

MOORE'S

RURAL NEW-YORKER

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

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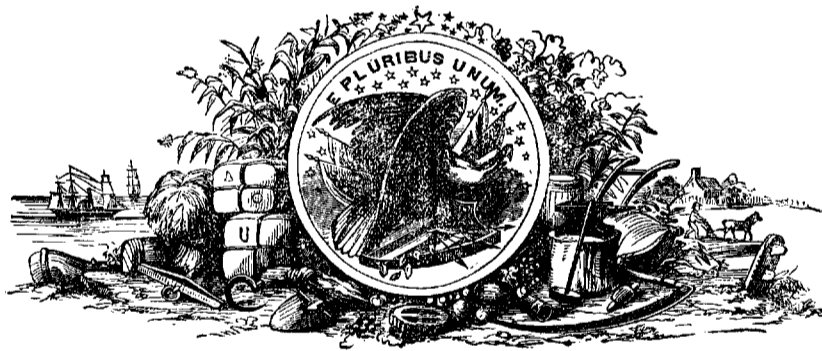
HOME INTERESTS OF BOTH COUNTRY AND TOWN RESIDENTS,

EMBRACING DEPARTMENTS DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, ART AND SCIENCE, RURAL AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY, LITERATURE, EDUCATION,

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY ENGRAVINGS.



CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

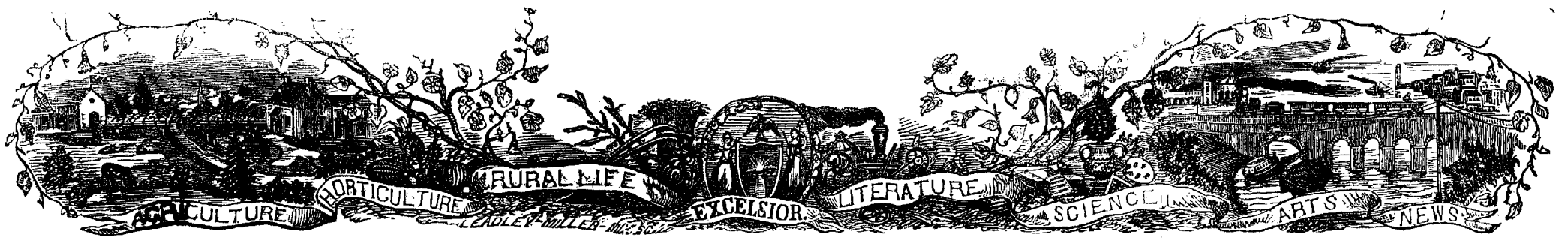
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.]

["PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."]

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

VOL. XIV NO. 1.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

{WHOLE NO. 677.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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

C. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity 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 Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate 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.

VOLUME XIV—INTRODUCTORY.

CORDIAL congratulations of the season to all our readers, and a few remarks as we enter upon the active duties and labors of the Fourteenth Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. But no,—this is not the initial work of the volume; for we have already prepared most of the matter for the present number, and now hurriedly indite what the printers say is lacking—a LEADER. Aye, a Leader is not only wanted for this week's RURAL, but in many Governments, Institutions and Places. Governments, Cabinets and Armies (their companies, regiments, brigades, divisions and corps)—all require loyal, brave and wise leaders. In many States, Provinces, Cities, Towns and School Districts, leaders of the right caliber are in demand. The same is true, also, of many institutions of learning and business enterprises. Every Farm needs a judicious, thinking, industrious leader—one who not only ably plans but properly executes—who says "come, boys," and sees that every labor is performed in the best manner and most appropriate season. Every Family should have an intelligent and discriminating leader—one capable of providing for the material, mental and moral interests of its members. But we need not enumerate, for leaders are wanted in the various departments of the Government, in societies and in communities. Brains and Industry—Energy, Pluck and Tact—are in demand almost everywhere, and whenever they are properly exercised or applied, tell wonderfully in developing the resources of any country, and promoting the progress, improvement and prosperity of any people or nation. Men and women who can plan and perform—who are imbued with a clear conception of any required duty or labor, and are capable of discharging it properly—have always been "few and far between," and especially when it was difficult to achieve important and useful results.

But we must not digress from the title and purpose of this article, and therefore turn to matters of a more personal character. The RURAL NEW-YORKER would be a leader—in fact, is—in circulation and position among its contemporaries, and especially in efforts tending to influence and prepare its myriad of readers to become leaders in the various useful departments and avocations of life and business. Those who have read it for years know how earnestly we have labored to instruct, entertain, and encourage the various members of every Family visited, never omitting the Women and Children—God bless them everywhere! Some of its envious contemporaries, without even a tithing of its circulation or influence, have sneeringly alluded to the RURAL as a Family journal. Would that they, and many other journals, were worthy the name—more fit to be carefully read and studied at the firesides of the People!

As we have said and repeated aforetime, we now reiterate—especially for the eyes and ears of the thousands of recruits who are now joining the RURAL BRIGADE—that "Our object from the commencement of the RURAL NEW-YORKER has not been to furnish either an Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Mechanical, Educational, Literary, or News journal,—but rather to combine all these, and thus present a paper unequalled in Value, Variety and Usefulness of Contents. Our earnest desire has ever been to

make it an honest, independent, reliable, and eminently useful RURAL, LITERARY, and FAMILY NEWSPAPER—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and entirely free from deception and quackery, even its advertising department." Such was, is, and will continue to be our "platform"—brief, explicit, and comprehensive. If it please our readers as well in the future as in the past, we shall be content—for no journal has hitherto been more ardently appreciated and supported than the RURAL. Even now, during the disastrous rebellion, and a paper famine which compels us to advance its lowest club rate and reduce its size, this journal is daily increasing in circulation and usefulness. The subscriptions thus far entered upon our books for the new volume greatly exceed those received up to this date (Dec. 26,) last year. For this generous manifestation of approval, at a time when we most need substantial encouragement, we are chiefly indebted to long-time, active and influential friends of the RURAL—those who are leaders in efforts to advance the welfare of individuals, families and communities. And it is upon the generous action of such leaders—both men and women—that every enterprise designed to enhance the welfare of the People and Country must mainly rely for that power which achieves success.

Entering upon a new year and volume under such favorable auspices, and gratefully appreciating our obligations to the increasing thousands who are contributing, in various ways, (as Agents, Correspondents, Subscribers, &c.) to the success of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we can safely promise that, though somewhat reduced in dimensions, it will as firmly advocate the Right, and as zealously endeavor to EXCEL in promoting laudable objects, as ever. For evidence of the manner in which this pledge will be redeemed, we refer to the pages of this and subsequent numbers of the volume now commenced.

PLANS.

THIS is the season for plans. What the New Year shall bring forth must depend much on the plans we may make or adopt. The architect furnishes a design for a building, which is adopted before the builder is committed with the work. The engineer makes his surveys, drawings, plans, before any work is undertaken. Plans are the brains of all projects—and their character determines the success or otherwise of most enterprises. To plan right, as a farmer, requires much knowledge and a sound judgment—a clear insight into the laws of cause and effect. Now, for at least a month or more the prudent farmer can employ his time profitably in carefully comparing the figures the past has made for him, and as carefully considering the possibilities of the future with the aid of figures and sound reason.

Plans, to be made successful, should be intelligently made. On the part of the farmer they require a thorough knowledge of the wants of the market, of the sources of supply, and of the relative amount of the different products of the farm in store in the country, and in the hands of producers. There is no class of facts, perhaps, which ought to influence each farmer's husbandry more than these, unless it be the adaptation of the soil to the production of certain crops. The farmer is in a way a manufacturer. He supplies a demand for consumption from his farm. The character of that demand should govern the character of the seed sown or of the animals bred. Every day is rendering more and more valuable to the farmers the statistical tables of commercial reports; and the time will yet come when figures that may be published the first day of January, will govern the character of the crops of the country for the year, in all parts where a surplus for foreign export is grown.

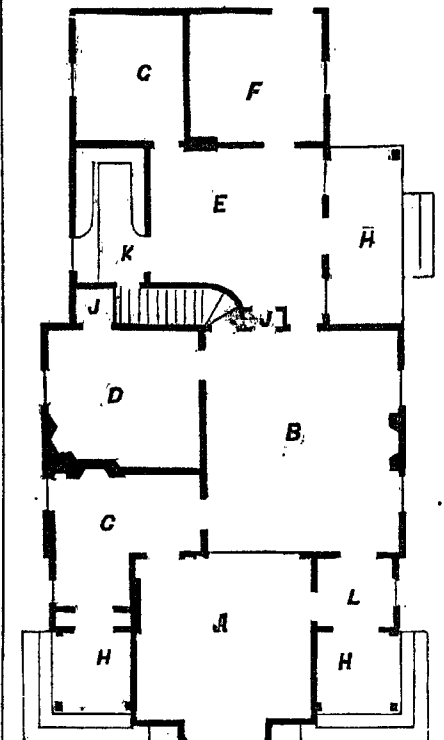
Let the plans be well digested. But let there be a plan! Do not let it embrace more than can be accomplished well. And see to it that what it does embrace, is well accomplished in good season. All good plans embrace a careful estimate of resources and a concise disposition of them, so as to render them as productive as possible.

SPEAKING OF PLANS, we give in other columns of this number an excellent Architectural Plan, which it is hoped will prove valuable to many of our readers. We think this plan of a Suburban or Farm House will meet the taste, wants, and purses of many village and rural residents; and those who do not wish to adopt it entire, can easily modify it to suit their views, means or convenience.

SUBURBAN OR FARM HOUSE.

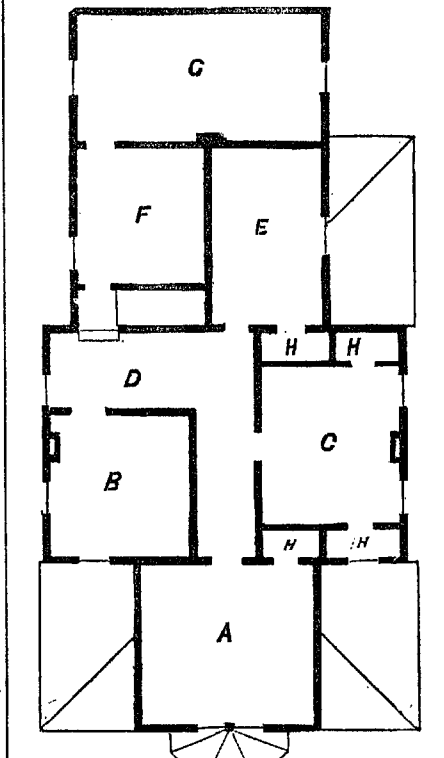
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Accompanying this I send you the plans of a house lately built and occupied by myself and family, and which we have found to be very convenient. In fact, we are so well pleased with it that I have prevailed on the architect to reduce the drawings to the proper size for publication, hoping they may find a place in the RURAL, and believing that many of your readers, farmers and mechanics, will find it, if not worth copying, at least in some features worthy of imitation.

DESCRIPTION.—This house, which is built of wood, stands in the midst of an Evergreen grove, on the summit of a small knoll, in the village of Baldwinsville, Onondaga county. Its principal dimensions are as follows:—Main part, 20 by 31 feet; front projection 14 by 16; back wing 22 by 27; front part, first story, 10, and second story 9 feet between ceilings; the back part 9½ feet first story, and 8½ feet in the second.



PRINCIPAL STORY.

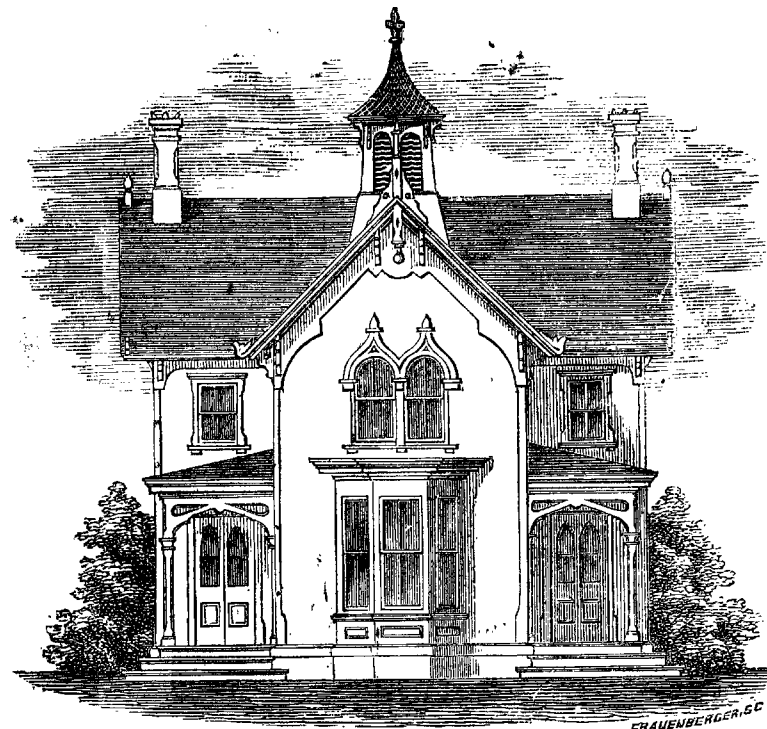
A, Parlor 13½x15. B, Dining Room 16½x19. C, Library 6½x16. D, Bed-room 12x13. E, Kitchen 14x15. F, Wood-room 11x12. G, Bed or Bath-room 9½x11. H, Veranda. I, J, Closets. K, Pantry, 6x12. L, Porch 6x6½.



SECOND STORY.

A, Chamber 13½x15. B, Chamber 12x12. C, Chamber 12x13½. D, Hall. E, Bed-room 8½x12½. F, Bed-room 11½x11½. G, Store-room 11x21. H, Closet.

The plans, which are drawn to a scale of sixteen feet to the inch, will be readily understood. The usual front hall and ballister stair-way, are dispensed with, and its place supplied by the

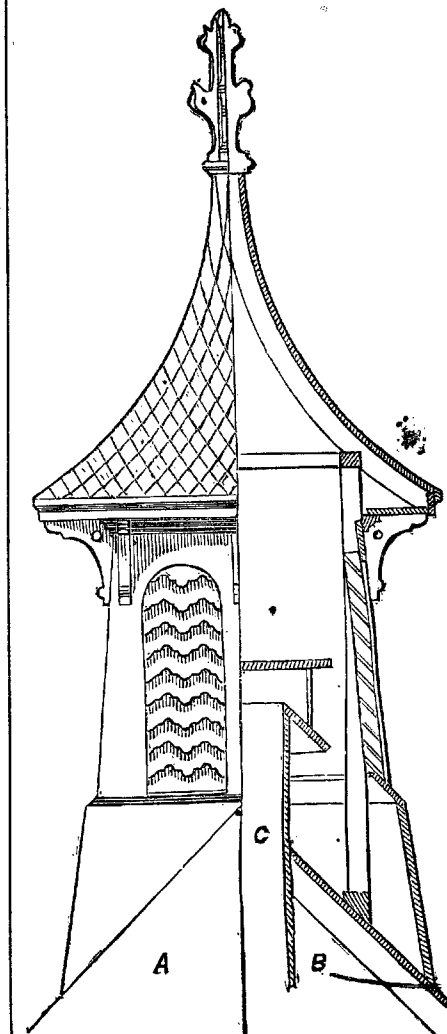


SUBURBAN OR FARM HOUSE—ELEVATION.

entrance porch, which we find answers every purpose for our use. The door leading to the dining-room, as well as the front, being glazed, affords a street view from that room. The parlor, it will be seen, is connected with the dining-room by large folding doors. The bay window in the front is dispensed with, and in its place is a coupled window. If the side views were such as to make it desirable, windows could be put in under the veranda. The china closet marked J, we find to be one of the nicest arrangements for passing crockery from one room to the other. The stairway, although not as showy or expensive as ballisters, we find to be convenient, leading to the back as well as front chambers—the closet and cellar stairway rendering every inch of room available. In the chambers there are five sleeping rooms, and a store room that may be divided, making the rooms for servants if desired. The cellar is eight feet in the clear, the walls entirely of concrete, and thus far appear to be as perfect as stone walls, though costing less than half as much.

appearance in this location, and, in fact, seems to be the crowning feature in the design, which would hardly be perfect without it.

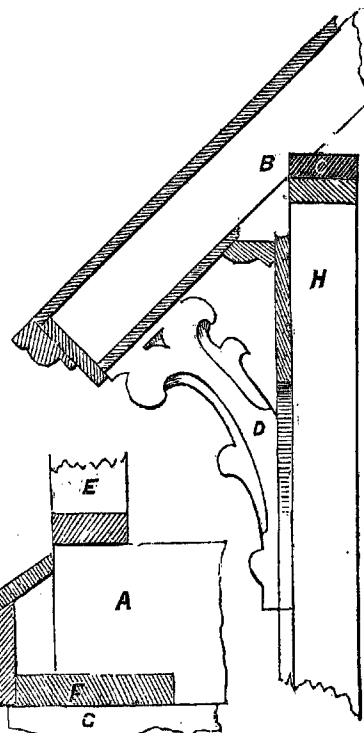
The roofs are covered with shingle, and the valleys made of tin in a way that I think is as perfect as any other part of the roof—being made by using separate pieces of tin, bent in the middle to fit the angle and lapped, like shingle, about two inches at each joint.



VENTILATING TURRET.

A, Outside. B, Section. C, Emerson Ventilator. The outside is painted in parti-colors—the weather-boarding a cream made of one part raw umber, two parts raw sienna, and one-fourth of one part burnt umber to one hundred parts lead and oil. The trimmings more of an orange, made by mixing Indian red and chrome yellow with white. All the inside is finished in a plain, tasty style.

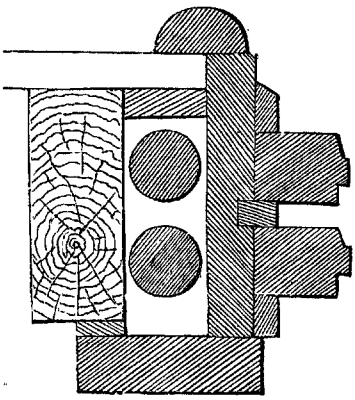
The kitchen, bed-rooms, chambers, and all smaller rooms are finished with a simple half-round casing, which looks clean, and is easily kept so. The finish in the dining-room and library is a little more showy, but not elaborate or expensive.



MAIN CORNICE AND WATER-TABLE.

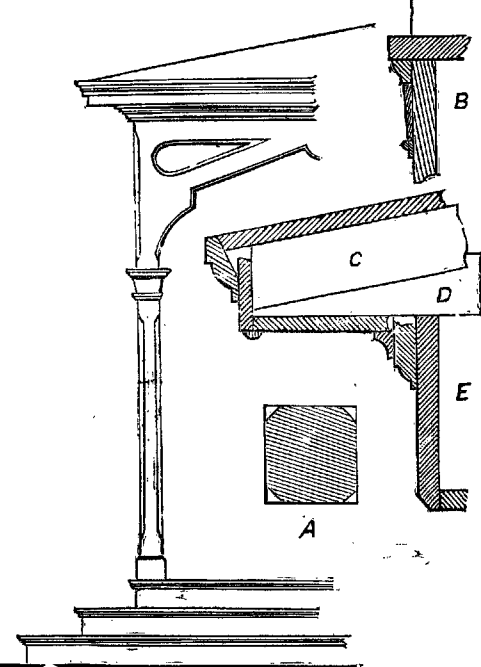
A, Joist 2x10. B, Rafter 2x6. C, Plate 2x5. D, 4 in. thick. E, Stud. F, Sill. G, Stone Wall. H, Stud 2x5. The framing, as will be seen by the detail drawings, is mostly of 2 by 5 scantling, put together on the balloon principle, and the outside covered with clap boards. The cornice is simple in section, depending on the angle and gable ornaments, the few brackets, and, more than all, upon the irregular line of the freize, for its looks. The ventilating turret did not cost as much as one would suppose. It adds materially to the

Such of your readers as examine this plan with a view of adopting it, will please remember that it can be reversed—that is, the dining-room placed on the left instead of on the right side, &c.



WINDOW FRAME.

In counting cost it should be borne in mind that, as there is no waste room, a house can be built as cheap from this plan as from any other with like conveniences. The money expended on the ornaments is saved in the extreme sim-



VERANDA DETAILS.

A, Column 6x6. B, Capital. C, Rafter 2x4. D, Joist 2x4. E, Corners. plicity of the other parts. Although it requires more outside covering for an irregular form than a square one, yet in this plan there are no heavy timber, no expensive trusses, and not an inch of extra height required. The cost of my house, and it is all done in the best manner, does not exceed two thousand dollars. Baldwinville, N. Y., 1862. S. H. NICHOLS.

THE FARMER'S POSITION.

THE human family is so constituted and organized that all are dependent beings, but with a good degree of propriety the farmer may be said to occupy the most independent position, inasmuch as all classes are dependent upon him for support; while, in cases of necessity, the farmer can get along comfortably well without countenancing many of the trades and professions. It matters not what calling we pursue, the cravings of nature will demand daily food, which must chiefly come from the soil through the labors and agency of the husbandman, whose mission is to cultivate the same, that it may bring forth those productions which are necessary for the sustenance of man and beast.

There is nothing degrading in labor, when rightly directed, to promote our own individual comfort and happiness, and advance the interests and welfare of the community at large. The fop may often pass the honest and industrious farmer by with a sneer, as he appears clad in his rural garb of industry; but the tax-gatherer will ever respect him, and extend a cordial and friendly greeting. An industrious and enlightened husbandman believes that he is engaged in a good work and is eager to prosper while at the same time he is willing and pleased to see others about him prosper in all their laudable efforts. As he performs his daily round of duties, he feels the consciousness that his investments are of the most permanent character; the lands he tills may at times refuse bountiful harvests, but they never can be destroyed by the raging elements that often prove so destructive to those engaged in more hazardous pursuits.

As the progressive, pioneer farmer enters a new country and commences his labors by applying the axe to the sturdy monarch of the forest, or puts his hand to the plow to turn the sward of the wide-spread prairie, his eye instinctively peers through the vista of coming years; he beholds towns and cities arise and flourish in rapid succession; he moves to and from his labors with a light and merry step, and a joyful song upon his lips, as he considers that he is paving the way and laying the foundation of future competence and prosperity. Thus Agriculture is ever ready to send forth her full quota of sturdy sons and energetic daughters in quest of new fields of enterprise and industry, as the interests of society and the times may demand,—and it is her products that supply the most pressing wants of earth's millions of inhabitants. Her surplus products, by the aid of commerce, find their way to other lands and more distant climes, where they have often been received with grateful emotions.

In view of the present distracted condition of our country, what says the agriculturist? The question is now being solved by force of arms that concerns not only the husbandman, but the

entire community, and will also affect the interests and welfare of the coming generations? What says the true patriot and philanthropist? Shall our sun of liberty, in whose light we have been reared, and enjoyed all the blessings of civilization and refinement, again shine forth with its wonted brilliancy, and remote sections of our country feel its invigorating and benign influence? Or shall it be entirely blotted from our political and social firmament, and be entombed in the gulf of anarchy, and cruelty and oppression prevail from sea to sea. Monroe Co., N. Y., Jan. 1st, 1863. FARMER.

ECONOMY IN WINTERING SHEEP.

ONE year ago last winter I fed to one hundred ewes ten tons of good hay, sixty-five bushels of corn, sixty-five of oats; also the straw that grew on eight acres of wheat, and eight acres of oat straw, threshed with a machine and stacked in the sheep-yard in good order. I filled the racks with it every day, and at night, before feeding hay, would empty the racks of the straw, and litter the yard and sheds. I depended on the straw for feed as much as I could, but long before spring I had to economize my straw stack to make it last through for bedding, or to litter the sheds and yard after storms. My straw stack was soon gone, and I did not feel much the better of it, except the benefit the sheep received from it by picking over it between other feedings, and for bedding.

And now I want to compare this statement with the course I took to winter the same flock of one hundred ewes last winter, or one year ago this winter. I put in the barn the wheat that grew on seven acres, also the oats that grew on eight acres. I commenced early in the winter to thresh, with the horses, one flooring of oats per day, and filled the racks once or twice a day with the straw, depending on it as feed, as the appearance of the sheep would indicate it would answer. When the oats were threshed I commenced on the wheat and fed the straw in the same way. I had plenty of straw all winter for feed, and what was left each time in the racks for litter. I should also mention what is quite an item, that I stabled, adjoining the threshing floor, three cows and three young cattle. About half their keeping was of rakings from the floor after the straw was taken off to prepare for the next lot of sheaves. My flock of sheep I gave one hundred and twenty bushels of corn and oats, mixed equal, and three tons of hay and corn fodder that grew on two and one-half acres. My sheep and cattle never wintered better. I had no extra help through the winter. I did the threshing and feeding myself. This winter (yet 1862), I am pursuing the same course, and have just finished threshing a flooring. My farm consists of one hundred and sixty acres. I keep 350 Merino sheep, and have fed this winter for 450.

My neighbors object to the course I pursue, telling me they should think the rats would do a good deal of damage. Well, the rats will have all they can eat; for I feed them strychnine in some shape—usually in the upper part of a hog's head, placing it in the mow secure from the cats. Seneca Co., O., Dec., 1862. THRESHING MACHINE.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD GATE.

SEVERAL communications have lately appeared in the RURAL about making gates; some with "scantling, boards and nails," and some minus the "scantling." Now, a good gate is a good institution, and saveth many a minute of precious time, and a poor gate is preferable to a set of bars, as is the common custom in Illinois; but "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and I propose to describe one way of making a good gate, that will be sure to give satisfaction to any reasonable man. I have used such a gate daily for seven years, and the time and expense of repairing has not been worth 25 cents.

First, the Posts. Procure a log of the most durable timber at hand, not less than 11 feet long and one foot diameter at top. Measure off four feet at the top end to put into the ground, and hew the rest square, leaving it as large as it will make at the bottom, and tapering to about six inches at the top. This is for the post on which to hang the gate. The post on the other side for the gate to shut against, should be nearly as large, 9 feet long, rabbeted 3 inches wide and deep to receive the little post of the gate.

Second, the Gate. Take a 4 by 4 scantling, (4 by 6 will do just as well,) 7 feet long for the back post, and one 3 by 4 for the front post. Make 4 or 5 mortices 1 by 6 to receive the boards, or the boards may be let into one side of the posts and nailed. The bottom board, when hung, should be about 6 inches from the ground, and the top one 4 feet 8 inches. From the bottom of the little post to the top of the high post put a brace, which, for a gate 11 feet wide, should be nearly 13 feet long. Frame this into the long post at the top with a dove-tail, and nail strongly; then nail to all the boards of the gate, with wrought nails, clinched. In the center of the gate put a piece of board perpendicular, and nail.

Third, the Hanging. Get a blacksmith to make a stout pair of hooks and eyes, the top hook long enough to reach through the top of the big post, diagonally and key; the eye long enough to reach in the same manner through the post of the gate and key. The lower hook may be sharpened and drove in, but the lower eye should be keyed like the top one; or, in place of the upper hinge, a piece of 2-inch plank 2 feet long and 6 inches wide, may be framed on the top of the post, with a long mortice near one end and a 2-inch hole near the other to receive the top of the gate post, which should be rounded. The long mortice is to receive a key to raise or lower the fore end of the gate.

Fourth, the Fastening. Make a latch about 4 feet long, one inch thick and 3 inches wide, which fasten on to the brace with a three-fourths pin or iron bolt. Cut a recess 6 inches long in a piece of 2 by 2 scantling, and fasten on to the little post of the gate to hold the fore end of the latch. Make the catch by boring a 2-inch hole into the post, and inserting a piece of hard wood at least a foot long outside of the post, to allow the latch to slide easily, and notched to hold the latch. Add a post with a catch to hold the gate open, and the gate is ready for use. Cortland, Ill., 12th Mo., 1862. S. W. ARNOLD.

THE HEN FEVER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Among the diseases that afflict the human family, there is no one disease that takes on so many forms as fever. There is the billious, the typhus, the nervous, the yellow, the remittent, the intermittent, and numerous other forms. But there was one kind of form of this disease, a few years ago, that proved very malignant, viz, the Hen Fever. It was attended with various symptoms, some of which were peculiar. There was the Shanghai symptom, the Brahma symptom, and the Dorking symptom, each of which had its peculiarity. The first symptom consisted in a quick, wiry pulse; the second a strong, full pulse; the other a more regular, but weak pulse. The first denoted a high state of inflammation, and where a physician was called who was in the habit of practicing in this kind of cases, it was most always the case that supuration took place; or, in other words, "the fool and his money soon parted." The second, or Brahma pulse, indicated danger of apoplexy, and the physician always recommended copious bleeding, which reduced the patient to a specie basis. The third pulse indicated diarrhoea; and where diarrhoea set in, it generally ran the patient so low that his finances collapsed.

This fever seemed to be very contagious. It swept over large cities and towns, and through the rural districts, and was no respecter of persons—for the rich as well as the poor suffered in its ravages. From what we can learn of its early history, it seemed to have started in or near the city of Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, and extended westward to the Rocky Mountains. Like some other diseases, it seemed to be more extensive and more malignant in some localities than others; it was quite severe in Rochester and Buffalo. And after it had infected almost every State and county in the Union, it finally terminated at or near Clinton, Onondaga county. Since that time I have never heard of any cases, except a few very mild ones occurring at some of our State and County Fairs. Not being a regular physician, I don't know that I could give a correct diagnosis of this disease. Some have supposed that it was caused by an unequal circulation of the "precious metals," and I am inclined to think that this is the case, for it was found in many cases that where this circulation was unequal, and those metals were freely circulated in and around the system, the patient became convalescent. Oakland, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1862. C. H. RANDALL.

RURAL EXPERIENCES.—NO. V.

WHILE canvassing for the RURAL the present month, I notice that those persons who read the RURAL like it, and if able, are ready to subscribe again. Some take it for their families, who do not read it themselves. But, Mr. Editor and brother farmers, I really believe that not one-half who take the RURAL, or any other paper, reads more than one-half what is in each number. This is not for want of time, but for want of taste for reading, which all should try to cultivate. Farmers usually read that part which pertains to Agriculture and the news—the wife the part that pertains to cooking and the Ladies' Department—while the nurseryman and gardener reads the Horticultural Department. Now, I believe that, if we all followed the example of one "Rural Reader," I know, viz., read first, second, third, fourth, and the other pages, advertisements and all, we should like the RURAL better, learn more, and appreciate its true value as a Rural and Family Newspaper.

Again, not one-half that take the RURAL do as they should—that is, keep the numbers clean, and lay them up for future reference and future generations. Next to a leaf from the Bible, we would think of taking the RURAL for waste paper. Now, let each and all who take this paper, read it—read it thoroughly—and when through reading, lay it carefully away, and at the end of the year you will thank me for this suggestion. OBSERVATION. Near Brewerton, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1862.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Butter for England.

THE Michigan Farmer says:—Within the present month, a transaction has taken place in the Detroit market which would seem very suggestive to the agriculturists of Michigan. It was the sale of three tons of butter for the Liverpool market. This lot brought 17 cents per pound. Although Liverpool is said to be over-stocked with breadstuffs, beef, pork, lard, &c., and there is little or no shipping of these products, still butter generally commands a good price, and there will undoubtedly be a good demand and fair profit for all that may be sent there.

Our farmers should not pass this important fact by unnoticed. It would be well for all persons who have any land in this locality that is not used for crops, to seed it down for pasturage, add some good milking stock, and make more of a business in dairy profits. Butter will ever command a good price, and is most always scarce in the city. In our mind, the dairy is a most remunerative branch of agriculture; being light, and mostly attended to by the women and

children whose labor can be turned to no better account—consequently it does not take up much of the time and attention of the men, who must necessarily devote themselves to the more pressing and arduous duties of the field. Let farmers try the dairy once, and with proper management, they will find it too profitable to relinquish.

Stock Breeding in France.

THE Caen Society of Agriculture and Commerce, founded in 1762, has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary—a fact which shows that there is more "solidarity" in the French rural character than many persons would be disposed to imagine. The Society has especially devoted itself to the improvement of the pure Norman breed of stock, which it has contended is capable of amelioration per se, like all choice races, and it has constantly discouraged the introduction of foreign blood, whatever might be its merit. The amelioration and conservation of the milking qualities of the breed have been particularly kept in view, and the Society imposes upon its "laureats," or principal prizemen, the condition of keeping prize bulls in the district for six months at least, and cows for a year, in order that the rewards given may not be turned to exportation account, and the stock rewarded lost to the locality.

Corn Stalks as Manure.

THE Editor of the Maine Farmer asks, "are corn stalks worth as much for manure as they are for fodder?" and answers the query by the following statement:

A young farmer recently related to us that one year his corn was killed by the frost, and so badly damaged that the fodder was not worth harvesting. The corn was gathered in the field and the stalks were left upon the ground all winter, and in the spring plowed under. The field was sown to wheat and seeded down with clover and timothy. So marked and lasting was the effect of the stalks as manure, that a strip through the field where four rows of the corn had been cut and hauled off, was observed for years; the grain and grass there being small, and on the other portions very heavy. Clover lodged on each side of this strip, while on the central portion it was not one-fourth as heavy.

Remedies for Crib-Biting.

IN a former paper, says a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, there was an inquiry for the cure of a crib-biting horse, and I have looked for answers, and as yet have seen but one, and that was to buckle a strap around the neck. I owned a crib-biter once, and was told to try the strap, and the effect was to cut the maté out, but the horse would crib when the strap was off, and almost as often when on—keeping in a stall without rack or manger, and taking the food to the horses in boxes at feeding time, or soaping the parts thickly with soft soap on the spots he uses for cribbing, and in fact all parts reached by his teeth.

About Wintering Horses.

A CONNECTICUT farmer winters his horses on cut hay and carrots. In the morning each horse receives six or eight quarts of carrots, with half a bushel of cut hay; at night he has the same quantity of hay mixed with three quarts of provender, consisting of oats and corn in the ear ground together. This, says the New England Farmer, keeps them in fine health and good working order.

Inquiries and Answers.

DRAINAGE.—Have any of your subscribers drained fields with blue marl subsoil, as retentive of water as a cemented cistern, and when after the first ten inches the pick must be used? Will drainage pay under such circumstances?—C. D., Conn.

COTTON, BROOK CORN, &c.—Will you, or some of the readers of the RURAL who know, please inform me how to raise Cotton, and where the seed can be obtained? Also how to raise Broom Corn, and how to make a good but cheap machine for making it up into Brooms? and oblige—A YOUNG FARMER, Linn Co., Mo.

HORSE TRAINING.—Can you or any of the readers of the RURAL inform me through its columns of the best method of training the horse to back? I have one that is well broken in every respect, except he will not back a load.—A SUBSCRIBER, Wayne, Mich.

HOW MUCH MILK FOR A POUND OF CHEESE.—Will some experienced cheese-maker please tell, through the RURAL, how many lbs. of milk is required to make 1 lb. of cheese? As my experience this summer has proven that it takes 9 1/2 lbs. to make 1 lb., I would like to hear from some others.—H. H. M.

WHEAT IN LANCASTER CO., PA.—Will some of the Lancaster County Pa. readers of the RURAL please inform us what is considered a good crop of wheat in Pequa Valley, and what is the most they ever knew to grow on one acre?—H. H. M., Pyshtown, Mich., 11th mo., 1862.

WHAT AILS MY LAMBS?—I have a flock of about fifty fine wool lambs, all of which seemed healthy until several weeks after weaning, when many of them commenced pining, until they were so poor and weak they could not stand, but still lingering three or four days after they were apparently dying. It appears to me like a lingering consumption. If you or your many correspondents can describe to me the disease, with its remedy, it will greatly oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, Ontario Co., N. Y.

ABOUT SHEEP.—Through the RURAL I would like to ascertain the most effectual remedy to prevent sheep from pulling their wool. I have fed them a mixture of sulphur and salt, but this is only a partial remedy.

If sheep kept on moist land are salted when the grass is wet, and salt thrown under their feet in the winter occasionally, (and this is no injury to the manure) the foot-rot will never trouble them.—A. K. MONTGOMERY, Perry, N. Y., 1862.

A neighbor of mine has several sheep which have lost one half of their wool—leaving large spots of the skin covered with scurf. The lambs are affected in the same way. What ails the sheep? What will cure them?—J.

HOP JOURNAL.—Is there a journal devoted to the culture of Hops?—P. G. F., Honesee, N. Y.

We know of none in this country, and if there is one would be glad to see a specimen.

LOCATION OF AG. COLLEGES.—Will you please inform me, through the columns of the RURAL, where the different Agricultural Colleges are situated? and oblige—CANADA, Forest Station, C. W.

IN the RURAL of April 12, 1862, we gave an article on Agricultural Colleges, stating the location and condition of the most prominent ones. Among those in operation are the Michigan Ag. College, located at Lansing, the capital of the State; the Farmer's College, at Farm School, Center Co., Pa.; and the Maryland Ag. College, located ten miles from Washington, D. C.

Rural Notes and Items.

NUMBER 1, VOLUME XIV,—is not, in some respects, what we intended. The change of type, measure, etc., have necessitated considerable extra labor in a brief period, and precluded careful attention to details; yet we think the number will compare favorably, in both contents and appearance, with the first issue of any preceding volume. The Practical Departments contain many valuable contributions, while the pages devoted to Miscellany, News, &c., will be found interesting. In order to give the House Plan complete, and the usual variety, we are obliged to defer articles in type from our Western Aid, H. T. B., and others—but they are good enough to keep, and will add to the interest and value of future numbers. If our friends—especially those who write on Practical Subjects—continue their favors, we hope to render Volume XIV more interesting and valuable than either of its predecessors.

PERSONAL.—We are so busy at this season that it is impossible to give personal attention to much of the correspondence with which we are favored; hence, those who address us, requesting written answers, must excuse apparent, but not intentional, sins of omission—our reticence being necessitated and involuntary. At the best we can only find or take time to answer a small proportion of the large number of inquiries received on all sorts of subjects, yet do the best we can under the circumstances. Those who write us relative to Subscription and Advertising Terms—and their name is legion—asking what is the best we can do, or if we will do thus or so, are referred to published rates and publisher's notices for particulars. Would treat all courteously, but cannot afford to write what is already printed,—and much more easily read than our poor chirography can be deciphered.

MANUFACTURE OF FLAX COTTON.—A company has been formed in Medina, Orleans county, to manufacture cottonized flax. The business is to be conducted by Messrs. FARBLIN & CARMAN, and will be commenced as soon as proper buildings can be erected for the storage of flax. The Medina Tribune says:—"The company have made arrangements to advance Flax Seed to farmers, and to contract for both seed and straw when harvested. This is an enterprise deserving of encouragement, and at the ruling prices cannot fail to pay better than almost any ordinary crop raised by the farmer. This company is composed of gentlemen of fine business capacity, of strict integrity, and of ample means." We wish the enterprise abundant success, and trust similar ones will be undertaken in other places—all over the Loyal States where flax can be profitably grown.

COTTONIZED FLAX.—We have received from Mr. NEIL COOK, of Oswego, N. Y., samples of Flax Cotton made by a process discovered by Mr. C., and alluded to in the Rural of Dec. 20,—also a sample of the tow from which such cotton is manufactured. The former is a white and fine article, and looks like driving a large nail in the coffin of King Cotton. Though it may not make as fine cloth as cotton, we think it will be stronger and more durable, judging from the strength of the fiber.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Reports, &c.—This is the season when most of the Agricultural Societies, Clubs, &c., hold annual and other important meetings—elect officers, report progress, &c. As we wish to keep our readers advised in regard to the condition of these associations, Secretaries will oblige us by forwarding a condensed report of their most important proceedings, with names of officers elected, for publication in the RURAL. We shall be glad to receive such reports relative to all the prominent Agricultural and Horticultural organizations in the Loyal States and Canada West.

PROFITABLE SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—A friend knowing to the facts informs us that Mr. LEWIS E. HESTON, of Alabama, Genesee county, last summer sold his clip of wool from 125 Spanish Merino sheep to Gould & Co., Batavia, for \$427. He raised 75 lambs from the same flock, and has refused \$5 per head for them. The receipts from and gain in value of flock (which Mr. H. kept through last winter) figures thus:—854 lbs. wool, at \$60, \$427; 75 lambs, worth \$5 each, \$375—or a total of \$802. The owner of such a flock can afford to pay war taxes.

THE SEASON.—The weather of the last ten days has been remarkably mild for the season—more like April than December. Instead of snow we have had an abundance of rain, with a high temperature. The ground has scarcely been touched with frost for weeks. Roads had—the mud and softness rendering many of them almost impassable. To-day (Dec. 30), the weather is growing colder, with indications of seasonable snow and frost for New Years—and a general "freeze up" and sleighing will prove very acceptable.

OTSEGO CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society the following Board of Officers were elected for 1863: President—ALFRED CLARK. Vice Pres.—Wm. J. Compton. Secretary—H. M. Hooker. Treasurer—G. P. Keese. Directors—Chas. Bates and R. M. Van Rensselaer.

THE RURAL APPRECIATED.—By every mail we receive the most convincing, because substantial, evidence that the RURAL is appreciated by those who have read it for years. The writers not only remit liberally but talk most encouragingly. The last letter we have opened to-day, (Dec. 30), is from H. A. BARNUM, of Niagara county, contains pay for a handsome club, and closes thus:—"The RURAL must be sustained. I now have twelve volumes, nine of which are bound, and I would not part with them for \$5 each. In short, our home would lose many of its charms were the RURAL excluded from its precincts, and we are not going to do without it, war and paper famine to the contrary notwithstanding. I have spent considerable time in making up my club, and my reward is in the consciousness of having done a good deed."—J. W. NEVINS, of Schuyler Co., writes:—"Forty subscribers and \$60 is the result of my December recruiting effort, and I have a few additional volunteers who will soon join the regiment. One half of the forty are new subscribers."—An Orleans county friend says:—"My wife's influence added to my own has obtained the following names for the (to us indispensable) RURAL," &c.—D. S. WARR, of Montgomery Co., Ill., writes:—"It is over five years since I commenced my acquaintance with you as a subscriber to the RURAL, and our interest in its pages increases with each succeeding year. I wish you abundant success in these trying times. I have voted myself an Agent for the RURAL, and here is the result—16 names and \$24."—In a letter containing a good list, M. L. BENNETT, of Westchester Co., says:—"You certainly deserve to be sustained, not only as the Farmer's Friend, but as the true friend of our distracted country in this sad time of trial."—The wife of a soldier sends a list from Jefferson county, and writes:—"I hope to send as many names as last year; and hope, also, that my husband will be home from the war, to help recruit for your ranks, before many months."—We might quote a score of equally cheering greetings from letters received to-day, but the above must suffice. The mail receipts of the day (about \$2,000), are from almost every Loyal State, Canada, &c., and prove that the RURAL is appreciated and will be abundantly sustained. Thanking its friends all over the land for their ardent and substantial support, we enter upon the labors of the new year and volume resolving to render the RURAL NEW-YORKER increasingly worthy of such noble encouragement.

Horticultural.

NEW FLOWERS.

EVERY year we receive from different parts of the world, but mainly from Europe, many new and desirable flowers. These do not all originate in Europe, but the enterprising seedsmen and florists of England and the Continent, and Botanical and Horticultural Societies, have their collectors in almost every part of the world, the flora of which has not been fully explored, whose sole business is to obtain and send home beautiful flowers hitherto unknown. Such a course as this would be far more creditable to our Government than the miserable system of purchasing ordinary and even worthless seeds with public money and sending them free over the country, and very often, if not in the majority of cases, to persons who know and care nothing about them. The mice and rats and chickens are the only parties that have reason to thank our Government for this outlay, for they have the greatest share. Many of the new flowers we obtain, however, are the results of hybridization.

NEW FLOWERS TO BE OFFERED NEXT SPRING.

We have just received our foreign catalogues, and perhaps a few notes on the novelties to be offered next Spring will be acceptable to the lovers of flowers. Most of them will doubtless be imported by our leading seedsmen and offered for sale in this country during the present winter, and in season for planting. As we have only seen one or two of them in flower, of course the descriptions are from foreign sources.

AMARANTHUS MELANCHOLICUS, (var. ruber.) Introduced by Mr. VEITCH, a relative of the celebrated English florist of the same name, from Japan, who is on a collecting tour in that strange land. Its habit is very compact, growing about eighteen inches in height, with striking blood-red foliage. Since ornamental leaved plants are becoming prized for bedding, this must be a very valuable acquisition for flower garden decoration.

CHAENOSTOMA FASTIGIATUM FL. ALBO. A new white variety of a neat compact little annual, suitable for edgings, rustic or rock work. The original was obtained at the Cape of Good Hope.

CLARKIA.—We notice four or five new varieties of the well-known Clarkia. *Alba*, clear, snowy white. *Magnata*, rose and white. *Nana*, new dwarf, magenta color. *Carmea*, flesh color.

GODETIA THE BRIDE, represented as very delicate and beautiful. Color white and crimson.

HELIANTHUS, or SUN FLOWER.—*H. Agrophylus striatus fl. pl.* A very fine double yellow flower, striped with dark brown, or chocolate color. *Macrophyllus giganteus*, a giant sunflower from the interior of Africa. It is said that this gigantic species reaches, with good soil and occasional watering, to the height of nineteen feet, and sometimes even twenty or twenty-five. The leaves are of enormous size, almost round, carried upon long leaf-stalks, and as they hang down the side of the stem, give to the plant the appearance of a colossal pyramid. The plant does not push forth any side branches, and only produces one large single flower, which appears at the beginning of September, and reaches the enormous size of thirteen inches in diameter.

LOBELIA ERNIUS COMPACTA ALBA. A fine pure white variety.

MIMULUS.—*M. cupreus*, introduced by Mr. VEITCH, from the Andes of Chili. A beautiful plant, producing a profusion of the richest orange crimson flowers. The plant grows from four to six inches in height. *M. roseus pallidus var. fl. albo.* A new white variety of *M. roseus pallidus*, said to be quite constant.

PORTULACCA GRANDIFLORA FL. PL. The announcement of fine double varieties of that universal favorite, the portulacca, will please as much as it will surprise. Eight different varieties, all equally double, and differing only in color, are, however, announced, and represented to be of the most brilliant colors, scarlet, crimson, yellow, striped, &c. From seed, at least two-thirds will come double, and the flowers are about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. Mr. DEEGEN, the raiser, names them *Portulacca Roses*. We look forward to the time when we shall see these new *Portulaccas* with a good deal of interest.

RHODANTHE MACULATA. Every florist knows that beautiful little everlasting flower *R. Manglesi*, obtained by Capt. MANGLES from New South Wales. While it was all that could be desired for beauty, it was of very delicate habit and but ill adapted to out-door culture in this country, especially by those who give their flowers little care, and have not time or patience to study their habits. We have in *R. Maculata*, just introduced from Australia, a plant far more hardy and robust, growing about two feet in height, with flower heads about two inches. The ray scales are of a bright rosy purple, the disk yellow, surrounded by a conspicuous crimson ring.

RICINUS SANGUINEUS TRI-COLOR, with large fruit, dark green, spotted with brown. The more showy and ornamental varieties of the castor oil plant are quite useful in forming beds of ornamental foliage plants.

Tagetes signata pumila, of very compact habit, forming a plant about eighteen inches in height and of the same diameter. Strongly recommended as one of the best of plants for groups or beds, particularly on the lawn.

The above seem to be the best of the novelties that we may hope to see during the coming summer. It is not to be supposed that everything obtained from Europe as new and fine will prove satisfactory, yet with almost every season's importations, we receive some rare floral treasures, and those who do not keep their minds well informed of the progress of floriculture, and their gardens supplied with new things as they appear, will find themselves far behind their

more enterprising and intelligent neighbors. It may be profitable to call to mind some of the ACQUISITIONS OF THE PAST TWO SEASONS.

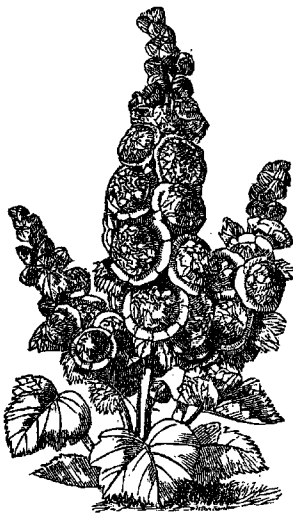
The greatest acquisition of the past quarter of a century, we think, is the Double Zinnia. It well repays us for all the trouble and expense of obtaining new seeds. When first imported it proved satisfactory, but there was but little variety of color, and at least half produced single flowers. The past season, however, there was a great improvement, particularly in seeds of our own saving from the best flowers. More than three-fourths came perfectly double; indeed,



NEW DOUBLE ZINNIA.

they were so very double as to give the appearance of two flowers, as shown in the engraving, though much more so later in the season, when the center became more expanded; and we have measured flowers full five inches from the center to the edges of the lower petals. In color we obtained also a very good variety, embracing almost all shades of red, from rose and salmon color to a pretty, deep purple. This flower seems perfectly adapted to our climate, will endure heat or cold, and flourish in any good rich soil, with only the amount of care that a farmer would give a hill of corn or potatoes. If the plants are started in a hot-bed or cold frame, so as to get them early, they will commence flowering the latter part of June, and continue increasing in size and beauty until frost. The same blossom will be in fine condition for a month or more, and not show the least sign of decay. Plants can be transplanted when young with more safety than cabbage. As the plants grow from two to three feet in height, they make a fine display in proper situations on the lawn.

BIDENS ATROBANGUINEA was announced last season as one of the finest additions to our flowering plants. It was discovered in Mexico by ROEHL, and attracted a good deal of attention in Europe, colored plates being given in many of the foreign journals. It flowered with us last season. The appearance and habit of the plant are very much like the Dahlia, and at first sight it would be considered a dwarf Dahlia. The leaves are very similar, and the flowers resemble a single dark dahlia. The plant is dwarfish in habit, growing only about a foot in height, even with the best of culture, branches very much, and flowers profusely. The flowers are borne on long, slender, wiry stems, from eighteen inches to two feet above the leaves. They are single, dark reddish brown and velvety, with a cone of disc flowers, like the single Zinnia. When grown in a mass, that is a dozen or more plants together, the effect is very fine.



DOUBLE DWARF HOLLYHOCK.

HOLLYHOCKS.—While much has been done for the adornment of our gardens by the introduction of new flowers little less has been accomplished in the improvement of our old popular sorts. The Hollyhock, which a few years ago was a single, or at least a tall, semi-double flower, has been made to assume a more dwarfish habit, while the flowers have become as double, and almost as beautiful as the rose. The *Dwarf Double Hol-*

lyhocks deserve cultivation in every garden. On the lawn, among or near the shrubbery, they make a most magnificent display.

We are compelled, by lack of space, to defer a portion of our notes of the new and improved flowers introduced during the last two or three years, until the next number.

FRUIT AND WINE IN CANADA.

FRIEND RURAL.—I now live in Canada, on the south shore of Lake Ontario, Grimsby Station, twenty-seven miles west of Niagara Falls. I

have lived here only four years. I formerly resided in Iowa, and moved from there here. I often heard people tell about Canada being a vast wilderness, only inhabited by Indians, and being too cold for any white people to live in winter out of doors. So very cold that fruit would not come to maturity, and they could never think of trying to drag out a miserable existence where they could never expect to raise fruit and enjoy the luxuries of life as they had been used to do at home in a fruit country. We have lived here four winters and have not frozen to death yet. Three years last spring, I planted an orchard. I bought the trees of a Mr. GREY, agent for Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester. Mrs. KITCHEN (my wife) asked me if I thought we would live to get much good from those little trees. I said I could not tell how that would be, but I thought we would not all die with old age before some of them would bear fruit. I planted and some laughed. Our orchard is in the cornfield, and in the place of the corn hills, I have twelve hundred apple and peach trees. I have taken the same care of each since, that I would of a hill of corn, and perhaps better; and the first year after planting, my wife came in one day, about the first of August, laughing, and said I should guess what she had. Of course I could not guess; but she had two of the prettiest red apples you ever saw at that time of the year. She said they grew on one of our young trees. Last year, the second after planting, they bore a peck, and this year, the third after planting, they gave us four barrels of beautiful apples, true to the name. Our young orchard may be seen by passengers on the cars on the Great Western Railroad, when half a mile west of Grimsby Station, by looking towards the mountain, or south of the road. The trees are half apple, of the best varieties, and the other half peach trees, of the most popular kinds.

We only planted four hundred apple and three hundred peach trees the first year, and it is only from the four hundred apple trees that we got the four barrels of apples, and from the three hundred peach trees first planted three years ago last spring, we had about 100 bushels of as fine peaches as ever grew in any country, warm or cold. Some of ours measured ten inches in circumference. We sold some as high as \$2 per bushel. I believe this is as sure a climate for peaches as Rochester, N. Y. I have seen peaches in New York market, and New Orleans and San Francisco, and never saw finer ones than we raised here in Cold Canada, and the demand seems to increase; for there was a great call for them this year, and thousands of bushels were brought to Canada from New York, and yet there could have been many more sold, and at high prices, if they were nice and sound.

And now about grapes and wine, for I have at present eight hundred gallons of beautiful, pure, and unadulterated wine of my own growing, in my cellar; and as people begin to find out that they can get better wine of home make and at a lower price than they have formerly paid, \$4 per gallon for, I find there is no trouble in getting rid of it. I have about one thousand grape vines of different varieties. I planted them at the same time I planted the fruit trees, three years ago. I have not enough of Delaware, and I think of planting another thousand of them in the spring. I train my vines to a post and trim close in the fall. I leave one branch, and that branch I lay down and lay the stake on it for winter. That is the only protection that they have, except what nature sends. I plant six feet apart each way. I raised from twenty vines this year, over ten bushels of beautiful grapes, 50 pounds to the bushel. I have only one hundred Catawbas, and I believe that is too many, for they are very late, but mine has by chance done well for two years, and now I believe I will exchange them, and put in the Ontario, which is about twice as large as the Isabella, and about ten days earlier, with about the same flavor, and resembles it very much—both the grape and vine—only it grows much stronger. For a history of the Ontario grape, consult Solomon Hill, Beausville, C. W. I have no doubt but many thousands readers of the RURAL have seen this beautiful grape at the Provincial exhibitions of Canada, and at the Rochester State Fair this year. I believe no grape will compare with the Delaware, but I wish they were the size of the Ontario, they would be worth so much more; but still they are the best yet, where grapes are well known, but many would choose the Ontario, Concord, or Hartford Prolific before the Delaware. I found some of the Delawares

on the 2d of December in my vinery, after being frozen, and they hung tight to the stem and retained their flavor well, and was better than any other grape when first ripe.

And, now, RURAL friends, although I am away here in Cold Canada, where many of our American people think fruit will not grow, you may, if you please, tell such when you meet them, that they are very much mistaken; for I believe we are but little, if any behind any of our good neighbors in raising an abundance of fruit, and of the choicest kinds. W. W. KITCHEN. Grimsby, C. W., December 15, 1862.

Our correspondent has a very favorable location for fruit of all kinds, and we are glad that he is aware of the fact. We have traveled over nearly every foot of land between the Falls and Hamilton, and we know of no track of country in this section better adapted to the growth of our finest fruits.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS FOR UPPER CANADA.

The following is the list of fruits recommended by the *Upper Canada Fruit Growers Association*. This Association, being composed of the most experienced fruit growers of the country, will better answer the inquiries of a Correspondent, than anything we could say:

APPLES.—For General Cultivation.—Baldwin, south of the G. W. R. and Lake Ontario; Duchess of Oldenburg; Early Joe—as a dwarf for gardens; Early Harvest; Esopus Spitzenburg; Fameuse, or Snow-Apple—especially in the colder parts; Fall Pippin; Golden Sweet; Gravenstein; Golden Russet, as the best Russet; Hawthornden; Keswick Codlin; Northern Spy; Pomme Grise; Red Astrachan; Rhode Island Greening, in the vicinity of the Lakes; Ribston Pippin; Roxbury Russet, for its long keeping qualities; Rambo, in suitable localities; St. Lawrence; Tollman Sweet. For further trial.—Benoni, Belmont, Beauty of Kent; Colvert, Dominie, Fall Jenating, Jersey Sweet, Porter, Primate, Sweet Bough, Summer Rose, Swaar, Twenty Ounce Apple, Wagener, Westfield Seek-no-further.

PEARS.—For General Cultivation.—Bartlett, south of the G. W. R. and Lake Ontario; Belle Lucrative, on quince stock; Flemish Beauty, on pear stock; Madeline; Seckel; Tyson; White Doyenne. For further trial.—Beurre Giffard, Beurre d'Anjou, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Osband's Summer.

CURRENTS.—For General Cultivation.—Black English, Black Naples, Cherry, Red Dutch, Victoria, White Dutch, White Grape. For further trial.—Ogden's Black Grape, Prince Albert, Red Russian.

STRAWBERRIES.—For General Cultivation.—Burr's New Pine, Jenny Lind, Wilson, for market. For further trial.—Hooker, Monroe Scarlet, Trollope's Victoria, Triomphe de Grand.

RASPBERRIES.—For General Cultivation.—Franconia, White Antwerp. For further trial.—Brinckle's Orange, Belle de Fontenay, Fastoff, Knevet's Giant.

GRAPES.—For General Cultivation, North of Lake Ontario and Grand Trunk Railway.—Clinton. For further trial.—Concord, Diana, Delaware, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca.

THE FASCINATION OF FRUIT CULTURE.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* in an account of the Horticultural Exhibition at Chicago says:—"I was amused to notice how much the exhibitors thought of their fruit: with many this is the first year their trees have borne, and this care was particularly the case with those who lived in cities, and who only a few years ago turned their attention to fruit growing. Hour after hour they stood by their tables, their eyes running from plate to plate, and often rearranged them so that each pear and bunch of grapes should show the best it could. Human affection is scarcely less devoted. I was reminded of a young wife with her first baby. Some may call this a species of insanity. Very well, I own to being a little insane on strawberries. But people do not understand it. They do not have before them the years of persevering industry, as the fruit grower does, and they have no long hopes realized. They know not how he has watched his trees through all seasons, till they become 'familiar trees'; how he has thoughts of them when falling asleep, or on a journey, or how he has walked among them Sundays with his wife. Of all the descendants of Adam, none have so nearly succeeded in getting back into Paradise as the fruit grower."

BROOKLYN HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OFFICERS FOR '63.—At the recent election, the following gentlemen were chosen officers for 1863:

President.—J. W. DEGRAUW. Vice Presidents.—Smith J. Eastman, D. P. Barnard, W. R. Anthony, R. W. Ropes, Gordon L. Ford. Treasurer.—J. W. Degrauw. Corresponding Sec'y.—A. S. Fuller. Recording Sec'y.—G. H. Van Wageningen. Librarian.—S. B. Brophy. Executive Com.—C. B. Nichols, Geo. Hamlyn, Prof. Eaton. Finance Com.—Walter Park, D. P. Barnard, R. W. Ropes. Library Com.—A. S. Fuller, L. Roberts, A. Roberts, G. H. Van Wageningen. Premium Com.—L. A. Roberts, G. Gangee. Com. on Plants.—W. Davidson, G. Hamlyn, E. H. Scott. Com. on Vegetables.—A. Chamberlain, Van Brunt Wyckoff, M. Callopy. Inspectors of Election.—T. Cavanach, M. Callopy.

LORD BACON ON GARDENING.—"GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handicrafts; and a man shall ever see that, when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately sooner than garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection. I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months of the year, in which, severally, things of beauty may be then in season."

We are indebted to Mr. FOLSON, of the *Attica Atlas*, for fine specimens of the English Nonpareil Apple.

Inquiries and Answers.

TO PREVENT SHEEP GNAWING TREES.—Having seen an inquiry in the RURAL of Dec. 20th, in regard to keeping sheep from gnawing apple trees, I will give you a sure and cheap remedy, viz.:—Wash your trees with tar-water; or keep the sheep away from the trees, which would be cheaper yet.—C. U. Waterloo, N. Y.

OSAGE ORANGE HEDGES.—Inquiry.—In looking over some old papers this morning, I found the RURAL for June 6th '63, in which were some directions for trimming hedges. From said article I discovered that there were directions in the preceding No. for taking care of the hedge the first two years, and guess that it needed trimming the second year. I have about eighty rods of Osage hedge, which will have been set out two years next spring, and has had no trimming; for the reason that when my plants were purchased, I was directed not to trim them until the third year, and then cut them off even with the surface of the ground, and there would be no need of after trimming. Now, will Mr. BRADON, or some other Western man, who knows whereof he affirms, tell me if the directions I have received will make a hedge? If not, what shall I do with my plants?—F. E. L., Champaign Co., Ill., Dec., 1862.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO MAKE CRACKERS.

EDS. RURAL.—I have often thought I would like to contribute something to the Ladies or Housewives' department of your valuable paper, yet am so little used to handling a pen, that I have not heretofore found the courage to try; but in compliance with a special request from my cousin, in your last, I will send my recipe for Crackers:

In two quarts of flour rub three teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, and half as much soda; then six ounces of melted butter. Wet with a pint of water, and add more flour if necessary to make a stiff dough, which pound well with the end of a rolling pin, or any convenient instrument. Roll in sheets one-fourth inch thick; prick and cut out. Bake in a quick oven ten or fifteen minutes.

ABOUT CATS.—I wish through your columns to obtain some instruction about cats. When we moved to our present residence, last spring, the family that occupied it before us gave away their two cats, and we brought our own with us, which in about two months sickened and died; and since then we have had seven, of all sizes and descriptions, but not one have we been able to keep over three weeks. They are taken with a slight cough, which is accompanied with vomiting a colorless or yellow fluid covered with bubbles, and containing sometimes a few small, thread-like worms; their limbs seem to stiffen, and if they live long enough they become mere skeletons—seeming to suffer much agony, as towards the last they moan most piteously. Most of our neighbors think they find poison which has been used for rats, but we cannot tell whether it is or not. If any one can tell us a remedy they will confer a great favor.—Mrs. R. SMITH.

A NEW WAY TO COOK BEEF.

WHEN you get hold of a good thing, it is well to "communicate." Having learned this method of cooking beef within a few years, we find it so much the best way that no week elapses without a meal of beef steaming on our table.

To steam beef, procure a cast iron pot of large dimensions, having at the bottom a shoulder, which is found in most large iron pots, at the point where the diameter is diminished to fit the hole in the stove. Across this hole you place some pieces of shingle; then fill up the pot to the shingles with water; add a few pieces of lemon peel or a little mace if you please; place the meat upon the shingles; cover up tight with a fitted tin cover; place over a hot fire and wait till done. You must be careful to add water occasionally; for if it should all boil away, of course the gravy would be burned, and the flavor of the meat injured. When finished, the bottom of the pot contains a large quantity of most excellent gravy, which, of course, must be thickened and seasoned.

A rump of beef, or a shoulder, forms an excellent piece to operate on. Mutton is also fine. Try it.—Country Gentleman.

TO REMOVE RESIN SPOTS FROM SILK.—Many silk dresses receive stains from turpentine, being spilled upon them. These stains are due to the resin which is held in solution by turpentine, and which remains in the silk after the volatile or spirituous portion has evaporated. Alcohol applied to the stains with a clean sponge will remove the spots because alcohol dissolves the resin. The silk stains should be moistened with the alcohol first, and allowed to remain soaked for a few minutes. Fresh alcohol is then applied with the sponge, and with a slight rubbing motion. It is then wiped as dry as possible and afterwards permitted to dry perfectly in the open air. Alcohol also removes grease and oil spots from silk and woolen dresses, but oil generally leaves a yellow stain behind. A mixture of alcohol and the refined light petroleum, called benzene, is excellent for cleaning light kid gloves, ribbons and silks. It is applied with a clean sponge. Persons who apply these liquids and mixtures to cleaning silks, gloves &c., must be careful to do so in an apartment where there is neither fire nor lamp burning, under the penalty of an explosion.—Scientific American.

TO MAKE VINEGAR.—For the benefit of Mrs. SMITH, (who inquired in a late number of the RURAL,) and others, I send you my recipe for making vinegar. For 5 gallons take 4 gallons of pure rain water, 2 quarts whiskey and 2 quarts molasses. Stir well together; put it in a cask and set in a warm place, (like the chamber over the kitchen, near the stove pipe,) and you will have good vinegar in a short time. If you have a little old vinegar to put with it on the start, it will turn the quicker for it. This recipe makes a vinegar that will not die out, and is much superior, both in strength and flavor, to any cider vinegar I ever tasted.—S. A. GAGE, Wampsville.

TO MAKE MUTTON SAUSAGES.—Take one pound underdone mutton, one pint of oysters, a slice of fat pork, a slice of bread, or two crackers, and one beaten egg. Add the egg after the other ingredients have been chopped fine, season with pepper, sage and sweet marjoram. If you have no pork, beef-suet will answer, with the addition of salt. Make into cakes, roll them in flour, and fry a light brown—and you will have a dish, beside which pork sausages are "nowhere."

A STUFFED BEEFSTEAK.—Prepare a dressing of bread scalded soft and mixed with plenty of butter and a little pepper and salt. Lay it upon one side of a round of steak, cover with the other, and baste it down with needle and thread. Salt and pepper the other side of the steak and place in a dripping pan with half an inch of water. When baked brown on one side, turn and bake the other.

Ladies' Department.

A LYRICAL GEM.

[The following lullaby is sufficiently tender and musical to make every woman who reads it wish for a baby to sing it to.]

Come to my arms, you bewildering elf! Let me gather you, body and soul, to myself; Bury your scintillant eyes and hair, And all the beauty and grace you wear From twinkling feet to golden crown, Clasp me close to my bosom and heart, A thing of my holiest being a part; Crooning a song in olden rhyme, Tender and sweet as a vesper chime.

Sleep, baby boy, The little birds rest, Downy and soft, In the mother bird's nest; The lambskins are safe In the shepherd's warm fold; The dew-drops asleep In the buttercup's gold. The violet nods To the daisy's dream; The lily lies hushed On the lap of the stream; And holy and calm, Like motherly eyes, The stars look down From the silent skies.

Sleep, baby boy, My birdling, my flower, My lily, my lambkin, My dew-drop, my dower? While heart against heart, Beats softly in time, To the murmuring flow Of my tender old rhyme.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. IF I WAS RICH.

I WAS thinking—not of what I might do now, but of what I would do were I only rich. An old song was at the bottom of it all. Up from the past it had come, with a band of merry singers, and gaily from my lips fell the words—

"O, that I might once be rich, Not for feasting or for quaffing, But that all who come with tears, I might see go from me laughing."

Then came the merry "ha, ha," of the deep, rich basso, and the musical tenor, until in fancy I heard "the old hall ring to the roof," as of yore. Again I sang—

"Want and wo should be no more, Hunger, thirst, nor waste, nor folly, All should pay their honest debts, All be innocent and jolly; All should have a bed of flowers, Fresh and bright, and sweetly scented, Every face should wear a smile, Every heart should rest contented."

"O, yes, I said, with a half-drawn sigh—the sorrowful-looking little girl who passes here so often, should no longer go so thinly clad, but what a nice warm suit I would give her, and how glad I would make her mother's heart by the many little comforts I would send to her cheerless home; and after having relieved the few really destitute ones around me, bringing thereby the smile of contentment to their faces, how I would send of my means to the "Home for the Friendless," and the toiling missionaries "out on the prairie." Then the soldier in camp or hospital should not be forgotten, or the soldier's wife and children. So far as was in my power, all should become recipients of my bounty.

Across the meadows, gleaming through the gold and crimson foliage of autumn, rose the mansion-like farm-house of Mr. Gorr—"Old Gorr," "Stingy Gorr," and various like names he was called. He was our rich neighbor. By bond and mortgage did he hold at his mercy many of his less fortunate or less scheming neighbors' homes. Broad acres were his, and barns and store-houses were full. Butter, in scores of packages, stood waiting for the highest "market price," for he could afford to risk its advance. Fruits and vegetables crowded every spare nook, and he might relieve largely if he would. O, that mine were a better fortune! Had I but half his wealth, (I had no desire for his titles,) I would do much for the sorrowful, the suffering, the lonely and tearful. I would not hold my purse-strings so tightly, when demands were made for small sums of money, either at home or abroad. The sad woman in that low house on the hillside yonder, whose husband had left her and his little ones to valiantly do service for his country, and from whom she had not heard for long months, should not feel the pressure of one want during the long, cold winter of loneliness and suspense which was before her. The old man who saws wood for a livelihood should always have butter at one shilling per pound, were it ever so high—or, better still, were I rich as Mr. G., I would give it him.

The shadows of night came, and the dim twilight shutting out distant objects, my view became more and more circumscribed, as did also my thoughts, until they at last became concentrated upon home and self. This time, a long sigh accompanied the wish that I was rich—and said self, coming forward with an array of wants, mused thus—Yes, I would "fix up" things so nicely. The door-yard fence, which is beginning to look antiquated, should be replaced by a neat, ornamental one. The brown house, by a cozy white cottage, surrounded by trees and flowers. I would have a nice garden and walks; externally, everything should be in order, and meet my ideas of good taste. Then, of course, the interior must be all that outward appearances indicated for it, and it should be as nearly perfect in arrangement and furnishing as money could make it. I would have all the books—take all the papers, magazines, and journals I wanted—have a fine piano, for the entertainment of my musical friends, and although I could not skillfully touch its keys, yet in the intervals of

labor, on long evenings, I could accompany some of those dear old songs I used to sing in my early home ere changes came. Then, too, I could see something of the world—travel, and visit many places, both at home and abroad, that I had so much longed to. I could keep plenty of "help," and care would not prevent. Do not suppose my wardrobe was forgotten. By no means; that should be duly replenished. I would dress more as certain ladies of my acquaintance, and I was more than ever convinced that I was obliged to dress very plain. I really began to think, if I was as I wished—rich—charity would begin at home, and I should not have so very much to give to poor people after all.

Musing thus, upon imaginary riches and imaginary wants, I must have dreamed; at any rate, the hour brought instruction it were well to heed. In the beautiful autumn twilight, there came to me one who seemed to have had much intimacy with the world and its hollow hopes and wishes. The loving eyes, and sweet, pensive face, I must have seen in childhood—and, that voice, it said so sweetly, "BELL, know you the early history of your wealthy neighbor? If not, I will tell you; he once was poor—once had such dreams as you are now indulging, and his wife, from an unpretending home, has gained the one now hers. She was kind-hearted—ever ready to sympathize with, or help, so far as in her power, those in want or affliction. But as life was prosperous with them, and riches increased, the desire to impart to those in less favored circumstances diminished, and the idea that all might do thus, and be thus prospered, filled their minds. Their hearts became cold and unsympathizing—and now the one desire to accumulate more and more outweighs every other. Do not envy them, or desire their wealth to do good with. Flatter not yourself you would do better than they, for the heart is deceitful above all things, and God knows what is best for you. You have no want, such as thousands to-night feel in cheerless, desolate homes. What cold, and hunger, and sorrow? How many mourn for those they loved, and looked to for support, who will never return from the distant battle-ground? What is wealth to them? In the love and quiet which surrounds you in your home, you know not the terrible anguish of their hearts. God grant you never may. Trust ever in Him, and do all you can now with what he has entrusted you, remembering the 'cup of cold water' shall not lose its reward. O, how much above all the amassed treasures of earth will you one day esteem it to have recorded of you simply this—'she hath done what she could.'"

The sweet voice of little MARY calling "mama," aroused me. The lamp was already lighted, and husband, although weary with the day's labor, reading the RURAL beside it. How bright and cheerful the sitting-room looked. I forgot about riches, and began to think I was well enough off after all. I would make a warm dress for the little pale girl, from an old one I could well do without, and, on the morrow I could find something, I was sure, to take to the sad woman and her little ones on the hill; at least I could give them my sympathy and kind words, if nothing more. These are oft-times invaluable. After we can fully comprehend in what the "great gain" of life consists, we can more perfectly fulfill its mission. BELL CLINTON. Chenango Co., N. Y., 1862.

THOSE "NOISY CHILDREN"

WELL, how do you like your stupid, quiet block-heads, that never make a noise only when some one pushes them out of the way? "I cannot bear the noise of children." Then go and shut yourself up in some quiet nook where the music of childhood is never heard. Shut yourself away from the world, and thus stifle the little music stirring in your heart. If you wish to crush the life and spirit from the souls of children, stop their noise, instruct them to play carefully, avoiding all outbursts of joy. We like the noise of children. Not that rude, wicked, wild noise that is heard in the retreats of the profane and uncultivated, but the natural outbursts of childhood's innocence and mirth.

As well may you command the spring brooklet, swelled by recent showers, to run over its rocky bed without making any noise, as to expect children, full of the springs of human life, to play and make no noise. Do not banish your children out of hearing that you may not be troubled with their noise. Let them feel that you love to see them happy and cheerful, and then they will not seek to avoid your presence to find enjoyment.

TO LET.—There are more things "to let" than are placarded. Hearts are to let every day; old hearts, young hearts, stricken hearts—all empty—all to let. There are heads to let—to any new thing—to isms, ologies, and lists; heads without a tenant. There are consciences to let; elastic, accommodating, caoutchouc, at five per cent. per month—sixty per cent. a year. To let on bond and mortgage, and pound of flesh. And so it goes from sods to souls; almost everything with its price; everything in the market but griefs. They are never quoted, never at a premium, never to let.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is a dear little beaming girl who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her soul of love; who seizes one's hat; who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's foot-stool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face, and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes, "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. SNOW-FLAKES.

BY JERRY A. STONE.

SNOW-FLAKES, snow-flakes, Floating gently down, Circling the frozen brow of earth With a feathery crown. Do ye know what gentle thoughts In my heart are stirred? Each new wreath a memory,— Every flake a word.

Snow-gems, snow-gems, O, how bright ye gleam, Radiant as the stars of Heaven Shining in a dream. Ye have summoned back to me Joys I dreamed were lost, Sands of gold that years ago To the winds I tossed.

Snow-flakes, snow-flakes, Bright and blessed things, Come and nestle on my heart With your downy wings. Ye have made it pure again With dreaming o'er the past, For oh! my cheek would blush to own Such memories could not last.

Snow-flakes, snow-flakes, Fall upon my brow, But ah! the burning tide beneath Dissolves your beauty now. And will they too, thus quickly flee, These snow-flake thoughts of mine? Those links that bind the golden past, Heart, do not thus resign.

Snow-flakes, snow-flakes, Whisper me of Heaven, I will hush my heart to catch Words so gently given. I'm a very child to-night, Weary years have flown, And I kneel, a worshiper, Once more at Nature's Throne. Snow-flakes, snow-flakes, Your angel task is done.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MAN-WORSHIP.

QUEER creatures we are, we lords and ladies of creation! Queer creatures! whether considered in the aggregate as a race, or separately as individuals. Strange and unaccountable are we in our likes and our dislikes, our pros and our antis. How incomprehensible and past finding out are the motives by which we are actuated in the distribution of our favors and our disfavors. How subtle and hidden the secret springs whence emanate the impulses by which we are guided in the bestowment of our love or our hatred. How strange that attribute of our being which leads us to deify some inferior object and confer upon it that veneration which is due to Him alone, who implanted in our natures these hidden springs of action.

The history of our race is a history of idol-worship, and among the multitude of objects which we make gods of, one is man. When one of our number by the exercise of superior talents and abilities as warrior, statesman, or politician, acquires renown and gains a prominence above the level of his fellows, he is regarded by many with sentiments of almost idolatrous reverence. In olden times such a personage would have been clothed with the honors and attributes of divinity and venerated as a god; and yet it is doubtful, notwithstanding their enrollment among the deities, whether the heroes of antiquity were more sincerely worshiped than are the heroes of our own time. In evidence of this, witness the enthusiasm which bursts forth at the mere mention of the name of some public favorite at a political gathering. Let him pass through the country, and witness the crowds which collect along his line of travel to do him homage. See them throw up their hats with shout and hurrah when he appears to them as though they were looking upon something more than a mere man like one of themselves.

Now, we do not demur against a man's receiving due praise when he deserves it; on the contrary, we say, "Honor ad quem honor;" but the excessive demonstrations which are sometimes made in honor of some public favorite we regard as simply ridiculous—even surpassing in absurdity the games and festivities which celebrated the deification of some ancient hero. This man-worship is not, however, solely characterized by collective and noisy manifestation. It crops out in the public print, and exhibits itself in private conversation. Go where we will, we find nearly every man has his particular military or political idol to whom he pays homage with a zeal which would do credit to a Christian. But when the stars of these man-deities begin to decline and fortune begins to frown, they lose their divinity. "When a man begins to go down, down with him cries the world," and down he goes. In order to be truly and permanently honored a man must be truly—and in the best sense of the word—great. He must achieve success. He must be a benefactor. If called to public station he must show himself equal to the service required. Success will bring with it the well-conferred honor of the wise and good, as well as the foolish homage of the unthinking. Failing, he must yield to the stern decree of "down with him." West Sparta, N. Y., Dec., 1862. RUSTICUS.

AN ARAB PROVERB.—By six qualities may a fool be known—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, putting trust in a stranger, and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

He that envies, makes another man's virtue his vice; another's happiness his torment. Whereas, he that rejoices at the prosperity of another, is a partaker of the same.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT is a word often used, but its proper meaning is not always understood by those who say most about it. Many a man preaches contentment to his wife when she urges him to provide the comforts and conveniences which he could well afford, but is either too miserly or too indolent to provide. Perhaps he meets her urgent request for a new house with the remark that she ought not to be so discontented with what she has already; for their house now is not as uncomfortable as the old log one which he remembers his mother lived in when she first came to the country.

Often an untidy woman, who is so wedded to sloth that it is only by a great effort that she performs the unavoidable labors of her house, excuses her own short-comings by saying to herself that she is contented without being so "starched up" as her next neighbor, who takes so much pains with herself and her work. Matter-of-fact parents sometimes stifle the eager cry of their children for better opportunities of education, by telling them that they must be contented with their station, and that their parents had nothing compared with their opportunities when they were young. Even the satisfaction of sympathy with their desires is denied them, not from pre-meditated unkindness, but from lack of appreciation, and they are silenced, but seldom convinced, with the flimsy argument of contentment. Proper contentment is being satisfied with whatever belongs to your station. It would be both foolish and wrong for a woman to urge her husband to build a new house when he was so involved that by so doing he would risk the loss of his property, but perfectly right for one whose means would warrant the expense.

No one ought to be contented with bad habits. We should be content with gifts we have, and not enviously sigh for those beyond our reach; but it is both right and proper to strive to better our condition in all lawful ways. The only contentment that should satisfy a reasonable being is a rational progress, according to our abilities in worldly affairs, as well as in the improvement of our minds. Geneva, Wis., 1862. B. C. D.

A CHARMING LITTLE STORY.

In the tribe of Neggedeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near, and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice, "I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me and Heaven will reward you." The Bedouin kindly offered to take him up on his horse and carry him home; but the rogue replied, "I cannot rise; I have no strength left." Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and, with great difficulty, set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he set spurs to the horse, and galloped off, calling out, as he did so, "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse, and am off with it." Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned, and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear. "You have taken my horse," said the latter. "Since Heaven has willed it, I wish you joy of it: but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it." "And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been." Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to its owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

BE A MAN OF YOUR WORD.

WHEN you promise to do a thing, do it. Be a man of principle in your word. Do not say that you intend to-day to visit your sick friend or neighbor, and then suffer the pressure of business to crowd it out of your mind. He has been watching for your coming during the week that is past. Could you have seen the bright smile that illuminated his countenance when he said, "I hear his voice, his footsteps," you would have said that the keeping of that promise was worth more to you than much "choice gold." But when the vision had disappeared, and you came not, there was pity and sorrow, even for you, written upon those features. For gain had become a formidable barrier against that priceless gem in every man's character, which either shines in its own conspicuous light of love of the truth, or is set in the midnight darkness of distrust and falsehood. Then, if you wish to do good and wield an influence for truth, be a man of your word.

COMPLAINING.—We do not wisely when we vent complaint and censure. Human nature is more sensible in rejoicing, and the present endurance easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but smile for a great deal of contentment.

EVERYTHING useful or necessary is cheapest. Walking the most wholesome exercise; water the best drink; and plain food the most nourishing and healthy diet. Even in knowledge, the most useful is the easiest acquired.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE EVENING SERVICE.

BY E. J. FINOR.

THE sun had drawn near to his setting, One beautiful Sabbath in June. When I sat at my window and listened Spell-bound to a glorious tune.

'Twas the peal of a wonderful organ, Touched by a performer unseen, And the full-voiced music arose like The prelude to some mighty strain.

Then the whole voice of Nature responded In chorals that floated along; The high air, the low earth, the deep ocean, All joined in harmonious song.

I thought that I well could interpret The meaning of this festive lay; 'Twas a tribute of praise and thanksgiving To Him who perfected the day.

Then I knew 'twas the evening service, And our priest was the bird on a tree; For a glory from Heaven was on him, No priest unanointed was he.

So I waited in reverent silence Till the going down of the sun, For the prayer, and the hymn, and the blessing, That come when the sermon is done.

But one long, continuous warble Was sermon, and anthem, and prayer; And I knew not that service was over 'Till the priest was away in the air. Avoca, N. Y., 1862.

FROM A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

[We are kindly permitted to publish the subjoined eloquent extract from a Sermon delivered by the Rev. G. D. BOARDMAN, of this city, on last Thanksgiving Day.]

Recall, first, the important fact that the past year has been remarkable for the abundance of its harvests. In enumerating our physical blessings there is evident propriety in mentioning first the Rewards of Agriculture—for here is the basis of all material prosperity. It is literally upon the products of the field that the welfare and even existence of society, considered as to its earthly foundations, primarily rests. However much we may prosper in every other department of activity, all that prosperity goes for nothing if we ultimately fail in the field. Though the number engaged in Agriculture is small compared with the whole population, yet it will be found that in the last analysis it is the tiller of the soil who serves as the corner-stone of the social fabric. "The king himself is served by the field." You have only to suppose the husbandmen of the land ceasing from their labors, or, what is the same thing, the earth refusing to yield her annual produce, and there would be an almost immediate arrest of all the businesses and enjoyments of the stirring community; every wheel would be clogged, every impulse suspended; so that, through every grade and division of society there would be no feeling but that of pain, and no thought but that of warding off starvation.

Conceive that during the past year the tillers of the soil had failed of receiving the usual rewards of agricultural labor, and consternation would be reigning over the land to-day. Such a failure would have been disastrous enough for any ordinary year; for this year it would have been appalling in the extreme—perhaps absolutely fatal to our national stability. Now, remember that, while it is man who does the planting and tilling, it is God alone who can give the increase. We believe that it is by His direct volition that the rain falls and the dew gathers, and the sun lights and warms and actinizes, and the seed germinates and multiplies itself. And most abundantly has He blessed us in the field. It has been a year of signal fertility, especially in the prime department of the cereals. We can hardly estimate the immense, priceless value of this fertility, when we take it in connection with the enormous necessary drainage by the war of the resources of the country. Truly, we have extraordinary reason for thanking God for His goodness to us in rewarding the toils of the husbandman. Verily, He hath visited the land and greatly enriched it; He hath watered the ridges thereof abundantly, and settled the furrows thereof. He hath made it soft with straws; He hath hastened the springing thereof. He hath clothed the pastures with plants and covered the valleys with corn. He hath crowned the year with His goodness, and His fields drop fatness, so that the little hills on every side rejoice.

GOOD DEEDS REWARDED.—Our blessed Master gives us the grace to do good, and sends the reward for it. In contemplation of such Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, because he had respect to the recompense of reward. It is not wrong, then, for the Christian to expect the reward which God has promised; for what says our Lord to those whom he has gathered before him,—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "I was hungry, and ye fed me." Oh, let us rejoice together if God so blesses us that at last we shall sing around His throne the song of salvation, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men."

The greatest profits of a virtuous manhood are paid inside of a man. What is done chiefly, is done for your manhood; for your conscience; for your soul. God knows that you are going to live after to-day and to-morrow; he sees a road of exaltation in which you are to walk; he remembers that he is to lift you up and crown you with eternal honors in heaven; and therefore he takes care that he does not reward your fidelity principally by that which builds you up in your outward life, but by remunerations that shall last to all eternity.

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

AMONG the many influences which are exerted upon mankind for good or evil, the teachings of example are productive of great results—often making or marring the fortunes of many. The development of a principle may interest for a time, yet how soon it is forgotten. It occupies a place in the mind while it is a novelty, but when time has weakened its force it is passed by, and often lost amid scenes more recent and more attractive.

Example is an ever-present scene, or a series of successive enactments which, ever continued, ever enforced, leaves a deeper impress upon the character of society or individuals than volumes of precept presented in the choicest language. We observe this power early moulding the character of the child. Before it can speak the name of parent, of brother or sister, it is copying their actions—not by precept, but by example—and as years have given strength to the growth of intellect, and principles were to be inculcated, then has practice on precept alone made precept an agent of improvement.

The youth closely observes the course of his comrade or associate, and, however firm in purpose, is influenced, unwilling though he may be, to acknowledge it. The scholar follows the copy of the teacher, and from the problem solved, solves his problem. Individual seeks the example of individual, society of society, nation of nation, and age closely marks the course of age; indeed our existence is a life of imitations.

From youth to old age we have the precedence of the past constantly before us. We behold some occupying positions of eminence, and, desirous of fame, how eagerly do we study the circumstances which have attended them in their course, and hailed as a favorable omen a similar occurrence in our own career. Has a society in a neighboring community made some change for its gratification or benefit, how quickly does another society observe it and organize a series of revolutions in its own. Does some noted character to-day parade the fashionable promenade of the metropolis, attired in a newly invented garb, to-morrow those fashionable resorts are thronged with like characters of vanity and folly. As the pebble, itself worthless, when thrown into the sea produces waves, which receding shall reach either shore, so does this tide of fashionable commotion roll rapidly through the land—throws up a wave in every town, village and hamlet—disturbs every domestic circle, and too often leads some of its members away from the quiet and comfort of the home hearth. When we have known that pure and worthy precepts should be advanced and firmly established, how we have waited in inaction until some one braver, more determined, and morally stronger than we, should prove such precepts by his example ere we gave our assistance to its support; and when this was done how willingly have we followed.

We have many instances of the influence of example in our volunteer army. When the soldier, almost exhausted by the day's march and the conflict which has followed, with the dead and dying around him, and death's missiles falling thick and fast, would gladly seek quiet and rest in retreat, how quickly has the example of a commander, dashing along the lines reckless of life while a nation's existence was at stake, or a comrade rushing fearlessly forward in the midst of danger, rolled back the tide of battle, while history has recorded another struggle for freedom and another victory won. And, on the other hand, it is not with emotions of pleasure we recount the circumstances of the early conflicts of this contest, when the examples of a few sent confusion through a gallant army, and upon Manassas' fiercely contested field, brought disgrace upon the defenders of the right, and reproach upon their cause. Thus are we ever observing, and ever observed; ever imitating, and ever imitated; and as the means of happiness have been so freely entrusted to mankind to be employed for the improvement of our race, how incumbent upon all nobly to meet the obligations they are under to those surrounding them, that thus their mission may be fraught with much good to themselves, and the world be benefited by their exertions.

Many, and yet how uncertain, are the influences which are daily going out to stamp their impress upon the world. Many influences we are exerting, which too soon in the conduct of others we see plainly reflected, and our own conduct portrayed. That person who, under the influence of the wine-cup, goes forth with mind and step unsteady, is giving an example to those about him which, copied by younger actors, shall ring many changes of reproach to him through life, and on the sepulchre of his repose no line in memory of the departed shall inform the passer-by that he has not lived in vain.

And that unwholy example is that in any one who, seizing upon the imperfections of another, without hesitation publishes them in every circle, when a kind word of encouragement, and a more charitable address, might have rescued the burdened soul from its condition, and given it a higher estimate of all that is pure and ennobling! And it is not to a few illustrations merely that the precincts of example are confined, but they extend throughout all classes of the world, and every department of life. And, realizing this; knowing that these means of happiness, this talent as it were, to be used and not hidden, shall be required at our hand, whether rightly used or not, how should we be influenced to develop the better principles of our nature—to make proper use of this talent entrusted to us, which is, and should be, deemed the treasure of all.

Then, may we strive to promote the interest of those about us, ever extending the hand of assist-

A SIMPLE ROUND, FOR FOUR, EIGHT, TWELVE, OR SIXTEEN VOICES.

ance to the needy, ever encouraging the fainting pilgrim toiling with us.

And as laborers for the welfare of our race
Lead on in duty, and in example true,
So act toward others, in whatever condition placed,
As in turn receiving, we'd have others do. *W. E.*
Cortland Co., N. Y., 1862. J. E. HARKNESS.

WOMEN AS TEACHERS.—Every well educated girl feels perfectly conscious, that, under favorable circumstances, she can conduct, upon an average, nineteen or twenty little innocent pupils into an honorable existence. Give her a strong arm for discipline, and a wise head for advice, and her labors fix a divinity upon the face of society. I believe in the infinite susceptibility of children, and there are no evils in society, however deep-seated, that may not be removed by a wise application of their powers. A highly cultivated woman is God's antidote for sin and suffering.—*T. B. Wait.*

Useful, Scientific, &c.

HOW PONTOON BRIDGES ARE LAID.

HEADQUARTERS, DETACHMENT OF 50TH REG'T
N. Y. VOL. ENGINEERS, CAMP OPPOSITE
FREDERICKSBURG, Va., Dec. 19, 1862.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As Pontooning has become an important branch of Military Engineering, I take the liberty of sending you a description of the manner of laying a pontoon bridge, which you can publish if so disposed.

When an army wishes to cross a river by means of a temporary bridge, the Commander of a pontoon bridge train is ordered to report at a point near where the bridge is wanting, with a train consisting of such materials, and of such a quantity, as are sufficient to lay a bridge across the stream—the amount of material necessary for the purpose, as well as the precise spot where the bridge can best be laid, having previously been ascertained by surveyors appointed for the purpose. A bridge train, strictly speaking, consists of the following articles, viz:

34 Pontoon wagons, each loaded with 7 balks. 1 Pontoon boat, inside of which is placed 12 balk lashings, 7 rack lashings, 7 rack sticks, 6 row locks, 2 spring lines, 5 oars, 2 boat hooks, and under the rear axle is lashed one anchor. 22 Chess wagons, each loaded with 41 chess and 2 cables. 4 Trestle wagons, each loaded with 2 trestle caps, 4 legs, 4 shoes, 4 chains, 14 short or claw balks. 4 Abutment wagons, each loaded with 2 abutment sills, 1 trestle cap, 2 legs, 2 shoes, 2 chains, 14 claw balks. 4 Tool wagons, loaded with carpenter's and entrenching tools, spare cordage, &c. 2 Traveling forges.

The dimensions of the most important of these materials are as follows:—The boats are 31 feet in length at the top, with flat bottoms, 4 feet 5 inches in width, and 16 feet in straight length, bending up at both ends; width of top 5 feet 7 inches; width of stern, 4 feet 7 inches; width of bow, 2 feet 6 inches with a fender upon the upper edge of the sides 34 by 4 inches in size, and 5 iron hooks on each side of the central part, bolted through the sides 1 foot 4 inches below the upper edge, and respectively 2 feet 7 inches apart. The balks are 27 feet in length, 5 inches square, and are notched 1 foot 3 inches from each end, and also 4 feet 9 inches further from each end; within these notches the lashings lay which fasten the balks to the hooks on each side of the boats. The wagons on which these are drawn are 13 feet in length between the axles, with side rails 5 inches by 5½ inches square, between which 7 balks are loaded securely, and the boat is then loaded, thus resting entirely upon the side rails, stem towards the team, and lashed with 4 lashings to the wagon. The Chess are 13 feet long, 1½ inches thick, 1 foot wide, and a strip ¾ inch wide and 2 feet long taken out of each side at each end, thus forming a handle at the ends. The claw balks are 18 feet long, made of two plank 10 inches wide and 2 inches thick, with a hoop of crescent shape, 3 inches wide, extending the whole length, all bolted together, and a notch 5 inches deep, and 6 inches wide, made in the lower edge near each end. The other materials vary in size according to circumstances, and many of the articles mentioned in the above synopsis of a complete bridge train are seldom if ever used in a pontoon bridge.

After the bridge train arrives at the required point, and is unloaded, the next duty of the Commander is to detail for each particular duty the requisite number of men, placing each squad under the charge of a commander, who is usually a Sergeant or a Corporal. The number of men necessary to lay the abutments and trestle work

varies according to the abruptness of the shore, the depth of the water near the shore, and character of the bottom; but after these are laid the number required for each detail is as follows:—Two boat crews, of three men each, whose duty it is to get the boats from the shore to their places, as they are wanted in the bridge. One anchor crew of three men, whose duty it is to anchor each boat in its place, thus preventing it from floating down stream, sixteen balk carriers, whose duty, except the first two, it is to carry the balks to their places on the bridge, as the first two hand the balks up from the pile. Ten balk lashers, whose duty it is to lash the balks to their places on the boats. 24 Chess carriers, the duty of two of whom it is to hand the chess from the pile to the 20 who carry them to their places on the bridge; the remaining 2 chess men place the chess on the bridge. 2 side rail lashers, whose duty it is to lash the balks which are placed on top of the chess, on each side of the bridge and immediately over the outside balks which support the bridge; after putting the lashings around the balks below and above the chess, the side rail lashers insert a rack stick in the lashings and twist it till the two balks, are bound firmly together, with the chess between them. When a section is completed in this manner, another is commenced, and the same routine is observed with each succeeding section till the bridge is completed.

In regard to the rapidity with which these bridges can be laid, reference need only be had to the time of laying one near Washington last winter, intended as a test of the abilities of a set of men detailed from the 50th Reg't N. Y. V. E. This set of men, numbering 61 privates, with a commander for each squad, detailed according to the above synopsis, laid three hundred feet of bridge in 35 minutes, and took it up in 23 minutes, leaving the balks and chess piled up on shore and the boats secure in their places on the shore. The rapidity with which these bridges can be laid and taken up, must occur to any one as being much in their favor.

The bridges recently laid across the Rappahannock near this place, would, under ordinary circumstances, have been finished before the hour at which the bridge layers were attacked by the rebel sharpshooters, if it had been possible to work to as good advantage in the night as it is by daylight. This is the first time that the Engineers have ever worked under the fire of musketry, and in the battle of Fredericksburg the Engineers will receive the honor of losing the first men.

C. G. BASSERT,
Co. F., 50th Regt. N. Y. V. E.

FROST MUSIC.

I was once belated in Canada on a fine winter day, and was riding over the hard snow on the margin of a wide lake, when the most faint and mournful wail that could break a solemn silence seemed to pass through me like a dream. I stopped my horse and listened. For some time I could not satisfy myself whether the music was in the air or in my own brain. I thought of the pine forest, which was not far off; but the tone was not harp-like, and there was not a breath of wind. Then it swelled and approached; and then it seemed to be miles away in a moment; and again it moaned, as if under my very feet. It was the voice of the winds imprisoned under the pall of ice suddenly cast over them by the peremptory power of the frost. Nobody there had made air-holes, for the place was a wilderness, and there was no escape for the winds, which must moan on till the spring warmth should release them. They were fastened down in silence; but they would come out with an explosion, when, in some still night, after a warm spring day, the ice would blow up, and make a crash and racket from shore to shore. So I was told at my host's that evening, where I arrived with something of the sensation of a haunted man. It had been some time before the true idea struck me, and meanwhile the rising and falling moan made my very heart thrill again.—*Once a Week.*

"VATICAN."—Many who see this word may not understand its import. It is a pile of buildings covering a space of twelve hundred feet in length and one thousand in breadth on one of the seven hills of Rome. The site was once the garden of barbarous Nero. Early in the sixteenth century the Bishop of Rome erected there an humble dwelling. This has been added to by one Pope after another, until it is now one of the most spacious and magnificent palaces, stocked with paintings, statues, books, and antiquities of the rarest kind.

DIRECTORY OF HOSPITALS.

ATTENTION is requested to the following notice, which is of interest to all who have friends in the army, and which is therefore published:

The Sanitary Commission have established an office of information in regard to patients in the hospitals of the District of Columbia, and of Frederick City, Maryland. By a reference to books, which are corrected daily, an answer can, under ordinary circumstances, be given by return of mail to the following questions:

- 1st.—Is _____ (giving name and regiment,) at present in the hospitals of the District of Columbia, or Frederick City?
- 2d.—If so, what is his proper address?
- 3d.—What is the name of the surgeon or chaplain of the hospital?
- 4th.—If not in hospital at present, has he recently been in hospital?
- 5th.—If so, did he die in hospital, and at what date?
- 6th.—If recently discharged from hospital, was he discharged from service?
- 7th.—If not, what were his orders on leaving?

The Commission is prepared also to furnish more specific information as to the condition of any patient in the District hospitals, within twenty-four hours after a request to do so, from an officer of any of its corresponding societies.

The office of the Directory will be open daily from 8 o'clock A. M., to 8 o'clock P. M., and accessible, in urgent cases, at any hour of the night. The number of patients in these hospitals is about 25,000. If found to be practicable, the duty here undertaken locally by the Commission will be extended to include all the general hospitals in the country.

FRED. LAW OLNSTEAD, Gen. Sec'y,
Washington, D. C., November 19, 1862.

WHY SALT IS HEALTHFUL.

FROM time immemorial it has been known that without salt men would miserably perish; and among other horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times. Maggots and corruption are spoken of by ancient writers as the distressing symptoms which saltless food engenders; but no ancient or unchemical modern could explain how such sufferings arose. Now, we know why the animal craves salt,—why it suffers discomfort, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upward of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies of it to the healthy body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile, also, contains soda as an indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Stint the supply of salt, therefore, and neither will the bile be able properly to assist digestion, nor the cartilages to be built up again as far as they naturally waste.—*Prof. Johnson.*

MENDING WATER PIPES.—A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes:—Many of your readers have doubtless had more or less trouble at some period of their lives in repairing water pipes, where the water could not be shut off, conveniently, at the fountain head or some intermediate point. In going to my office a few days since, my way led past a place where a man was repairing a lead pipe which had been cut off, accidentally, in making an excavation. There was a pressure of water of more than fifty feet head. His plan seemed to me to be novel and ingenious. The two ends of the pipe were plugged, and then a small pile of broken ice and salt was placed around them; in five minutes the water in the pipe was frozen, the plugs removed, a short piece of pipe inserted and perfectly soldered, and in five minutes more the ice in the pipe was thawed and the water flowing freely through it.

A HINT FOR THE AGED.—Age is felt by the skin before it affects any other part of the body, and the skin, I need scarcely say, is one of the most important organs of the body—it is important from its extent and from its offices. Age deprives it of its sensibility; it ceases to perspire insensibly, and becomes dry and horny; it loses its heat and vitality; instead of forming a channel of communication between the atmosphere and the body it becomes a sort of armor which prevents everything like communication between them. Water and friction avert age's attacks; they maintain the sensibility of the skin to the very last hour of life; they recruit the principle of vitality and extend life to the longest term.

Reading for the Young.

QUEEN DIDO'S DEAD.—A GAME.

EDS. RURAL:—Reading in your interesting paper of Dec. 20th a description of the game entitled "Birds Fly," I thought I would send you another, called "Queen Dido's Dead." It is as follows:

The players sit in a circle and the leader says to the one at his right hand, "Queen Dido's dead," and is asked "how did she die," to which he replies "doing just so," at the same time waving his right hand up and down. This goes around the ring, and when it reaches the second one again, the first replies by raising both hands, the third round one foot, the fourth both feet, the fifth hands, feet and head are all in motion. If any of the players do not follow the leader, they must pay a forfeit. This is a very amusing game among a company of ten or a dozen individuals, and moreover is conducive to health by the exercise it gives to all the muscles of the body.

Onondaga Castle, N. Y., Dec., 1862. B. H.

ABOUT BOASTING.

ANN STRONG was a sad little boaster. Though she meant to speak the truth, she was so vain and thoughtless that no one could believe her. She always wanted a long lesson. She would say, "I can learn it all; it is not too hard for me;" though when her class was called out to recite, she was very often sent back to her seat to study. If anything was to be done, at home or at school, Ann would always say, "I know how, please to let me do it;" even if it was a thing she could not do at all. Ann's teacher wished some one to point to the names of the cities on a large map, so that all the girls in the class might know where to find them.

"O, let me do it," said Ann; "I know how as well as can be."

"Yes, you may do it," said Miss Eaton; but Ann could not point to a single name that her teacher called.

"You are like a silly little pigeon I used to hear about when I was a little girl," said her teacher. A bright-eyed little girl, raising her right hand, said, "O! please tell us all about the pigeon."

"The story," replied Miss Eaton, "is that when the pigeon first came into the world, all the other birds came and offered to show her how to build a nest. The catbird showed her its nest, all made of sticks and bark; and the sparrows showed her theirs, which were woven with moss and hair. But the pigeon, walking about in a very vain way, and turning her head from side to side, said, 'I know how; I know how to build my nest as well as the best of you!' Then the blackbird showed his nest, which was fastened to some reeds, and swung over the water; and the turtle-dove said hers was easier to build than all, for it was quite flat, and made only of sticks laid together. But the pigeon turned her pretty head as before, and said, 'I know how.' At last the birds left her. Then the pigeon found that she did not know how at all; and she went without a nest until man took pity on her, and built a pigeon house and put some hay into it.

"Now, children, though the story of the pigeon is only a fable, and not true, yet you may learn from it a very useful lesson. Little boys and girls who are vain boasters, are laughed at by others, and only deceive themselves. Like the silly pigeon, they say, 'I know how!' but they often find to their sorrow, when it is too late, that they do not. Remember, my dear children, that when you once learn to do anything well, you will not need to boast of it."

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPERS.—The French novelist Balzac shows in one of his novels, it is said, that Cinderella's slippers were not of glass, not verre, but vair, the ancient name for a very valuable kind of fur, the use of which was reserved by special edicts to the nobility. Two varieties of this fur were recognized *grand* and *menu vair* (great and small vair), the latter of which is referred to in the old English poetry as "Munisver." So that Cinderella's slippers, instead of being of such a fragile material as glass, were really of very fine fur. Our juvenile readers especially, will be thankful for this information; as they must often have wondered how slippers that would bear to be danced in, could be made of such a fragile material as glass.

The happiest man is the benevolent one, for he owns stock in the happiness of all mankind.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Raise aloft our starry banner, Let her float in azure sky, Let the heavenly zephyrs fan her, Nerve our hearts to do, or die? God, our shield, our battle-brand, Will protect our native land! This our union battle cry!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 3, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

But little has transpired since our last issue. We give such intelligence as has been received:

From the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, it appears that Gen. Burnside's original plan was to move suddenly to Fredericksburg, cross there, open his base of supplies from Aquia Creek, and push rapidly on to Richmond. He expected to get thirty or forty miles south before the rebels came up, and if they gave him battle, felt perfectly confident of his ability to crush them and drive them into their works at Richmond. He was promised pontoons and supplies at Falmouth. Summer reached there and found no bridges or supplies. This was the fatal omission which saved the rebel army and capital. It gave them a delay of ten days, in which the heights opposite were fortified. Jackson and Hill arrived by forced marches, and every available rebel soldier in Eastern Virginia reached Burnside's front.

At last our army was ready to move. Several plans were proposed. Burnside was to carry the first line of the rebel works by storm, and then follow them so rapidly that they could not make a stand behind the others, when they were to be driven by the reserves until decimated and forced to surrender or disperse to the mountains. The plan was approved by all the leading Generals except Hooker, who dissented, but agreed to lend his energies to the attack. It was endorsed by Halleck, who had previously issued orders that the rebels must be attacked.

The President issued the following Address to the Army:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, December 23, 1862.

To the Army of the Potomac:—I have just read your commanding General's preliminary report of the battle of Fredericksburg. Although you were not successful, the attempt was not an error, nor the failure other than an accident. The courage with which you, on an open field, maintained the contest against an entrenched foe, and the consummate skill and success with which you crossed and re-crossed the river, in the face of the enemy, show that you will yet give victory to the cause of our country and popular government. Condemning with the mourners for the dead, and sympathizing with the severely wounded, I congratulate you that the number of both is comparatively small. I tender to you, officers and soldiers, the thanks of the nation.

A. LINCOLN.

The loss of Gen. Burnside is thus stated in his official report.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Falmouth, Dec. 23, 1862.

To Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck:—In my report to you on the 19th inst., the number of the wounded was stated at about 8,000, and the number receiving hospital treatment at 1,630. Both of these amounts are wrong. On the authority of Dr. Letterman, the whole number of wounded is between 6,000 and 7,000, and about one-half of them are receiving treatment in the hospitals.

A. E. BURNSIDE.

The telegraph this (Tuesday) A. M., gives us the following version of the last rebel raid in Virginia:

A rebel cavalry force, with a battery of artillery, suddenly appeared at 3 A. M., in front of Dumfries, then held by the 5th, 7th, and 66th Ohio, with two pieces of McGillevry's battery. The rebels were at first estimated at 4,000. They cut the wires leading to Falmouth, attacked our troops—who had three men killed—and were driven off. In the meantime, information reached headquarters per telegraph before they cut the wires leading to Washington. Troops were instantly moved, if possible, to cut off their retreat. Gen. Geary marched from Wolf Run immediately. After being worsted, before Geary's arrival, they pushed directly for Occoquan, where they had a slight engagement with 1,500 of our troops there under Col. Candy, resulting in no considerable loss on either side, our men maintaining their ground. They next proceeded up Bull Run, crossing it at Wolf Run, thence going to Trinity Church, thence to Annandale via Beek's Station, where they camped Saturday night, thus avoiding the points where we had troops. At daybreak yesterday morning, they were again in the saddle. In the meantime, our troops at Fairfax Court House did their best to head them off in that direction, but being infantry, could not get up in time. They were last seen near Lewisburg, where their number was estimated at about 1,000 cavalry and four pieces of artillery, at nightfall yesterday, when under whip and spur evidently bent on escaping in the direction of Leesburgh. They certainly got nothing for their pains but fifteen empty wagons, belonging to Col. Kellogg's cavalry command. At one time they possessed one of our guns, at Dumfries, but were forced to abandon it on their retreat.

The Philadelphia Press has interesting news from the Peninsula, under date of Fortress Monroe, 29th ult.

Gen. Naglee had been reliably informed by contrabands, that 7,000 rebels, under Trimble,

who had been detached from the army at Fredericksburg to assist Gen. Wise, was approaching Gloucester Court House, with a view, as was supposed, of attacking the batteries at Gloucester Point. Our troops were under arms, waiting for the attack. We had two gunboats in the river to assist in the defence.

Department of the Gulf.

By the steamers Roanoke and Columbia from New Orleans, we have advices to the 20th ult., as follows:

The North Star, with Gen. Banks and staff, arrived at New Orleans on the evening of the 14th. The news transpired the following day that Gen. Butler was superseded, and it occasioned the utmost surprise among all classes, even the registered enemies were sorry to part with an officer who at least brought order and security to the city. On the 16th Butler and Banks met at headquarters. Butler welcomed Banks to the Department of the Gulf, and assured him he would find troops there who would yield ready obedience to every order. Banks responded that the only pleasure he had in taking the command was in obeying the order of the Government of the United States. The meeting was most cordial, and the interchange of sentiment was that which characterizes the coming together of old friends.

Gen. Butler's parting address to his troops, bearing date on the 15th, alludes in eloquent terms to their successes in the field, in reference to the restoration of order and quiet to New Orleans, to the feeding of starving wives and children of enemies; stating that his expedition had cost the government four-fifths less than any other. He speaks the word farewell as the only sorrowful word he had, and commends them to their new commander as worthy of his love.

On the 16th Gen. Banks issued his order, assuming command of the Department of the Gulf and the State of Texas, and naming his staff. An order is issued for all military and civil officers in the Department to report to him; and still another suspending all public sales of property on account of the United States, till further orders.

Gen. Banks was pushing things with characteristic energy. Five thousand troops who accompanied him, had landed at Baton Rouge, and the remainder of the expedition will be sent forward as soon as they arrive.

Gen. Banks, on taking the command, issued the following proclamation:

HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 16, 1862.

In obedience to orders from the President, I have assumed the command of the Department of the Gulf, to which is added, by special order, the State of Texas. The duty with which I am charged, requires me to assist in the restoration of the Government of the United States. It is my desire to assure to the people of every class all the privileges of possession and enjoyment which is consistent with the public safety, and which it is possible for a just government to confer.

In the execution of the high trust, with which I am charged, I rely on the co-operation and counsel of all loyal and well-disposed people, and the manifest interest of those dependent on the pursuits of peace, as well as upon the support of the land and naval forces. My instructions require me to treat as enemies those who are enemies, but I shall gladly regard those as friends who are friends.

No restrictions will be placed on the freedom of individuals which are not demanded by the public safety, but while their claims will be liberally considered, it is due to them to state that all the rights of the government will be unflinchingly maintained. Respectful consideration and prompt reparation will be accorded to all persons who are wronged in body or estate by those under my command.

The government does not profit by the prolongation of civil contests—whether private or public sufferings attend it. Its fruits are not equally distributed. In the disloyal States delation has empire on sea and on land. In the North the war has its abiding sorrow, but not yet an abiding calamity. Its cities and towns are increasing in wealth, population and power.

The people of this Department who are disposed to stake their fortunes and their lives upon resistance to the government, may wisely reflect upon the immutable conditions which surround them. The Valley of the Mississippi is the chosen seat of population, product and power. On this continent in a few years 26,000,000 of people, unsurpassed in material and resources and capacity for war, will swarm upon its fertile rivers. Those who assume to set conditions upon their exodus to the Gulf, count upon a power not given to man. The country washed by the waters of the Ohio, Missouri and Mississippi, can never be permanently severed. If one generation basely barter away its rights, immortal honors will rest upon another that claims them. Let it never be said that the east and the west may be separated. Thirty days distance from the markets of Europe may satisfy the wants of Arkansas and Louisiana, but it will not answer the demands of Illinois and Ohio. The Mississippi will have its deltas on the Atlantic. The physical force of the west will debouch upon its shores with a power as resistless as the torrents of its giant rivers.

This country cannot be severed. Ceaseless wars may drain its blood and treasure. Domestic tyrants or foreign foes may grasp the scepter of its power, but its destiny will remain unchanged. It will be united. God has ordained it. What avails then the destruction of the best government ever devised by man? A self-justifying, self-connecting Constitution of the United States.

People of the Southwest, why not accept the imperious necessities of geographical configuration and commercial supremacy and re-establish your ancient prosperity and renown? Why

not become the founders of States, which as the entrepots and depots of your own center and upper valleys may stand in the affluence of their resources without superior, and in the privileges of the people, without a peer among the nations of the earth. N. P. BANKS, Major General.

A dispatch from Washington on the 28th ult., says that Maj.-Gen. Butler is on his way to Washington, he having been ordered there. Reports already assign him to an important command in the field.

The rebels thinking they see a less vigorous commander under General Banks, appear in the streets in crowds. One of them sent General Butler a challenge. He put it in his pocket and sent the rebel word that if he wished an onset he would meet him in the street or anywhere else.

Movements in the West and South-West.

TENNESSEE.—Col. Carter, commanding a brigade, captured Knoxville on the 29th ult., and destroyed four bridges and a large portion of the railroad track near Knoxville and Dandridge.

Passengers in the train from Louisville to Shepardsville on the 29th, report that they heard heavy firing toward Lebanon Junction, and reports are current that Col. Harlan's brigade is in the rear of Morgan, and may engage them.

It is rumored that a portion of Morgan's forces are at Bardstown and have destroyed a portion of the track near Elizabethtown. The rebels have been repulsed three miles from Mumfordsville, and all is safe there.

Rosecrans' forces have driven the rebels into Murfreesboro. It is supposed Morgan is "skedaddling" out of the State.

A report reached Memphis that a heavy Federal force had ascended the river from New Orleans—the naval portion under Admiral Farragut—and Port Hudson had fallen into Federal hands; and that the fleet reached 12 miles below Vicksburg. The reported advance is confirmed by the Vicksburg Whig.

A telegram from Louisville, Ky., dated Dec. 30, states that Col. Harlan attacked Morgan at Rolling Fork the day previous. Harlan killed and wounded a number of rebels, losing two killed and three wounded. Among the latter, Lieut. Parris, of Southwick's battery, since died. The rebels retreated towards Bardstown, having lost several killed and wounded, and a Captain and six privates captured. Gen. Morgan spent the night at Bardstown, and moved eastward. Messenger reported to Harlan, that our forces had an engagement at New Haven, and repulsed the rebels there.

Rolling Fork bridges are safe. The trestle work on Muldrough's Hill is so seriously damaged as to require a month for restoration. Two small bridges, easily restored, were burned by the rebels near Lebanon Junction. The above comprised all the damage done by the rebels to bridges on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and its tributaries.

Gen. Rosecrans captured several cannon on his approach to Murfreesboro, and reports from below indicate an engagement progressing there.

MISSISSIPPI.—The paroled prisoners taken at Holley Springs and arrived at Cairo, furnish the following:

Thursday night a telegram was received at Jackson from Holley Springs, saying that the place was menaced by the rebels, and asking for re-enforcements. Friday morning all the troops but about 800 were sent. The Commander of Holley Springs being apprised of the rebels' approach, pickets were stationed three miles out on all the roads, but the rebels came in between roads, as the pickets made no alarm. The first heard of the enemy they were in town firing at our sleeping men. Some resistance was made, but of course feeble. In a short time the Federals were overpowered and compelled to surrender. The attack was made at daybreak. Two hundred Federals were reported killed, 150 wounded and 160 captured and afterwards paroled. The balance escaped.

The rebels burned a large quantity of cotton, over 200 wagons, and a depot full of commissary stores, ammunition, &c., valued at half a million.

On the 20th the rebels attacked the Federals, 250 in number, at Davies' Mills, six miles south of Grand Junction. The enemy were repulsed, leaving 20 dead and 30 wounded on the field, and a number carried off. Federal loss was trifling.

ARKANSAS.—A telegram from Fayetteville on the 29th ult., gives the following account of one of the most difficult and daring raids of the war, just accomplished by a part of the Army of the Frontier.

Herron, with a portion of his command, started for the other side of Boston Mountains. Blunt left Cane Hill at the same time by another road. Columns about 6,000 strong, went in light marching order with six days' cooked rations, and marched 42 miles and no stops. Herron took two batteries without caissons. Artillery and baggage wagons drew across the mountains with twelve horse teams. At daylight on the 28th, the commands joined at Lee's Creek, three miles south of the mountains, where cavalry and artillery, numbering 2,000, started for Van Buren, leaving infantry to follow as fast as possible. The rebel cavalry regiments were met at Dripping Springs, and after sharp skirmishing put to flight, leaving seven killed and many wounded on the field. Our loss was two wounded. We pursued Van Buren—made a splendid charge, led by Herron and Blunt in person, resulting in a complete victory. The rebel cavalry escaped to the other side of the river. Two steamers, with over one hundred prisoners, among them several officers, and Hindman's express messengers, were captured. The third boat was run ashore, which, with those that took the rebels across, will be destroyed. A large quantity of corn, camp equipage, &c., were also seized. The full extent of captures was unknown when the messenger left. Infantry and artillery, about eight miles in the rear, were hastening forward as fast as the roads would allow.

The people of that section were surprised and frightened, and Hindman, on the other side of the river, with his whole force, unable and unwilling to engage us. The pathway to Arkansas River has now been opened, and if the gunboats will open the lower end of it, the winter's work of the Army of the Frontier is clearly marked out.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

MR. SEWARD has communicated to Congress the unpublished correspondence between the State Department and our Minister to Russia, relative to a telegraph line from Moscow eastward to Amoor river and the Asiatic coast, and thence by a joint effort of Russia and the United States to San Francisco. Portions of the line in the Russian empire have already been completed. Bayard Taylor writes that our agent is awaiting an answer of the Emperor to a proposition to extend the line eastward to the Amoor river.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War have concluded their investigation into the circumstances of the Fredericksburg defeat, and have submitted to the Senate a short report and all the testimony taken. The testimony is very strong in proof of the splendid fighting of our army, which has nearly redeemed the affair from the consequences of a defeat.

A Washington letter states rumors of foreign intervention are quite common here at the present time, but they cannot be traced to any authentic source. It is however claimed by many intelligent persons that Mr. Seward confidently expects the intervention of the French Government in our affairs, and he has shaped the diplomatic correspondence of this country wholly in reference to such a danger. Hence, he accedes a quiescence in the trade going on between New York and the French in Mexico, and in Mr. Corwin's singular conduct in Mexico. The exact facts in the case are not likely to appear at present, unless they come to us as did the first proposal of mediation, through the English papers.

The Senate has authorized the appointment of a select committee of seven, to whom shall be referred the subject of a railroad and telegraph line to the Pacific. The bill passed at the last session has been found impracticable, and will require important amendments, which this committee is expected to suggest.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

THE rebel General Cobb, killed at the battle of Fredericksburg, was a brother of the notorious Howell Cobb. While the latter was regarded even by his Southern friends as "a hard case," the deceased was a man of exemplary character. He was a leading member of the Old School Presbyterian Church, and a man of the same type as Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Hill.

A TELEGRAPHIC CABLE has been laid across the Hudson River about three miles above West Point, to take the place of the masts across which the wires have been stretched heretofore at Butter Hill. The cable is 2,800 feet long, and is a piece of the celebrated Atlantic Cable.

ACCORDING to the report of the Post-master General, eight hundred and twenty-two letters were deposited in various offices of the Department during the year 1862, without any address whatever.

THE Milan (Italy) Gazette announces that six schools are to be opened there for the purpose of teaching on Sundays young women, obliged to work during the week, the rudiments of arithmetic, geography, history, reading and writing, and needlework.

THE King of Dahomey, in Africa, captured, in March last, a neighboring town, and slew a third of the population, and made slaves of the rest. Among the captives were Thomas Doherty, a native catechist, and his little flock of native converts. Doherty has since suffered crucifixion, and his people were beheaded.

THE home for inebriates in San Francisco, which has been in operation a little over three years, has succeeded in doing a large amount of good. Twelve hundred persons have been admitted and cared for, and it is thought 50 per cent. have been reformed and become temperate. A building, with suitable grounds, was purchased during the past year, for the use of the home.

A RAILROAD and telegraph line has been constructed from Smyrna to Ephesus, and the opening was celebrated with banqueting and speeches on the part of the English proprietors, and mid-day prayers and solemn ceremonies on the part of the astonished Turks.

CAPTAIN OLDFIELD, of the British steam sloop Ariel, who has been cruising off the west coast of Africa, has succeeded in capturing no less than twenty-six slave ships within the last twelve months. Several of these vessels had slaves on board—one fifty-four, one eighty-two, and two others one hundred each.

A NEW ship, offered by Messrs. Griswold, in New York, for the gratuitous transportation of donations for the suffering poor in England, is being loaded with flour and pork. Other vessels, or parts of them, have been offered for the same purpose without charge.

ONE hundred and fifty-seven vessels have been engaged in the cod fishery from towns in the county of Barnstable, taking 107, 648 qts. of fish, against 105,336 in 1861. The bounty to be paid by the United States is about the same as last year, \$44,000.

THE following table shows the amount of American silver which was taken from the United States to Montreal, Canada, by the National Express Company, from the first of January to the last of November, 1862:

Table with columns for months (January to November) and amounts in dollars and cents, totaling \$2,908,306.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

- The Saturday Evening Post—Deacon & Peterson. The Examiner—Edward Bright. The Phenological Journal—Fowler & Wells. Farm for Sale—Wm. E. Rippey. Fish's Nursery or Night Lamp—W. L. Fish & Co. The Laws of Life—M. W. Simmons & Co. Farm for Sale—Ezra Willis or S. A. Underhill. Life and its Powers—Fowler & Wells. The Cranberry and its Culture—Geo. A. Bates. To the Nursery Trade—Robert Hume. Is he good Natured? A Farm for Sale at Auction—Mrs. M. J. Latimer. The Little Giant Sewing Machine—T. S. Page. Flower Seeds for 1863—James Vick. The Science of the Soil—Fowler & Wells. Bantam Men—Tom Thumb and Com. Nutt. A Farmer Wanted—O. S. Hubbard. A Rare Chance—R. Thompson & Co. Dr. Dio Lewis—his Portrait, &c. Gorrilla and Man, with Engravings—Fowler & Wells. Mason Jones—his Phenology. The Human Body—Fowler & Wells. Berkshire Pigs—W. J. Pettee.

Special Notices.

Dewey's Colored Fruit Plates—D. M. Dewey.

The News Condenser.

- A company has been formed to bore for Salt at New Baltimore, Mich. There are in Erie, Pa., twenty oil refineries, turning 8,000 gallons a day. The late World's Exhibition, in London, was visited by 6,100,000 people. The task of redeeming soiled postage stamps has commenced in New York. The Great Exhibition building in London is to be turned into a railway station. The U. S. Grand Jury of Cincinnati last week indicted forty-five persons for treason. The steamer Great Eastern has had her repairs completed, and is ready to go home. There were 8,000 cases put on the calendar at a Circuit Court now sitting in New York. They pay \$3.50 for mink skins at St. Paul, Minn., calling them the "American Sable." Thirty thousand dollars have been raised in Albany, N. Y., to build an Academy of Music. Strawberries picked in the open air at Newbern, N. C., have lately been received in Boston. Hon. Philemon Dickerson, ex-Governor of New Jersey, died at Patterson on Wednesday week. The Chamber of Commerce of New York is now moving for a fund to aid the starving French. A man from Conway, Mass., has asked for a license under the U. S. laws for a traveling distillery. The "Allen Pear Tree," in Salem, Mass., which is 224 years old, bore 13 bushels of fruit last year. Van Buren, Webster, Benton, Calhoun and Cass were all born in 1782, of whom the last only survives. The Viceroy of Egypt has ordered one quarter of the cultivated land of Egypt to be sown with cotton. During the month of November 12,000 bales of rags were shipped from England for the United States. The manufacture of postage stamps in England costs \$27,000 a year, and the produce sells for \$2,700,000. A boy, only thirteen years of age, has been sentenced to the house of Reform, in Maine, for manslaughter. At Port Royal there is a negro under Gov. Saxton's tuition, 105 years old, who has just learned his letters. By the statement of Gov. Buckingham, it seems that the draft in Connecticut proved almost a total failure. The sum of seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars has been voted by Congress for army expenditures. Between Memphis and Cairo the water in the channel of the Mississippi is but little over five feet in depth. Bayard Taylor states that the President's emancipation proclamation was very favorably received in Russia. Coal oils have declined fifty per cent. in New York, from the highest point. Speculators have lost enormously. Judge Foote, of the Supreme Court of Ohio, made a decision on the 18th ult., that greenbacks are a legal tender. The Richmond Examiner of the 12th ult., says that seventy dollars per pair is charged for army boots in that city. The superintendent of public printing reports to Congress that the expense of paper has increased 100 per cent. A well informed correspondent, writing from Havana under date 6th ult., says the crops of sugar are unusually large. The dentists of Boston have determined to advance their prices 30 per cent. in consequence of the premium on gold. The Great Eastern is in debt \$25,000 in this country, beside having swallowed up all the funds of the company at home. The celebrated dramatist, James Sheridan Knowles, died at Torquay, France, on the 29th of November, in his 79th year. New York Custom House returns show that nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of guns were imported last week. It is stated that the Messrs. Torrence, of Montreal, have shipped two tons weight of silver to China to purchase teas. In the city of Boston the price of rags is going down. On Wednesday it fell two cents, and greater declines are threatened. A tunnel is being made under the river Indus, to form a link in that great chain of railroad between Calcutta and Peshawara. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that promissory notes, payable at banks, are not liable, as checks, to taxation. A few of Gen. McClellan's friends clubbed together, bought a fine house on Fifth Avenue, New York, and made him a present of it. The draft in Massachusetts, which was to have taken place on the 15th ult., has been, for the 5th time, postponed to the 8th inst. The State of Ohio is raising by tax, about \$500,000 for the relief of the families of volunteers who are left in destitute circumstances. Within the last two weeks 16,398 families, comprising 38,479 persons, have been relieved from the Volunteers' Aid Fund in New York. Soldiers in Virginia, along the Southern coast, and in the South-west are complaining that they have not been paid a cent in five months. In Boston, the residents of Ward six have returned to the assessors 120,000 ounces of taxable silver. Ward nine returns 30,000 ounces. The supreme court of Indiana has decided that no act of the parent can make the enlistment of a minor under eighteen years of age valid. The city of Providence contributed \$2,500 toward a fund raised to furnish the soldiers in the hospitals at Washington with a Christmas dinner. A silver United States half dollar was sold at auction the other day in Charleston, S. C., for \$1.45, and a gold dollar for \$3.15, "paper currency."

RETREAT OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

[The following beautiful stanzas (by the author of "Glebe Line," and "Freedom's Land," given in recent numbers of the RURAL,) appeared in the Rochester Union of the 19th ultimo.]

Back from the battle-field! Hasten ye brave: the shades are gathering thicker, Tread lightly; columns, onward, onward, quicker!

Back from the battle-field! Ye wasted columns, erst with courage peerless, Dashing on sheltered foes, unblanching and fearless.

Back from the battle-field! In gloomy silence moving ever faster, Lest waking foes pursue thee with disaster:

Back from the battle-field! Ye living haste, that ye swell not the number Who on the plain in gory death now slumber:

Back from the battle-field! Dauntless ye move, from scathing war retiring, As when, with courage high and hope inspiring,

The deadly blade, and hurl the charging might Of heroes trained in loyal cause to fight—

The Story-Teller.

MARRYING A BEAUTY

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"Don't do it, my boy," said the old gentleman, speaking with unwonted fervor. "Take my advice, and don't do it."

The fine ardor which had flushed my soul was chilled. Uncle MARION saw the change.

"Beauty is too often a false signal," he added. "If all things were in the first order of creation, beauty would be the outward sign of goodness; but evil has wrought many sad changes in our world—and beauty may not be trusted."

"The beauty of FLORENCE WARE may be trusted," I answered confidently. "There is a very heaven of innocence in her face."

"Love is blind, my boy—love is blind!" said Uncle MARION, with oracular positiveness. "As for beauty, it is only a veil, not a representation."

"All things are possible," he answered, soberly; but he who trusts to beauty as the sign of goodness, will find himself many, many times bitterly mistaken. Goodness has her signs, but they are not in pure Grecian profiles, nor in white, queenly necks; they are not in brown eyes, nor pinky cheeks. The face may be lovely as a poet's or painter's dream, while the heart beneath may be full of pride, ambition, selfishness and impurity.

I had known my Uncle MARION as a cheerful old man—quiet and reflective for the most part, but cheerful. The ordinary disturbing influences, that continually jostle most people's equilibrium of mind, had scarcely any effect upon him. He lived in a region above their influence. It was not, therefore, without surprise, that I observed an agitation of manner altogether unusual.

Now, as FLORENCE WARE, a young lady who had recently come into our neighborhood from a distant city to spend a few months with a school friend, her beauty had bewitched me. Of all lovely creatures in human shape, she was, in my eyes, the loveliest. Not only were her form and features perfect, but there was a grace in every movement, and an indescribable charm and sweetness in her countenance, that in my eyes expressed more than human perfection. It had never entered into my heart to conceive of her as anything less than the embodiment of all that was pure and true and good.

"Don't do it, my boy!" said Uncle MARION, after a pause, repeating the injunction made a little while before in answer to something more than a jesting remark, that I thought of offering my hand to FLORENCE. "The poorest of all recommendations that a young lady has to offer, is her beauty. Ten chances to one if its very possession has not spoiled her for a good man's wife. It will be a miracle, almost, if she be not vain and fond of admiration. The quiet of home will be irksome; and its common duties distasteful. Having feasted on homage, admiration, flattery, how can she live on the plain fare that succeeds to her withdrawal from that brilliant outer sphere, where her charms were perpetually reflected back upon her from hundreds of admiring eyes?"

All this did not satisfy me. There might be truth in the general proposition as to the dangerous influence of beauty on a weak mind; but the idea of ignoring beauty in a wife struck me as absurd.

"I will indorse FLORENCE WARE," said I, half desperately, setting myself wholly against my uncle.

The effect of this surprised me. For a little while Uncle MARION seemed like one who had been stunned. His eyes were fixed on the floor, his brows drawn heavily together, his lips shut firmly. After a while he drew a long breath, and looked up into my face. There was a change in him. The old quiet look was gone.

"Indorse no one, on mere appearance," he said; "for nothing is more deceptive. I do not assert that the face always lies; but I will say that it oftener hides than reveals a person's true quality. Don't trust it, my boy! There are given more unerring signs than the face ever reveals, except when the soul is off guard. All that a man or woman is, will, under certain circumstances, betray itself in the eyes and countenance; but you are rarely admitted to the view. The face you meet in company, when every outlet of the mind is guarded, is not the face by which you may judge of character. You must see the person at home, on the street, in business or domestic life. You must take the view from many stand-points, and study and compare. A prudent person will do this before entering into the most ordinary business relations with a man; and yet, I find you actually meditating an offer of marriage to a girl, simply on the credit of her pretty face! You had not even so much as heard of her six weeks ago. As to who or what are her father and mother, you rest in complete ignorance; and are just as ignorant of the girl's disposition and character. The bright eye and beautiful face are accepted as credentials for every thing. But, only 'handsome is that handsome does.' And my word for it, the chances are all against the 'handsome does,' in the case of FLORENCE WARE."

"If we judge harshly without evidence, Uncle MARION, we will, in almost every case, judge wrong. I am sure that you are unjust to FLORENCE. I doubt if you have met her twice since she came into the neighborhood," said I, with feeling.

"I have seen her, perhaps, as often as you have, GEORGE," he answered; "and under circumstances more favorable to observation. She is very beautiful, I will own—bewitchingly so. Her countenance, when lighted, almost bewilders. I never saw but one face just like it—"

The old man's voice suddenly faltered. His eyes were shadowed by a new and strange expression. Some long buried memory had quickened into life. He arose, in a slightly agitated way, crossed the room to a book-case, and opening it, appeared to be searching for a volume. It was only a feint to draw my attention from his unusually disturbed manner. I understood this at the time. He came back, after a little while, with a book in his hand, which he laid on a table without opening. I was watching him closely.

"GEORGE!" He faced round upon me in a quick, nervous way. "Don't trust in beauty! Don't let it bewilder you! Don't let it betray you as it once betrayed me!"

He stopped, cast his eyes down and sat silent for a few moments; then, looking up, he forced to his lips a feeble smile that hid their sadness, and told me this story of his past life.

When about your age, he said, an advantageous business offer took me to New York. I became the junior partner in a flourishing silk house, and soon found myself introduced to a pleasant circle of acquaintances. One evening, a few months after my arrival in the city, I was at a party where nearly all the guests were strangers. In consequence, I was left mostly to myself, and was beginning to feel rather dull, when a lady whom I knew came to me and said—

"I have a charming young friend here to whom I must introduce you. I know you will like her. A few moments afterwards, I found myself standing before the loveliest being my gaze had ever rested upon. Her beauty was faultless.—The tenderest, sweetest, brightest of eyes looked up into mine. I saw before me a countenance that appeared blending all things pure and good. Every line of every feature seemed a perfect line of beauty; and there was not a tint, or light, or shade in the whole complexion that an artist would have criticised. You smile, but, soberly speaking, and at this distance of time, I mean just what I say. Her beauty came up to my best ideal.

Of course I was charmed—nay more, fascinated, for I stood in the presence of an enchantress. She read her power over me in the admiring eyes that looked into hers. I was too fresh and young to hide or dissimulate. She overcame me on the instant, and knew that I was entangled in the web of her beauty. I say "of her beauty," meaning just that.

She was a blonde, with large, dark blue eyes, and full, dark lashes; hair of a soft chestnut brown, or golden hue, as the light happened to fall on it; skin of that semi-transparent texture rarely found, but always so like a veil behind which the spiritual body seems hiding from mortal eyes its enchanting loveliness. She was just a little above the medium height in woman, and being slender, looked tall. Every motion was grace. I say it now after nearly thirty years have passed since that first meeting. And I repeat, now, looking back through those thirty years, that she was of almost faultless beauty. I was captivated. From the instant I looked at her, I was a worshiper. She was sweet and gracious in her manner; my undisguised admiration having proved the passport to her favor.

"If her hand is yet free, it shall be mine," I said, as I lay awake that night, feasting my inward eye on the charms that still shaped themselves to my imagination. I asked no question as to her hereditary or acquired character; but took everything for granted. She must be good, pure, loving; for were not all these written in beauty on her face?

I had asked the privilege of calling upon her, and she had graciously consented. On the very

next evening I was in her presence. She welcomed my coming in the sweetest manner, and threw over me a deeper and more bewildering fascination. It was only by the exercise of perpetual self-restraint, that I held myself back from a foolishly precipitate offer of marriage. Twice, in the week that followed, I sought her presence, and was as blind to any danger as I was the moth while circling round a blazing candle. With an art the most perfect in its simulation of artlessness, she drew me on and on, until, within little more than two months after our first meeting, I laid my destiny at her feet, and she accepted the trust, and became the evil genius of my life.

I was very happy. Heaven had no conceivable bliss higher than mine. I dwelt in light and beauty. And yet the door of this charmer's heart had never really been opened to me; and if it had been opened, there would have been no room in its crowded chambers for me to enter; for they were already full of pride, vanity, self-love, and love of pleasure. I might have seen that below the gilding all was common and poor. But beauty had blinded me.

For causes which need not be stated, our marriage was deferred for a year, and the date fixed. In that time some of the gilding fell off, and I had glimpses of things which often made me very sober. But I was so proud of her—so fascinated by her personal charms—that I came quickly out of those passing shadows into the pleasant sunshine. If she did love admiration; if she were fond of social pleasures and public assemblies; if her eyes were continually looking out and inviting homage; if she had winning smiles for all the attractive men who sought her notice, I had still many reasons and excuses for my own satisfaction. Her heart, for all this, I said, was mine—we were betrothed—were all the world to each other, and would soon be united in the holiest bonds.

We were married at last. Twice, at her desire, the appointed time was changed, and the wedding deferred. It did not really take place until four months after the period first agreed upon. In each of these intervals of time, as it has since been very plain to me, she meditated a breach of the engagement; and only remained true because ardent admirers did not press their claims to favor in formal declarations of love.

Yes, we were married at last. The wedding was a brilliant affair. All that art could give to nature was lavished upon the bride. She was more like the creation of a dream, or a poet's imaginings, than one of flesh and blood. And all this wonderful beauty was mine—mine! Vows were given, hands clasped, kisses exchanged, the benediction spoken, and we twain were bound together. The long suspense was over. What a moment of bliss!

I had been, during all this year and a half, living out of the sphere of my own true life and dwelling in a region of enchantment; and all this time I had been longing to get down into the real things in which I was to find true enjoyment. My prize gained, I wished to leave the open field, and bear it away to the sanctuary of a home, there to enjoy the blessing I had won. My beauty was to be my own delight—my treasure sacred to myself! Alas! the time for awakening was not far distant.

How largely I had counted on the pleasures of companionship, when the sweet maiden became my wife; and yet, strange to say, I had never in a single instance been able to draw her into the expression of an intelligent opinion about a work of art, or a book in any of the higher branches of literature. If a reader of history, she did not betray the fact. She never referred to the leading poets, and if their names or best productions were mentioned, she smiled, but offered no appreciative response. But she was enthusiastic over opera singers and theatrical stars; and her conversation was always more of persons than acts, opinions, or principles. She was a hero-worshiper, with little or no sympathy for heroism. Actions were dead—unsympathetic of the past; but the man and woman were centers of admiration. She could understand the glory of position, but not the grandeur of achievement.

During all the year and a half that intervened from the time of our engagement until we were married, I failed in every effort to draw her thoughts into the region of interest where mine dwelt. I was the lover, the wooer, the worshiper, and so bent down to the region where she dwelt. But I could not live there forever. I was organized, spiritually, for life in another sphere of mind. My soul craved food of another and more substantial quality. For a year and a half I had lived a kind of artificial life; had put aside old habits of thinking and feeling; had left my real tastes hungering for appropriate food; had given up nearly everything essentially my own; had deferred on almost all occasions to the preferences and pleasures of a beauty so much enamored of herself that she rarely if ever thought of consulting my wants or feelings. Could this last after marriage? No!

It did not take a very long time to reach the period of awakening. I soon found that my company no more sufficed for my wife than it had sufficed for my betrothed; that the home of her husband was scarcely more attractive than the home of her aunt had been. Her life was in the world—in pleasures, admiration, excitement. Take these away, and you robbed her of almost everything. During a few months after our marriage, I yielded, with a gradually diminishing grace. After that, seeing how absorbed she still remained, and how little interest she manifested in her home, both duty and feeling prompted me to lay upon her the hand of restraint. I did this as gently as possible—as lovingly as possible. But it made a strong ripple in the current of her life. I saw a veil fall instantly over her beauty. The soft eyes hardened, and the sweet face grew cold. A chill went inward to the very center of my

being; for I understood something of what this meant. I had been studying her from a closer point of view since our marriage, and was gradually arriving at a truer knowledge of her character. Day by day there had come to me new and painful revelations touching the quality of her mind. I had put aside the veil of beauty and looked into the soul, searching for the real things that beauty represented, but had not found them. Still I hoped they might be there—some of them at least—and kept on searching.

The hard eyes and the cold face were too strong for me in the beginning. I took off the restraining hand—the ripple was gone, and the current ran on smoothly again; but in the old channels. This could not last. I am firm and strong when I see clearly. I had not seen clearly for a great while, for beauty had deceived me into the faith that it was the sign of all perfection. I knew, now, that it only concealed weaknesses of character which must be guarded; a poverty of mind that must ever leave me hungry in companionship; an unkindness of spirit when all was not yielded, that must hurt me deeply in every contact. But the way of duty grew plainer and plainer before me at every step. The hand of restraint was put forth again, and again the current of her life was agitated. She struggled against the impediment. I did not yield. Then the foundations of a separating wall, to rise up between us, were laid. To me she was beautiful no longer. Her countenance, so lovely to every one—so full of all sweetnesses—so bewitching and so bewildering—was only a transparent veil to my eyes, and I looked through it, gazing sadly and in continually increasing alienation, on the deformity and incompleteness that lay hidden below. She was so worldly—so absorbed in gayety and pleasure—so fond of admiration. Even as before marriage, she was, in all large companies, a center of attraction. A light class of young men were continually fluttering around her; and by her manner she as continually invited their attentions.

This annoyed, fretted, even angered me at times. If I had really loved her, I would have grown jealous. But I was only annoyed. Pride, not jealousy, was aroused. I felt that my honor was touched. I was humiliated, through my wife's weakness, before the world. Men, for whom I cared nothing—nay, disliked—became visitors at my house; dropping in at all hours, day and evening, whether I was at home or not. In public assemblies, I was continually chafed by the observation she attracted. Men would recognize and point her out to their companions. In the intervals between acts, or parts, they would leave their seats, and make their way to where we were sitting; to be graciously received by my wife. [To be continued.]

Wit and Humor.

OH, GIVE ME THE OULD LOVE AGIN.

Oh, give me the ould love agin now, An' don't ye go off in that style; Sure trouble has made me quite thin, now, Oh, Barney, bear wid me awhile.

Wid Bryan I'll own I have sported, But sure, dear, I thought it no sin; Call back, now, the days when we courted, An' give me the ould love agin.

Wid Cupid I've thrifted an' started, Outil he smiles on me no more; Oh, love me no lone an' deserted, But give me yer heart as before.

Fais, Barney, jist make yer mind aisy, An' don't ye go off in that style; Me darlin' mesant nothin' at all; An' if 'twill in any way please ye, Why, sure, then, the prait ye may call.

THE MAN WHO WON'T PAY THE PRINTER.—A country editor, who works for glory and prints on trust, is responsible for the following anathematical aspirations on the man who won't pay the printer:

May he have sore eyes, and a chestnut burr for an eye-stone. May every day of his life be more despotism than the Dey of Algiers. May he never be permitted to kiss a handsome woman. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fishing lines break. May his coffee be sweetened with flies, and his soup seasoned with spiders. May his friend run off with his wife, and his children take the whooping cough. May his cattle die of murrain, and his pigs destroy his garden. May a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window each night. May his cows give sour milk, and rancid butter. In short, may his daughter marry a one-eyed editor, and his business go to ruin, and he go to—the Legislature.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.—"Och, an' what's yer honor agoin' to give me, seein' as it's myself that saved yer honor's house from turnin' to ashes intirely?" "How so, Pat?" "An' sure, when it cotched ash, wasn't I the second one that hollered fire first?"

THE DIFFERENCE.—"Can you tell me, Jim, where they get so much corn for the manufacture into whiskey?" "Why no," says Jim, "but I can tell yer well where the corn comes from after the whiskey is made."

ZENO, the philosopher, believed in an inevitable destiny. His servant availed himself of this doctrine, while being beaten for a theft, by exclaiming, "Was I not destined to rob?" "Yes," replied Zeno, "and to be corrected also."

A DENTIST advertises that he will "spare no pains" in extracting people's molars. Surprising candor!

MISS FANTADLING says the first time she locked arms with a young man, she felt like Hope leaning on her anchor. Poetic young woman that.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 33 letters. My 18, 19, 20, 31 is the name of the first exile mentioned in the Bible. My 16, 6, 1, 20, 5 is the name of the first pilgrim. My 3, 31, 12, 2, 12 is the name of the first scribe, judge and historian. My 8, 7, 14, 25, 24, 13, 18 were the first bridal veil. My 27, 10, 20, 1, 23, 16, 30 was the first person known to have worn a ring on his finger. My 31, 13, 24 is the name of a sorrowful tree spoken of in the Holy Scriptures. My 1, 31, 12, 11 and 32, 28, 21 are the two flowers mentioned in the Bible. My 26, 32, 28, 12, 10, 20 is the first person we read of plowing. My 20, 10, 1, 4, 11 is the number of times the word Christian is used in the Scriptures. My 15, 4, 23, 1, 12, 30, 11, 6, 20 is where a patriarch planted a grove. My 6, 13, 1, 83 was the mother of our 8, 7, 19, 2, 4, 3, 25, 1. My 12, 20, 6, 9, 13, 30 was one of the sons of Cush. My 22, 28, 1, 13, 12 was a descendant of Noah. My 9, 11, 17, 30 were the children before whom Abraham bowed. My whole is a divine command. Sutton, Vermont, 1862. DRETTIS J. POWERS.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 29 letters. My 4, 14, 16, 10, 24, 15, 17, 12, 22, 15 is a city in the United States. My 4, 27, 6, 15, 3 is a county in Ohio. My 17, 13, 5, 15, 29 is a river in Michigan. My 17, 5, 20, 1, 22, 15 is a town in North Carolina. My 8, 19, 27, 28 is a cape in the United States. My 11, 9, 6, 1, 7, 15 is a town in Ohio. My 11, 9, 15, 5 is a volcano. My 2, 14, 21, 1, 24, 15, 17, 20 is a town in Michigan. My 18, 28, 24, 15, 3 is a river in Europe. My 25, 15, 7, 4 is a mountain in Africa. My 30, 10, 22, 29, 3, 16 is a city in Asiatic Turkey. My whole may be found in Scripture. Sept. 20, 1862. M. DEWITT CLARK.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Two men were talking about their horses, when A said to B, if to my number of horses you add the square root of two times my number, increased by three times the square of your's diminished by 11, I shall have 7 more than two times your number diminished by the square of your's. Then B said to A if to three times my number of horses you add 7, then subtract your number, and then extract the square root of the remainder, it will be equal to the sum of our horses divided by the difference of them. How many had each? S. G. GAWLIN.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

I SREOMMIY mdare, yth ypnlaesa seemli Laiti no em yslwte ifal, Hyt steon fo elvo I yfytan rhae Yn emna ni sssaded llaq. I skom tiah utoh tar yllap Hwti yht laeng—epglau no, Tbu ym thra si yvre edeasno, Ot kntih tih thoo rat egno. Latonia Springs, Ky., 1862. MISS F. SANFORD.

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