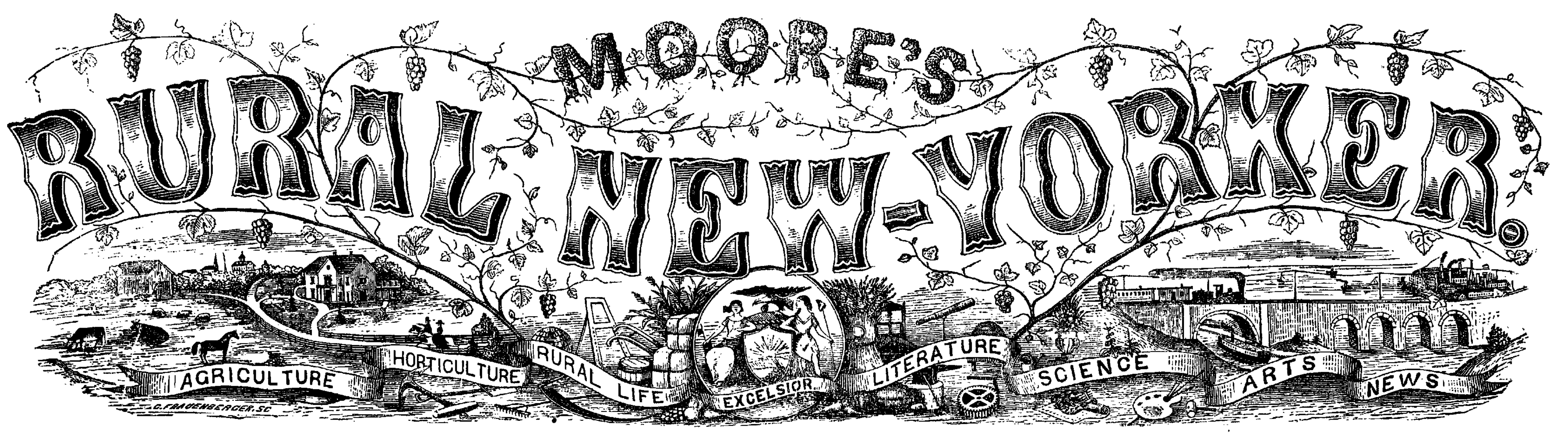


TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

VOL. XIV NO. 10.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863. {WHOLE NO. 686.

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.

TRENCHING AND SUBSOILING.

IT is common to use one term in place of the other, and improperly. Trenching is often called subsoiling. Experienced farmers often assert that they have tried subsoiling land, and instead of good effects following, the result seemed to indicate an injury. Not long since a farmer was detailing his experience, and asserted his disbelief in the good effects of subsoil plowing in very emphatic terms. He had tried it, and his crop had failed the season following every experiment. He was astonished when when we told him we did not believe he had ever used a subsoil plow in his life; he was slightly indignant. Did we believe he would lie about it? No, but he evidently did not know the difference between subsoil and trench plowing. We explained to him the difference, and he seemed satisfied that he knew much less about subsoil plowing than he thought he did.

This subject has been frequently brought to our notice; and, recently, we have had repeated inquiries as to the relative benefits of trench and subsoil plowing. We propose to indicate some of the advantages to be derived from each, and compare their effect upon soils and crops respectively.

I. *Trench plowing* is deep plowing, and turning the subsoil on the surface. It matters little what the character of the soil may be, (excepting light sandy soils, always,) trench plowing ought always to be done in the fall—especially if a stratum of soil is to be turned to the surface that has never been disturbed before. For one of the great benefits derived from trench plowing, is that resulting from the exposure of new soil to the influences of frost, light and heat, thus preparing it for the work of germination and production. It is more rarely the case that trench plowing in the spring results in an immediate increase of the crop. It is only on old and worn and very light soils that good effects follow spring trenching — we mean immediate effects. Where trench plowing is practiced in the spring, the farmer should by no means be too ambitious to plow deep. If he has been plowing four, six, or eight inches, he should by no means spasmodically double the depth because he has a new notion and a new plow. The depth should be gradually increased if the subsoil is to be turned to the surface. Two inches deeper, each year, is enough, and sometimes more than enough, with the trench plow in spring. Then the soil thus thrown to the surface should be thoroughly incorporated or mixed with the soil that has been exposed previous years. Trench plowing is beneficial to light soils underlaid with clay—to sandy soils that are too light—to soils containing a large proportion of *humus*—to old worn soils that have been plowed, cropped and manured a series of years. But trench plowing should be done, on stiff soils especially, in the fall; on light sandy soils it is better done in the spring.

2. *Subsoil plowing* differs from trench plowing in this respect,—the soil is loosened, and lifted, but not inverted. The subsoil plow may profitably follow the trench plow in the fall and spring. The use of the subsoil plow at any season of the year, does no damage to the soil, and never injures a crop. The ambitious farmer, who wants to plow twice as deep this year as he did last, should own a subsoil plow. He may then stir his land as deep as he pleases, with no danger that he will denounce the practice of deep plowing thereafter. He will not complain that the crop is lighter after than before he adopted deep culture. Subsoil plowing may be, as a rule, better done at the time of fall plowing, for the following reasons:

First, there is more time. In the spring the farmer is hurried, is perhaps short of help, and teams are otherwise employed. Doing double the usual labor on an acre of ground, to prepare it for a crop, is the rock on which many would-be progressive farmers split. They get impatient at the slow pace in which they get over the ground. The labor given to subsoiling does not appear on the surface until the crops begin to grow. There the work is buried out of sight. The farmer "can't see it." He sees the large area which he proposed to put in crops left untouched as the season wanes. He orders the subsoil plow to be stowed away, and the second team is put at the work of skimming the surface, as aforetime. That is the misstep—the result of waiting till the spring plowing to do the subsoiling. It does not get done—at least not the first year. But the season—especially if a dry one—will demonstrate where the farmer missed it. He will see the effect of the buried work, and if a wise man, will not order the subsoil plow to the barn the next season.

Second, the subsoiling in the fall is done with less hard labor for the team. In the spring, unless the soil is thoroughly underdrained, the water-line, at the time much of the plowing is done, is but little beneath the bed of the surface furrow. This renders the traveling difficult for the furrow horse attached to the surface plow, for he often is compelled to walk in the loosened soil, filled with water. If the fall plowing is done when it should be, no such condition of things exists.

Third, the fall subsoiling, especially on undrained soils, enables the soil to be worked much earlier in the spring than it could be otherwise. For the effect is to lower the water-line and render the surface dry. The surface soil is also in much better mechanical condition than if it had not been subsoiled. The aeration and pulverization which results during the winter following the subsoiling, is another important advantage gained by the fall plowing.

But if the subsoiling has been neglected, do not let what has been said, deter any one from setting about this work belonging to improved farming, this coming spring. Let the trench plow be used on the old soils, being content to plow *one inch* deeper with it. Plow *narrow* furrows. Then follow in the same furrow with the subsoil plow, stirring the soil six, or twelve, or more inches deeper, or as deep as you can or choose. This will be found good practice for all crops, but especially on ground intended for potatoes and corn, or any other hoed crop—cotton, tobacco, &c.

It is the practice of some farmers in the older States to turn over sward land late in spring and plant corn on it at once. It will often double the crop, to subsoil such land as fast as the sward is turned over. And sward land intended for potatoes, treated in the same manner, re-pays the labor with interest. The quantity of the product is increased, and its good quality insured.

Almost any good stubble plow may be converted into a trench plow by adding a third horse to the team and diminishing the width of the furrow-slice. Hence it is not necessary to buy these double plows, called subsoil plows. But it is necessary to purchase a subsoil plow. It is as distinct in character from the trench, or stubble, or breaking plow, as they are from the harrow. There is no substitute for it; and no farmer is doing himself justice, nor developing the resources of his farm as he may, who fails to own and use one.

REPOSE IN FARMING.

IT is RUSKIN, we believe, who regards repose as an element or index of power. He certainly deems it an essential in all works of art. But applied to agriculture, the reader will regard it anomalous. It may be; but, we believe, that must depend upon the mode of application.

It is proverbial that the men who exert the strongest influence among their fellows—who sway the popular mind—in whose judgment and language the public rely with confidence, are the most deliberate, cool, *reposeful* men in the community. And this class of farmers are usually successful. They give a good reason for what they do; they do nothing unless they have a clear, logical reason for doing it. When a plan is adopted, it is prosecuted with a persistence and power which conscious strength gives to purpose. The plan is as distinct and defined, and the results as clearly seen by the director, as if they had been already demonstrated.

But the nervous never stand still; consequently, on-the-go sort of a man, is usually as fickle and unreliable in character and results of his operations, as he is in his mental strength. He floats on the sea of circumstances. He yields to every impulse. He drifts into every current, and stands on every sandbar. He has no repose, no purpose, no strength, no success. He never finishes what he commences; never commences when he ought, and often begins when he ought not. And this quality of mind, or character, is fatal to the farmer. Such a man should cultivate repose. He should deliberate. He should seek the strength which comes of calculation. He should yield to no impulse until he can convince himself that he has a tangible reason for it. He should, to a certain extent, become skeptical of his own judgment, and strengthen it by quiet, discreet counsel from his fellow farmers, in whose judgment and experience he can rely.

A sober, second thought saves the farmer from loss of money and disappointment. And while we do not plead the cause of indolence or inaction, we do urge deliberation in all things.

ABOUT WOMEN FARMING.

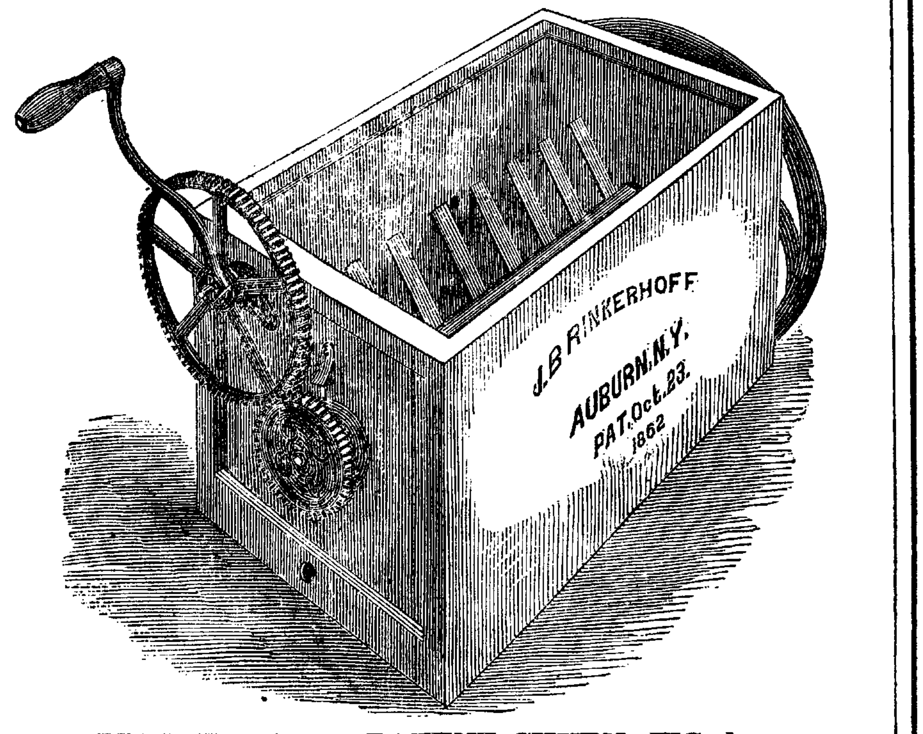
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of Nov. 15th, 1862, is a long letter from HENRY C. WRIGHT, who tells the readers of the RURAL that he is in the family of MARVIN and PAULINA ROBERTS; also that they are bringing up their daughters to farming, doing the work of the farm instead of men; also that they have worked at mechanical work on the house and cheese-house, &c. He then tells the amount of work done, also the price of their labor per month during the summer season. Mr. WRIGHT then says:—"Such are the labors of one mother and her daughters as farmers during this season;" also, that "over one million of men have gone and are going to the wars," and that "their wives, mothers, daughters, must grow the raw material for food and raiment, or suffer,"—that "health invites women to out-door employment, as gardeners, farmers, &c."

You will please allow me to demur to all the positions taken by Mr. WRIGHT, so far as farming is concerned as an occupation for woman. Continued out-door labor on the farm by a young girl, or woman, tends to lower her position in social life, not only in the eyes of those that witness it, but also in those that perform such labor. It degenerates the mind, and deforms rather than strengthens the body, when followed as a means of livelihood. Such, at least, has been the fact in instances which have passed under the observation of the writer, and the cases have been of sufficient number to form a pretty correct conclusion. In all savage and barbarous nations the women do all such work, and if historians tell us truly, their case is truly far from being enviable. Now, by returning again to that system, we shall most assuredly bring about the same results.

In the *Country Gentleman* for July 24th, page 61, is also a letter from H. C. WRIGHT, dated May 20th, 1862, in which he puts the ages of the daughters at 19, 15, 13 and 11, and the niece at 17. He then tells us what they have done; that the girl of 13 drove her own team and held the plow—that she had plowed one acre and a half that day, and adds, "these daughters have the care of their own teams." Now, Messrs. Editors, what do you think of a young girl of 13 plowing one acre and a half, (the usual day's work in plowing, as Mr. W. tells us in the letter referred to,) taking care of her own team, &c., each day, or to be dragging, while her sister older was sowing the grain? Will such employment elevate the soul, or will it not rather tend, as in all savage and barbarous nations, to depress and demoralize the ambition for that higher and nobler life that GOD has formed us capable of enjoying.

And here let it be understood, Mr. Editor, that I do not condemn all out-door employment, or exercise, for the females of this once happy but now suffering nation; far from it. But it is the drudgery spoken of, and eulogized by Mr. WRIGHT, that I do most emphatically wish to censure. That a female should be able to admire, and also to criticise, the proportions of a fine horse, his gait and action—to drive with judgment and good taste—to harness and unharness her horse, if need be, especially if a farmer's daughter, and to ride on horseback with ease and elegance, to bring out her own horse, and take him to the stable or pasture on her return—is all well and desirable; but that she should clean the stable, groom the horses, harness them, and then go to plowing, and that, too, as an everyday's business, for a livelihood, is asking too much of a good thing for a female to perform at the present age of the world. There are many things connected with farming that a female might perform without degradation to herself, if done as a matter of recreation, or in case of necessity, and perhaps with benefit to her health, if performed with moderation; but plowing and sowing grain, taking care of their teams, whether horses or oxen, I would not enumerate in the catalogue of labors to be performed by females. I am surprised that Mr. WRIGHT (if he is an American) should advocate such employment for the females of the State of New York. If it is correct to judge the future by the past, then it is also probably correct to judge the effects of out-door labor for the female by the same rule. I have said that in savage and barbarous nations the women were degraded by performing the out-door labor that should be performed by men. If we look to the nations that are civilized, we do not find it any better. Take a glance at the Asiatics—Chinese, if you please—and how does the situation of the female compare with that of this country? Are they debased and degraded to such a level as no person in this country would wish to see either wife or daughter? If we look to England, even, and take Mr. COLMAN'S description of the females that labor in the fields for a livelihood, do we find them such models as we, as Americans, would like our females to follow? Far from it; even Mr. WRIGHT himself would be disgusted with them. Are their females better educated, or more healthy, (I mean such as work on the farm at out-door labors for a living,) than the females in this country—that is, of the farmers' wives and daughters? Probably not, if the reports of suffering among the poor of England that reach us be true. I, for one, wish to see the females in all countries elevated to the proper standard that their Maker designed them for, as well as man.

That there are many callings which man monopolizes as much as possible, in which woman is well qualified to act, and fill, too, as well as man, there can be no doubt. I will cite *teaching*, for one. What a scramble there has



BRINKERHOFF'S PATENT CHURN—FIG. 1.

IN our last number (page 70,) we published a communication, and some editorial remarks, relative to a "New and Good Churn." We now give illustrations and a brief description of the churn, which was invented and tested last season, and subsequently patented by Mr. JACOB BRINKERHOFF, of Auburn, N. Y.

Our principal engraving (Fig. 1,) represents a perspective view of the churn, with the cover removed, thus showing a portion of the dasher-blades, or paddles. It also exhibits a combination of machinery, with crank at one end and balance wheel at the other. The dasher, (Fig. 2,) as will be seen by the engraving, is constructed of a series of blades, set radially in a shaft, or cylinder, extending the whole length of the churn. These blades are so arranged as to stir all the cream in the churn at each revolution—and not only agitate it thoroughly, but lift and throw it against the sides of the churn. In this thoroughness and completeness of agitation consists the great advantage of this improvement over the ordinary dash churn—not only in time, but in obtaining *all the butter* in the cream, from the fact that none of the latter is left undisturbed. The average time required in completing a churning with this churn is from 5 to 10 minutes. Fig. 3 represents the manner of hanging the balance wheel—a novel and very useful plan of mounting balance wheels, and one which will prove valuable wherever such wheels are necessary. This mode of mounting the balance wheel relieves the driving shaft of all strain except what is required to rotate the wheel, thereby obviating any leakage of the churn on account of the weight of the wheel.

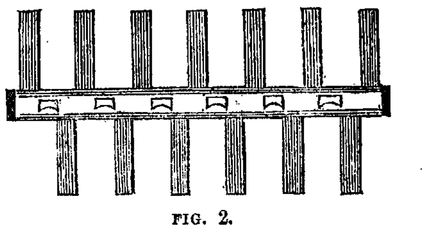


FIG. 2.

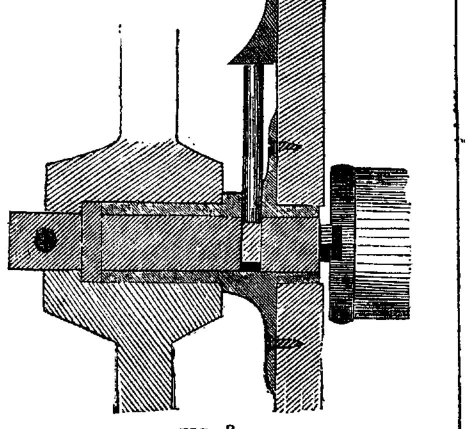


FIG. 3.

The inventor claims and has proved by experiment, to the satisfaction of all who have seen it operate, that this churn—on account of its mechanical construction and the thoroughness with which it agitates the cream—is more easily operated, completes its work in one-third to one-quarter the time, and produces butter of as good or better quality, and as large or larger quantity than the ordinary churn. This churn is very simple and durable in construction, and not liable to get out of order. It is as easily cleansed as is the common churn.

For further information relative to this churn see advertisement in our last number, or address the patentee as above.

been the past fall for *young men* to obtain schools to teach this winter! I will not say to avoid being drafted; oh, no, not they; but they so delighted to teach school, and, withal, it was so much easier than out-of-door labor. Now, why not teach such young men that there was out-door employment for them, that was both necessary to be done, and profitable for them to do, and let the females teach the schools. They could not say that there were not females enough for the work; neither dare they say they were not qualified and capable of teaching, for they knew full well that they were quite as well fitted, both by nature and education, as themselves, and would do as ample justice, to both parent and children, as they, and for *less pay*. There it is again—*less pay;* but why should a female teach for less pay than a male, if she teaches as well; and that she does, is an established fact. The cause is, simply, public opinion is not right on the subject. In any place where our daughters can perform the duties as well as our sons, they should get the same pay. It is an object worth laboring for, to correct abuses in all such matters; so that whether male or female render their services, the scale of payment should be equal in all cases.

American females can well employ a part of their time out-of-doors in cultivating flowers, or vegetables and fruits, in the garden—such as grapes, currants, &c.,—if they choose; and it would doubtless be beneficial to health, and promote vigor of constitution in those that engaged in such labors with moderation, or as a recreation from their household cares and perplexities.

In conclusion, Messrs. Editors, let one and all labor for the elevation of the females of this country, but not by sending them into the fields as plowmen, or into the stables to perform, the labors that are there required to be done; for in such labors, the world over, we have seen only degradation when it was performed by females, not only in savage, but in civilized and enlightened nations; also, the same results follow those that perform such labors for a livelihood. The writer has been cognizant of a number of American females that have performed farm work, such as raking and binding wheat in harvest time, and other harvest labors; but in every case where followed as a means of livelihood, they have sickened and died, or health has failed, and they are now suffering from their folly.

Rome, N. Y., Jan., 1863. J. TALCOTT.

SHEEP SHEDS, RACKS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—An inquiry was made in a recent number of your paper with regard to the best mode of constructing sheep sheds, racks, &c. As no reply has appeared, perhaps I might offer a few suggestions which will be of benefit.

With regard to the size of sheep houses, I believe it is a general rule that sheep require from 8 to 10 square feet of space per head, depending upon the size of the sheep. This will allow sufficient space for the racks. I have tried several kinds of racks and have at last found one which appears to be complete, and is so simple in construction that a farmer possessing the least mechanical skill can make one. It consists of four posts three feet long, and if made of 3 by 3 scantling, will be heavy enough. Two bottom boards one inch thick and ten or twelve wide, and two for the top, one inch thick and five or six wide. These boards are placed horizontally for the sides of the rack, and similar boards two feet long are nailed to the posts at the ends. The rack may be about twelve feet long, and two feet is a very suitable width. Upon these horizontal boards are nailed uprights, six inches wide, and placed six inches apart. This makes a cheap, portable rack which we like in every respect.

We tried the common box rack, made similar to this one, except the upright slats, which are omitted, and the horizontal boards are placed about eight inches apart, so as to permit the sheep to pass their heads between them. To this rack there are two objections. The sheep *crowd* each other, and rub the wool off the tops of their necks, by pushing into the rack as far as possible.

Stationary racks made with rounds about an inch in diameter, and placed about six inches apart, are frequently to be seen, but they require too much labor in construction, and do not prevent crowding; and *stationary* racks we have discarded, for if you cannot move the racks you must move the manure from the shed after it accumulates to the depth of six or eight inches. Slats about three inches wide are sometimes used, but these do not prevent crowding. An ordinary, full-grown Merino requires about a foot of space at the rack to eat with comfort, and six inch slats, with six inch spaces, we think about right. We also have two of the GEDDES' racks, and they answer very well on one account; we have a few ewes with horns too wide to pass between the six inch spaces in the other racks, but they can eat comfortably at the GEDDES' racks; but they are too heavy to move conveniently, require too much labor in construction, and they do not prevent crowding. Sheep appear to prefer a rack where they can thrust their heads into the hay, and we have noticed they choose to eat at our racks with slats rather than at the GEDDES' racks, for at the latter, not being able to thrust the nose in very far, they must eat that which comes first, and we often find them half full of hay when the other racks are entirely empty.

With regard to the doors of sheep houses, we prefer those which are double—divided horizontally in the middle, which will permit the upper part to be open in pleasant weather, for ventilation. Gates or doors made of slats we do not like, as they do not exclude the storms.

One of our sheep houses is built against the east side of a barn, and is 20 by 32 feet, with a story for sheep seven feet high, and a hay loft above. In this we are wintering 65 ewes. Gave them all the straw they would eat, and from four to six sheaves of oats per day until the first of February. Since then have given them good clover hay and no grain. They are doing finely. Within a few feet of one of the doors is a trough of water, and when it is stormy, water is pumped into the sheep house for them. There are double doors on the north, east and south sides, so that *one* of the upper doors can generally be open. *Very* stormy, cold weather, we shut all up, as there is ample means of ventilation through a large funnel.

I was glad to see another letter from JOHN JOHNSTON in the last RURAL. May he yet live long and enjoy good health, and continue to tell us of the different lots of cattle and sheep he has fed, land he has drained, and heavy crops he has raised. He teaches invaluable lessons, and he deals with *facts*. We have all the letters of his that we have seen in print for the past seven years, preserved in our bound agricultural papers, or in our agricultural scrap-book. He, as well as many others of the better class of farmers, sows a great deal of plaster. We tried it last spring, but it wouldn't go where we wanted it to; it all appeared to get up and go nowhere. How do you prevent the wind from carrying it away, even when there appears to be scarcely a breeze? Will some one who knows, be so kind as to answer, and oblige TYRO LINGO.

Columbiana Co., Oho, Feb., 1863.

IMPROVEMENT OF EXHAUSTED SOILS.

HOWLAND, of Cayuga Co., inquires if I will tell how the large tract of poor land a few miles from my residence was so greatly enriched.

It is my opinion—perhaps this opinion is at present only an hypothesis, not even entitled to the name of theory—that this land was not originally *very poor;* nor was it, by the skill of man, *greatly enriched*. Developed, perhaps, would be a good term for the improvement which has led to so great a change in the appreciation of its value. I think that if land is so poor, or so worn out, that the farmer must first apply to the soil the elements of twenty bushels of wheat, or 50 bushels of corn, or 200 bushels of potatoes, per acre, before he obtains these returns, that said farmer, and his wife and little ones, will starve before he can accomplish so great a task. What say the few facts lately presented in the RURAL? A little guano, then plaster and clover, and skillful cultivation, with judicious rotation, raises the Virginia plantation from almost nothing to a fair average of productiveness. A single bushel of unleached ashes spread over a square rod of New Jerseys' worn out sand, almost retrieves the abstractions of a century. And Mr. COMSTOCK's sandy purchase—"about as barren as could well be imagined"—with the aid of plaster and clover, yields the first year 18 bushels of oats, second year about two tuns of hay, and the third year 20 bushels of wheat per acre, and that, too, before what he terms manure was applied. Again, LOUIS SCHADE—*vide* Patent Office Report for 1861, page 370—tells us on the authority of Russian agriculturists, that by the use of lupine, (a fertilizer said to be superior to clover,) "large estates which, on account of light, sandy or exhausted lands were *almost worthless*, are now, by the cultivation of the lupine, producing in value *as much* as those of the best soil!" Do not these facts throw much light on a subject of deep interest to the farmer? I beg that we have more facts. Facts to overturn—if such there are—as well as to establish the conclusions to which those I have instances lead.

And now I will endeavor to answer HOWLAND's inquiry. The farmers of the tract in question, excepting plaster and clover seed, have had no aid but their own resources. Neither marl, muck, lime nor guano have been used by them. Drainage, clover, gypsum and cultivation, with the manure of their barn yards have made these farms out of the wilderness. I may add, what I have before stated in the RURAL, that this part of Northern Ohio—which borders on the eastern limits of the prairie region—before the advent of the white man was annually, every fall, burned over by the Indians. The effect of this annual burning was that the forest was almost without underbrush, and while the deep soil of the prairies and intervales was fertile when first upturned by the plow, the light thin soil of the upland was at first not very productive. It was burned out, instead of being worn out. With the extinguishment of the Indian fires this land began to improve, and this improvement progressed whether the land was in forest, in grass, or in a state of cultivation—most, of course, where the cultivation was skillful.

One more fact:—The farmer on the deep black prairie soil had nothing to do but plow, plant, keep down the weeds, and gather in his luxuriant harvests; and so continued to do, without being for years reminded that he was killing the goose that lays the golden eggs; yet the cultivators of the *thin, poor* soils, entering on their task years later, now make a better showing of buildings, fences, orchards, school houses, and all the evidences of success. PETER HATHAWAY.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1863.

CORN AND FLAX.

FARMERS of the Free States, this year is the one to plant corn and sow flax. The very light corn crop of last year, together with the almost failure of the oat crop, created such a demand for corn that the country is now nearly exhausted of it. It is now selling for a good round price, with a fair probability of its fetching more before the year is up than it has for the last thirty years. These considerations should be sufficient to arouse every farmer to vigilance and activity on the corn question—to put in a large crop, *and see that it is put in well*. Let not the last three years of discouragement in corn-raising hinder you from making good amends this year. The very light crop of last year, with the ruinously low prices of the two previous ones, has compelled a great many farmers to turn their attention to something else. But hold! These are but circumstances which never should control farmers. Remember what NAPOLEON said to his engineers on their return from exploring a pass up which the Alps might be scaled:—"Sirs, what is your report?" "We find, Sir, that the passage may be possible, but the circumstances are against us." "Circumstances! I make the circumstances. Let the army advance." So let the farming hosts advance; trampling under their feet every circumstance that can oppose.

FLAX.—It is astonishing to see the apathy among farmers about raising flax. Raw cotton has advanced to about nine times its common value, with a corresponding advance in its manufacture, and allowing the fabric to follow suit, we shall soon be paying from 90 cents to $1 per yard. However differently others can get along, one thing is certain, and that is, farmers' families must have shirts and sheets, let them cost what they may. So, then, there are three things, from one of which, to the farmer, there is no escape, viz.:—He has got to pay the high price, raise his flax, or let his family go naked. It is no longer an experiment, but a fact, that flax can be worked on cotton machinery, and that it can be mixed with cotton or wool in any desired proportion; and if I am not misinformed the straw of the flax can be dressed with as little difficulty as clover seed can be threshed and hulled. But no matter if it cannot—it can be worked the old way at a cost not exceeding 25 cents per yard—and who would not rejoice to see the worthy mothers of thirty years ago now learning their grand-daughters to handle the distaff and cards, and hear the hum of little wheels again?—music that has lulled many a little, unlucky wight to sleep after having put his fingers into the smooth-looking yet remorselessly tearing flyers.

If the testimony of those who have tried the business be correct, then there can be no better paying crop raised—especially when the seed is selling, as it now is in this locality, at $2.50 per bushel for the best. A yield of ten bushels of seed per acre at $2.50—$25—and 1½ tuns of straw at $10 per tun—$15—which is $40 per acre; and this being almost equal to summer-fallowing for a crop of winter wheat, ought to, at least, vindicate its profitableness. Flax-dressing mills will, so soon as there is a demand for them, become as plenty all over the country as Sorghum mills now are. Farmers, don't flatter yourselves that the war is going to close and things become cheap again as they were. The war is not going to close at all until the rebels are most thoroughly squelched, let it require one year, or fifty. We are now simply going in for war; but must prepare ourselves to go in for pestilence and famine also, if necessary, or for the calamities attendant upon them. To say that 20,000,000 of white folks, beside some *niggers*, can't whip 350,000 traitorous slaveholders, is to abuse "Brother JONATHAN" most shamefully. Now, farmers, let flax be the motto, and let there be seen from one to ten acres growing on every farm, and as much more as you have a mind to.

Haskins, Wood Co., O., Feb., 1863. W. L. CURTIS.

RECLAIMING MARSHES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The question is frequently asked by farmers in the West, "How can we most effectively reclaim our marshes?" A very natural question this, and one of vast importance to him who has 75 or 100 acres nearly submerged by water, or if by chance when the season proves dry, he finds it grown up to flags, cane brakes and the very coarsest, poorest kind of marsh grass, and the surface so completely covered with huge bogs as to render it unsafe to attempt, if not quite impossible to secure, the imperfect herbage grown upon it. Such was the condition of about 50 acres of my farm thirteen years ago. A part of it was a complete quagmire, unsafe at certain seasons for an individual to attempt to walk over it. *Now* I raise on it the best red top and timothy. I use my reaper, horse-rake and wagons with ease and safety, and what was then my greatest nuisance is now the most valuable land I own.

My plan of reclaiming it was very simple:—First, I surrounded it with a ditch 3 feet in width, and about 2½ in depth, forming, on the inside, a mound from the excavated earth which answered for a fence. The springs and surface water being thus cut off the quality of the grass began to improve rapidly. The canes and flags ceased to grow, the high bogs, formed by the roots of the latter, began to lessen as these roots decayed for want of nourishment. The marsh became so improved in four or five years that I could pass over it with my team. I then fitted up a large harrow with sharp teeth, lashed to it some 150 lbs., hitched on two stout yoke of oxen, driving two or three times in the same place. After thus going over half of my marsh I scattered on red top and timothy seed. I then cross-dragged with light harrows. Last of all I used a heavy roller, taking particular pains to adjust all large bogs that were not sufficiently pulverized into the little hollows in the adjoining neighborhood. The pleasure and ease I have experienced the past few years in securing my hay, to say nothing of the profit, has doubly repaid me for all the expense and trouble. "Go thou and do likewise."

Fox Lake, Dodge Co., Wis. C. B. HAWES.

SUGAR CANE.—MAKING SIRUP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In reading your paper the few weeks that I have been taking it I find there is but a little said (and that little is reports of Conventions,) about Sugar Cane. This I consider wrong.* We can have the experience of men about raising oats, corn, and potatoes, which we are well acquainted with, and scarcely anything said about cane, a crop that is worth two, three and four times as much as the common crops raised on the farm, and one which we ought to raise as long as we use sweetening. I have raised the cane for several years, but not to any amount until the last two years. Year before last I raised two acres, from which I made three hundred and twenty gallons of molasses and the same amount for my neighbors, for eighteen pence per gallon, with a mill made by WM. H. CLARK, of Cincinnati, and COOK'S Evaporator. Last year I raised about the same, and made for myself and neighbors fifteen hundred gallons. I charged twenty cents for making this year, or one half of the molasses, but the one half I did not get, with the exception of one barrel; the rest paid for making and are well pleased with it, as it is as good as any Southern molasses which can be bought in this State for six shillings per gallon. My mill, which is for two horses, cost seventy-five dollars at the shop, and my evaporator, which is copper, forty-five inches wide and one hundred and eight inches long, cost $81.00. I hope that the readers of the RURAL, who have had experience in molasses-making from the cane, will write it out and send it to you, so that we can get each others' views, and help to induce every man to think that it is for his interest to raise his own sweetening as much as it is to raise his own pork. ALMON MALTBY.

Green Oak, Livingston Co., Mich., Feb., 1863.

* We should be glad to have Mr. M.'s assistance in editing the RURAL, but fear, from his remarks, that he might prove a one idea man. If he had read the RURAL a few years, instead of weeks, his criticism might, possibly, have been omitted. The culture of Chinese Sugar Cane has often been urged in former volumes, and many practical articles given thereupon—and, like the Ledger's stories, the subject is "to be continued."

ABOUT WASHING SHEEP.

FRIEND MOORE:—I notice in your issue of the 14th inst., an article from Mr. SOLOMON HITCHCOCK, of Conesus, upon the subject of washing wool on the sheep, alluding in particular to the proceedings of the Vermont Wool Growers' Convention; and the gentleman wishes to know what the difference is in expense in preparing for manufacturing wool that has been washed on the sheep and that which is unwashed. As I have had some experience in manufacturing, I would answer the inquiry by saying that the manufacturer cleanses or washes his wool before working, whether it has been washed on the sheep or not. The difference in expense is trifling, and I would as soon have unwashed wool as washed, at a deduction of 25 to 33 per cent.

But there are one or two other points to be considered. One is, the most of our wool is subject to shipment, and as freights are dear, dirt and grease make quite an item. Second—A good shearer will shear three washed sheep to two unwashed. But I will admit that there would, no doubt, be more uniformity with regard to the condition of wool if it was sheared without washing, as some growers are very careful about keeping their sheep in the water long, say not over one minute, when one more minute would be sufficient to thoroughly wash the fleece. Buyers, of course, expect to take the wool as the grower prepared it, and pay according to its condition.

Hinsdale, N. Y., Feb., 1863. N. NOURSE.

PRESERVING POTATOES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In No. 5, current volume of RURAL, I find an article from the Germantown *Telegraph* on preserving potatoes. Very much the same thing I read a short time ago in one of my New York papers, without its making any very great impression on my mind; but when I find it in my favorite RURAL, I feel like "speaking right out bold in meetin'." When a man says it is the thawing, and not the freezing, of potatoes, that injures them, I think his reasoning about like the Irishman's when he fell in the river, who said "the drowning did not hurt him much, but it was the coming too again that kilt him entirely." Now, I deny the assertion that potatoes can be buried so as to freeze and thaw out again without injury. I admit that the frost may be drawn out in cold water, so that if the potato is immediately cooked, it can be eaten; and also that apples, turnips, and many other vegetables, may be lightly buried, and if allowed to remain until the frost is out in the spring, will come out all right; but I have seen too many potatoes taken out in the spring, to believe the same is true of them. Mr. *Telegraph* also gives instructions to keep them from sprouting. If he, or any one else, is troubled with frozen potatoes sprouting, they must have a kind that is not known in this country. I would say, for the benefit of Mr. *Telegraph*, and all others who like potatoes that have been frozen in the holes, and the frost drawn out gradually by the rains and sun of spring, that they can buy all such in these parts for about two cents per bushel.

Tioga, N. Y., 1863. O. P. FORD.

Inquiries and Answers.

IMPHEE CANE SEED.—Will you please inform me thro' the columns of the RURAL where I can obtain the Imphee cane seed? By so doing you will oblige a subscriber.—JAS. WELCH, *Harlem, Ohio.*

See advertisements of BLYMYERS, BATES & DAY, of Mansfield, O., in our issue of 21st ultimo.

SWEET POTATOES FOR SPROUTING.—Can any one inform me, through the RURAL, where I can get sweet potatoes for sprouting purposes next spring? I design sprouting fifty bushels if they can be had. An answer would greatly oblige—M. M., *Verona, Ill.*

Those having tubers or plants ready for setting usually advertise in the RURAL at the proper season, and we presume they will this spring. The best advice we can give you at present is to watch the advertising departments of the agricultural papers.

HOW TO SUBDUE BLUE OR JUNE GRASS.—Seeing that you permit your subscribers to inquire in your excellent RURAL about what interests them, I wish to ask you or your readers the best way to subdue Blue or June Grass—whether in summer fallowing to plow and then cultivate on the top, or to cross plow and turn the roots up to the sun.—ISAAC BELLES, *Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y.*

A practical farmer at our elbow says the best course is to plow as deep as you can and make a good job of it, and then summer fallow, using the cultivator thoroughly through the dry season. It will then be in good condition for plowing for wheat. In case you wish to raise a crop the coming season, plow thoroughly, cultivate well, plant to corn, and give good after culture. You can follow with winter wheat or rye, and seed to clover or timothy.

A GOOD HAND-DRILL WANTED.—I wish to obtain a hand-drill, for sowing onion, turnip, carrot and beet seed. Can some of the readers of the RURAL inform me where I can buy one that will do the work perfectly and the expense of it?—M. H. KELSEY, *South Butler, N. Y.*

Manufacturers and dealers are the men to answer above, and they will, by advertisement, if they understand their *interest.*

SALT AND WATER FOR HOGS AND CATTLE.—For the encouragement of "YOUNG FARMER, Elgin, Ill.," to persevere in well doing, I send the following:—In the fall of '62 we fattened eighteen hogs, old and young, the pigs averaging near 300, and the old ones (at a year and a-half,) a little over 400 pounds each, dressed. We began by feeding potatoes and peas boiled together, (peas enough to take up the potato water,) on which they thrived wonderfully. When they failed we changed to corn meal wet, and corn in the ear, with water handy, of which they could drink at convenience; but they soon became gaunt and ate but little. Something must be done. I took everything away and put a little gruel in the troughs, and made it pretty salt. At the end of two days I added a little more, and then kept on till their daily allowance was eighteen pails of water, about three good handfulls of salt, and about one hundred and twenty quarts of old corn meal. So much for salt and water for hogs.

Last fall we had an animal that defied every attempt to fatten him. He would take no hearty food except in the most moderate allowances, leaving soft corn for pumpkins, picking apples out of his meal when fed together, and utterly refusing to eat any of it when I mashed the apples so that he could not sort it. So I tried salt and water and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him eat (with four pails of water and a handfull of salt,) fourteen quarts of meal, daily, with "lots" of hay. I gave him a peck one night, by way of experiment, but he did not want any breakfast next morning; so I waited for him to come to his appetite again, which he did in thirty-six hours.—F. EWER, *Mendon Center, N. Y., Feb.* 16, 1863.

Rural Notes and Items.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE.—Last week the President communicated to Congress the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, with the accompanying matter for the general Agricultural Report for 1862. A Washington letter says that, "from a cursory examination of subjects and names of contributors, it is believed to be a report of great value to the agriculture of the country, which valuable matter has been prepared in the Department. The chemical report of Prof. WETTELL embraces important analyses: A report of the Superintendent of the Propagating Garden gives a view of current experiments in practical botany. The statistical tables comprise an aggregate of the various agricultural productions; the aggregate productions of the loyal States; estimates from an original system of collecting trustworthy information of the acreage, average yield and home value of the principal crops, and statements of the agricultural exports of the last six years, with those of the thirty years previous, in periods of five years each, arranged for comparison and analysis. Among the articles prepared in the Department are essays on the Culture of Cotton and Tobacco and Flax, and an exhaustive compendium of facts illustrating the present condition and future prospects of Sheep Husbandry in the United States, embracing a brief statistical and historical view of our Woolen Manufactures." The contributors embrace several gentlemen of considerable practical experience and scientific attainments, and we trust the volume will be a vast improvement upon the Patent Office Reports heretofore issued. Among the articles are: The International Exhibition of 1862, Agriculture of Maine, the Wheat Plant, Wheat-Growing in New Hampshire, Sorghum Culture, Shelter and Protection of Orchards, Frost, Entomology of Grapes, Wild Flowers, Sweet Potatoes, Maple Sugar, Poultry, production of Milk, Beef and Pork, Stall-Feeding of Cattle, Kerry Cattle, Preservation of Food, Timber on the Prairies, Flax Cotton, Ailanthus, Silk Worm, Farm Implements, Manufacture of Flour, Coal Oil, Marble of Rutland County, Health of Farmers and their Wives, &c.

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

— We re-publish the above from our last volume for the information of the large number of Western people who have recently joined the "RURAL BRIGADE," and to refresh the memories of old subscribers.

A NEW POTATO.—A member of the Belgian Central Society of Agriculture has recommended to the attention of the Society a new variety of the potato, which is remarkable in the triple point of view of flavor, abundance, and facility of preservation. It appears to be a variety of what is called *chardon* in Belgium. Its stalk grows to the height of 12 in., and throws out many branches. The blossom is of a pale violet color, and produces no fruit. A field of one acre of third-class quality, lightly manured, produced 22,000 kilogrammes of sound potatoes. The neighboring farmers were astonished not only at the enormous produce, but at the absence of any unsound potato. The crop was dug out on the 12th of October.

A SAFE PURCHASING AGENT IN NEW YORK.—We take pleasure in referring, without solicitation, to the advertisement of Mr. SIBERIA OTT, who has recently established a Depot for the sale of the celebrated BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co. Piano Fortes, in New York, and who also offers his services as a general Purchasing and Information Agent. Our business acquaintance with Mr. OTT is such that we can confidently commend him as eminently reliable—just the man to transact business for strangers with promptness and fidelity. We trust he will achieve marked success in an enterprise for the prosecution of which he possesses admirable qualifications.

LA TOURRETTE'S DRAIN TILE MACHINE.—We have heretofore commended the Drain Tile Machine manufactured by A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., of Waterloo, N. Y., and given the results of its operations during trials which we have witnessed. It is a great labor-saving invention, and probably the best machine for the purpose in the country. As will be seen by reference to advertisement in this paper, the N. Y. State Agricultural Society indorses Mr. LA TOURRETTE's machine in the strongest terms.

Horticultural.

THE PEACH CROP.

A GOOD deal of anxiety is always felt about the peach crop at this season of the year, and sometimes the fears of cultivators are published for facts, much to the alarm of peach growers, and all lovers of this delicious fruit. It is impossible to state just the amount of cold the peach bud will endure without injury, but it is generally believed that from twelve to eighteen degrees below zero will kill the blossom buds. This, however, depends a good deal upon the condition of the tree, and when the wood is well ripened the previous fall, and the cold has been somewhat regular, without much warm, sunny weather, eighteen degrees below will not prove injurious. One of the finest crops of peaches we have ever known in Western New York, succeeded a winter in which the thermometer fell to about twenty degrees below zero. We have had so much warm weather the present winter that peach growers have feared the effects of even moderately cold weather, and we now begin to receive reports from several localities that the buds are destroyed and the hopes of a crop blasted. The following is from a friend in West Macedon:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Again are we doomed for another barren year of peaches in this locality. I observed with much anxiety about the 1st of February that the fruit buds were unseasonably large. I examined many at that time, and gave it as my opinion that in their then state of forwardness they could not survive a temperature of *one degree* below zero. Since that time the mercury has fallen, in this part of fruitdom, much below that mark; and on a recent examination I am well satisfied that the *peaches are killed for this year*. Sorry am I to prophesy such a great calamity, and shall rejoice with thousands if the prophecy shall prove false.—B.

In some localities, and particularly in the eastern counties of Western New York, where the cold has been more severe than here, the peach buds may have been destroyed, but we have yet hopes of a fair peach crop the coming season. The following is from H. N. LANGWORTHY, one of the oldest peach growers in this section. His observations are always carefully made, but it seems singular that the *Early Crawford*, that has always proved extremely hardy, and more so than most other varieties, should have suffered the worst. Perhaps they were more exposed:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Made a thorough examination of the peach buds this 24th inst., in this locality. Find all the different varieties of the peach buds to be sufficiently sound to warrant the hope of a very fair crop, with the exception of the Early Crawford, which is very badly killed.—H. N. L., *Greece, Mon. Co., N. Y., Feb.*, '63.

We are expecting reports from several other localities, and in our next issue hope to be able to quiet the fears of the lovers of the most delicious fruit which a kind Providence has provided for our enjoyment.

MISSOURI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

"ROCHESTER TREES."

THE State Horticultural Society of Missouri commenced their Winter Discussions at the Court House, in the city of St. Louis, on Tuesday, January 13th, and adjourned Friday evening, after a very interesting session of four days, Dr. C. W. SPALDING presiding. Several very interesting and instructive essays were read; one by Dr. JOHN A. WARDER, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the subject of "*Propagation*," full of the "Poetry of the Vegetable World," and when published, should be read by every Horticulturist in the land. The essay of GEO. HUSMANN, of Hermann, Mo., who seems to be acknowledged here as the *authority* in all matters of vineyard culture, on the general subject of "Grapes," will also be found worthy a perusal. That also of WILLIAM MUIR, of Melrose, Mo., on the subject of "Pears," will interest all cultivators of that luscious fruit.

J. KNOX, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., added much to the interest of the session by his presence, entering promptly and ably into the discussions of the several varieties of fruit recommended for "Profit" and for "Taste," the best methods of Propagation, Planting, Cultivation, Pruning, &c., of the selection and preparation of ground, Insects and Diseases, and all other matters that came up.

Strawberries, Grapes, and other small fruits, are a *specialty* with Mr. KNOX; and the Triomphe de Gand Strawberry, and the Concord Grape, are decidedly his *pets*. More money in these, according to his notion, than in all other fruits combined.

The great wine grape of the country, Catawba, was generally *condemned* in the discussions, decidedly by Mr. HUSMANN and other Missouri growers, and Norton's Virginia recommended to supply its place. The Cincinnati representatives however, defended the merits of the Catawba for "old acquaintance sake," and persisted that, out of twenty or thirty samples upon the table, the Catawba was the only "wine."

Much was said, as usual, about the merits of Western trees, and the demerits of Eastern, or "Rochester Trees," and this is the main subject we wish to get at. It has become a notorious fact, that the people of the West who attend Horticultural meetings, and have most to say on such occasions, are nurserymen; the editors of our Western Horticultural journals are nurserymen; and their principal contributors or correspondents are either nurserymen, or those who patronize them to the exclusion of all others. Of course, this class of fruit-growers, amateurs and nurserymen, do and will say and do every thing they can in favor of the superior merits of Western, over Eastern trees and plants. Thus it is that Eastern, or "Rochester Trees," have come to be so universally condemned throughout the West. "Rochester Trees" have come to be regarded almost a *by-word* and a *contempt* in Missouri. You can now hardly give away a "Rochester Tree" in any section of the State. There is one other reason for this, namely:—A few years since Rochester was looked upon throughout the West as *General Headquarters*, in all matters of fruit culture. No other trees or plants would sell but those from Rochester Nurseries. The business became immense, and profitable. Hundreds throughout Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, went into it, many of them sending out irresponsible and unprincipled agents and peddlers, who, learning by experience that "Rochester Trees" would sell much more readily than others, and for better prices, soon learned how to deceive their customers. They would procure catalogues and handsome plates from the Rochester dealers, scour the whole country taking orders, passing for Rochester agents. When they came to *delivering* and *filling* their contracts, they would go to St. Louis, Toledo, Cincinnati, Bloomington, Columbus, or some other convenient point, contract for a *refuse* lot at two to five cents per tree, regardless of variety, then nicely label them and pack them to suit their orders, and palm them off upon their customers, at 25, 30 and 50 cents apiece, as first-class "Rochester Trees," warranted true to name. Is it any wonder that "Rochester Trees" should fall into disrepute under the practice of such impositions for a series of years in succession, through the same neighborhoods, and often upon the same individuals? The result was quite natural. Rochester, in time, lost its fair name and reputation, and Western nurserymen are but too willing the people of the West shall continue to labor under this delusion.

We speak advisedly. We speak from experience. We know these are the facts. We have never allowed ourselves to be humbugged by these Western sharpers. We believe that "Rochester Trees," *real*, *genuine* Rochester Trees, such as Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, and a half-dozen other firms, are prepared to furnish their customers, are the best trees in the world. We have planted "Rochester Trees," those we know were *genuine*, with far better success than with any other. We have planted over five thousand "Rochester Trees," vines and plants, within the last three or four years, while others have totally discarded the article. We have never lost, by disease, insects, or any other cause, more than one per cent. Out of a thousand or twelve hundred apple trees, not more than ten or a dozen are missing, and those more from injuries by rabbits, or other casualties, than from any defect in the tree.

The same remark holds good with peaches, of which we have about the same number, growing finely. We have planted about twenty-three hundred Dwarf Pear trees, also procured from Rochester, and not more than eight or ten dead ones can be found in the entire lot, most of them growing vigorously. As for plums and cherries, I do not remember we have ever lost one. We have planted largely of grapes, with equal success, vines procured from Rochester. We have also procured apricots, blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries, in considerable quantities, from the same source, and with the most satisfactory results.

Our trees, grape vines, and plants of every kind, are vigorous and healthy, and coming into bearing early. The result of all our experience is decidedly in *favor* of "Rochester Trees" over *all* others; and when we inform our readers that we have no personal acquaintance with Rochester dealers, no interest in any nursery whatever, either Western or Eastern, our judgment, views and experience in the premises must be considered impartial and disinterested; having only the common desire to do justice to our Rochester friends, who have thus been brought innocently into disrespect abroad, and to re-assure our Western friends that genuine, first-class "Rochester Trees" are as good as any other, and will grow luxuriantly in any part of Missouri, with reasonable care and cultivation. C. W.

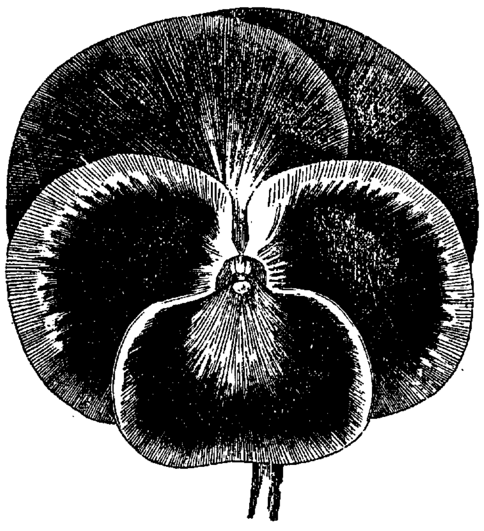
MELONS, &c.—MIXING SEED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have noticed occasional remarks as to the blending of melons, squashes and other species, and of the mixing of the varieties belonging to the Cucumis family, with complaints of the consequent difficulty of preserving the purity of the seed of any estimable varieties. The Cucumis family belongs to the Class *Monœcia*, Order *Monadelphia*, having stamniferous and pistillate indistinct flowers, but on the same plant. The fruit of this or of any other tree or plant never sets until after the pistillate flower has fully expanded, and has been impregnated by the pollen disseminated by the male, or staminiferous flowers. Nature is all order and harmony, and never varies beyond limited bonds, although the stupid teachings of men have so misrepresented. The female flower of any of the Cucumis family has the rudiment of the fruit attached; but if that flower is not impregnated, the rudiment is never matured. Different varieties, and even some such as have been deemed species, do blend sexually, and it is, therefore, indispensably necessary that varieties of the same species be grown so far apart, (where the object is to save pure seed,) that neither the winds, nor the bees, nor sexual magnetic attraction, can carry the pollen from the one plant to the other. WM. R. PRINCE.

Flushing, N. Y., 1863.

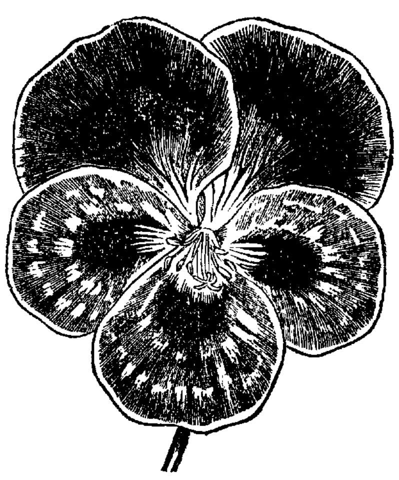
THE PANSY.

THE Pansy is one of the most interesting and beautiful flowers we have in cultivation. It has long been popular in Europe, where exhibitions of this flower alone are often held. It has not been popular here, and it is only occasionally that poor specimens are seen in our gardens. The reasons for this are our hot summers, and want of knowledge of the best manner to overcome the difficulties of climate. The Pansy flowers best in the cool, moist climate of England, but suffers during our hot, dry summers, and the flowers become small and insignificant. This being the case, we have taken but little pains to obtain seeds or plants of the best varieties. In another column we give an inquiry from a lady for information on Pansy culture, which we purpose to give here as briefly as possible.



THE ENGLISH PANSY.

Obtain seeds of the best kinds, as others are unworthy of culture. The seeds may be sown on the open ground as soon as possible in the spring, or in the hot-bed or cold frame, to be transplanted as soon as possible. The soil for the Pansy should be deep and rather cool. Rotted sods, mixed with cow manure, is an excellent preparation, and will grow this flower to perfection. If the bed can be shaded a little from the hottest noon-day sun, the flowers will be better. Flowers will appear when the plants are quite small, and will continue to improve until the hot, dry weather of midsummer, when, unless kept well watered, they will become small. As soon as the cool nights of fall and the autumn rains commence, the plants will make a new growth, and continue to bloom well until covered with snow. In the spring they will be the first to show their blossoms, and during a mild winter flowers may be occasionally gathered. There has been scarcely a week this winter that we could not obtain a very fair cluster of Pansy flowers from our bed out-doors. The plants require no protection, but a few leaves scattered lightly over them is little trouble and considerable advantage.



THE GERMAN PANSY.

The German varieties are not as large as the English, and many of them would not be considered fit for show flowers, yet they exhibit a greater variety of coloring, and are really beautiful. They are striped, blotched and mottled, and there is one very pretty sort with a white edge, like the fancy geraniums. They appear to be more hardy, and of a more dwarf and compact growth than do those of the English sorts.

Our engravings show the German Pansy, as grown here last summer with quite ordinary treatment, and the English, taken from a colored plate received from London.

MY FUCHSIA SECRETS.

BY AN EAR DROP.

BESIDES my pits and frames, I have but one little greenhouse; but I love flowers, for all my limited means, and would as soon be without sugar in my morning's coffee, as without my morning's stroll through my little plant house. Of all my flowers I love the FUCHSIA best, and I tell this to all my friends. They say because I have such success in growing it,—I say because of its intrinsic claim to my regard. Thus we differ. A fair daughter of Eve insists that I shall tell her the secret of my success. What is worse, she says, or rather *orders* it, to be given through the *Monthly*. I must obey. She is a lovely girl. I know Samson's fate awaits me. The house—your house—the bricks of which your experienced correspondents form—will fall about my ears, and I shall be annihilated. Still it is sweet to fall by so fair a cause. She will weep I know at my literary death. A floral Cleopatra, she may even die herself for her Mad Antony.

But I must insist I love the Fuchsia for its beauties. Your myrtle, your bay, your laurel, with which you would coronet the brows of your warriors, your poets or your philosophers, have not so glossy a green, so perfect an outline in its foliage, as the meanest of my Fuchsias. Its habit is as dignified and as stately as any plant that grows; and this I will assert though you point me to the most Royal palm, or the Queen of water lilies—the Victoria Regia herself. And as for elegance, what can excel it? Strong and vigorous, yet slenderly drooping; while it asserts its independence it courts you with modesty. It does not affect prudishness, nor does it disdain the gaieties of color. Yet it does not thrust its brilliant hues upon you,—nor make a show of its innocent love of fashion, even to the imitation of the modern taste for expanding garments, as the variety La Crinoline fully attests; for if you would see it in all its genuine loveliness, you have to seek it in the retirement of its expanded foliage. Yet you must stoop to conquer its affection. It will not be looked down upon. Under its spreading branches the flower takes refuge. It smiles only on those who humbly seek it.

Perhaps, after all, its ease of culture lends to it a factitious charm. It grows pretty well at anytime, anywhere, anyhow. In the cracked teapot of the poor sailor's mother, from whom, the tale goes, the nurseryman first bought it; equally as well as in the mosaic vase that adorns the marbled halls of kings. If you keep it in your greenhouse, it thanks you,—in a window, with poorer accommodations, it does not repine,—or if a cellar be its winter lot, neither here is it known, by any deed soever, to grumble at its fate. Cheerful and healthful, it comes forth alike in spring from all, and flowers in thankful humility the same all the season, for whatever favors in the way of protection or care it has received at your hands.

To talk of its culture, I should start from the beginning, which, with me, is the cuttings. These I take off in the fall, choosing the best pieces I can find before the plant goes out of flower. I keep no record, but think this is about the end of August. I get a shallow pan, and fill in a mixture of half sharp sand, and half good potting soil. In this I set the cuttings about half their length. The pan I set in a shady part of my little greenhouse, which is open all summer, in a place where it does not dry much, but yet gets air enough to keep from moulding. In about four weeks, I believe, they root. Mostly all growing. I have very few fail to strike root. I know it is early in October they are perfect plants, and I immediately set about giving them a separate existence in a three-inch pot. I set them in as warm and as light a place in the greenhouse as I can, and let them grow all they can. I think it one of my chief points of success that I make them grow all winter, but not rapidly. My house is scarcely ever above 55 degrees. As soon as the plant is about four inches high, I pinch the top out, and in about a couple of weeks after shift it to a larger pot. I never use a pot for shifting any more than just a little larger than the one it was growing in.

As to soil, I have one peculiarity, I think, of my own. I never use liquid manure; but I re-pot very often, and every time I try to get my soil a little richer than when I used it before. I use common turfy loam, with rotten cow manure. A very little, only, with the loam at the first potting, and nearly one-fourth when the plant is receiving its last shift before flowering.

In training the plants, I use only one central stake. Where the leader was pinched a new shoot will come, which is early tied to this stake. Generally I get all the shoots I want from the first pinch, if not, pinch again.

Most persons fail in their Fuchsias during summer treatment. My last shift is given about the middle April, and about the middle of May I put them out of doors, under the shade of some old pine trees—that have lost their lower branches to a considerable height—on a wire stand I had made on purpose, and keep exclusively for Fuchsias. There is a free circulation of air under these trees, though the sun scarcely ever shines on them; and there is a moister atmosphere under the pine trees, than I think I can find anywhere else. This slight moisture I think helps my plants very much.

Another frequent cause of failure, I have no doubt, arises from insects. This is generally the red spider, as I see on others, but never on my own. They soon make the leaves fall off, and then the plants become sickly. I have no spider on mine. I use the syringe on my plants often when I have time on a hot summer's evening, which the spider does not like if he were there, and which gives the moisture about the leaves. I have by experience found the plant much like the winter treatment of the old plants — simply to stow them in the cellar, I depend on the young plants for my pot bloomers. In the spring I turn them out in my garden to do the best they can, leaving them to their fate the forthcoming winter—an ungrateful return I feel, and a course that often grieves me; but such it is, and I must confess all.

And now, I hope, your experienced writers will be merciful with me. I may have given "nothing new" or "nothing good." It is perhaps no excuse for me that I gave way to a dimple-cheeked, arch-tempter; but oh! if they only knew her, they would see I could not resist.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE APPLE BARK LOUSE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A short time since as I went round to tramp down the snow about my young fruit trees to protect them from the ravages of mice, I observed that the branches of most of my apple trees were nearly covered with what I term bark lice. They are about the size of a flea, but a little longer, and somewhat like a dirty drab, not very far from the color of the bark, and when scraped off, which is a terrible job, next thing to an impossibility, I think, for it must be done with a sharp instrument, they are mere shells. I do not know what to do with them, perhaps you or some of your contributors, who have had experience in the matter, or the like, could tell me through the RURAL. I saw some of them on my apple trees before now, and they retarded their growth very much. I can't tell whether these insects will kill them or not, but I am afraid it will be the result—at all events the death of many apple trees in this section of country is attributed to them. I would be much pleased to hear the opinion of others on this subject, and the antidote, if found.—D. FLEMING, *Co. Grey, C. W.*

The *Apple bark-louse* is about one-eighth of an inch long, of an irregular ovoid form, often bent in its middle, and more or less curved at its smaller end, which is pointed, the opposite end being rounded. It is of a brown color, of much the same tint with the bark, its smaller end being paler and yellow. It closely resembles a minute oyster-shell pressed against the bark—a similitude so striking as to be readily perceived by every one, and is frequently designated in common conversation under the name of the Oyster-shaped bark-louse. The shells or scales are situated irregularly, though the most of them are placed lengthwise of the limb, or twig, with the smaller end upwards. These scales are the relics of the bodies of the gravid females, covering and protecting their eggs. During the winter and spring these eggs may be found on elevating the scales. The number of eggs under each scale is very variable, ranging from about a dozen to one hundred. In the *Michigan Farmer*, A. G. HANFORD gives a very favorable account of the effects of tar and linseed oil, beat together and applied warm with a paint brush thoroughly, before the buds begin to expand in the spring. This, when dry, cracks and peels off bringing off the dead scales with it. Trees which were thus treated grew from two to two and a half feet in one summer, which had advanced only a few inches in previous years. Another remedy is as follows:—Boil tobacco in strong lye till it is reduced to an impalpable pulp, which it will be in a short time, and mix with it soft soap, (which has been made cold; not the jelly-like soft soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint, the object being to obtain a preparation that will not be entirely washed from the tree by the first rains which occur, as lye, tobacco water, and most other washes are sure to be. The fibres of the tobacco diffused through this preparation, cause a portion of its strength to remain wherever it is applied longer than any application which is wholly soluble in rain water can be. First trim the trees well, so that every twig can be reached with the paint brush, and apply this preparation, before the buds have much swelled in the spring, to every part of the tree. This will effectually remove the scales.

PANSIES—GARDENING BOOK.—Will you or some of your numerous correspondents inform me through the columns of your valuable paper, how to prepare the soil for *Pansies?* and at what time the seed should be sown, and whether they need protection in the winter? Will you also inform me what is the best practical Ladies' Gardener, the price, and where it can be obtained? and much oblige —SARAH L. PARK, *Dodge's Corners, Wis.*

We have given an article on the Pansy in another column. The best book is *Breck's Book of Flowers*. The price is $1. We can send it for this amount, by mail, free of postage.

Domestic Economy.

APPLE DUMPLINGS, JUMBLES, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As winter is the season of the year when apple dumplings are most used, I send you my recipe for making them, which my husband thinks is excellent:

One pint of sweet cream; one teaspoonful of soda, (or De Land's saleratus,) two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, a little salt,—mix as for biscuit. Pare, quarter and core six large apples, put in the quarters in the shape of a whole apple; wrap the dough firmly around each apple, and they are ready for cooking. Have ready some boiling water, take a tin steamer and sprinkle some flour over it to prevent sticking, lay them in so that they will not touch each other, set over the boiling water and cover tightly. Let them steam from three-quarters of an hour to an hour. Eat as soon as taken from the steamer, with any kind of sauce you prefer. I usually use sugar and cream, with a little nutmeg.

I also send a recipe for making jumbles. Two cups of sugar; one cup of butter; three eggs; one teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in a table spoonful of water,—mix soft, roll thin, and cut. Bake slightly in a quick oven. Season with nutmeg or caraway seeds. These will keep several weeks, and as good as when first baked.

Will some of your numerous lady readers send though the RURAL a recipe for making ginger snaps? and oblige M. H. C.

Pike, Iowa, 1863.

MEDICAL USE OF SALT.

THE *Medical World* says that in many cases of disordered stomach, a teaspoonful of salt is a certain cure. In a violent internal pain termed cholic, a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a pint of cold water, taken as soon as possible, with a short nap immediately after, is one of the most effectual and speedy remedies known. The same will revive a person who seems almost dead from a very heavy fall. In an apoplectic fit, no time should be lost in pouring down salt water, if sufficient sensibility remain to allow of swallowing; if not, the head must be sponged with cold water until the senses return, when salt will completely restore the patient from the lethargy. In a fit the feet should be placed in warm water, with mustard added, and the legs briskly rubbed; all bandages removed from the neck, and a cool aperient procured if possible. In cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, when other remedies failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonfuls of salt completely stayed the blood.

BARLEY CREAM.—Take 2 lbs. of perfectly lean veal, or 3 lbs. of the scrag, free from fat; chop it well. Wash thoroughly ½ lb. of pearl barley; put it into a saucepan with two quarts of water and some salt. Let all simmer gently together until reduced to one quart. Take out the bones and rub the remainder through a fine hair sieve with a wooden spoon. It should be the same consistency as good cream; add a little more salt if requisite, and a little mace if approved of.—This makes light and nourishing food for invalids.

APPLE SOUFFLE.—Make a puff paste, cover the outside of a small pie-dish with it, and bake; when done it forms the shape of the dish. Take 12 good baking apples, pare and core them, stew for an hour and a half, with a piece of lemon peel, sweeten to your taste, then put them into the paste, whip up the whites of 3 or 4 eggs to a strong froth; sweeten with loaf sugar; add them on to the top of the apples, and put the whole into the oven to lightly brown over. Serve in a napkin.

Ladies' Department.

HOMESICK.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

Homesick for the waves' low murmur by blue Erie's pebbled shore;
Homesick for the vines that clamber lovingly about my door;
Homesick for familiar faces that will smile on me no more.

Homesick for the days now ended, passed from sunshine into gloom;
Homesick in this stately palace, where a fettered child I roam;
Homesick in the frescoed grandeur, for my dear old cottage home.

Homesick for the silent voices—tones whose melody has ceased;
Homesick in this worldly bondage, struggling to be released;
Homesick at this splendid banquet, longing for a simpler feast.

Homesick for the dewy roses—roses are not fragrant here;
Homesick for the stars above them—*there* they seem so very near,
Bending downward in the twilight; now they glitter far and drear.

Homesick in this tangled coiling, crested fate, compassionless,
Cannot hold the wild free crescent, backward sweeping, me to bless
With its deeper, stronger surgings, where my love lies fathomless.

And the arras of the present lifts its foldings in my sleep;
And the blossoms, stars, and loved ones waft me benedictions deep,
And the morning nor the real cannot clutch the kiss I keep.

Necromancers wierd and pitying take me back in dreams to dwell;
Soothe my lonely, homesick spirit—string the lute and mend the shell;
And I sing, and sing, and listen, under memory's subtle spell.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MOTHER AT THE GANGES.

'Tis night in India. The moon which, perchance, has looked upon happier homes, now shines down upon a mother in her agony. In the hush of night she strives to calm her agitation, but in vain. She sobs in uncontrollable anguish, and clasps still closer to her bosom the object of her grief. It is her babe, her darling, and she knows that another morning's sun will herald the day of its sacrifice to the god of the heathen—the river Ganges. In her blind faith she thinks that such a sacrifice, however great it may be, and at whatever cost to her motherly feelings, *must* be made, else it will bring down the wrath of the river god upon her.

In this hour of trial, while the scalding tears are falling upon the upturned face of the sleeping child, as she stooped to press the young brow to which the Angel of Sleep had lent double beauty, she could but exclaim:—"How can I give thee up? Thou whom, with all a mother's tenderness, I have watched so lovingly and suffered not even the light winds of heaven to visit thy cheek too roughly; would I had never made the fatal vow—had never pledged thy life. And yet, methinks, that even now, while thou art so calmly sleeping, death is only brother to the sweet angel that now guards thy slumber; and the eyes of my before offended god will smile approvingly upon me. While I feel that it is more than agony to sever the tie of natural affection, it still is blessed, when it purchases the favor of the great avenging spirit." * * *

Midnight. No sound is heard save the troubled breathing of the sleeping mother, and the little child close folded in her arms. She dreams; dreams of her child dearer than life to her. She hears the roar of the turbulent river, and out of it there comes a voice demanding her babe. She seems frozen to icy torpor, and yet to disobey is death. A struggle. It is over; and amid the roaring of the waters, and the beating of her own heart, she hears the infant scream of her darling! Her arms are stretched out to save it, but an invisible power holds her back and whispers that it is of no avail. She wakens; but not to find herself childless. No; for the horrible scene must be re-enacted and become a reality. In the depths of her heart she wishes it were even as the dream,—past.

The night had been long and dreary; yes, very long and very dreary. Anxiously, though tremblingly, the mother waited for the dawn. Each hour had been stretched to double length by the stern power of agony. All night had she waited on the banks of the wild rolling Ganges. "But look! The morn, in russet mantle clad, walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hills," and Burmah's sun has risen. Its first beams fall scorchingly on the mother's pale brow as it ushers in the dreaded day.

Part of the weary night has been whirled away in wreathing a fairy bark in which to place her precious burden; and as she bound each dewy flower among the soft green leaves, tears, full, fast tears, fell like sacred pearls—for a mother's tears are holy—and told but too plainly of the sorrow which heaven's glorious sunlight and earth's lesser beauty might not dispel. She goes with her babe to the water; it requires time to nerve herself for the struggle. She draws back! Her heart refuses to make the sacrifice! But it is only for a moment. Summoning all her frantic strength, all her desperate fortitude, with a silent prayer she launched her tiny bark on the wild, merciless waters. For awhile it floated on its surface, then sank beneath the deep, blue waves; the parted waters met again, covering another sacrifice to a heathen god.

Fathers and mothers, you who deemed her heartless before, and destitute of natural affection, renounce your cruel opinion and make amends. Thank God that you live in a land where religion requires no such sacrifice; a land where the only sacrifice demanded is to give yourselves to the service of God, renouncing sin and everything which tends to wean the heart from Him. M. W.

Naples Academy, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT WOMEN MAY DO FOR THE SOLDIERS.

"Oh! if *I* could only do something for my country," I have often heard ladies say, as they read accounts of "battles fought and victories won." "If *I* could do something to serve my country, how gladly would I do it." You *can* do something, although you cannot go on the "tented field," or engage in a battle,—you can *cheer up* those who *have* gone, for they *will* get down-spirited at times. Write long, cheerful letters to them. Don't write that "you are afraid this terrible war will never end—that you have no confidence, whatever, in our Generals," &c., &c.

As I said before, write cheerful letters—full of *home* news. *That* is the kind they like,—they seem like a *visit* home. If John Such-a-one, and Susan Some-body-else, have taken it into their heads to get married, or "the baby," has cut a new tooth, or can say, "papa," tell him of it. *You* may think them trifles—but "he" will not.

Mothers, wives, and sisters, it is your *duty* (as well as pleasure,) to write cheerful letters to your friends in the army, for any one knows that a cheerful soldier will do his duty better than a disheartened one, who wishes he were at home again, for wife writes that she can hardly get along. Put the best side out. Think of the many comforts *you* enjoy while he has to be content with a small tent, hard bread and raw pork, and every day the same. "Count your marcies," as "Uncle Tom" said to "Aunt Chloe." Some, perhaps, have no near friend in "this terrible war"—as they call it—and it is a terrible war, when we think only of the great loss of life, and the wretchedness of those left to mourn,—but when we look beyond, and see the great good that will result from it,—that thousands who were in bonds shall be free, and our land rid of such a terrible curse—then, I say it is a glorious war! And those who have no near friends to write too, let them write to their schoolmates, for surely they must have some friends in this war. Some of you, perhaps, are good nurses, and are not very much needed at home. Go to the hospitals and nurse some poor sick soldiers—you are needed there. Many die for the want of a woman's care—and shall a little false delicacy keep you from giving it? God forbid.

Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y., 1863. A. B.

WOMAN AS A MOTIVE POWER.

What a wonderful solution to life's enigma there is in petticoat government! Man might lie in the sunshine, and eat lotuses, and fancy it "always afternoon," if his wife would let him! But she won't, bless her impulsive heart and active mind! She knows better than that. Who ever heard of a woman taking life as it ought to be taken. Instead of supporting it as an unavoidable nuisance only redeemable by its brevity, she goes through it as a pageant or a procession. She dresses for it, and simpers, and grins, and gesticulates for it. She pushes her neighbors and struggles for a good place in the dismal march; she elbows, and writhes, and tramples, and prances to the one end of making the most of the misery. She gets up early and sits up late, and is loud, and reckless, and noisy and unpitying. She drags her husband on to the woolsack or pushes him into parliament. She drives him full butt at the dear, lazy machinery of government, and knocks and buffets him about the wheels, and cranks, and screws, and pulleys, until somebody, for quiet's sake, makes him something that she wanted him to be made. That's why incompetent men sometimes sit in high places and interpose their poor, muddled intellect between the things to be done and the people that can do them, making universal confusion in the helpless innocence of well-placed incapacity. The square men in the round holes are pushed into them by their wives.

The Eastern potentate who declared that women were at the bottom of all mischief, should have gone a little further and seen why it is so. It is because women are not lazy, and don't know what it is to be quiet. They are Semiramides, and Cleopatras, and Joan of Arcs, and Queen Elizabeths, and Catharine the Seconds, and they riot in battle, and murder, and clamor, and desperation. If they can't agitate the universe and play at ball with hemispheres, they'll make mountains of warfare and vexation out of domestic molehills, and social storms in household teacups. Forbid them to hold forth upon the freedom of nations and the wrongs of mankind, and they'll quarrel with Mrs. Jones about the shape of a mantle or the character of a small maid servant. To call them the weaker sex is to utter a hideous mockery. They are the stronger sex, the noisier, the most persevering, the more self-assertive sex. They want freedom of opinion, variety of occupation, do they? Let them have it. Let them be lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, soldiers, legislators—anything they like—but let them be quiet—if they can.—*Miss Brandon.*

◆

Fortune does not change men and women. It but develops their characters. As there are a thousand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write, so the heart is a secret even to him who has it in his own breast. Who hath not found himself surprised into revenge or action or passion, for good or evil, whereof the seeds lay within him latent and unsuspected till the occasion called them forth.

◆

A pleasant wife is a rainbow set in the sky when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A DREAM PICTURE.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I dreamed I lived midst leafy borders,
Near a broad and swelling flood,
Where were heard the mighty waters
Singing to an ancient wood.

O'er my forest pathway clinging
The wild-grape and myrtle grew;
Round my forest home were springing
Flowers of every breath and hue.

Gently waved the groves of willow,
Glancing in the sunbeams bright,—
While the wood-bird's music, mellow,
Floated on the morning light.

All around was blooming summer—
All was still beneath, above,
Save the water's ceaseless murmur,
And the song-bird's voice of love.

Oft beside that solemn river
I have seen the dying day,
Passing, hang its golden quiver
Brightly over bower and bay.

Far below the eastern mountains
Towered above the trembling tides,
With ten thousand caves and fountains
Sparkling on their rocky sides.

From the rocks the ivy growing
Twined amidst the fountain waves;
Crystal spars and gems were glowing
In the waters and the caves.

High above those slopes enchanted
Slept the pride of former days;
Gilded halls and castles haunted
Glittered in the sunset blaze.

There were realms renowned in story,
Fallen from their regal might,—
Reveling in the transient glory
Of the day's expiring light.

Distant temples, crimson painted,
Reared their domes thro' purple skies,
Veiling shrines that once were tainted
With the guilty sacrifice.

Then a brazen wall surrounded
Battlements and towers dim;
Dungeons wild, by light unsounded,
Yawned beneath its arches grim.

O! what notes of wo and mourning
Oft had pierced their sullen gloom,
When the slave, in fetters burning,
Shrieked within his deathless tomb.

Scenes like these had now perished,
Time-worn lay the rusty chain,—
Death no more was madly cherished
O'er a life of living pain.

But beneath each frowning portal
Stood a tablet, mould'ring near,
Carved with tales of deeds immortal,—
Records dark that none might hear.

Thus while crystal caves and fountains
Sparkled at its mighty base,
Slept the city of the mountains,
Mute in dreams of ancient days.

I have watched its fading towers
O'er the fountain's golden spray,
Till the western waves and bowers
Whispered to the twilight gray.

I have loved its haunted alleys
In the visions of my youth,—
I have viewed its bord'ring valleys
When each vision seemed a truth.

O! that land of perished pleasures
Still returns, in dreams, to me,
With its shining domes and treasures
Mirrored on the shining sea.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WRITINGS ON THE EARTH.

The world has a Literature not found in books. Its characters are infinite in variety of form, and its authors a countless host. The instruments by which it gives expression to thought are of quite another fashion, and far more numerous than those by means of which the language of books is written down, and a single leaf, broad, firm and enduring, has been the writing-book of all the centuries since the world began.

One man composes a house, as another a poem, and a set of men, diggers, masons, carpenters, painters, paperers, glaziers, &c., give architectural expression to the composer's thought, and the result, more or less original—differing in greater or less degree from everything else of its kind—is read with pleasure or its opposite, according as it conforms to or violates the principles of taste, and the reader's eye has been educated to recognize and enjoy beauties, and to discern and be pained by blemishes in the house-building art. A fort is constructed, and judges of military architecture examine the structure, and, as they read strengh and safety, or weakness and insecurity in its defences, the perusal of the work fills them with a sense of power and endurance, or gives rise to feelings of dissatisfaction and disappointment. The curious in naval architecture examine the lines and proportions of a ship, and as they read fitness and adaptation to the element it is designed to traverse, they admire the inventive genius that gives man rule over the faithless sea; that bridges lake and ocean with structures of such beautiful form and such splendid movement; that inscribes even on the water characters of such power and loveliness.

One man puts his religious thought on paper in the form of a prayer or sacred poem; the religion of the many is read in characters written on the earth, and called churches, cathedrals, mosques and temples. The farmer writes his thoughts in fields of wheat, corn, oats and barley, in meadow, pasture, orchard and garden; in buildings and fences; and he changes and improves the picture, year by year, till it supplies the soul with beauty as well as the body with food. The engineer engraves his thought on the earth in long lines of canal and railroad, in magnificent bridges and tunnels, in fortifications for defense from foes, and in piers and wharves for ships. A nation or people expresses its sense of the need and worth of education in the form of school-houses, seminaries and colleges. Jails and prisons speak the determination of society to secure safety to itself by restraining and punishing its criminals. Pillars, columns, obelisks and monuments perpetuate the memory of great men and important events. The great Chinese wall speaks an ancient people's dread of foreign invasion. The pyramids of Egypt, and Stonehenge of England, have stood till their meaning is lost from the traditions of men. But a small part of man's writing is done on paper. All over the earth, wherever human life has been sustained, he has set his impress in characters, made feeble and scattered at first, but growing more and more firm, polished and abounding as the writer's brain acquired completer ideas, and his hand gained superior skill and power. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1863.

BE A WHOLE MAN.

We are not sent here to do merely some one thing which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity. Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic at factory or at loom—it is certainly much for me in this life to do the one thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that, and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the life to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins and prints when I am in the Empyrean. Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthly—or the poor peasant who, behind his plow, whistles for want of thought—I strongly suspect it will be all one when I pass to the competitive examination—yonder! On the other side of the grave a Raffaelle's occupation may be gone as well as a plowman's. This world is a school for the education, not of faculty, but of a man. Just as in the body, if I resolve to be a rower, and only a rower, the chances are that I shall have, indeed, strong arms, but weak legs, and be stricken with blindness from the glare of the water; so in the mind, if I care but for one exercise, and do consult the health of the mind altogether, I may, like George Morland, be a wonderful painter of pigs and pig-sties, but in all else, as a human being, be below contempt—an ignoramus and a drunkard.

We men are not fragments—we are wholes; we are not types of single qualities—we are realities of mixed, various, countless, combinations.—Therefore, I say to each man, "As far as you can—partly for excellence in your special mental calling, principally for completion of your end in existence—strive, while improving your one talent, to enrich your whole capital as Man. It is in this way that you escape from the wretched narrow-mindness which is the characteristic of every one who cultivates his specialty alone."—*Bulwer.*

IF YOU MEAN NO, SAY NO.

When a man has made up his mind to do or not do a thing, he should have the pluck to say so plainly and decisively. It is a mistaken kindness—if meant as kindness—to meet a request which you have determined not to grant, with "I'll see about it," or, "I'll think the matter over," or, "I cannot give you a positive answer now; call in a few days and I'll let you know." It may be said, perhaps, that the object of these ambiguous expressions is to "let the applicant down easy;" but their tendency is to give him useless trouble and anxiety, and possibly to prevent his seeking what he requires in a more propitious quarter until after the golden opportunity has passed. Moreover, it is questionable whether the motives for such equivocation are as philanthropic as some people suppose. Generally speaking, the individual who thus avoids a direct refusal, does so to avert himself pain. Men without decision of character have an indescribable aversion to say No. They can *think* No—sometimes when it would be more creditable to their courtesy and benevolence to say Yes—but they dislike to utter the bold word that represents their thoughts. They prefer to mislead and deceive. It is true that these bland and considerate people are often spoken of as "very gentlemanly." But is it gentlemanly to keep a man in suspense for days, and perhaps weeks, merely because you do not choose to put him out of it by a straight-forward declaration? He only is a gentleman who treats his fellow-men in a manly, straightforward way. Never seem by ambiguous words to sanction hopes you do not intend to gratify. If you mean No, out with it.

◆

Man's Greatest Ambition.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate—those soft intervals of unblended amusement, in which man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless encumbrances, and to lose effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the execution. It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would have a just estimate of its virtue or felicity.

◆

Immortality of Thought.—One great and kindling thought, from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen and the memory of those who filled them is obliterated, and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IT SHALL BE WELL WITH THEE.

BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

"Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him."—Isa. III, 10th.

It shall be well with thee, Oh! faint and weary pilgrim,
Toiling and struggling up the heavenly way;
Fear not! the clouds that loom so frowningly above thee,
Will break, and thou wilt see the perfect day.

It shall be well with thee; tho' storms may thickly gather,
And rudely sweep across thine anguished soul,
The Lord hath said "he chasteneth whom he loveth,"
We reach thro' Sorrow's gate the Heavenly goal.

It shall be well with thee; tho' Death's rude hands have gathered
The fairest flowers that in thy garden grew,
The heaven-born spirit leaps upward at its calling,
And earth's flowers bloom in Heaven, for thee, anew.

It shall be well with thee; for thro' the glim'ring darkness,
The glad light streams from th' Eternal Shore,
"In that Bright Land," the Lord saith to the righteous,
"It shall be well with thee forevermore."

Hilldale Farm, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE IS NOT A CLOUDLESS DAY.

We go forth in the delicious freshness of a balmy summer morning. From out her silver bow leap golden arrows of light, illuminating with sudden glory the cold, gray mountain peaks; gliding softly down the grassy hillside slopes to the valleys where blue-eyed violets lift their modest heads; skimming lightly across the quiet waters where golden lilies sleep, then nestling among the deep recesses of the lonely wood and gloomy mountain gorges, till all nature throbs with sweet delight, and our bounding hearts pulsate in harmony with "the great heart of nature." Not a cloud drifts across the smiling sky: softly the balmy south breeze kisses the flowers, and dallies with tender leaves; the air is vocal with music—the silver throated warblers, wild with the intoxicating wine of beauty, trill forth such exquisite strains of melody that we almost fancy ourselves transported to the original Eden. In the abandonment of wild delight, we for the moment forget that clouds follow the sunlight, and songs of joy are drowned in wailings of grief.

It is noon. Hushed is the glad, transporting music of the morning; the soft, and gentle breeze, as though maddened to fury, lashes the fragile flowers, and tears the giant oak from its bed; rends from the forests their bright vestments of green, and scatters the shreds in maniacal glee, over the distant plain. Dark, angry looking clouds, overcast the sky, and from their gloomy crests leap fearful spires of flame. Flash succeeds flash in quick succession, with a concussion so terrific in its awful sublimity that we tremblingly humble ourselves before the "God of Sinai" in whose presence the mountains tremble, and "the hills melt like wax."

It is evening. Calm and serene as a sleeping infant the day went out, and in the gentle hush of this holy vesper hour, as I sit gazing on the voluptuous masses of gold and purple clouds that roll up in fiery billows against the western sky, I think this day of sunlight, clouds, and tempest, is a very perfect type of our earth-life. If it but have as glorious a consummation, then shall we not have lived and died in vain.

As we launch our precious "life-boat" on the placid bosom of the stream of time, richly freighted with hopes of joy *to be*, we look up, and the sunlight of joy flashes in our faces, blinding us with its dazzling light. We look down into the luculent depths, and gems of hope are sparkling there; then lightly dipping our oars, we glide gaily over the limped waters. With hearts by care and fear unburdened, we laugh, and sing the sunny hours away, noting not the narrow, leaden strip, that already encircles the horizon, or the rocks that lie beneath our bounding bark, till the gloomy clouds of sorrow loom high above our heads, shutting the warm sunshine of joy from our hearts, and the pitiless storm beats unmercifully on our bowed forms, while the waters rise in angry billows over our defenseless heads. Then, in bitterness of spirit, we cry:—*There is no hope for us*, forgetting that the gems are still beneath the waves though we see them not, and He who spoke to Galilee's raging billows,—"*Peace be still,*" yet "holds the waters in the hollow of His hand," and it becomes us to trust Him, both in the bright, sunny days of prosperity and the dark hour of deep adversity, knowing that He ordereth it all for our good.

O, should we not, in view of the great uncertainty of this life, and the certain fulfillment of our destiny in the Life to come, endeavor to chose from among the pearls within our reach, that *one priceless pearl of truth*, which will guide us safely by the hidden rocks, and dangerous shoals of sin and unbelief, into the peaceful harbor of eternal rest, where the unceasing sunlight of God's smile rests in a holy calm upon the heavenly plains, forever scattering every shade of sorrow from the sunny bowers of peace, where earth-weary spirits enjoy a calm repose.

Oxford, N. Y., 1863. F. M. Turner.

◆

Genius and Religion.—We do not speak lightly when we say that all works of intellect which have not in some measure been quickened by religion are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulchre when it disjoins itself from the universal mind. Religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles in giving a free and manifold action to the mind.

◆

Sharing Happiness.—Men of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

Biographical.

JAMES G. CLARK, VOCALIST AND POET.*

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

Hazlitt says "kings lay aside their crowns to sit for their portraits, and poets their laurels to sit for their busts." What Rembrandt and Correggio were in their relations to art, Thackeray and Dickens are in their relations to letters. They are pen-and-ink portrait-painters — true delineators of character, to whom future generations will be indebted for the correct likeness of representative men of the present age. The reduplication of a man on canvas or in description is a delicate and difficult task, but a most agreeable one to the genuine artist, whether he paints in words or colors. He must not omit the nice and delicate touches that bring out the real character, nor gloss over the squirms and pimples, if they are found in the prototype. James G. Clark is comparatively a young man, who has scarcely attained the zenith of life, and yet he has, by his energy, industry, and genius, won a reputation which cannot fail to ripen into fame. Without the advantages of rich relationships or lofty literary attainments, he has risen up among the people — like the lark from her low nest among the flowers, he rises with dew on his wings—and pours out the hymn of emotion, his heart beating the sentiment into song. True inspiration never fails to put the right word in the right place. Birds make no mistakes in their singing, because God perfects their utterance. Bards, like the birds, are the chosen medium through which the soul of nature speaks, in tones too exquisite and in language too refined for gross minds to appreciate, hence their flings at the poets. Few are endowed with that foresight and poetic vision, which looks beyond the stars, and far, far into the future. "Leona," a poem worthy of Poe, illustrates my meaning. It is one of Mr. Clark's happiest efforts.

Leona, the hour draws nigh,
The hour we've awaited so long,
For the angel to open a door through the sky,
That my spirit may break from its prison, and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Just now as the slumbers of night
Came o'er me with peace-giving breath,
The curtain, half lifted, revealed to my sight
Those windows which look on the kingdom of light,
That borders the river of death.

And a vision fell solemn and sweet,
Bringing gleams of a morning lit land:
I saw the white shore which the pale waters beat,
And I heard the low lull as they broke at their feet
Who walked on the beautiful strand.

And I wondered why spirits should cling
To their clay with a struggle and sigh,
When life's purple autumn is better than spring,
And the soul flies away like a sparrow, to sing
In a climate where leaves never die.

Leona, come close to my bed,
And lay your dear hand on my brow;
The same touch that blessed me in days that are fled,
And raised the lost roses of youth from the dead,
Can brighten the brief moments now.

We have loved from the cold world apart,
And your trust was too generous and true
For their hate to o'erthrow: when the slanderer's dart
Was rankling deep in my desolate heart,
I was dearer than ever to you.

I thank the Great Father for this,
That our love is not lavished in vain;
Each germ, in the future, will blossom to bliss,
And the forms that we love, and the lips that we kiss,
Never shrink at the shadow of pain.

By the light of this faith am I taught
That my labor is only begun;
In the strength of this hope have I struggled and fought
With the legions of wrong, till my armor has caught
The gleam of Eternity's sun.

Leona, look forth and behold,
From headland, from hillside, and deep,
The day king surrenders his banners of gold,
The twilight advances through woodland and wold,
And the dews are beginning to weep.

The moon's silver hair lies uncurled,
Down the broad-breasted mountain away;
Ere sunset's red glories again shall be furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
I shall rise in a limitless day.

I go, but weep not over my tomb,
Nor plant with frail flowers the sod;
There is rest among roses too sweet for its gloom,
And life where the lilies eternally bloom
In the balm-breathing gardens of God.

Yet deeply those memories burn
Which bind me to you and to earth,
And I sometimes have tho't that my being would yearn,
In the bowers of its beautiful home, to return
And visit the home of its birth.

'Twould even be pleasant to stay,
And walk by your side to the last;
But the land breeze of Heaven is beginning to play—
Life's shadows are meeting Eternity's day,
And its tumult is hushed in the past.

Leona, good-bye; should the grief
That is gathering, now, ever be
Too dark for your faith, you will long for relief,
And remember, the journey, though lonesome, is brief,
Over lowland and river to me.

The spirit breaks away like a bird from its cage, and soars to the windows of heaven, commanding a view of the "morning-lit land," where the soft waves break on the beautiful shore, where the purple pomp of autumn is more gorgeous than spring, and where its magnificence is never hid under the cold winding-sheet of winter.

The soul of man is so constituted that the idea of annihilation is repulsive. We all hope to live hereafter in a better and more perfect state of existence. We all love to be remembered, and our poet has most happily expressed that sentiment in one of his most popular lyrics.

Oh! 'tis sweet to be remembered
When our life has lost its bloom,
And every morning sun we meet
May leave us at the tomb;
When our youth is half forgotten,
And we gaze with yearning, fond,
From a world where all are dying,
To a deathless world beyond.
'Tis sweet to be remembered,
As the stars remember night,
Shining downward through the darkness,
With a pure and holy light.

It is sweet to be remembered in the dawn of life, when our thoughts are pure as the prayers of childhood, "and every dream we know of life is one of purity?" And if we are true to ourselves, true to our friends, true to our country, and true to our God, it is sweet

To look backward through the shadows
Where our journey first begun,
And the golden flowers of mem'ry
Turn their faces to the sun.

There is grandeur and beauty in the melodious flow and kindling sentiment of the following extract from "The Mountains of Life:"

Oh! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward, through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen mountains of life.

The world-wide circulation of the fine ballad entitled "Marion Moore," is one of the truest tests of its merits. It has been married to music, which bears the same relationship to it that fragrance does to a flower, or light to a star, or love to a human heart.

Gone art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the bird in the autumn that singeth—
Gone, like the flower by the wayside that springeth—
Gone, like the leaf of the ivy that clingeth
'Round the lone rock on a storm beaten shore.

* * * * * * *

Gone, art thou, Marion, Marion Moore!
Gone, like the breeze o'er the billow that bloweth—
Gone, like the rill to the ocean that floweth—
Gone, as the day from the gray mountain goeth,
Darkness behind thee, but glory before.

The fastidious *Home Journal* has seldom published a more perfect poem than "Sweet Ruth." I have only space for the last verse, and that speaks for itself:

But I never have wished thee back, sweet Ruth,
In the years that since have rolled,
And I guard the memory of thy truth
As a miser would his gold;
The loneliest glens of my being know
How the birds of peace may sing,
And the darkest waves have caught the glow
From a guardian angel's wing.

Poets are the true interpreters of nature. Poetry is the language of passion and imagination. It is thought, emotion, passion, fused in the crucible of the heart, elaborated in the brain, and stamped with the eagle mint-mark of genius. I think "November" is one of Clark's masterpieces. I quote two stanzas:

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime;
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come on sleepless wing,
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow,
Amid the ashes round my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light,
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.

The infamous rebellion against which the pens of all the poets and the swords of many of them have been directed, has called out some of the best poetry written during the present century. The "Fremont Battle Hymn" is one of the best efforts in that line. It is now embodied in the history of the war, and has a permanent and conspicuous place in the "Record of the Rebellion." I quote the entire poem without public comments. It appeared originally in William Cullen Bryant's paper, the *Evening Post:*

FREMONT'S BATTLE HYMN.

Oh! spirits of Washington, Warren, and Wayne!
Oh! shades of the Heroes and Patriots slain!
Come down from your mountains of emerald and gold,
And smile on the banner ye cherished of old.
Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife,
Like legions sent forth from the armies of life;
Let us feel your deep presence, as waves feel the breeze,
When the white fleets, like snow-flakes, are drank by the seas.

As the red lightnings run on the black, jagged cloud,
Ere the thunder-king speaks from his wind woven shroud,
So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore,
Ere the combat shall startle the land with its roar.
As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is riven,
When clouds strike together by warring winds driven,
So the blood of the race must be offered like rain,
Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

Proud sons of the soil where the Palmetto grows,
Once patriots and brothers, now traitors and foes,
Ye have turned from the path which our forefathers trod,
And stolen from man the best gift of his God.
Ye have trampled the tendrils of love in the ground,
Ye have scoffed at the law which the Nazarene found,
Till the great wheel of Justice seemed blocked for a time,
And the eyes of humanity blinded with crime.

The hounds of oppression were howling the knell
Of martyrs and prophets, at gibbet and cell,
While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years,
When her harp-strings no more should be rusted with tears.
But God never ceases to strike for the right,
And the ring of His anvil came down through the night,
Tho' the world was asleep, and the nations seemed dead,
And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled,
When the day-king arises to quicken the world?
Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast,
Or turn him aside from his goal in the West?
Ah! sons of the plains where the orange-tree blooms,
Ye may come to our pine-covered mountains for tombs;
But the light ye would smother was kindled by One
Who gave to the universe planet and sun.

Go, strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath,
Till he utters no sound on his torrent-cut path;
Go, bind his green sinews of rock-wearing waves,
Till he begs at your feet like your own fettered slaves;
Go, cover his pulses with sods of the ground,
Till he hides from your sight like a hare from the hound;
Then swarm to our borders and silence the notes
That thunder of freedom from millions of throats.

Come on with your "chattels," all worn, from the soil
Where men receive scourging in payment for toil;
Come, robbers—come, traitors, we welcome you all,
As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by fall.
The birthright of manhood awaits for your slaves,
But prisons and halters are waiting for knaves;
And the blades of our "mud-sills" are longing to rust
With their blood who would bury our stars in the dust.

They die unlamented by people and laws,
Whose lives are but shadows on Liberty's cause;
They slumber unblest by Fraternity's star,
Who have blocked up the track of Humanity's car.
Regarded, when dead, by the wise and the good,
As the shepherds regard the dead wolf in the wood;
And only unhated when Heaven shall efface
The mem'ry of wrong from the souls of the race.

The streams may forget how they mingled our gore,
And the myrtle entwine on their borders once more;
The song-birds of Peace may return to our glades,
And children join hands where their fathers joined blades.
Columbia may rise from her trial of fire,
More pure than she came from the hand of her sire;
But Freedom will lift the cold finger of scorn
When History tells where her Traitors were born.

The quotations I have given are but the dust of diamonds. I hope we shall have the diamonds in a setting of blue-and gold before long. Mr. Clark writes but little, but he writes that little excellently well. He elaborates carefully before he even puts his pen to paper, and can quote a new poem of his own before he has written it. He writes and re-writes, and is never in haste to rush into print; hence the fine polish and finish of his ballads. Without intending to draw invidious contrasts, I echo here what has been repeated a thousand times all over the land, that he is the best ballad-writer in America. He is quoted more frequently by the press than any other writer of ballads. Mr. Clark is a musician as well as a poet; like Moore, he can sing his own songs. He has written more music than poetry, and his melodies may be found on center-table and piano everywhere. He is better known as a singer than a poet—indeed, his reputation as a singer gives him full houses wherever he is announced for an entertainment. There are many persons who can sing, few who can write verses fit to sing, and fewer still who can write exquisite poetry, and write music to match the poetry, and then sing it so as to make the voice and tone harmonize with the sentiment.

JAMES G. CLARK.

There is nothing vitiated, false or spurious, in his poetry. It keeps abreast of truth. It is in front of the age. It is like a trumpeter with a golden trumpet at his lip. He collects manna in the wilderness, and it is sweet to the taste. He smites the rock in the desert, and it flows with pure, sparkling water. The rod blossoms in his hand. He has lived among pastoral scenes, hence his muse delights to draw images from nature. The flowers blossom, the birds sing, the streams flow, the winds whisper, the clouds sail, the rainbow gleams in his verse. In person he is a noble specimen of manhood, being six feet in height, straight, and square-shouldered. His head is well-orbed and nicely poised over a broad, sympathetic heart. His hair is chestnut-brown, inclined to curl. His eyes are of a grayish blue, mild in repose, but stars of fire when excited. He wears a full, red beard, disciplined with brush and comb. He dresses in good taste, pays attention to the amenities of life, has that suavity of manner and courtesy which spring from a heart welling over with respect and love for the race, which insures hosts of admiring friends. His personal magnetism brings about him hosts of men and women whose acquaintance seldom fails to ripen into esteem and friendship.

The future will class him in an enviable rank among American song-writers—indeed, the present has already crowned him with laurel.

James G. Clark was born in Constantia, Oswego county, N. Y., on the 28th of June, 1830. His father is still living at that place; is in moderate circumstances, but highly respected by all who know him, for his intelligence and integrity of character. He is a Jeffersonian Democrat, and has been for many years prominent in the politics of Oswego county, and was a member of the State Constitutional Convention in 1846. The mother of our subject, who died in 1860, was highly refined and of a very sensitive and poetical nature, great moral worth and piety, and also decided musical and poetical talent, and it was from her that he received these gifts, while he inherited the practical mostly from the father. Though a member of a conservative family, Mr. Clark's sympathies have been from childhood radically in favor of the oppressed, as the sharp arguments of his boyhood in favor of the slave signally attest. Mr. Clark's personal habits, in an age of dissipation, are peculiar, he never having drank a glass of ardent spirits, nor used tobacco in any form.

His mother's memory is cherished by him with all the tenderness of a timid girl, and with all the strength of stalwart manhood. He celebrates his estimation of her in the following touching tribute, which we are sure our readers will thank us for inserting:

MY MOTHER IS NEAR.

Sweet mother, the birds from our bowers have fled,
The reaper has gathered his sheaves,
The glorious summer lies silent and dead,
And the land like a pale mourner grieves;
But the garden of mem'ry is blooming to day,
With flowers and leaves ever new,
And the birds, and the fountains around it that play,
Are singing, dear mother, of you.

Like green shores receding beyond the gray seas,
Seem the years by your tenderness blest—
And youth's merry music grows faint on the breeze
That is wafting me on to life's west.
Yet beautiful seems the mild glance of your eye,
And the blessing your fond spirit gave,
As the mists of the valley hang bright in the sky,
Though the mountains are lost in the wave.

I wonder, sometimes, if the souls that have flown,
Return to the mourners again,
And I ask for a sign from the trackless unknown,
Where millions have questioned in vain—
I see not your meek, loving face, through the strife
Which would blind me with doubting and fear;
But a voice murmurs "Peace" to the tumult of life,
And I know that my mother is near.

The cold world may cover my pathway with frowns,
And mingle with bitter each joy;
It may load me with crosses and rob me of crowns—
I have treasures it can not destroy;
There's a green, sunny isle in the depths of my soul,
Whose roses the winds never strew,
And the billows and breezes around it that roll,
Bring tidings of Heaven and you.

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*Thousands of our readers, who know and admire the man, will be pleased to see the accompanying Portrait and Biographical Sketch of a popular Vocalist and Poet—one whose name and songs are as familiar as "household words" over a large portion of the country. Mr. Bungay's sketch originally appeared in the *American Phrenological Journal*, and we take pleasure in giving it wider publicity. The Poet-Vocalist is a genuine Union man. A Rochester daily of recent date truthfully says:—"Since the first of October last Mr. Clark has given one-third of his earnings to the Soldiers' Aid Societies, and has donated over a thousand dollars to that object. James G. Clark well merits the title of 'soldier's friend' He is a true patriot, displaying his *faith* by his *works*, instead of plundering his country in her time of need."

Reading for the Young.

SPEAK GENTLY.—A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"Please to help me a minute, sister," said little Frank.

"Oh, don't disturb me," I said, "I'm reading."

"But just hold this stick, won't you, while I drive the pin through."

"I can't now, I want to finish this story," said I, emphatically; and my little brother turned away with a disappointed look, in search of somebody else to assist him.

Frank was a bright boy of ten years, and my only brother. He had been visiting a young friend, and had seen a windmill, and as soon as he came home his energies were all employed in making a small one; for he was always trying to make tops, wheelbarrows, kites, and all sorts of things such as boys delight in. He had worked patiently all the morning with saw and knife, and now it only needed putting together to complete it; and his only sister had refused to assist him, and he had gone away with his young heart saddened.

I thought of all this immediately after he had left me, and my book gave me no pleasure. It was not intentional unkindness, only thoughtlessness, for I loved my brother, and was generally kind to him; still, I had refused to help him. I would have gone after him, and offered the assistance needed, but I knew he had found some one else. But I had neglected an opportunity of gladdening a childish heart.

In half an hour Frank came bounding into the house, exclaiming, "Come, Mary, I've got it up. Just see how it goes!" His tones were joyous, and I saw that he had forgotten my petulance, so that I determined to atone by unusual kindness. I went with him, and, sure enough, on the roof of the outhouse was fastened a miniature windmill, and the arms were whirling around fast enough to suit anybody. I praised the windmill and my little brother's ingenuity, and he seemed happy, and entirely forgetful of my unkindness; and I resolved, as I had so many times before, to be always loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling. The joyous laugh and noisy glee was hushed, and our merry boy lay in a darkened room with anxious faces around him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Sometimes his temples would moisten and his muscles relax, and hope would come into our hearts, and our eyes would fill with thankful tears. It was in one of these deceitful calms in his disease that he heard the noise of his little wheel, and said, "I hear my windmill."

"Does it make your head ache?" I asked.—"Shall we take it down?"

"Oh no," he replied, "it seems as if I were out of doors, and it makes me feel better." He mused a moment, and then added:—"Don't you remember, Mary, that I wanted you to help me finish it, and you were reading and told me you could not? But it didn't make any difference for mama helped me."

Oh, how sadly those words fell upon my ear! and what bitter memories they awakened. How I repented as I kissed little Frank's forehead, that I had ever spoken unkindly to him. Hours of sorrow went by, and we watched by his couch, hope growing fainter and fainter, and anguish deeper, until, one week from the morning on which he spoke of his childish sports, we closed his eyes, once so sparkling, and folded his hands over his pulseless heart. He sleeps now in the grave, and home is desolate; but the little windmill, the work of his busy hands, is still whirling in the breeze, just where he placed it, upon the roof of the old woodshed; and every time I see the tiny arms revolving I remember the lost little Frank—and I remember also the thoughtless, the unkind words!

◆

Avoid Bad Company.—The following little fable contains a deal of wisdom; and editors, clergymen—indeed, all classes in society, will do well to remember it, and govern themselves accordingly:

A skunk once challenged a lion to single combat. The lion promptly declined the honor of such a meeting.

"How," said the skunk, "are you afraid?"

"Very much so," quoth the lion, "for you would only gain fame by having the honor to fight a lion, while every one who met me for a month to come would know that I had been in company with a skunk."

◆

Ingenious.—Here is a long sentence of thirty-two words which some ingenious child has got up with just the letters found in the word *maiden*. "Ida, a maiden, a mean man named Ned Dean, and Media, a mad dame, made me mend a die and a dime, and mind a mine in a dim den in Maine."

◆

A little girl has made a Soldier's hospital shirt, which is to be sent to Washington, bearing the following inscription:

"The little fingers of Alice Heath, of Bunker Hill, Charlestown, Mass., aged four and a half years, sewed every stitch in this shirt. She loves the soldier."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 7, 28, 29 is necessary on almost every farm.
My 5, 19, 10, 9, 34, 12, 15 of 17, 11, 4, 18, 10 are also very useful in supplying my 2, 6, 32, 5, 31, 15 with that useful and natural 33, 28, 7, 12, 31, 14, 21 which nature has provided for them.
My 35, 13, 10, 15, 14, 33, 35 is a garden vegetable.
My 20, 16 is a word often used by 24, 18, 3, 12, 25, 19, 33, 32, 5.
My 16, 23, 21, 5 are good to feed my 22, 16, 32, 25, 9, 15, and it is said they also thrive and do well when fed with 5, 17, 7, 18, 19, 27, 35, 35, 29, 31, 25.
My 10, 18, 23, 35, 7, 32 has wrought a great change in agriculture.
My 5, 30, 9, 31, 35 is a very useful animal.
My 26, 6, 9 is a useful implement.
My 10, 3, 8, 9 is part of a sled.

My whole is a very common expression, and may be found in Scripture. Chauncey N. Bates.

Mesopotamia, Ohio, 1863.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 4, 2, 5, 1 is what every farmer should use.
Mp 7, 6, 5, 4 was a race of people of Southern Europe.
My 9, 10, 5, was once the symbol of wisdom.
My 3, 9, 10, 6, 1 is used for promoting cleanliness.
My 10, 8, 2, 4, 6 is what every one should be able to do.

My whole is the name of an Indian Chief.

Saint Peter, Minnesota, 1863. Lizzie Cullen.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Tbu hitw het evnrla usn dan arni,
I surtt ldo orbni lwil ocem giana;
Elda yetgln iwth ihm fi eh oemsc,
Doruna uory ordo ot ekse orf burmsc.

Raspe lal het dribs nad arpes herit setsn;
Vige on apni ot hetir tilelt rasebts;
Elt emht nojey ehtri volse nda unf,
Nauhedmr ta tesal yb oby ro ugn.

Pickering, C. W., 1863. P. B.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a river, and leave a girl's name.
Behead a gulf, and leave a verb.
Behead a river, and leave a title.
Behead a volcano, and leave a puzzle.
Behead an island, and leave a town.
Behead a cape, and leave a part of the head.
Behead a river, and leave a boy's nickname. M.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The sum of two numbers is 148. If the greater be divided by the less, and the less by the greater, the greater quotient be multiplied by 7, and the smaller be multiplied by 49, both will be equal. Required the two numbers.

Latonia Springs, Ky., 1863. Miss F. Sanford.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

◆

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 684.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Aching teeth are incendiary tenants.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—What is worth doing at all, is worth well doing.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—36 rods.

Answer to Anagram:

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,
At morning, at noon, and at night;
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
Which only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with you no more?

Answer to Geographical Decapitations:—Cape, Amite, Morgan, Dan, Glynn, Drave, Block, Osage, Ware, Potter, Clark, Fear, Park.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Of all the flags that float aloft
O'er Neptune's gallant tars,
That wave on high, in victory,
Above the sons of Mars,
Give us *the* flag—Columbia's flag—
The emblem of the free,
Whose flashing stars blazed thro' our wars,
For Truth and Liberty.
Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine,
And give it three times three,
And fling it out, 'mid song and shout,
The Banner of the Sea.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 7, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

THE contraband traffic between the rebels in Maryland and Virginia, which for a long time has been going on, and by which large quantities of goods have found their way across the Potomac near the Peninsula extremity, between the Potomac and Rappahannock to Richmond, has been broken up. Parties were sent out to break up these rebel avenues of support and information, and to prevent the enforcement of the conscription ordered to take place in the counties on the week from the 12th to the 17th inst. by the rebel authorities. A large quantity of provisions and a number of horses, mules, &c., intended for the rebels, were seized. A large number of contrabands also came in with the expeditionary parties. Among the captures were two large mail bags. Several vessels used in conveying supplies across the Potomac, were captured and destroyed.

On the 24th ult., two rebel cavalry brigades, Fitzhugh Lee's and Hampton's, attempted a raid into our lines. They crossed the Rappahannock at Kelley's Ford, and succeeded, by a strong attack, in breaking our thin line of cavalry outposts at one or two points, capturing a small number of our men. Our cavalry outpost reserves were brought up, the lines immediately re-established, and a force sent in pursuit. We captured a few rebel privates and two or three officers.

On the 26th ult., a skirmish took place between a portion of Stuart's cavalry and a detachment of the 6th United States regular cavalry, at Piedan's farm, a point about five miles from Falmouth, and on the road to Hartwood Church. The circumstances attending the affair are, as yet, not fully reported, but enough is known to establish the opinion that it was the determination of Gen. Stuart to make his way to Potomac Creek and destroy the railroad suspension bridge, over which the supplies for this army are conveyed in most part. In this he was successfully foiled, and his retreat across the river was accomplished just in time to save his force from destruction, inasmuch as the rain has caused a rise in the stream, rendering it impossible to ford. In the skirmish we lost several killed and wounded, and some taken prisoners. We captured about fifty of the enemy, among them one Lieutenant.

Gen. Hooker has arrested 30 deserters, had them tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. It is believed he will irrevocably enforce the sentence.

The N. Y. *Times* special from Washington states that Gen. Hooker has been in the city and in consultation with the President and Secretary of War.

Late accounts from the Army of the Potomac indicate a generally improved discipline, and give promise of a state of efficiency never before known there. Expeditions are making successful forays against the enemy, capturing supplies and gaining valuable information, and the business of smuggling goods into the rebel lines is nearly terminated. Desertion is becoming a serious enterprise, and is rapidly diminishing, and the frequent captures of mails going to Richmond bid fair to destroy that heretofore flourishing branch of treason. Our scouting system is admirably organized, and at last we are able to know something of the positions, force and plans of the rebels. Our cavalry arm has shared the general improvement, and now, under Gen. Stoneman, may safely be said to equal in efficiency that of Stuart.

The rebels are beginning to confess their sins—they are correcting the errors into which they fell when celebrating the raising of the blockade at Charleston, and the terrible destruction of Yankees and Yankee vessels. The Richmond *Inquirer* of the 18th ult., has been received at Fortress Monroe, and we copy therefrom. It says:

"The Southern Confederacy has lately been made the dupe of a notable imposition. It was said, printed, echoed and reverberated over the land that on a certain night our two iron-clad vessels at Charleston had sunk two, disabled one, and disposed of the rest of the blockading squadron off Charleston harbor. Now we learn with pain, but certainty, that no ship was sunk; none disabled; in short, no damage was done to the blockading squadron, which, consisting of wooden ships only, avoided a fight with our iron-clads, and most judiciously, until they brought up iron-clads of their own, which they immediately did.

"Further, we regret to say that the British steamer Princess Royal, laden with the most precious cargo that ever entered Charleston, had been captured the night before by a Federal gunboat; that she was along side of that gunboat within a mile and a half of the shore; that the naval authorities of Charleston were made aware of her capture, value and situation, and yet our victorious iron-clads, did not rescue her from that gunboat, but allowed her to be carried out to sea.

"We would rather praise than censure, but the truth must be told. An official inquiry is to be made of this mismanagement of an enterprise which may never be so favorable again."

A Fortress Monroe correspondent of the *Times* says reports of country people, rendered to both Gen. Viele at Norfolk and Gen. Peck at Suffolk, concur in stating that Pryor has been re-enforced by troops, under Generals Pettigrew and Glover, to the extent of over 15,000 men, giving him, therefore, a present force of over 20,000. Rumors have also come from many quarters that an attempt would be made upon Norfolk before the 4th of March. In fulfillment of this prediction, Pryor, a week ago, withdrew his pickets—which were half way between Suffolk and Blackwater River, and making a circuitous route in a north-easterly direction, crossed the Chowan River, and turned up yesterday morning in Princess Anne county, 26 miles northwest of our lines.

The gunboats Freeborn and Dragon made a reconnoissance on the 21st, up the Rappahannock, a distance of 60 miles. Just below Fort Lowry they were fired on by a rebel battery, and an engagement of an hour's length ensued, in which the batteries were silenced. The Freeborn received unimportant injuries, and had two or three men slightly injured. The entire reconnoissance was a perfect success, and yielded a great deal of valuable information.

Movements in the West and South-West.

THE special Memphis expedition through Yazoo Pass reached Moon Lake on the 22d. In the stretch beyond this lake, leading to Coldwater river, the enemy sought to obstruct the channel by felling trees, stumps and logs. Our troops have been at work for three weeks, clearing out the pass. A battalion of the 5th Illinois Cavalry were sent as scouts to the banks to drive back the enemy. They had a brisk skirmish on the 20th, with a company of sixty mounted rebels, dispersing them, killing six, wounding several and capturing twenty-six. Our loss was only five wounded.

The following, which is from rebel sources, (the capture has been confirmed, however,) is not at all agreeable:

"Capt. Cannon, from Red river, brings information of the capture of the Federal steamer Queen of the West, that recently succeeded in running our batteries at Vicksburg, at Gordon's Landing, and Fort Taylor on the Red river. The Queen of the West captured the Confederate steamer Eva No. 5, forcing her pilot, John Burke, to take the wheel, and asked him to take the boat to our batteries. He feigned fear, but finally took the wheel under a Yankee guard. Upon nearing the batteries, he told the Yankees they were fifteen miles from them, immediately putting close in, when she received a shot which broke her steam-pipe, disabling the boat, the Yankees being wholly unprepared for a fight, and suspecting no danger. Burke jumped overboard and drifted ashore. The boat drifted to the opposite shore, when her crew made their escape, with the exception of eighteen, who fell into our hands. The crew subsequently got on board the Yankee boat De Soto, and with 200 stolen negroes, effected their escape. The Queen of the West is now in our possession, and will be towed to a place of safety for repairs."

A dispatch from Cairo, on the 28th ult., says:—The city is full of startling rumors. It is said that on the 26th inst. the famous cut-off was completed, dredging machines having been at work for several days. It is asserted that the gunboats are all through, and the transports are preparing to follow after. The batteries at Warrenton are reduced. The whole force will be sent first to Port Hudson. It is stated that the small gunboat fleet reached the Yazoo river, via Union Lake, and are playing the mischief in the rear of Vicksburg. It is also reported that the gunboats got into Red river, via way of Providence. Also reports are circulated of serious disasters to Union troops, and of gunboats captured, but are not credited.

Judging from the annexed dispatch, just received, it looks as though the rebels will soon have a fleet of iron-clad rams and gunboats at the expense of Uncle Sam. We hope the brilliancy of the Western Campaign is not to be marred by many such disasters:

U. S. MISS. SQUADRON, Feb. 27.

To Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy: SIR:—I regret to inform you that the Indianola has fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The rams Webb and Queen of the West attacked her 25 miles from here and rammed her until she surrendered, all of which can be traced to a non-compliance with my instructions. I do not know the particulars.

DAVID D. PORTER, Com.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE resolution heretofore adopted by the House, calling upon Secretary Chase for information respecting the expenses of the sustenance of slaves in the Sea Island district of South Carolina on the commencement of the rebellion, has elicited a reply, from which it appears there was expended for

Agricultural Implements, in round numbers	$77,081
Purchase of schooner Flora	31,350
White labor	82,748
Colored do.	34,527
Total expenses	$225,705

From this has been realized $726,894. Deducting the above, there remains on hand from this fund, 501,279. This was up to June last, at which time business was transferred to the War Department.

A letter from Secretary Stanton, January 19th, shows that there has been paid for transportation, since the rebellion, to roads connecting with New York, $2,921,948, viz: to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, $1,213,659; Camden and Amboy, $518,575; New Jersey, $377,914; Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, $202,392; Northern Central, 209,757; Philadelphia Central, $192,427; New Jersey Central, $289,632, and about $80,000 to Expresses on the same route. In addition, $123,673 to the New Jersey Central, not designated as exclusively for transportation over the New York line. There are claims by the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, for $36,119, not yet adjusted.

The Committee of Conference have compromised all the disagreeing amendments to the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government.

The Friends in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, have memorialized Congress, asking the exemption from the draft and the procurement of substitutes and from the fines, which they deem a penalty imposed for exercising their right of conscience against the shedding of blood. While they say we deplore and utterly condemn the wicked rebellion, fomented by misguided and infatuated men, which has involved the nation in strife and bloodshed, we earnestly desire, that while the Lord's judgments are so awfully manifested to the inhabitants of the earth, we may learn righteousness. The Friends close by praying that peace may once more be restored throughout our whole land, and that Christian liberty, harmony and love may universally prevail among the people.

Our Government has been officially informed of the action of the Mexican Government in relation to the invasion of Texas by bands of vagabond Mexicans. The Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs has instructed the Government of Tamaulipas to make a solemn declaration to the Confederate authorities, that such incursions are not only discountenanced by the Mexican Government, but meet with its stern condemnation. The Governor of Tamaulipas is further requested, as far as possible, to prevent such invasions of the neighboring soil of Texas. Should the Texans, or other rebels, retaliate in turn by invading Mexico, they are to be treated as bandits, while those passing from Mexico into Texas, forfeit all claims from the Mexican Government.

A plan has been submitted to the Military Committee of the two Houses for the consolidation of the regiments in the field, or filling them up to the maximum, and keeping them full from troops to be raised under the new conscript law. The plan does away with the present anomalous state of affairs, in which a wasted regiment, hardly containing 150 muskets, has the full complement of staff, line and field officers for a thousand men. It proposes to make such a change as will consolidate parts of regiments in whole ones, thereby disposing of supernumerary officers, then forming them into brigades, with a Brigadier-General for each, and then into divisions, with a Major-General to command. It gives the President power to muster out of the service officers whom the consolidation may leave without commands, always discriminating in favor of those oldest in the field, and most noted for service and ability.

A dispatch from Washington dated March 1st, says that President Lincoln has issued a proclamation calling an extraordinary session of the Senate, to meet on the 4th inst., at noon, to receive and act upon such communications as may be made to it on the part of the Executive. These communications are mainly if not altogether on military and civil nominations.

It is stated now that the President will immediately call out 600,000 men, under the conscription act.

A dispatch has been received from Gen. Grant, which gives much encouragement to the President and Secretary of War. They express the utmost confidence of favorable results at Vicksburg. It seems that Gen. Grant asks only four or five days of good weather to complete entirely all his arrangements, which are such that military authorities are convinced will result in the capture of Vicksburg, and also of the rebel army concentrated at that point.

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate have given much attention to Utah affairs, and are convinced that the Territorial Legislature, by the establishment of a Court co-extensive with the United States District Court frustrates all proper judicial proceedings. The Federal Judges have forwarded a request to so define the duties of the Court as to prevent further trouble.

The Senate Military Committee have instructed their Chairman to report a bill authorizing the tax collectors in the insurrectionary districts to purchase at the tax sales such lands as the President may designate as being needed for military and other Government use.

Gen. Doubleday, one of the wisest, as well as one of the most skillful officers in the service, has suggested the following disposition of the contrabands in Northern Virginia. He says that every day fugitives come into camp, and there being no provision for the reception and care of them, they are suffered to wander about the country, and are too frequently picked up and taken beyond the Rappahannock, to do work for the enemy. Gen. D. recommends that the most available of the numerous peninsulas along the Potomac and Chesapeake bay be fortified across their narrow necks, and used as places of refuge for the negroes. They would thus be able to defend themselves, and the fish and oysters in the bay would give them employment and sustenance. As an example of a suitable locality, he indicates Mathias Point. A line of fortifications across the neck would afford protection to thousands of these wanderers, at a very light expense to the Government. One advantage secured would be the establishment of places of refuge, to which all inquiring fugitives could be directed. These points would also form a basis for colonization, if that policy should ever be adopted.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Valley Falls (Mass.) Manufacturing Company found seventy-two and a half pounds of iron in a bale of cotton; and the Social Manufacturing Company in Woonsocket, on opening a bale, found sixty-eight pounds of brick. Iron and brick, at about $1 per pound, is a touch above printing paper.

JOHN RUSSELL, one of the earliest pioneers of Illinois, died at his residence in Bluffdale, Green county, on the 22d ult. He edited the Backwoodsman, one of the first newspapers published in Illinois, and became widely known as a forcible and vigorous writer.

PROF. WHITNEY, the State geologist, found among the Sierra Nevadas, about 2,000 feet above the level of the ocean, an almost perfect jaw of a rhinoceros. Huge petrified oyster shells were also found among the mountains of the interior and at great elevations.

HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, our Minister to China, in announcing the death of Gen. Ward, says that in a letter to him, that heroic man proposed to contribute ten thousand taels to the Government of the United States, to aid in maintaining the Union, but before Mr. Burlingame could reply to this offer, Ward was killed. Mr. Burlingame says:—"Let this wish though unexecuted, find worthy record in the archives of his native land, to show that neither self-exile nor foreign service, nor the incidents of a stormy life, could extinguish from the breast of this wandering child of the Republic the fires of a truly loyal heart."

IT having been frequently reported to Gen. Rosecrans that Confederate soldiers approached our lines dressed in our uniforms, and that they have appeared thus in battle, and have, savage-like, carried our colors to deceive us, it is ordered by the General that none so dressed shall receive, when captured, the rights of prisoners of war, and that, in battle, no quarter be given them.

A CORRESPONDENT communicates to the Boston *Transcript* the following fact:—"An American gentleman resident in Paris, having received a copy of Gen. Butler's farewell address to the people of New Orleans, translated it and carried it to the editors of the Siecle for publication. They expressed great pleasure at receiving it, and promised that it should appear in the next day's paper. But the next morning they notified this gentleman that they had received a caution (*avis officieux*,) from the Government not to publish anything favorable to Gen. Butler."

Rev. Mr. FLETCHER, of Newburyport, who has returned from Brazil, made a tour of exploration there of 7,000 miles. He ascended the Amazon to Peru, and says that the capabilities of that immense river and the fertility of the great Amazon basin have been under-estimated. He saw a Brazilian man-of-war at Tabatinga, Brazil, which is on the Amazon, two thousand miles from the Atlantic.

HARVARD COLLEGE has sent into the field four hundred and thirty of her sons—more than seventeen per cent. of the whole number of her living alumni; Amherst, of her undergraduates, and graduates of the last five years, has sent one hundred and fifty-nine; and Williams' college, as nearly as can be ascertained, has given one hundred and eleven of her sons.

ABOUT ten thousand pounds of peanuts were raised in Yolo and Sacramento counties, California, during the past year. Had it not been for the flood there probably would have been over twenty thousand pounds produced.

THE New Orleans *Delta* of the 24th ult., says it is reported the levees above that city are in a very dangerous condition, holes having been cut in them by rebel guerillas, and the river having risen to within a few feet of an overflow. Nearly the whole surface of the State is several feet below the river at high water mark, and if the rise continues, it is feared that the whole country will soon be several feet under water. Not only Louisiana, but a great portion of Alabama and Mississippi would be thus submerged.

A NEGRO was arraigned for larceny in St. Louis last week. If free, he would be sent to prison. If a slave, he would be whipped. This distinction brought up the question of his status. It was proved that he had been a slave of a rebel master in Mississippi, but escaped. The Judge thereupon declared him free under the President's Proclamation, and he was sent to jail.

THE Detroit *Advertiser* says that during last summer many thousand bales of cotton have passed through that city on their way East. In the course of the past two months upwards of five thousand bales have been transferred from the railroads terminating in Detroit to the Great Western Railway in Canada, and a large number of bales are now awaiting transhipment at the depots.

THE Indian Bureau has received the important information that the Sioux and Pawnees, the former north and the latter south of the Missouri River, have made a solemn treaty between themselves and the Government, to remain hereafter in peace and amity.

QUITE an epidemic broke out in the State Reform School, at Lansing, Mich. Several boys have died. A consultation of physicians has been held, and considerable excitement has been evinced. It is thought to be a species of spotted fever.

THE drovers are complaining about losses that they sustain by the weighing of their stock at Buffalo. They say that the Railroad Company ought to allow them (by a deduction on freight charges) for the shrinkage of the cattle, or else cause them to be weighed on their arrival there, and charge freight upon that weight. Under the present arrangement they say that they have to pay freight on several hundred pounds per car load more than their stock will weigh there.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co.
The Best Tile Machine—A La Tourrette, Jr.
To Farmers, to Dairymen, &c—Josiah Carpenter.
Choice Seeds for Hot-Beds—McElwain Bros.
Pear Seeds—R E Schrœder.
Fruit Trees, Vines, &c—E Taylor.
Agents Wanted—E F Hovey.
Tobacco Seed—McElwain Bros.
Farm for Sale—S H Basom.
Canvassers Wanted—Harris Bros.
Cranberry Plants—P D Chilson.
Doolittle Raspberry Plants—Mrs H H Doolittle.
Fruit Trees—H Southwick & Son.
For the Spring Trade—Williams, Ramsden & Co.

Special Notices.

An Egg Operation—Wm Chamberlain.
Every Soldier should have them—Brown's Bronchial Troches.
Worth considering—D B De Land & Co.
Prepared Harness Oil—Frank Miller & Co.

The News Condenser.

— There was sleighing in Washington on Sunday week.

— New potatoes have appeared in the markets of Louisville, Ky.

— Seven hundred bales of cotton reached Cairo, Ill., on the 22d ult.

— In New England there are in all, 24,711 persons of African descent.

— Col. Ellett, commander of the gunboat Queen of the West, is but 19 years of age.

— The contrabands at Norfolk cost the Government $1,000 per day—$365,000 per annum.

— Ten thousand bottles of whiskey were captured at Acquia Landing, Va., some days since.

— During the past year there was received at San Francisco forty-nine million dollars in gold.

— The wealth of Ohio is estimated at one billion one hundred and eighty-seven millions of dollars.

— Arrangements are nearly completed for a third line of telegraph between Boston and Washington.

— Mrs. Deborah Duane, grand-daughter of Benjamin Franklin, died in Philadelphia Thursday week.

— The Houston (Texas) Telegraph announces the hanging of twenty-six "Abolitionists" in Gainesville.

— Ex-Gov. Morgan has just purchased a magnificent dwelling house in New York city for $82.000 cash.

— The Flax Cotton Company at Lockport are paying $10 per tun for green flax straw, and $16 for rotted.

— A provision in the conscription bill just passed by the Senate allows exemption on the payment of $300.

— Skaneatelas Lake is frozen over its entire length, and the ice for the greater distance is as smooth as a mirror.

— A weather-wise individual at Chicago predicts that we will have seven snow storms before the first of April.

— It is estimated that nearly two million barrels of crude oil have changed hands at Pittsburgh, Pa., during the past year.

— Ex-Governor Roger Sherman Baldwin died at his residence in New Haven Conn., on the 19th ult., aged 70 years.

— The New York Fire Marshal's report for the last six months shows that during that period 148 fires occurred in that city.

— It is estimated that there are between 11,000 and 12,000 paroled prisoners at the Parole Camp, Annapolis, at the present time.

— One of the Dupont powder mills, near Wilmington, Del., was blown up Wednesday week, and thirteen workmen were killed.

— Rev. John McDowell, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, died in Philadelphia on Friday evening week at the age of 83 years.

— The officers and crew of the late steamer Hatteras arrived in New York on Wednesday week in the Star of the South from Key West.

— A brother of the rebel General Forrest informs the Memphis Bulletin that he is dead. His relatives place reliance on the information.

— The four railroad companies whose roads center at Cleveland, Ohio, have decided to build a depot in that city at a cost of nearly $150,000.

— The spirits have predicted, In Andrew [Jackson Davis' paper, that France will soon be fighting for the Confederacy, and England for us.

— A new telegraph company between New York, Albany and Chicago is now being organized, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars.

— Major Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, the hero of Cumberland Gap, is compelled to retire for a time from active service, owing to impaired health.

— Nearly one-third of the women in England never marry, and three millions of females are thrown upon their own exertions for support.

— At a recent meeting of the N. Y. Board of Councilmen the ordinance appropriating $500,000 for the aid of volunteer's families was adopted.

— The rebel General Gustavus W. Smith, formerly of New York, has resigned, and the rebel Commander-in-Chief has accepted his resignation.

— The new monitor, Sangamon, carries a gutta percha raft, a new invention, which will accommodate 76 persons and can be propelled rapidly by oars.

— The U. S. frigate Sabine, which arrived at New York Wednesday week, has sailed 10,000 miles in search of the Alabama since the 3d of November.

— Gen. Blunt has proclaimed martial law in Leavenworth, as the civil authorities are unable or inadequate to keep the peace and administer justice.

— Winchell, the Humorist, once a great favorite with the audiences that assembled to see and hear him, died at Lafayette, Indiana, on Wednesday week.

— The Chicago Tribune says upwards of 1,000 of the rebel prisoners taken in Arkansas are sick and under medical treatment. Eight died in one night.

— Jacob Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, was captured on the Mississippi river on the 31st ult., in a skiff, and handed over to Admiral Porter.

— The petroleum trade has become so important in Pittsburg that an Oil Exchange has been regularly established. It is held in the Board of Trade room.

— A cake was lately presented to preacher Spurgeon, which he thought best to analyze before tasting, and was found to contain poison enough to kill six men.

— It is hinted that Preston King is to be Secretary of War, and that there are to be changes of policy by the Administration after Congress gets out of the way.

— The Intelligencer newspaper office, and ten buildings adjoining, were destroyed by fire at Belleville, Canada, on the 29th ult. Loss $25,000; mostly insured.

— The last steamer from Europe brings intelligence of the death of the Marquis of Lansdowne. He was one of the oldest and most eminent Statesmen of England.

— One effect of the rebellion upon Slavery, even in a loyal State, is seen in the report of the Maryland Commissioners, who state the fair value of slaves at $5 each.

— The Ky. House of Representatives has rescinded its resolution inviting Commissioners from other States to assemble in Louisville to deliberate on National affairs.

Special Notices

An Egg Operation.—The last *Orleans American*, (Albion, N. Y.,) states that Mr. William Chamberlain, of that place, has been very successful in his egg operations. He purchases only in the summer when they are cheap, and packs them in a dry material, at a cost of less than 30 cents a hundred dozen, and keeps them till the following winter perfectly fresh. In the enhanced price that he gets, Mr. C. is enabled to more than double any investment that he makes in the business, after defraying all expenses. His plan of preserving eggs must be of great value.

EVERY SOLDIER SHOULD HAVE THEM.

From R. B. Heintzelman, *Steward 72d Reg. P. V.*—"Your medicinal preparation (Brown's Bronchial Troches) is certainly valuable to soldiers in the field, and I feel satisfied, if generally adopted at the hospitals, many sleepless nights of the weary soldier would be averted. Our regiment are now testing their qualities, and I believe are all satisfied of their good effects in alleviating those distressing affections of the throat arising from cold and exposure. They are now daily prescribed in our hospital and at the surgeon's morning call." Sold everywhere at 25 cents per box.

PREPARED HARNESS OIL.

Frank Miller, the inventor, and for 25 years proprietor of the celebrated Leather Preservative and Water Proof Oil Blacking is now introducing a prepared Harness Oil Blacking, put up in sealed Pint, Quart and Gallon cans. The proprietor is constantly receiving the highest testimonials in its favor, and the constantly increasing sales is the best evidence that it is an excellent and appreciated article.

Orders should be addressed to either of the manufacturers.

FRANK MILLER & Co., No. 5 Cedar St., N. Y. City.
FRANK MILLER & Co., Warsaw, N. Y.
FRANK MILLER & SON, Toronto, C. W.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, March 2, 1863.

Tra[illegible] week [illegible] changes effected during the [illegible]ortance.

Rochest[illegible] Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	14@16c
Flour, win. wheat	$7,25@8,50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	6,50@7,00	Candles, box	13½@14c
Flour, buckwheat	2,50@2,50	Candles, extra	14@14½c
Meal, Indian	1,18@1,18	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,50@1,75	Apples, bushel	25@30c
Best white Canada	1,45@1,50	Do. dried ⅌ lb	4 @ 4½c
Corn, old	82@83c	Peaches, do	14@15c
Corn, new	82@83c	Cherries, do	14@16c
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush	90c@$1	Plums, do	9 @10c
Oats, by weight	56@58c	Potatoes, do	40@50c
Barley	1,20@1,35	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	55@60c	Slaughter	7 @ 7½c
Beans	1,50@2,00	Calf	9 @ 10c
Meats.		Sheep Pelts	1,25@4,00
Pork, old mess	15,50@16,00	Lamb Pelts	25@2,00
Pork, new mess	16,00@16,50	**Seeds.**	
Pork, clear	17,00@17,50	Clover, medium	5,50@6,00
Dressed hogs, cwt	6,25@ 6,50	Do. large	7,00@7,50
Beef, cwt	4,00@ 6,50	Timothy	2,00@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@ 2,00	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4 @5½c	Wood, hard	5,00@6,00
Hams, smoked	9 @9½c	Wood, soft	3,00@4,00
Shoulders	7 @7 c	Coal, Scranton	6,75@7,75
Chickens	8 @9c	Coal, Pittston	6,75@7,50
Turkeys	9 @10c	Coal, Shamokin	6,75@7,50
Geese	40 @50c	Coal, Char	7 @ 8c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	1,75@2,00
Butter, roll	18 @21c	Straw, tun	5,00@7,00
Butter, firkin	16 @20c	Hay, tun	8,00@16,00
Cheese	11 @13c	Wool, ⅌ lb	50@60c
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Whitefish, ½ bbl	4,50@5,00
Tallow rough	7 @ 7½c	Codfish, quintal	5,50@6,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, half bbl	4,50@5,00

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28—Flour—Market more active and may be quoted a little more steady, with a moderate business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at 7,10 @7,40 for superfine State; $7,65@7,85 for extra State; $7,10 @7,40 for superfine Western; $7,70@8,20 for common to medium extra Western; $8,00@8,10 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $8,20@9,50 for trade brands do,—the market closing firm. Sales of choice extra State were made at $7,90@8,20. Canadian flour a shade firmer, with a moderate business. Sales at $7,75@8,10 for common, and $8,20@9,50 for good to choice extra. Rye flour steady and quiet at $4,00@5,60 for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and firm; sales at $4,00@4,25 for Jersey; $4,80@4,95 for Brandywine, and $4,85 for caloric.

Grain—Wheat market may be quoted 1@2c better, with a rather more active business doing for export and home consumption; the supply is light, and holders are disposed to insist on very full prices. Sales Chicago spring at $1,45 @1,63; Milwaukee club at $1,64@1,72; amber Iowa at $1,73 @1,75; common to fair winter red Western at $1,75@1,78; amber Michigan at $1,79@1,84; winter red and amber State at $1,80@1,85½, and white Michigan at $1,96. Rye scarce and firm; sales Jersey at $1,11@1,15 afloat and delivered. Barley firm; sales Eastern at $1,50½@1,55. Barley malt quiet and nominally unchanged at $1,60. Peas continue nominal at $1,15 for Canada. Corn market fully 1c better, with a more active demand; sales at 97@99c for prime sound shipping mixed Western; 88@96c for unsound do.; 90c for unsound white Western, and $1,00 for yellow do.—Oats steady, with a fair demand, with sales at 73@75c for common to prime Jersey, and 78@82c for Canada, Western and State.

Provisions—Pork market without decided change; sales at $14,75@17,12½ for mess; $16,50@18,50 for prime mess, and $11,75@14,00 for prime. Beef firmer; sales at $5,00@6,00 for country prime; $7,00@9,00 for country mess; $11,50@12,75 for re-packed mess, and $12,00@14,00 for extra mess. Prime mess beef dull; sales at $22,00. Beef hams in moderate demand and prices steady; sales at $15,00@16,50 for choice Western. Cut meats active; sales at 5½@6c for shoulders, and 7½@8¼c for hams. Dressed hogs rule firmer.—Sales at 6⅜@7⅜c. Bacon sides without change; sales at 8@8c for Western Cumberland cut middles; 8¼@8⅜c for city do; 8½c Western long ribbed middles; 8½@8¾c for do short ribbed middles; 8¾@9c for do long clear middles; 9¼ for city do; 9⅜@9⅝c for Western short clear middles; 10¼ @9½c for city do; 8⅛@8½c for bellies, and 8½@8½c for Western long cut hams. Lard market rules very firm, with a more active demand; sales at 11½@12¼c for No. 1 to choice. Butter steady, and selling at 16@22c for Ohio and 23@30c for State. Cheese steady and firm at 12@16c.

Ashes—Steady; sales at $8,62 for Pots, and $9,00 for Pearls.

Hops are in light supply, and are held with much firmness, at 22@29c., cash, as to quality, with sales of 250 bales within the range.

Seed—Clover Seed is in moderate request and the market is hardly so firm; sales of 250 bags at 10@11⅜c. for inferior to prime. Timothy seed is quiet and steady at $2,87@3.

BUFFALO, March 2.—Flour—The market for the week has ruled quiet, with but little doing. The sudden rise in gold gave rather more activity for a day, closing on Saturday very dull. Sales for the week, at prices ranging from $6,25 to $7,00 for extras; $7,50@8,00@$8,25 for the range of double extras—closing a shade easier with sales on Saturday; white wheat double extra Indiana at $8,25, and at $6,75 for Wisconsin spring extras, and $7,75 for double extra white wheat Indiana.

Grain.—Wheat—The market for the week has been only moderately active, closing dull. Holders very firm, there being comparatively but little offering. The quotations are—$1,50@1,55 for red winter Ohio, Indiana and Mich.; $1,45 for Illinois winter No 1; No 1, and 2 Milwaukee club at $1,35@1,40; No. 2 Chicago $1,20@1,25; Canada club $1,35@1,40, and white winter $1,70@1,75. Corn—The market for the week has been very dull, with but little doing except occasional sales of car lots at prices ranging from 77 to 88 cents, closing at 75@76c. Oats—There have been no transactions during the week. Firmly held at 65 cents, at which price the last sale by the cargo was made. Barley—Stock very light, with light receipts. Small lots find ready sale on arrival, at $1,40@1,48 for Western, and $1,50@1,53 for State and Canadian. Rye—The market quiet, with moderate stock and more moderate demand. Held at 95c. by the cargo, and retailing at $1,00 for car lots. Peas—In good demand, with light receipts and light stock. Closing with sales, car lots, at 88c. Beans—Firm, with good inquiry. Fair to choice quoted at $2,25@2,50.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 25.—Whole number of Cattle at market 565; about 525 Beeves, and 40 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

Market Beef—Prices, Extra $7,50@8,00; first quality $6,75@7,25; second do. $6,00@6,50; third do. $5,00@5,00.
Working Oxen—⅌ pair—None.
Cows and Calves—$30, $37@45.
Stores—Yearlings, none; two years old, $16@21, three years old, $22@23.
Sheep and Lambs—2200 at market; prices in lots, $5,00@5,50 each; extra, $6,00@7,50.
Hides—8@8½c ⅌ lb. Tallow—8@8½c ⅌ lb.
Pelts—$3,50@4,00 each.
Calf Skins—None. Veal Calves—None.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—For Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drove Yard, corner of Fourth avenue and Forty-fourth street; at Chamberlain's Hudson River, Bull's Head, foot of Robinson street; at Browning's, in Sixth street, near Third avenue; and also at O'Brien's Central Bull's Head, Sixth street. For Swine, at Allerton's Yard, foot of 37th street, N. R.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ⅌ cwt	$10,00@11,00
Ordinary quality	8,00@9,50
Common quality	7,00@8,00
Inferior quality	6,50@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$45,00@50,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@45,00
Common quality	30,00@35,00
Inferior quality	25,00@28,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality ⅌ lb	6½@7 c
Ordinary	5½@6 c
Common	5 @5½c
Inferior	4½@5 c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Extras ⅌ head	$7,50@9,00
Prime quality	6,50@7,50
Ordinary	5,00@6,00
Common	4,75@5,00
Inferior	4,25@4,50
SWINE.	
Corn-fed	5¾@5⅞c
Do. Light and Medium	5½@5¾c
Still Hogs	4⅞@5⅛c

BRIGHTON, Feb. 26—At market 850 Beeves; 8 Stores; 2,200 Sheep and Lambs, and 180 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00; 1st quality, $7,50; 2d do, $6,50; 3d do, $4,75@5,00.
Working Oxen—$100, $131, $134@135.
Milch Cows—$43@46; common $19@20.
Stores—Yearlings, none: two years old $18@20; three years old $21@23.
Hides—8@8½c ⅌ lb.
Calf Skins—None.
Tallow—Sales at 8c ⅌ lb.
Pelts—$2,00@2,25 each.
Sheep and Lambs—$3,75@4,00; extra $4,50@5,50.
Swine—Stores, wholesale, none; retail, none. Spring Pigs 4@4½c; retail 4@6c. Fat Hogs, undressed, none. Still fed, none.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—Wool—An active demand prevailed for wool throughout the week, in part for consumption and investment, and the market was decidedly firmer, closing with a strong upward tendency in view of the light stock in first hands and the advance in gold and exchange. We quote American at 63@75c ⅌ lb for Saxony fleeces; 68@72c for full blood Merino and ½@¾ Merino, and 65@70c for native and ¼ Merino. Extra pulled 65@67c, super do 65@68c, and No. 1 pulled 50@55c. California fine unwashed 48 @50c; common unwashed do, 30@40c, and Peruvian washed 40@50c.

Saxony Fleece, ⅌ lb	68@75c
American full-blood Merino	68@72
Do half and three-quarter do	68@72
Do Native and quarter do	65@70
Extra pulled	65@67
Superfine do	65@68
No. 1, do	50@55
California fine, unwashed	48@50
Do common do	30@40
Peruvian washed	40@50
Chilian Merino unwashed	35@37
Do Mestiza do	34@35
Valparaiso do	22@25
South American Merino unwashed	32@35
Do do Mestiza do	28@32
Do do common washed	25@30
Do do Entre Rios washed	30@32
Do do do do unwashed	21@23
Do do Cordova washed	40@42
Cape Good Hope unwashed	35@37
East India washed	45@60
African unwashed	26@38
Do washed	40@46
Mexican unwashed	32@35
Texas	—@—
Smyrna unwashed	34@36
Do washed	38@50
Syrian unwashed	25@28

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—The following are the quotations of wool, for the week:

Saxony and Merino, fine	85@90c
Do do full-blood	82@84
Do do half and three-fourths	80@82
Common	75@80
Pulled, extra	85@90
Do superfine	90@95
Do No. 1	00@00
Western mixed	70@80
Smyrna washed	35@52
Do unwashed	21@37
Syrian	20@42
Cape	42@75
Crimea	19@35
Buenos Ayres	20@60
Peruvian washed	28@46
Canada	00@75

ALBANY, Feb. 26.—The market is stiff but not active, the stock here not large, and holders not being anxious to realize. The only sales we could learn of was 1,000 lbs. No. 1 pulled on p. t., and a small parcel of tub washed at 85c.—*Journal.*

Married

At the Ogden Center Church, Feb. 24th, by the Rev. Wm. A. Fox, E. P. SMITH and MINNIE, daughter of Asa Brown, all of Ogden.

In Blooming Valley, Jan. 5th, by the Rev. John Wood, of Ohio, Mr. A. CURTISS, of Randolph, Pa., and Miss S. HATCH, formerly of Washington Co., N. Y.

In Richmond, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb 25th, at the residence of Mr. P. P. Barnard, Mr. JOHN P. RAY and Miss LIBBY BARNARD, all of Richmond.

Also, at the same time and place, and by the same, Mr. H. HARRISON REED, of Richmond, and Miss LIBBY GOODING, of Bloomfield, N. Y.

Died

In this city, on Sunday evening, March 1st, LOVE WILLIAMS, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Amsden, aged 4 years and 8 months.

New Advertisements.

☞ **ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance**—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices (following reading matter, leaded,) 60 cents a line.

DOOLITTLE RASPBERRY PLANTS for sale by MRS. H. H. DOOLITTLE, Oaks Corners, N. Y.

CRANBERRY PLANTS of the Bell and Cherry varieties for sale at low prices. Send for a Circular, address
686-4t P. D. CHILSON, Bellingham, Mass.

CANVASSERS ATTENTION!—Employment at a Liberal Salary or commission! Agents wanted to sell the world renowned Franklin Sewing Machine. For particulars, address, with stamp, HARRIS BRO'S., Boston, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE—87 acres of good farming land, 2½ miles south of Alabama center on State road; good buildings, good orchard, well watered; 12 acres wood land under good state of cultivation. Terms, one half purchase money down, balance to suit convenience of purchaser. For particulars apply to
S. H. BASOM, Alabama, Genesee, Co., N. Y.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.—50,000 Apple Trees, 4 years old, 6 to 8 ft., $40 per 1,000.
100,000 2-year Apple Stocks, $2.50 per 1,000.
Also, Standard and Dwarf Pear trees, Plum trees and Cherry trees, in great variety, together with a large stock of the small fruits, and Evergreens. Wholesale Catalogues sent on application. WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
686-4t Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

TOBACCO SEED—The Connecticut Seed Leaf—Universally acknowledged the Best Variety. We have choice seed of this variety grown by the best cultivators in the Connecticut Valley, which we will forward to any address for 50 cts. ⅌ oz. Remittances may be made in the new postal currency, or new stamps. Prices for larger quantities given upon application.
686-3t McELWAIN BROS., Springfield, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders for Victor's History of the Rebellion—the *acknowledged standard.* Endorsed by the President, Cabinet, Members of Congress, Governors, Bancroft the Historian, and by the Press generally,—2 Vols. now ready. Expensively illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by subscription and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make from $50 to $100 per week. Send for Circular of terms, &c. Address EDW'D F. HOVEY,
686-2t No. 13 Spruce Street, New York.

FRUIT TREES, VINES, &c.—A good variety of Fruit Trees, very thrifty, and every way reliable, for sale. Also
10,000 Delaware Grape roots, 2 years old.
20,000 do do do 1 " "
Beside many other varieties.
15,000 Plum Seedlings.
10,000 Cherry do.
Russell Strawberry Plants.
Plum Seedlings, first quality.
All of which will be sold low.
E. TAYLOR, Seneca County Nurseries.
Waterloo, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1863. 686-13t

PEAR SEEDS—Just received at R. E. SCHRŒDER'S Horticultural Agency, 79 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., a lot of very fine Pear Seed, which we offer at $2,25 ⅌ lb. Also,

Norway Spruce, ⅌ lb	$0.75
Austrian Pine "	2.50
Scotch Pine "	2.00
Stone Pine "	1.50
Silver Fir "	1.50
Arbor Vitæ "	1.50

Also 250,000 Apple Grafts at $4.00 ⅌ 1,000. 686-2t

FRUIT TREES.—Our stock of trees for the Spring is superb. Can supply large or small quantities of the following, and all of the *best* Prices per 100:
Apple, 5 to 8 ft., $25; No. 2, $20.
Standard Pear, 6 to 8 ft., $25; 4 to 6 ft., $20; No. 2, $10.
Dwarf Pear, Extra, $20; Small size, $10.
Plum, 5 to 6 ft., best in State, $20; No. 2, or 1 year, $10.
Cherry, 5 to 7 ft., $7; Dwarf, $8.
Peaches, No. 1, $5; No. 2, $3.
Plum Stocks, extra article, $7. Apples, per 1,000, $45.
H. SOUTHWICK & SON,
686 Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

CHOICE SEEDS FOR HOT-BEDS—Sent post-paid, to any address upon receipt of the annexed price.

	cents ⅌ oz.	Per packet.
Cabbage, Early York	20	5c
Do. Winningstadt	25	5c
Cauliflower, half Early Paris the best early		25c
Cucumber, Extra Early Russian	17	5c
Do. New German Hybrid, extra fine	25	5c
Egg Plant, large smooth purple	50	5c
" " Scarlet French—highly ornamental		10c
Lettuce, Early Curled Silesia	17	5c
Do Royal Cape Head	17	5c
Do True Boston Curled, excellent and beautiful		10c
Peppers, Sweet Mountain—the best very large and fine	35	10c
Radish, Early Long Scarlet & Round Turnip	10	5c
Tomato, Extra Early Smooth Red, very solid	20	5c
Do Lester's Perfected, very solid		10c
Do New White		10c

☞ Catalogues giving a list and detailed description of every variety of VEGETABLES and FLOWERS worthy of cultivation, and also a list of all the *Novelties for* 1863, with full directions for cultivation, will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three cent stamp.
686-3t McELWAIN BROS., Springfield, Mass.

TO FARMERS,
TO DAIRYMEN,
TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS.
TO ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE
Sorghum Sugar and Sirup,
Furs and Skins,
Fruits, dry and green,
Butter, Cheese,
Lard, Hams,
Eggs, Poultry,
Game, Vegetables,
Flour, Grain,
Seeds, Hops,
Cotton, Flax,
Tallow, Wool,
Starch, &c., &c.,

Can have them *well* sold at the highest prices in New York, with full cash returns promptly after their reaching the city, by forwarding them to the Commission House for Country Produce, of

JOSIAH CARPENTER,
32 Jay Street, New York.

N. B.—The advertiser has had abundant experience in this business, and trusts that he will continue to merit patronage by the most careful attention to the interests of his patrons. The articles are taken charge of on their arrival, and carefully disposed of, promptly, to good cash customers, and cash returns made immediately to the owner. (The highest charge made for receiving and selling is 5 per cent.)

A New York Weekly Price Current is issued by J. Carpenter, which is sent free to all his patrons. A specimen copy sent free to any desiring it. A trial will prove the above facts. For abundant references as to responsibility, integrity, &c., see the "Price Current."

☞ Cash advanced on consignments of Produce.

SEND FOR
A FREE COPY
OF
PRICES CURRENT,
AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS,
TO
JOSIAH CARPENTER,
No. 32 Jay Street, New York.

THE UNIVERSAL

CLOTHES WRINGER.

THE ONLY WRINGER WITH THE PATENT COG WHEEL REGULATOR.

No Wringer can be durable without

COG WHEELS.

Canvassers wanted in every town. Persons residing where no canvasser is appointed, by remitting the price to us, shall receive the Wringer by express, *pre-paid.*

PRICES.

No. 1. Large Family Wringer,	$10.00	WITH COGS. WARRANTED.
" 2. Medium " "	7.00	
" 2½ Medium " "	6.00	WITHOUT COGS. Not warranted.
" 3 Small " "	5.00	

Send for Circulars to
686-eowtf JULIUS IVES & CO.,
P. O. Box 3110, 345 Broadway, New York.

Sold in Rochester, by
686 C. CARPENTER, 104 Buffalo Street.

THE BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
PIANO FORTES.

The subscriber, late a member of this well-known firm, has established a

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEPOT,
At 726 Broadway, New York City,

Where he will be happy to receive orders, and especially to hear from his friends, and the patrons of the late firm.

These Instruments, made with the Insulated Iron Rim and Frame, (cast in one solid plate,) excel all others in durability.

They will be sold at the lowest prices, and fully warranted. Send for *descriptive circulars*, and all orders to

Siberia Ott, 726 Broadway, New York, City.

NEW YORK CITY
Purchasing and Information Agency.

The subscriber, in connection with the Piano business, has established a

GENERAL AGENCY

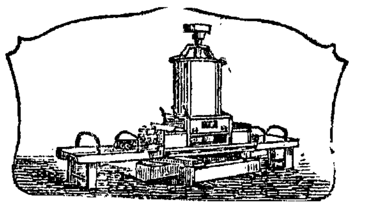
For the convenience of persons wanting articles, or information, or having Produce, Merchandise, or Real Estate to sell, or buy, or business of any kind attended to in New York City.

Country Merchants' Orders will have prompt attention, and special care. Personal attention will be given to all business sent him, and prompt replies made. *Circulars sent on application,* giving full information relative to the Agency.

References of the highest order given. *Special reference to* Mr. Moore *of the "Rural New-Yorker."*

Send for Circulars, and address
SIBERIA OTT, 726 Broadway, New York City.

THE BEST TILE MACHINE,



SMITH & WINEGAR'S PATENT,
With La Tourrette's Improvements.

The above engraving represents a Drain Tile Machine which has been used for years, and, with its recent improvements, is undoubtedly the best and most durable Tile Machine in America. It performs the whole labor of grinding the clay, screening it to free it from gravel, and presses it in tile at the same operation, and may be propelled by either water, steam or horse-power. It makes all sizes and shapes of tile and pipe, from 1½ to 12 inches, and molds 100 rods of 2-inch tile per hour. The machine is simple in construction, durable, (being made of iron,) and not liable to get out of order. In the great essentials of simplicity, capacity and durability *it has no equal.* It was awarded the First Premium at the Ohio State Fair in 1860, which award was approved by a special committee of practical tile makers appointed by the State Board of Agriculture at the special request of interested parties, who were dissatisfied with the decision of the first committee.

This machine was awarded a Silver Medal at the last State Fair at Rochester, and it received from the press the highest commendation from that exhibition.

For further particulars, or illustrated circular, address
A. LA TOURRETTE, Jr., Agent,
Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Ag'l Rooms, Albany, July 20, 1863.

A. La Tourrette, Jr.:—We should be pleased to have the Delafield Machine on exhibition in the Museum, out of respect to him who first put the ball in motion that has done so much for Seneca county, as well as the State

Your Machine has been approved by the Society and recommended—and orders have been sent to other States, when inquiries are made for machines, and unless something better appears, we shall continue to recommend the machine which has been officially approved by our Judges.
686-tf Yours truly, B. P. JOHNSON.

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OR, THE SECRET OF ONION CULTURE.

We shall issue the first of March, a copy-right Pamphlet, giving our method of Onion raising, with the manner of preparing and applying a sure remedy to stop the ravages of the maggot. We will send a copy, free of postage, to any address, for one dollar in good currency.
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Manchester, N. H. 685-2t
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Trees, &c,
***FOR THE SPRING OF* 1863.**

ELLWANGER & BARRY respectfully invite attention to the large stock of Nursery articles of every description now on their grounds and offered for Spring planting. The following may be enumerated as a few of the more important.

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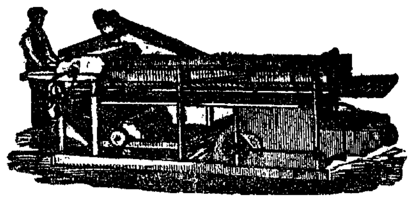

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You will save the price of the larger size, in every 1,000 lbs of sugar made upon it by the increased value of the sirup and sugar over every other mode of boiling. Thousands of farmers testify to the excellencies of the Evaporator.
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Boarding Department exclusively for Young Ladies.
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COOPER'S IMPROVED HEATER
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Was awarded the First Premium, *after a thorough test,* at the New York State Fair, 1862. Is the most simple, durable and effective

Cheese-Making Apparatus

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Send for Circular containing description, size and price list, directions for using, &c., to
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100.000 APPLE STOCKS, No. 1, $2 per 1,000.
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Have for sale some of the choicest Farming Lands in the State of Michigan, situate principally in the Counties of Jackson, Eaton, and Ingham. Said lands are mostly improved farms of from forty to one thousand acres, well located, and will be sold at reasonable rates.

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HARMONIUMS AND MELODEONS,

Warranted the best instruments of the class in the world. See Catalogues containing testimony to their superiority from the most eminent musicians. Constantly exhibited in competition with instruments of the other best makers, they have never, in a single instance, failed to take the highest prize. The only Gold Medal ever awarded to reed instruments in this country was to one of these. Prices of Harmoniums, (of which several new styles are now first offered,) $60 to $400 each; of Melodeons, $45 to $200 each. New York ware-rooms, at Nos. 5 & 7 Mercer St., where dealers are supplied at the same prices as from the factory, by MASON BROTHERS, Agents.

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE, MAGNIFYING Five Hundred times, for twenty-eight cents! (in coin.) Five, of different powers, $1.00. Mailed free. Address
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THE CRANBERRY AND ITS CULTURE.—The Subscriber has issued a Circular from the press treating on the Cranberry and its Culture. Said Circular will give persons the proper information as to the commencement of their Culture. I will take pleasure in forwarding them to all parts of the United States, to those sending post stamp to pay postage. Persons wishing plants may receive them in small or large quantities by Express, for wet or dry soil. Address [677-14t.
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My NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of
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NOVELTIES FOR 1863!

My Seeds are imported from the best Florists and Seed-Growers of England, France, and Germany, and are unsurpassed.

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☞ My customers of last year will receive the new Catalogue without writing for it.
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Principal Office, 505 Broadway, N. Y.
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ROLL-CALL.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

"Corporal Green!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
Those men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!" At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied;
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke;
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;
For that Company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

[*Harper's Mogazine.*

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHO IS THE HEROINE?

A MOTHER'S STORY.

It was too dark to see to read, and so they sat out upon the veranda, all three of them, Julia, Jane and Mary, and talked about the story. Since their father's death these were all of my family that were left; for Argyle went away years ago and was as dead to us. Jane sat musing with her book open in her lap, Julia stood beside the pillar, with her face toward the west, while Mary sat apart, bending over her kitten.

"Oh! I wish I had her power!" said Jane, "to write with such pathos as to make the keys of a thousand hearts echo to the music of your genius, to speak to those across distant seas, to convert strong minds by your own invincible logic,—this is woman's highest destiny."

"There is but one higher," said Julia, "the gift of eloquence. We've learned that 'Eloquence rules the earth.' And that woman whose voice, with look and gesture, can charm while it convinces,—who can thrill a vast audience with emotions which move to nobler aims,—has indeed a high and holy mission. Such a one, only, I envy. Such a fame be my guiding star, toward which shall steer the ship of my life-purposes."

How proud I felt of Julia and Jane! They were fine scholars. I spared no pains in their education. They were aspiring. Then, Julia was brilliant and beautiful withal.

Mary still sat stroking her kitten. Mary, by the way, was my youngest. She was not like my other daughters. She was not apt in her studies; she was not entertaining in conversation. And she was the only homely one of them all. And though I am her mother, still it would not be natural that I should take as much interest in her advancement as in the others. I looked forward a few years, (as all mothers do, you know,) and I fell into a delightful reverie. I saw Julia, my queenly Julia, discoursing to an electrified audience, moving politicians by the power of her genius. I saw them listen eagerly to gather every word as it fell from her lips, she the center of an illustrious circle, all proud of her acquaintance. And Jane I saw the dauntless heroine in a glorious cause, a benefactress of her race. How flattering was my picture!

Willard came in just then. He came in at the opposite door, as he usually did, so they did not see him. He motioned to me not to speak to them, so they went on with their conversation.

"I wonder what the author will do with Isabel,—if she is to realize her dreams, or if her grand projects are to be thwarted. She is a fine character, that Isabel."

"Yes," replied Julia, "she's my ideal woman. Oh! it is glorious to have a mission. Our dreams are the life-trees of our existence. Even though their prophecies are never quite fulfilled, and the upward path of Aspiration may lead to Utopia, the spirit at least is free, and baptized in the glory of a new Idea, shall spread its wings and soar to regions Panalethean."

"And there will be revealed to the soul its mission. Who would not be a heroine?"

"To reveal truth,—be that my destiny."

"And mine."

"What is *my* mission?" Mary said. They looked toward her.

"Yours! The idea! You!"

By-and-by Willard went out on the veranda too, and there they sat and talked together by moonlight. Julia was so fascinating that evening. I knew she would charm Willard, he had such a finely discerning eye. They conversed on history, the ancient and modern state,—on the calls of life,—on society, its relations, and its subtile and conflicting influences.

A great many evenings passed like that. Sometimes the three would read together the poets, in—I've forgotten the names of the books; you know I am not a scholar, and, besides, I am growing forgetful. But it was pleasant for me to sit and listen to them. I thought I should be so proud of Willard for my son-in-law. He was a noble and talented man. But I was afraid that he preferred Jane to Julia. I knew Jane would be more indomitable, but Julia was so brilliant,—would make such a heroic woman. And all the rising dews of a mother's hopes gathered and crystallized on Julia,—my queenly Julia.

But when he came to ask my consent, he asked for—Mary!

I could not understand it,—such a high-aiming young man as he,—one with such an eye for the beautiful. No, I could not understand it, and I was so disappointed it almost made me ill.

The girls had never made a confident of Mary. They almost despised her now—jealousy, I suppose. Such matters are about as they were when I was a girl.

They were engaged, Willard and Mary. I used to wonder what congeniality there could be between them. But Mary loved him with all her young heart's devotion.

A year passed. Willard completed his studies, and was about to commence the duties of his profession. They were to be married soon. Then the war broke out. Among those brave young patriots, almost the first to volunteer, was Willard! He did not even speak to Mary first. I suppose he thought his resolution would waver. I had heard of it, but she had not. I supposed it would wither Mary, nerveless child as she had always been. (Oh! if in her place had only been the eloquent and patriotic Julia!)

I was sitting at the chamber window that you remember overlooks the veranda, when Willard came. Mary was on the veranda. I heard him say:—"And so we must defer our bridal, perhaps for years. You may spurn me, Mary; you may despise me, but my country calls me!"

Mary—she didn't faint or cry—she smiled! "Willard," she said, "I am proud of you! Do you think I am so selfish and so basely cowardly as to stay you? Go, Willard, with my blessing. But, Willard, let our bridal be just before you go. I would be a warrior's bride."

For the first time I saw the *woman* in Mary beyond the child.

Still I remonstrated against such a proceeding; and I tried to reason with her. I told her he would die and she would never see him again.

"Then I shall be his widow and I can mourn for him!"

I could not answer the child. I told her again that he might come home maimed and crippled for life.

"Mother, footless and handless he will still have Willard's soul!"

And I could not answer the child.

The morning the regiment left they were married. Think of my unsophisticated Mary standing there! I never knew before that when her heart was inwardly aching she could bear it so bravely.

It is a solemn thing to be a bride. She trusts as her chilhood trusted, and the waves of remembered melodies in gentle tides wash the shores of the beautiful To-Be. Then it is that Romance and Reality meet face to face with such a shadowy look. Then it is that Wonder runs her quizzing fingers over all the keys of the untuned future, and lists to hear what note will strike. But oh! that mute music! Yes, it is a solemn thing to be a bride, even when all is prosperous. But it was like a funeral the day Mary's vows were said, so soon to be followed by that sad good-by.

Then succeeded those months of peril and weariness and suffering to him,—of anxious watching to Mary. Then there was a long silence, no letters—then came the news of Willard's death! * * The coffin came. How our high expectations for him were blasted! How sad it seemed that we could not even see him! They draped the hearse in the flag of the Republic, and the Dead March, with muffled drums, floated up through the listening atmosphere, as they bore him to his martial sepulchre. Mary's life-star was set. She had no more to live for. Her grief was so deep, I thought she would die. One day she came and stood beside me.

"Mother, I am going to Virginia, too."

"Mary!"

"Yes, mother. There is work for me to do among the perishing."

"Mary," I expostulated, "I hope the experience of the past few days has not deprived you of your reason. It would be no gain to you or me for you to waste your life in those hospitals. Besides, you are young and inexperienced, and inasmuch as you have no husband or brothers in the army, it would be the height of imprudence."

Julia added her arguments to mine:

"I think if I had a spark of aspiration in my soul, I'd seek fame elsewhere than in remote and filthy hospitals, where one encounters more curses than steps one takes. I would not be so groveling in my aims."

"Sister Julia,"—she spoke meekly, but so firmly,—"I ask no fame of this world. I am not gifted like you. I never expect to be a heroine. I never expect to charm the world by eloquence, to be praised and blessed by the world, as I know you will some day. I only want to do my duty. And, mother," here she turned to me, "I must go. If I die in those hospitals, my country demands my little sacrifice. Am I better than Willard, mother? Am I better than all the legions of the brave and the beautiful that have fallen on the battle-fields? No, mother, if I can relieve one suffering soldier, he shall not die as Willard died. Let me go!"

I could not answer Mary. I looked at her, and was astonished. She stood before me, a woman, brave, and strong, and dauntless.

Willard's mantle has fallen on her, thought I. As he entered the Life-Temple, she looked in through the gates and heard the Priestess read from the Oracle her mission.

So Mary went. Through gloomy hospitals, over battle-fields, among the haunts where the dying lay,—thither untiring. Could it be that my little Mary had a mission after all?

Kneeling by the sufferer's couch—so they said—bathing his fevered forehead, taking the bandages from the hands of unfeeling surgeons to bind them with her own gentle fingers, speaking pleasant words to the weary-hearted, and to the homesick one singing the songs of his childhood,—thus like a spirit she passed.

Some talked incoherently of "Mother—Mother!" And when they groaned so pitifully, "Take me home!" she made them think they were there. And when they would groan, "No one cares for me!" she would whisper, "There's a Friend that's ever near." Poor soldiers! how they listened as she passed singing, so softly, "There's a Friend that's ever near."

* * * * * * * * *

The battle had waged hot that day. Thousands fell who would fight their battles no more save on the plains of the Infinite. All night long the wounded lay in the dreary cold and the chilly dew. The night bird's wail in the swamp, and the sweep of the distant river, alone chanted their lullaby. And many, through suffering, that night fell into that dreamless slumber whose cradle-song is the Hymn of the Stars.

When relief came, Mary was there. The enemy had been there and borne away his wounded and dead. But one soldier lay unnoticed by all save her. She wandered thither. He was a rebel. He was almost gone. His eyes were sunken, and his life-blood was fast oozing away. She applied the lint and bandages, and revived him with wine. At last he spoke:

"Not dead yet, am I! I might die here, and no one would know or care."

"There's a Friend that's ever near," said Mary, cheerily.

"Who says that? I have no friend, no home, save the spot where I happen to be. O God! This side! Let me die!"

"No, you do not want to die. We can help you."

"Nothing to live for—no parents, no brothers, no nothing—unless—yes, I had one once—unless she be living."

Mary opened the locket which had become disengaged from his vest,—it was my likeness. This was her brother Argyle!

By her patient care my boy was made well, and through her influence he was released and permitted to come North. Mary longed to come with him, to witness my astonished joy; but she said her work was not accomplished. My lost one found! O, Mary, restorer of my boy, forgive me for doubting that you had a mission!

Still to the heavy-hearted she sung of home,—still to the deserted she whispered "There's a Friend that's ever near,"—still beside the dying she knelt and talked of Heaven and the love of One.

Still one more death-shaft she was destined to avert, one more life-gem for her crown,—and that was Willard!

He was not dead whom we thought dead. One of the same name and friendless was laid in the grave that we wept over, while from him, wounded, and prisoner, and sick, we heard no tidings.

* * * * * *

Argyle and Willard and Mary are all at home again. Willard is so disabled that he cannot return now. So Mary's mission is at home. Argyle's story is a long and thrilling one, and I cannot tell it to you now. But he has come home to bless me in my declining years. He has taken the oath of allegiance to the Union, and says he is going soon to fight under the Star-Spangled Banner.

My Mary is a beautiful woman. Beauty had her secret dwelling-place within, but lark-like, kept it hid till the thought-birds were fledged and ready to soar.

Which is of more worth at the close of life, the glittering crown of Cleopatra or that of my Mary?

Show me the conquests of the great and the dazzling, and I will show you the trophies of my true woman—my gentle Mary.

There are lives so insignificant that the world hears not of them, yet to know them is to love them, for they live but to bless. There is a little meadow stream, so small you never see it in the geography. But the spring birds lave their wings there, and the cattle come and drink there, and little children play there, and flowers nod and bloom beside it, and even the proud trees bend kindly over it. And everybody loves the quiet meadow stream as it goes singing on, ever blessing as it goes.

Can you gather roses on the briny billow? Can blue-birds build their nests in the icebergs of the North? Can cool fountains gush from Sahara's burning desert? Yes! gather garlands on the ocean's surf, find blue-birds among the frozen seas, listen to cooling fountains in Etna's burning crater; when upon Ambition's pinnacles the Heart can find its rest, its happiness, its home.

Lyra.

Lima, N. Y., 1863.

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Genius and Literature.—It may be said of many truths, that greater intellectual energy is required to express them with effect than to conceive them; so that a nation which does not encourage this expression impoverishes so far its own mind. Literature is the nurse of genius. Through this, genius learns its own strength and continually accumulates it; and, of course, in a country without literature, genius, however liberally bestowed by the Creator, will languish, and will fail to fulfill its great duty of quickening the mass amid which it lives.

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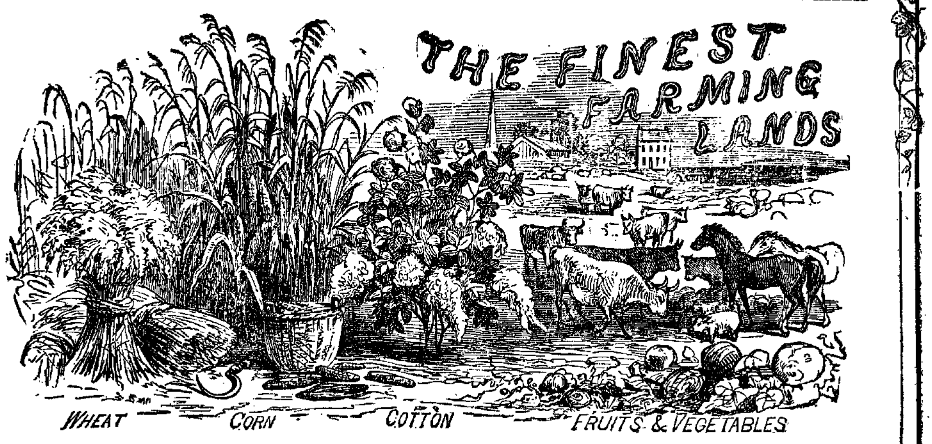
True politeness is as far from affecting gravity in the company of the merry as from laughing in the presence of the serious.



PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The Rural Brigade is fast filling up, but there is yet room for new recruits. Please send along your Company rolls, gentlemen. We can still supply rations (numbers) from January 1st. It is not too late, therefore, to start new lists or add to those already forwarded. Pick up the stragglers, and also accommodate the eleventh-hour people who wish to enlist for the whole campaign (complete volume.)

Back Volumes.—Bound copies of Volume XIII, for 1862, are now ready for delivery—price, $3. We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the Rural can be furnished by us at any price. The subsequent volumes will be supplied, bound, at $3 each—or if several are taken, at $2.50 each. The only volumes we can furnish, *unbound*, are those of 1859, '60, '61 and '62—price, $2 each.

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

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Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural New-Yorker, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindnesses be appreciated.

The Rural is sent to the wives or families of soldiers in the Union service at the lowest club rate ($1.50)—the same as to clergymen and teachers.

No Traveling Agents are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local and club agents.

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