

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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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.

FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS.

PUTTERING work. Yes, I should think it was, but it is *paying* work, sir. You hate to putter? Well, you like comfort as well as anybody, I will warrant. Puttering is nothing else than taking care of the small items which make the big whole. There is my neighbor RARELYTAILS—a man who always succeeds, and a marvel to his slouchy neighbors. I was down in his fruit orchard the other day. What do you think I saw? Every pear tree protected by a little straw, or a few long weeds set up against south and west sides of the tree and bound, in one or two places, about the body of the tree, with the same material. You see his pears at the fairs and wonder. His neighbors see them, and call the exhibition an evidence of a soil adapted to pear culture. It is no more adapted to pear culture than their own—no such thing. But the man putters!—putters, sir! He adapts his practice to the wants of the tree.

And so I am puttering! I am going to have some early vegetables. Here goes for a good hot-bed; and the cress and lettuce, and radishes, and cucumbers that I will have on my table, before you anti-putters have planted a seed, will add to the health and pleasure of my family. Puttering! What does it cost? Compared with the comfort, not to say profit, nothing at all scarcely.

Puttering! Why, sir, it is one thing that has given me more wealth than some of my neighbors. But I don't putter all of the time, mind you. There are odd hours and wet days when a man can do nothing else at this time of year. I make wooden buttons for barn doors, put leather hinges on my stable windows, batten the sides of my out-buildings, put buttons on the cows horns, turn over manure, gather the guano from the chicken house, pick over and re-pack the apples in the cellar, assort the roots, cut up hay or straw enough to last the teams until the next puttering day comes, pile up the wood snugly, clean out the pig pens and put in fresh straw, look over the timber stored in the shed so as to know just where to find what I may want in any emergency, pick up and store the old iron, and if the women want anything done about the house, I cheerfully do it, and do not call it lost time, nor grumble because it is puttering work either.

Look here, neighbor NEVERTRY, didn't you tell me last year when the bugs were bothering your vines like the mischief, that you didn't see how I saved mine so nicely? And don't you remember that I showed you the boxes with panes of glass in them that I protected mine with?—and that you said you never found time to make such things. Just come into my shop here, and see the dozen I made the other day. It was done one of these puttering days. I can grow vines enough under them to supply our wants. They cost nothing scarcely. You hire a carpenter to do the same thing and he would charge you a shilling apiece for them if he found material. Well, I did the work on them in a half day. I shall save my vines from bugs and late frost.

"What's that?" Why sir, that is a wagon jack I made myself. I use it for lifting the axle when I want to take off the wheel for any purpose—to grease it, &c. It saves hard lifting and sometimes another hand. See, a boy can grease a heavy wagon with its aid. Yes, they can be purchased at the hardware stores, but then, they cost money; I had the material, the time, and

the will to make one, and it is as good as any of their iron concerns.

Hello, JOHN, what did that young man say? Said he would come at \$15 per month, the year round, eh? Cheap enough, JOHN. Tell him I'll give it, and a half day each week to himself, besides, if he will attend to the chores promptly. That young man is a thinker. He is ambitious to become a thorough farmer, and I'll help him all I can. I like such hired men. Wish there were more of them. They are cheap at \$20 per month compared with some I've had. Well, JOHN, I want you to mix a little scoke root in the slop you give that brown cow. She always is troubled with garget in spring. Some cows are. Don't forget it, JOHN. I see her bag is a little hard now. That will prevent it getting harder.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WASHING SHEEP.

EAST AND WEST, shepherds are yearly growing more and more averse to this practice, and justly, too. It is one of the barbarous customs; and it is nothing but a custom. It has no base in utility or interest to the manufacturer, the farmer, nor his flock. Just at this present moment—the coming season—is the best time to change this senseless custom. And while concerted action may be advisable, no shepherd should wait for a convention and resolutions before determining what is for his own interest, and acting accordingly.

If sheep are properly kept in clean, well-littered stables, folds or yards, and in fresh, dry pastures, and then, at shearing, properly tagged, and the fleeces neatly and carefully tied up, there is not one buyer in ten who *knows enough* to detect the difference between it and two-thirds of the (so-called) washed wool that he buys.

We say it is the best possible time to change the practice, because wool is going to be wanted, and it will be purchased by the manufacturer at paying prices, whether washed or not. As for the rule of deducting one-third tare, it cannot be considered arbitrary. In some instances it would be too much; in others not enough. The careful, neat shepherd, ought not to lose on account of the practice of the slovenly shepherd. A good, critical buyer will distinguish between wool well put up, and the reverse, and pay accordingly; and no shepherd ought to allow himself to deal with any other.

Do the wool up nicely; throw out all filth that can be separated from the wool. Watch the markets. Establish in your own mind what your wool is worth. When the buyer comes tell him you have fixed your price; that your wool is not washed, but that it is comparatively clean and well done up,—no extraneous matter in it. Let him select any half dozen fleeces he chooses, open and examine them. If he is sensible, he will pay you your price or make you a fair offer, based upon the merits of your wool. If he does not buy wool on its merits alone, paying according to value, the sooner you tell him you cannot trade with him, the better for you and the manufacturer.

There is no greater imposition perpetrated on sheep men than this practice of employing buyers, with fixed prices, to perambulate the country and offer A, B and C the same price for their wool, when the condition and quality of the fleeces of these respective shepherd's flocks are as unlike as is the shape of the letters representing their respective names. It is an easy matter to regulate and fix the price of a class of goods; for the cost of production is determined by the price of the material and labor; but the price of the material used in manufacture must be determined by its quality and the supply. Let there be a little firmness on the part of the producer, and he may regulate this matter of washing sheep to suit himself.

A STRIKING DIFFERENCE.

I CALLED recently upon A. R. WHITNEY, of Franklin Grove, Lee county, a quiet, observing, and thinking gentleman. We talked of orcharding, and I have written what I learned from him on that subject. Incidentally the subject of deep plowing was introduced. He said he had never had but one man, as a plowman, who knew how to plow. He was an Irish-English plowman, who had done nothing but hold the plow all his life. He would not plow a crooked furrow, nor a wide one; nor would he cut and cover, nor pass any ground that was not properly turned.

Mr. W. had given him orders to plow deep, and he did so. He did it quietly, steadfastly, and with marked progress daily. The orchard re-

ferred to was planted on the land so plowed. It feels its influence to-day.

But talking of the marked effects of good plowing and the advantage of turning the soil a little deeper each succeeding year, Mr. WHITNEY said he had a piece of ground adjoining a field belonging to his neighbor. Each field was plowed and sown with spring wheat three successive years. The soil and its condition at the start were similar.

The first year, the plowing—which was done in the fall—was the ordinary depth—say three to four inches. Crops much alike. The second season WHITNEY ordered the plowman to plow his field six inches deep. It was so plowed. The neighbor duplicated the plowing of the previous year. W.'s crops gained the second year over the first, and over his neighbor's. Figures not given. The third year W. ordered the plow to go nine inches deep. The neighbor still adhered to the original depth. The latter got nine and a half bushels of wheat to the acre; WHITNEY, thirty-six bushels per acre. Neither had manured; there was no difference in the time of plowing. In the last case there was a difference in the time of seeding; for W. said he found he could get on his deep plowed ground to work it, in spring, ten days before his neighbor could touch his shallow plowing. There was no difference in the character of the soil—only in the depth it was plowed, and in the resulting crop!

PLow AN INCH DEEPER!—I see that some of the agricultural press are reviving the old cry:—"Plant one acre more." I modestly urge as an amendment—*Plow one inch deeper!*

The thinking farmer will not need to be told that this practice will do more to increase the aggregate crop, if adopted by every farmer, than if the advice of contemporaries was practiced with the number of acres,—two instead of one.

If we call the average depth of plowing four inches, the adding one inch to this depth will be equivalent to adding one-fourth to the productive power of each acre of cultivated land. There is little doubt that on most soils more than this amount will be added; for it will not only add to the amount of land cultivated, but increase the productive power of that previously broken.

Plow one inch deeper!

RURAL AND SUBURBAN HOMES.

THE Goddess of Fashion asserts her sway in matters concerning the erection and adornment of our houses and grounds almost as strongly as she does in those pertaining to dress and equipage. There is a fashionable style of dwellings, as well as of bonnets. Men are governed almost as much by the opinion of the world, when they determine upon what sort of a house they will build, as when they order a coat or a hat. We say almost; for it is evident that individual tastes are more generally consulted in the former case than in the latter. Fashion, as it relates to dwellings, is not quite so capricious and tyrannical as fashion in dress. Let a man build a house in Boston, upon an entirely new and original plan, and altogether unique in its aspect, it will have but little immediate effect upon the world around; but if a milliner in New York add another story to a lady's hat, the fashionable world is on tip-toe at once; the novelty is contagious, it is revolutionary, it is aggressive.

An economical man will, however, be as certainly baffled in any attempt to keep pace with the fashions, as regards form and arrangement of the house and its surroundings, as he will if he tries to be always dressed *à la mode*. Fashionable styles are generally extravagant. We should first give the home an appearance of taste and fitness, and adaptability to circumstances and surroundings; after that, if one desires to make it a means for display, of course he is at liberty to do so. The form and proportions of the structure we erect should be determined somewhat by its location, and by the shape and extent and position of the ground upon which it is desired to place it; and, on the other hand, the grounds ought to be laid out and arranged in conformity to the style and size of the building. To illustrate:—It would show but little taste and judgment for a man to put up a large, expensive brick or stone house, at a short distance from a city, upon a lot of a quarter of an acre, with scarcely room enough for him to place it more than thirty feet from the road, and no chance for surrounding it with shrubbery, or trees, or a garden. Or, suppose one is in possession of a park of thirty acres, upon which he wishes to locate a rich and elegant country seat, and which is diversified with grove and knoll, and rock, lawn



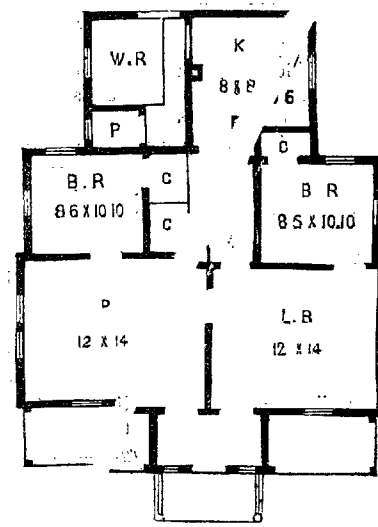
A COTTAGE OF ONE STORY.

THE accompanying design of a very pretty one-story cottage originally appeared in a work entitled *Village and Farm Cottages*. We republish it in further answer to the recent inquiry for "one or two plans for a snug, cheap, convenient cottage—not a farm house exactly, but a small, cozy, little house." Some may prefer this plan to the one given two weeks ago. We need not say it is neat and tasteful—all can see this. This cottage must have been recently built, for the honey-suckles and running roses have not yet grown half way up the columns, and the porch is entirely bare. The artist, perhaps, was more anxious to show the manner of construction, than how beautiful the cottage could be made to appear by the graceful drapery of nature. He had, however, an eye for the beautiful, for how much of life and grace is added to the picture, by the little group of sportive children—these flowers of the family—these rose-buds of the garden. The influence of a tasteful abode upon the minds and manners of children, and even upon the tempers of all the inmates, is a matter well worthy of attention. Who would look for anything but peace and quiet, and the kindest affection—the joyous home—in such a pretty cottage?

A cottage of only one story, is, of course, less influenced by the wind; the rooms are all on a level, and, therefore, the "house-work" is more easily done, without the tiresome climbing up stairs, which, in many ill-arranged houses, doubles the labor of the housewife. There is no danger, either that the children will fall down stairs or from the chamber windows. There are some positions, too, in which such a low cottage would look better than one of two stories.

These are the principal advantages of a cottage of one story; but it must be borne in mind that they are not economical, as the same foundation

and roof are required as for a two-story house. The same amount of room is, therefore, obtained at a less expense in a house of two stories.



In building a house with sleeping-rooms on the lower floor, we would advise that it be at least one foot above the natural surface of the ground, and that proper means be taken to well drain and ventilate the cellar, and to carry off all stagnant water from the grounds immediately around the house, as nothing is so injurious as sleeping in a damp and impure atmosphere.

The above plan shows a very fair sized parlor and living-room, two bed-rooms, kitchen, wash-room and closets. The kitchen, we think too far from the living-room, and altogether too small, but it is impossible to get all desirable conveniences in so small a house.

or lake, and capable of being laid out in walks and drives, and planted with a variety of trees and fruits and shrubs; we would give him but little credit for good sense if he expended six or eight thousand dollars in adorning and beautifying his grounds, and then erected a ten hundred dollar house, within half-bow-shot of the highway. There should be conformity between the structure and the features of the adjacent inclosure. There should be an adaptation of the means at hand to the end required.

There should be such an arrangement in every man's home, that comfort shall be secured, but not at the expense of beauty and fitness in its general appearance. Especially, it is thought, so much should not be laid out upon the house itself as to leave nothing to be applied on the lawn and garden and orchard. Convenience and suitability must be secured in the dwelling by all means, but the out-door arrangements ought to have more attention than they frequently receive. Country places are lacking, very generally, in just this particular. The house absorbs the thought, attention and means of the proprietor, while garden, yard and fruitery come in, if at all, as an after consideration. In consequence of this, rural homes, with an assortment of evergreen and other ornamental trees, with a well-ordered garden and lawn, and an orchard bearing a constant succession of fruit, are very rare. Farmers' homes compare very unfavorably in this respect with those located in the vicinity of cities and villages. In these there is, as a rule, some attention paid to the arrangement and appearance of the accessories to the house.

As an accepted idea, a "farmer's place" means a comfortable, not very expensive or pretentious house; a yard, large or small, with a few trees in

it, a small vegetable garden, and an array, more or less imposing, of barns and sheds; while a "suburban home" is a rather large and costly building of some architectural pretensions, a neatly kept lawn, gravel walks, a variety of trees and shrubs, both evergreen and deciduous, and a well arranged garden, radiant with blossoms, as well as capable of ministering to the "support of the family." This is no invidious comparison. Each has its faults, and each its beauties. What we would urge here is, that farmers should make their homes more beautiful and attractive, as to their outward features. Sprinkle them with flowers; add a few trees to your collection that will retain their foliage, and make the winter scene more cheerful. Screen every unsightly part and spread around them a bright, green, velvet carpet, that shall give to every thing a neat and fresh appearance.

Too much seclusion, in a home, is unpleasant and unprofitable. Too many trees in front of the dwelling render it dreary and lonesome. The house should be visible from the road, and a full view of the passing objects should be a part of the scenery from the front windows, and the veranda. Those who spend their time mostly within doors find it tiresome enough, at best. Let us not shut out from their sight what little of the outside world is represented by the passing traveler, the gay party of pleasure, or the steadily plodding load. Let them at least have the privilege of looking out upon the constant pulsations of the life around them. Our days are not many, at the longest; why should we spend them within four walls so densely screened that we can have no apprehension of the great world without, but by actual contact with it?—why shut out the evidence which we may daily enjoy, that there is

a living, moving, acting brotherhood outside of our own circle? We would plant but few trees immediately in front, unless the house is so elevated as to overlook them.

RURAL EXPERIENCE.—No. VIII.

PROFIT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF STOCK.

HORSES are profitable, if kept to work the greater part of the year; if idle, they soon eat enough to pay for another team.

If it will pay to keep a team, it certainly pays to feed and take good care of it.

Cows we all know are profitable. Think at the relative prices that butter and cheese usually bring, that it is much more profitable to make cheese than butter.

As to the labor, it is usually acknowledged to be more work to make butter than cheese.

ABOUT WASHING SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It is an old saying, that there must be a first time, and such is the case in my addressing the editor and patrons of an Agricultural journal.

I have kept more or less sheep for the last ten years. My neighbors all washed sheep, and why should I not do likewise?

and have found none to pay so well as the South Down crossed with the Spanish Merino.

MR. MOORE:—I see articles in the RURAL opposing the washing of wool on the sheep.

FLAX-DRESSING, GROWING, &c.

ONE of the RURAL's subscribers asks for information as to a flax-dressing machine.

Previous to the advent of the wheat midge, flax-growing for the seed was a very profitable crop in Seneca county.

To grow flax for the seed, 22 quarts of seed to the acre is the rule; it then tillers out and grows large, bearing large, plump seed.

To grow flax for the lint, it should be sown much thicker, and pulled before the seed has well ripened, as they do in Ireland.

To grow flax successfully, the soil must be well drained, and in as fine tilth as for a crop of barley.

As textile plants to supply the place of defunct King Cotton, will now be a desideratum for years to come, let every farmer who would do something for humanity, plant at least one acre of flax.

Waterloo, N. Y., March 3d, 1863.

TYING UP WOOL.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed in my last RURAL a description of some man's way of tying up wool, and thought perhaps it would do no harm for me to give my plan, which is as follows:

Make a box of inch pine boards, about six feet long, having three sides, (the top being open), the top to be about ten inches wide, and about the same in height, or a little more.

The Bee-keeper

The Hive for General Use.

It may be wondered at by some that I should recommend the common box hive, when there are so many patent ones, each claiming to be in advance of the common box hive.

The majority of those who keep bees cannot be considered as bee-keepers, merely keeping but a few stocks and paying little or no attention to them, except in case of swarming, and if they do anything it is their good luck, and if they play out, all right, not caring enough about them to investigate the cause.

The great aim of the inventors of patent hives is to add something that will appear novel and to make the thing take, when, in reality, it is a detriment to the bees and an advantage to millers.

The foregoing remarks may be considered severe by some interested in patent hives or the patent hive business; but they must excuse me, for I have given my ideas candidly upon the subject.

—Though he tells considerable truth, we think Mr. S. is entirely too sweeping in his condemnation of patent hives.

Wintering Bees in Houses.

THE method of wintering bees practiced by Mr. Hogan, of Dupage county Ill., is thus described in the Prairie Farmer:

He builds a house of suitable size to contain his stocks, sometimes like an ice-house, of joists, clap-boarding the outside and lining the inside with matched siding, leaving a space of four inches all around.

To which the editor of the American Agriculturist makes the following remarks:—Some thirty years ago a farmer of our acquaintance in Western New York, built a house very similar to the above, using lath and plaster inside, instead of the double walls.

ered cause, and the third year only half a dozen swarms remained alive. These were put back into the old position, where they maintained their own for three years longer, when the whole died out.

DRIVING BEES.—"M. QUINBY," of "St. Johnsville, N. Y.," would doubtless oblige numerous readers of the RURAL, if he would communicate his method of "driving bees."

Inquiries and Answers.

THE AGE OF SEEDS.—There is one question I should like to ask, and it seems to me to be an important one to all that class of farmers who fail or neglect to save their own garden seeds annually.

Much depends upon the care taken of them. If kept cool and dry, well matured seeds of all kinds will keep much longer than is generally supposed.

SOAKING BUTTER FIRKINS.—I have soaked some of my butter firkins three or four days, and yet, when made of oak, they flavor the butter badly.

White ash is probably the best timber for firkins. In countries where it grows it is most used.

THRASHING BY STEAM.—"A Friend," Geneseo, N. Y., is informed that steam-power can be used advantageously in thrashing grain.

BALKY HORSES.—Noticing an inquiry in your last for the most approved method of managing balky horses, I give you my way, plain and simple, the least trouble and most effectual, which I have tried several times, and with different horses, with the same result.

"WETHER-HOG."—In a recent article on sheep, copied from an English paper, I saw the term "wether-hog" used.

It is a term applied to a male lamb from the time he is weaned until he is sheared, if he has been castrated; if not, he is called a hog, a hogget, a hogger, a lamb-hog, a tup-hog, or a teg.

SOFT MAPLE FOR FENCE POSTS.—I noticed in the RURAL of Feb. 21st, an inquiry as to the durability of soft maple for fence posts.

I will give you a recipe for curing sheep that have been poisoned eating Elixer, or Itch Root.

WAX FROM HONEY.—This is a question we have been discussing in our neighborhood—whether bees make their wax from honey.

This is not a settled question, we believe, among apiculturists. It will answer to observe closely the coming season.

HOW THE COAT WAS TAUGHT TO BACK.—Our colt would not back. We pulled on the lines until he fell down.

MADIA CAKE.—In reply to his question, W. F. is informed that Madia Cake is a species of oil cake resulting from the manufacture of oil from the seeds of the madia sativa, a plant grown in South America for its oil.

ESSEX PIGS WANTED.—Permit me, through your columns, to inquire where I can obtain a pair of Essex pigs, or a cross of Essex and Leicester.

LIXER FOR SUGAR IN OHIO.—Will some one of the many readers of the RURAL inform me through its columns whether Imphee can be grown in Ohio that will make sugar?

WHAT IS THE BEST METHOD OF GETTING RID OF PINE STUMPS?—Some one has recommended the putting of oil of vitriol in the top, but has not given particulars.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION to be held in Hamburg, next July, (as already noticed in the RURAL,) is to be attended by agents from several of the United States.

A WOOL HOAX.—On the 3d inst. an advertisement appeared in one of our Rochester dailies, under the head of "Wool Wanted," stating that Mr. D. BROWN, of the firm of BROWN BROTHERS, New York, would be at the Waverly Hotel, Rochester, on the 9th and 10th, and in Canandaigua on the 11th and 12th insts.

THE SEASON IN CALIFORNIA AND HERR.—The California Farmer of Feb. 6th (the last number received) thus speaks of the season in the Pacific State:—"After quite a 'spell' of pleasant weather, a Southeast storm set in last night.

—It is refreshing to read such intelligence while we are enjoying the piercing winds of a cold Nor'wester—with snow a foot deep, and the mercury near zero.

WEATHER NOTES FROM MAINE.—Franklin Co., Me., March 5.—We are having mild weather, frequent rains, and March is true to her name.

EASTMAN'S MODEL MERCANTILE COLLEGE.—Under the management of Mr. A. R. EASTMAN, a competent Teacher and experienced Book-keeper and Business Man, this institution is regaining the popularity and prosperity it attained under the supervision of its originator, (brother of the present Principal,) now deceased.

PROFITS OF TOBACCO CULTURE IN NORTH ILLINOIS.—In Stephenson county, Illinois, the profit of the tobacco crop is starting to persistent wheat growers.

A SORGHUM REFINERY is being put up at Laporte, Ind., for next season's operations. It is said the proprietor proposes to contract for refining about 500 acres of cane, having it properly topped, stripped, cut and delivered at the mill as needed.

PRESIDENT CORNELL'S ADDRESS.—We are indebted to Hon. EZRA CORNELL for a copy of his Address, delivered at the recent Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, on retiring from the Presidency.

AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.—We learn from COL. JOHN-SON, Secretary State Ag. Society, that the County of Steuben sends the first Statistical Report—her thirty-three towns complete.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICES OF THRASHING MACHINES.—At a convention of thrashing machine makers recently held in Buffalo—whereas most of the manufacturers of New York, Ohio and the West were represented—the prices of machines were advanced 15 per cent., in consequence of the alleged high price of materials and labor.

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—It is asserted by those most competent to judge in the matter, (says the N. E. Farmer,) that the agricultural interest of the country embraces ninety per cent of the entire wealth of the country.

Ladies' Department.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

BY DEAN TRENCH.

No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night, No taper burns beside thy lowly bed, Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight, And none are near thee but the silent dead.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

In the pilot house the wife stood watching the mail boat slowly but surely nearing the battle-field. With hope and fear commingling she looked aloft, that her eyes might greet the one of all others she hoped to see riding in health and vigor along that tented shore.

Without further parley she walked to the door, then, the gentleman seeing her determination hastened to her; offering his escort if she was really in earnest. On deck, seeing a man with a lantern, she directed him to show her to General GRANT'S headquarters.

At 10 P. M., the wife stepped on board the grim hospital ship, where she was assured her husband was. But as she sought him among the wounded and dying soldiers, stronger and stronger grew the conviction that she was indeed widowed.

At last the guide pointed to a low stretcher, covered with a soldier's blanket. Not a word was uttered; calmly the wife uncovered the face of the sleeper. Ah! truly as the white-winged messenger had whispered, the Great Pilot had guided her loved one over the rough waves of life into the haven of rest.

will take me home," and seeing the Death Angel beckon him to come, he gathered up his weary soul and calmly went to meet him. As the wife gazed upon the still form of her loved one, a paralyzed expression stole over her features, but only, "my husband" issued from the blanched lips.

Arriving at Paducab, through the kindness of Gen. NOBLE a metallic case was procured, and hastening to the home they had so lately left in health, she was met by relatives, friends, and citizens, with tears of grief and expressions of sympathy.

Wrapped in the glorious flag for which he bravely fought and died, her loved, her honored husband, Col. HERMAN CANFIELD, was borne to his last resting place in the quiet church yard of Medina, Medina Co., O.

A few days and this brave and patriotic Christian woman returned to the scenes of suffering. Night and day she may be found administering to the wants of our wounded and sick soldiers in the Western hospitals, speaking words of sympathy to all, and with willing hands soothing the pillows of restless sufferers, or preparing needful refreshment for them.

AN EXTRAVAGANT WOMAN.

THE EMPRESS of France is probably the most extravagant woman living. Nor is this all; she has been the cause of ruinous extravagance in the families of her husband's subjects, and in all countries where the costly fashions she has set have found favor.

The Empress is thirty-six years of age, and therefore old enough to have learned prudence; yet she is more prodigal now than in the hey-day of her youth and beauty.

TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the marks of weakness but of power. They are messages of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love.

It is more shameful to distrust our friends than to be deceived by them.

Choice Miscellany.

HOME IS WHERE THE DEAR ONES ARE.

BY A. S. HOOKER.

While the evening shades are falling O'er the wanderer far away, Memory's voice is busy calling Scenes and faces round his way;

Though man rears a princely dwelling, If no loved ones round him smile 'Tis not home, love is not swelling O'er his weary heart the while.

On the broad fertile prairie, On the rugged mountain side, In the forest, dark and dreary, On the swelling ocean-tide;

When the golden clouds of even, Gather o'er the close of life, And the opening gates of Heaven Call the weary home from strife;

RES GESTE.—DIDACTICALLY DISCUSSED.

NUMBER TWO.

TRUTH.

Verite sans peur is an old Gallic proverb that has lost none of its essence in coming down through the ages, but sometimes seems to lack a great deal in application.

Now, why is it that children lie? Often because they are educated to it from their first words. Can we expect they will be better than those around them? Can we believe they will not stretch the truth when they hear it done by their seniors every day?

So they judge from example. Now SUSAN, when she sees her mother put on all the airs in receiving callers, and then speaks her mind when they have gone,—she, of course, learns the same practice, and often is punished for it, while the mother is terribly troubled about the welfare of her children, and perhaps "tells it to the church," asking their prayers to assist her in training her children, when her own example is leading them to despise her hypocrisy.

But very often we use falsehood from habit, without any thought, especially in conversation. I remember a friend who tried to speak the truth always in her intercourse with visitors, and she said it was the hardest thing in the world.

the stranger. There he was awaiting me, and said—"Mr. —, teacher of the Academy?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I want your influence to help me in a matter here." Here he stopped. "Yes," said I, "I shall be glad to assist you in any worthy object." Greatly elated, he continued:—"I would like the use of your name, and will give you — dollars and — per cent. of the profits if you will help me in arranging matters."

WELLINGTON'S PICTURES.

THERE was but one picture of the battle of Waterloo in the gallery, and as it represented Napoleon and his staff, with the British in the remote distance almost enveloped in smoke, I ventured to ask His Grace which was the best representation of the battle he had ever seen.

"All bad, sir. A battle cannot be painted. It is a continual motion. I chose this because I could not say it was false. It is quieter than any of the others." He then proceeded to descend on the falsehoods perpetuated by painters. "Now," said he, "there's Mr. Barker's painting of my meeting with Blucher on the field of Waterloo. It is absurd. He has made us in the act of saluting with our cocked hats. This was not the way of it at all. Blucher rushed up to me at La Belle Alliance, threw his arms about my neck, kissed me and covered me with mud. I see that Maclise has sent in a design for a fresco illustration of this event in the House of Lords; but from the description given of it in the papers, I fear it will be no nearer to the truth than Barker's."

A WORD ABOUT DREAMS.

DREAMS are the accompaniment of idleness and work. They "come through the multitude of business," and occupy the lazy brain; they are associated with the sluggard and the enthusiast; they are honored as channels of supernatural advice, and blamed as the offspring of sheer sensuality.

THELWALL thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden.

SOLITUDE and society are always endeavoring to checkmate each other, and never succeed. Men have secluded themselves in desert, cave, and city, and cheated themselves into an illusive friendliness, when lo, they have either made a friend of some entity, or transformed into a familiar for themselves a fawn, pigeon or poodle.

Sabbath Musings.

WHY MOURN WE?

Why mourn we so when loved ones glide One by one o'er the rushing tide, Whose moanings to our spirit's call As we near life's further boundary wall.

We weep at the parting clasp of the hand As the pale feet press the slippery sand, While they wait for an Angel to carry them o'er To the mansions on the other shore.

We cross the hands upon the breast, We close the eyes in death's calm rest, We scatter flowers over their tomb, And shudder at the hearth-stone's gloom.

Why do we mourn when our loved ones go— The dear earth treasures we've cherished so, For the feet that parted death's turbid wave, Shall exultant tread the golden pave.

THE PEN OF HEAVEN.

THE DAY grows yet more solemn. Its solemnity reaches its highest point and culminates in the momentous issue of judgment. It is the day of God's settlement with a world that has had a long credit. It is the winding up of this earth's bankrupt estate, and each man's individual interest. It is the closing of an open account that has been running on ever since the fall.

The most common action of life, its every day, every hour, is invested with a solemn grandeur when we think how they extend their issues into eternity. Our hands are now sowing the seed for that great harvest. We shall meet again all we are doing and have done. The graves shall give up their dead, and from the tombs of oblivion the past shall give up all that it holds in keeping to be witness for or against us. Oh! think of that; and in yonder hall of the Inquisitions see what its effect on us should be!

What a motive to pray for the blood that blots out a guilty past, and for such grace as in time to come shall enable us to walk in God's statutes, to keep his judgments and do them. "Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men."—Guthrie.

WAR AS A MEANS OF GRACE.—Is war demoralizing? So is peace. Does it slay our young men? So does peace. Does it make the bad worse? So does peace. Does it corrupt the good? So does peace. Disinterestedness, courage, patience, self-denial, obedience to authority, are great virtues, and, given a man at the start—and what can you expect in any circumstances without your man?—given a man, the soldier's life is eminently fitted to call them forth.

BE THOUGHTFUL.—Think of the value of your soul; it will exist forever. Think of death; you must soon die; time is short. Think of judgment; God will give to every man the just reward of his good and evil deeds: to the righteous, eternal life—to the wicked, eternal death. Think of heaven—eternal happiness and joy—endeavor to obtain it.

RELIGION, if it be true, is central truth, and all knowledge which is not gathered round it, and quickened and illuminated by it, is hardly worth the name.

SHUT not thine ear, therefore, against the cries of the poor, neither harden thy heart against the calamities of the innocent.

The Reviewer.

ESSAYS.—By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, author of "A History of Civilization in England." With a Biographical Sketch of the author. Illustrated with a Photographic Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1863.

The title of this work might lead some to expect a collection of Essays by the author of "A History of Civilization in England." Beside a "Biographical Sketch" of Mr. BUCKLE, this little book contains two "Essays,"—a somewhat lengthy article on the writings of JOHN STUART MILL—more particularly his work on Liberty; and an Address on the "Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge." Mr. BUCKLE was not an Essayist in the common meaning of that term. The twenty years of his author-life, like those of GIBSON—with whom Mr. BUCKLE has been compared for his laborious research and his book-learning—were strictly devoted to the task of preparing for and composing his History. The present volume owes its interest mainly to its association with the eminent name on the title page. To the special admirers of Mr. BUCKLE, however, these "Essays" may possess an intrinsic value as stamped with the characteristics of his peculiar positivism of thought and expression. For the information of "the sex," we would state that the purpose of the second "Essay" is to show "the inalienable service women have rendered to the progress of knowledge." Men, according to Mr. BUCKLE, do not understand, so well as women, the philosophy of a true scientific method. The progress of knowledge has been hindered by a blind and servile worship of the Baconian process. Hence the service of women to the progress of civilization. By their deductive tendency, they have served as a check on "our passion for induction," and so the race has progressed in knowledge. All honor, therefore, to the wiser, even if "weaker" half of mankind, and may their influence never be less! The "Essays," we should add, are pre-faced with a poor photograph of the author. For sale by STEELE & AVERT, Rochester, N. Y.

FIBRILLA: A PRACTICAL AND ECONOMICAL SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON. Embracing a full description of the process of Colonizing Flax, Hemp, Jute, China Grass, and other Fibre, so that the same may be spun or wove upon either Cotton or Woolen Machinery. Together with a History of the Growth and Manufacture of Wool, Cotton, Flax, etc., in Europe and America. With Illustrations from Microscopical Examinations. Boston: L. Burnett & Co., 1861.

In a volume of some 200 pages we find a large amount of valuable information, especially to those engaged in producing a cheap substitute for Cotton. Though issued two years ago—and previous to the invention and discovery of several machines and processes now being tested for the manufacture of Fibrilla—the book contains much matter of timely interest, in a compact and accessible form. The author had contemplated a much larger work, but wisely, we think, abridged it to a popular size and style. His preface concludes thus:—"In this hastily written work are presented the results of a variety of experiments and investigations. Whether these are of value or not, the public can judge, and time will disclose. Man creates nothing; he but discovers and supplies what already exists. There never yet was a pressing universal want, but some bold investigator discovered that Nature had some hidden store in reserve for it. The route to such discovery is open to all; and if, in this route, the author shall have but pointed the way to the treasure, which is so much needed to give increased income to the farmer, independence to the manufacturer, wealth to all sections of the country, and peace to the nation, he will be content. And in this spirit he cheerfully invites the co-operation of all who have given attention to the discovery of a practical substitute for cotton."

ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS: New Translated and Explained from a Missionary Point of View. By the Rev. J. W. Colesto, D. D., Bishop of Natal. (pp. 261.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book of Bishop COLESTO'S, like his work on the Pentateuch, it appears, is to be ascribed to the influence of his Missionary experience. It is the result of a conviction, caused by that experience that previous expositors, owing to their personal ignorance of Missionary life and labors, have none of them succeeded in producing a commentary on this Epistle of the Great Apostle practically adapted to the natives of heathen countries. Judging from its effect on the mind of this Anglican Bishop, there must be something peculiarly clarifying to the intellect in the atmosphere of Zululand. What his "many years of previous close study of this Epistle" failed to reveal, his "seven years of Missionary experience" seem to have elucidated. In this work we have the "results." A cursory examination of the volume has disclosed several *heterodox* applications of "the teaching of the Great Apostle." A more thorough perusal doubtless would reveal others. As the Bishop writes apparently like a devout man and an earnest Missionary, it may be an "open question" whether his errors proceed more from a naturally weak judgment, or from a morbid mental condition. Sold by STEELE & AVERT.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. JOANNA BETHUNE. By her son, Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., with an Appendix, containing Extracts from the Writings of Mrs. Bethune. (pp. 250.) New York: Harper & Brothers.

"A BEAUTIFUL living tribute by a gifted, affectionate son to his sainted mother," the worthy daughter of the distinguished Mrs. ISABELLA GRAHAM. "The traditions of the family carry the strain of sanctified blood further back than records or memory of names enable us to reach." The highest merit claimed for the subject of this Memoir is her eminent and wide-spread usefulness. Beside the distinction of having been the projector of the Infant School System, the Society for the Relief of Poor Widows, and the New York Orphan Asylum, for Mrs. BETHUNE is claimed the honor of being "the Mother of Sabbath Schools in America." We cannot better say of this interesting and valuable Memoir what it is entitled to have said of it, than in these words from the Editor's Note:—"Christian ladies will read these pages, and be stimulated and guided in noble, self-denying labors for the world around them; and aged women will here find a beautiful example of holy living and dying that will comfort and cheer them in the evening of their days." Sold by STEELE & AVERT, Rochester.

Books Received.

[Most of the works named below will be noticed in future numbers of the RURAL—as soon as we can give them proper examination.—Ed.]

HOLLY'S COUNTRY SEATS: Containing Lithographic Designs for Cottages, Villas, Mansions, etc., with their accompanying Out-buildings; also, Country Churches, City Buildings, Railway Stations, etc., etc. By HENRY HUDSON HOLLY, Architect. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1863. Rochester: STEELE & AVERT.

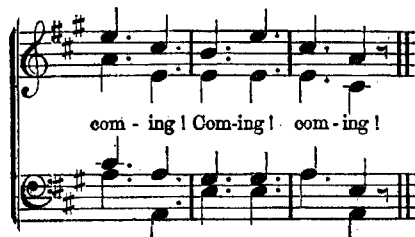
CHRONICLES OF CARLINGFORD. A Novel. By the author of "Margaret Matland," "The Laird of Norlaw," etc., etc. (8vo.—pp. 306.) New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester: STEELE & AVERT.

MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By WM. HOWARD RUSSELL. (8vo.—pp. 222.) New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester: STEELE & AVERT.

AURORA FLOYD. A Novel. By M. E. BRADDOCK, author of "Lady Audley's Secret." (8vo.—pp. 170.) New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester: STEELE & AVERT.

HARRINGTON. A Novel. By CHARLES SEVER, author of "Charles O'Malley," "One of Them," "The Dadd Family Abroad," etc. (8vo.—pp. 161.) New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester: STEELE & AVERT.

JOYOUS SPRING IS COMING.



2. Joyous Spring is coming!
Coming! coming!
With a host of charms new-born,
Chasing Winter, now forlorn.
Joyous Spring, &c.

4. Joyous Spring is coming!
Coming! coming!
Giving fragrance to the breeze,
As it roves through budding trees.
Joyous Spring, &c.

3. Joyous Spring is coming!
Coming! coming!
Bearing balm for all our fears,
Smiling through her happy tears.
Joyous Spring, &c.

5. Joyous Spring is coming!
Coming! coming!
Let us welcome her with praise,
Singing merry roundelays.
Joyous Spring, &c.

The Educator.

Written for Moore Rural's New-Yorker.
FRIDAY NIGHT.

THE last lesson is heard, the last roll called, the last delinquent excused. It is Friday night. The school week is closed and with a sigh of relief you look up the house and return to your boarding place.

How cheerful your room is, how quiet! How the tense nerves relax under the combined influence of a glowing fire and an easy chair! And now you go back and review the long, weary week. First, there was "blue Monday." The little ones were restless, some of the larger ones suspiciously sleepy and dull, and the recitations were a general failure. Tuesday was better, and Wednesday every thing went off finely. Thursday there were unmistakable indications of trouble, various irregularities, not amounting to open transgression, but coming so near it as to be very annoying; evident attempts to try your forbearance to the utmost; disrespectful manners and impatience under gentle reproof,—all these gave warning of the coming storm. And to-day you have had a case of open rebellion. You put it down quickly and effectually, by an energetic use of switch-saution, but your self-control and decision was purchased at an expense of nervous tension that will cost you more than one night's sleep. You are weary in mind and in body—how weary only a teacher can know. To-morrow, if you were only a machine, not a woman, you might rest. But there are compositions to correct, letters to write, garments to mend, calls to make, lessons to prepare for the ensuing week—and you have no strength left for them. Is it any wonder you are discouraged? But the Sabbath is coming, and as you have not had a chance to read a word during the week, you think you will stay at home and rest and read. You have forgotten—there is your morning Bible class, some of your pupils belong to it, and you must certainly attend; then you must be present at both services and pay strict attention, no matter how dry the sermon, for you are a teacher and must set a good example; you must have a class in Sabbath school of course, and you must go to the prayer meeting, or some well-meaning sister will give you a lecture on worldly-mindedness. You think over all these things, and you ask yourself, "Does it pay?"

You look into your mirror,—the wrinkles are beginning to gather, here and there a silver thread streaks your hair,—you are growing older, prematurely old. Your strength is diminishing, your spirits are wasted, you are wearing yourself out in thankless toil. And for what? A mere subsistence, nothing more. "Does it pay?" and this time you answer emphatically, "It does not pay."

"Does not pay?" Do you remember the unruly boy, who, five short years ago, set your authority at defiance? Do you remember how you kept him after school and talked and prayed with him, and how he was at last subdued? That boy is to-day on his way to India as a Christian teacher, and his farewell words were, "I owe it all to you." Do you remember the poor orphan who worked for her board—who came late and went away early, to whom you lent your choicest books, whose first attempts at composition you encouraged and directed? Have you forgotten the warm-hearted letter of remembrance which but yesterday accompanied a copy of her last volume?

Do you remember little NELLIE, whom you taught to say "Our Father?" Do you remember how you were called to her dying bed, and how she blessed you for teaching her the way to Heaven?

Ah, the tears are falling now;—(it does pay, pays as no other vocation, not even the ministry, can pay.) It is enough,—weary, murmuring heart, be still. The success of useful lives, the wealth of cultured minds, the salvation of priceless souls,—these are the faithful teacher's reward. It does pay,—here and hereafter the recompense is sure. Go on, then, in your good work; sow beside all waters, and God will see to it that you reap an abundant harvest.

HAVE PATIENCE WITH THE BOYS.

GEN. TOWNE once taught a school in Sturbridge, Mass., when a father applied to him to take charge of a son, who he frankly admitted had given him a great deal of vexation. He had been placed with several instructors, to no good purpose—he seemed to be stupid, and the father feared the boy would never come to anything. This interview caused the instructor to suspect that the father—not a case without a precedent—had conceived a prejudice against the boy; and this suspicion was strengthened by his subdued appearance, in his father's presence, and by the coldness and indifference of the father's manner when taking leave of his son. After the father had gone, the instructor called the boy, and with a smile of encouragement put a book into his hands and asked him to read. The lad took the book with nervous fingers, and with a tremulous voice proceeded to comply. After reading half a page, continually turning his eyes from the book to the teacher, he was told to stop; which he did, at the same time dodging his head in a singular manner. Upon being asked why he did so, he replied:—"I thought you would beat me." The instructor assured him he was in no danger of being beaten for the few mistakes he had made, and when the instructor said, with a smile, "I believe you mean to be a good boy," the tears that filled his eyes were demonstrative. The intelligent teacher comprehended the case. He was right. The boy progressed rapidly; and the father's surprise may be imagined, at the teacher's assurance in due time that his pupil was a lad of uncommon promise, and his conviction, that, with the advantages of a good education, this poor, brow-beaten boy would distinguish himself in after life. Upon this suggestion, he was sent to college. The result is a matter of history. Goy, William L. Marcy, of New York—he was the boy—never omitted, on any fair occasion, to express his deep sense of gratitude to his instructor.—Boston Transcript.

DON'T GOVERN TOO MUCH.

MANY schools fail of success because their management is overdone. Some of the worst failures—those which prove most disastrous to the school, and most mortifying to the teacher and his friends—are those where the teacher has governed too much—where a prodigious effort at government was made, not because the circumstances of the school seemed to call for it, but because the teacher had the erroneous impression that governing his school was his principal business, and therefore a demonstration should be made at the outset, and continually. Such an uncalculated assumption of authority provokes a spirit of dislike and hostility on the part of the pupils, entirely destructive of good order, and such, indeed, as no teacher can quell or withstand. We have seen schools in the utmost confusion for no other reason than that they were constantly irritated by the teacher, who was so painfully impressed with a sense of his authority, as to keep himself continually fretting and menacing, in a kind of effectual bluster; when a single kind, but decided word, would have reduced chaos to order; when the only thing needed for the pupils to apply themselves, was to be let alone.

Let a teacher show, by his countenance and by his actions, that he expects the discipline of his school will occasion him a great deal of trouble and hard work, and the school will surely see to it that the trouble and hard work are furnished, to an extent that will meet his highest expectations.—Massachusetts Teacher.

HARD WORK IN EDUCATION.

I HAVE no faith in any theory of education which does not include, as one of its leading elements, *hard work*. We have no royal road to learning. Any knowledge, the acquisition of which costs nothing, is usually worth nothing. The mind, equalling with the body, grows by labor. If some stuffing process could be invented, by which knowledge could be forced into a mind perfectly passive, the knowledge so acquired would be worthless to its possessor, and would soon pass away, leaving the mind as blank as it was before. Knowledge, to be of any value,

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

"Pshaw!—one step at a time! Just because you did not happen to know what I did, you need not settle it that you know nothing. Every one has his own place and his own peculiar knowledge which he can make of service to others. Each excels in some particular, and no one ought to envy another the possession of any good quality—but as our teacher said, seek to emulate each other in getting and doing good. Now I'll warrant you can teach me something I would be right glad to know. You and I are differently constituted. You think upon a different class of subjects than those which employ my time and thoughts. You can tell me what you know, and in payment I will give you the benefit of any knowledge I may possess that you do not."

Tom smiled. It was plain he was pleased; yet he looked dubious as he said, "I instruct you, CHARLEY? What can you mean? Pray, do not invite me up stairs for the sake of kicking me down again. I wish I could believe myself capable of doing such a thing."

"But you are, Tom. I will tell you how. Everybody knows that you delight to work in the garden; and that there is not a better one in the neighborhood than yours. You enjoy it. And, tell me, do you not make it a study? Do you not find yourself thinking about it in the schoolroom—planning how this walk shall be laid, and what curve to give to that border?—what you will plant next, and how you will plant it? Have not I guessed right, Tom? Do you not think you could teach me a little gardening in exchange for my thoughts? How long is it since you told me I was 'a regular botch,' when watching me at work in the garden? Don't you remember it? Now I insist you shall give me something in return for my distinguished services. Good night, and Saturday you may expect me to look at your garden and listen to a lecture on gardening."

"Good night, CHARLEY; I'll help you if you think I can," and TOM DEFOE had learned another lesson, and went to sleep with a much lighter heart than was his when he left the schoolroom.

THE AMERICAN BLUE JAY.

OUR young readers, we hope, are never guilty of cruelty to the birds, and with this hope, we give them an engraving of one which will probably be familiar. The Jay has some bad tricks, as will be observed by a perusal of his habits, and we are confident the boys and girls of the RURAL will not adopt any of them. While we should be willing to learn good from the humblest of God's creatures, let us, also, avoid the appearance of evil.

The American Blue Jay (*Corvus Cristatus*, of LIX.) is peculiar to North America, and is distinguished as a kind of bean among the feathered tenants of our woods. His dress is very brilliant, and, like other coxcombs, he makes himself conspicuous by incessant gabbling, and the great amount of importance he assumes. In spring, when every thicket is pouring forth harmony, the notes of the jay cannot fall reaching the ear. He is, among his fellow-musicians, what the trumpeter is in a band, and some of his tones bear quite a resemblance to that instrument. These he can change through a great variety of modulations. When disposed to ridicule, there is scarcely a bird whose peculiarities of song he cannot turn his music to. When engaged in the blandishments of love, they resemble the soft chattering of a duck, and can scarcely be heard at a few paces distant; but when he discovers the approach of an enemy he sets up a sudden and vehement cry, flying off and screaming with all his might.



The jay builds his nest on a cedar or apple tree. His favorite food is chestnuts, acorns and Indian corn. Bugs, caterpillars, and the products of the orchard, come not amiss to his stomach. He spreads alarm and sorrow around him by robbing the nests of other birds, sucking the eggs, and frequently devouring the young. When pressed by hunger, he will eat any animal food that comes in his way. He is bold, and will, with his fellows, give battle to the sparrow-hawk, and he is a most bitter enemy of the owl, forcing the latter to seek safety in flight.

The bird is about eleven inches in length—his head is ornamented with a crest of light blue or purple feathers, which he can elevate or depress at pleasure. Whole upper part light blue or purple—a collar of black passes down each side of the neck, and forms a crescent on the upper part of the breast. The under parts are white. The tail is long, light blue, and tipped with black.

No man can safely go abroad that does not love to stay at home; no man can safely speak that does not willingly hold his tongue; no man can safely govern that would not cheerfully become a subject; no man can safely command that has not truly learned to obey; and no man can safely rejoice unless he has suffered. Children, what is true of the man, is true, also, of you.

