

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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**MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,**  
THE LEADING AMERICAN WEEKLY  
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,  
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### THOROUGH TILLAGE.

HAVING lately treated of drainage and deep culture as a means of farm improvement, we now purpose to call attention to another mechanical requirement of the soil—pulverization. On this point there can be but little difference of opinion. Whatever may be the doubts in regard to other systems, every one acknowledges, both in theory and practice, the necessity of thorough comminution of the soil. For this purpose the farmer plows, and drags, and one-half of the labor on most farms is devoted to this work alone. Some years ago, one of the most celebrated Agricultural Chemists of the world received two specimens of soils for examination, one from the Miami Valley, and remarkable for its exceeding fertility; another, an ordinary soil, and far less fertile; yet he could detect no other difference between the two than that the particles of the Miami soil were much finer than the other; and to this, no doubt, must be attributed its remarkable fertility. During the latter part of the last century, JETHRO TULL, who, perhaps, did as much as any other individual for the improvement of Agriculture, adopted the theory that the roots of plants live upon minute particles of soil, and that repeated and almost constant tillage is necessary to secure a large crop, and nothing else is required. He believed manure to be valuable; but only for its mechanical effects as a divider and disintegrator of the soil, which, kept properly pulverized, would supply all the requirements of vegetable growth. This theory, though erroneous, did much to call attention to thorough culture, and the success of TULL was such as to induce, for a time, a pretty general indorsement of his theory. Later investigations have elicited the truth, but have not lessened in the opinions of good cultivators the importance of obtaining and keeping up during the life of the plant the finest possible tilth.

A heavy clay soil will hold more moisture than a loamy or sandy soil; yet the clay will be the first to suffer from drouth, because in ordinary practice it is never kept in as fine condition. If the soil is well pulverized to a good depth, crops will not suffer by drouth once in ten years; yet with ordinary culture the product of almost every crop is much lessened almost every season in consequence of lack of moisture. Where the particles are fine, water constantly rises by capillary attraction during the day, only an inch or so of the surface becoming dry, and this is effectually moistened by the dews of night. Let any person examine a deep, fine soil in the heat of the day, even during one of our driest times, and it will be found moist and warm, producing all the requisites for a rapid growth of plants while a hard, lumpy, half pulverized soil will be found dry, often to the depth of a foot or eighteen inches. For some time it was a matter of surprise to us that crops of corn could be grown on the prairies without culture, especially in hot, dry seasons; but an examination of the character of the soil, fine as powder to a great depth, and full of decaying vegetable matter, made the cause plain.

The farmer may learn from the gardener many useful hints. Let a hot-bed be started early in the spring, and we will say planted with cucumbers. In a little while the plants are up, have their rough leaves, and are making rapid progress. Here we have most of the conditions favorable to growth, a deep, mellow soil, warmth and moisture; but select one plant and allow it to take its course without stirring the soil, or only occasionally, and in a short time it will become stunted, make but little growth, and never become a vigorous, strong plant. Give the others a different course of treatment, lighten the earth around them every day, or every other day, with the fingers, and draw the fresh earth to the stems, and the difference in growth will be such as to convince every observer of the necessity of frequent stirring of the soil to obtain for plants a rapid growth and full development. Another and a very pleasing test is to sow in the garden a little patch of any of our common farm plants, as oats or

wheat; let a part be sown broadcast in the ordinary way and receive no culture; the remainder be drilled and the soil kept well cultivated during the season. In the latter case the plants will attain double the size of the others, and the product will be from two to three-fold greater, furnishing a lesson that will need no repetition.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### HUNGARIAN GRASS.

ON page 30, current volume of the RURAL, I notice an inquiry about Hungarian grass, to which I reply as follows:

1. *When to Sow.*—Sow any time in June. If you want two crops, sow from the middle of May to the middle of June.

2. *How much per acre.*—If you grow it for the seed, from one-fourth to one-third of a bushel per acre will be enough—the amount must depend upon the strength or condition of the land. If the object is to get hay, feeding the seed and all without thrashing, a half bushel of seed is not too much per acre.

3. *Kind of Soil.*—A good corn or clover soil is best suited to its production. It does not like or do well on wet land.

4. *Time of Cutting and Curing.*—If the object is simply to get the seed, separate from the hay, it should be cut when the seed is full formed, and before it will shell out; but if it is designed to feed the hay without thrashing, it should be cut soon after the plant goes out of bloom and the seed begins to form,—at least as soon as the seed is in the milk. It is cured in the same way as timothy.

5. *Average yield per acre.*—Cannot say. Have seen four tons taken from an acre, in one season, at two cuttings. On good soils, a larger crop has been harvested. I think these (two tons) may be safely regarded as an average crop, on good soil, with the seed put in when the ground is in good tilth. The above weight of the product, of course, includes the seed: It weighs (with the seed) much heavier than the same bulk of timothy. Twenty to thirty bushels of seed may be grown per acre.

6. *Value of the Hay for Stock.*—Compared with timothy, there are few feeders who do not prefer the same weight of the latter—timothy. Of its relative value, there is some dispute. Cut as above directed for hay, it has been the sole feed for working teams during the Spring season, when the work is heaviest. I know Illinois and Iowa farmers who grow it for this purpose, asserting that it is a better and cheaper food than corn and timothy at ordinary prices. The hay and seed combined, make a heavy feed. By some it is asserted to be injurious to horses. But so far as I have been able to learn, this injury has resulted from feeding fully matured seed, together with an additional feed of corn, or other grain. There has been so much testimony to the injurious effects of this food when the matured seed has been fed, that there is doubtless some cause for it; but so far as I know, the hay and seed cured as above, and fed alone, has been preferred to other food. Most kinds of stock like it, and will thrive on it. But other grain should not be given in addition when the seed is fed.

7. *Crops in One Season.*—If sown early, two crops are often secured.

8. *What it Requires.*—It will not pay to put it on poor land, or on land that is not thoroughly prepared. The ground should be thoroughly pulverized before seeding, and rolled afterward.

### REVIEW.\*

BY AD VALOREM.

#### JUST RIGHT FOR FARMERS.

THE editor grows indignant at the use of this term applied to whatever requires little care and will endure much hardship. There are one or two assertions to be made here.

1. We hear this kind of talk in every Horticultural and I may say Agricultural assembly from Maine to Minnesota.

2. We would not hear it if there were no cause for it.

3. *There is cause for it*—a great, big, bouncing cause. And being a farmer, I blush to own it. Therefore, it is natural to ask *What is the cause?* And without professing to be wiser than some other people, I will undertake to answer the question, in part, at least. I pray, have patience.

1. Four-fifths of the agriculturists undertake to do too much. They misapply labor. They spread it too thin. They have not the labor,—nor capital to purchase it,—necessary to do well what they undertake to do—what might profitably be done. They put too many irons in the fire at once. They do not regulate their cultivated crops so that attention may be given them successively, and therefore surely. Hence the annual grains receive attention because they must be cultivated. The perennial plants, shrubs, and trees, which, if hardy, bear fruit without attention, sometimes, are neglected first; and their product, if any results, is clear gain, inasmuch as it is produced without labor. Hence the popularity of the hardy fruit trees, shrubs, and vines among this large proportion of agriculturists. They are "just right" for this class of farmers; be-

\*OF RURAL NEW-YORKER, No. 8, Vol. XIII.

cause they are better than nothing; for nothing requiring culture and care would be grown, I fear.

2. It is true that the more intelligent horticulturists are responsible for this condition of things—in a measure, at least. Why? Because they have encouraged it, by catering to the wants of this class—by seeking to supply them with such material as would contribute to and confirm their habits of neglect.

Tell a child that he is a fool—that he knows nothing, and never will, and persist in this kind of instruction, and you will make a fool of him. Treat a man as a brute and he will become brutish. So this long continued treatment of farmers, by which they are taught that there is something complex, mysterious, inscrutable (to them) in the treatment and management of a certain class of plants, trees and shrubs, has produced its natural and legitimate result. They believe it; and like all other classes of men, hesitate to buy for use what they have no ability to use.

Let these learned gentlemen cease this kind of talk, treat the farmer as an equal in comprehensive power and good taste, employ their time in effort to instruct him how to use what is most valuable to him, rather than to secure for him what shall encourage him to remain indolent and ignorant, and there will be a revolution. Lift him up; do not suffocate him. Teach him that effort is necessary, and he will make effort. Lull him to sleep with idle hopes and he will never waken.

It is altogether too common to recommend for culture, grains, plants, &c., which require least care. It is ordained of God, that the fruit which costs the most effort is the sweetest and most palatable to the producer. God always rewards industry—He helps those who help themselves. The cultivator must remember this, if he would possess a stimulant superior to all others.

#### PRESENT DUTIES.

He is a happy man who is more anxious to determine what his present duty is than what may be in the future for him—who is prompt to do what he may find to do, now, leaving the result and the future with the great arbiter of all things.

Present duties! Why, sir, we waste time fuming and fretting over the future, which we can neither fathom nor comprehend, which, if employed in doing to-day, *this moment*, what lies on our right hand and on our left, before us and every where, for us to do, would mold that future according to our desires.

We look a great way ahead—far, far away into the future—for the good time coming; and it never comes. Our ideal life is never realized. We grope and feel and reach over and beyond all present objects after future good. We ignore the tools of to-day, and reach after the weapons of to-morrow. We neglect to use the one and fail to reach the other; and when to-morrow comes, we are still grasping and using nothing. Thus life wears away and nothing is accomplished.

Present duties! My good friend, we have no others! The past is lost, the future cannot be reached. We have no other time than now! Let the farmer determine his life and his duty with this knowledge, and it will be well spent, without doubt. I am aware that this is a hackneyed text; but the causes which render a repetition of the sermon necessary are ever recurring.

#### A PARTING LEGACY.

There are many good things said in Dr. KENNICOTT'S parting address. But there is one sentence which alone ought to suffice as "a parting legacy," which, if the last words of WEBSTER, would have added much to his fame. I refer to it here as the key, not only to the entire address, but to a great system of ethics. It is a text upon which a long rural sermon might be based. But I simply call attention to it and leave the reader to drop the paper, lean back in his chair, shut his eyes, and think of it just half an hour. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," but it can't go alone!"

#### OBJECTIONS TO BEE CULTURE.

Whatever may be the objections to bee culture, there are strong reasons why they should be overruled to-day. Patriotic self-reliance demands that all our economic resources should be developed. During a conversation the other day with an intelligent farmer, the price of sugar was referred to. Said he, "I make my own sugar."

Indeed! How?  
"I have fifteen swarms of bees, and their increase and product annually buys all my sugar and sirups, and affords all the honey my family can use beside. They are wonderful workers, sir, and as interesting as they are wonderful. My wife claims the care of them. They do not tax my own time at all."

#### A TILTH DRAINING EXPERIMENT.

I must indorse the Michigan man. My neighbor A. B., who has drained a large area of land which was regarded dry by his neighbors, is reaping a rich harvest therefor. We shake some with the fever and ague hereabouts; but since said neighbor has drained his land, the water in his well has fallen three and a half feet, is of better quality, and his family have no ague and fever. This act is opening our eyes, and there will be a demand for tile hereabouts. No man can say too much in favor of the thorough draining of all cultivated land.

#### BEST FORM FOR AN APPLE TREE.

Mr. HOOKER says, "Farmers cannot use forks and spades in cultivating their orchards—they must depend upon horses."

Why not, pray, Mr. H? If it will pay to cultivate an orchard at all, it will pay to cultivate it in the best manner. Teach farmers that it is as profitable to cultivate orchards as corn or potatoes; and tell them the best way, and they will do it. It is just such talk as Mr. H. indulges in that misleads and discourages orchardists. They are taught to expose the trunks and the roots of trees in order that they may drive under them. They therefore "trim up," leaving five or six feet of trunk bare, exposed to all the changes of climate, and death ensues. "This is not a fruit country" is the settled conviction.

It is better for the cause of horticulture, and the interests of fruit-needing humanity, Mr. H., that you teach the other extreme—that you say to the farmer don't touch a knife to your tree. Let them spread. If practice is to be based upon the theory that farmers will only buy trees that they can most neglect, this latter recommendation is by far the best—is it not?

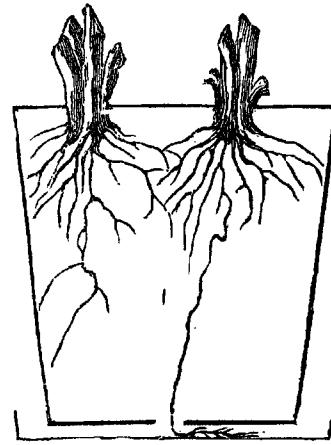
It is an imaginary bugaboo that orchards will not produce and cannot be cultivated with the base limbs of trees lying on the ground. They will bear more fruit if entirely neglected, except to take off insects, than nine-tenths of the high-headed "cultivated" orchards. There is no mistake about it. And there is another fact. *The tree will bear earlier in nine cases out of ten—theory to the contrary notwithstanding.*—[Wonder if Reviewer don't raise a hubbub by that assertion.]

Let me assert, that there are few localities south of the 43d degree of latitude, in the loyal States, where fruit trees will not grow and produce better by shortening at the top, and letting the limbs branch from the base up.

Let me urge the reader who may be an orchardist to read again the remarks of Mr. BARRY under this head. His is a sound gospel for you.

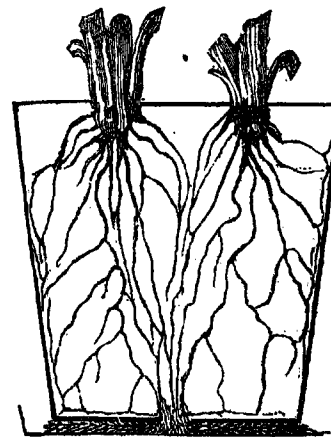
#### THE BARLEY AND WHEAT PLANTS.

It is important that farmers should understand the nature and habits of the plants they cultivate. Without this knowledge there can be no really intelligent culture. A man may follow the practice which the experience of others for a century, as well as his own, has proved to be successful, and in the main he will be right; but how much better it is to ascertain, if possible, the reason why. Every experienced grower of barley knows that the barley plant thrives best in a light, friable soil, and is much benefited by thorough culture; but the reason why, is not so well understood.



BARLEY.

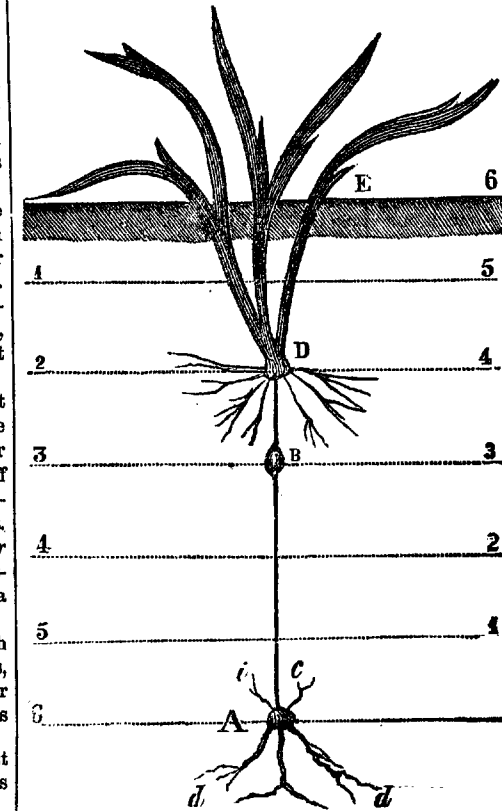
The roots of barley are short, and confined to a few inches around the crown of the plant, while the roots of wheat penetrate to a great depth. We give two engravings—one of wheat and another of barley grown in pots, by one of the most careful of English agricultural experimentalists. From this a very good idea of the nature of the roots of both may be obtained. Only one fibrous root of the barley found its way through the bottom of the pot, while the greater part of the space in the pot was unoccupied;



WHEAT.

but the wheat occupied the whole of the space in the pot, and passing through the hole left for drainage, filled the dish in which the pot was set with a thick network of roots. This should teach the

grower of barley that the roots lie near the surface, and that it is important to encourage this natural superficial growth by providing a friable surface soil. To the wheat grower it says, provide for your wheat crop a deep soil, where the roots can follow their natural bent, and go down deep in search of necessary food.



WHEAT FROM THE GRAIN TILL IT BRANCHES.

A. The grain of wheat deposited six inches beneath the surface of the earth, where it sprouts and throws out roots and two leaves, which are called its seminal leaves and roots, and a central thread denominated caudex.

B. A bulb formed on the caudex, being an effort of nature to form branches and roots at that place; but being too far out of the influence of the air, goes on to within two inches of the surface.

D. The coronal roots and branches, formed two inches below the surface, having now reached within the influence of atmospheric air.

c. c. The two seminal or first leaves, dead when the wheat has branched on the surface, and are hardly discernible without the aid of a magnifying lens.

d. d. The seminal roots also dead after the coronal roots appear, and then are no longer useful to the plant.

E. The surface of the ground.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Dotted lines marking the number of inches beneath the surface at E.

Some time since a very intelligent farmer in this county, who was much in favor of plowing in wheat deep, and who had invented a drilling apparatus which he attached to his plow, wishing to convince us of the advantage of plowing in wheat at least six inches deep, brought us specimens of plants with two sets of roots, as shown in the above engraving. This he argued gave the plant additional strength and good anchorage, preventing the throwing out by frost. We objected to his conclusions, because we knew the lower roots would die out as soon as the upper were well formed; and that the whole operation was but a provision of nature to prevent the entire destruction of the grain in its unfavorable position; that time was lost, and most likely a portion of the strength of the plant, in the long and laborious effort to reach the surface. The following, by WM. MERRIWETHER, on this subject, is both interesting and instructive, and deserves attentive perusal:

"If a grain of wheat is placed six inches beneath the surface, it will vegetate and throw out two leaves, which are generally called seminal leaves, and corresponding roots; (see the delineation, A, c, and d, d,) then a thread is thrown out, which, as soon as it reaches near enough to the surface so as to come in contact with atmospheric air, it there forms a knob or enlarged point, which is the part from whence a new set of branches and roots are thrown out, which, in the autumn, is about an inch and a half or two inches beneath the surface (as in the delineation marked D.) After this period, the seminal leaves, root, and the thread, denominated caudex, dies and becomes useless to the plant; above which it has a new set of roots, branches, &c. On examining many roots of wheat, some had a knob between the seminal and coronal roots, &c., appearing to be an effort of nature which proved abortive, being not near enough the surface to obtain air. If the seed is placed anywhere between six inches and two from the surface, there will be a set of coronal and seminal roots and branches; but if the seed be placed anywhere between the surface and two inches below, there will be only one set of roots and branches, and those immediately progressing in their different directions from the seed. I have said the stem or thread arises from the seminal roots to within two inches of the surface in the autumn; but this depends on the dryness and porosity of the soil at the time of vegetating; for, after the soil has settled by rains, and according to the tenacity and specific gravity of the soil, also its moisture, which increases

the specific gravity and prevents the access of atmospheric air, so it will be found nearer the surface; so that in the spring of the year, if any branching takes place at a late period, it will be found to be entirely on the surface.

From the above statement of facts, I draw this inference; that if a grain of wheat is deposited upwards of two inches below the surface, that it has an extraordinary effort of nature to make, to come up to that point beneath the surface where it has access to atmospheric air; and is proportionately great according to the depth, quality of the soil, moisture, &c., which must occupy a proportionate length of time, and consequently is equal to having been sown so much later, if put its proper depth."

WINTER CARE OF STOCK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Perhaps it would not be unreasonable to say a word about winter care of horses. In canvassing for the RURAL, some things I notice, some things I do not; and one thing is, by far too many horses running in yards but partially protected from winds and storms, while some (not a few) are turned at the stack with but one feed in twenty-four hours, and left to grub the meadows on which they run for a dessert. These are things which always speak in thunder-tones of the necessity of a want of more knowledge. They tell of a lack of experiments. Every careful, thinking man knows from his own animal nature that comfort is twin brother to economy. All the artificial heat that can be produced lessens the amount that has to be created by the slow combustion of carbon in the blood of animals, with the oxygen of the air which the animal breathes. Thus we inevitably come to the conclusion that warm sheds, or stables, are indispensable to the comfort and economy of the horse, and, in fact, all the animal kingdom.

Very few hay and straw cutting machines are to be seen; far too few for the real economy of the farming community. Experience is one of the best school-masters we meet with through life. It is an axiom that to cut feed, and bruise or grind grain, is great economy in feeding all kinds of stock. This is more especially true for a horse that is used every day; he has especially true time to feed, and therefore, if fed hay and grain whole, could not consume as much in a given time as if cut and ground. Again, very few horses fed grain whole, chew it so fine but that more or less is voided without their having received any benefit from it, as it yet remains whole.

From a careful investigation for twelve years, with many notes and some experiments, I have settled upon the conviction that nearly if not quite two-fifths of all grain could be saved if finely ground and cooked before being fed. The indigent farmer may come forward and remark that this is too much labor for so small a saving. In latitude 42° (where I live), we generally feed about one-half of the year; and as about an average feed of horses with grain is eight quarts per day, we see in one hundred and eighty-two days a horse would consume forty-five and a half bushels of grain. Now, if two-fifths of this could be saved, it would reduce his grain to about twenty-seven bushels. Some farmers complain at the amount of labor incident to feeding out feed. True, there is a little more labor, but could not a man afford to do some small amount of work, if he could reduce his expenses in feed two-fifths?

There is another point in winter care of horses which I deem very essential,—regularity in feeding. "Man wants but little here below," but he wants that at regular hours as much as he needs to breathe regular to enjoy good health. So even with the lower order of brutes. A majority of farmers feed as soon in the morning as it is light enough to see, again at noon, and again at night; making about five hours between each feeding, leaving about fourteen hours, (as they say,) for rest or sleep. We know cattle left to run in pasture during summer, feed more during nights than day times. From observation, I find cattle do as well if not better by feeding but twice in twenty-four hours, when they become accustomed to it. Let this be done at regular hours, and a sufficient quantity given. It lessens the farm labor some, and cattle fed so will come through to spring in much better condition.

Fluanna, N. Y., 1862. H. A. WHITTEMORE.

THRASHING WITH THE FLAIL.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It may appear strange to the large grain farmers of Central and Western New York, to learn that here in old Connecticut, where we raise grain only to a limited amount, we can thrash it as economically by the old-fashioned flail as with a machine. Nevertheless, it is even so. Allow me just to give you the figures. Our oats we hire done for every tenth bushel, which, at present prices, (about 40 cents,) makes 4 cents per bushel. The men that go about with a machine thrashing, ask 24 and 3 cents per bushel, and require in addition their board, keeping for their horses, and usually about two hands to assist them. So it will be readily seen that the difference, if any, is really on the side of the hand-thrashing. This ought not to be so. Machinery, if judiciously managed, ought to do the work at a less expense than elbow grease; but these are facts with us.

I am fully aware that this will not do in sections where grain is grown in large quantities, as it would of course be wholly impossible to get out a quantity soon enough; but where we raise some 200 to 500 bushels only, and are in no hurry to get it into market, it seems practicable. It is often the case that the farmer has a hired man on hand during the winter, without very much work except choring, and this comes to fill in odd spells, or stormy weather, when not much could be otherwise performed to profit. It seems a slow way when we come to see one of your ten-horse circular powers shelling out the grain (as we have repeatedly seen it,) at the rate of 1,000 bushels of oats, or half that quantity of wheat, daily, all cleaned, and in good order for marketing; but then we know "circumstances alter cases" in this as well as other matters.

Salisbury, Conn., 1862. W. J. P.

A BAD PRACTICE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In traveling along the highways in the country, we find the habit of filling up the sides of the road with all kinds of rubbish is still practiced by many of our farmers. When an orchard is trimmed, the brush are all thrown over the fence in the public highway, to annoy travelers, especially those who walk. How often we find irregular small stone heaps, and loose stones scattered here and there, to remind the passer-by that this article, too, has been added to the brush and old stumps to keep company, that they may not be lonesome. And to complete the scene, we find sundry old wagons, sleighs, plows, wood, and an in-

definite number of old things scattered in promiscuous confusion in the highway, to impede the traveler, and convince the most incredulous that neatness has not become a habit among many of our "rural" friends.

Kind reader, I do not mention these things to find fault, but to gently remind those who have indulged in this habit, that the road never was intended for such things, but for the benefit of the traveling public. When an orchard is pruned, how easy to gather the limbs into one, two, or more piles, and burn immediately, leaving a tidy appearance, and no shelter for mice, the great enemy to young trees. How easy to remove all loose stones, not needed for immediate use, to some by-place, and pile in snug heaps until wanted. And how easy, if a resolution is made to reform, to remove every old thing from the road and make it look neat and commodious.

Let all who have been guilty of this very untidy practice, begin this coming spring and bring about a much needed reformation. After you have tried it one or two years and have seen the great change compared with the former mode, you would as soon throw your old trash in your front yard as into the highway. By reforming, you will accomplish a double work; beautifying your homes and teaching your children and neighbors' children an important lesson—a lesson that they will never forget to practice during life; for children learn to imitate their parents in this respect as well as others. The practice of filling the road with all kinds of refuse matter should be discontinued at once, and teach by example that the highway should be kept neatly, if you would make "Home, Sweet Home," beautiful and pleasant above all other places.

Chil, N. Y., 1862. JOHN L. KENNEL.

FACTS ABOUT MAKING PORK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the best methods of fattening hogs are being discussed in your journal, I wish to give a few items of my experience upon this matter, for the benefit of whom it may concern.

From a long series of carefully conducted experiments, I am satisfied that 60 pounds of good corn will make 10 pounds of pork, and the same weight of fine corn meal, well fermented, 16 pounds, and both cooked and fermented, 20 pounds, provided always that the hogs are a good breed, have comfortable quarters, are regularly fed, and fattened while the weather is mild.

Barley meal fermented will fatten hogs faster than anything I ever tried; but if they cannot have it all the time, they should have it the latter part, as they will not eat corn well after being fed on barley.

Whether it will pay to grind and cook feed depends upon the cost of grinding and cooking, and the price of grain and pork, which each reader must determine for himself in his own locality. My estimate is based upon pigs old enough to do well on corn or meal, say two or three months, and whatever the pigs are worth at that time should be deducted from their value when killed.

With a dairy I find it pays best to depend mainly upon spring pigs for making pork the first season, as milk and whey fed to pigs will produce much greater gain than to old hogs. Pigs eight or nine months old ought to dress from 200 to 300 pounds, and will often do better than that.

Old hogs should run in a good clover pasture during the summer, while the feed is good, with little or no grain, and when they are put up in good, clean, well-ventilated pens, and fed as they should be, will gain very rapidly, and generally be heavier at killing time than if fed corn all summer.

Hogs, if well rung, can run in an orchard with decided advantage till September, as they destroy many insects and worms, and afford just the kind of manure the trees need. My orchards that hogs have been kept in, have produced three or four times as many apples as others of similar age, size, and situation.

In regard to breed, I want a hog well covered with white hair, to enable them to stand our cold winds and hot scorching suns; with a long, broad, deep body, short legs, small head, and a quiet disposition, and at present I know of no breed that combines these qualities in so eminent a degree as the Chester County Whites.

Geneva, Illinois, 1862. D. A. LILLIE.

IS THE POULTRY YARD PROFITABLE?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Your "Reviewer," in the last number of your journal, asks the above question, and from those who are disposed to answer it in the affirmative, he requires a "demonstration." My experience has not been very great, but I am able to give that of about one year in figures.

On the 1st of April, 1859, I bought eighteen hens and one cock, and kept them until the 1st of March, 1860, a period of eleven months. The account for that time stands thus:

Table with 2 columns: Expense and Receipts. Expense of 19 fowls, at 25c each: \$4.75. Grain and meal fed: 26.16. Eggs used to set: 1.90. Total expense: \$32.81. Receipts from 120 doz. eggs sold and used: \$21.20. Fowls sold: 26.07. Total receipts: \$47.27. Profit: \$14.46.

The fowls had the range, during the summer, of about four acres of pasture, and during the winter were provided with a warm hen house. From April to November their feed was buckwheat, about two bushels at a time being placed in a large box, to which they had access all the time. During the winter, their feed was corn twice a day. The cock and three of the hens were of the breed known as "Black Polands," three more were of the "Creole" breed, and the remainder mixtures of other common breeds. The Polands and Creoles laid about half of the eggs, and manifested no disposition to sit. The rest hatched and raised about 75 young, and laid but few eggs after the month of May. The Creoles are as good layers as the Polands, but are a small fowl, and very mischievous. I give the preference to the Polands, on account of their quiet habits. Had the month of March been added to the account, the comparative profit would undoubtedly have been greater, as in that month the most eggs are generally obtained, and the best price realized.

With more care during the winter, in supplying lime, fresh water, gravel, and animal food, I think I can obtain still better results than the foregoing. I have often heard farmers remark, that they believed every dozen eggs they obtained cost them twenty-five cents. As a young and inexperienced farmer, I would beg leave modestly to remark, that with no better care bestowed upon their cattle than they now give to their fowls, their receipts from that source would be no more satisfactory.

Irondequoit, N. Y., 1862. H. P. C.

THOSE "WEIGHTY FIGS."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I think those "weighty pigs" of Mr. POTTER, as set forth of page 30 of the present volume, need a little more looking after. Suppose we reduce his statement to items, it will stand thus:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. To value at 6 weeks old, \$2 each: \$12.00. To oat and buckwheat meal for 5 1/2 months, one quart each per day—costs 30c, and buckwheat 38c., (31 bushels, at 84c.): 10.00. To oats, buckwheat, and peas, for 2 months, one bushel each per day—oats 30c., buckwheat 38c., and peas 85c. per bushel—360 bushels at 62c. per bushel: 187.20. By 1,927 lbs. pork, at 4c.: \$77.88. By loss to balance account: 132.95. Total: \$209.74. Balance: \$209.74.

Now, I think there must be a mistake somewhere, either in Mr. POTTER'S statement, or in your type, or in my calculations. I regard Mr. P.'s statement as of great value with reference to the various weightings of the hogs alive and dressed.

Wilson, N. Y., 1861. E. V. W. DOX.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Sweet Butter in Winter.

L. PALMER, Luzerne Co., Pa., writes to the American Agriculturist that to insure a thick cream, and prevent the bitter taste which winter milk and butter often have, the milk should be set on the stove after straining, and heated thoroughly, but not boiled. She says the quality of the butter from milk so treated will be greatly improved.

Fresh Maple Molasses.

A CORRESPONDENT of Field Notes gives the following:—Maple molasses, well made and put up in cans right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed, as you would can and seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap; and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose some of the peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is so prized, and is often injured by insects. All this is obviated by canning white hot. To many families who do not make it on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn fruits demand them again. Put up your best in this way. Where large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves.

Extra Feed to Cows.

THE old plan, says the New England Farmer, was to see with how little food the cows could be carried through the winter. We have actually heard two farmers boasting of their skill in this particular, but they usually lost a creature or two each, every spring. They seemed to consider it quite fortunate if they only lost one or two animals. Among good farmers, the practice now is to make the cow eat as much as she will with good appetite. This we consider the most profitable mode of keeping neat stock. The rule will not apply to horses.

Some persons feed cows sparingly until within a week or two of their time of calving, and then give them more hay, and frequently add meal to it. This is a bad practice. The cow needed this generous food in the earlier stages of parturition, which would have given both mother and calf greater growth and strength. The practice of withholding feed just before or after the calf is dropped, is injurious—but especially afterwards, as it excites fever, the udder is more likely to be pressed with milk and swell, and the whole system is rather weakened than strengthened by the extra feeding. For two weeks before calving the cow should be free, in a roomy and dry place, with comfortable bedding; and after calving should be fed sparingly for a day or two on sweet, nutritious food, but not in large quantity. During the same time, the water given her should be slightly warm.

Drilling in Grain, and Grain Drills.

FROM an article upon this topic in the Wisconsin Farmer, we clip the following:

The practice of drill-sowing may truthfully be claimed to be as old as good English farming, and after a hundred years of experience under all circumstances, has constantly grown in favor, until few or no good farmers broadcast now in any country, except in the New West, where, as yet, with too many at least, the object seems more to see how many acres can be run over, instead of how many can be well cultivated. But even here this loose system is rapidly passing away, and joy go with it. Probably more new drills were bought in the West, and especially in Wisconsin, last season, than were in the State previously all put together. And during our extensive travels among the best farmers and farming districts last season, we scarcely met with a locality where they were not coming rapidly into favor.

Most farmers claim that every 50 acres of wheat sowed will annually pay for a good drill. They talk as follows:—First, it saves one half bushel of seed-wheat to the acre, invariably, which on 50 acres would be 25 bushels; which, at 80 cents per bushel, (low for seed-wheat,) is \$20. Next, it saves one-fourth of the labor of putting in, as a team will put in from 15 to 16 acres per day with a good drill as easy as they will 10 to 12 with a drag, besides saving the expense of sowing. Thus 50 acres can be put in for \$5 to \$8 less than with a drag, and broadcast. Next, it will add at least two bushels per acre to the crop, taken as an average all through the State. Thus 100 bushels of wheat at 65 cents, (in the straw,) is \$65. Which, added to the preceding \$25, and we have \$90—the full price of the best drill that is sold, all bought, paid for, and saved the first season, by any 50 acre wheat farm, (where stumps are not too plenty.)

Drill-sowing can be done just as well and even in windy weather as when still; a great desideratum, surely, in the West, as it tends to enable much earlier sowing, as well as much more even and better work.

Drill-sowed grain grows much more evenly, for the reason that it is planted at a more even depth. It not only grows more even and uniform, but it grows larger and heavier, especially upon uplands, because deeper planted, and hence more moist during our usually dry Western summers.

Thus, altogether, and for nearly every good and substantial reason that can be adduced, drill-sowing is decidedly preferable to the old scattering system of broadcasting. We are aware that some differ with us in opinion upon the entire question; but we are also aware that there are about the same number who believe in sickles, cradles and scythes, instead of reapers and mowers; and that wheat thrives to cess and horse hairs, &c., &c. Yet this necessary remnant of old fables do not stop, but only trundle wheels of progress.

Doings of Agricultural Societies.

Annual Meetings, &c., of State, County and Local Societies.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society was held in the Assembly Chamber, at Albany, during the past week, Hon. GEORGE GEDDES, of Onondaga county, President of the Society, in the chair. The attendance was larger than last year, and the proceedings worthy of more attention and space than we can devote to them in the present crowded state of our pages.

The Treasurer submitted his Annual Report, an abstract of which we subjoin;

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. To cash on hand at close of last year: \$1,792.71. Memberships at annual meeting: 43.00. Life memberships at different dates: 70.00. State appropriation for the Society: 700.00. State appropriation for salary of State Entomologist: 1,000.00. Local Committee's contribution toward expenses at Watertown: 800.00. Receipts at Watertown Fair: 7,909.65. Total receipts: \$12,320.36. For salaries and traveling expenses: \$2,865.13. Salary of Society's Entomologist: 1,000.00. For premiums and premium expenses of Watertown Fair: 4,722.09. Other expenses of the Fair: 2,038.11. Postage, incidental and various items, to balance of total expenditures: 12,179.54. Leaving a balance in favor of the Society of: 142.89.

The annual Report of the Executive Committee was read by the Secretary, and adopted. Among other matters discussed in this Report are the following:—Agriculture in New York during the past year; Injurious Insects; Rearing of Sheep; Pleura Pneumonia; Agricultural Statistics, &c., etc. The Report will doubtless form a portion of the Society's Transactions.

On motion, the usual committee of twenty-four, three from each Judicial District, were appointed to nominate a Board of Officers of the Society for the ensuing year. The Committee subsequently made the following report:

President—Hon. EZRA CORNELL, Tompkins. Vice Presidents—Thomas H. Faile, New York; Samuel Thorne, Dutchess; Hermit Wendell, Albany; Oscar Granger, Saratoga; John D. Hungerford, Jefferson; Thos. J. Chatfield, Tioga; Patrick Barry, Monroe; Samuel W. Johnson, Cattaraugus.

Recording Secretary—Erastus Corning, Jr., Albany. Corresponding Secretary—Benjamin F. Johnson, Albany. Treasurer—Luther H. Tucker, Albany. Executive Committee—T. C. Peters, Genesee; E. Sherrill, Ontario; A. Hubbell, Oneida; Clark J. Hayes, Otsego; W. Newcomb, Rensselaer.

The Society proceeded to ballot formally for the officers, and the nominees of the Committee were declared duly elected.

A communication was presented by the President of the Society, Mr. GEDDES, from the State Entomologist, Dr. FITCH, that gentleman being prevented by illness from attending the meeting. The communication conveyed a paper written by Dr. FITCH, which was read. It treated:

First, of the Grain Aphid. The advent of this insect was described as most remarkable and unprecedented. Its sudden appearance in such vast numbers was explained, by the fact that observation had shown it to be the most prolific insect ever known. A single insect would produce, by successive multiplication, upward of a million in twenty days. All seemed to be females, as those appearing to be males will, when confined in a bottle, rapidly multiply. When only three days old, the insect begins to produce its young. The grain aphid is now upon the grain under the snow, and only waiting for the influence of spring to bring it to life.

Second, The Army Worm had been known before, both in this country and Europe. Appearing during the past year, it had been an object of great interest. Specimens of the worm had been received, with letters of inquiry, from grain growers in all the States, from Illinois to Massachusetts. A full answer had been returned to such inquiries.

Third, The Wheat Midge had again appeared after its entire extermination in this country, were found to be varieties of this insect,—a much larger per cent. than was found in Europe. No parasitic insects were found here, which destroy, as in Europe, the wheat midge. The disappearance and re-appearance of the midge, was accounted for by the alternations of wet and dry seasons. When the last half of June is wet, this insect is to be dreaded; when dry, no danger need be apprehended.

The President announced that in compliance with a request he had made, Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL had written a paper upon "The Sheep of our Country," and although it would be published in full in the Transactions of the Society, yet he had the pleasure of saying that Mr. RANDALL would read portions of it on the present occasion.

Mr. RANDALL was then introduced. He referred to the fact that twenty-four years since he had read a similar paper before the Society; and further stated the time would allow him now to read little more than the headings of the various topics treated in his paper. He read of Spanish Merinos; their origin, varieties, introduction in the United States, and circumstances which have affected its success, comparative profitability of different varieties, the proper mode of selecting a flock, the mode of breeding in the United States, and suggestions to breeders of fine wool sheep in this country. Selections only from the various topics we have named were read, and many tables of valuable statistics, that will appear in the Transactions, were only referred to.

The subject of the location of the State Fair for 1862, for which there had been proposals, was referred to the Executive Committee.

The show of Fruits, Grain, Dairy Products, Dressed Poultry, &c., was not large, but comprised some superior articles.

The discussion on Dogs was animated and interesting, and at its close resolutions were adopted in favor of a tax and appointing a Committee to confer with the Legislative Committee on the subject. We have notes of the discussion, and shall recur to the subject again.

ONTARIO CO. SOCIETY.—At the late meeting of this Society the following list of officers were chosen: President—EDWARD BRIDSON, East Bloomfield. Vice Presidents—Billings T. Case, Bristol; Chas. S. Shepard, Canandaigua; Andrew Cone, East Bloomfield; Lewis Peck, Phelps; Robert Chapin, Hopewell; Jedediah Dewey, Manchester; James O. Sheldon, Seneca; Oren J. Herendeen, Farmington; Jared H. Boughton, Victor; George Uley, South Bristol; Wm. H. Lampart, Gorham; Perez Pitts, Richmond; E. F. Leach, West Bloomfield; Westbrook Hoppagang, Canadice; James Covill, Naples. Recording Secretary—J. Albert Granger, Jr. Corresponding Secretary—Gideon Granger. Treasurer—John H. Morse.

ALBANY CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The following gentlemen have been chosen officers for 1862: President—WILLIAM TUTTLE, Coeymans. Vice President—PETER B. NIXON, Ireland's Corners. Secretary—R. H. Bingham, Albany. Treasurer—Robert Harper, Albany. Directors for three years—James W. Jolly, Coeymans, and Joseph Hillen, West Scotland. Directors for two years—Charles Benton, Westerlo, in the place of William Tuttle, elected President; John Wagoner, Gunderland, holding over for two years; John H. Booth, Bethlehem, and H. L. Godfrey, Albany, holding over for one year.

OSWEGO CO. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Oswego County Agricultural Society was held pursuant to notice at Oswego Falls. The following officers were elected by ballot: President—A. G. FISH, Fulton. Vice Presidents—Robert Oliver, Oswego City; D. L. Nichols, New Haven. Secretary—J. U. Smith, Oswego Falls. Treasurer—S. G. Merriam, New Haven. Executive Committee—John Reeves, L. A. Hovey, J. C. Wells. On motion, it was resolved that the next annual Fair be held at Oswego Falls.

SKANEATELES AG. SOCIETY.—The officers of this Society duly elected for 1862, are as follows: President—JOAB L. CLIFF. Vice Presidents—George H. Bentley, Edward Shepard. Recording Secretary—Chauncey B. Thorne. Corresponding Secretary—Squire M. Brown, Elbridge. Treasurer—William J. Townsend. Directors—John Davey, Jr., Jacob Allen, Dor. Austin, Jedediah Irish, S. M. Brown, William E. Clark.

—Proceedings of several other Societies, prepared for this paper, necessarily deferred.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Choice Flower and Vegetable Seeds—James Vick. Trees and Shrubs for Sale—Williams, Ramsden & Co. Farmer Wanted. Agent Wanted—C. L. Stowell. Strawberry Plants—A. M. Parry. Flour and Grain Mills—Edward Harrison.

The News Condenser.

- Santa Anna is on his way to Mexico.
— Venezuela is in a state of civil war again.
— Martial law has been declared in New Mexico.
— A new rifle army has been started at Newark, N. J.
— Brigandage is rapidly disappearing from the Neapolitan provinces.
— Accounts from Ship Island report the health of the troops good.
— The State debt of Indiana is eleven million four hundred thousand dollars.
— The late Col. Colt, of Hartford, is reported to have left a fortune of \$10,000,000.
— A soup-house is to be established at New Bedford, Mass., for the benefit of the poor.
— The city of Liege has voted 64,000 francs to the erection of a statue of Charlemagne.
— Four Federal steamers and three sailing vessels are now on the look-out for the Sumter.
— Several shocks of earthquake have recently been felt in Connecticut and Massachusetts.
— The Inspector-General has condemned 20,000 uniforms furnished by swindling contractors.
— On Monday week, 25 sail vessels ran the blockade of the Potomac, the rebels not firing a shot.
— Major Stlemmer, to whom we owe the possession of Fort Pickens, is rapidly recovering his health.
— Gen Hunter has put Kansas under martial law for the purpose of putting an end to jayhawking.
— John C. Fitzpatrick, for many years Pay Clerk in the United States Senate, died on the 9th inst.
— The State Auditor of Iowa reports 24 county treasurers in default, to the total amount of \$70,075.
— New Jersey papers are advocating the establishment of a United States Naval School at Perth Amboy.
— The Hon. Carl Schurz, ex-Minister to the Court of Madrid, returned to N. Y. city on Friday evening week.
— The Wilmington (N. C.) Journal says the people along the coast are manufacturing a great quantity of salt.
— The feat of telegraphing through from Boston to Salt Lake City, without repeating, has been accomplished.
— Mr. Peabody, the London banker, is about to give \$500,000 to establish a free home for the destitute in London.
— Of 17,316 persons employed in the construction of the Roman railways, 6,781 are women who assist the masons.
— Oil wells are now added to the other resources of California; they have been lately discovered in Santa Cruz Co.
— The town of Pau, in the Pyrenees, is invaded this season by a great host of English, Russian, and American visitors.
— A proposition has been started in Boston for the establishment of an institution for the relief of impoverished spinsters.
— Most of the cannon buried by the rebels when they decamped from the eastern shore of Virginia, have been found.
— A treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, has been concluded between the Hanseatic towns and the kingdom of Siam.
— A very extensive bed of feldspar and quartz has been recently opened at Crown Point, on the shore of Lake Champlain.
— The Adjutant-General of Connecticut, by order of Gov. Buckingham, has issued an order to suspend drafting for the militia.
— The Minnesota river, in the late season, was one hundred and fifty feet above low water mark. So says the Shasta (Cal.) Courier.
— The total cost of engraving, numbering, and printing the Treasury Notes, under the acts of August last, was nearly \$138,000.
— Steam street cars have been in successful operation in San Francisco for several months—that being the first city to adopt them.
— The rebel Gen. Crittenden, who had command at Mill Spring, has been arrested at Monticello, Ky., for drunkenness and treachery.
— Daniel Wilson, a gun captain on board the Essex at the capture of Fort Henry, though mortally wounded, continued to work his piece.
— The quantity of manufactured tobacco imported into England last year was about 400,000 pounds less than during the previous year.
— Gen. McClellan last week ordered Berdan's sharpshooters to be furnished with one thousand Colt's rifles and one thousand Sharp's rifles.
— From the effects of over-labor, Secretary Stanton was seized with vertigo, about noon Monday week, and had to retire from his office.
— Contraband goods, consisting of 90 fine military coats, were seized at Covington, Ky., last week. They had been sent from Cincinnati.
— The grand jury of Hudson county, New Jersey, have made a presentment of the wretched condition of the poor-house in that county.
— During 1861, 86 lives were saved at fires in London, by the fire-escape conductors of the Royal Society for the protection of life from fires.
— No less than 27,000,000 cubic feet of timber are imported annually into Great Britain. Most of this comes from Canada and the United States.
— A poor shoemaker of Brentwood, Eng., has, by the death of a distant relative, unexpectedly become the possessor of a fortune of £1,000,000.
— Trade between Eastern Virginia and New York has been resumed, and large quantities of oysters have been received from the loyal counties.
— The brave Gen. Kelly is again convalescing, and has recovered so far as to be able to walk about the streets of Wheeling and see his friends.
— A fire at New Orleans, on the 25th, destroyed two stores occupied by C. C. James & Co., and H. H. Hansell. Loss \$150,000. Insurance \$200,000.
— The secessionists of Palmyra, Mo., have been levied upon for \$14,000 to repair the railroad bridges they or their compatriots completely destroyed.
— Ohio papers announce the death of Micajah Phillips, at the great age of 126. He came to the West in 1796 with Herman Blennerhassett, as his slave.
— At Mount City, Ill., six miles up the Ohio river from Cairo, is the largest military hospital in the United States. It will accommodate 1,000 patients.
— The Legislative shoddy investigation committee are in session in New York, and the testimony taken is said to embrace some rich developments.
— The Illinois State Constitutional Convention has decided, by an almost unanimous vote, not to make negroes a basis of apportionment the same as whites.
— Gen. Zollicoffer leaves a large family of children unprovided for, and the Memphis Avalanche suggests they be adopted by the State of Tennessee.
— Mr. Van Wyck, in his report, mentions a Baptist clergyman of New York who made a handsome little property out of the Government by a horse contract.
— The rebel Congress has passed a law forbidding newspapers printed in Secession from publishing war news. The leaders are evidently getting alarmed.
— Nineteen counterfeit and altered bank notes are described in the Boston Commercial Bulletin, having been detected in circulation for the week ending January 31.
— Eliza Hoskins, sister of Col. Hoskins, of the Kentucky Union army, has received a handsome silver tea-set from our soldiers, in token of her kindness as a nurse.

HORTICULTURAL.

HEDGES AND HEDGE PLANTS.

To the following inquiry from Elbridge, Onondaga county, we purpose to give more than a passing notice; for the subject is one of the most important that claims the attention of American farmers and fruit growers.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Will you be kind enough to inform me through your valuable paper the comparative merits for a hedge of the Hawthorn and the thorn so common in the fields? Grows to a tree fourteen feet high; bears fruit resembling small apples on outside. In close two wilted specimens of the fruit. Trees perfectly hardy; never knew one injured from frost. Have seed of both kinds. Am anxious to grow hedge of common, if as good as Hawthorn.—B. F. WAGNER, Elbridge, N. Y., 1861.

The fact that we must have good farm hedges, is becoming apparent, and is acknowledged by most thinking men; for timber is everywhere becoming scarce and dear, while a large extent of our country, and that the most fertile, is destitute of both wood and stone. Hitherto our success in the work has not been very flattering, though perhaps as much so as could be anticipated under the circumstances. Hedge-growing belongs to a higher system of farming than that universal in this country, and our advance has been slow but steady. Hedges are not needed in a new country, and our people have first to feel their necessity, then learn the plants best adapted to the purpose in this climate, and the proper mode of culture. All this cannot be learned in a day or even in a few years, and many failures will of necessity be experienced before general success shall reward our efforts. Several difficulties stand in the way of hedge-growing, the most important of which is the impatience of our people. We have scores of hedges in this country, but very few worthy of the name. They all show hurry, and are tall, lean things, open at the bottom, and full of gaps and holes. Our climate is pretty severe, and some of the plants tried have not proved sufficiently hardy. The consequence is the whole hedge suffers or certain of the plants die, leaving a broken and unsightly fence that can never be made serviceable



COCK-SPUR THORN—CRATEGUS CRUS-GALLI.

Other plants used have not been such as would bear shearing, and although doing well at first, when it became necessary to stop growth by summer pruning, the leaves have fallen, and the plants shown signs of feebleness or disease, from which they never recovered. We have never seemed to realize that a hedge needs good culture, and most hedges after planting have been allowed to stand their chance in a hard soil among weeds and briars. A hedge must be kept as well cultivated for a number of years as a row of corn, and be protected from the cattle in the roads and the fields.

The thorn referred by our correspondent is the *Crataegus crus-galli*, and we give an engraving of a plant as seen where it has a chance for development. It has been used in the neighborhood of Wilmington, Delaware, with great success. In other places it has failed from some cause to answer the purpose. A. H. ERNST, of Cincinnati, tried this with other native thorns, and says, "trees all grew finely while young; but in the process of forming the hedge, when it became necessary to bring it to a stationary point, by summer shearing, the leaves turned yellow, and dropping off, left the plants naked of foliage after mid-summer; from these mischievous effects it has never recovered." We have seen a great many hedges injured by severe summer pruning, and there can be little doubt we will have to content ourselves with a thorough pruning in the spring.

The English Hawthorn has succeeded in some soils and situations, and under certain modes of treatment; but under other circumstances it has proved a perfect failure. We are not prepared to advise its abandonment, nor would we encourage farmers to plant it extensively. We give a portion of a very interesting chapter on Fencing, by Dr. WARDER, of Ohio:

"When the subject of live fences first attracted the attention of farmers in this country, our European predilections very naturally induced us to look to the English Hawthorn (*Crataegus oxyanthus*), as the plant which would be most suitable for this purpose, and repeated attempts were made by the earliest planters, some of whom were entirely successful; others, and by far the greater number, failed in effecting the object, not so much from any inherent defect of the thorn, as from sheer neglect in its management, and often, too, where the operators professed to be expert English hedgers. Too generally, the hedge was allowed, in the course of a few years, to become an irregular row of tall bushes, which might make a shady lane, redolent of sweets in the blossoming spring-time, and ornamented with rich clusters of coral berries, attractive to the birds in winter, beautiful to the poet at either season, but of small value as a fence, and possessing little to attract the eye of the good farmer, as an ornamental protection to his crops; too often, indeed, requiring a wooden fence or a stone wall on either side, to make it all protective.

There are, however, exceptions to this. In the United States, there are many handsome hedges of the English Hawthorn, which are entirely effective; and in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, as well as in some of the older States, there are those who have been so entirely successful with this plant as to feel perfectly satisfied with it. The English thorn, in the first attempts in hedging, was most commonly planted, because it was readily and cheaply obtained by importation from England. Other plants had then to be grown in this country, before the nurserymen were able to supply the demand, as they have since done, with this and other plants, in

great abundance. The introduction of this thorn, and its improper treatment, have doubtless contributed much to the disfavor with which hedging is often viewed by many of our countrymen. For even those who have fortunately succeeded in erecting a protective barrier with the English Hawthorn, whether by the laborious plashing and trimming, or by trimming alone, have found that the droughts of our summers caused the leaves to fall from this native of a cooler and more humid climate; and, after mid-summer, there was little foliage, but a naked fence of dead looking brush.

Similar objections apply with great force to many of our own thorns; but there may be some among this beautiful family which are not subject to the same defect: one is well known to be free from it, the Cockspur (*Crataegus crus-galli*), used extensively about Wilmington, Delaware—where there are some of the finest and best grown farm hedges that are to be found on our continent. This plant is a native of our Middle States, and is truly beautiful, with its deep green and highly polished leaves, which are long and entire, or with a finely serrated margin; the thorns are very long, slender, and tough; so that it is well adapted to the purpose."

PEACH CULTURE IN ST. JOSEPH, MICH.

ADVANTAGES OF LOCATION.—As will be seen by reference to the map, St. Joseph is located at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, on the south-east corner of Lake Michigan, having a northern and north-western exposure to the lake. When it is remembered that the north and north-west winds produce the coldest weather we have in winter, it will be seen that this place enjoys the benefit of the influence of that vast body of water, some 200 miles in length, which at such times is of necessity much warmer than the atmosphere, upon those winds which have first to pass over it; and the thermometer indicates a difference of from 15 to 20 degrees between St. Joseph and any point 25 miles from there in favor of the former. Hence peach trees, or their fruit buds, are never killed by the cold winter weather—a fact which cannot be said of any other locality in the North-West. This vast body of water also has the effect of diminishing the number and intensity of frosts in spring, and to retard vegetation some ten days. The putting out of fruit buds being also proportionately retarded, the damaging influences of the spring frosts are almost always avoided. Therefore, the peach crop is just as sure as any other crop. All crops sometimes fail.

ADVANTAGES OF MARKETS.—St. Joseph is distant from Chicago by water 60 miles, and from Milwaukee 90 miles. Between Chicago and St. Joseph steam vessels ply daily, making the run in the night time. Peaches are, therefore, picked in the afternoon, and arrive in Chicago early in the morning of the next day. The numerous railroads leading from Chicago to the various parts of Illinois and Wisconsin, and where this fruit can never be raised, and the Mich. Central and Mich. Southern into portions of Michigan and Indiana, equally barren, renders Chicago equal, if not superior, to any other market for this commodity in the United States; and as the country grows older the demand will, of course, increase. But they need not depend alone upon Chicago; small vessels swarm the harbor during the peach season, to supply the small towns on the western shore of the lake, and a line of vessels plying between here and Milwaukee partially supply that city. But the demand far exceeds the supply as yet. As more orchards come into bearing, a line of steamers will be required to ply between this place and the towns and cities on the western shore on the lake north of Chicago. Thus it will be seen that here is a great extent of country accessible by water communication, (which is far superior to any other mode of transporting this delicate fruit,) dependent upon this one point alone for their peaches.

ST. JOSEPH AND SOUTHERN PEACHES IN THE CHICAGO MARKET.—The fruit regions of Southern Illinois, when they have a peach crop, are enabled, by means of railroad transportation, to get peaches into the Chicago market before they are ripe in St. Joseph; but as soon as the St. Joseph peaches go into the Chicago market they drive all others out. The difference in distance, in the cost and mode of transportation, and in the quality and condition of the fruit when it gets into market, enables St. Joseph to do this. St. Louis is the legitimate market for the Southern Illinois peaches.

THE SOIL—DISEASE—ADAPTATION TO OTHER FRUITS.—The soil is generally a rich gravelly and sandy loam. None of the diseases which have troubled the peach growers of older districts, have ever made their appearance here. St. Joseph is equally well adapted to the culture and maturing of that (next to the peach) most delicious fruit, the pear. Considerable attention is also being given to grapes and the smaller fruits.

February 10, 1862. H. W. GURNEY.

Our friends in Michigan on the shores of the great lakes, have a fine climate for fruit; of this there can be no question, and we are very glad to see they appreciate and are improving their great natural advantages. But, whether they will succeed in convincing the people further north and west that they can never grow fruit, and that St. Joseph is the center of the Universe, we are not so certain.

EXPERIMENTS IN PLANTING FOREST TREES.

The first were Sugar Maple, set four to six inches deeper than they grew in the forest, and tops cut back evenly to about one-half. They lived, but did not grow thrifly until the earth around them was removed two to four inches deep, and loosened further around. Second lot were cut off seven feet high, every bud and limb, and set two inches deeper than when growing in the forest. Little red buds started out rather late in the season, and grew strong shoots, making tops the size of a bushel basket the first summer. These were Maple, White Ash, and Beech. The third were cut off nine feet, and a few small limbs and buds left. They grew less stocky and thrifty. And fourth, cut off tops the year previous to removing. Of these the shoots were not so strong as those of the second.

From my experience, I draw the following conclusions:—To have trees do well, dig the places to set them—before removing—not less than two feet deep nor less than four feet in diameter, and fill again with surface soil, so that the trees when set will be two inches deeper than when in the forest.

In taking up the trees, cut the roots with a sharp ax or spade, not less than eighteen inches from the tree. They should not be forcibly pushed over to one side and the other, for that injures the roots.

If a lever is used, it must be with the greatest care, or the roots will be injured. The dirt should be shaken from the roots, and if a pond of water is handy, rinse carefully immediately before putting into the ground again. Work the loose surface soil in among the roots, carefully spreading all the little fibrous roots as nearly natural as possible, and when well covered, if the ground is as dry as it should be, pack it down close. When the ground gets well warmed, before dry weather commences, mulch with straw, chips or sawdust. If there is a drought the second season after setting, trees are quite apt to die if not mulched. The tops should be cut off from sap-running trees long enough before severe freezing and thawing commences to get dried over, or late enough to avoid the same, but it will not do to cut them off after the leaves have started. Cut Maples and Ash, leaving no buds; Beech, Bitternut, Black Walnut and Bass to a few buds. The leading shoot and bud of the Bass should be left. The Box and June Berry should be well thinned out, and the form preserved.

I cut off four Maples of the first, that had been set two years, to match the second lot, and they all died. The buds had started finely before cutting. Set out lots of forest trees, everybody. M. S.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We noticed in the RURAL of Oct. 5th, a note on the culture of strawberries, by L. R. VINCENT, and he asks the question, how many farmers in Orleans county have beds of strawberries or raspberries. Now we will venture to say there is not one in fifty of the farmers in this county, or Niagara, that has a bed of either; but we think there will be a good many that will set them out the coming spring. We know of eight or ten farmers that read Mr. VINCENT's sketch, and they have concluded to plant strawberries in the spring, and have already prepared their beds. One great reason why farmers do not grow more berries is, they think it demands a vast amount of labor; but a number of my neighbors say, if they can raise as fine a bed of strawberries as Mr. VINCENT says, with two days labor each year, they will do it. Mr. V. remarks, I have set a great many to work in setting out strawberry beds, to the no small gratification of their wives and children. He speaks of Mr. H. M. MURWIN, our townsman, as the great strawberry grower, and well he may, for Mr. M. has been in the business a number of years, and has done more to perfect this fruit than all Orleans county combined. He has not spared time nor money in preparing and cultivating the finest sorts, both native and foreign. We wish every farmer in Orleans county would pay Mr. MURWIN a visit in strawberry time, and see some of his choice sorts. We will agree to pay all expenses if they are not well paid. They will see a sight that will well pay for a drive of twenty miles. They will see the finest and largest strawberries that their eyes ever beheld, and some of the choicest and rarest flowers. Mr. M. has a passion for flowers, and cultivates large quantities, of two or three hundred varieties. We have seen thousands of bushels of strawberries, in New York, Boston, Richmond, and many other places, but we can in truth say that none were equal to those grown by Mr. MURWIN.

We have called on Mr. MURWIN once every year for six years, and found a decided improvement each year in fruit and flowers. We think if Mr. M. would give his mode of culture through the RURAL, he would greatly benefit thousands of its readers. We remember seeing a fine bed last summer, of Jenny Linds, that were very large, and as thick as they could hold on the vines. The soil did not appear rich, the vines were thick in the rows, and the fruit a perfect mass. M. B. BREEMAN. HENRY DAVIS.

Orleans Co., N. Y., 1862.

ROOT-PRUNING OF FRUIT TREES.

HAVING in the last number offered a few remarks on the spur-pruning of fruit trees, we now take up the subject of root pruning, which we regard as nearly of equal importance. Notwithstanding all that has been written on root-pruning of late years, we do not find it so generally attended to as it ought to be, especially on wall trees. Most, if not all, the failures in fruit tree culture are owing to something wrong at the roots. We hear, year after year, of fruit trees gumming, cankering, and dying off. This arises entirely through allowing the roots to strike too widely and deeply into the cold soil. What should we think of the plant grower who bestowed much labor and attention in tying out and training of his plants, but paid no regard to the state of the roots or the soil? We would at once say that such a person was ignorant of the first principles of scientific gardening. Successful plant cultivation depends, in a great measure, on the care and attention given to the preparation of the soil, the drainage, and potting of the plants. To succeed in fruit tree culture, we must always pay the greatest attention to the state of the roots in the soil, &c. Between the roots and leaves, the action is reciprocal. If we allow the roots to strike deep into a highly enriched, strong, retentive soil, we must naturally expect robust luxuriant growths, which will never get properly matured in our climate. And yet how common it is to see young trees in this state. How often do we see even young peach trees encouraged to make robust shoots, which, for want of the high and warm temperature of the American summers to ripen, after a few years die of canker. Then people say it is no use attempting to grow the peach in open air in this country—it requires the aid of glass. Unsound tissue is the result of rapid growth. If trees are allowed to grow rapidly for a few years without any check, sooner or later the evil will show itself; they may die under a few mild winters, but the first severe one will either kill them or so completely injure them that they never do much good afterward. We have this season seen hundreds of apple trees, even, which were so injured by the frost last winter that they will never recover.

We strongly advise, then, that before planting young fruit trees, the soil should be so prepared that no robust growth may result; always aim at moderate-sized wood, which will stand a chance of getting ripened, particularly peach, nectarine, and apricot trees; by this means, and by not over-cropping while the trees are young, you will, in a few years, get a wall of well-ripened sound wood, which will stand any ordinary winters we may have, and will bear good crops regularly, with proper attention, for a number of years. What a pleasure to the gardener!

When young trees make too strong wood, they should be root-pruned; and with young trees, this is best done by lifting them, shortening the longest roots, then carefully planting them anew. All large trees on walls, such as pears, which it may be inconvenient to lift, are best operated on by opening a trench a few feet from the bole, then lifting the roots and cutting back the strongest.

By root-pruning we check robust growth in young trees, and we bring robust unproductive trees into a bearing state. By operating freely on large, robust, unproductive trees, we stop the supply of nutriment, the growth of the branches is arrested, organizable matter accumulates, and fruit buds are formed. A single root-pruning will, in general, bring large unproductive trees into a permanently fruitful condition. When trees are in a good bearing state, they will not require root-pruning; and as all excessive pruning shortens the life of a tree, we should not do anything that would in the least degree affect the continued productiveness and longevity of the trees. With regard to orchard trees, we would strongly advise caution in root-pruning. All large, robust, unproductive trees may be root-pruned with advantage, but young growing trees should be cautiously root-pruned—just sufficient to check robust growth—as it is better to wait a few years than by root-pruning to bring them prematurely into bearing. While striving by every means in our power to get well-ripened wood and fruitful trees, we must do nothing to enfeeble their constitution, as the ultimate value of all orchard trees depend on the size, longevity, and productiveness of the trees.—M. SAUL, in London Florist.

Horticultural Notes.

NEW SPECIES OF ZINNIA.—Among the annuals collected together last summer in the garden of the Royal Horticultural Society, at Chiswick, we noticed a new and distinct species of Zinnia, which may be called *Zinnia aurea*. It was said to be a Mexican plant, and had been received as a Sanvitalia from that country. Its distinguishing features were its dwarf bushy habit of growth, its hairy branches, its sessile ovate lanceolate leaves, and its orange yellow flower heads, measuring about an inch and a half across. It has certainly the merit of distinctness, and, if it will bloom in sufficient abundance, its dwarf branching habit will recommend it as a border annual. We mention the plant in order to direct toward it the attention of the growers of annuals. The Chiswick plants did not come into flower till late in the season, and were not very favorably placed, so that the true character of the plant was hardly developed. The plants formed individually, spreading tufted masses of about a foot in height, with the stems branching freely in a dichotomous manner, and the branchlets all terminated by one of the bright-colored heads, in which the ray florets were crowded, broadly ovate, and of a rich orange yellow, the disk, with its dark-tipped pointed scales, being of a deeper orange, and somewhat prominent.—Hovey's Magazine.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.—Believing that in our anxiety to cultivate exotics we overlook many natives that are quite deserving a place in our collection, I venture a description of a little plant that I have growing on my premises, and for which I entertain quite a partiality. It is the *Epigaea repens*, commonly called Trailing Arbutus, or Ground Laurel—known in New England as May Flower. It is a prostrate or trailing, half-shrubby plant. The main stem, petioles, and peduncles, bristly with rusty hairs. Leaves evergreen alternate, rounded heart-form, on slender petioles; flowers white, or tinged with various shades of red, in small axillary and terminal clusters; appearing early in spring, (before the snows of winter have paid their last visit,) exhaling a rich spicy fragrance. It is very hardy, growing on sandy and often in rocky soils. Indeed, I have seen it flourishing on a rock, where it had insinuated its roots between the rock and a growth of moss. A very little pains will introduce a few plants into the coppice, or among the groups of evergreens, on the borders of the lawn, where they will flourish, and multiply from the self-sown seed, without any further trouble to the proprietor.—E. J. FERRISS, Little Mountain, Lake Co., O., 1862.

DESTRUCTION OF PLANT-LICE WITH THE FUMES OF ROSIN.—M. Delaëux writes as follows to the *Revue Horticole*:—"For a long time the greater part of horticulturists who occupied themselves with the culture of the peach, employed, for the destruction of aphides which infested this tree, the fumes of tobacco—an excellent method, I admit, but which has always appeared to me very expensive; that method I have replaced with success by another, the cost of which is comparatively insignificant. For several years I have used the fumes of rosin, which supplies them more abundantly than tobacco, and which thus far has given me results equally satisfactory. It suffices, I think, to point out this expedient to the attention of horticulturists, who should not hesitate to use it, seeing the little cost of the rosin as compared to that of tobacco."

PEACHES FOR ORCHARD-HOUSES.—After noticing kinds that failed, the *Gardener's Chronicle* says:—"Sorts of peaches that have borne and are bearing a full crop—Abeo, Early York, Early Savoy, Early Grosse Mignonne, Red Nutmeg, Grosse Mignonne, Crawford's Early, Viollette Hatve, Noblesse, Early Anne, Acton Scott, Cooledge's Favorite, and Royal Charlotte."

"These are all early ripening sorts, and reasoning a priori, the fact supports your opinion that the shoots must be well ripened to produce fruit. The late peaches, as a rule, make their growth later than the early kinds, and did not last season ripen their shoots. My Nectarine trees, with the exception of the Roman and Early Newington, two clingtons, and rather late sorts, are crowded with fruit."

A SUNK GARDEN for tender climbing plants has been made at Kew. It was once an old gravel pit. The top of the pit (surface of the ground) is planted with evergreens, which give shelter. The sides of the pit are sloped, and the bottom is levelled off; and an iron pillar is placed for each climber; a chain is fastened from the top of each pillar, and the vines trained along these chains. The flowering shoots droop from these chains every direction, and the effect is described as charming.

HOW TO TELL SEEDLINGS THAT WILL PRODUCE DOUBLE FLOWERS.—The Journal of the Paris Horticultural Society states that an experienced Italian cultivator of florists' flowers, Signor Rigamonti, has discovered how to distinguish between single and double pinks in the seedling state. Those having, as usual, but two leaves will be single, while those having three leaves will produce double flowers. He thinks the test infallible.

RED CAMOMILE TO DESTROY INSECTS.—The *Journal d'Horticulture de Belgique* states that a powder made from the flowers of the red camomile (*Pyrethrum roseum*) emits "an odor so strong and penetrating that it kills all the insects and all the vermine of which, until now, no certain agent of destruction has been found."

Inquiries and Answers.

STRAWBERRY PLANTING.—I am desirous of having a strawberry bed, and would be greatly obliged to you, or a knowing correspondent, for information as to the proper time of "setting out" the vines or plants. Also, the proper mode of preparing soil and bed. The soil where I wish to plant is very sandy.—A SUBSCRIBER, Morgan Co., Ill., 1862.

Set out the plants as early as you can obtain them in the spring, and you will have a crop in a little over a year from the time of setting. Or you can put out the plants as soon as the new runners are formed and well rooted next summer, but in that case you will not get much fruit until the summer of '63, and if the weather should prove hot and dry after planting, you will be apt to lose some plants, unless they are watered. Your very sandy soil is doubtless very poor, and you will have to enrich it. Stable manure, ashes, and swamp muck, about equal parts, makes an excellent compost for such soils. Put straw between the rows as a mulch. It will keep the fruit clean, and acting as a mulch, prevent too rapid evaporation of moisture, which often results in the drying up of the fruit, so that scarcely half a crop is ripened.

Domestic Economy.

MOSS MAT—FANCY BASKET.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I take much pleasure in replying to some of the inquiries in your paper, and have selected a Mat for "Constant Reader" from over a dozen varieties of knit and crochet ones.

MOSS MAT.—First knit a square the size you desire the mat, by continuing to puri one stitch and knit the next; always observing when you turn the work to puri the stitch that was knit, and knit the one purled on the other side until finished. Then take extremely fine needles and cast on twelve stitches, knitting (plain) sufficient to go round the square three times—after which, without binding off, dip in cold water, then press dry with a hot iron. Slip all but two stitches from the needle, and ravel the entire length down to the two stitches, which forms a heading to the moss, by which it can be sewed round the square, and forms an exceedingly pretty border. The mats are prettiest, in my estimation knit of different shades of green Shetland wool, or green shaded Berlin wool.

FANCY BASKET.—Form your basket of paste-board, then take pink and white tissue paper, fold it in strips of about three inches in width, and with scissors cut it in the finest possible shreds. After it is all cut, curl by passing a knife firmly and quickly over a small part of it at a time until all is finished; then separate the strips and wind (the pink and white alternately) round the handle as thickly as possible, and sew on the basket closely. The basket may be filled with flowers. The paper, when cut fine, has a feathery appearance, and is exceedingly beautiful. SILVIE SPRAY. January, 1862.

CHEERY KITCHEN.

A WRITER in the *Country Gentleman* puts in a plea for the kitchen:

Very much is written and said about pleasant and tastefully furnished parlors, but the kitchen is left quite in the back ground, except as it is described in stories of the olden time, "with ponderous beams overhead, from which hung festoons of dried pumpkins, apples, &c." It is too important a part of home to be neglected, yet it surely is neglected. The parlor must be cool, and airy, and sunny; but the kitchen may be wherever there is room for it, with a view, from curtainless windows, of barnyard and woodpile—no paint or carpet on the floor, no paper on the walls—furnished with chairs and tables, and also with clothes frame and wash tub, a line of dish towels over the stove, and a row of old hats, coats, and frocks for ornaments. This is a picture of too many of our farmer's kitchens—of the place where we housekeepers expect to spend a considerable portion of our time. No wonder mothers look careworn, and farmers' wives and daughters complain of their field of labor. No wonder that soiled morning dresses are seen; for clean calico, white collars, and smooth hair, could never feel at home in a dingy, cheerless kitchen; and the man who will not provide a pleasant one, deserves to take his breakfast every morning opposite a slovenly looking wife.

I think, now, of one cheerful kitchen, a simple one, to be sure; but the morning sun looks through woodbine and roses, and never goes behind the western hills without giving us a good-nigh glance, and morning glories peep in and throw their dancing shadows on the shining floor. The distant view of hills and woodlands makes many a weary burden light by its silent teachings. We sing in such a kitchen, just because we cannot help singing, and a sad heart has no place there.

And now, as we shivering wrap our shawls about us, vainly endeavoring to convince ourselves that winter is not almost here, yet gladly bring our books and knitting work around the big cooking-stove for the evening, do, husbands and fathers, hear my humble plea in behalf of the "suffering sisterhood," and give us a *cheery kitchen*.

RICE FROTH.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one-third of a pound of rice allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf-sugar, finely pounded, a stick of cinnamon, or eight or ten drops of almond flavoring, or six or eight young laurel-leaves, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed add the milk and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon or laurel-leaves are used, boil them with the milk, and remove them when the rice is sufficiently done; if essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and stick bits of raspberry jam over the top.

BURNS OR SCALDS.—As accidents from these causes are unfortunately of oft recurrence, and most generally fall to the portion of children, a remedy at once simple and always at hand, producing the most beneficial results, cannot be too well known. In case, then, of an accident from fire or any scalding liquid, take lard and flour and make a salve, letting the flour form the chief part. Spread this tolerably thick on pieces of linen or other rag, and apply to the suffering part, changing often, till all the fire is drawn out. I once knew of a little boy who was scalded on the foot, by the tipping over of a saucepan; this remedy was applied with almost instant relief from pain, and changed for fresh bandages about every ten minutes or less. Every one ought to keep this remedy in mind, and publish it among their friends.—*Rural Register*.

CARROT COFFEE.—We are using carrots sliced thin, dried, and slightly browned, as a partial substitute for coffee. We think if coffee was ever so cheap and plenty, the above makes a richer, more nutritious, palatable, and healthy drink. The carrots need not be pulverized. The addition of from one-sixth to one-tenth coffee is an improvement. You may have published this, or something like it, before, but its repetition may be beneficial to some.—J. B.

SWEET POTATO CAKES.—Grate boiled sweet potatoes and mix with an equal quantity of flour, four ounces of butter, add salt and milk, cut out and bake in a hot oven, slice and butter for tea.—R. P. P., Durham, Greene Co., N. Y., 1862.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

READ AND REMEMBER.—That if you don't want to endanger the lives of yourselves and your children, use D. B. DR. LANE & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, instead of using the caustic, unhealthy, impure stuff that is so common in the market. You may possibly save a doctor's bill by taking our advice.

Ladies' Department.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.

BY KATE WOODLAND.

A MOTHER sat one summer eve within her little room, Her children hovered by her side amid the twilight gloom; She thought an Angel spake to her—"I've come," he said, "to bear A little lamb from out thy flock, a birdling from thy care; But first I give thee power to choose with which thou first wouldst part, Which little blossom of thy love thou'lt pluck from out thy heart." The mother gazed in grief and woe, "Oh, do not take," she cried, "My eldest born, the Rose that blooms so sweetly by my side; She's grave and thoughtful, faithful, kind, and true in word and deed, So watchful o'er the younger ones, and mindful of their need; Our home would be so desolate, and dark the sunniest day, Were we to lose our little girl, our darling ELLEN MAY.

"Her little sister? No, oh, no! Within our household bower She is the Honeysuckle sweet which gladdens every hour— Light-hearted and affectionate, each wish and want is twined With sweet content and love around her sister's guiding mind; At work or play, by night or day, apart they do not dwell; 'Twere cruel now to separate—oh, leave my CLARA BELL.

"And yet I cannot spare my son, my brave, my only boy; His father's Morning glory and his mother's Evening Joy; He's agile as a mountain deer, as reckless and as free, And yet a warm and loving heart has little WENDELL LEE. His father's heart would burst with grief and mine be filled with woe, Were we to let from out our home our merry prattler go.

"Yet, oh, I cannot, dare not say that thou, my youngest pet, My Violet, my Daisy, my fragrant Mignonette, Art any less beloved by me because that love is brief; Thou art to me what morning dew is to the summer leaf; I cannot bid thee take my babe, good Angel, hear my prayer; I cannot choose; then leave them all to bloom beneath my care."

The Angel sadly turned away, but soon he came again, And bore away the eldest flower; the mother's tears were vain. She laid her darling in the grave, and thought her heart would break, And yet she blessed the holy Power which gave and could retake, That He in wisdom did not add the deeper, heavier woe, Of choosing which of those she loved should be the first to go. Carlton, N. Y., 1862.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LETTERS FROM HILLDALE FARM.

LETTER THE THIRD.

October 17th.—I PROMISED to tell you of the "Farmer Boy's" visit in one of my epistles. His letters bore the signature, "EDGAR FENTON NORWOOD." The time not being fixed for his visit, I endeavored to keep myself "in trim," as he was liable to come any day. Perhaps he thought that women who write for newspapers never wear soiled dresses, and their hair is never out of order. Be it as it may, he came on Monday. I had just finished washing, and in emptying the tubs had spilled nearly the whole contents of one upon my dress, so that I looked as though I had just received a fresh baptism. In this plight I went into the sitting-room to survey myself in the old-fashioned long mirror, and couldn't help observing that I looked like the picture of the witch of Endor in our old family bible. To complete the resemblance, I drew off my net, and running my fingers through the curls, soon had a huge-looking mass of hair streaming down my shoulders. By this time I looked worse than the picture, when I heard the clink of the gate latch, and in that brief glance saw a carriage at the gate, and a stranger half way up the walk. I never was in the habit of running, if not "dressed up," and could not do so now, for no one was in calling range. (Perhaps I should tell you that this occurred before brother's illness.) I half suspected who he was, but never discovered myself in so great a dilemma but that I found some means of extrication therefrom. Snatching up my sun-bonnet, I drew it down far over my face, appeared at the door in answer to his knock, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Does Mr. M.— reside here?" "Shure an' he does." "Is Miss M.— at home?" "An' I'm sorry to till ye the Misthress is abroad." "I wished to see the young lady—Miss MINNIE," and the stranger smiled faintly.

"Oh! an' beggin' yer honor's pardon, is Miss MINNIE ye'r afther saying. Come into the parlor and I'll be afther telling her.

BRIDGET handed the gentleman a seat, and was about departing, when she added, "An' what will I till her if she'd be afther knowin' who ye might be?" The smile was not so faint this time, as the gentleman hastily wrote on the back of a card, "EDGAR F. NORWOOD."

BRIDGET, thus satisfied, beat a hasty retreat, and soon after found herself in her own room convulsed with laughter. I had not laughed so heartily in a long time, JENNIE; but the whole thing was so ludicrous, how could I help it? Instead of a lad in his teens, I saw a man not less than twenty-five. I thought he looked a little like father, too. He was tall, rather slender, and had great, deep-looking gray eyes, while father is only of medium height, and has black eyes. His hair was nearly if not quite black, moustache and whiskers ditto. You know of the latter I'm a great admirer,—think they're a decided improvement to a man's face. In truth, I think men should duly observe that passage of Scripture which says "thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard." But what should I do? There I was in my wet dress, half hanging at random, and a gentleman in the parlor waiting for me. I sat down at my desk and informed the gentleman that I regretted a half hour's engagement, but hoped he would feel at ease, &c., and dispatched BRIDGET with it. He seemed rather disappointed at seeing BRIDGET again, but acknowledged her kindness with a graceful "thank you."

The half hour elapsed, and I re-descended the stairs. Of course my hair did not half curl, nor could I find my white apron that I thought looked so charmingly with my dark calico dress. He rose and came toward me at my entrance, saying he hoped he had the pleasure of addressing the "Farmer's Girl." I answered with a blunt "yes;" but his manners were so bland, so frank, and gallant-like, that at the end of five minutes we were talking at a rapid rate.

He lived two hundred miles away, therefore his visit was not very brief. Next day, while I was preparing dinner in the kitchen, father said, "Who is that fellow?" "I dunno." "What is he here for?" "I dunno." "Well, I think 'tis rather strange," and he resumed his paper. Perhaps I partially

deceived him with my "dunno's," but in truth I did not know who he was. He might be Mr. somebody else, and a villain, too. I did not believe it, though. I supposed he came to see me, but did not know but some other business drew him here. Father conversed but little with him—asked him if there were any "peace men" in the vicinity where he resided. I thought he looked wonderfully like one as he raised his great, calm looking eyes full in his face, and replied that "he thought not—he knew of none." He remained enough longer to tell me he liked me immensely, and asked what had become of BRIDGET. Whereupon I disclosed the deception, but told him I had never attempted the brogue before for the edification of the public. I little thought when we school girls used to gather together to try our skill upon foreign tongues, that those rehearsals would ever prove beneficial; but you see now, JENNIE, there is but little but may be made useful.

Mr. NORWOOD departed after asking about seeing me again, correspondence, &c., to which I gave him nothing definite. I suppose you'll want to know if it was *vent, vidit, viot*. You have the result of the *vent and vidit*,—I'll tell you of the *viot*,—I liked him. He has traveled extensively—enough to lose all faith in humanity. A sad thing to lose, isn't it? He talked to me as though he thought I had common sense, and that I think a great compliment, for young men oftener talk to us women as though we knew little beyond our a, b, abs. But I don't love him, JENNIE, not a bit. Ah! me, he might come in my heart's chamber, and sit where my dead soldier brother sat. Would not that satisfy? I'll tell you more of this affair *d'amour*, as CHARLIE terms it. Believe that I shall ever hold you *memoria in eterna*. Ludlowville, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1862. MINNIE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.] LOOK OUT, NANCY.

"NOW, NANCY," said good Mrs. BROWN, as she was superintending the packing of her daughter's trunk preparatory to her leaving home for the first time to attend a distant school, "Now, NANCY, I feel some way as if I had a great deal to say to you, but I don't know exactly how to say it, if I could only give you some of my experience without your having the bad feelings I have had in getting it, I should be glad; but one can't learn for another. But you just remember that when you go among strangers, it ain't always them as is most friendly and forward at first that will bear acquaintance best. It's the nature of some to be taken up with new things; so don't put too much dependence on the first friends you make, especially them that says the most." "Taint them that talks the most about being good that are really the best, you'll find. When you hear anybody always quoting a sense of right, and a sense of duty, as an excuse for telling you something another has said against you, look out for them. Those who say so much about right actions do not live any more consistent than other folks, generally speaking. You just go right along and do as near right as you can, and your happiness and progress will depend on that more than on any body round you. Geneva, Wis., 1862. B. C. D.

NOTHING FINISHED.

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a bible, and beneath it the words, "I love;" but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "to my dear." I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and that were they, those half finished forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of pretty and useful projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect; she was still a useless child—always doing, but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great things we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men and women and little children have done.—Selected.

THE GOOD OLD TIME.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned teaching of sewing, in schools, for girls? How many girls in New York could either make or mend a garment decently? We have plenty of French and drawing lessons; these are very well in their place, but do the young ladies who pride themselves on these accomplishments *own a thimble*? or, owning a gold one, perhaps, in a rosewood work-box, do they know how to use it? Could they make a button-hole, or sew on a missing hook and eye, or darn a stocking, in case of emergency? Or are they as utterly helpless in this regard as if they might never become wives of men who had not the riches of Croesus, or be the mothers of little girls whom in after years they might be sorry not to be able to instruct in this old-fashioned branch of knowledge. For one, I deplore that fashion has so utterly banished it from our female schools; it is a disgrace to any American girl or woman not to be independent, if necessary, of any assistance in the way of plain sewing. Mothers, of course, are more to blame than teachers; for the latter generally teach what is required by those who entrust children to their care. Alas, for the good old dame who used to inspect seams and button-holes so remorselessly that every graduate was dismissed perfect in all these particulars, so essential to the comfort of a family. No woman, when she is married, can say that she can always command the assistance necessary for this department of labor. Is not the subject at least worth a thought from the "accomplished" mothers of the present day, with regard to their pretty but useless daughters?

DRESS plainly—the thinnest soap-bubbles wear the gaudiest colors.

Choice Miscellany.

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

SOFTLY the fleecy snowflakes fall, Seeming spirits of love and light, Weaving for our desolate Mother-Earth A beautiful robe of white; They are filling the air with their starry forms In their downward fall from the sky, While all along the branches bare Little ridges of snowflakes lie. They whiten the sides of the brown tree-trunks, And the evergreens bend low, And the deserted bird's-nest of the summer agonies Is piled with the fleecy snow; They are capping the fence-posts all along, And beautiful curves they form Around the feet of the desolate trees, So grim in the wintry storm. The carpetings green of the meadows Are hidden away from our view, And the beautiful flowers that spangled them, And opened their eyes to the dew, To the golden light of the summer-time, But a few short months ago, All withered and dead are lying Under the cold, white snow. The quivering leaves of the forest trees, With their shadows cool and deep,— Among which the summer breezes lulled So many birds to sleep,— Grew gorgeously bright in October's reign, Then sadly fell by the way, And are mouldering back to the dust again 'Neath the fleecy snow to-day. It is sifting over grave-yard mounds, Forming a pure white pall Over sleeping forms that have often watched The fluttering snowflakes fall; O'er many who welcomed the spring-time bright, Now lying so silent and low, Where the troubled sleep and the weary rest Under the drifting snow. Rome, N. Y., 1862. E.

LETTER FROM THE CAMP.

DEAR RURAL:—I feel quite in the mood for writing you a familiar letter, this afternoon; for I must confess that tent-life hasn't cured me of my natural fondness for the *lady-like* employment of *gossiping*; and although I've no important news to give you, yet perhaps I can find enough of "nothing in particular" to fill a sheet.

Yesterday, I was delighted to receive three January RURALS; and they were eagerly read around our blazing wood fire. Our friend, the Lieutenant, seized upon Colonel PROWHANDLE'S letter, and the column of Wit and Humor, while your humble servant was delighted with the beautiful poem, "The Picket Guard," a theme which, in this country, has an added power and reality.

You have heard a thousand times of the "sacred soil of Virginia," yet I presume you have never thought of it as a fluid; but I assure you it has been in a liquid condition for a number of days past. Whether it will become sufficiently consolidated to admit of a speedy advance movement, remains to be proved. "To march" or "not to march," is still an open question.

At the present moment, the sky is overcast with clouds, the wind is blowing, and the sleet driving against our tent in a way that forebodes a stormy night. Ever and anon heavy firing may be heard—artillery practice, I suppose. There really is a great deal of music in the whistling of a cannon ball; but it may be one of the sounds to which distance lends enchantment.

I can't help pitying all the denizens of cities and towns who are compelled to burn coal in close, dismal stoves. They cannot imagine how cosy, and comfortable, and cheerful, a great fire-place with a blazing wood fire is. I think our grandfathers and grandmothers were wiser than their descendants are; for they never thought of warming their houses in any other way; which fact may have had something to do with their longevity. But these camp fire-places have an additional recommendation, inasmuch as they are built of *secession* brick, well plastered with the "sacred soil." The wood being provided by UNCLE SAM, of course burns well.

Don't fancy that we are beyond the reach of daily papers, and their carriers. Six mornings in the week shrill boy-voices are heard shouting "*New York Herald, Tribune, and Times*"—and a little while afterwards we hear "*Baltimore Clipper*"—upon the arrival of which there is always a great out-cry among the soldiers, they are so anxious to get the latest news; and "this way, *Clipper*," is heard from every direction. There is also the "*Sunday Morning Chronicle*" for those who have no conscientious scruples in regard to reading secular papers on the Sabbath; and that class is certainly in the majority here.

I think we excel our brethren at the North in one virtue, and that is *patience*. We do not expect that everything can be done at once; and because there is not a battle every day, we do not ask if they are ever going to do anything? It is well to remember that "Rome was not built in a day." Our men are anxious to move forward—*anxious to fight*—but they are willing to wait until the *moment* comes; and they have great confidence in our brave Commander-in-Chief, who has a strong hold on all soldiers' hearts. However, I will leave this field to wiser heads and abler pens.

And that reminds me that you doubtless have quantities of important matter waiting to be printed; and it seems decidedly selfish for me to monopolize any more of your valuable room when I have so few ideas to put therein. Hoping you will consider this a sage conclusion, and give me credit for the same, I am, as ever, yours, Camp Franklin, Va., Jan. 24, 1862. KATH CAMERON.

HASTE.—The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into further discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country, may be able, from the transient view, to tell how in general the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain; here a morass, and there a river; woodland in one part, and savannas in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it. But the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discern the rich mines, without some digging.

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

A PROMISE is either expressed or implied, verbal or written, made by one person to another, and which binds the promiser, either in law or honor, to do or forbear some particular thing specified. All promises are morally binding upon the maker, even if not legally binding. You may say that you will do thus and so, and yet do very differently; though you violate the moral law, civil law takes no cognizance of the matter. I think there is an adage, "Quick to promise, slow to perform," and it is much to be feared that this is frequently the case, from the readiness with which some people make them; but it is certainly very wrong. If you make a promise to a person, he has a right to expect that you will perform it, unless you have a sufficient excuse. Instances have occurred of people who said they would give a specified sum to be applied to a certain purpose, but did not wish to sign the paper. Supposing their word to be good, it was counted as much as if it had been money in hand; but upon calling for it, payment was refused—had changed their mind, or gave some equally frivolous excuse. This was going quite too far in the matter of promises. The law should, and perhaps would have held them to the performance, but it was not thought best, as voluntary offerings only were desired. It would have been much better if they had said no at once, as they would then have had a clear conscience, have wronged no one, and not have had people lose confidence in them.

Promises should never be made unless there is a reasonable expectation that they can be performed, except conditionally. If you append your name to a subscription, the law holds you responsible according to the terms of the writing, so that care and discretion will be exercised before you affix your name. An equal care in all cases shows that the person desires to promise nothing that he cannot perform. On the other hand, if a person promises too readily, he may soon forget it unless again reminded, and then, perhaps, think you must be mistaken. Others, from a natural weakness, a desire to please, or from fear of displeasing, are ready to say yes to almost everything, however extravagant, and will endeavor to fulfill their promises, even at much personal inconvenience. The experience of such people will, after a while, effectually cure them of making real promises.

Again, promises made to children should be faithfully kept. Naturally frank and ingenuous, they expect every promise to be performed to the letter; and if it is not, they will not only be greatly disappointed, but their faith and trust in you will be shaken. Parents, then, cannot be too careful in keeping their promises to their children, in the most trifling matters, if they would have them frank and open-hearted. If you promise them any thing, that particular thing they must have, or they are not satisfied. Besides, to give them their first lessons in distrust and suspicion, as sometimes happens with young children, is something of which I hope few parents would be guilty. You cannot, then, be too careful in making promises. Let your motto be, "Slow to promise, quick to perform," and many of the evils resulting from rash promises will be avoided. C. A. F. South Gilboa, Schoharie Co., N. Y., 1862.

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

THIS is a mental malady, that afflicts all classes and conditions of society. From the "hewer of wood and digger of ditches" up to the King on the throne, discontent makes sad havoc of a large portion of man's allotted share of happiness. At the touch of its deadening virus, all enjoyment withers and decays, leaving nothing but a wreck of blasted hopes and insatiable desires. The millionaire, as he rolls along in his glittering equipage, may feel that he is monarch of all he surveys. His mansion may be decorated with all the ornaments that wealth can command. Music, society and ease, may all contribute to his enjoyment. Like Dives of old, he may be "clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day;" but let once the subtle influences of discontent begin to affect him, and peace and pleasure will flee from his domain, and misery will become his daily companion.

But, when once the lesson of contentment with a little has been learned, the rudest cottage may become the favored abode of contentment with all its sweet pleasures.

Every one has heard of DIOGENES, the Grecian philosopher, who went about barefoot, dressed in shabby clothes, and carrying a jug, a bag, and a staff. His house was a tub, which he lugged about all day, and slept in at night. This philosopher at one time indulged in the luxury of a ladle to drink with, but on seeing a shepherd boy drinking out of his hand, DIOGENES threw his ladle away, as a useless encumbrance. He believed that the fewer a man's possessions are, the greater his enjoyments. Though this doctrine does not harmonize with the ideas of our wealth-seeking Americans, yet it would be well for a large proportion of our people to imbibe something of its spirit.

To be continually fretting about that which has passed away, and that which a wise Providence has denied us, is a foolish and wicked habit, by which nothing is ever gained, while much is lost. To go grumbling and discontented through life, as if there were nothing good in this world, is certainly ungrateful toward that Good Being, who is the source "whence all our blessings flow." We,—undeserving creatures,—enjoy all those comforts and conveniences which ought to make us happy; but the SAVIOR, when on earth pursuing his mission of good-will to man, had not even where to lay his head. Let us then cure ourselves of this unlovely evil, by considering how much more undesirable our position might be in life. Let us say with the poet:

"I care not, fortune, what you me deny, You cannot rob me of free nature's grace; You cannot shut the windows of the sky, Through which Aurora shows her brightening face; You cannot bar my constant feet to trace The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve; Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace, And I their toys to the great children leave; Of fancy, reason, virtue, naught can me bereave." Belleville, Pa., 1862. J. K. H.

MAKE A STR.—If a man is a skillful physician, he must demonstrate that fact before implicit confidence can be reposed in him. A lawyer may possess talents equal to those of a Webster, yet if he fails to disclose the fact, he will unquestionably suffer for the lack of clients. The world will be convinced of the truths of Christianity when all its professors shall exemplify its precepts in practical life.

Sabbath Musings.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

BESIDE the toilsome way Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest, Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day, My longing in vain for rest, An angel softly walks, With pale sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down, The while from withered leaves and flowerless stalks She weaves my fitting crown. A sweet and patient grace, A look of firm endurance, true and tried, Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face So pure—so glorified. And when my fainting heart Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate, Then quietly the angel's bright lips part, Murmuring softly, "Wait!" "Patience!" she sweetly saith,— "The Father's mercies never come too late; Gird thee with patient strength and trusting faith And firm endurance—wait!" Angel, behold, I wait, Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours,— Wait till thy hand shall open the eternal gate, And change the thorns to flowers!

TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND.

"TAKE hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand, she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer when the way is difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith.

"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Full well he knows that, if he rely on any strength of his own he will stumble and fall; but, if the Master reach forth his hand, he may walk with unwearied foot, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife or of sorrow shall not overwhelm him, if he but keep fast hold of the Savior.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfill it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves his people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and as the darkening eye looks forward to see if he can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Savior's hand.

O Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, "take hold of our hand."—Christian Treasury.

MEN WANTED.

MEN are wanted who are willing and able to do the work of life faithfully and unflinchingly. The Church of Christ wants men! Oh, it is pitiful to look over the vast hosts which are professedly marshalled on the side of the Redeemer, and see the numerous dead bodies among them—soulless, lifeless forms of (forgive the paradox) animate matter, which clog the enterprise of those who, accepting their position in the church as men, strive to be something better than drivelling parodies upon the name. Who has not seen and felt the want here spoken of? How many churches are fast sinking in the mire and quicksands of a spiritless orthodoxy, or a heartless morality! How many ministers of the cross are struggling against this fearful want of the times! Their hands are almost powerless, because, to the ordinary opposition to truth is added the weight of soulless bodies, which—like all other matter—possesses immobility, and will neither assist nor get out of others' way.—Christian Guardian.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more and thou art there. Death to God's people is but a ferryboat. Every day, and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee as it was to her in the Gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When you are got to the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labors of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion, and you will have nothing to do but to entreat God, as Moses did, "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."—Toplady.

GOD KNOWS US ALTOGETHER.—It is a solace that God knows us altogether, that there is nothing hid from him. He knows not only every sin and weakness, but he knows the strength of temptation, and the power with which it has been resisted. He knows every palliating circumstance, and when he judges us, it is with all a father's love, and with a fullness of love no earthly father ever felt. He knows all our efforts to overcome sin, and to do faithfully our appointed work. The feeblest struggle he has appreciated, and will not forget.

WHEN a man becomes a Christian he will not be exempt from tears, from losses, from sickness, cares and death; but he will bear these things with a patience that the world has not; and he will see, overruling these things, a hand that the world does not see; and he will learn that great problem which Christianity alone solves, that out of evil God is still educating good.

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY.—In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York, in 1776, occurs the following: "Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the ark, then by the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

THERE is never a promise in the Bible but a child of God may say, "This is mine;" therefore they are called the heirs of promise. The promises are like a garden of flowers, pale in and inclosed, which no stranger may gather, only such as will become children of the family.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Let the demon of discord our melody mar, Or Treason's red hand rend our Union sunder...

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Details of the Fort Henry Victory.

FROM the editorial correspondence of the St. Louis Democrat, we gather the following interesting details of this splendid victory in Tennessee.

HOW THE ATTACK WAS COMMENCED. The attack was begun yesterday noon, the first gun being fired by the Federal fleet just after 12 o'clock.

Commodore Foote, it seems, pursued the same tactics that rendered him so famous in his attack upon the China forts a few years since.

General Tilghman, the rebel commander of Fort Henry, upon his capture, promptly testified to the splendid manner in which the attack was conducted.

The Cincinnati bears many honorable scars. Several ships have left their marks upon her iron-plated sides, showing in each case a shallow and raking dent.

The most terrible effect of the enemy's fire upon the Cincinnati is seen on her upper works, the deck seeming to have been swept with the destructive missiles.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT SANDWICH, STATE OF ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL ABSTRACT—N. E. BALLOU, OBSERVER.

Latitude 41° 31'. Longitude 88° 31'. Height of station above Sea, five hundred and seventy-five feet.

Table with columns for months (JAN. to DEC.) and rows for various meteorological data: Thermometer, Highest Degree, Lowest Degree, Range, Warmest day, Coldest day, Cloudiness, Winds, Force of Winds, Weather, Rain, Snow, Amount of water in inches.

REMARKS.—Mean temperature for three years, 1859-1861 is 49.41°, only 0.3° below that of Fort Adams, R. I., in latitude 41° 29', and 0.4° below that of Pittsburgh, Pa., in latitude 40° 32' and above sea 704 feet.

her commander (Capt. W. D. Porter) and his manly crew, was very unlucky in this engagement. For half an hour she bore her part in this contest most gallantly.

The two pilots, who were standing nobly at their work, so absorbed, as it seemed, in their duties that they had neglected to close the trap-door which leads from below to their house.

At this disaster the Essex was disabled, and began to fall back, which Commodore Foote observing, was for the moment perplexed.

The St. Louis and Carondelet did splendid work, but did not seem to receive so much attention from the enemy. They are marked in several places, but did not lose a man.

When the flag of the fort was lowered, it was not quite taken out of sight of the boats, and Com. Foote did not know but some trick was about to be played upon him.

The amount of army plunder which fell into our hands is represented as very large, consisting of cannon, ammunition, tents, baggage and muskets.

The rebel infantry forces encamped outside of the fort—whose numbers are variously estimated at from three to ten thousand—quit their position before and during the fight.

RESULTS OF THE VICTORY. The reduction of Fort Henry and the capture of Gen. Tilghman, staff and men, though they may be justly regarded as comprising one of the most brilliant feats of the war.

regard it, they will now have a lively and rather disturbing appreciation of the effectiveness of the gunboat service of the West.

With this instructive lesson before their eyes, it would seem reasonable to conclude that not even in Columbus will the rebels venture to dispute the palm with Com. Foote when in command of his full fleet of twelve boats and their full armaments.

Another important result of the Fort Henry victory is the opening of the Tennessee to the army under Gen. Grant, and the seizure and perhaps the destruction of the Nashville and Memphis railroad.

All this is the natural and important result growing out of the reduction of Fort Henry, and we may justly regard it as the beginning of a development which has for its speedy maturity either the capture of Bowling Green and Columbus.

COMMANDER A. H. FOOTE.—This officer is a son of the late Governor Samuel A. Foote, of Connecticut. Commander Foote is about fifty-five years of age, and entered the Navy as a Midshipman in 1822.

Com. Foote for some three years was on the African coast, and during that time took three slaves. He was also on the China coast during the war between that power and the allied powers of England and France.

Com. Foote is now Post Captain—the youngest of that rank in the Navy. As Flag Officer, now, he ranks the same as Major-General.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LLOYD TILGHMAN.—This rebel officer is a native of Maryland, and a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, in the class of 1836.

graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, in the class of 1836. Gen. Tilghman was promoted a brevet Second Lieutenant in the First Regiment dragoons, July 1st, 1836, and made Second Lieutenant four days thereafter.

Roanoke Island and Fortifications.

This destination of the Burnside Expedition was Roanoke Island, and had the cupidty of contractors not interfered, we would have been enabled to chronicle its capture two weeks ago.

General Burnside's force was to have been landed on the lower end and east side of the island, under the guns of the war vessels.

The object of taking Roanoke Island by the Union forces is to take the initiative toward seizing other points on the railroad running directly south from Richmond.

The most important object of the seizure will, however, be the threatening of Norfolk, and, if it is thought advisable to follow up the advantage, the flanking of the rebel army at Norfolk.

The strategic importance of such a movement, if successfully made, will form one of the most important features of the war.

lished an entrenched camp in the center, and erected five forts to defend it at the important points.

THE REBEL GARRISON ON ROANOKE ISLAND—GENERAL OFFICERS.—Major-General Hill, commanding. Brigadier-General Henry A. Wise.

The fortifications are supported by a small naval force under Commodore W. F. Lynch. The names of the rebel steam gunboats are the Fanny, (captured from the Union,) Curlew, Seabird, and Post Boy.

Commodore Porter's Expedition.

THE vessels of this fleet are rapidly being completed, and some of them have already sailed for the place of rendezvous at the South.

The bomb shells to be thrown from the mortars are of the ordinary description, resembling round shot, but hollow, and weighing, unfilled, over 200 pounds each.

In addition to the mortar armament, each vessel has been provided with two "long thirty-two's" of the best description of smooth-bore ordnance.

The vessels of the mortar fleet number twenty-one, and, with the exception of the flag-ship, are sailing vessels. Nearly all of these are schooners from one to three hundred tons burden.

The adaptation of these schooners to the mortar service is admirable. An almost solid mass of wood has been built from the keel to the upper deck.

The fleet will be arranged in three divisions, as follows:

- Flag Ship—Side wheel gunboat Octorara, Commander D. D. Porter, commanding. First Division—Lieutenant Watson Smith, commanding—Norfolk Packet, flag vessel; schooners Oliver Lee, William Bacon, Arletta, C. P. Williams, Para.

Extracts from the Southern Press.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF A REBEL ENVOY.—A Southern agent, writing from England to the Richmond Enquirer, describes many of the difficulties that he has encountered abroad.

1st, Both England and France are strongly conservative, and both possess important colonial possessions, and they do not like to encourage revolts; 2d, A prevalent impression that the North and South would soon come together again if separated;

AN AMAZING CHANGE.—In the Mobile Advertiser we find the usual comparative statement of the receipts of cotton at all the ports for the first four months of the "cotton year," viz: from the first of Sept. to the first ult. The following is the result:

Table with columns for ports (New-Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, Charleston, Memphis) and rows for bales and value.

Commenting on this statement a rebel journal says:—"It may be doubted if the world ever saw a similar showing. A crop worth three hundred millions of dollars, necessary to the well-being and the peace of the world, totally excluded from the markets of the world! Of the crop of 1860, about eighty





[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker]
"NO OTHER LOSS."

A VICTORY won, but "no other loss,"
Save a private, late in the day;
No captain or colonel, only a boy—
A drummer-boy shot in the fray.

Not gay WILLIE LEE? Oh, tell me not that
Not that bright-eyed, sweet WILLIE LEE;
His mother's fond hope, her joy, and her pride—
No! not it is surely not he.

Not WILLIE shot down and buried at night—
At midnight, and no one knows where;
No mother's fond hand to close the dark eyes,
Or smooth back the curling brown hair.

Dead? buried? oh, no! 'tis scarcely a month
Since I kissed his soft, boyish cheek,
As he brushed from his eyelids the glittering tear
He thought it unmanly to weep.

Dead? buried? oh, no! WILLIE, come back,
To thy mother's lone cottage return;
There, at the window, she patiently waits,
And all brightly the hearth-fires burn.

Alas! he is dead, and never again
Shall his stricken mother behold
The dark, loving eyes, and red, laughing lips
Of WILLIE, so brave and so bold.

All alone on the battle-field that night,
Mid the carnage so fierce and so wild,
Alone he went down to his soldier's grave,
My only, my beautiful child.

"No other loss!" they say it so coldly,
As though it were only their own,
As though no widowed mother were waiting,
And weeping, and waiting alone.

"No other loss!" why a thousand men killed
Would have been a small grief to me,
Compared with my boy, my only, my all,
My bonnie-eyed, sweet WILLIE LEE.

They tell me other mothers are weeping
And grieving as sorely as I;
But little enough doth it comfort me
That others thus bitterly cry.

Ah, no other loss! most surely 'tis true,
I have nothing left me to lose,
But Heaven grant that those who caused this wreck
May receive their righteous dues.

Ah! just such a loss; I'll pray till I die
That just such a dark, sable pall,
A shadow as cruel and heavy as mine,
On those traitorous rebels may fall.

On those vile, selfish men, with vile, selfish aims,
In their crafty, ambitious schemes,
Who reek not what woe and misery blight
A fond mother's holiest dreams.

Fayetteville, N. Y., 1862.
A. M. P.

ding for an abundant harvest, but after a year of neglect it was no light matter to free them from the grass and weeds that had sprung up thickly among them. We tried our gardening in gloves at first, but after a few days we abandoned them, except for the roughest of work. Old JACOB was our counselor, and did much of the hardest of the work for us, but many and many a night did we go to our beds with bodies aching in every muscle. Still, to our great surprise, we found that after a short time the early morning hour that called us from our beds found us fully rested and refreshed, and ready for more vigorous exertion.

"It is such a blessing," said MARY, one morning, as she dashed the cool water over her sleepy eyes, "that I am feeling so well this summer. This early rising and hard work would kill me if I were as languid as I usually am."

It never occurred to her that the good health was only a result of the active exercise and early rising, and none of us suggested it, for Mary had a will and a way of her own, and never liked to be helped to conclusions.

We grew in time to be really interested in the progress of the fruits and vegetables we tended and gathered, and even old 'Whitey' and the market wagon ceased to be a daily horror to me. MARY brought her natural ingenuity to our aid, in devising, and actually constructing, such supports for our tomatoes and slender fruits as were found needed, while PATIENCE studied unweariedly the agricultural books which our father had done little more than purchase, gleaning here and there such hints as we needed, beyond what JACOB's experience could furnish. She kept a strict account of all items of expenditure and receipt; every pint of milk, and every penny's worth of fruit or other "trash," as SALLY called it, which found its way to the market, was carefully recorded, while one of my duties was the keeping of a kind of gardener's diary; noting the time when each crop of fruit or vegetables was planted, when it matured, and the length of its season. This was for future reference, and to guide our operations another year. It would be well to know that peas or potatoes planted at a certain date, had blossomed in a given length of time, and been first ready for table at a specified day.

We were not without some disappointments. The striped bugs made sad havoc with our cucumbers and melons, before we learned to fight them effectually; the cut worms destroyed our sweet corn and cabbages, and I unwittingly sowed and tended a large crop of double sunflowers, the seeds of which were sent me by a rogulish boy as a new and rare plant from Virginia.

Picking strawberries! Shall I ever forget those agonizing hours that we spent crouching among the vines in the broiling sun, stooping, leaning, reaching, standing on tip-toe, till the scalding rays seemed to have penetrated every pore of our bodies, and nerves and muscles were strained and cramped almost beyond endurance. Every one who has picked strawberries can appreciate it—no one else possibly can.

NELLIE determined to have her special department, and so had taken the poultry under her charge, and nursed them with such unwonted success, that MARY used to declare she believed NELLIE had found some of the veritable speckled hens that used to lay two eggs on a week day and three Sunday.

Summer wore rapidly away, and in the meantime we were all convinced that at the very best our first year's experiment was little more than laying a foundation to work upon. It was PATIENCE who first suggested that the coming winter would leave us nearly unemployed, and that MARY and I should devote all our leisure to progress in our studies, so as to fit ourselves for teaching during the winter months. We were sadly deficient even in the solid ground work of an education, and the habits we had acquired of rambling and purposeless reading, merely for pastime, made it no easy thing to bring our minds under the necessary restraint and discipline. I, more than MARY, fairly hated study. The mysteries of algebra were to me almost incomprehensible, and the hardest out-door labor was welcome as a refuge from the horrors of syntax. We did not quite give up, however; and the hard battling of that summer and autumn did more than years of ordinary study would have done, to remove the evil effects of indolent mental habits, so early acquired, and so hard to shake off.

We were all growing hopeful, too, and beginning to feel our own strength and to rely upon it. Even our mother thought life was brightening for us, but before the clouds rolled quite away, there fell one bolt that smote us all to the very heart. We lost our little NELLIE—our sunbeam, our song-bird went away and left us alone. She had but a short sickness, and she smiled and sung to the last; and almost before we thought of danger or loss, the happy thing that had made our light and our music was gone from us forever. Her ship came in. Not the one from that rosy dream-land she watched for, but that shadowy bark whose prow touches silently the shores of our mortality, and bears over the dim unbounded sea the souls of our best beloved. Strong and tender was the angel that sat at the helm, and the sails were yet radiant with the glory of the further shore; we said "God wills it," and we strove to say also it is well, but the house was so dark, and the world so empty without NELLIE.

Then, after the first passionate grief, the old desponding came upon us. We were toiling, and for what? We were struggling, and to what end? It all seemed so useless and wearisome, that we were ready to sit down and fold our hands and weep. "After all," said MARY, "it is only to live, and what is the use in living; why not in one way as well as another; it is not long, and it cannot matter much?"

"God gave us these lives to live," said PATIENCE, always so much greater than we; "we will not be too weak, too cowardly, to live them well and nobly."

And so we went on. MARY secured a favorable situation to teach, while I, fortunately, failed. I say fortunately, for I was but fifteen, undisciplined, and in no respect fitted for the responsibility, and spring found me with mental wealth secured by diligent study during those long winter evenings, which far outweighed the money I might have earned by attempting to teach.

We took hold of our farming with new enthusiasm in the spring, enlarging our operations, and improving upon the mistakes and failures of the previous season. Ah, the delight of that budding spring-time, when new hopes and stronger purposes than our old lives had ever known, budded and grew in daily strength and beauty, with a growth more lasting than that we watched in the tender plants about us.

crowed our efforts, and in our calm satisfaction we cared nothing for the few sneers thrown at us by those who comprehended neither our labor nor its motive.

And now, after years of patient toil, lightened and glorified by the consciousness of something high and noble growing day by day into our lives, we sit in the old homestead, and say with contented hearts—"Our Ship has come in!" Ah, what a golden freightage it has brought us,—strength, and patience, and endurance, and hope,—lessons of wisdom, of faith in God and man, and reliance upon the powers so long dormant within us. Our mother, too, has learned content—and in the home our hands have beautified and adorned, she too dwells. We do not forget the two that have gone "over the river," but looking hopefully onward, we labor as we wait for the hour when we shall go from the sunshine here to the brighter sunshine there.

And now, tired watcher for "the ship that never comes over the sea," wait no longer idly upon the shore,—man your boat and go forth to pilot it in. Watch warily for rocks and shoals, but meet with a stout resistance the crested breakers of despair, and remember that every vigorous stroke of the oar strengthens nerve and sinew, and brings you nearer the ship that surely shall come in!

CONFESSIONS OF A TEA-KETTLE; OR, A HINT TO HOUSEWIVES.

EVERYBODY said so, and we all know what everybody says must be true, especially what every lady says. Now, what every lady said was this, that I was a "love of a tea-kettle." I'm not a vain tea-kettle; and, although I say it, who shouldn't say it, in my youth I was pretty. Ah! you may laugh, but you'll be old some day, depend on it.

Well, I promised you my history, and now I'll tell it, if you'll only listen.

I was made of copper, and no sooner was the last polish put upon me than my owner, a furnishing ironmonger, placed me in a conspicuous position in his shop window. My bright appearance and neat shape very soon attracted the attention of passers-by. Every one admired me, and some pleased me by openly expressing their admiration. One day a young lady—evidently newly married—declared I was a "love of a tea-kettle," and having satisfied the ironmonger as to his demand for me, requested I should be forthwith sent to her house. Home I went, and had the satisfaction of hearing both the cook and the housemaid speak favorably of my appearance; and that's a great thing, mind, for a kettle. I was very comfortable in my new abode, and each evening, when filled with water, pure and soft, and placed upon a hob by the side of a cheerful fire, soon sang away to my master and mistress' satisfaction, and my own content.

I went smoothly on, until one day my master having received an appointment abroad, resolved to dispose of his household goods, myself among the rest. A lady residing in a neighboring village purchased me, and I was soon packed off. Somehow or other I speedily found that, although the water I was daily filled with was clear and bright—more sparkling indeed than that I had been accustomed to—it made me feel very uncomfortable about the stomach, accompanied with a tight sort of feeling, and a thickening of my inside, together with a great dimness of vision, and I was wont.

My mistress constantly complained of me; and as for the cook, she was positively rude, for on more than one occasion she shook her fist at me and exclaimed, "Drat that kettle, 'twill never bile!" My ailment increased, and I continued to get worse, and my owner requested the cook to call in a doctor. A smith, residing hard-by, was my medical attendant, and he undertook to effect my cure; he saw at once that it was not my fault I did not boil—that I was coated inside with a substance foreign to my nature, which he termed "furr." Taking me to his smithy, he set to work with hammer and chisel, and speedily removed the cause of all my troubles. But, oh, the remedy was as bad as the disease; my poor sides were so battered and bruised that I felt sure that when I reached home I should be dismissed to the kitchen, and never more be summoned to the tidy parlor fire; and, moreover, one small hole was knocked right through me, which pained me much; that, however, was patched up, and, as I didn't complain, no one noticed it, although the "furr" was removed, I was left very rough in my inside, and being once more brought into daily requisition, soon became as bad as ever. Neighbors were consulted, and all sorts of remedies proposed for my cure; one, that potato peelings were to be boiled in me; another, a marble, and so forth; but no good came of them, and I continued to get s' bad and clogged up with "furr," instead of holding three quarts, I hardly could contain as many jints. One day a traveling tinker happened to pass through our village; he was a loquacious fellow, and soon made the acquaintance of my mistress' cook; she happened to mention me to him, and he undertook to put me to rights in half an hour. In an evil moment for her, she parted with me, and next day I was miles away, in a large manufacturing town, never more to return, for the tinker was not accustomed to the method of business according to the rule of *meum et tuum*. He soon sold me for half my weight's value to a chemist, who, taking off my lid, exclaimed, "Ah, my poor fellow you've been badly used, I can see."

His sympathizing tone induced me to open my heart to him, and to tell him my whole history from the very first.

"I see how it is," said he, "but we'll soon have it all right. I understand you to say that the water you were first supplied with seemed to be very pure and soft, though not so sparkling and bright as that you were filled with by your second owner. Well, that's quite in accordance with chemical facts; the water from the pump of your second mistress owed its brilliancy to the quantity of lime it held in solution. Rain water, caught in clean vessels away from large towns, is the purest water that can be procured, without resorting to artificial means; and this although pure, will not sparkle as spring water, for the reason that it contains no lime or saline matter possessing the power of refracting light. The water used by your first mistress contained little or no lime, and all went on well. You see, the old proverb, 'not to trust too much to appearance,' will apply to water as well as men. But how came it that bright and sparkling water caused such a disturbance of your stomach, and coated your inside with 'furr' nearly an inch thick?" asked my new master.

Of course I could not say; and he continued: "I'll tell you. The water used at the house of your second mistress contained a goodly quantity of lime—carbonate of lime, or chalk—dissolved

during its percolation of the earth; this, from its perfect solution, would render it sparkling. Now, my good friend, you have helped to enliven many a Christmas party with the hot water you have supplied, and cannot fail to have observed that when the guests were mixing their toddy, how much sooner the sugar dissolved in hot water than in cold; so it is with substances generally; they are more readily soluble in hot fluids than in cold."

"Yes, I've remarked that, sir," said I. "Lime, however, is an exception; at ordinary temperature, a pint of water will dissolve fully eleven grains of lime, while at the boiling point the same quantity will not take up seven. Of this water, bright and brilliant, and fully saturated with lime, or its carbonate, you were daily filled, and as it became hotter and hotter, down went the lime, leaving, day by day, an additional coat on your poor sides; and as a very small snowball will, when set in motion, increase to a monster, so the continued daily film of limy deposit increased to an inconvenient and uncomfortable thickness, and ultimately brought you to grief, for this thick deposit, or 'furr,' by reason of its being a bad conductor of heat, prevented its passage through you to the water; it would not boil, and you got blamed."

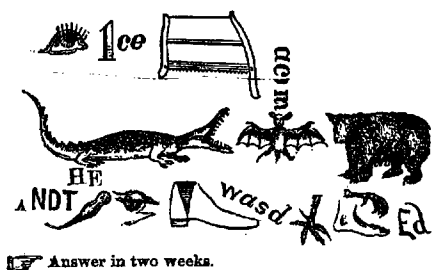
"You know best, sir; and no doubt it is as you say," was all I could give utterance to. "But to the point," he continued. "You are nearly half full of this troublesome stuff, and no doubt all good housewives will rejoice to learn an easy remedy. This limy deposit, though hard, and troublesome to remove by hammer and chisel, is easily got rid of by chemical agency. Hydrochloric acid"—(giving a wince at this hard name, my master noticed it, and said, "Don't be alarmed; it is commonly called spirits of salt," will remove the cause of all your troubles in a very few minutes, without injury to yourself, and that we'll at once prove."

Accordingly my good master sent to a druggist a bottle, and procured half a pound of spirits of salts, costing but a few pence; he placed me in the open air, and having diluted the "spirit" with a pint or so of water, poured it into me! Oh, what a commotion it did produce! I laugh now; but really I was alarmed at the effervescence that took place within me; but as in a moment the "furr" began to get less and less, I felt relieved, and my spirits began to rise accordingly. My master shook me about now and then, taking care, I observed, to avoid the fumes that arose, and in a few moments exclaimed, "All right, old fellow, I can see your copper; now you'll do. Come with me to the pump, and a douche will set you quite to rights." For ten minutes I was under hydropathic treatment—such as patients at Ben Rhydding or Malvern rarely experience—and I was well as ever, "good as new."

I am now happy to tell I have never had a relapse of my old complaint, am happy as the day is long, and sing as readily as ever.

Corner for the Young.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 4 is an island near the coast of France.
My 2, 1, 3 is a spherical body.
My 3, 9, 8 is an insect.
My 4, 10, 10 is a measure.
My 5, 2, 3 is to plunder.
My 6, 2, 7 is the upper end.
My 7, 2 is a river in Italy.
My 8, 3, 3 is to flow back.
My 9, 3, 5, 2 is a river in Spain.
My 10, 2, 7 is a flea.
My whole was the most distinguished English statesman of his age.
Alabama, N. Y., 1862.
A. B. NORTON.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 630.

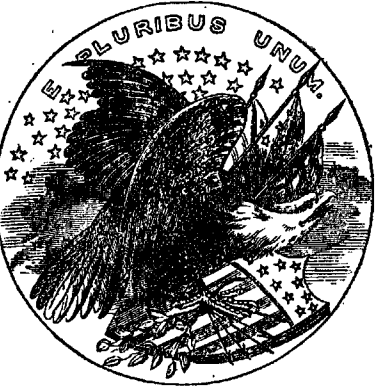
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.
Answer to Historical Enigma:—I am willing to die. I have done my duty.
Answer to Rebuses on the Names of Animals:—Ounce, panther, lion, jackal, mandrill, bear, coat, seal, beaver, stag, white, agouti, chinchilla, genet, polecat, muskrat, mole, cat, civet, tapir, roebuck.

ANSWER TO MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA IN No. 628.

1st. "Is he good-looking?" is a query generally asked by "ladies" on the advent of "gentlemen" into society.
2d. "It is bed-time" is a short sentence which is, at certain times, used with some effect by "old farmers," who have marriageable daughters, to the discomfiture of their "beaux."
3d. "17" or seventeen, placed before "7 by 6" or "7x6," represents a time long to be remembered by American citizens.
4th. "1" or one is in the singular number, but if "0" or naught be added, it becomes plural, or 10.
5th. "Wife" is a name which ought to be held dear by every "husband," but when "children" use it, it is changed to that of "mother."
6th. "Alpha" comes next before "Beta," but "Omega" comes last of all.
7th. "Thanks" are due by all "true patriots" to "the Press;" that is, those who have stood up manfully for the "right" in this time of our country's "distress."
8th. "Cinqus" bears the same relation to "five" that "8 by 5" does to the sum of "fifty 4" and "thirty 1."
9th. "Jesus" was the means of raising "Lazarus" from the "grave" to "life," thereby causing great astonishment among the "Jews."
10th. "23456789" is another form of expressing "twenty-three millions four hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine."
11th. By using "perseverance" and "ingenuity" this enigma may be worked.
12th. "D. D. T. Moore" conducts one of the best papers for the benefit of "farmers" that has ever been published in "the States."
13th. "Take away my 'head,' my 'body,' and my 'hands,' together with my 'arms,' my 'feet,' and my 'legs,' from the 'human frame,' and nothing will remain.
14th. "Paul" was once called "Mercurius," and "Barnabas" was called "Jupiter," because they were supposed to be "gods" until Paul told the Jews they were men.
My whole is as follows:—The letters of the alphabet, a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z, and the arithmetical figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0.
[We would be glad to give the names of those who have sent in correct answers, as some have suggested in replying, but lack of space forbids.—Ed.]

OUR SPRING CAMPAIGN!

NO TAX ON KNOWLEDGE, BUT PREMIUMS FOR ITS DIFFUSION!



MORE GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!

PREMIUMS FOR SMALL LISTS!

EVERY CLUB AGENT REWARDED!

Now that the period of competition for the Premiums offered last November for early lists, (and the largest clubs remitted for on or before Feb. 1st,) has expired—and as the large lists have already been received—we purpose giving every friend of the RURAL who will obtain a small number of subscribers (say 6 to 24 or more,) a valuable Reward for his or her effort in so doing. Our Programme for the Spring Campaign is in this wise:

CASH AND OTHER PREMIUMS.

- I. TO EACH of the TWENTY-FIVE PERSONS remitting according to our terms, for the largest Twenty-Five Lists of Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER between this date and April 15, 1862, we will give a United States Treasury Note for FIVE DOLLARS, (or, if preferred, \$5 in gold,)—in addition to one of the premiums offered below.
II. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, for Twenty-Four or more subscribers, as above, we will give (in addition to a free copy of the RURAL,) a perfect and handsomely bound volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1861 or 1860—price \$3; or, if preferred to bound RURAL, a copy of LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES—(an Imperial 8vo. volume, with 300 illustrations—price \$3.60.)
III. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, either \$15 for 10 copies, \$21 for 15 copies, or \$25 for 20 copies, we will give a free copy of the RURAL, and either THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES, (price \$1.25,) or EVERYBODY'S LAWYER, (price \$1.25,) as preferred, or, either one of the books, or package of flower seeds, offered below, if the person entitled prefer.
IV. TO EVERY PERSON remitting, as above, \$10 for six copies, we will give a free copy of RURAL, and either the MANUAL OF AGRICULTURE, or LOSSING'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES, (price \$1,) or a dollar package of choice imported Flower Seeds.

All books (except bound Rural and Lossing's Illustrated) and seeds will be sent by mail, post-paid. Persons entitled to book or flower seed premiums can also compete for the cash premiums! In order to give all who compete a fair and equal chance, traveling agents, post-riders, citizens of Rochester, and persons (or their agents or aliases) who advertise by circular to receive subscriptions (from a distance, at club rates,) for the RURAL in their "columns," (whether circulars, "Keystone," or by other title,) are excluded from competition for any of the above premiums.

Comment upon the above offers is unnecessary. Every person who forms a club of six or more is sure of a free copy and valuable book; and as our regular agents have already sent in their large lists, of course the premiums now offered will be taken mainly by new agents, or those who form new clubs, though they are open to all. There is yet abundant time to form new clubs, to commence with the volume (we can still furnish back numbers,) or at any time, and we trust subscribers, those who have sent for specimen numbers, and others who receive this, will at once commence the Spring Campaign.

TERMS OF THE RURAL—Always in Advance.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies, one year, \$5; Six Copies, and one free to Club Agent, \$10; Ten, and one free, \$15; Fifteen, and one free, \$20; Twenty, and one free, \$25; and any greater number at the same rate, only \$1.25 per copy. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pay attention postage on copies mailed to foreign countries, \$1.50 is the lowest Club rate for Canada, and \$2.00 to Europe.
[For U. S. Treasury Notes and Bills on all Salaried Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at our rate, Agents will please remit in Draft on New York (less exchange,) or New York, New England or British Canada money, or for us converted into Subscriptions Money remitted by Draft on New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange,) MAY BE SENT AT THE RISK OF THE PUBLISHERS, if made payable to his order.

Please write all names plainly, that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly printed in Mailing Machine. All remittances should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to
D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.
FEBRUARY 3, 1862.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo Street.

TERMS IN ADVANCE:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.—To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies, one year, for \$5; Six, and one free to club agent, for \$10; Ten, and one free, for \$15; Fifteen, and one free, for \$20; Twenty, and one free, for \$25; and any greater number at same rate—only \$1.25 per copy. Club papers directed to individuals and sent to as many different Post-Offices as desired. As we pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12 1/2 cents per copy to the club rates of the RURAL. The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is \$2.00—including postage.
THE ABOVE TERMS AND RATES ARE INVARIABLE. Therefore, any person who is not an agent, sending the club rate (\$1.60 or \$1.25) for a single copy (the price of which is \$2) will only receive the paper the length of time the money pays for at full single copy price. People who send us less than published rates, and request the paper for a year, or a return of the money, cannot be accommodated—for it would be unjust to others to comply, and a great inconvenience to return remittances. The only way to get the RURAL for less than \$2 a year, is to form or join a club.

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of our last volumes will be ready in a few days—price, \$3; unbound, \$2. We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished by us at any price. The subsequent volumes will be supplied, bound, at \$3 each—or if several are taken, at \$2.50 each. The only complete volumes we can furnish, unbound, are those of 1859, '60 and '61—price, \$2 each.

THE CASH SYSTEM is strictly adhered to in publishing the RURAL—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, long experience having demonstrated that the CASH PLAN is the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are always in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens, twenties, or any other number. Subscriptions can commence with the volume of any number; but the former is the best time, and we shall send from it for some weeks, unless specially directed otherwise. Please "make a note of it!"

ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.
NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs.