

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE    HORTICULTURE    RURAL LIFE    EXCELSIOR    LITERATURE    SCIENCE    ARTS    NEWS

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## MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

### FARMERS' CLUBS AND INSTITUTES.

How many of our readers are members of a Farmers' Club, Institute or Society?—any association specially designed to "teach one another" in the Art of Husbandry and promote Rural Improvement? This is a pertinent and important question at the present time, for this is the season for farmers to unite in efforts to acquire and diffuse information relative to the various branches of their occupation. And never was there greater necessity for action in this direction than now, when so much depends upon the skill and labor of the tiller of the soil. With hundreds of thousands of former producers in the tented field, and an immense army to be fed and clothed for an indefinite period, it behooves farmers at home to exercise both hands and heads to the best advantage—not only to work industriously and in the best manner, but to investigate and study the most feasible plans and modes of culture or management in the departments to which their efforts are specially devoted.

But how, it may be asked, shall we proceed?—what is the best plan of operations? Those who can answer affirmatively to the query propounded at the opening of this article, need hardly be told—but as we fear the great mass of our readers, intelligent and enterprising as we trust they are, cannot thus respond, we will offer a few suggestions on the subject.

Taking it for granted that the reader admits the benefits that may accrue to himself and his profession from associated effort, the best mode of organization and operation is the first thing to be considered. The easiest plan is to form a Farmers' Club, which may be done in any and every school district or town in which half a dozen wide-awake farmers reside. The process is a simple one. Call a meeting at the school house, or your own residence, and organize a club, by adopting a constitution, &c., and electing officers. Decide to hold meetings weekly or fortnightly until the busy season of spring arrives. Appoint some member to open the first regular meeting by reading an essay or giving a lecture on a chosen subject—to be followed by a free discussion of the same by members in attendance; and at the close of that meeting announce the topic to be considered at a subsequent one, selecting the essayist, &c., as before. Very little machinery or management will be required to put a club in operation, but to make it a success, and alike beneficial to individuals and community, each member should attend the meetings and participate in their proceedings. As to officers, a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, is all that is actually necessary, though an Executive Committee of three or more would probably be advantageous. A small membership fee of 50 cents would cover the necessary expenses, and in most cases leave something of a surplus to invest in useful works for a library. Some clubs in this State have very respectable libraries, obtained in this manner. A few good books and periodicals to begin with will not only form the nucleus of a valuable library, but serve to attract the attention of the young men and boys who would not otherwise be likely to join or attend the meetings of the association.

Such an organization as we have outlined, (for remember we are only giving a rough sketch, to be filled according to taste and circumstances,) is a very simple matter, and there is scarcely a rural school district wherein two copies of this journal are taken in which it is not perfectly feasible. The greatest difficulty is to get started right,—for if well begun, by persevering men, it will "go-ahead." And every such district ought to comprise men of sufficient mind and talent to take the lead in organizing and (in political parlance) "running" a Farmers' Club;—the most that is lacking is the energy to perfect an organization and commence operations. The great trouble is that Ruralists do not act energetically or unitedly in matters pertaining to their own interests. In fact, as we have said aforesaid, they do not do enough of their own thinking, talking and writing—but leave such things to their minis-

ters, teachers and editors, to say nothing of politicians and demagogues. They should think, talk and write more for themselves, and in furtherance of their own interests,—and, next to early education and training, the best way to qualify them to do this effectually, is to practice these arts (for each is an art,) individually and collectively, every favorable opportunity, and especially during the long evenings and comparatively leisure days of winter. As a class, farmers live too much within themselves at all times, and at this season, particularly, are prone to imitate Nature too closely,—by going into a torpid or hibernating state, instead of employing their leisure to promote the mental, moral and social improvement of themselves and their families.

—Reader, are you a member of a Farmers' Club, Institute or Society?—(see article concerning Institutes, about which we intended to say a few words, on next page.) If aye, do your duty by attending its meetings and participating in its discussions and business, and induce others, especially young farmers, to do likewise. If not one, become a member at once, and make it your business. See that it is a live, progressive, useful institution;—you can do much to make it so, if it is not already. Whether it is a local Club or Institute, or a Town, District (Union,) or County Ag. Society, there is work for you to do, and opportunity for you to exercise a salutary influence in promotion of its objects and your own interests.

### AGRICULTURE AND THE TIMES.

NOTWITHSTANDING unparalleled civil and political commotions which would have proved ruinous to countries with less real strength and stability than our own, we have to rejoice at the undoubted signs of rural improvement and agricultural prosperity which meet us everywhere. It does seem as though the necessity of the times, and the excitement, incident to our present trials, which has swept over the land, have aroused the latent powers of the agriculturists of the country. Never before have we seen so much work done, and well done, with so small a laboring force, and, as will always be the case, the result is most satisfactory. Crops have been good, even abundant, and we have in all our travels scarcely found a man willing to earn the name of a natural grumbler, by uttering a word of complaint. The question is sometimes asked how long we can endure the expenses of this war, and though we do not pretend to answer the question, or even to present any figures on the subject, it sometimes seems to us that, with our present enterprise and well-directed energies, the resources of the country are almost exhaustless. It is to be hoped that our financiers and statesmen will act with wisdom, and do nothing which shall have the effect to discourage the producers of the real wealth of the country, or rob them of the fruits of their noble industry.

Some of our readers will doubtless remember that at the commencement of the present struggle between right and wrong, we urged all to make unusual exertions, even to the sacrifice of the usual rest and ease which is so pleasant and even beneficial, particularly to those in the declining years of life, for the production of the largest possible crops. We then expressed the belief that while others were anxious about foreign sympathy, our main reliance was upon the toiling millions of our own land, and especially upon the producers of the necessities of life. The experience of the past two years, we think, has proved the correctness of our position, which we stated in the following words:

"Providence smiled upon the labors of the industrious husbandman, and great was his reward; yet the cup of prosperity was dashed from his lips. All was done that a good Providence could do to make this nation prosperous and happy, and yet man, with little less than blasphemy, has endeavored to trample these gifts of Providence in the dust, turn our blessings into curses, and bring suffering, war, and ruin upon our peaceful, happy people. The end we cannot yet see, but we have faith to believe that the madness of a few will not be permitted to blast the bright prospects of our happy land, and destroy the hopes of the tillers of the soil. We must sow in hope, and we may reap in joy. Seed-time and harvest shall never fail. Though parties may change and States revolt, the earth will continue to give its increase to the intelligent, industrious cultivator. Let us put our trust in Him who rules the nations, who causeth the wrath of man to result in His praise, and restraineth the end of wrath, and do our whole duty to our families, our country, and our fellow man.

"At the present time there are no doubt two hundred thousand active Northern men who have forsaken the ordinary pursuits of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Mechanic Arts, for camp; and in a few weeks twice or thrice that number may be in the tented field. In addition to those who give their whole service to their country, many more will bestow, at this critical time, a large portion of their thoughts and time in this direction. This vast army will have new wants that must be supplied by the industry of the country. This will make a great demand for labor, and many farmers who have never before experienced difficulty in procuring necessary help will have to depend entirely upon their own resources. During the war, and particu-

larly civil war, there is always a sad waste of human food. Buyers for the army will be in the market, and their operations will affect seriously the prices. Much more is needed for the same number in war than in peace, while the destruction of growing crops by moving armies is immense.

"From these and other considerations which will suggest themselves to our readers, we think the conclusion may safely be reached that produce of all kinds will be high unless our friends are more than usually active; and we therefore urge farmers, not only for their own sake, but for the millions who depend upon them for bread, to make an extraordinary effort for the production of the largest crops. Those who do not fight for their country should fight for an abundant harvest, so they may be able to feed the hungry. This is the time for sacrifices, and the farmer can afford to work a little longer and a little harder than usual."

Our hopes in this respect have been most fully realized, and we think the census returns, if taken the present year, would show a marked increase in most of the staple agricultural products of the country. The result is seen in the abundance of food which brings remunerative prices to the producer, and yet is within the means of nearly all, so that we see little want, and this is due we are abundantly able to relieve. We have great reason, as agriculturists and as a nation, for thankfulness. Let us learn wisdom by the past, and instead of relaxing our exertions, strive more earnestly than ever before to prepare ourselves by reading and study to do well our part in the great conflict of life.

### THE SORT OF WOOL TO RAISE.

WAR, always an uncouth innovator, has been disturbing the wool market. Precedents and principles, musty with age and reverend with rust, here as elsewhere, have collapsed. The established order has been reversed—the first is last, and the last first. Grades of wool, heretofore low in commercial appreciation, are now high—third-rate is accounted first-rate. Microscopes are at a discount;—who cares whether the thing is fine or coarse?

Merino, most popular among farmers, is most unpopular in market. The coat of a \$500 sheep, that would draw admiring crowds at the State Fair, would find none to do it reverence in the city of Lowell—it would shock the sensibilities of Manchester exceedingly. "Quarter-blood," turns up its nose and looks down upon "full-blood." Canaille is king.

Does the altered condition of the wool market demand a change in our style of breeding? This is a grave and serious question for farmers. Horses are said to grow one end at a time; they should not be thought peculiar, for we seldom do two things at once. There was a body of men, including also women, called derisively, "the one-idea party;" that was not descriptive—we never have but one idea at a time, and most always come a good deal short of that. The "one idea" principle, or less, has governed sheep-raising and wool-growing time immemorial. When I was a small boy my father kept Merino sheep; when men came to buy bucks they pulled out a lock of wool from each, and holding it up toward the light, they looked scrutinizingly to see which was the *finest*. Having determined that, nothing more was to be said—the *finest* was taken. A while after, somebody—I believe it was a sheep peddler from Vermont—"turned up" a sheep, and we saw for the first time that sheep had bellies capable of bearing wool. After that we made it for awhile our main business to roll them over and look at the other side.

About the same time we discovered—our light came from the East—that an ingredient called "oil," with certain adjuncts, when combined with wool in large quantities, added very sensibly to the "heft of fleece." Oil, in popular esteem, became the one thing needful. Sheep breeders were as crazy about oil as were the thousands that rushed to the oil springs of Pennsylvania. Oil, oil, oil—a mad rush for oil, from Vermont to California! Oil, oil, oil—wool or no wool, give us oil! "Black and greasy"—the unpardonable sin of a negro—was superlative excellence in a sheep. Oil determined the pounds, and pounds ruled the day. There was no fleece so heavy, but a heavier one could be got up to order. We were surprised last year that any body could produce so big a fleece; looking back to it "from the light of the present," we are surprised that any body should ever have taken the trouble to shear so small a one. Imagination staggered at the prospective load on a sheep's back (its legs and other parts, of course, included.) We instinctively asked ourselves, will all this have no end!

I think we see the "beginning of the end" in the ominous figures of the wool market. It is certainly some draw back to a \$250 sheep that his wool brings the lowest price in the market, and then it must be "shrunk" one-third to make it pass at all. I am a friend to Merino sheep—I have paid the big prices—but in my craziest moments I always did insist that a sheep should have wool as well as oil. I did not object to the oil; I merely insisted on the wool. It must be confessed, however, that it is difficult to combine a good deal of oil with a good deal of wool. The general rule is that a very oily fleece is thin of wool. If we must sacrifice wool or oil, let us lighten up on the oil. There has been a manifest

improvement in this matter within two or three years. Our "brag sheep," really, of late, have some thing to cover their nakedness;—they are getting to be something beside a grease spot.

The common opinion has been that buyers would pay about as much for oil as for wool. While that was so, it was no wonder that farmers preferred to let them have oil, especially as the oil, which costs something, was generally combined with a good deal of dirt which cost nothing. Wool growers, now that the mutterings of the market about "heavy wool" have assumed so definite a shape, may find it convenient still further to revise their programme. Undoubtedly, oily Merino wool can be produced cheaper than any other kind. "Common wool," which has sold for not more than two-thirds the price of Merino, has really cost the grower, owing to its lighter yield, more than the Merino. Heretofore the common open wool has paid poorly. Lately the army demand has governed the market—fine wools were not sought after, and manufacturers remembered to recollect that "full-blood," owing to waste in cleansing, would not make as many yards of cloth as "common." Common has therefore advanced, and leads the market.

There is reason to fear that, contrary to the opinion and wishes of the "best breeders," and despite all precedent, wool buyers may dogmatically insist upon regulating prices according to the value of the wool for manufacturing purposes. If it really comes to that, the oil market will be flatter than it ever has been yet. Next we shall know, fleeces will be *cleansed* and then weighed, and a buck to be a "lion," will have to grow in just three hundred and sixty-five days more *cleansed* wool than his chop-fallen competitor. This may sound like "second advent" doctrine, and yet this is a sufficient indication of it, to make it proper to keep one eye open in that direction.

I have never quite believed that Merino *mutton* was just as good as any other. I am aware that the *quality of flesh* does not depend entirely upon the *breed*, but partly upon the personal habits of the individual subject. Good meat implies that the animal furnishing it has enjoyed the perfect health and development which comes from *fresh air, abundant exercise, wholesome and natural food, and a normal condition generally*. If the race to which it belongs has been developed under such favoring circumstances, so much the better. Merinos, I think, do not answer this description, having been kept in large flocks, too much confined, and too artificially. If the meat of coarse sheep shall sell decidedly higher than of the fine, that will make up in a measure for their shearing less wool; and if coarse wool sells as high as fine, or higher, we may expect that the "long wools" and the "middle wools" will be more in vogue.

There is no doubt but the democratic tendencies of the nation induce the general wearing of cloth that is coarse, or moderately fine. This should be remembered, as it prevents a demand for very fine cloth. Few want *fine* cloth, and the *bulk of our wool should correspond with the bulk of the cloth consumed*. It should, however, be borne in mind that fine wool, *spun coarse*, makes the best of cloth—for that highest of purposes—to wear.

This whole subject demands thought. U. T. B.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### ANOTHER FARMERS' CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.

ANOTHER convention like unto that reported at Ottawa, in a recent number of the *RURAL*, was held at Dixon Dec. 1st. I attended it. The same memorial was adopted, similar resolutions, and speeches of the same tenor were made. The currency question was also discussed in all its bearings, and the unanimous judgment of gentlemen favored the creation of a National currency, of uniform value in every part of the United States—a currency which shall be available for the payment of all taxes, imports and liabilities, anywhere within the dominion of the United States. The necessity for such a currency is becoming every day more and more apparent. The people are waking up to the enormous losses they have sustained by the banking systems of the different States. Secretary CHASE concedes, in his report, that "the time has come when a circulation of United States notes, in some form must be employed"—that "the people demand uniformity in currency, and claim at least part of the benefit of debt, without interest, made into money, hitherto enjoyed exclusively by the banks,"—and says, "these demands are just, and must be respected." Exactly;—and why, pray, Mr. Secretary, need the issues of the United States notes be made through the banks at all? Why need the people be taxed to support these banking institutions, when their own good faith and credit is pledged to make these issues of United States notes sound and reliable. I confess I do not like Secretary CHASE's scheme; and it may be that it is because I do not clearly comprehend it.

Allow me to call the attention of your readers again to the Memorial to Congress, adopted by the Ottawa Convention, and again adopted at Dixon, published in the last column of page 391 of the *RURAL*, and to the scheme for creating a National currency therein set forth. Its chief merit is that it provides a National currency of uniform value,

available for all the purposes of money in the States, and convertible into the bonds of the United States at a moderate rate of interest. The people are not made dependent upon the will of bankers for a circulating medium, but have it secured to them by Government, and of a character to which their own good faith and the Nation's existence is pledged.

#### "WHAT HAVE FARMERS TO DO WITH IT?"

Such was the question asked of me by a well-informed farmer the other day. He belongs to a large class who think they have nothing else to do than to grow corn and sell it. This class take any kind of money (so called) that is offered them, and if it prove of a worthless character, or if, through certain well-known influences, a panic is produced and the currency depreciates, somebody gets roundly cursed for it—but "what have farmers to do with it?" You and I, reader, would feel insulted, if, as native-born citizens of the United States, we were informed that we had no sort of voice in the conduct of our Government—that our votes were simply the legal tools with which political demagogues, who have previously nominated themselves to office, get themselves indorsed and legally placed in power. But is it not a fact? And is this fact not the foundation of my friend's singular inquiry?

I write of these matters because I believe the farmers of the North-West are vitally interested in the manner in which this great National financial problem is solved. We have lost enough by the speculations of stock-brokers in stocks upon which our currency was based—with which it was secured. We don't want any bank issues based upon stocks of any kind. Give the bankers the control of the currency and they will control the value of stocks, and periodical panics and speculations will result. We don't want the prices of our products depreciated by the extravagant price of exchange. We want a money or currency of just as great value in Chicago as in New York, intrinsically—so that if we pass out of our own State with a hundred dollars in our pockets, we shall not find it useless in a neighboring State, or depreciated from ten to twenty-five per cent. We want to be rescued from the unscrupulous control of men who buy and sell and get gain on the credit of others, which credit may be good or bad, as they choose to have it.

#### SOME ARGUMENTS AGAINST SECY CHASE'S SYSTEM.

Secretary CHASE's plan provides for the establishment of a free banking system in all the States and Territories, the issues of which are to be secured by a pledge of United States Stocks, bearing six per cent interest. (This is the scheme before the last Congress to which I suppose Mr. CHASE refers.) It provides that any bank or banking association in any of the States or Territories shall, upon depositing with a Bank Commissioner United States Stock, and promising to keep on hand twenty-five per cent of the circulation in coin for its redemption, receive notes, bearing the common impress of the government, to the amount of the par value of the stock deposited. When any institution fails, or refuses to redeem its circulation in specie, the Commissioner is authorized to sell the stocks at auction for cash, and pay the proceeds to the bill-holders.

This is very similar to the system which Illinois adopted, and which has so recently cost her people 13,000,000 of dollars, beside the depreciation which followed the withdrawal of so large a volume of currency. I cannot see that it will in the least relieve the people from taxation. The scheme embraced in the memorial referred to above does relieve them. This plan provides for the funding of the United States debt at six per cent interest. It does not allow the people to pledge their faith for this debt. It will not give to the country a currency of uniform value; for while the solvent banking institutions in the commercial centers will be at par, the issues of banks located in the back woods, swamps, or among the mountains, established by speculators, will be distrusted, and brokers will use them to reap a rich harvest, by buying in their issues, and with them buying more stocks, with which to start more banks. It will not prevent a great expansion of circulation, and as sudden contraction; and it will place both the Government and the people as much in the power of bankers and brokers—Shylocks, who will have their pound of flesh.

I may be allowed to quote ALEXANDER CAMPBELL on this subject. He has studied the currency system as thoroughly as any man in the West, and I judge his ideas are as nearly correct and logical as may be. He says:—"The first to avail themselves of the provisions of this scheme, (the above system,) will be those institutions whose solvency is doubted. They will manage to exchange their worthless promises for the products of the farm and other labor, and exchange these again for stocks; and if they can only succeed in getting one bank started, they can take the circulation they receive and purchase other stocks, and remove the coin from the vaults of the first to establish a second one, and so continue on, in this way, to almost any extent. This will lead to a system of corruption far beyond anything known to our people." Mr. CAMPBELL said he was in Washington when this scheme was brought there. It was a scheme of the Shylocks and local bankers. If the Government continues to be a borrower after these stocks have been issued, these men will control the finances of

the country, and he feared, eventually ruin us and destroy our Government.

Again, let every farmer read carefully Secretary CHASE'S report, and then re-read the Memorial heretofore referred to, and analyze the merits of each proposed system of finance.

AN ADDRESS TO THE AGRICULTURISTS OF THE NORTHWEST.

W. H. VAN EPPS, Chairman of a Committee on Organization and Resolutions, reported the following Address, which was unanimously adopted. I regard it of sufficient importance to send it to you. It may be regarded as an index of the sentiment of the people of the West on the topics therein discussed; and it embraces subject matter which Eastern producers may consider with profit. It is as follows:

The interest in which we are engaged is one of which we may well be proud. It is ordained of God, and upon which the human family is dependent for its subsistence. There is no class of men that are so indispensable to society, or that confers so many blessings on mankind, as the tillers of the soil. The earth is the original source of all wealth, and labor applied to the earth and to its products renders those resources available for the wants and comforts of man. Therefore, labor applied to the earth, and to the products of the earth, is the source or means of all national and individual wealth. Surely, then, this class should occupy a high and honorable position in society; yet these things, under our present system, are not so in fact. Those who produce all supplies for home consumption, and the main portion of our exports, have as little influence in fixing the value of the products of labor, as the slave at the South has in fixing the price of cotton. Give us a currency, in which all shall have a like interest, and which shall have a like and equal value in all parts of the Union, and be of uniform and sufficient supply at all times, and the producing States will very soon become the capital States. Illinois, being among the great exporting States, does it not follow that, under proper administrative laws Illinois would soon, very soon, be a moneyed State, and by no means a borrower at Eastern cities? Therefore, these great interests should command the first attention of the statesman and legislator, for it is at the foundation of all national wealth and prosperity. When this interest is paralyzed, all other branches of legitimate enterprise must be depressed, and when it prospers all others thrive. Let us see whether this interest has received that attention at the hands of our law-makers, or whether it occupies that place in relation to these interests that its importance entitles it to.

Corn, one of the great staples of the Northwest, is now worth about eighty cents per bushel in New England; of this the producer secures but fifteen to eighteen cents in Lee county, or one-fifth of what it costs the consumer, thus giving the carrying-trade four-fifths (or near that) of the value of this production. Whilst the producer should be willing to allow the carrying interest the most liberal rates, it should, at least, leave the producer over one-half of the value in New England, and this is the case with almost all of the products of the farmer. Thus those who directly produce the supplies for home consumption, as well as the main part of our exports, have as little influence in fixing the value of the products of their labor as the serf of Russia has in directing the political affairs of that foreign nation. Again, they have exercised no control over the money or currency they have received in exchange for their produce; the consequence has been that they have suffered loss largely in this respect also. These frauds and oppressions upon great interests have become insupportable, and call loudly for a speedy remedy. Besides, we are about to be taxed in a greater or less degree for the support of our national Government, and every other class and interest are combining to protect their interests, and why should not the farming, mechanical and producing interests look well to their affairs and the products of their toil? The bankers are working hard to get the control of Government finances. To wield them for their own benefit they are thronging the halls of legislation and frequenting the private chambers of the financial agents of the Government; every other class is sending up its memorials and delegations to Congress to promote their interests; and even the tax-gatherers are laboring to have their salaries increased, notwithstanding that they are now receiving more than any farmer gets for his services.

If the producers remain idle or indifferent, the main portion of this national tax will be thrown upon them. We, therefore, invite the farmers in this State to organize an Industrial League in each county, and to appoint delegates to a State Convention to be held at Springfield on the 7th of January, 1863, for the purpose of forming a State organization, in order that we may be enabled to exert a combined influence in our State and National Legislatures for the enactment of such laws as shall, at least, not be unfriendly to our interests, and to take such other steps as may be necessary to promote certain relief on subjects herein referred to. We also invite the other producing States to join us in this movement, for in union there is strength.

We would say to the real capitalist, manufacturer, mechanic, railroad managers and proprietors, legitimate merchants, and the wealth-producing classes generally, that it is not our purpose to enter into aggressive combination or competition; on the contrary, we invite your most earnest co-operation for the promotion of our mutual interests, and for our mutual protection against the machinations of the strictly non-producers, who have grown rich by the circulation of their spurious promises to pay as currency, and by extorting exorbitant rates of interest from the industrial classes. The farmer and who are now seeking to mould the Government finances to suit their own selfish views and ends, and to impose upon the industry of the country onerous and unnecessary taxes for their own benefit.

**RATE OF INTEREST—PAYMENT OF TAXES.**

The same Committee reported the following resolutions, which were also adopted:

**Resolved**, That the Legislature of this State should, at its next session, fix the legal rate of interest at six per cent per annum, and that all contracts, agreements, or obligations of any kind or nature whatever, whereby a greater rate of interest shall be received or taken, secured or agreed to, directly or indirectly, for the loan or forbearance of any money or other thing or commodity, shall be void.

**Resolved**, That the interest of tax payers in this State will be promoted by such a modification of the revenue laws as will authorize the reception of all legal tender currency issued by the Government of the United States, in payment of all taxes and other dues to the State.

**ANOTHER GOOD RESPONSE.**

**FRIEND MOORE**.—In the RURAL of Nov. 29th you ask for facts; also, that the reader criticise and communicate such facts and criticisms for the RURAL &c. Now, it will seem but a small thing in the eyes of many readers to do that; but whether facts will prove such to all the readers of the RURAL, or whether criticisms will prove of benefit to RURAL readers, is quite another thing, which should be duly considered by those who undertake the task. Having weighed the matter, as I hope understandingly, I will point out some errors, or what have proved such with me, and I think will prove such with your readers at large.

**WRITING FOR THE RURAL—BUSY FARMERS.**

In your editorial you say well that the farmer will have less leisure this winter than commonly enjoyed, as in many cases he is "like a shipmaster at sea without a crew," and judging from that remark I should suppose you had just returned from a visit to Spring-Brook Farm, had had a personal interview with the writer, and had also taken an inventory of the labors being performed—such as nearly a hundred head of farm stock (cattle, sheep, horses, &c., included,) require during the winter

season, and no crew shipped, except an excellent cook in the person of a wife; the children attending school, some to be taken to the district school in stormy weather when they cannot well go afoot, some attending the academy at Rome, and others to be taken care of at home by that excellent person above alluded to, &c. Now, where do you think the leisure is coming from with the amount of work on hand for the writer; and the ship, as you say, must be worked safely to port with the help of a kind Providence. From 5 o'clock in the morning till 6 in the evening, the scene must be an active one; then the hum and bustle of lessons to be learned by the children, and sometimes a helping hand to assist, close the day; but I digress. I was going to point out some errors which must now be attended to.

**ABOUT "THE BEST TURNIP."**

First, I wish to say to your Western Corresponding Editor, that in regard to his best turnip, (the White Waldo,) I can freely endorse all he says about it, except its keeping qualities, which must be taken with an exception. In a cool and moderately moist cellar it will be all he says of it; but in a warm, dry one, it will shrivel up and become comparatively worthless. They should be kept as cool as possible and not freeze; then they are, no doubt, the best turnip, and will keep (to say the least) as well as any other.

**THE NORTHERN SPY.**

As to the Northern Spy Apple, I find no difficulty in raising it. Think the trees liable to overbear. The trees are very hardy, and the apple the best in its season. So says wife, and she knows. Taking them for the table, or for cooking, they cannot be beaten, when fully ripe, either for baking whole or in a pie. Take them whole, remove the core, and put in a lump of loaf sugar the size of a walnut, before placing in the oven, and with care in baking they will make a dessert good enough for the most fastidious palate. Also, for an apple pie, they will cook finely, and are of unsurpassed flavor. The only objection to them is, the trees do not come into bearing as soon as some other varieties; but when it is remembered that they grow to a fine size in the meantime, and also that they bear bountifully when they commence, and it can hardly be considered an objection. Such has been my experience, having never tried any expedient to make them bear, except good culture, and find fruit in abundance without cord or wire or any other such treatment.

**GAS TAR ON SEED CORN.**

About gas tar on corn for seed. Here I must enter my protest, and deny, in strong terms, that gas tar kills seed corn in nine cases out of ten, the testimony of the gentleman who told Mr. B. it would, to the contrary, notwithstanding. I have used gas tar as a preparation, for seed corn, for the last 10 or 12 years, and have never lost a planting in the time. The first year I used it a farmer came to the field where I was planting, and said he should be afraid it would not grow; but it did, and it always has grown with me, and no crow or bird of any kind will touch it, or but a very few hills by way of trial. No scarecrows are required in any place, neither will hens scratch it up as they sometimes will corn that is not prepared. I will give my method of preparation as follows:—First, wet the corn with warm water; then, after draining the water off, I use an iron kettle in which I put four quarts of corn. Have a stick to stir it with, and dip the stick in the tar and stir the corn with it till it is all coated with a shining gloss as if varnished. It will only require a small quantity of tar for a bushel of seed—perhaps a pint—I never measure it. The object in wetting the corn is, that it coats more easily when wet than dry with less stirring. When stirred till all is coated, I use plaster to dry it with, so that it will plant readily. Sprinkle on the plaster and stir till all is coated with it. Pumpkin seeds served in the same manner always grow well with me. Any other vessel will do to prepare it in as well as an iron kettle. I have a kettle with a round bottom, and it is easy to stir it in that. I will admit it is not as pleasant planting as dry corn, but then it is always a sure protection against crows, which I think is good pay for the trouble. It also comes up strong and healthy—from the effects of plaster, probably. Perhaps there may have been instances where it has been used too freely, in which the corn was so thoroughly coated that it was impervious to moisture, and so have failed to come up; but when applied as I have stated, it has never failed to grow on my farm, and it never has been pulled by the crows or any other bird. It is, however, no protection against either the cut or wire worm, as the root or blade is not impregnated with the tar; but the kernel will not be eaten, as it is probably too strong in taste to suit the palate of any lover of corn in its natural state. J. TALCOTT.

Rome, N. Y., Dec., 1862.

**THAT BALKY HORSE.**

**EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER**.—In your issue of November 22d, I notice an inquiry for the cure of a horse that will balk if the load does not start with a jerk. Having some experience myself, together with a limited observation of the ways of others, I will offer a few suggestions to "Constant Reader," which, if followed, will greatly benefit not entirely cure his beast.

First, let me remark, that most horses are taught to balk by careless and ignorant drivers,—although I do not deny,—in fact I affirm, that some horses are much more easily balked than others. Some are very hard to rein without acquiring this habit, yet I claim that all horses would be true and kind if they always received *exactly* the right treatment. This treatment varies greatly with different animals. It is a very nice point to decide the treatment required in each case; it is only by closely scrutinizing the disposition that the proper training can be applied with success. "Constant Reader" should set apart a day for the purpose of training his horse—put him by the side of some very steady horse, walk them about for some time as slowly and lazily as possible, use no whip—(have none with you)—stop often and start slowly. Then hitch to an empty wagon standing in a favorable position for starting. Start very slow, several times, until he will do so, of his own will; then commence with a slight load—stopping and starting often, always slow. Increase the load very gradually, but never over load; for in that case all will be lost that has been gained. With patience, perseverance and kindness of manner, you will in time entirely overcome the bad habit.

Another method, not as sure, but more easily practiced, is to stand directly in front of the horse you wish to train. Let his nose press against your breast; then take both horses by the bits and start them. They will start slow rather than to tread on

you, thus causing the load to move by steady pressure.

These instructions followed will, I trust, cure "Reader's" horse; if so, I shall be fully compensated. No doubt some reader, and perhaps the editor will, on reading the above, say "that is nothing new—no more than any one knows." Well, my only consolation will be that I seldom appear in public print, therefore escape public censure.

AVOCA, N. Y., 1862.

M. A. H.

HAVING seen an inquiry in the RURAL of Nov. 22, in regard to curing a "Balky Horse," I will give my father's remedy, which is a *positive cure*, viz.:—*Never hitch him up*.—AUGUSTUS KENT, Jackson, Mich., 1862.

**RURAL EXPERIENCES.—No. III.**

**ABOUT TOOLS.**

WHAT CAN a farmer do without tools? Is it not amusing to see some men try to farm it without these necessary articles? We will mention a few of the most needed.

First, a *plow*—a real plow—a *steel plow*—with which you can do a large amount of work well, and with ease to yourself and team. (*Manufacturers of steel plows, why do you not advertise more?*) Second, a *grindstone*—one that will stand alone, and will revolve without making you *cross-eyed*. And when you get it, *use it*; grind up everything that was made to *grind*—the *hoes, spades, shovel, hay-knife, axes, chisels, butcher, bread, and carving-knives*, and keep them sharp, and you will save many a back-ache, and complaints from those that use them. Third, a *hay-knife*. Probably not one-half the farmers have this useful tool, and three-fourths of those who have, do not use them as much as is profitable. We have seen men dig and pull on a bay 22 by 32, and run all over it to get enough to feed ten head of cattle, while they might cut across with the knife with half the ease, in half the time, and saved hay from drying up, as it will when used off from the whole surface of the bay.

When you get these tools, take care of them. Have a place for them, and leave them in their place. If you want to stumble over them, you may; I shan't.

OBSERVATION.

Brewerton, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1862.

**HOEING CORN IN DRY WEATHER, ETC.**

**EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER**.—Having my roots all secured, and machine rigged for cutting stalks, and being ready for winter; (I gave my plan of feeding stalks a year ago,—by the way what has become of Mr. R.? and having read your article requesting us farmers to write our experience, I will try and give you a little I have had in reference to hoeing corn in dry weather.

I plowed a lot of ten acres, and it was well plowed and well fitted. I lets neighbor have two acres to plant on shares. After the corn was planted I had a little sheep manure put on each hill, (I found it paid well last year,—it keeps the ground loose and moist for the corn to come up through,) leaving a small piece to see the difference. It was plain to be seen. The neighbor made a much more striking contrast in his by hoeing it when the ground was very dry. After the first time cultivating, he hoed it out, taking great pains with it, as he said he was going to beat me raising corn. He took the top dirt away around the corn, dug down, got fresh dirt and put around it. In a few days the corn began to turn yellow. In fact it nearly ruined it. Mine, which I only cultivated till it got up quite large, was good—more on one row than on five of his. I cultivated three times before hoeing at all.

Shelby, N. Y., 1862.

J. N. STERN.

**Rural Spirit of the Press.**

**Farmers' Institutes.**

In an article on this subject, the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* has some truthful and suggestive remarks, applicable to other regions than New England. It says:

A literal institute is some precept of law established—a settled maxim or principle. A farmers' institute is the establishment of some precept, maxim or principle of agriculture. Any one familiar with history knows that past agricultural principles are in a chaotic state. The practitioners of this art, to a large extent, have been ignorant men, whose manual dexterity, from the cradle to the grave, has been cultivated at the expense of their minds. They may have had close contact with nature, and rare familiarity with its laws, but there has been little recorded observation, or close comparisons, or searching deduction. The agricultural wisdom of the past has been a groping backward and downward, rather than forward and upward; a recovery of something lost, rather than a discovery; a digging among oil fossils, rather than penetrating originalities.

A change has long been demanded by the more intelligent and progressive farmers. They have felt the need of counsel and instruction, and hence have sought agricultural books. This field being narrowly circumscribed, they founded the cattle show system, which by its comparisons, in its day, was potent for good. When the cattle show flagged in interest, the horse, muscular and gaunt, for speed, was bought in to amuse the crowd. Amusement not being the chief end of man, the mere horse race can only be popular with selfish lovers of pleasure. The farmers' club lately held the day, and is only another effort of the rural mind, in its search after truth. Wherever these institutions have degenerated into expensive dinner parties, their decay and decline is written. Wherever intelligent farmers have sought chiefly intellectual good, they have abundantly prospered. That luxury is the bane of intellectual as well as corporeal perfection, these clubs testify. Like Jehu, more than one has "waxed fat and kicked." Self-denial and labor are the only stepping stones to real progress.

There is yet another hopeful movement for the farmer, already alluded to. We mean the Institute. Farmers' institutes are practically schools of instruction, where leading minds collect, to lead more common minds in search of agricultural truth. They might profitably, for the present, take the teachers' institutes of this State as their model. The secretary of agriculture might inaugurate these meetings, as the secretary of education does those. They should be held at least annually, in every county of the commonwealth, should continue several days, if the interest was sufficient, and should be occupied with lectures, discussions, essays, illustrations, and familiar conversations. Who can rightly estimate the value of such meetings, when once the farming mind is aroused to their import-

ance? Intelligent leading men would be found there, valuable experience would be expressed, the press would herald all contributions for the common good, and each reading rural institution would work with the leverage of scientific truth. Far be it from us to disparage either the cattle show or the farmers' club. Both are important in their spheres, and both have their mission of usefulness. While we would engraft the farmers' institute upon the former, we would raise the light of the latter in every village and hamlet in the land. The farmers' club would only be a lesser light of the same great system.

**More about Cashmere Goats.**

Two weeks ago we gave a brief account of the introduction of Cashmere goats in this country, with portraits of a male and female imported by Dr. Davis of South Carolina. The last number of the *Mass. Ploughman* gives the history of Dr. D's importation, and closes with the following interesting account of a flock of Cashmere goats in the vicinity of Boston:

The fame of these animals continued to spread, and other importations continued to be made at the South, until the outbreak of the rebellion put an end to the prospect, at least for a time, of the production of any considerable number of Cashmere shawls in the United States from native wool. But all calamities are said to have their compensations, and the truthfulness of the old adage, that "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," has found another illustration in the fact, that by reason of the war, two importations of these beautiful animals, purchased in Constantinople and consigned to planters at the South, have been landed upon the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts, where they still remain, to illustrate, under the fostering care of one of our most enterprising and experienced importers and breeders of stock, their capacity of acclimation in this latitude, and their commercial value to the farmer and the manufacturer. The importations of the Angora or Cashmere goats, to which we refer, are at the Highland Stock farm of Winthrop W. Cheney, Esq., of Belmont, near Boston.

The first of the two lots, consisting of thirty-nine animals, in Mr. Cheney's hands, was shipped at Constantinople on the 26th of March, 1861, and arrived at Boston on the 15th of May, except two animals, which died on the passage. They remained in Boston until the 24th, during which time they were sheared, and were then taken to Mr. Cheney's farm. They were turned to pasture in the day time and carefully housed at night. The second lot, of forty-one head, left Constantinople Oct. 5th, 1861, in the same vessel, and arrived here Nov. 25th, with the loss of only one upon the passage. In the whole flock, eighty in all, there were about a dozen males. All the animals wintered well and the flock was increased by the addition of sixteen kids in the spring; but, in consequence of night exposure after shearing, through the ignorance or carelessness of the man who had the care of them, the animals suffered much, and twenty-four died.

Mr. Cheney has sold, of those remaining, six ewes and two kids, and has at the present time a flock of sixty-three. They are all apparently in fine health and condition; and now that experience has taught that the only difficulty in the way of their acclimation here, is a little extra care and attention at shearing time, there is every reason to believe that their introduction will prove to be a great benefit to the agriculturist, adding another to the valuable domestic animals of the farm, and also to the genius the raw material, of native production, by which he may not only rival but surpass the costly fabrics of the East, which command such extraordinary prices in all the great cities of the civilized world.

**Rearing and Fattening Swine.**

An Iowa correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says:—"I have found that in no way can a drove of hogs be advanced so fast through the summer, (that is, taking into account the expense, the health of the animals, and the quality of the pork,) as by turning them into a field of rye in the spring (sowed the fall before.) That will last them until a crop of oats can be grown. Then turn them into that field, or, if you please, on a good crop of clover and timothy, in place of the oats. Give them such a lot, with access to plenty of good water, and if you have plenty of corn, a small feed each morning won't hurt them. Let them run thus until October, then shut them up, and feed on scalded meal or corn. In this way I venture to say that by Jan. 1st, I'll have a heavier lot of hogs (with just as good meat) than the man who keeps his pigs in sties, while mine will cost at least 25 per cent less than his, to say nothing of the trouble of feeding through the summer. I do not speak at random in regard to these things, for I've seen both ways tried."

**See to the Ashes.**

ASHES is not only a good manure, (says the N. H. *Journal of Agriculture*;) but it is dangerous stuff when out of place. Many a time we have heard of known of houses taking fire from ashes carelessly left in out-houses, or in the cellar in barrels. Once we knew of a cellar staircase burning down to the great danger of the house, from a barrel of ashes left too near. No matter how old it may be, fire will sometimes originate from spontaneous combustion. The best way is to have a brick ash-bin of sufficient size in the cellar; then all will be safe. Ashes should be frequently removed from stoves or fire-places, as the draft is better and the ashes when left long consumes or is carried up the chimney. Keep your chimney clean either by sweeping out regularly every year, or burning some rainy day, with straw. This will remove another danger of fire, which often is the means of destroying country houses.

**Governing Horses.**

The author of *John Brent* says:—"Horses I learned to govern by the law of love. The relation of friendship once established between man and horse, there is no trouble. A *centaur* is created. The man wills whither; the horse, at the will of his better half, does his best to go thither. I became, very early, Hippodamos, not by force, but by kindness. All lower beings—fiendish beings apart—unless spoiled by teachery, seek the society of the higher; as man, by nature, loves God. Horses will do all they know for man, if man will only let them. All they need is a slight hint to help their silly willings brains, and they dash with ardor at their business of galloping a mile a minute, or twenty miles an hour, or of leaping agully, or pulling tunnage. They put so much reckless, break-neck frenzy in their attempt to please and obey the royal personage on their back, that he needs to be brave indeed to go thoroughly with them.

**Rural Notes and Items.**

**MORE "RURAL" LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.**—We continue to receive, daily, most gratifying evidence of the manner in which the RURAL is appreciated in various parts of the country, near and distant. Many have recently volunteered to recruit for our Brigade—especially in places where former agents have gone to the war. In several instances the female relatives of absentees are kindly and successfully acting as agents. For example, a lady thus writes us from Wayne county:—"Please send the RURAL NEW-YORKER, addressed as above, for which I inclose \$12.50. Your former agent, my husband, is now a soldier in the 138th Reg't N. Y. V. Feeling interested in having your excellent paper sustained, I have endeavored to act in his stead. I have not yet succeeded quite as well as he did, but have done the best I could. I have the promise of more names which I will send as soon as possible."—A young man who has just entered the RURAL recruiting service writes from Allegan Co., Mich., as follows:—"My father, WM. ANDERSON, has been a subscriber and I have been a reader of the RURAL for eight years past—so I thought I would try and get up a Company for the RURAL Brigade.—I have obtained sixteen subscribers, one-half of them new ones. I inclose a draft for the amount, less exchange, &c.—An Agent in Schuyler Co. writes:—"Please send these 10 names to the list of 20 which I sent you on the 3d inst. I hope to make some additions before Christmas. [You have already exceeded your last year's list.] Shall most cheerfully do what I can. The people say—'We cannot do without the RURAL, at any price.'"—A letter from De Kalb Co., Ind., requests terms, specimens, &c., and adds:—"I was formerly a subscriber to your paper for several years, and when I quit taking it, it was for the purpose of patronizing a home production, which I did for several years; but the supply has run out, as you are probably aware, and for some time back, when I wished to peruse anything readable—although I take several papers—I have been obliged to hunt up an old No. of the 'RURAL,' but as they are now several years old, and consequently somewhat behind the times, therefore this effort for a fresh supply."—Another Indian writes:—"I have been doing without the RURAL NEW-YORKER about as long as I can stand it, so you will please to send me a specimen copy and I will try and get some subscribers for it. If you do not hear from me before the first of Jan., '63, send along your paper to me and I will send you the money for it upon receipt thereof."—And here is a letter from Caldwell Co., Mo., where the operations of the "secesh" interrupted the continuance of the RURAL:—"A few of us wishing to renew our acquaintance with the RURAL, we give you our names and our mite. We have had to stem the tide of war, and our only care was to preserve ourselves—to save our country, and to redeem our glorious State from the curse of the moral Upas that poisoned everything that ventured into contact with it. When I receive your prospectus for '63 I think I will add largely to the club. In the names I now send you will recognize your old friends and patrons."—An Onondaga Co. Agent writes:—"The prospects for recruiting for the RURAL Brigade the present fall are pleasing here, at present. They promise good success. I hope to enlarge my list from last year. I received your extra; likewise your colored show-bill, and am in hopes to send you favorable accounts in return."

**FLAX MACHINERY AND FLAX COTTON.**—The Committee appointed by the State Ag. Society to examine the improvements in Flax Machinery, and the preparation of Flax as a substitute for Cotton, we are informed will meet at Lockport, Jan. 6th, and commence their examinations, and will also visit Penn Yan, where machinery is in operation. A Committee from the Rhode Island Society, we understand, will be present to aid in the examination. This is a very important matter, and we hope will receive all the attention it deserves.

**Speaking of Flax Cotton,** a Saratoga paper says that NEIL COOK, formerly of that county, but now of Oswego, claims to have made a discovery whereby common swingle tow, that sells at two cents per pound, can, at an additional expense of four cents, be made into a fibrous substance commonly called flax cotton—that is, something that can be worked on ordinary cotton machinery and manufactured into the same style of goods as is cotton. It is said some Rhode Island manufacturers pronounce it the best article of the kind they have seen. Mr. COOK was known at Ballston as a skillful chemist, and first discovered the qualities of Benzine in cleaning grease and dirt from fine silks, &c., without injury to the texture of the cloth.

**DEATH OF JONAS WEBB.**—Late foreign papers announce the death of JONAS WEBB, of Babraham, England, the renowned breeder of sheep, from whom were obtained what are known in this country as the WEBB South-Downs. His death was sudden and occurred under painful circumstances. The *Country Gentleman* states that Mr. WEBB and his wife were visiting a brother, at Cambridge, where Mrs. W., who had been somewhat out of health for a few weeks, became worse, and died on the 5th of November—the day which had been fixed for her son's marriage. Mr. WEBB, being greatly shocked at his wife's death, became very ill and died on the 10th of November—the day on which the funeral of his wife took place. Mr. WEBB will be greatly missed. He has left his mark on the age as an improver of an important branch of husbandry. His name will long be remembered with respect, wherever the results of his improvements are disseminated, and that is through every civilized nation of the world.

**STRANGE HOARDING OF WOOL.**—A late English paper relates the following:—"A Bradford woolstrapper has bought from a small Northamptonshire grazer a quantity of wool which comprised the clips of his flocks for the last twenty-six years. This is the strangest instance of hoarding which has for a long time come to our knowledge. We doubt whether the high price he ultimately received for his wool can be reckoned a gain, seeing that it was for such a long period unproductive; but a farmer who can pay his rent without selling his wool, and shows such tenacity of purpose in 'hiding his buttermilk,' may be trusted to know on which side his bread is buttered."

**PREMIUMS ON FLEECES OF FINE WOOL AT STATE FAIR.**—Mr. Secretary JOHNSON writes us that the report of the Committee on 20 fleeces of fine wool awarding the first and second premiums to GEORGE BROWN, of Phelps, Ontario Co., was not received until after the list of premiums were published. The Committee report that the fleeces (40 in number) were very superior in quality and condition, and were accompanied by the statements as to feeding and weighing the sheep as required by the Society, and Mr. BROWN is justly entitled to the first and second premiums.

**MICHIGAN GROWN COTTON.**—We are indebted to Mr. J. M. GRIFFIN, of Three Rivers, St. Joseph Co., Mich., for a sample of cotton, grown by him the past season from seed procured at the South. "Though the staple is short the quality of the sample is fine," says a friend at our elbow who has resided in the cotton region of the South. Mr. G. writes—"It was planted very late—the 1st of June. The plant grows to its full size here, and is hardy and thrifty. It should be planted as early as the season will admit—about the 1st of May. The frosts will ripen it in the fall."

**ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.**—We are in receipt of "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs, for 1863," published by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany, N. Y.—price 25 cents. It is edited by J. J. THOMAS, DR. FRITCH, State Entomologist, contributes an able paper on Insects, and Mr. JAMES VICK, of this city, "Notes on New and Desirable Flowers." This Annual is the best thing of its class obtainable, as we have said of preceding issues of the kind by the same publishers.

**THANKS TO THE PRESS!**—We are specially indebted to our friends of the Press for recent very flattering notices of the RURAL. Many of our exchanges not only publish our Prospectus for 1863, but also notice very handsomely in editorial columns. We might fill a page with the most complimentary greetings, received during the past week. While bending under a heavy weight of obligation to our friends—who will please accept grateful acknowledgments—we shall strive to render the ensuing volume of the RURAL worthy, to some extent, of the favor and support they have so kindly bespoken.

**READERS** disposed to aid in extending the circulation of the RURAL are referred to Publisher's Notices on seventh page, and to list of Extra Premiums, &c., in our last number.

HORTICULTURAL.

CORRECT TASTE IN GARDENING.

The following, from a correspondent, calls attention to an article published last week, and induces us to make a few remarks further on the same subject:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I endorse most heartily your remarks in last number of the RURAL giving some hints that I hope will be heeded, and induce a more tasteful arrangement in our conservatories, and more judicious management of our flower gardens and ornamental grounds.

We cultivate our gardens and ornament our grounds for the pleasure they afford us. A Botanist derives as much pleasure in finding and examining a new plant, although it may be a poor looking weed, as he would in obtaining a very pretty flower.

The vegetable gardener cultivates usually for both pleasure and profit. Neither of them can be obtained if things are managed in a careless, thriftless manner. Vegetables must be well grown to be worth anything either for use or sale.

The principal feature of the lawn must always be a close, fine, smooth, green turf. The trees may be fine specimens, the flower beds filled with the choicest plants, yet if the turf is mossy, rough and uneven, the whole is untidy and unfit to be seen.

There is no difficulty in obtaining such a sod as we recommend, nearly the whole year, even in our hot climate, if we only take the right course. To prevent the grass from becoming mossy the soil must be well drained before being laid down.

It is very easy with tile or stone drains where there is a good fall. To keep it green, fine and thick, it should be sown with good seed, but it is far more important that it should be kept cut close.

We have seen a fine lawn made from grass seed from the hay-loft, and while we could not recommend this kind of seed for a lawn, we know that constant cutting will make a good sod of almost anything.

This process causes the coarse grasses to die out, and gives the fine grasses a chance to grow and form a thick turf. The soil should be mellowed very deep, from eighteen inches to two feet, at least, and if this is done the lawn will not turn brown from lack of moisture, in hot, dry weather.

In the flower garden proper, this is different, though even here we should not forget the general effect. In this department it is expected that we test everything new and promising. Here, too, is our supply for bouquet making, and a great variety is not only admissible but demanded.

and greedily to his surprise and delight, it was found to be one of the most melting and agreeable flavored little apples he had ever tasted of. This remarkably fine eating apple is not attractive in its general appearance, being rather small, green skin, and but little red on the sunny side. I have propagated it from the wild tree; the size is much larger than the original apple, but the flavor is the same, and I regard it as a real providential gift, for the gratification of the family. The Custard apple is in eating from November to middle of December. Greece, Dec. 3, 1882. H. N. L.

DWARF AND STANDARD TREES.

It has been stated hundreds of times, and quite truthfully, that we are an impatient people, and can hardly wait from seed-time to harvest, much less for six or eight years, for a standard tree to show its fruit. This is one reason why dwarf trees are so popular.

An orchard of standard apples will not produce any considerable quantity of fruit before the eighth or tenth year, nor pears before the twelfth or fifteenth year. In the meantime, it is highly desirable to occupy the ground amongst the trees in some way that will at least bear the expenses of cultivation.

As soon as it comes to be considered, it cannot fail to recommend itself to those who are embarking extensively in the orchard culture of fruits for the market, on high-priced lands. It is only surprising that it should have been so long overlooked by shrewd and enterprising orchardists.

A acre of land, planted with standard apple trees, at thirty feet apart, contains forty-five to fifty; and if we fill up the spaces with dwarf apple trees, at six feet apart, leaving ten feet clear around each standard, we get in about five hundred dwarf trees. These will bear the third year, and during the next five years the average value of their products will be at least twenty to fifty cents each.

We would plant them in such a way that the plow and cultivator could be used among them, two dwarfs between each standard, and two full rows between each row of standards, as in fig. 1.

In very rich and deep soil, when it may be necessary to give the standards thirty-five or forty feet, there may be two pyramidal, or low standards, on the Doucain stock between two standards, and one row of pyramids and two rows of dwarfs between two rows of standards. In seven or eight years the dwarfs might be taken out, and the pyramids remain till the twelfth year.

Orchards of standard pears may, in the same manner, be filled up with dwarf and pyramidal trees on the quince. Standard pears do not require so much space as apples; their branches generally are more erect. In this country standard pears should not have naked trunks over four feet high at most, and twenty-five feet apart is quite sufficient; at this distance an acre will contain about seventy trees.

These, as a general thing, will not begin to bear until the tenth year, unless artificial means be resorted to. By putting one pyramid, or low standard, between each in the same row, and a row ten feet apart between each row of standards, as in fig. 2, we can plant 250 dwarfs, or pyramids, that will commence bearing the third year, and will be in full bearing the fifth; yielding not less, on an average, than \$1 to \$2 per tree.

CARE OF THE ORCHARD.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Farmers are urged on all sides to plant fruit trees. The planting, if properly done, is but a small part of the labor and expense of raising fruit. This is also frequently urged, but its importance may bear repetition. This being the season for providing against the ravages of mice, I will give you my experience. I clear away all grass (or other material with which mice can build nests) from the trees, and then heap dirt about the trunk to the height of ten or twelve inches, just before winter sets in. Near fences or

buildings, where snow drifts much and leaves patches of bare ground, mice will sometimes run over the snow and gnaw the bark above the banks of dirt. In such cases coil a piece of tin or sheet iron (old will answer) around an iron bar until it will retain the coil, then put this on the trees, and it will protect them as far as it extends. To those who would carry on a war of "extermination," as well as "strategy," against the apple borer, I would say, before thus providing against the depredations of mice, I would cut out, with a sharp-pointed knife, all the borers, large and small, being careful to girdle the trees as little as possible.

While upon this subject, though not quite so seasonable, I will give what has proved a successful spring treatment. In my first effort to guard against the borer, some years since, I made the application recommended in J. J. THOMAS' valuable work. It seemed to check their ravages somewhat, but was not satisfactory; I thought it washed off by the rains too soon. I then experimented as follows: Took at the rate of one peck of best unslaked lime, one pound sulphur and half a pint of salt—put into a vessel large enough to hold all when finished, then added boiling water sufficient after being well-mixed to make it of a cream-like consistency, convenient for whitewashing.

Then about the 20th of May, after removing the piles of dirt piled up in the fall, I dug a little below the natural surface, (and when there were sprouts, sufficiently deep to cut them from their starting point,) and examined carefully, digging out as before all the borers. Then with a brush put on a coat of my whitewash, leaving no point uncovered from the roots to about two feet high, or the forks of the limbs. This should be done on a pleasant day, when the whitewash will thoroughly dry before rain comes to wash it off.

After it had dried, I hauled back the dirt over the roots and about the tree to its natural level, which was a little above the lower part of the whitewash. I began by applying it near the ground only, where the true apple borer worked, but found there was another borer, similar to this, which worked higher up the tree, and which was nearly as destructive as the true apple borer. It is described in the report of Dr. FROST, and published in the proceedings of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society for 1854, page 729. I then covered the bodies of the trees with the mixture, and found it a sure preventive of the ravages of both kinds of borers. The sulphur is offensive to the insects that deposit their eggs on the trees, while the lime makes the principal body and the salt hardens it, so it does not easily wash off in the storms, and remains on the trees till the season is past in which the insects deposit their eggs. Livonia, N. Y., 1882. L. H. S.

THE BIRDS DESTROY A GOOD DEAL OF OUR CHOICE FRUIT, which we often dislike to part with, especially unspiced, and in so unceremonious a manner. But, they destroy vast numbers of insects. This statement some, though we think few, will doubt. Some persons, we know, believe that birds destroy only our common earth-worm, and the most harmless of insects; but those who with us have watched a peculiar brown bird feasting on the currant worm, and reason to change their opinions. A correspondent in Onondaga county, it seems, keeps a book account with the birds, and sends us the following leaf from his ledger:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Includes 'ROBINS—DEBT AND CREDIT', 'CREDIT BY BALANCE', and 'It is very annoying to see the birds eating our most favorite cherries as soon as they turn red, and some shoot them; but let such watch the robin in the early spring when the farmer is turning up his ground for sowing and planting, and see them hopping from furrow to furrow picking up bugs and worms, and other insects. Also, when they have young, see them with a beak full of such vermin feeding their little ones, with occasionally a song. Who would wish to shoot them? They come and build their nests near our dwellings, and visit our gardens to obtain insects that are preying upon our vegetables, and who could have a heart hard enough to shoot them? The currant or gooseberry worm has made its appearance in this place for the first time. A. W. Marcellus, N. Y.'

RADIATION.—Radiation is one of the greatest enemies of vegetation; it takes place with great effect in March, April and May, when the days are hot and the nights cloudless and cold. The heat taken in by the plant by day radiates or goes forth by night, when the temperature is often only 4° or 5° above freezing point. Thus the plant loses the day heat, amounting to some degrees, when the night is clear, owing to the absence of clouds, which are not only the anti-radiators of the world, but are also radiators of heat towards the earth. The greatest radiation, therefore, takes place when the sky is clear and the wind is N or N. E. Hence the moon, which is an opaque body, having no atmosphere of its own, gets the discredit of ruining vegetation, whereas it is perfectly harmless; it has no atmosphere of its own, neither does it exercise any influence on our atmosphere, nor cause changes in the weather. The weather is as variable at other times as at the quarterings of the moon—the difference being simply this, that at the quarterings we observe changes of the weather, and at other times we observe them not. At the spring of the year, when the moon is full and the sky is clear, radiation, after a hot day, takes place, more or less frost ensues, and the moon gets the blame. It is not, therefore, the moon in April that destroys vegetation, but frost that follows excessive radiation, when the sky is cloudless and the air is keen. Certain it is that many tender plants and flowers need protection both in winter and spring, to prevent their giving off the heat received during the day, hence a south wall is a more dangerous place in winter and spring than a north wall; the plants under the latter lie in a state of death-like abeyance till the dangers are past. Fruit blossoms under a north wall often escape without protection, when the unprotected, under a south wall, are destroyed.—London Florist.

LOSS OF MAPLE TREES.—Last summer several of the maple shade trees in our village died without any apparent cause. I noticed, however, on the leaves of some of the afflicted trees, small bunches rising on the top of, and nearly perpendicular to, the leaf. They are of a reddish or dark brown color, varying from a sixteenth to a quarter of an inch in length, and pointed at the top. Sometimes they occur in clusters, and occasionally they cover nearly the whole upper surface of the leaf. Whether or not this is the work of some insect; or whether it may be natural to certain varieties of the maple, I am unable to conjecture. I find them only on a few trees, and mostly on the leaves of the lower branches. I send you a sample of what I have tried to describe, thinking that you may be able to give me some information in reference to it, and perhaps a remedy, if it be this that occasions the death of the trees.—SUSCINIUS, Lima, N. Y., 1882.

PRUNING GRAPES VINES.—Subscriber, Harland.—The best treatment of grape vines is to prune in the autumn as soon as the leaves have fallen, then lay the vines upon the ground and cover lightly with earth. Straw will answer well, but furnish a harbor for mice. Simply laying upon the ground usually affords sufficient shelter.

ing to receive a response, on a second inquiry we learned that he had "gone to the war." The excrecences were doubtless caused by a saw-fly of some kind, but we hardly think this insect caused the death of the trees.

SHREPS GRAVING APPLE TREES.—Can any of the RURAL readers give a sure, safe and cheap preventive of sheep barking apple trees.—J. S. C. Florence, Erie Co., Ohio.

We have heard of various compositions offensive to sheep for daubing the bark, but the best way is to keep sheep out of the orchard. If we wish to keep sheep from eating down the wheat, the way of doing it is quite plain, do not permit them to enter the field where the wheat is growing. The trees in the orchard are entitled to the soil on which they grow, and no animal or crop should be allowed to interfere with their rights. This fact we must all learn, and the sooner the better for our pockets and peace of mind.

SPOTS ON APPLES.—I would like to make an inquiry. I find that apples which have always been quite smooth are now covered or spotted with a rusty coating like the russets. Last year the orchard was planted to corn, this spring it was planted to buckwheat. Now, the question is what has caused this change? As I am a young farmer, I would like to have the opinion of some one experienced in the matter.—C. C. H., Coldwater, Mich.

We judge your apples are affected with a fungus growth. Good drainage and good culture is the best remedy. Are you not endeavoring to get too much from your orchard? A crop of apples and oats and buckwheat from the same soil is a little too strong. It may be the trees were young and did not give a large crop, but in that case you need a strong, healthy growth of wood. This should be considered the main object with a young orchard. We do not say that crops cannot in any case be grown to advantage in an orchard, but we do say that a healthy growth of the trees is the most profitable crop the farmer can obtain from his orchard soil.

COVERING CARNATIONS, &c.—I have a number of Plectes and Carnation plants, grown the past season from seed. I have been advised in so many different ways in regard to their winter treatment, that in the multitude of counselors I did not know what to do, and therefore have done nothing. I have been told the best way to keep them is to take up and remove to the cellar, to remove them to a frame for protection, to cover with straw, boards, &c., where they are, and I ask now, what is the best course? They are strong plants, and I think will give me good flowers next season, if I can save the plants, as they were grown from the best European seed.—W. J. F.

Your plants are no doubt perfectly safe where they are. We never lose plants in the winter—that is, young plants—if left entirely exposed. Old straggling plants are very apt to suffer. This is a lesson that we wish the lovers of flowers would learn, that they can grow Plectes and Carnations from seed one summer, and the next they will flower beautifully, and if good seed is obtained fifteen out of every twenty will produce perfect double flowers, and occasionally a very choice, perfect specimen will be obtained. The bed where Plectes winter over should be pretty high so that water will not stand around the plants, and a few leaves thrown over them will do no hurt, though we would rather leave the plants exposed entirely to than to give them a thick covering with any material.

Domestic Economy.

BAKER'S GINGERBREAD.

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed an inquiry in your paper for a recipe for old-fashioned gingerbread, the real genuine article, I will send mine, which I know to be just the kind wanted.

Two cups molasses, four tablespoons butter, stirred together without melting; then add a cup of flour, one large teaspoon soda dissolved in one-third of a cup of milk, one tablespoon of ginger, one teaspoon of alum dissolved in one-third of a cup of boiling water. Stir all together, adding flour gradually; roll; cut into cards and bake quick.

I will also send another recipe; which I know to be good:

CORN CAKE.—One egg, one-third of a cup of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one cup sweet milk, half a cup of shortening, one teaspoon of soda, one cup of flour, two cups of Indian meal. Try it. Shelby, N. Y., 1882. A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

THE WAY TO MAKE AN OMELET.

It is surprising that a dish so easily prepared and so delicious as omelet has come into use to so small an extent in this country; there are extensive districts where it has never been heard of, and many housekeepers who meet with it in their travels, never have it upon their own tables, because their cooks do not know how to prepare it.

Omelet is simply eggs beaten and fried in butter. Break three fresh eggs into a bowl, add a little pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of water, and beat the eggs thoroughly. Then put a tablespoonful of good butter into a flat frying pan, and hold the pan over the fire with the handle a little elevated, so as to incline the bottom at a small angle. As soon as the pan is warm pour in the eggs, and as the mass begins to cook, run a case knife under it to keep it from burning to the pan. As soon as the surface is about dry, fold one half of the omelet over the other, and it is ready to serve. It can be made in five minutes, and is an exceedingly delicate and delicious morsel.

HOSPITAL PILLOWS.

As the holiday season approaches, and thousands of poultry will be prepared for market, let a friend of the soldiers ask for the feathers. Instead of burning them, please save all, except the quills of the wings and tail. When well dried they will make pillows; not of the softest kind to be sure, but better than straw, and far better than nothing. Many a poor sick or wounded man would bless you for such a pillow under his aching head. For the sake of the suffering soldiers, do not burn the feathers. Tloga Co., N. Y., Dec., 1882.

PICKLE FOR HAMS AND BEEF.—The following "Knickerbocker Pickle for Hams and Beef" was published in the Albany Cultivator while under the editorship of Judge BUEL: "For every 100 pounds of meat, take 9 pounds of salt, (half coarse and half fine,) 3 ounces of saltpetre, 1 ounce of saleratus, 1 quart of molasses, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 6 gallons of water, and boil the whole together, and skim off all impurities as it commences to boil, after which let it stand and cool, and when cold pour it over the meat. Follow the rule strictly, and if it does not meet the highest expectations of your numerous readers, let them blame your correspondent, who has tried it for the past 25 years, with complete success."

LADY HUNTINGTON'S PUDDING.—Take one quart of milk—from this reserve enough to wet four heaped table-spoons of flour—mix the flour very smoothly with this milk, boil the remainder of the milk, and add four well-beaten eggs, a little salt, and the flour. Boil a few minutes, stirring with energy. Wet your pudding dish, and put the pudding in it, sit over it half a cup of white sugar. Put half a cup of wine and half a cup of sugar together, and pour over the pudding as it is sent to the table. Eat cold, and if properly made, you will confess it to be one of the most delicious puddings in the whole world of cookery.

TO COOK A TURKEY.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—If you wish a plain stuffing, pound a cracker or some bread crumbs very fine, sift some sage and any other sweet herbs that are liked, season with pepper, and mould them together with the yolk of an egg; put this under the breast, and tie it closely. Set on the turkey in boiling water enough to cover it; boil very slowly and take off the scum as it rises. A large turkey will require more than two hours' boiling; a small one, an hour and a half. Serve with oyster or celery sauce—the former is much to be preferred, and the latter may be added for those who like it.

TO ROAST A TURKEY.—Prepare a stuffing of pork sausage-meat, one beaten egg and a few crumbs of bread; a little onion is an improvement. Stuff the bird under the breast; dredge it with flour. The oven or fire should be hot. Baste with butter; serve with gravy in the dish and bread sauce in a tureen. Sometimes the gizzard and liver are dipped into the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with salt and Cayenne, and then put under the pinions before the bird is put in the oven. A very large turkey will require three hours' roasting; one of eight or ten pounds, two hours; and a small one, an hour and a half. A turkey, unlike a duck, should be well done. And if young and tender—an old turkey is quite unfit to eat—there are very few birds superior to it.—Germantown Telegraph.

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Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] A LOYAL and wealthy Maryland farmer named LINA, residing near the Antietam, had a daughter born on the day of the great battle. In memory of the event, and as a mark of respect for our distinguished Commander, Gen. McCLELLAN, she was named "CLELLIE LINE."

DAY IN JUNE.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, and raining briskly: I sat by the window in the back-parlor, holding vigils, as well as my needle and thread, over a half-worn coat. Where to put the stitch in time that should save nine, was as uncertain a query as ever vexed St. Leger while solving the Enigma of Life,—because of the "general flavor of mild decay" that pervaded the garment, accompanied by the usual symptoms of a systematic giving out. Nevertheless it had been hung on the chair back for me "to fix." All the afternoon memory had been treading up and down paths of the past—tarrying at graves, looking upon faces long since dust, weeping by the bedside of death, where pallid lips moved faintly and whispered, "the loved on earth are loved in Heaven;" taking by the hand friends of long ago, still grappling with contending forces on the hill-tops of success or in valleys of failure; or, better than either, on that middle ground where from human life and human love, domestic happiness flows out pure, virtuous and complete.

"It's rather chilly to-night," I said, cordially, on going into the kitchen. "Yes, ma'am, quite so," and here a short, dry cough set in. I had put the tea-kettle on and the short-cake in the oven, and the peddler still had coughing-spells with short intervals between. "Here's a syrup that'll soothe your lungs," taking to him a bottle of cordial that Aunt SUSAN had prepared for CHARLIE early in the spring when he was getting up from the whooping-cough; "and sit here in this rocking-chair; you'll feel better in a little while; I hope;—that cough must be very tiring."

A BABY FOUND ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

THE following is an extract of a private letter from a soldier of the 14th Illinois. It is dated Bolivar, Nov. 10: "Let me relate to you a touching little incident, that will doubtless strike you as a little strange. At the battle of Hatchie, when the conflict was raging fiercest, upon advancing, midway between the contending forces, we found a sweet little blue-eyed baby little thing, as I saw it there, hugging the cold earth, its only bed—the little tear on its cheek, "That nature bade it weep, turned An ice-drop sparkling in the morning beam"—unalarmed, 'mid the awful confusion of that fearful battle, with the missiles of death lying thick about it and crowding close upon its young existence, yet unhurt, it seemed, as if lay in its miraculous safety, to say to me, 'My helplessness and innocence appealed to God, and he preserved me in the midst of this reeking carnage. If you will make your plaint to Heaven, God will preserve your poor bleeding country.'

Choice Miscellany.

A KINGDOM BY THE FIRESIDE.

I AM a king in my own domain, And my little wife is queen: And jointly over our realms we reign— A royal couple I ween. Beauty and grace are the robes that flow From her lily shoulders down: The gems of truth on her bosom glow, And love is her golden crown. But her dainty hands are brown with toil, Her cheeks with the breezes' kiss; And she works for a tiller of the soil, As if work for him was bliss. I am the king and the tiller, too— My farm is my proud domain; And the will to dare and the strength to do, Are the sceptres of my reign. At my touch the teeming earth yields up Her health for my feast and store; The nectar of wealth brims high my cup, My measure of bliss runs o'er. Oh! ne'er was a happier realm I ween, Than ours, 'neath the arching sky: And never a happier king and queen Than my little wife and I.

LICHENS.—A SIMILE.

THE Book of Nature is full of most beautiful lessons, and if we only look carefully, we can at any time find them. Every page has something of good to tell us. There is not a tree, or flower, or tiny pebble, but has some story of God's great mercy and love, written all over it. Sometimes it is rather difficult to see clearly how this is so, but I believe we always find it true at last. The other day, while passing along the highway, I saw many beautiful illustrations of care and kindness from the Father's hand; but coming suddenly to an old decaying building, I thought surely there is nothing here to remind one of God's love. The walls were all crumbling and falling; the doors through which, in the long ago, had passed the bridal band and the funeral train, were hanging loosely upon broken hinges, creaking dismally in their utter desolation. Even the windows were completely demolished by some rude boys who thought it rare sport to throw stones at them. Indeed, the whole house looked bleak and forsaken. But on coming nearer, I was sweetly surprised to find those very walls, so damp and dismal—so seemingly forgotten by all who had ever known life and love within their shelter—all covered over with beautiful green mosses and grey lichens. Lovingly had they crept over the desolate ruins, and nestled closely in every crevice and corner. They kept off the hot rays of the summer sun, and clung the closer when winter threw his cold white mantle over them, and when rough winds shrieked around them, shaking the old walls with strong hand, these tiny mosses knit still more tightly together and rendered lovely the forsaken ruins.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

WHO cannot recall, at the approach of winter, the delightful sensation they experienced in childhood at the coming of the first snow-storm of the season? Standing by the window, lost in the grave reverie which a child often experiences, with what joyment we watched the great feathery flakes begin to fall, slowly at first, dropping here and there on the damp earth, but gradually coming thicker and thicker until the air is filled with the frozen down, and the earth whitens fast at its touch. Gazing with wondering eyes, the whole scene seemed like a fairy land. We do not realize how much we have changed until we witness the same event again, the power of association calls up the feelings with which we viewed the scene so long ago, and we seem to stand face to face with the childhood long since passed away. So insensibly has care after care accumulated, that we do not realize how great a burden we bear. Few of us, however, would go back to those days and begin to walk life's path anew, if we could. Although we may look back on the past with lingering regret, yet we love the trials we have endured too well to wish we had never known them, for we know that only from such experiences can come anything like self-reliance and self-knowledge. We cannot judge ourselves in youth, for we have never been tried. But ever through life the remembrance of our childish appreciation of nature in all her manifestations comes back to us, and our hearts insensibly grow fresher and warmer at the recollection. B. C. D. Geneva, Wis., 1862.

LITERATURE FOR ALL USES.

LITERATURE FOR ALL USES.—Literature has furnished an acceptable instrument for every struggle of the age. In her golden book every one has registered his vote. She is a shield to righteousness and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocence, a cup of delight to love, a Jacob's ladder to the poet, but also a fierce weapon to party spirit, a plaything for trifling, a stimulant to wantonness, an easy-chair to laziness, a spring-wheel to gossip, a fashion to vanity, a merchandize to the spirit of gain, and has served like a handmaid, all the great and little, pernicious and useful, noble and mean interests of the time.—Menzel.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

As the occupation and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile days in an English nursery, recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The house that Jack built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition, or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. And fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient parabolic hymn sung by the Jews at the Feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Congregational Magazine, I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation, as given by P. N. LEBERSON, Leipzig, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sopher Haggadah, vol. 23:

- 1. A kid, a kid, my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat, and ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
3. Then came the dog, and bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff and beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire, That burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
7. Then came the ox, and drank the water, That quenched the fire, That burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher, and slew the ox, That drank the water, That quenched the fire, That burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
9. Then came the angel of death, and killed the butcher, That slew the ox, That drank the water, That quenched the fire, That burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.
10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He, And killed the angel of death, That killed the butcher, That slew the ox, That drank the water, That quenched the fire, That burned the staff, That beat the dog, That bit the cat, That ate the kid, That my father bought, For two pieces of money: A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation: 1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased, is JEROBAM, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.—The pieces of money signify MOSES and AARON, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt. 2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity. 3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians. 4. The staff signifies the Persians. 5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great. 6. The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected. 7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the Caliphate. 8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens. 9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks. 10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected MESSIAH.—London Congregational Magazine.

Sabbath Musings.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

"THERE is no discharge in the Christian warfare," after commencing, it is ceaseless till life ends. But if there is no discharge, neither is there any drafting. Each one is a voluntary soldier, but he must be stout-hearted and brave to endure all the conflicts; for the march is a very long and toilsome one; every step of the way must be contended with the "enemy of all righteousness," and he is a wily foe; he knows all the weak and unguarded points of our nature, and before we are hardly aware of it he has attacked them and we have surrendered. And then the terrible struggle to regain lost ground is not known to mortals, but God marks every battle fought in this spiritual warfare, and each victory gains for our promised crowns a glittering gem, and we shall know by the sparkling crowns who has fought hardest for "an abundant entrance" into the better land. Though all we can do is duty, and after all the inheritance is the free gift of God; yet only to the willing and obedient is it given to eat of the fruit of the Tree of Life. If we put on the whole armor, and keep "watchfulness and prayer" doing picket duty to warn of the advance of the enemy—fighting valiantly when we do encounter him—we shall come off victorious in the name of our great Commander; and we know that when we have dropped anchor on this side the river, and the dark voyage is ended, we shall land in that beautiful country "Where no blinding beams of noontide, on the vision flash and glow; Shrouded midnight never cometh with her foot-falls hushed and slow; But undarkening brilliance floateth on the waves of holy air, Kindled by the smile eternal which our Father deigns to wear. "There the verdure fadeeth never, and the odors never die, There beneath unwilling blossoms, piercing thorns may never lie; Music softer, and diviner, than from earthly lyres has rolled, Through angelic utterance breaketh and from quivering chords of gold. "Tears that trembled on the lashes in affliction's keenest hours, Were as dew of summer evenings, on the thirsty lips of flowers; Gleaming crowns adorn each forehead by the thorns of sorrow torn; And they wear the whitest raiment who the heaviest cross have borne." "Springside," N. Y., 1862. L. B. D.

GOOD DEEDS.—Good deeds are very fruitful; for out of one good action of ours God produces a thousand, the harvest whereof is perpetual. Even the faithful actions of the old patriarchs, the constant suffering of ancient martyrs, live still, and do good to all succession of ages by their example. For public actions of virtue, beside that they are presently comfortable to the doer, are also exemplary to others; and as they are more beneficial to others are more crowned in us. If good deeds were utterly barren and incommensurable, I would seek after them or the consciousness of their own goodness; how much more shall I now be encouraged to perform them for that they are so profitable to myself and others, and to myself in others.—Hall.

BELIEVE AND LOVE.—Believe and you shall love. Believe much and you shall love much. Labor for strong and deep persuasion of the glorious things which are spoken of Christ, and this will command love. Certainly, did men indeed believe His worth, they would accordingly love Him; for the reason He cannot but love that which he firmly believes to be worthiest of affection. Oh! this mischievous unbelief is that which makes the heart cold and dead toward God. Seek, then, to believe Christ's excellency in Himself, and His love to us, and our interest in Him, and this will kindle such a fire in the heart as will make it ascend in a sacrifice of love to Him.—Jeremy Taylor.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.—If you have been looking at work, duties and qualification, instead of looking to Christ, it will cost thee dear. No wonder you go complaining. Graces are no more than evidences; the merits of Christ alone, without thy graces, must be the foundation for thy hope to bottom on. Christ only is the hope of glory. He that builds upon duties, graces, etc., knows the merits of Christ. This makes believing so hard, and so far above nature. If thou believest, thou may every day renounce (from being any part of thy dependence) thy obedience, thy baptism, thy sanctification, thy duties, thy graces, thy tears, thy meltings, thy humblings; and nothing but Christ must be held up.—Wilcox.

CONTRIVERSY.—Wise and good men will avoid controversy and disputation, as far as they can; yet they must not determine against them, or condemn them indiscriminately; for when false teachers come in unawares to subvert men's souls; when the fundamental truths of the Gospel are opposed or perverted, and the principles of men are poisoned by pernicious tenets; we ought to "contend earnestly," (though in meekness,) "for the faith once delivered to the saints;" and to decline controversy in such circumstances argues lukewarmness and cowardice, rather than meekness and wisdom.—Dr. T. Scott.

HUMAN TOIL.—The sentence of toil and the promise of glory have issued from the same throne. Even our troubles here may make the material of enjoyments above the circumscription of the earth. All are agents in the restorative mercy of the great Disposer; all turn into discipline. The obstacles to knowledge, the struggle of the heart, the thousand roughnesses of the common path of man, are converted into the muscular force of the mind. We are but sowing in the winter of our nature the seed which shall flourish in immortality.—Dr. Croly.

WHEN the celebrated Haydn was asked how all his sacred music was so cheerful, the great composer replied—"I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the thoughts I feel; when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes da ee and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned in me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

FAITH AND WORKS.—It is an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat, yet put out the candle, and they are both gone—one remains not without the other; so it is with faith and works.—Selden.

The Traveler.

POLAND UNDER-GROUND.

THE SALT MINES OF WIELICZKA.

[THE following graphic description of the famous Salt Mines of Wieliczka, Poland, is taken from an article entitled "Poland Under-Ground" in HARPER'S Magazine for the current month. The writer being the first Californian who had visited the mines, supplied himself with an abundance of fire-works, by the aid of which he was to see what he should see, and, resolving that the dignity of the Golden State should not suffer from his representation of it, "went in" and explored in the manner described in our extracts.]

When all is ready the lamp-bearers take their seats and are lowered down below the level. The trap-door is then closed over them, and the main party arrange themselves for the descent. The doors are again opened, and at a given signal the whole party disappear from the surface of the earth. Once more the trap-doors are closed, and now the descent commences. It was not without an impressive feeling of the uncertainty of human affairs that I glanced around me at the ribbed walls of the shaft, as we went whirling down through this gloomy abyss. Nothing was more natural than to cling with convulsive tenacity to the slender cords by which I was supported, and ask for the second time, "Is the rope strong?"

The sensation of being thus lowered into the earth was startling and peculiar. Overhead the wheel over which the rope ran was whirling rapidly; but the sound of the machinery was quickly lost, and the silence was complete. Not the slightest jar or evidence of life broke the intense stillness.

Down, lower and lower, we floated with an appalling steadiness. The sides of the shaft presented nothing but an obscure wall of massive timbers. Above, all was darkness; below, the dim rays of the lamps cast a strange and ghastly light upon every object. The effect was indescribable—as if we were descending through chaos in a nightmare. The world seemed to be broken up, and we, a remnant of its inhabitants, sinking down through an everlasting obscurity among its fragments.

In a few minutes we touched bottom; or rather, by something like instinct, the machine stopped just as we reached the base of the shaft, and allowed us to glide off gently on the firm earth. We were now at the first stage of our journey, having descended something over two hundred feet. The ramifications of the various tunnels are so intricate and extensive, that they may be said to resemble more the streets of a large city than a series of excavations made in the bowels of the earth. These subterranean passages are named after various kings and emperors, and diverge in every direction, opening at intervals into spacious caverns and apartments, and undermining the country for a distance of several miles. Some of them pass entirely under the town of Wieliczka. In general, they are supported by massive beams of wood, and where the overhanging masses of salt require a still stronger support, they are sustained by immense columns of the original stratum. In former times, almost all the passages were upheld by pillars of salt, but wherever it has been practicable, these have been removed and beams of timber substituted. The first stratum consists of an amalgam of salt and dark-colored clay. Deeper down come alternate strata of marl, pebbles, sand, and blocks of crystal salt. The inferior or green salt is nearest to the surface; the crystal, called *schlicka*, lies in the deeper parts.

From the subordinate officer sent by the Inspector-General to accompany us, I learned many interesting particulars in reference to the manner of procuring the salt. He also told some amusing legends of the prominent places, and furnished me with some statistics which, if true, are certainly wonderful. For instance, to traverse the various passages and chambers embraced within the four distinct stories of which the mines consist, and see every object of interest, would require three weeks. The aggregate length of the whole is four hundred English miles; the greatest depth yet reached is two thousand three hundred feet. The number of workmen employed in the various operations underground, exclusive of those above, is upward of a thousand. The amount of salt annually dug out is two hundred millions of pounds, which, at the average market value, would be worth ten millions of guilden. Immense as this yield is, it is inconsiderable, taking into view the unlimited capacity of the mines. With proper machinery, and a judicious investment of labor, the quantity of salt that might be excavated is almost beyond conjecture.

It is natural to suppose that the air in these vast subterranean passages must be impure, and consequently deleterious to health. Such, however, does not appear to be the case. It is both dry and pure, and, so far as I could judge by breathing it, not in the least oppressive. The miners are said to be remarkable for longevity. Several of them, according to the guide, have worked in the mines for forty years, and have never been sick a day. The equanimity of the temperature is probably conducive to health. Only a few degrees of variation are shown by the thermometer between summer and winter. It is true that in some of the deepest recesses, which are not sufficiently ventilated, hydrogen gas occasionally collects. In one instance, it caught fire and caused the loss of many lives; but precautions have since been taken to prevent similar accidents.

I was greatly impressed by the profound silence of these vast caverns. When we stood still, the utter absence of sound was appalling. The falling of a pin would have been a relief. Not even the faintest vibration in the air was perceptible. No desert could be more silent—no solitude more awful. I stood apart from the guides and lamp-bearers in a separate vault, at the distance of a few hundred feet, in order that I might fully appreciate this profound inertion, and it really seemed as if the world were no more.

From some of these tunnels we emerged into open caverns, where a few workmen were employed at their dreary labors. I was surprised that there were not more to be seen, but was informed that they are scattered in small parties through miles of earth, so that the number is not apparent to the casual visitor. As we approached the places where they were at work, the dull clicking of the picks and hammers produced a singular effect through the vast solitudes; as if the gnomes, supposed to inhabit gloomy pits, were busily engaged at their diabolical arts.

We came suddenly upon one group of workmen, under a shelving ledge, who were occupied in detaching masses of crystallized salt from a cleft in

Musical score for 'WHEN I AM OLD.' Includes lyrics and musical notation for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.

which they worked. They were naked to the middle, having nothing on but coarse trousers and boots, and wrought with their crow-bars and picks by the light of a few grease-lamps held by grimy little boys, with shaggy heads—members, no doubt, of the same subterranean family.

After all, there was something sad in the condition of these poor wretches—shut out from the glorious light of day, immured in deep, dark pits, hundreds of feet under ground; rooding, as it were, for life, in the bowels of the earth. Surely, the salt with which other men flavor their food, is gathered with infinite toil and mingled with bitter sweat!

Yet, strange as it may seem, I was informed by the guide that these workmen are so accustomed to this kind of life that they prefer it to any other. By the rules of the Directory, they are divided into gangs, as on board a ship. The working gang is not permitted to remain under ground more than eight hours; it is then relieved. The current belief that some of them live in the mines, is not sustained by the facts. In former times, it is quite probable such was the case. At present, the administration of affairs is more humane than it was at an early period in the history of the mines. The operatives are free to quit whenever they please, as in any private establishment. Plenty of others are always ready to take their places. The pay is good, averaging from thirty kreutzers to a florin a day. Wherever practicable, the work is done by the piece. Each man receives so much for a specified result. Good workmen can make two or three hundred florins a year. The salt is gotten out in various forms, according to the depth of the stratum. Where it is mixed with an amalgam of hard earth, it is cut into cylindrical blocks, and exported in that form to Russia. The finer qualities are crushed and packed in barrels for exportation to various parts of Prussia and Austria.

After a long and interesting journey through various subterranean streets and caverns, we emerged into the chamber of Michelawic, which is of such vast proportions that it is difficult for the eye to penetrate its mysterious gloom. A magnificent chandelier, cut out of the crystal salt, hangs from the ceiling. On grand occasions this is brilliantly lighted, and rich strains of music reverberate through the chamber. Nothing can equal the stupendous effects of a full band of brass instruments performing in this vast cavern. The sounds are flung back from wall to wall, and float upward, whirling from ledge to ledge, till the ear loses them in the distance; then down they fall again with a fullness and volume almost supernatural. It is impossible to determine from what quarter they emanate, whether from above or below; so rich, varied, and confusing is the reverberation. Our guide, in a fine, mellow voice, sang us a mining song to test the effects, and I must say I never heard such music before. Indeed, so inspiring was it, that I could not refrain from a snatch of my own favorite melody,

"Oh, California! you're the land for me!" And when I heard it repeated by a thousand mysterious spirits of the air, and hurled back at me from each crystallized point of the cavern, the effect was so fine that I was struck perfectly dumb with astonishment. Lablache never made such music in his life, and no other singer of my acquaintance would be worthy of attempting it.

Soon after leaving the Chamber of Michelawic we passed over a series of wooden foot-ways and corridors, extending a distance of fifteen hundred feet, through a great variety of apartments and rugged passages, named after the royal families of Poland and Austria. There were courts, and imperial rooms, and obelisks; there were, shrines, saints, and martyrs; long rows of niches, containing statues of the old Kings of Poland—all cut out of the solid salt. The design and execution of some of these were admirable, and the effect was gratifying as well from the artistic skill displayed as the peculiarity of the material.

We next visited the stables in which the horses are kept for hauling the salt on the subterranean railways. Many of these horses, it is said, never see daylight from the time they enter the mines. In the course of a few weeks they lose their sight. A film gradually grows over their eyes—from what cause I could not ascertain. It may be the effects of the salt or long-continued darkness—though it does not appear that the miners suffer any inconvenience in this respect. I remember reading of some fish without any eyes at all found in the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Possibly having but little use for sight, the horses of Wieliczka go blind from a natural disposition to accommodate themselves to circumstances.

After visiting many chapels and shrines cut out of the solid salt, we emerged into the Chamber of Letow, the magnificent Saloon of Entertainment, where, on grand occasions, such as the visit of the Emperor or any member of the Imperial family, the whole of this vast chamber is brilliantly illuminated. Six splendid chandeliers, carved from the crystal salt, hang from the ceiling. An alcove at the upper end, approached by a series of steps, contains a throne of green and ruby-colored salt, upon which the Emperor sits. Transparent pictures and devices are arranged in the back-ground, to give additional splendor to the Imperial boudoir, and the crystallizations with which the walls glitter reflect the many colored lights with a dazzling effect. The door-ways, statues and columns are decorated with flowers and evergreens; the floors are sprinkled with salts of various hues; the galleries are festooned with flags; and the whole chamber is aglow with transparencies and brilliant lights.

Although I was not favored with a similar display in honor of my sovereignty as a citizen of the United States, yet, by the aid of the rockets and other fire-works furnished by the Herr Inspector-General of Workmen, and the natural grandeur of the Chamber, hewn as it is out of the solid rock of salt, I was enabled to form a vivid idea of the magnificence of the display on royal occasions.

In 1815, a fire broke out, owing to the carelessness of some workmen, and several hundred lives were lost. The smoke extended all through the mines, and those of the panic-stricken operatives who were distant from the main shafts communicating with the surface of the earth, were suffocated while attempting to escape. Others in their flight fled at random, and falling into deep pits were dashed to atoms. In 1644 a very destructive fire took place. All the wood-work was seized by the devouring flames. Men and horses were roasted to death, and many of the workmen who escaped subsequently died of their injuries. This was one of the most fearful conflagrations on record. It lasted an entire year. The chambers and tunnels, deprived of their support, fell together in many places, causing immense destruction to the works. Even a considerable portion of the town of Wieliczka sank into the earth, and was engulfed in the general ruin.

I asked the old Commissioner if accidents of any kind were frequent at present. His answer was, that very few accidents had occurred for several years past. It was almost impossible that a fire could now take place, owing to the strict police regulations, and the facility for extinguishing flames at any point. Casualties to the workmen by the caving of banks, decay of platforms, or falling into pits, were also of very rare occurrence. The deepest point yet reached is 620 feet below the level of the sea. We did not descend into this shaft; but our guide, in order to convince us of its great depth, caused the attendants to throw some boards into it. If I were to judge by the sounds, I should say the boards were going down yet.

The salt-mines of Wieliczka are interesting not only in themselves but in a historical point of view. They have been worked for more than seven hundred years. In the tenth century, salt was dug out of them; and in the year 1240, under the government of Boleslaus, they became an important source of revenue. For several centuries they were held and worked by the Polish kings. In 1815 they were assigned to the Emperor of Austria by the treaty of Vienna, and since that period have contributed largely to keep the Poles in subjection.

H. does not look so sour as the teacher last summer did, nor press her hands to her head as if it was aching, and say, "Oh, what noise and confusion!" "May-be you were noisier last summer."

"I guess we were," says WILLIE, thoughtfully and slowly, "for we used to ask her questions two or three times, may-be, when we wanted something; now, we can get everything necessary asking one time and save lots of noise."

Well, W. W. B. WILLIE has told you all about it, better than I could. ALPINE, Mich., Nov., 1862.

CHARACTER. WHEN we look back over the history of the past, or about us at the present time, and see here and there a name singled out from its contemporaries to go down to the future, as a model and a guide, does not the question arise in every mind, especially those just starting on the great journey of life, *Whence this difference?* None will deny the power of genius, yet will not a careful study prove, beyond a doubt, that something more potent even than genius itself has wrought out these results?—and is not that power firm, unbending integrity of character—that which underlies every life as the solid strata does the hills and dales, giving them contour and shape? It may sink till the surface be only a desolate waste, or may rise, grand in its lofty proportions, a fit waymark for coming generations.

Moral worth is the only true basis of character. Wealth and position, without it, are powerless; and every day, if we watch the world about us, will we see some who have made these their foundation, sink to their just level, not always to rise again. Talent, without this aid, has a short-lived sway—a meteor glare soon to give place to the gloom of oblivion; yet, with it, what a mighty power may that same talent wield. The deathless character of a WASHINGTON had this for a foundation. Foe as well as friend acknowledged its power, and granted him the meed of true greatness. Yet had one mean act, some slight selfishness tarnished that life, how different would it have been! His most noble examples would have lost half their force, and CROMWELL-like, his greatest self-devotion would have been criticised and depreciated.

Do the young of our country sufficiently appreciate the worth of integrity? At a time like this, when rebellion is making our nation to tremble—when war and relaxed civil law are scattering their evils broadcast over the land—was there ever a moment that demanded such decision and firmness of character? When every day exposes so much fraud and deceit—when we see its need in every department of life, private and public—is there not, if possible, an increased necessity that the young should be imbued with a firmer love for true integrity of character? J. A. SMITH. Milton Academy, Wis., 1862.

EDUCATION IN WISCONSIN.—We gather from the *Wisconsin Journal of Education*, the following statements concerning the affairs of public schools of the State:—Whole school districts, 3,762; parts of districts,—21 being reckoned as equal to one whole district,—1,792; children over 4 and under 20 years of age, 299,133; 194,264 of these attended school; pupils under 4 years of age, 2,013; pupils over 20 years old, 2,166; estimated number of pupils in private schools, 8,000. The schools have been kept open, on an average, six months. Estimated number of male teachers, 2,400; female, 3,600; total, 6,000; of whom only 3,500 were teaching at any one time. The monthly wages of male teachers amounted to \$23.01; of female teachers, to \$14.62. The school expenses were \$723,124. There are now in the State 4,211 schoolhouses, valued at \$1,302,720. The highest valuation of any schoolhouse is \$33,000; the lowest, 3 cents!!

CHARM OF THE CLASSICS.—The classics possess a charm quite independent of genius. It is not their genius only which makes them attractive; it is the classic life—the life of the people of that day; it is the image there only to be seen of our highest natural powers in their freshest vigor; it is the unattainable grace of the prime of manhood; it is the pervading sense of youthful beauty. Hence, while we have elsewhere great poems and great histories, we never find again that universal radiance of fresh life which makes even the most common-place relics of classic days models for our highest art.—*Temple.*

CURIOSITY.—Curiosity in children should not be checked. No matter how inquisitive or troublesome with questions a child may be; its curiosity only needs to be directed—to be turned into proper channels. Curiosity is a very large element in that insatiable thirst for knowledge that leads to such vast results in scholarship. Cultivate and direct it. If your child asks foolish questions, show it how to become interested in something that will lead to sensible questions. A child largely endowed with curiosity is a child of good promise.

CREATE a taste in youth for good books, and the pleasures of literature will supply the place of those grosser pleasures that lead astray the unthinking. It is the will made strong by cultivation that enables a man to resist the cravings of those appetites whose indulgence brings death. The ignorant man must of necessity be a man of narrow views and strong prejudices; and even in questions which involve great moral principles he is quite as likely to be wrong as right. The safe man in society is the man who is competent to do his own thinking.

BIRD'S FLX.—This is a very simple game, in which all the players place a finger on the table, or on the knees of the conductor of the game, to be raised in the air when the conductor says—"Birds fly," "Pigeons (or any winged object in natural history,) fly." If he names a non-winged animal, and any player raises his hand in distraction, the latter pays a forfeit—the same in case of his neglecting to raise it at the name of the bird or winged insect.

"EITHER be silent, or say something that is better than silence," was the advice of an old heathen, which it would be well for all talkers, to remember.

Reading for the Young.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

BY OLEMET C. MOORE.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house, Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse: The stockings were all hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads; And Mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap When out on the lawn I heard such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter; Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon on the breast of the now-fallen snow Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below, When what to my wondering eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted and called them by name: "Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer! and Vixen! On Comet! on Cupid! on Dunder! and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall, Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky, So up to the hometop the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too. And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound; He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And looked like a peddler just opening his pack. His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! His dear little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow; The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little round belly, That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jolly; He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf, And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself; A wink of his eye and a twist of his head Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, And away they all flew like the down of a thistle— But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight, "A Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

A WORD TO BOYS AND GIRLS ABOUT ORDER.

LITTLE friends, put things right back in their proper places. Never leave things all about, helter-skelter, topsy-turvy—never. When you use any article—hoe, shovel, rake, pitchfork, axe, hammer, tongs, boots or shoes; books, slates, pencils, writing apparatus, pins, thimbles, pin-cushions, needles, work-baskets, kitchen-furniture, every article of housework or handy, no matter what it is—the very moment you have done using it, return it to its proper place. Be sure to have a special place for everything, and everything in its place. Order, order, perfect order, is the watchword—heaven's first law. How much precious time is saved (aside from vexation) by observing order—systematic regularity! And little folks should begin early to preserve order in everything—form habits of order. These loose, slipshod, slatternly habits are formed in childhood, and habits once formed cling for life.

Young friends, begin early to keep things straight in their proper places; study neatness, order, economy, sobriety—everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

FOR LITTLE READERS.—Never tease. When your parents or teachers say "nay," be still, say "Amen, all right, father knows best, I must submit cheerfully, without a scowl or murmur." A spirit of teasing is a spirit of selfishness and rebellion. It is as much as to say, "Father I'll have my way; I know best. Please, I know better than you, let me do as I please."

Be neat. Jack Spruce was a neat boy. He had a brush for his clothes, and kept them clean and nice. He would not run into the mud, and thus splash his legs and wet his feet, nor did he kick up the dust; and when he came in he would rub his feet on the mat, and hang up his hat upon his own hook. No one saw him with dirt upon his hands, nor with a rough head of hair, so he was at all times fit to be seen. He did not tear his book or blot it, or ink his hands at school.

HOW TO MAKE MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES BY THE PROCESS OF DIAPHANIE.—The colors used in painting magic lantern slides are those which are transparent, such as the lakes, sap-green, Prussian blue, distilled verdigris, gamboge, &c., ground in oil, and tempered with masic varnish. Copal varnish may be used in the dark shades. Draw on paper the subject you intend to paint, and fix it at each end to the glass; trace the outlines of the design with a fine hair pencil in strong tints in their proper colors, and, when these are dry, fill up in their proper tints, shade with black, bistre and Vandyke brown, as you find convenient.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

SOLDIERS' PETS.—Soldiers are very fond of pets. In the absence of mothers, sisters, and young ladies, to lavish their affections upon, they steal all the pretty kittens and dogs they can find in the road, and treat them with the utmost kindness. I saw a soldier to-day with a Maltese kitten sitting on the top of his knapsack, which he told me he had brought all the way from the Peninsula. It was fat and sleek, and would perform a great many tricks which he had taught it. That soldier will fight all the better for having even a kitten to pet and talk to.—*Army Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

BIRD'S FLX.—This is a very simple game, in which all the players place a finger on the table, or on the knees of the conductor of the game, to be raised in the air when the conductor says—"Birds fly," "Pigeons (or any winged object in natural history,) fly." If he names a non-winged animal, and any player raises his hand in distraction, the latter pays a forfeit—the same in case of his neglecting to raise it at the name of the bird or winged insect.

"EITHER be silent, or say something that is better than silence," was the advice of an old heathen, which it would be well for all talkers, to remember.

The Educator.

WHISPERING IN SCHOOL.

"THE best way to rid a school of this evil would certainly be very valuable, and any way quite acceptable," says W. W. BYINGTON, in his article under the above title in the RURAL of Nov. 1st. I will tell you my "way." After you have tried it, you may judge whether it is the "best way," "very valuable," or even "quite acceptable." I have pursued the plan for three terms, and last summer used "ATWATER'S School Government," which is an invaluable help.

When this plan is adopted, each earns his own presents, and they, therefore, are more valuable, when obtained by great sacrifice. There can be no partiality used; all is done in a just, right, and equitable manner. Each parent, at evening, may know whether the scholar has been "good" during the day. You may be discouraged, sometimes, when you see the parent takes no interest, and the scholar even refuses to take the "check," or sullenly disobeys that he may not merit it; then "speak gently,"

"This better far to rule by love than fear."

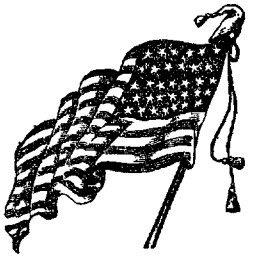
But you will often see the sparkling eye and joyous smile, as the little one, with bounding step, gains home, exclaiming, "See my check, mother," and the happiness he can not conceal at her sentence of approbation. But the joy is greater still, when five "checks" have been received, and he holds a neat little ticket, on which is printed a sweet little verse; or interesting fact, he sits down to read the verse, and "learn it by heart." "And, mother, when I get five tickets I can exchange them for a 'reward,' to have for my own; they are as large as three tickets, and much prettier, with pictures as well as reading."

"Well, my boy," says the kind mother, "isn't that better than to be whispering, and making so much noise?"

"Oh, yes," says WILLIE, quickly. "But, it was real hard to keep from communicating, at first, especially when BILL SEYMOUR kept trying to make me, just to disobey the teacher; but he doesn't now, and is going to try to get a reward. He says he don't care anything for it, of itself, but just so he can show his parents he can do right if he tries."

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Obnoxious flag! thy folds shall shelter All that tread this hallowed shore...

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 20, 1862.

The Army in Virginia—Severe Fighting.

On the 11th inst., between 4 and 5 o'clock, A. M., the pontoon train in charge of the 17th and 50th New York Engineers, and under command of Gen. Woodbury, proceeded to the river bank...

As it was evident that the rebels were determined to use the houses of the city for a defence, contrary to an implied agreement in the correspondence which recently passed by flag of truce...

About 10 o'clock the engineers were formed for a third attempt to construct the bridge. The 8th Connecticut regiment, under the command of Major Ward, was lying at this time near the river...

The rebels being driven from the city, fell back to their line of intrenchments. Here they remained, with but slight skirmishing between the contending armies, until Saturday morning, the 13th, when the fog disappeared early, affording an unobstructed view of our own and the rebel positions.

troops moved to their assistance, in splendid style, notwithstanding large gaps made in their ranks by rebel artillery. When our troops arrived at the first line of defenses, double-quickened and endeavored to dislodge the rebels, the concentrated fire of rebel artillery and infantry which our men were forced to face was too much for them...

Franklin, who commanded the attack on the left, met with much better success. He succeeded, after a hard day's fight, in driving the rebels one mile. At one time the rebels advanced to attack him, but were handsomely repulsed, with terrible slaughter...

The position of the rebels was as follows: Gen. Longstreet on the left, and holding the main works. Gen. A. P. Hill and Stonewall Jackson are in front of Franklin, with Jackson's right resting on the Rappahannock, and Hill's forces acting as a reserve.

The N. Y. Herald's special, dated Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, at night, says: It is ascertained beyond a doubt, that the rebel force is nearly 200,000. Jackson commands the rebel right, extending from Gurney's station to Port Royal. Longstreet has the center, extending from the station to Telegraph Road. Lee and Stuart are on the left.

Gen. Franklin's line was moved forward at sunrise, with his right resting on the river, three miles below. Skirmishing commenced about daylight. Soon after, a rebel battery opened on our lines, and the 9th New York Militia was ordered to charge, but after a fierce struggle was compelled to retire. The remainder of the brigade, under Gen. Tyler, then charged on the enemy's guns, when the fight became general on the extreme left. Generals Mead and Gibbons encountered the right of Gen. A. P. Hill's men. The cannonading was terrific, though our troops suffered but little from the enemy's artillery. Gradually the fight extended on the right. Gen. Howe's division then went in, and then Gen. Brooks' division. About ten o'clock Gen. Sumner's troops engaged the enemy back of the city. Since then the battle raged furiously along the whole line, the enemy occupying the woods and hills at a much more advantageous position, but were driven back on their right a mile and a half early in the day. About noon, Gibbons was relieved by Doubleday, and Meade by Stoneman. Afterwards Gen. Morton's division went around to the support of the left, when the firing ceased for a short time, and broke out with greater fierceness in the center, where our troops were exposed to a plunging fire from the enemy's guns and earthworks on the hills. Along the whole line the battle had been fierce all day, with great loss on both sides. To-night each army holds its first position, except a slight advance on our left. Cannonading is still going on, and musketry breaks out at intervals, and quite fiercely.

The telegraph informs us that there was no general engagement on Sunday, the object of both parties evidently being to feel each other. During Saturday night and Sunday morning the rebels considerably extended their works and strengthened their position. Large bodies of troops are now to be seen where but few were to be found on Saturday. Our dead which were killed on Saturday while charging in front of the enemy's works, still remain where they fell. When attempting their removal, the rebels opened fire with their infantry, but the wounded have all been removed from the field, and all the dead obtained are now being buried. It is impossible to form an accurate idea of the loss on either side.

About daybreak on the 12th inst., between 1,000 and 1,500 of Gen. Stuart's cavalry dashed into Dumfries, captured 10 sutlers and 25 pickets, and Wm. McIntosh, telegraph repairer. They also cut down a telegraph pole, cut the wire, destroyed several sutler wagons, and then hastily retreated. The wires were subsequently repaired. Brig.-Gen. Steinwehr has since occupied Dumfries.

Gen. Dix, at Fortress Monroe, has issued a proclamation, declaring that an election, by ballot, shall be held Monday, the 22d inst., for election, to fill a vacancy in the 37th Congress, in the 2d district of Virginia. All persons entitled and declining to vote, and perform their duty as citizens, will be regarded liable to all the penalties of disloyalty.

A telegram received this (Tuesday) P. M. says that Burnside has withdrawn the entire army to the north side of the Rappahannock. The report from Franklin's Grand Division places his loss in the battle of Saturday at 5,932.

Department of the South. The U. S. steamer Bienville arrived in New York on the 15th inst., from North Carolina. We gather the following items from the mass of intelligence received:

The free labor movement, which has been extensively and quietly organized in Eastern North Carolina, is understood to be preparatory to the re-organization of the government on a loyal basis, so that North Carolina may accept the President's policy of compensated emancipation.

The rebels in the vicinity of Hilton Head have erected powerful batteries on James and Sullivan Islands, and along the coast as far as Bull's Bay.

Beauregard is entrenching at Charleston with 40,000 men under him.

Great dissatisfaction exists in the interior of North Carolina, and an impression prevails there that a signal victory under Burnside will be followed by an immediate and entire abandonment of the Border States—including North Carolina and Tennessee.

The Raleigh Progress of the 20th ult. has the following complaint over the rebel losses in recent battles:—It says that the total loss amounts to 75,000 men. It says that the people of Charleston have pulled up lead pipe and contributed 50,000 lbs. to the rebel government, who will issue receipts for lead pipe and other fixtures, and binds itself to replace them at the end of the war.

Letters from North Carolina give the following: We have just finished up an expedition to Hyde county, under command of Major Garrard, of the 3d N. Y. cavalry. All the bridges in the country are so thoroughly destroyed that it is more than probable that they will not be re-built during the war.

Capt. James, of the 3d N. Y. cavalry, with a mounted force under his command, lately captured, in the neighborhood of Plymouth, 250 horses and mules, and took as prisoners ten conscripts and twenty-five obnoxious politicians, besides seven prisoners of war.

We landed at Deetsville two days ago, made a march of over 100 miles to different parts of the

country, captured several guerrillas and two political prisoners, took a Colonel named Carter, of the 13th N. C. volunteers, paroled him, and a Sergeant of the 4th N. C. cavalry; also scared the people out of Fairfax, destroyed 13 bridges, some of them very large ones, met the gunboats and transports at Yoking Landing, re-embarked by the aid of flat-boats in eight hours, and thus reached Newbern at daylight.

A Fortress Monroe letter of the 14th says Plymouth, N. C., had been destroyed by fire, but by what division of the Federal army was not known.

The Lynchburg Daily Republican of the 11th says Governor Vance, of North Carolina, has issued a proclamation, prohibiting for thirty days the transportation from the State of the following articles:—Salt, bacon, corn, meal, flour, potatoes, leather, hides, cotton cloth, yarn, or woolen cloth.

Department of the Gulf. NEW ORLEANS advices report the rebels preparing to attack our gunboats at Galveston with five light draft, heavily armed river steamers, their sides fortified with cotton bales. Another report says the rebel troops, who number 3,000 to 5,000, intend to come down under cover of the night, and board the gunboats. The rebels are, quite lately, entering the city at night, and seize and press into service all they can find capable of bearing arms. Gen. Magruder has assumed command of the rebel troops. Our fleet was kept ready for instant action. A boat's crew of the Owasso had been made prisoners.

Gen. Butler extended his confiscation order to all the State of Louisiana west of the Mississippi, except parishes of Orleans, St. Bernard and Plaquemine.

The Navy Department has received dispatches from Rear-Admiral Farragut, enclosing a report from Lieut. Commander McKean Buchanan, of the U. S. gunboat Calhoun, dated off Brashaw City, Nov. 28th, stating that an expedition started on the 26th ult. up Bell river, and returned on the morning of the 29th, with a launch mounting a 12-pounder Dahlgren howitzer, and two prisoners. The remainder of her crew escaped. She had on board 60 tents and a few worthless shot guns.

Commander Buchanan states that he learned the rebel steamer Victoria was set fire to and blown up, off Last Island, about two weeks before the date of his report. It appears that she broke her piston rod, and sent a boat up for assistance, when hearing that our forces were in possession of the place, they went back and set her on fire and deserted her. Commander Buchanan learned from a rebel officer who came up with a flag of truce, that her crew had arrived in Franklin, La., and that the steamer was loaded with arms, ammunition, clothing, &c.

Acting-Master Frederick Crocker, commanding U. S. steamer Kensington, in Pensacola Bay, reports to the Navy Department, under date of 26th of November, that on the 12th ult. the British schooner Maria, from Balize, Honduras, and on the 11th the rebel schooner Covuse, from Havana, were taken while attempting to run the blockade at Sabine Pass, and sent to Key West for adjudication.

Commodore Caldwell, of the iron-clad gunboat Essex, reports to the Navy Department, of New Orleans, under date of Dec. 3d, that he seized, at the depot of the Baton Rouge and Opelousas Railroad, 226 barrels of molasses, and delivered it on board the store-ship Fearnagut, agreeable to order of Rear-Admiral Farragut. He states this molasses is the produce of the enemy's country, and was transported to Baton Rouge upon a railroad in their possession and exclusive use.

Movements at the West. KENTUCKY.—On the 11th inst., Gen. Boyle, in Louisville, ordered the Provost Marshal to empty the negro jails or pens of runaway contrabands, and has placed the negroes at work around the military prison, and will also employ them in other ways.

TENNESSEE.—Reports from below say that Gen. Bragg has gone to the Mississippi, and that General Joe Johnson is commander of the army of East Tennessee. Small pox is raging at Chattanooga. East Tennessee has rebelled to avoid the conscription, and large numbers are near Charlotte.

Col. Stanley Mathews, commanding a brigade in Vancouver's division, had a short fight on the 9th inst., five miles north of Laverge, while foraging. He commanded the 51st Ohio and 35th Indiana regiments and the 21st Kentucky infantry, with one gun of Swallow's Indiana battery, escorting fifty forage wagons. Ten men and a sergeant of the 21st Ky. were left for guard at Dobbyn's Ferry, and the wagons were filled, when Wheeler's rebel cavalry brigade, the 12th Tenn. infantry and a full battery, attacked in the rear. The 51st Ohio and the 35th Indiana were taken back by Mathews at double quick, and in thirty minutes the enemy were repulsed. The wagons were returned rapidly to camp, escorted by the 51st Ohio, the 8th Ky. forming the rear guard. Half an hour later the enemy attacked us again in our rear, and after sharp fighting were repulsed, and the brigade returned to camp without losing a wagon.

A special from Nashville on the 12th inst., says: Brigadier-General D. S. Stanley returned this evening from a dashing enterprise into Dixie. He left our front yesterday by the Franklin Pike, with a strong force of cavalry, and disturbed the enemy early in the day, fighting a large cavalry force and drove them across roads. After he had bivouacked, he intended to surprise Franklin, but during the night he was discovered, and finding a surprise impracticable, he made a dash at Franklin this morning, and was strongly resisted by the enemy, shooting from the houses. Major-General Wyncop, commanding the 7th Pennsylvania cavalry, charged brilliantly through the town and drove the rebels clean out. After destroying the flour mills and other property useful to the rebel army, the expedition, satisfied with the reconnaissance, returned, losing only 1 man,—5 rebels and 1 Lieutenant killed, 10 wounded and 12 were taken prisoners, and a large drove of secess horses were captured. It was discovered that no large force was as far west as Franklin. There is a large force of rebels near Nolansville, and another near Murfreesboro, and another near Stewart's Creek.

On the 7th inst., the 39th brigade, Colonel A. B. Moore, commanding, disgracefully surrendered to an inferior force of the rebels at Hartsville. This brigade has been until lately under the command of Col. Joseph R. Scott of the 19th Illinois, and consisted of the following force, all of which has been captured:—104th Illinois infantry, Col. A. B. Moore; 106th Ohio infantry, Col. Tafel; 108th Ohio infantry, Capt. Plepho, commanding; 2d Indiana cavalry, 1 battalion, Maj. Hill; 11th Kentucky cavalry, 1 company, Capt. Slater; 5th battery Michigan artillery, 2 guns. The Ohio regiments were nothing more

than battalions. The Illinois regiment was nearly full. The cavalry numbered about three hundred and fifty; and the sum total of the force captured is mentioned in an official dispatch at 2,800.

The camp was on a high hill, an insulated knob near the river, from which the country could be seen for miles around. Col. S. formed his camp with his rear resting on the river, as any attack from the enemy would, on account of the nature of the topography of the opposite shore, have to be made from the north side of the river. In other words, the rebels would, before they could make an attack likely to succeed, have to cross the river and attack from the direction of Hartsville. The camp was in open fields, but in the front of it was an extensive wood, in which splendid abatis could have been formed had Col. Moore taken the precaution. The cavalry videttes and infantry pickets were thrown out to about a mile from camp, but though upon the extreme left and flanking the brigade, the cavalry furnished Col. Moore, were not used by him as scouts. Instead of being employed by him as such, and advising him of the enemy's approach, the cavalry was kept in camp, and the enemy crossed the river before it was known that he was in the vicinity, although forewarned by the post commandant of Nashville that his spies had informed him of the intention to attack the brigade at Hartsville. There were several lines of retreat and attack, but it seems that Col. Moore never thought to use any of them. A large force was stationed six miles off under Col. John Harland, but the telegraph line communicating with Col. H. was never used.

The rebels attacked, after crossing the river above and below the camp. A ford, seven miles down the river, was used by a part of the force, and the numerous fords a mile and a half up the stream from our camp, were used by the other part. The force crossing below did not reach the scene until our force had surrendered.

The attack was made at daylight. The second Indiana cavalry did not have time to mount ere they found the infantry pickets flying in confusion through their camp. Major Hill immediately formed them in line as infantry, and ordered them to deploy as skirmishers. This they did, in handsome style, and they soon became engaged with the enemy. Major Hill informed Colonel Moore of the necessity for prompt action, and asked for re-enforcements. The infantry was enabled at last to form in line, and were soon advanced to the relief of the cavalry. Major Hill was enabled to retire his cavalry, and moved them, but much to his surprise to find that the whole force had been surrendered.

The action, subsequent to the retirement of the cavalry, is inexplicable. They had been engaged for half an hour, during which they had repulsed the enemy completely. The infantry came in, and were engaged for fifteen minutes, when the firing ceased, and the whole force had been surrendered. The rebels took possession, destroyed the camp, carried off two pieces of artillery and the arms, and paroled the men. These are all the particulars of the affair at hand, and they are certainly disgraceful enough.

ARKANSAS.—Gen. Herron's forces, en route to reinforce Blunt, met the enemy on the 7th inst., on Crawford Prairie, ten miles south of Fayetteville, Arkansas, and won a decisive victory. The enemy, 21,000 strong, was divided into four divisions, under Marmaduke, Frost, and Rains, all under Hindman, and embraced the flower of the trans-Mississippi army well supported by 18 pieces of artillery. The enemy flanked Blunt's positions at Cave Hill, and suddenly attacked Herron to prevent his union with Blunt. Herron's force consisted of the 94th and 37th Illinois, 19th and 20th Iowa, 26th Indiana, 20th Wisconsin, and a battalion or two of cavalry—in all 6,500 to 7,000 men, and 24 pieces of artillery.

The battle raged from 10 o'clock in the morning till dark, and was desperately fought throughout. Our artillery drove the enemy from two strong positions, and kept overwhelming numbers at bay.

The 26th Wisconsin captured a rebel battery of four heavy guns, but were forced to abandon them under a murderous fire. The 19th Iowa also took the same battery and fought most desperately, but were also obliged to yield it. Almost every regiment distinguished itself.

About 4 o'clock Blunt arrived at Cave Hill, with 5,000 men and a strong force of artillery, and attacked the enemy in the rear. The rebels made a desperate effort to capture their batteries, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. We held the whole field at dusk, and before 9 o'clock that night the entire rebel force was in full retreat over the Boston mountains.

Our loss in killed and wounded is 600, that of the rebels is 1,500, according to their own admission. Several of the enemy's field officers were killed—among them Col. Stein, commanding a brigade, formerly a Brig.-General of the Missouri troops. Few prisoners were taken. We captured four caissons filled with ammunition. Lieutenant-Colonel McTaylor, of the 17th Indiana, was the only field officer killed on our side. Maj. Hubbard, of the 1st Missouri cavalry, is a prisoner.

The following official dispatch of the battle at Fayetteville, has been received at the headquarters of the army:

St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 10. To Major-General Halleck:—My forces of the army of the frontier united near Fayetteville in the midst of a hard fought battle. Gen. Blunt had sustained his position at Cave Hill Saturday night, when the enemy, 21,000 strong, under Gen. Hindman, attempted a flank movement on his left to prevent the arrival of Gen. Herron's forces, which had been approaching for four days, by forced marches. On Monday, about 10 A. M., the enemy attacked Gen. Herron near Fayetteville, who by gallant and desperate fighting held him in check for three hours, until Gen. Blunt's division came up and attacked him in the rear. The fight continued desperately until dark. Our troops then bivouacked on the battle field, while the enemy retreated across the Boston mountain. The loss on both sides is heavy, but is much the greatest on the side of the enemy. Our artillery created terrible slaughter in their greater numbers. The enemy had greatly the advantage in position. Both Generals Blunt and Herron deserve special commendation for their gallantry at the battle of Fayetteville. R. S. CURTIS, Maj.-Gen. Com.

MISSISSIPPI.—A special Oxford (Miss.) dispatch of the 7th, says Colonel Dickey's cavalry had a two hours' engagement with the rebels near Coffeeville on Friday night. The rebels, it is said, had 5,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery. Federal loss nine killed, fifty wounded, and sixty missing. Rebel loss three hundred killed and wounded.

The Oxford (Miss.) News of Thursday week states that the rear guard of the rebels, under command of Gen. Jackson, had a skirmish on that morning with the Federal advance force near the town. The main body of the rebel army, 40,000 strong, passed through Oxford 12 hours before. The number of rebel sick and wounded is said to be very large.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co. Arthur's Home Magazine—T. S. Arthur & Co. Wilkes' Spirit of the Times—Geo. Wilkes & Co. Annual Meeting State Ag. Society—B. P. Johnson, Sec'y. The Best Holiday Gift—Webster's Dictionary.

The News Condenser.

- The President's last message contains 9,196 words. —Excellent Cotton is now raised in the Sandwich Islands. —Ex-Governor Ouseley, of Kentucky, died on Tuesday week. —The rebel steamer Sumner is advertised for sale at Gibraltar. —The coffee crop in Costa Rica this year will yield 100,000 quintals. —Twenty-two Union men were recently hung in Gainesville, Texas. —An order for Cleveland grapes, to be shipped to England, was filled last week. —Several shocks of an earthquake have been felt in the south-west recently. —A movement is on foot to establish an astronomical observatory in Chicago. —An election for Member of Congress is to be held in the Norfolk, Va., District. —Over \$120,000 has been subscribed in New York in aid of the poor of Lancashire. —Mrs. Lincoln has three handsome sisters residing at Salem, Ala.—so a Georgia paper says. —Navigation on the Welland Canal is entirely stopped by ice. Several propellers are frozen in. —The King of the Sandwich Islands is translating the Episcopal prayer book into his native tongue. —Five new iron-clad steamers were launched on Saturday week—three in Boston and two in New York. —The Hudson River has been closed by ice, and navigation suspended for the present if not for the season. —The Greeks seem to be really in earnest in the movement to make Prince Alfred of England their King. —Over \$100,000 worth of turpentine, seized on the prize vessel Gondo, was sold at New York last week. —There is now living in the town of Alenquer, Spain, a woman 40 years of age who has twenty children. —Counterfeit three dollar notes, on the Farmers and Mechanics Bank of Philadelphia are in circulation. —The South Carolina negro brigade is rapidly recruiting, and numbers, it is said, nearly two thousand men. —Two members have been elected to the Federal Congress from Louisiana—in the First and Second Districts. —A contract for 3,000 horses for the Government was made last week at Indianapolis, at an average price of \$80. —General Churchill, of the United States Army, late Inspector General, died at Washington Monday week. —The Merced (Cal.) Banner Office is adorned with a sweet potato which measures 2 feet and 8 inches in length. —Cotton is arriving at Cairo from Memphis so fast that speculators have been glad to realize at reduced figures. —Late advices from Mexico represent the position of the French at Vera Cruz and Orizaba as being very critical. —The price of flax seed has advanced from \$1.35 to \$2.75 per bushel—the highest rate ever realized in this country. —Vermont has just sold \$10,000 of her 6 per cent. State bonds at private sale in Boston, for 10 per cent. premium. —A famine is at present desolating Finland. Out of a population of two millions, nearly half a million are starving. —The counties of Warrick, Spencer and Dubois, Ind., have produced a tobacco crop the present year valued at \$600,000. —The Japanese Government announces its intention to buy and fit out vessels for the extension of native commerce. —The young Mortara, who has made such a noise in the world, is, according to accounts from Rome, quite Christianized. —An old lady named Davis, died in Jefferson county, N. Y., November 28th, at the remarkable age of one hundred and fifteen. —It is stated that the citizenship of colored persons is about to be re-asserted in a decision by the United States Attorney General. —John S. Rarey, the horse-tamer, has been sent to the Army of the Potomac to inquire into the sanitary condition of its horses. —At least six hundred car loads of live hogs are now at Buffalo and Suspension Bridge, waiting for a movement eastward. —Prussia is in a ferment. The Volk-Zeitung of Berlin says that quarrels for political motives are becoming frequent in that city. —Government officers have seized four hundred bales of cotton, valued at upwards of one hundred thousand dollars, at St. Louis. —The steamer Lady Jackson arrived at Cincinnati on Tuesday week from Memphis with 221 bales of cotton and 368 bales of rags. —The colored people are to celebrate New Year's day more than usual, on account of the anticipated taking effect of the emancipation act. —The Grand Jury of Westchester County have indicted the late County Treasurer, Henry Willets, for the alleged defalcation of \$128,000. —The Springfield (Mass.) Republican records the death in that city on Monday week of Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., aged 78 years and 10 months. —The number of vessels seized by the blockading squadron is 543. Their value, with their cargoes, is estimated at forty millions of dollars. —Mrs. Secretary Smith is endeavoring to raise money enough to give a good Christmas dinner to the sick and wounded soldiers in Washington. —Seventeen suits have been commenced at Norfolk, Va., against the Wise family, for the recovery of debts varying in amounts from \$250 to \$1,000. —There is such a glut of silver coin in Canada that the Banks will not receive it except at @3 per cent. discount. It is not a legal tender beyond \$10. —Miss Olive Fuller, of Marston's Mills, Mass., who had attained the great age of one hundred and three years and seven months, died on Thursday week. —Nickels are coined at the Philadelphia mint at the rate of \$2,500 a day. Nevertheless they are so scarce eight per cent. premium is often paid for them. —About the 8th of January the Treasury Department will issue \$200,000 daily in postage currency, and more than that sum in one and two dollar notes. —Senator Wilson is about to introduce a bill into the Senate, to aid Missouri to abolish Slavery. The bill will offer \$10,000,000 as a first installment. —The book publishers in New York are to make an agreement not to publish any books for six months, or until there is a reduction in the cost of paper. —The English people anticipate evil to their Queen because for the first time in her royal life she failed to keep her appointment to prorogue Parliament. —The overland emigration to California has been immense this year; 25,000 travelers, with 6,000 wagons, have passed into the Golden State by the Laramie route. —The business of counterfeiting rebel State Treasury notes, lately detected at Richmond, was traced to some negroes who were engaged to sweep the treasury department. —The government of Guadeloupe has contracted with the Transatlantic Company for the conveyance of coolies to the number of two thousand to three thousand yearly. —The Red River Nor'wester of Oct. 9, states that gold has been found on the banks of the Saskatchewan, near Fort Edmonton, in quantities to pay each rocker \$6 per day. —A writer in the Edinburgh Review estimates the property of Great Britain and Ireland in 1856 at twenty-nine thousand millions of dollars, which is about \$1,000 to each inhabitant.



CHRISTMAS SONG.

When winter rules over the land With stern and unyielding sway...

The Story-Teller. MARIA'S DOWER.

ONE day in the year of grace 1550, a fisherman landed in front of the palace of St. Mark...

with the sum required, with which the secretary of Leo X. had sent a letter, in which he urgently begged the artist to honor him with a visit.

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

THERE was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, on foot, from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French revolution.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

HOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

THE National Intelligencer states that the great dome of the capitol, designed by Thomas U. Walter, and now in course of construction under his direction...

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

FROM the report of Postmaster-General Blair, we learn that the condition of the Post-Office has greatly improved.

ness for 1861 (service interrupted in 1861,) \$9,049,296-40; deficiency, \$4,557,462 71; expenditures for 1862, \$11,125,364 13...

A LARGE AMERICAN DIAMOND.

The art of cutting and polishing diamonds (says the Boston Transcript) though of remote antiquity in Asia, has only recently been introduced into this country.

CURIOS RAILWAY STATISTICS.

It is estimated that the railways in England, Ireland and Scotland annually carry six times in number the population of Great Britain.

Wit and Humor.

JOKEs AND JOKEs.

If a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd. MARRIAGEABLE young ladies are prettily called waiting maids.

Advertisements.

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters. My 1, 16, 19, 8, 10, 5 was an eminent English mathematician. My 2, 1, 15, 6, 8, 9, 11, 24, 20 was a distinguished English philanthropist.

A RIDDLE.

It was in Paradise I first did reside, Yet with Adam and Eve I never could abide.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

THE price of two horses is \$820. X of the first added to Y of the second is equal to \$96.

DOUBLE CHARADE.

My first is usually dark; my second is a preposition; my third is a strong wind; my whole is a bird.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 673.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—To return evil for good is devil-like; to return evil for evil or good for good is man-like; but to return good for evil is God-like.

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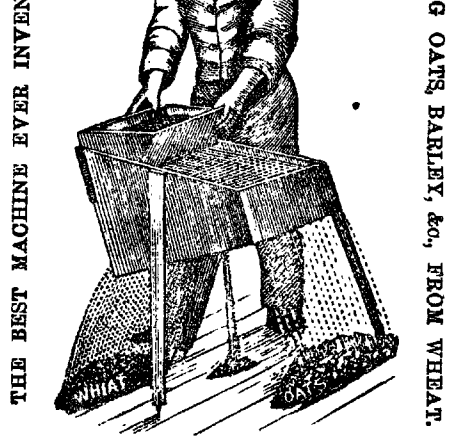
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