December when the plains left us, fell back, and beached us upon the outer edge of civilization, at Independence, Missouri.

The muddy Missouri was running dreary. Steamboats were tired of skipping from sand-bar to sand-bar. Engineer had reported to Captain, that "Kangaroo, No. 5, would bust, if he didn't stop trying to make her lift herself over the damp country by her braces." No more steaming on the yellow ditch till there was a rise; until the Platte sent down sand three and water one, or the Yellowstone mud three and water one, or the Missouri proper grit three and water one. We must travel by land to St. Louis and railroads.

We could go with our horses as fast as the stage-coaches. So we sold our pack-beasts and continued our gallop of three across Missouri.

Half way across, we stopped one evening at the mean best tavern in a mean town—a frouzy country town, with a dusty public square, a boxy church, and a spitty court-house.

Fit entertainment for beast, the tavern offered. "Shall we go into the spittoon?" said Biddulph. "Certainly," said Brent. "The bar-room—I am sorry to hear you speak of it with foreign prejudice—is an institution, and merits study. Agree, upon which the bar-room is based, is also an institution."

"Well, I came to study American institutions. Let us go in and take a whiff of disgust."

Fit entertainment for brute, the bar-room offered. In that "club-room" we found the brute class drinking, swearing, spitting, squabbling over the price of hemp and the price of "niggers," and talking what is called "politics."

One tall, truculent Pike, the loudest of all that blatant crew, seemed to Brent and myself an old acquaintance. We had seen him or his double somewhere. But neither of us could fit him with a pedestal in our long gallery of memory. Saints one takes pains to remember, and their scenes; but satyrs one endeavors to lose.

"Have you had enough of the spittoon?" I asked Biddulph. "Shall we go up? They've put us all three in the same room; but bivouacs in the same big room—out-doors—are what we are best used to."

Two and a half beds, one broken-backed chair, a washstand decked with an ancient fringed towel, and an abandoned tooth-brush, one torn slipper, and a stove-pipe hole, furnished our bed-chamber.

We were about to cast lots for the half bed, when we heard two men enter the next room. The partition was only paper pasted over lath, and cut up as if a Border Ruffian member of Congress had practiced at it with a bowie-knife before a street fight. Every word of our neighbors came to us. They were talking of a slave bargain. I eliminate their oaths, though such filtration does them injustice.

"Eight hundred dollars," said the first speaker, and his voice startled us as if a dead man we knew had spoken. "Eight hundred—that's the top of my pile for that boy. Ef he warn't so old and hadn't one eye poked out, I agree he'd be with a heap more."

"Waal, a trade's a trade. I'll take yer stump. Count out yer dime, and I'll fill out a blank bill of sale. Murker, the boy's your'n."

"Murker!" We started at the name. This was the satyr we had observed in the bar-room. Had Fulano's victim crept from under his cairn in Luggernel Alley, and chased us to take flesh here and harm us again? [Fulano, Wade's horse, had trampled to death a villain of that name who attacked them on the Plains.]

The likeness, look, voice and name were presently accounted for.

"You're looking for your brother out from Sacramenter 'bout now, I reckon," said the trader.

"He wur comin' cross lots with a man named Larrup, a partner of his'n. Like enough they've stayed over winter in Salt Lake. They outhter rake down a most mountainous pile thar."

"Mormons is fish and eassy with their dime sense the emigration. Now thar's yer bill of sale, all right."

"And thar's yer money, all right."

"That are's wut I call a screechin' good price for an old, one-eyed nigger. Fourteen hundred dollars—an all-fired price."

"Eight hundred, you mean."

"No; fourteen. Yer see yer not up ter tame on the nigger question. I know 'em like a church steeple. When I bought that boy, now comin' three year, I seed he wur a sprightly nigger, one of yer ambitious sort, what would be mighty apt to get fracions, an' be makin' tracks, unless I got a holt on him. So, sez I to him, 'Ham, you're a sprightly nigger, one of the reel ambitious sort, now anincher?'

"Ham, how'd yer like ter buy yerself, an' be a free nigger, an' hev a house o' yer own, an' a woman o' yer own, all jess like white folks?'

"'Lor, sez he, 'Massa, I'd like it a heap.'

"Waal, sez I, 'you jess scorable round an' raise me seven hundred dollars, an' I'll sell yer to yerself, an' cheap at that.' So yer see he began to pay up, and I got a holt on him. He's a handy nigger and a popler nigger. He kin play on the fiddle like taim—pooty nigh a minstrel; is that nigger. He kin cut har, an' fry a beefsteak with arry man. He kin drive team, an' do a little finer work, an' shen a mule, an' he ain't no reg'lar blacksmith round. He made these yer boots, an' reg'lar stompers they is. He's one of them chirrupy, smilin' niggers, with white teeth and genteel manners, what critters and fooks nat'rally takes to. Waal, he picked up the bits and quarters right smart. He's been at it, lammin' ahead, raal ambitious, for 'bout three year. Last Sunday, after church, he planked up the last ten of the six hundred. So I allowed 'twus come time to sell him. He was gittin' his head drawn, an' his ideas set on freedom very onhealt'y. I didn't like to disapint' him to the last, so I allowed 'twus jess as well to let you hev him cheap to go down river. That's how to work them fracions, an' money-way niggers. That are's my patent. Yer kin hev it for nothin'. Haw! haw!'

"Haw! haw! haw! You are one er they boys! I'm dum sorry that are trick can't be did twicet on the same nigger. I reckon he knows too much for that."

"Waal, suppose we walk round to the calaboose, 'fore we go to bed, an' see ef he's chained up all right."

They went out. Biddulph spoke first.

"Shame!"

"Yes," said Brent; "do you wonder that we have to run away to the Rockies and spend our indignation on grizzley niggers? That are's my patent."

"What are we going to do now?"

"Try to abolish slavery in Ham's case. Come; we'll go buy him a file."

"We seem to have business with the Murker family," said I.

"A hard lot they are. Representative brutes!"

I am getting a knowledge of all classes on your continent," said Biddulph. "Some I like better than others."

"Don't be too harsh on us malcontents for the sin of slavery. It is an ancestral taint. We shall burn it out before many decades."

"You had better, or it will set your own house on fire!" [1859-60.]

It was late as we walked along the streets, channels of fever and ague now frozen up for the winter. We saw a light through a shop door, and hammered stoutly for admision.

A clerk, long-haired and frouzy, opened ungraciously.

In the back shop were three men, also long-haired and frouzy, dealing cards and drinking a dark compost from tumblers.

"Portwine," whispered Brent. "Fine old London Dock Port is the favorite beverage, when the editor, the lawyer, the apothecary, and the merchant meet to play cards in Missouri."

"We bought our files from the surly clerk, and made for the calaboose. It was a stout log structure with grated windows. At one of these, by the low moonlight, we saw a negro. It was cold and late. Nobody was near. We hailed the man.

"Ham."

"That's me, massa."

"You're sold to Murker, to go South to-morrow. If you want to get free, catch 'em."

Brent tossed him up the files.

"Catch again," said Biddulph, and up went a rattling purse. English gold, it was.

Ham's wife leath and genteel manners appeared at once. He grinned, and whispered thanks.

"Is that all we can do?" asked the baronet, as we walked off.

"Yes," said Brent, taking a nasal tone.

"Ham's a poplar nigger, a handy nigger, one er yer raal ambitious sort. He kin cut har, fry a beefsteak, and play on the fiddle like a minstrel. He kin shoe a mule, drive a team, do a little finer work, and make stompers. Yer, Biddulph, trust him to know himself free with that Connecticut rat-tail."

"Ham against Japhet; I hope he'll win."

"Now," said Brent, "that we've put in action Christ's Golden Rule, Jefferson's Declaration of Independence, and All-wise-wisdom's Preamble to the Constitution, we can sleep the sleep of well-doers, if we have two man-stealers—and one the brother of a murderer—only papered off from us."

[The following morning they resume their journey.]

The day, after the crisp frostiness of its beginning, was a belated day of Indian summer; mild as the golden mornings of that calm, luxurious time. We stopped to noon in a sunny spot of open pasture near a wide, muddy slough of the Missouri. This resort for the breeze of shade for Fikes had been refilled in some autumn rise of the river, and lay a great stagnant lake along the roadside, a mile or so long, two hundred yards broad.

We camped by a fallen cotton-wood near the slough. The atmosphere was hopeful. We picnicked merrily, men and beasts. "Three gentlemen at once" over a chicken spoon dissipated this and its trimmings. We lighted the tranquil calumet, and lounged, watching our horses at their corn. Presently we began to fancy we heard, then to think we heard, at last to be sure we heard the baying of hounds through the mid, golden air.

"Fally-no," cried Biddulph, "that's a day for a fox-hunt! This haze will make the scent lie almost as well as the clouds."

"Music! music!" cried he again, springing up, as the sound, increasing, rose and fell along the peaceful air that lay on earth so lovingly.

"Music, if it were in merrie England, where the hunt are gentlemen. A cursed uproar here, where the hunters are men-stealers," said Brent.

"No," said Biddulph. "Those are fables of the old, barbarous days of the Maroons. I can't believe in dogs after men until I see 'em."

"I'm afraid I'm out of my mind, Ham they are after. This would be his line of escape."

At the word, a rustling in the bushes along the slough, and Ham burst through. He turned to run. We shouted. He knew us, and flung himself, lurid with terror, and panting with flight, on the ground at our feet—"the poplar nigger!"

"O, massa," he gasped. "De'y's gone sot the dogs on me. What'll I do?"

"Can you swim?" said I; for to me he was kneeling.

"No, massa; or I'de bin cross this yer sloo'fore dis."

"Can you ride?"

"Reck'n I kin, massa."

A burst of baying from the hounds.

The black shock with terror.

I sprang to Fulano. "Work for you old boy!" said I to him, as I swung the saddle over his head.

"Take mine!" said my two friends at a breath.

"No; Fulano understands this business. Chasse or flight, all one to him, so he baffles the brutes."

Fulano neighed and beat the ground with eager hoofs as I buckled the bridle.

"Can't we show fight?" said Biddulph.

"There'll be a dozen on the hunt. It is one of the entertainments hereabouts. Besides, they would raise the posse on us. You forget we're in a slave State, an enemy's country."

I led Fulano to the brink. He stood motionless, eyeing me, just as he eyed me in that terrible pause in Luggernel Alley.

"Here, Ham, up with you! Put across the slough. He swims like an alligator. Then make for the north star, and leave the horse for Mr. Richard Wade at the Tremont House, Chicago. Treat him like a brother, Ham!"

"Lor, bless you, massa! I will dat."

He vaulted up, like a sprightly nigger, one of the raal ambitious sort.

The baying came nearer, nearer, ringing sweetly through the golden quiet of noon.

I launched Fulano with an urgent whisper.

Two hundred yards to swim, and then all clear to Freedom!

Fulano splashed in and took deep water magnificently.

What a sight it is to see a noble horse nobly breast the flood—to see his shoulders thrust aside the stream, his breath come quick, his eyes flash, his haunches lift, his wake widen after him!

And then—Act 2—how grand it is to see him paw and struggle up with might and main upon the father bank—to see him rise, all glossy and reeking, shake himself, and with a snort go galloping free and away! Ah! a sight to be seen!

We stood watching—Act 1. The fugitive was half across. The baying came closer, closer on his trail. Two-thirds across.

The baying ceased. The whole pack drew a long wail.

"They see him," said Biddulph.

Almost across! A dozen more plunges, Fulano! A crowd of armed men on horseback dashed up to the bank two hundred yards above us. It was open where they halted. They could not see us among the bushes on the edge of the slough. One of them—It was Murker—sprang from his saddle. He pointed his rifle quick and steady. Horse and man, the fugitives were close to the bank and the thicket of safety.

Plung!

Almost over as the rifle cracked, Ham had turned at the sound of his pursuers crashing through the bushes. Fulano swam high. He bore a proud head aloft, conscious of his brave duty. It was but a moment since he had dashed away, and the long lines of his wake still rippled against the hither bank.

We heard the bullet sing. It missed the man as he turned. It struck Fulano. Blood spired from a great artery. He bounded forward. Ham caught up the reins on the bank, pulled himself ashore, and clutched for the bridle.

Poor Fulano! He flung his head up and pawed the surface with a great spasm. He screamed a death scream, like that terrible cry of anguish of his comrade martyred in the old heroic cause in Luggernel Alley. We could see his agonized eye turn back in the socket, sending towards us a glance of farewell.

Noble horse! again a savior. He yielded and sank slowly away into that base ditch.

But Ham, was he safe? He had disappeared in the thicket. His pursuers called the hounds, and galloped off to chase him round the slough.

Ham was safe. He got off to freedom. From his refuge he writes to me that he is "poplar;" that he has got up a Livery Insitudoon, and has a most beautiful black colt a growin' up for me." Ham was saved; but Fulano gone. Dead by Murker's rifle. The brother had strangely avenged his brother, trampled to death in the far-away canon of the Rocky Mountains.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Bulwer tells the following good story, to illustrate the difference between the mere possession of knowledge and its application in practical life:

A certain nobleman, very proud of the extent and beauty of his pleasure grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover about half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. "Ay, my Lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little greenhouse, which served as a viney, my Lord gazed, with admiration and envy, on the grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my Lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener; let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my Lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly." "Please your Lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I be'n't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

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

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

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

"About charcoal?—go on."

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

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

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

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

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

His Lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his viney, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a costly except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my Lord communicated what he had seen of the beneficial effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's."

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

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

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

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

My Lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as the old one, was too happy to oblige my Lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His Lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish, pains with the training and education of a man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my Lord's head gardener and ballie.

The woods throve under him; the farm pays largely. He and my Lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically painstaking, though he no longer says "ben't" and "his'n"; nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.

If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, break with him.

PEOPLE often spend half their life in contracting maladies, and the other half in trying to get rid of them.

The difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse is, that one goes best when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Wit and Humor.

A BOY'S MATE.—His wife.

REMEDY FOR DEFECTIVE SIGHT.—Eyes in glass.

CAN a person speak the truth when he lies in bed?

WHAT is taken from you before you get it?—your portrait.

WHEN is a tooth equal to four rods of land?—When it's an acre.

"I'll put that in my trunk," as the elephant observed to the orange.

A GOOD many men are in the best health when they are out of spirits.

THE charities of a good many rich people seem altogether indispensable.

DIRECT FROM BEDLAM.—When is a man most like a bird?—When he's a caven.

WHAT is that which makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candle out.

"Too much of a good thing," as the kitten said when she fell into the milk-pail.

WHAT is that which works when it plays, and plays when it works?—A fountain.

To terminate a lawsuit speedily is the next best thing to never having commenced it.

THE BEST WAY OF PRESERVING MEAT.—Invite none but vegetarians to dine with you.

LITTLE girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in a man in the honey-moon.

WHAT is that which is ever before us, can never be seen and yet all are looking toward it?—Tomorrow.

STARTLING PARADOX.—However rich a man may be, by giving away a couple of half-pence, he becomes penny-less.

CREAM may be frozen by simply putting it into a glass vessel, and then putting the whole in an old bachelor's bosom.

"WHAT is the best attitude for self-defense?" asked a pupil of a well-known pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the reply.

A PUBLIC writer thinks that much might be gained if speakers would observe the miller's method—always to shut the gate when the grist is out.

A WAG has truly said, that if some men could come out of their coffins, and read the inscriptions on their tomb stones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

"THAT star," says the venerable Gammon, with a smile of angelic purity, "is like any star on our flag; though clouds may hide it in its ascending node, it is still known to be ascending."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 8, 9, 13, 17, 12, 14, 15, 5 is the capital of one of the United States.
My 10, 11, 11 is an animal.
My 14, 13, 7, 12, 6, 2 is a kind of bird.
My 9, 13, 5 is a kind of food for animals.
My whole is what every boy and girl should do.
Monroe, Wis., 1862. B. W. FAIRCHILD.
Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 4, 8, 19, 13, 7, 12, 14, 15, 5 is the capital of one of the United States.
My 2, 12, 11, 26, 23, 1, 33 is one of the disloyal States.
My 8, 4, 10, 36, 28, 24 is a celebrated river of the East.
My 6, 20, 24, 33, 23, 34 is the capital of an African Province.
My 9, 16, 14, 31 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 17, 18, 33, 35, 14, 8, 32 is a city in England.
My 22, 2, 30, 14, 3, 21 is a city in Bolivia.
My 25, 20, 34, 19, 21, 6, 2 is one of the Little Antilles.
My 27, 29, 17, 4, 13, 18 is one of the Grand Divisions.
My whole is a man who has recently handed his name to perpetual infamy.
Aucotok, Ohio, 1862. S. B. KADIN.
Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

An Eagle and a Condor being in latitude 80° N., 42 miles apart, start and fly directly South until their distance is 241 miles. Determine the latitude they arrive at.
Governour, N. Y. EDWIN A. DODDS.
Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

FIND the solid contents of a spherical segment whose upper base is 8 inches in diameter, and lower base 12 inches in diameter, the altitude being 5 inches.
Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1862. O. J. BROWN.
Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

THOUGH composed of but four of the characters small
That twenty and six are numbered in all,
Yet constant and quickly I am changing my guise,
With a skill that even a wizard might prize.
At first, a glistering pile I am gilding along,
But e'er you awake, have left the gay throng,
And now stand beside you transformed to a flower.
Or, dancing along when the darkness shall lower,
Delude the lone wanderer I get in my power,
Then leave him alone to find his own way,
And fly to the mast of some sloop in the bay;
Or stand by the wayside, a monitor stern,
To mark off the time that ne'er can return.
When tired of this duty, I hastily seek
A place in some kitchen, both lowly and meek,
But though constantly turning, and all in a heat,
Receive not the reward such labor should meet,
Till weary of toil when so illy repaid,
I leave the warm hearth when the gray is made;
And expanding much over my wonted small size,
Envelop some knight ere he fight for the prize,
Nor leave him till weary and wounded he fall,
Or receive his reward as the bravest of all.
Though this is not every quaint shape I assume,
You'll think, for the present, 'tis enough, I presume.
Rochester, N. Y., 1862. HANSEY HOVER.
Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 671.

Answer to Geographical Enigma.—All is not gold that glitters.
Answer to Ornithological Decapitations.—Crane, Plover, Rail, Snew, Swallow, Swan, Tern, Uppua.
Answer to Geometrical Problem.—32,7316 gallons.
Answer to Charade.—Friend-ship.
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Ambrose E. Burnside.

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