

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.

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Agricultural.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN THE COUNTRY.

It is washing day—an excellent day for a man to leave home, especially if he can be of no service there. The first train takes me into the country. I go where Nature is touching the dull brown of the earth, as winter left it, with her pencil dipped in green—where she is changing the bare landscape picture by putting foliage on the gooseberries and currants, coloring the fruit buds with light, rapid strokes, developing the early flowers among the quickening grass, and awakening one grand choral symphony from voices in the groves, along the hedges, and in the streams, sloughs and pools. Swelling the volume of sound and adding to its wonderful harmony, the bleatings of the flocks are heard, the calls of the calves and the answers of the kine, and the voices of the plowmen as they turn over the prairie sward or the clover lea for corn. The dark clouds hang heavy in the west; the south wind blows with an exhaustive effect; the air is oppressive; and the drum of the partridge and the shrill solo of a tree toad accompany the patter of tears which April sheds. The small streams run brimfull, and dash away toward the river as if in haste to get in out of the wet. One can almost see the grass grow. And the small grain is lifting the soil which covers the germ of life, with a noiseless, yet marvellous force. The winter litter is being raked off the lawns, the spade is lifting the garden soil, the women are planning the arrangement of the flower borders, or with awkward grace are digging a place for the "roots" that a neighbor has given them. It is the interval between the seeding of small grain and corn planting; and the farmer is busy fixing up the old, or building new fences, the teams are hauling lumber, or trees, or "breaking." There are a thousand items to look after; and it is just at this peculiar time, and a washing day, that I am in the country. If the reader pleases, he may accompany me, and we will try and learn something together.

WHY NURSERY TREES DIE.

I meet a man with a wagon-load of trees, which he has just purchased from the nursery. These trees were dug last fall—that is, one of **OVERMAN'S** tree-diggers was run under them. The farmer goes to the nursery, selects his trees, and himself and the nurseryman take hold of the top of the tree, and proceed to pull it out of the ground. Once out, great care is taken to shake the soil off the roots as clean as possible. It is thrown down at the end of the plat, where it lies in the sun until the load is dug or pulled. It is then put into the wagon; no covering is put over it. The roots lie fully exposed to the sun and drying wind. The farmer drives his load of trees from five to thirty-five miles. They are left in the wagon until morning; then they are drawn to the field—if it happens to be convenient to put them in the ground—and scattered over it near where they are to be planted. No matter how hot the sun, how exhaustive the wind, nor how dry the soil, nor how long they are to lie out of the ground, the trees are not heeled in, nor are the roots puddled when planted. Down they are put into a little, round, dry hole—and if they do not grow and bear fruit right away, the poor nurseryman is a ras-

cal, and his trees are good for nothing. I pass a nursery and see what suggests this item; I visit a farmer who is planting, and the way he leaves his trees illustrates what I have written.

ABOUT THAT TREE-DIGGER.

I've quite a notion to tell what I think of it. I believe it a grand old tree killer! I don't believe in such a mangling of roots—especially in the case of three or four year old trees. I would not buy a tree which had been root-pruned in the nursery in that manner. The fact is, Nature does not provide a tree with any more roots than it actually needs; and when the top of the tree goes from the nursery, all the roots should go with it—the whole system of roots. And it is my observation that the nurserymen who are most careful to send roots with their trees to their customers, have the best reputations as tree-growers. The farmer who is purchasing trees should remember that a tree with all the roots attached, is worth at least double to him that a tree with its radicles barbarously mangled is. And he should insist that a tree is not a tree without its roots!

"MY PLOW WILL NOT ANSWER."

"Why not?" I ask of farmer K., whose team is breaking prairie. "Because the mole board is not high enough, and the sod and the soil separate—break apart. It does not turn good. I can't turn it more than six inches deep, the best I can do. I want to turn it eight or nine." "What—prairie sod?" "Certainly. My surface is too light; and I find I get better crops by turning it under deep. I get more clay mingled with the mold, and the crop is better." There is no doubt about it. For aside from the stiffening of the soil, which in this locality seems necessary, a greater depth stirred, insures against the exhaustive effects of a long, dry, hot season, incident to this open prairie country. The soil is similar to that belonging to the orchardist **WAKEMAN**—of whom I wrote in 1861—who back-furrows the soil to his orchard trees until it lies over the roots two and a half to three feet deep, because, he claims, it is necessary to make up in bulk what it lacks in weight, compared with a good, stiff fruit soil.

PLOWING IN AN ORCHARD.

Here are two men plowing in an orchard. One holds the lines, the other the plow. They are back-furrowing to the trees. The spirited team is carefully driven. The braces do not bark the trees. Three or four furrows are thrown to each row on each side of it. This done, the second man is at liberty to go about other work. The danger of damaging the trees is past. Some men would regard this extra care thrown away—at least their practice proves it. I do not. And this hint, though it may be called a trifling item, will, if acted upon, save the lives of many trees, and add to the age and usefulness of many more.

BOARD FENCES ON THE PRAIRIES.

What a crushing tax are these board fences upon prairie farmers! Next to exposed farm implements, and grain wasted after it is produced, comes this tax in the shape of board fences. Look along that line there! That fence is not over three or four years old. The posts were driven in the ground—not set there. The frost has lifted them, and the winds have forced it over. Half of it needs re-setting to-day; and several hundred feet of fence lumber is needed to replace the broken and useless boards. And all this in a country adapted to the rapid and sure growth of live hedges, and where, more than in any other country, they are needed.

"But," said a gentleman to me, "I, too, believe in hedges. But I do not know of anything I want to rely upon except the Osage; and I cannot get the plants now."

I know there is a difficulty; but with the success of the South-western armies will come a supply of seed, if, indeed, it has not been obtained already, and the unsupplied demand for plants last year will stimulate their production. But why not try some of our natives? We have

THE COMMON THORN FOR HEDGES.

It grows plentifully in the groves. It may be propagated from the seed rapidly. And there is testimony that it is worthy the attention of cultivators. **S. G. MINKLER**, a sound man, possessed of a sound mind and good judgment, wrote me, in 1859, that some years previous he planted twenty rods of this common thorn for a hedge, taking the plants from the woods, and cutting them back to within six inches of the root. He gave them good care the first season, and then totally neglected them for three years—

which is by no means evidence of the possession of soundness with which I credited him, to be sure—when, discovering that it was like to make a hedge, notwithstanding his neglect, he "splashed" it—or cut it off—two feet from the ground. Since that time it has proved an effective fence against horses, cattle and sheep. He thinks if he had cut it back to within eight inches of the ground the second year, it would have made an impenetrable hedge. Not a plant of the twenty rods had died, no borer has been discovered in it, and he thinks a good hedge may be made from this plant in five years, if proper care is taken of it.

"PROPER CARE!"

Aye!—there's the rub! A shepherd succeeds by taking proper care of his sheep. He does not expect to lose early lambs, because he looks after them. He sees that they are not exposed to cold currents of air, nor to cold storms; if cold, he warms them. And the corn grower does not expect a good paying crop of corn without adequate care. He puts the harrow on and keeps down the weeds, stirs the soil, plucks out the suckers, and gives it manure for food. With proper care, he gets a crop. And the man who would succeed in his efforts to hedge his farm, must prepare the ground well, and give the young plants proper care—which means clean culture, protection from animals in the early growth, and pruning, when necessary, in order to develop the lateral growth needed to render it formidable as a hedge. And this "proper care," including the cost of plants and planting, is far less than the cost of posts and boards, the making of the fence and the keeping it in repair during a term of ten years. And then it never has to be rebuilt. This subject of live fences, compared with board fences, is worthy the more careful consideration and persistent attention of Western land owners.

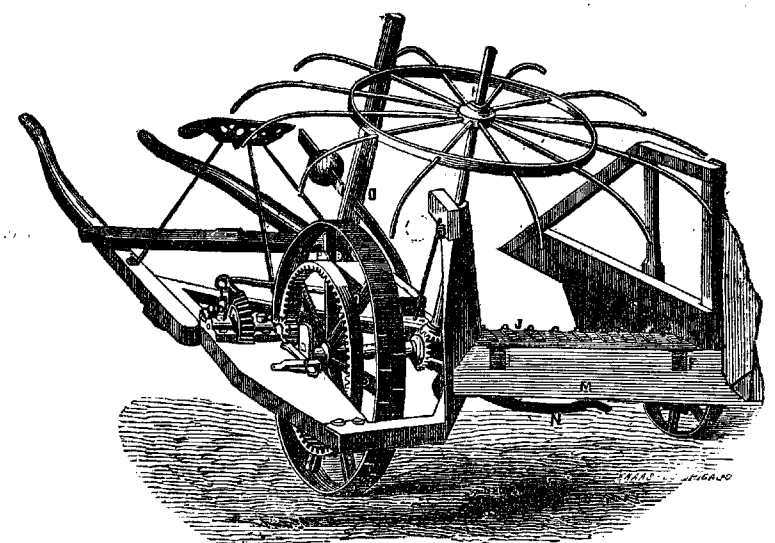
FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS.

JOHN, I've made up my mind to construct a theory. I begin to think the end of the world is a good ways off since reading the last **RURAL**, (April 18th.) It is my opinion that it is wicked for my wife to catch rain-water in a tub. Cause why? Because what she catches somebody else don't. The fact is, nature will give her all the rain-water she ought to have if she don't catch it—at least I think so. For, you see, if all the women in one neighborhood should catch their tubs full of rain-water, there would be none left for the women of the next neighborhood to catch. And then the plants would not grow. I don't see why I did not see it in this light before; but I do now, thanks to the *service* of the last paper. These men who write for papers do a great deal of good—a great deal! I declare, I can't really see how Pennsylvania can produce anything when New York persists in producing so enormously. And they do say that the soils of our Eastern States are rapidly deteriorating. I don't see why they shouldn't when those Western States grow such extravagant crops.

Another thing. I begin to think it very wrong to hoe my corn. Why? Because there is my good neighbor **CAN'T-GROW-A-CROP**, who does not hoe his; and, I declare, I most think that what I gain by hoeing my corn, I must take from his; but on the other hand, over the fence there, neighbor **ALWAYS-WINS** is preparing to plant. And he always hoes his corn; and if I don't he will get all that myself and my neighbor, who do not hoe, lose. I tell you it is an awful condition of things to be placed between two such neighbors. "Nonsense!" No, it is not nonsense. Is it not logical? But I believe I shall hoe my corn. Most of my neighbors do; I shall be compelled to do so, else I voluntarily let them rob me.

Now you say "nonsense" to this. Perhaps other people would if they heard me talk; but until it can be proved conclusively that what rain-water my wife catches in her tub is caught by some one else at the same time—and further, when it is conclusively proven that when I hoe my corn, I do not actually injure my neighbor's crop who does not hoe his cornfield—I say, when all this is proven *conclusively*, then, sir, I will let you call my theory "nonsense"—then my good wife shall be permitted to continue to catch rain-water wherewith to cleanse her clothes, and I will continue to hoe my corn. But until then I shall hold good my argument.

—But, **JOHN**, it is just moist enough to be an excellent time to plant. I hold that at this season of the year a man ought to plant one tree, or shrub, or vine each day, if he would make his home what it should be.



MASON'S PATENT CORN HARVESTER.

Now that people are about planting corn, they will ere long want a labor-saving harvester of the crop, especially in the West, which (as a New-Englander remarked on returning from a visit to Illinois, Indiana, &c.) is "a great country for corn." To supply this want Mr. **WM. M. MASON**, of Polo, Illinois, has invented the **Corn-Harvester** represented in our engraving, which he claims is a success, and describes as follows:

"This machine is for cutting standing corn and depositing the same in gabels on the ground. The invention consists in the employment or use of an adjustable inclined reel, **I**, in connection with a tilting platform, **M**, and a cutting device similar to that of a reaper. To the sickle beam, **J**, the platform, **M**, is hinged. The sickle beam and platform are set obliquely, the outer end of the beam being back of a right angle to the line of draught. The reel with its curved arms is so adjusted as to lay the corn when cut on the

platform, and when it is dumped it lies between the rows directly behind the horse. A lever, **N**, is attached and so arranged that when a load of corn is on the platform, it is discharged by the driver placing his foot on the lever forcing it out of the catch, **S**, in slotted standard, **O**. The lever is then free to rise. The platform then falls, discharging the load without stopping the horse. As soon as the corn is off, the lever falls back to its place, without any trouble to the driver, leaving the corn in a neat pile. The piles of corn are left by the side of each other in a row so as to be convenient in shocking. One hand can shock three or four acres per day. The machine is worked by one horse and one man or boy. It cuts about eight acres per day, cutting one row at a time. This machine was fully tested last fall, in the corn-field, to the satisfaction of all who saw it work. It is a success."

DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

It is a well known fact that more horses die during the months of March and April than during the year beside; and that most of the diseases from which they die are caused by improper treatment, as sudden transition from heat to cold, or injudicious changes of food, but the immediate cause of a great proportion of deaths, is from improper treatment of the horse after he has been attacked by any of those diseases to which, by improper treatment, he is subject at this season of the year.

The diseases most common at this season, are *two*, the *spasmodic*, or *flatulent colic*, and inflammation of the bowels, or *red colic*. Either of these diseases may be brought on by sudden changes from heat to cold, which more commonly takes place when the horse has been severely exercised, and afterward allowed to stand without proper covering until he gets cold. There are instances where changes of food produce the above diseases, but they are less frequent.

By watching the symptoms of the horse the owner may judge pretty correctly, which of the two diseases affects his horse. The flatulent, or spasmodic colic, is commonly very sudden in its attack. The horse, by turns, is in excruciating pain, and then, by short intervals, is free from it. There are no symptoms of fever discovered, either by the pulse, or by redness about the mouth, eye-lids or nostrils. The horse throws his head to his sides as if to bite them, frequently lies down and attempts to roll. The extremities retain their usual warmth.

Treatment.—The horse should be bled freely, from the neck, say from six to eight quarts, according to his size and condition,—should be warmly covered, and occasionally exercised, and a carminative course of medicine administered, as half a pound of allspice made fine and mixed with a quart of whisky, or other spirits. Give one gill each hour until the horse is relieved.

INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, OR RED COLIC.—This disease is an inflammation of the outer coats of the intestines, and is more commonly produced by the same causes that produce spasmodic colic, or it may come on from long neglected cases of the latter complaint. The usual symptoms of this complaint are of febrile character, generally preceded by loss of appetite; small, quick, wirey pulse; redness of the lips, eyes, and nostrils, and as disease increases, the

horse becomes uneasy, kicks at his belly, lies down, and rises up again, and paws with his fore-feet, violently, but seldom attempts to roll over, as in cases of spasmodic colic.

Treatment.—This, in well defined cases, must be active. In the first instance bleed freely, as in spasmodic colic. Next a thorough course of cathartics must be administered, and persevered in until the first passages are thoroughly evacuated, as this disease is always accompanied with costiveness. Give a pint of castor oil, or where that is not at hand, half a pound of Epsom salts, or three-fourths of a pound of Glauber salts, and in four hours, if the symptoms are not abated, take two quarts of blood, and give another dose of the cathartic medicine. In this disease do not exercise the horse, as in spasmodic colic, his limbs should be freely rubbed, and if wrapped in blankets, it will be useful, as at times his limbs often become cold. If the horse improves he should be fed with scalded food, and that sparingly.

When these diseases are taken in an early stage, and treated as above, very few cases will occur but what will yield to the foregoing treatment. But there is a fatality attending these diseases, more especially the first, that I cannot pass over unnoticed. A great proportion of the cases of spasmodic colic are brought on by improper driving and exposure, and the horse is attacked when the driver or owner is away from home. In this case the natural place for the person to stop is at the nearest tavern. He reports that "he has a sick horse." Now, I do not know of a country tavern of any note but what has a set of daily customers, who are commonly found lounging about the bar-room. Most of these set themselves up at once as horse or cow doctors, as cases may offer, and pretend to be perfectly posted up in taking charge of either. Although not one in a hundred of them own either horse or cow, and never read a book on the treatment of either, but the man thinks he needs assistance, and one or more of them at once volunteer to attend to the sick animal. All declare the horse "has the bots," and they know a specific for them. First a quantity of sweetened milk must be poured down in order to coax the bots away from eating the stomach, then the upper lip must be scraped with a dull knife in order to make the "bots let go"—then the belly must be "slapped with a flat board to jar them off"—if the horse dies under this treatment these wise-ones declare that the bots had ate through the

stomach, so that there was no cure for him. Oh, shame!

In Veterinary Surgery this country is far behind England, France, or Germany, and therefore works emanating from those countries are considered more reliable than those of America. In consulting English writers, KLINE, BLAIN, and CLARK are considered as qualified men in their profession.

"The bot is the larva of the castrus equi, a fly which deposits its eggs upon the grasses on which horses feed, and on parts of the horse himself, from whence they pass into the stomach by the food, or being licked off. Certain it is, they get there, are hatched, and these remain hanging to the coats of it, by two tentacula, receiving the juices of the masticated food as nutriment. After considerable time, they make their way out by the anus, drop on the ground, are first transformed into chrysalids, and afterwards into parent flies."

Doctor R. R. HARDEN, of Georgia, in writing up the diseases of horses many years since, declared that "bots never killed horses," but ascribed death in most called bots, to colic, occasioned by injudicious treatment. He also stated his experiments on bots, by putting them into solutions, such as arsenic, copperas, mercury, diluted acids, potash, lime, &c., none of which seemed to kill them, and concludes by saying, that nothing that a horse could take and survive, would kill bots.

How long, Mr. Editor, are we to allow this quack theory about bots, to go unrebuked? How long before our farming community will enlighten themselves sufficiently to save thousands of horses which are now yearly sacrificed to this, worse than Salem witchcraft-superstition theory about bots? Or is it out of the reach of common sense?

THE CHINESE CANE IN OHIO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the manufacture of sirup from the Chinese Sugar Cane is fast becoming a branch of industry with the farmers of the West, and wishing to encourage the production of a native sweet, I thought a few words on the subject from this latitude might not be objectionable to your many readers. I have noticed that some of your correspondents in former numbers of the RURAL, expressed doubts of the final success of its culture north of "Mason and Dixon's Line." To such let me say that, so far as the State of Ohio is concerned, it is not only a success, but a real blessing. The farmers of this section commenced by planting small patches of the cane, to test its practicability and its merits as a substitute for sugar. Owing to an imperfect knowledge of its habits, and the entire absence of suitable machinery for its manufacture, their first experiments were not very satisfactory; however, enough had been learned to encourage the more sanguine to erect expensive machinery for crushing the cane and evaporating the juice. And I am happy to be able to say that their efforts to make the cultivation of the sugar cane a "paying institution" have been more than a success.

I will take the liberty of naming some of the most prominent pioneers in the successful manufacture of sirup at this point. Their names are F. D. DRAKE, F. D. KINGSLY, and JOSEPH YOUNGS. These men, by their skill and energy, were enabled to overcome all obstacles, and were successful in producing a very superior article of sirup. Mr. DRAKE has been untiring in his efforts to produce a pan and arch that would combine the following advantages, namely:

1st, Rapid evaporation. 2d, Perfect coagulation of the green substance expressed with the juice. 3d, Some regulation by which the green substance, as soon as coagulated, shall be thrown to the sides of the pan, where it may readily be removed. 4th, Economy of fuel—thus saving wood, which is a very important item with us, who have to haul our wood from five to six miles. It gives me pleasure to be able to inform the readers of the RURAL that he has succeeded in producing such a pan and arch. I have seen specimens of his sirup that, to my taste, far surpass STUART's famed "Golden Drips." Mr. DRAKE has a patent for his Evaporator. There has been another pan patented here, by the Rev. M. H. SMITH, which combines many excellencies. Cook's Evaporator has also been used here with good success. Within a radius of two miles of this place, there was made, the past season, between thirteen and fourteen thousand gallons of very superior sirup. As a substitute for sugar, it is preferable to any other sirup to be had; indeed, I might say that few of my neighbors use any other sweetening for cooking purposes. This year will see a very great increase in the quantity of sirup manufactured in this section. Our people inaugurated a nice little Sorgho Show at this place, under the auspices of the "Ladies Aid Society." I am sure, Mr. Editor, it would have been highly gratifying to you, could you have seen the many specimens of cookery on exhibition, into which Sorgho entered as a sweetening. The numberless samples of sirup and sugar, as well as wines, vinegar, pickles and candies, all owing their goodness to the same native sweetener, were a sight worth looking at. Our ladies are proverbial for doing things up right; but this time they fairly bewildered with the good things they spread before the people, as a sample of what could be made with our native sirup as a sweetener. And then, the dimes taken at the door were a perfect God-send to the noble Aid Society.

We have made some sirup that has granulated, but not enough to call sugar-making a success. We are going to try other varieties of cane this

season, which elsewhere in the West have produced sugar in paying quantities. Our sirup sells readily at fifty cents per gallon by the quantity, and I, for one, think the time not distant when no other will be used in the West. Huron Co., Ohio, 1863. P. B. SALISBURY.

CORN CULTURE—FENCE POSTS.

AMONG the many articles lately published in Agricultural papers on raising corn, I have seen none that describes the method I pursue, and as I have invariably gathered good crops since I adopted this method, I am compelled to think it is a good one.

At wheat harvest, the ground intended for corn the succeeding year is selected, and the wheat is stacked on it, two stacks in a place, and so distributed that at thrashing—the straw being drawn away from the machine by a horse attached to the two ends of a rail,—a little spreading with a fork will make it completely cover the ground. It is then fired, which consumes not only the straw, but the stubble and weeds, and leaves the ground perfectly bare and clean. During the fall it is plowed about as we ordinarily plow for wheat, five to six inches deep. The latter part of the succeeding April, the ground is thoroughly harrowed, and the surface made fine and mellow. Three horses are then attached to the plow, and the ground is plowed as deep as horses can draw the plow; again plowed and harrowed till the surface is fine and mellow. It is then marked with a sled marker, making four rows at a time, three and a half feet apart, the driver riding on the marker to make it run four or five inches deep, which it will easily do, the ground being so mellow. The corn is then dropped between the 1st and 10th of May, one grain in a place, ten inches apart, as near as is practicable. The roller is then brought into requisition, and it is rolled across the rows, which covers the corn about two inches deep, and presses the dirt firm on to the seed. Where each row is planted, there will be a slight depression.

As soon as the corn is up about two inches high, I attach the horses to the broad end of an A drag, take out the center tooth and attach a temporary handle, and drive astride each row, the handle being used by the driver to prevent the corn being out or covered up by the drag. The dirt being so mellow and drag teeth running so near the corn, causes the dirt to fill completely round the corn, covering all the young weeds that may be starting. The after culture consists in working with cultivator and shovel plow two or three times, according to its necessities and the time that can be spared, never working after the corn is two feet high, and leaving the ground as near level as possible at the last working.

Some may say that this is too much labor to lay out on the corn crop. I admit it is more than is usually bestowed in this State, but where twice the labor doubles the crop, there is land rent saved, if nothing more. In Central Illinois, where scarcely any other crop is raised for market but corn, this plan will not apply in all its details, but in the northern part of the State, where there is at least two acres of wheat raised to one of corn, it works well.

I have never tried the soft maple for fence posts, but both the soft and hard maples are so prone to decay when exposed to the weather, that I should consider them hardly suitable for posts. I have white cedar posts that have been set eight years, and do not as yet show any signs of decay, except in the sap. I set 800, and have removed several hundred, and all are in the same state of preservation. S. W. ARNOLD. Cortland, Ill., 1863.

PROFITS OF COWS AND SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have been a farmer boy all the working days of my life, and for several years past have had the pleasure of reading your valuable and interesting paper. You have requested people to give their experience in farming. I have had a little experience in the pursuit of agriculture, and often felt as though I wanted to "speak in meeting," but did not think I could edify the public, therefore kept mum. I am a willing listener, and in order to be sociable, must say something occasionally. If agreeable to your wishes, I propose telling T. C. P. where I think he missed it in his calculation of the profits of cows over sheep.

First, I contend that, as a general thing, the value of one cow will buy ten sheep, and they can be kept on the same amount of feed. Second, As we cannot all of us sell our milk, we must manufacture it ourselves, and instead of receiving \$44 per cow, profit, we must take up with \$30, and very many think they are doing well to make that. Third, I put the lambs at \$1.75, and half as many lambs as sheep, (which, I think, is low enough,) at \$1.75, makes \$8.75; and five pounds of wool per head, at 40 cents per pound, is \$20. Use of cow, \$30; use of sheep, \$28.75,—balance in favor of cow, \$1.25, to say nothing of the extra labor in taking care of cows. Mallory, April, 1863. B. P. MOOR.

SPLITTING WOOD—HOW I DO IT.

THE bed of chips where wood is generally sawed and split, is a capital place for the purpose. Scatter the blocks so that there will be room enough for the stove wood, and also to give a little spare room; then strike them in one end, generally with the foot on the other end, and if the timber is tolerably free to split, with a motion of the foot and a little practice, all so scattered may be reduced to the required size without touching with the hands, and with scarcely any danger to the feet, and without handling each block separately.

Then set aside the axe, and remove the wood thus split. The object is to strike as many successive blows as may be, without stopping, axe

in hand, to throw away the split wood. I use an axe not sharp enough to chop with, and if it goes through diagonally into the chips, no matter, as the axe will keep sharp enough, if there are no stones. This I have practiced, and prefer it to any other. Try it, men and boys, before adopting the method described in the RURAL of Feb. 21st, 1863. WOOD-SPLITTER.

The Bee-Keeper.

Straw Bee-Hives.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—So far as I understand the subject, straw is regarded by the best apiarians as the most suitable material for hives. But the trouble has been to adapt straw hives to movable combs and boxes. Sometime since, Mr. QUNBY advertised in the RURAL for intelligence of any one who had accomplished this desideratum. I am happy to inform him through the RURAL that Mr. HENSCHEN, of this town, has fully succeeded. He has no patent for his invention, and will cheerfully enlighten inquirers on the subject. I deemed the thing of so much consequence that I prepared an article on the subject for a local paper, without the knowledge of Mr. H., which I herewith send for the RURAL. The perseverance and skill and success of Mr. H. are very remarkable. Many who deem themselves well skilled in bees might learn something valuable of Mr. H. I believe his given name is WILLIAM. His residence is Bloomington, Minnesota.

Some of the advantages of straw hives over wood are, they are more free from dampness, more free from shrinking and swelling, cooler in summer, and warmer in winter. One of these straw hives, which remained out of doors all of last winter, is as good this spring as ever. Mr. HENSCHEN is well pleased with his experiments, and thinks he has overcome all difficulties. I write these articles for the good of the cause, and send them to the RURAL that the world may know what may be done, and what has been done, to extract the most honey and the most gold, with the least labor and expense, from one stock of bees. T. ROWELL. Bloomington, Minn., April, 1863.

The following is the substance of the article alluded to above:

A MINNESOTA APIARY.—How the Thing is Done.—Twelve miles above Fort Snelling, on the Minnesota river, and half a mile above Bloomington Ferry, is a brick cottage, the residence of Mr. H.—a German, and a regular genius in his way. He may not thank me for what I am about to state, but I think the world should know it. Nor am I afraid that this article will cause such a rush into the bee business as to overdo it. Four years ago Mr. H. found a bee tree and took the stock. He knew nothing about bees, but got Mr. QUNBY's work on the subject, and mastered it. It is almost incredible what the skill and energy of Mr. H. have accomplished with that one wild swarm of bees. He has now forty stocks, worth eight dollars each, and has sold quite a number. Besides this, the hundreds of people in St. Paul who have bought the little glazed dollar boxes of honey of Mr. H. are indebted to the same Mr. H. has shown what can be done with bees, and furnished a stimulus to his neighbors to go and do likewise. I doubt whether any other man can show such a record.

But the greatest success of Mr. H. consists in his production of the bee-keeper's desideratum—a straw hive adapted to boxes. It would pay an apiarist to go a hundred miles to take lessons of Mr. H. He is communicative and has no patent for his new hive. All credit to Mr. H.; he is certainly a very useful man. If he had a few more such, we need not lack for sweet. Mr. QUNBY states, I think, that one section will sustain two hundred and fifty stocks of bees. This would be for one township of thirty-six sections, 9,000 stocks, producing 450,000 pounds of honey, at the rate of fifty pounds to the hive. And this is what Mr. H. realizes after leaving enough to winter the bees. Thus we have in this little precinct \$56,000 of undeveloped wealth in the matter of honey at a shilling a pound; which, if produced, would support many families, sweeten many palates, and not detract from any other branch of business. It may be inferred that Minnesota might produce honey enough to sweeten all the world and the rest of mankind.

Irritability of Bees.

KEEPING bees good-natured offers a pretty fair subject for ridicule; it seems rather too absurd to teach a bee anything! Nevertheless, it is worth while to think of it a little. Most of us know that by injudicious training, horses, cattle, dogs, etc., may be rendered extremely vicious. If there is no perceptible analogy between these and bees, experience proves that they may be made ten times more irritable than they naturally would be.

THEIR MEANS OF DEFENCE.—Nature has armed them with means to defend their stores, and provided them with combativeness sufficient to use them when necessary. This could not be bettered. If they were powerless to repel an enemy there are a thousand lazy depredaters, man not excepted, who would prey upon the fruits of their industry, leaving them to starve. Had it been so arranged, this industrious insect would probably have long since been extinct.

TIME OF GREATEST IRRITABILITY.—The season of their greatest caution, in this section, is August, during the flower of buckwheat. It is then their stores are greatest. As soon as a stock is pretty well supplied with this world's goods, like some bipeds, they become very haughty, proud, aristocratic and insolent. A great many things are construed into insults that in their days of adversity would pass unnoticed; but now it is becoming proper for their honor to show just resentment. It behooves us, therefore, to ascertain what are considered insults.

PROPER CONDUCT.—First, all quick motions, such as running, striking, etc., about them, are noticed. If our movements among them are slow, cautious, humble and respectful, we are often left to pass unmolested, having manifested a becoming deportment. Yet the exhalations from some persons appear very offensive, as they attack them much sooner than others; though I apprehend there is not so great a difference as many suppose. Whenever an attack is made, and a

sting follows, the venom thus imparted to the air, if only one, is perceived by others at some distance, who will immediately approach the scene, and more stings are likely to follow than if the first had not been.

HOW TO PROCEED WHEN ATTACKED.—Striking them down renders them ten times more furious. Not in the least daunted, they return to the attack. Not the least show of fear is perceived. Even after losing their sting they obstinately refuse to desist. It is much the best way to proceed as quietly as possible to the shelter of some bush, or to the house. They will seldom go inside of the door.

A PERSON'S BREATH OFFENSIVE, AND OTHER CAUSES.—The breath of a person inside the hive, or among them, when clustered outside, is considered in the tribunals of their insect wisdom as the greatest indignity. A sudden jar, sometimes made in carelessly turning up the hive, is another. After being once thoroughly irritated in this way they remember it for weeks, and are continually on the alert; the moment the hive is touched they are ready to salute a person's face.—Country Gentleman.

Inquiries and Answers.

BRONZE TURKIES.—Will some of my RURAL friends tell me where I can get some of the bronze turkeys, and if they are the most profitable to raise, and also what they can be got for?—A YOUNG FARMER, Darien, N. Y.

ORCHARD GRASS IN THE WEST.—Have any of your readers had experience with Orchard Grass (Duchya glomifera) in any of the States West of Ohio?—If so, they will greatly oblige many who would know more of it in this locality, by giving their experience.—FALL, Freeport, Illinois.

Will you please give me, through the columns of your paper, information as to where I can learn the art of Photography?—A. C. WILSON, Allegany, Mich. Apply to FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York, who can probably answer definitely.

THAT STUMP MACHINE.—An article appeared in your paper of April 4th, about a way to get rid of stumps by means of a stump-pulling machine, without a description of said machine. I wish that the writer of that article would give us a plan of the thing, and oblige a subscriber and reader.—S. B. H., Lewis Co., Ohio.

SHALL WE TAP THE PINE TREES?—Permit me to ask you if it would not be advisable to tap or box the pine of our forests, which in some parts of the free States are very numerous? Since the supply of turpentine and resin from the South has been cut off, it has risen to an enormous price, and why cannot we of the North be independent, and manufacture our own turpentine, &c., as long as we have all the materials on hand? Is there not a distillery at New York to which the pitch might be taken? If not there, where?—N. HILL, Calumet, N. Y.

DECOCTION FOR SHEEP TICKS, &c.—"Young Wool Grower," who inquires for a "ready-made decoction to destroy sheep ticks," is referred to the advertisement of Pure Sheep Wash Tobacco in this paper. We are assured that many extensive sheep owners use and highly recommend this preparation for the destruction of ticks on sheep and lambs, and the cure of scab. It is certainly worthy of a trial, and if as effectual as represented, must prove invaluable to wool growers.

"WHAT AILS THE LAMBS?"—Your correspondent from Kane Co., Ill., who asks the above question, may have been feeding his sheep prairie hay containing the wild parsnip. Lambs are affected in this manner when they get this kind of food. They are poisoned by it. As soon as discovered drench thoroughly with whiskey. If your correspondent knows that it is not wild parsnip, it is probably some other vegetable poison; for poison affects sheep very much as he has described.—C. D. B.

PREPARING BONES FOR MANURE.—Can the RURAL inform me the best way to prepare bones for manure? No mill near for grinding.—H. S. CHAPMAN, Saybrook, Conn. Where bones cannot be ground, the best process is to crush them as fine as convenient and put them into a tight, open cask, cover them with water, and slowly add about one-tenth of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol.) In a few days they will be entirely dissolved. Dry the solution with charcoal dust, black mud, or hard wood saw-dust, and you will have the most perfect stimulant and excitant to vegetable life that art can produce.

GINSENG.—A great deal of money has been paid in Minnesota—see by the papers—for ginseng. I suppose it grows wild there. It is indigenous in many of the Northern States. But can you tell me whether it may be profitably cultivated? How should it be propagated? Is it cultivated or propagated for market in this country anywhere? If so, where—and what is the profit? I do not expect an editor can answer all these questions, much as he may know; but I know if set adrift in the RURAL it will meet a great many eyes.—JAMES GREEN, Dodge Co., Wisconsin.

We believe there have been attempts to cultivate ginseng in some parts of the country, but with what success we cannot say.

TWINS FOR BREEDING.—I have found by talking with sheep men, who seem to be posted, that they have a great aversion to breeding from bucks that are twins. The only reason I ever heard given for this objection, is that they do not breed so even. This was given me by a man who breeds pure-bred Merinos. He said he would not breed from a twin lamb if he knew it. I should like further light on this subject. I suppose there must be certain physiological reasons, which may be more intelligently stated. If so, I have no doubt it will interest many of your readers to know what they are. It is certainly important that the objections should be more thoroughly understood.—N. F. N., Locking Co., Ohio.

We shall be glad to hear from gentlemen who are thoroughly posted on this subject.

LEACHED ASHES AND LIME FOR MANURE.—H. L. H., Oswego.—We have no doubt of the perfect propriety of mixing leached ashes and lime as a manure. The proportions are of no importance, only that some land does not require lime, especially if new and not exhausted. There can hardly be too much leached ashes used, (except on stiff clays,) as they are nearly an effete substance, with a trace of potash and large quantities of silex, in a very comminuted form, adapted to the formation of the silicates required by the whole ligneous fiber. Neither lime nor ashes should be mixed with recent or fermentable manures, as they develop and dispense the ammoniacal gases.

KEEPING BEES IN CHAMBERS, &c.—I wish to see your RURAL as a medium through which to make some inquiries about bees. Can they be kept to good advantage in a chamber, with windows opening to the south east? If so, what kind of hive would be best, and is there any one which is miller-proof? Would it pay for a person living in a village to keep bees in such a manner? Would there be any choice in the exposure south or east?—YOUNG RURAL READER, Waterville.

We have never known bees to succeed when kept in dwellings in cities or villages. In the first place there are few or no flowers adapted to the supply of honey, as most cultivated kinds are of the double-flowering varieties, having no nectariums; hence the bees have to travel so far that they are seriously thinned down by the bee-eating birds. Sugar refineries and candy factories, groceries and sugar hogheads are also prolific sources of destruction. They also enter dwellings and are lost or killed. Altogether we would not advise the experiment further than for amusement, or the study of their history and habits.

CEMENT WATER PIPE.—Can I make a water-line cement pipe that will stand to bring water about 50 rods with some twelve or fifteen feet head? If you or your correspondents will answer the above you will oblige—A CONSTANT READER, Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

There is no manner of doubt but that a conduit pipe will (if made of proper material and well laid,) be able to resist the pressure of more than you require. If your source of water is sufficient to maintain a constant issue it will be safe, but the reaction of suddenly stopping a running stream is so great as often to burst even stronger materials. Care must be taken to render the pipe safe from frost.

SCOURS IN SHEEP.—Your correspondent, (Jos. L. NORTON, on page 120,) does not tell what time of the year his sheep were affected with the scours, nor how they had been or were being fed. There is always some cause for such diseases. Scours are apt to result from improper or no care—from improper food or exposure. His sheep evidently got a chronic diarrhea upon them—bordering as close on the rot as it will come and not be the rot—a general debility resulting from eating frost-bitten food, and exposures. I have had some such experience. I should feed each animal two teaspoonfuls of spirits of turpentine. I then would feed sheep oats as once. If this will not cure a chronic diarrhea, nothing will, that I know of. No one should feed corn or corn meal at such a time.

Chalk and milk will not correct the disease; it does not remove the cause. The system has relaxed and watery has accumulated about the bowels. The system must be stimulated to action, and to absorb this accumulated water about the bowels. Spirits of turpentine, reduced or diluted with milk or oil, so as not to strangle the sheep, combined with the above feed will do it. Bran is a good feed at such a time, but oats to the sheep is a better.—D. K.

Rural Notes and Items.

DEATH OF J. H. BIXBY.—Many of our readers will be pained to learn that J. H. BIXBY departed this life at his residence in Royalton, Niagara County, on the 14th ultimo, after an illness (congestion of the lungs,) of only four days. Mr. B. was an estimable man in all the relations of life. He was a member of the editorial corps of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for some years, (1858-60,) during which period he gained the respect and esteem of all who made his acquaintance. Possessing fine literary taste and culture, Mr. B. was, years ago, a frequent contributor to some of the ablest magazines and periodicals of the day. His health failing, however, he retired to a farm some years ago, and has written less of late—though it is only a few weeks since he sent us an article for the RURAL, with a pleasant note recounting the comforts of his rural home, and the happy hours passed in his cozy library. And now comes a note from his nearest and dearest relative, announcing his death, and truly saying, "The loss of such a man will be deeply felt by all who knew him. The loneliness and desolation of home without him cannot describe to you. You know much of his past history—his kind and genial disposition, his firm religious principles and deep devotion to his friends." Mr. B. was about 44 years of age, and leaves a wife and three children.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.—The following letter contains some items that will interest many of our readers, and we therefore "assume the responsibility" of its publication:

MR. RURAL:—Your coming to this beautiful part of our noble State was greeted with pleasure. No doubt your acquaintance will be sought by many here when more is known of your good deeds and faithful works. Inclosed find \$10 and a list of five subscribers, commencing with a lady. What better start could you have had to eventually win the race? This is a small beginning, but, sir, we are told "big bodies move slow." More hereafter. We have purchased a "ranch," and just begun our first farming and improvements in that line. We are now just putting in 25 acres of wheat. Our main attention, however, will be directed to the cultivation of the grape. Shall endeavor by March 25th to have set 13,660 cuttings of the Los Angeles variety, 8 feet apart each way, in blocks of 19 rows, 40 in a row, leaving 16 feet between each block for cart road. With proper cultivation we need never have a drop of rain, or irrigate a particle, to insure complete success. We trust ere many years to see on your face an acknowledgment of the fruits of our beginning, carried hence by the iron horse, destined yet to whistle our greeting from ocean to ocean.—GEORGE S. & C. M. BOALY, "Jefferson County Farm," Woodbridge, Cal., Feb., 1863.

PLEASANT EPISTLES.—It is gratifying to receive such letters as the following from an Agent Friend in Wayne Co., Mich., who has sent us over one hundred subscribers to the current volume of the RURAL:

"I can but tender to you my thanks for the correct and prompt manner in which you have forwarded the RURAL to those for whom I have ordered it. It is about the only paper that I ever canvassed for that I did not have some fault found with, either in regard to the matter it contained, or in its failing to make its periodical visits; and it gives me pleasure to aid in circulating a paper that is correct in its moral and religious teachings, aiming to elevate and enlighten the minds of the youth of our country, and at the same time giving correct and reliable information, that is much needed by the Agriculturist.

"In proof of some of my assertions I would say that while I was writing the above a gentleman came into my office and inquired if there was a club for the RURAL here, accompanied by the remark that he had taken it the last year, and did not know how to do without it. I informed him that he was in just the right place to get it, and that if any of his neighbors wanted it, just hand me the amount and they could get it; whereupon he handed me the inclosed and his address."

FLAX, HEMP AND COTTON IN KANSAS.—A letter from Lawrence, Kansas, ordering our Flax Manual says:—"I have already some flax up, and will sow more soon. Want all the information that is to be had in that line. A large breadth of hemp will be sown in Kansas this year, a large portion by new beginners, and all the information that can be had will be thankfully received. Cotton will come in for a large share of attention in this region. I think not less than five hundred acres will be planted in Douglas County alone."

A MODEL "RURAL" LETTER.—Is the following just received from Olympia, Washington Territory. We have lately had several like unto it—remitting for from two to five years in advance—but not from so great a distance:

D. D. T. MOORE, Esq.:—Sir: I send you inclosed \$5. Send me the RURAL as long as the money pays. DANIEL R. BIGELOW.

THE SEASON is not propitious for soil cultivators. Thus far we have had little warm weather, and to-day (May 5,) fires and overcasts are in demand, and the fuel market active. We hope for a change ere long.

THE VERMONT HORSE, "RUTLAND MORGAN," advertised in this paper, is a very fine animal. He was exhibited at the last N. Y. State Fair, and awarded the second premium in his class.

THE ORLEANS CO. FAIR is to be held at Albion, on the 17th and 18th of September next.

Horticultural.

SPRING NOTES.

THE Spring, thus far, has been quite backward. For a week or two past the temperature has been at almost all points above freezing, and the wind has been very drying.



DAPHNE MEZEREUM.

The early flowering shrubs are also beginning to show their buds. The Forsythia viridissima is a very pretty shrub, giving abundance of bright yellow flowers early in May.

SOWING OF ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS.

MANY of our readers have supplied themselves with a good stock of Annual Flower Seeds, with the hope of having a fine display for the decoration of the garden, and for cutting during the summer and autumn.

placed in damp earth, and kept in a low temperature, and they will most likely rot, though some seeds will remain dormant a long time under these circumstances.

If seeds are sown in rough, lumpy ground, a portion will be buried under the clods and never grow, and many that start will not find a fit soil for their tender roots, and perish.

All of the above cases show good reason for failure, but there is one cause of failure in which the reason is not so apparent. The soil, we will suppose, is well prepared, fine as it can be made, and of that loamy or sandy character best fitted for small seeds.

It is to overcome these evils that Hot-Beds are useful. By being protected on the sides and ends with boards, and covered with glass, they confine the moisture which arises from the earth in mist, and thus the atmosphere is kept humid and the surface moist, and the plants are not subjected to the changes of temperature, as a uniform state can be maintained, no matter what the weather may be.

This is simply a hot-bed frame, with sash, as shown in the engraving, placed upon a bed of fine, mellow earth, in some sheltered place in the garden.

When it is determined, however, to sow the seeds in the open ground without the aids we have suggested, make a bed of light, mellow soil, in a sheltered situation in the garden, and as soon as the weather becomes settled and the ground warm, (which in this latitude is not usually until about the middle of May,) sow the seeds, covering them with a little fine earth, and if very small, sift it upon them.

Our remarks, of course, apply to seeds of tender and half hardy plants, those that are perfectly hardy, like Asters, Sweet Peas, Candytuft, Larkspur, &c., may be sown as early as the ground can be got in order.

CURRENTS, STRAWBERRIES, RASPBERRIES.

ENDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—While some may express doubts about the profitability of pear culture, and some of the other large fruits, we can all grow the small fruits, even in small gardens, with ordinary culture, and with very limited knowledge.

PERHAPS we could not better answer our correspondent than by giving the reports of the discussion before the American Pomological Society, at its late session in Boston.

varieties, and the Black Naples will be found superior to the common or Black English.

RASPBERRIES.

HYDE—I would like to inquire about Brinckle's Orange. It has been rejected by some as a market berry. Is it grown for market?

A MEMBER—It is not much grown for market, for the reason that no yellow berry sells well, and it does not bear so well as Knevit's Giant and Franconia.

DOWNING—I think it the finest berry in the collection. It is the best berry we have, and the finest flavored, but not good for market.

LYON—Does it bear equal to Fillbasket?

DOWNING—Yes, sir.

WORCESTER—It is the first and last berry we pick. It continues in bearing longer than any other. It is not fit for market purposes, but for the family, I think it decidedly the best.

HORNET.

REID—I would inquire about the Hornet Raspberry.

PRINCE—A very fine berry.

HYDE—I grew it this year, and found it very fine indeed; nearly as prolific as the Orange. It is red and very large, and I should think would be a capital market berry.

ELLIOTT—Is it a firm berry?

HYDE—Very, with me.

REID—It is one of the largest red berries I have. I think a great deal of it, as one of the best reds.

HOUGHTON—Very much esteemed in Philadelphia, and considered about the best for private gardens.

RED ANTWERP.

PRINCE—I don't see the Red Antwerp on the list. It is superior in flavor to Brinckle's Orange. I doubt if the real Red Antwerp exists in six collections in the United States. It is one of the largest berries, and the best in flavor of all the raspberries. It is decidedly the best raspberry I have ever seen in my life, and the largest, except one of Mr. Brinckle's—the red.

A MEMBER—Do you cover it?

PRINCE—We cover the ends.

WORCESTER—I received a raspberry from Connecticut which resembles Brinckle's Orange, but it does not bear so well as the Franconia or Knevit's Giant.

AUTUMNAL RASPBERRIES.

BARRY—I think that the Belle de Fontenay and Merveille de Quatre Saisons, for fruits of that kind, are of some value.

PURPLE CANE.

PRINCE—I don't see the Purple Cane on the list. The Black Cap, the Yellow Cap and the Purple Cane are the only three raspberries in the world that root from the ends of the branches. A gentleman of Vermont is raising a new variety of the Purple Cane, which promises to be superior to any other of this class.

PRESIDENT—The Catawissa is another that roots from the ends of the shoots.

PRINCE—Yes, sir.

BERGEN—Do you know anything about the origin of the Purple Cane?

PRINCE—It came from the Catskill Mountains. I found it growing wild there thirty or thirty-five years ago.

BERGEN—Mr. Prince is entirely mistaken in regard to the Purple Cane. It was raised in my vicinity much earlier than thirty years ago.

PRINCE—The Purple Cane has been cultivated ever since my childhood at least. I was merely mentioning that I realized its origin when I visited those mountains. I don't mean to say it was originally found thirty years ago. It grows wild all over the North.

BERGEN—The Purple Cane requires no protection on Long Island.

BARNETT'S RED ANTWERP.

PRINCE—Barnett's Red Antwerp is perfectly hardy—never winter-kills.

CULTIVATION OF LATE KINDS FOR MARKET.

MR. COOK, of Mass.—Has any gentleman found it an object to plant late bearing varieties, as a matter of profit?

BARRY—I don't think I would recommend them as a matter of profit.

HOUGHTON—I have tried them for market, and I wish to correct my report in the last proceedings, in which I rather rejoiced that we had the ever-bearing raspberry. I have tried them for market for four years. I have tried them, not only by allowing the wood of last year to grow, and the suckers to come up, so as to get a first and second crop, (that was a failure,) but I have had them this year by cutting down entirely the plants of last year, and keeping down the suckers; but the fruit, (the Belle de Fontenay, I suppose it is), though cultivated carefully, is very imperfect. That has been the character of the fruit, whether grown from old or new canes.

KIRTLAND.

ELLIOTT—The Kirtland, with us, corresponds with one I have received from Mr. Allen, and which I think I can trace back as having gone from Cleveland under the name of the English Antwerp.

PRINCE—I think so. The Purple Cane is the identical raspberry that has been cultivated until very recently, and called the English Red.

REID—Does not this raspberry, sent out by Allen, grow all around in New York, Massachusetts and New Hampshire?

ELLIOTT—I cannot answer that question.

HOVEY—I would say, that the profitability of a fruit depends somewhat upon the public taste. I believe it has been supposed by most persons, that if we could have a late strawberry, ripening say fifteen days after our usual strawberries, it would be a most valuable variety; but my experience is that it would be entirely worthless, because at the time the strawberry is about over bearing, people seem to have got tired of that fruit; the raspberry comes in, and the taste

is so different, and at the same time so refreshing, that people seem to want it. I sent some fine specimens of La Constante to market as late as the last of July, and persons who had paid \$1.25 a quart for them, would not pay twenty-five cents. The Catawissa raspberry bears numerous in autumn, and the fruit is fine and delicious; but there can be no doubt that it would prove a very poor investment to cultivate it for the market. For amateur culture, and for those who like a good fruit, even if it is what is called "out of season," it is a valuable variety. The Belle de Fontenay raspberry, as Dr. Houghton says, is imperfect. You cannot get a good crop.

ASPARAGUS.

MY BROTHER FARMERS, have each and every one of you got a good bed of Asparagus planted out? If not, then let me urge it upon you not to let it pass another season. Most people consider that a fine dish of this delicious vegetable is altogether preferable to green peas, and it comes in at a time when you cannot get peas, and continues for a long period. A bed ten feet square will furnish a common family, and a hundred roots will set such a bed. If you cannot find young roots in your vicinity, send to any seedman you please and get a paper, costing five cents, which will produce plants enough for five beds. In autumn prepare your bed, at the edge of your garden where you do not wish to plow, by simply spading and raking, then set on your plants, at one foot each way, cover about four inches deep, and it is finished. Cover well with mulch every autumn and it requires no further care. A bed thus prepared is good for forty years. RUSTICUS.

Horticultural Notes.

TREE PLANTING.—"In times of war prepare for peace." Peace will certainly come sooner or later. We shall not always have war. Tree planting has been sadly neglected since the commencement of our unfortunate national difficulties. It is time that the planting spirit should again be renewed and intensified. No man ever planted out a good tree without being well recompensed for it. It pays to plant trees whether for fruit or for ornament. The tree planting spirit should more widely prevail. How shade trees and evergreens adorn home! What a benign influence they exert over the family and especially the rising generation! But too many think money thus expended is wasted. Oh, that they could be undeceived—converted. If the almighty dollar is what they are after, they enhance the value of their places by every dollar they expend in trees, if they are for ornament. How desolate a house looks without a tree or a shrub about it. How delightful it looks, if but a humble cottage, when embowered with trees.—Valley Farmer.

A SURE CURE FOR THE APPLE BARK LOUSE.—Say to the readers of the RURAL that Petroleum (Seneca Oil), will kill the apple bark louse. There is no failure or uncertainty in this remedy. Don't forget it. Apply it now, as it will kill the new growth during summer.—O. T. HOSES, Randolph, Pa.

PLANT FOR NAME.—As you are expected to know everything worth knowing, I presume you can and will tell me the name of the inclosed flower. It has been out full two weeks. It is quite fragrant—bush compact and about two feet in height, and remarkably hardy.—S. WIZ.

Daphne Mezereum, which we describe and figure in another column.

TO KEEP SQUASH BUGS OFF.—Knock the bottoms out of cheese boxes, nail on screen cloth, and set them over the hills. Any box will answer.

BATTLE CREEK (MICHIGAN) HORT. SOCIETY.—The following are the officers elected for the present year: President—ERASTUS HOBBY. Secretary—George W. Hyatt. Treasurer—Isaac C. Mott.

Horticultural Advertisements.

COLLECTIONS OF KITCHEN GARDEN SEEDS BY MAIL.—Collection No. 1 contains 20 varieties for \$1.00. Do. " 2 " 45 " 2.00. These collections are made up of the most desirable varieties in cultivation, and are put up in quantities sufficient for an ordinary Garden, and will be forwarded, post-paid, to any address, upon receipt of the price. For further information, please send for a Catalogue. 693-31. McELWAIN BROS., Springfield, Mass.

20,000 WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY WARD'S FAVORITE. 25,000 other good sorts at low rates.—Address E. WILLIAMS Mont Clair, P. O., Essex Co., N. J.

CHAMBERLYN PLANTS of the Bell and Cherry varieties for sale at low prices. Send for a Circular, address 690-61 P. D. CHILSON, Bellingham, Mass.

SENECA CO. NURSERIES, WATERLOO, N. Y.—10,000 Plum stocks, ASPARAGUS roots. A fine variety of Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees, Downing's Mulberry Trees, 2,000 2 year old Delaware Grape Vines; 2,000 do Concord; 10,000 year old Delaware and other varieties. Also, a good assortment of Trees generally. All of which will be sold cheap. E. TAYLOR, Proprietor, Waterloo, N. Y., April 6th, 1863. 692-7.

CHICORY SEED.—I have a supply of Chicory Seed, and can supply those who wish to test this root as a substitute for coffee. Sent by mail, postage paid, at 10 cts. an ounce, or \$1.25 per pound. JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR 1863. My NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS is now ready to send out. It contains descriptions of all the FINEST FLOWERS, both old and new, with Engravings showing the character of some of those that are new and particularly valuable, with a full list of the

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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MEXICAN SWEET CORN.—This is an exceedingly sweet, rich flavored variety of corn for table use, surpassing in sweetness every variety cultivated. A great acquisition. Packets containing sufficient for 20 hills, 15 cts.; 8 packages for \$1.00. Hubbard's Squash (free) per package, 10 cts. Ornamental Gourds—a great variety in one package—15 cts. JAS. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

SEEDS! SEEDS! FLAX SEED. CLOVER SEED. THE SEED. HUNGARIAN GRASS. ITALIAN MILLET. SEEDS TO GRASS. KENTUCKY BLUE GRASS. RED-TOP SEED. DWARF BEAN SEED.

For sale by HENRY DAW & SON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO MAKE CONE FRAMES.

NOTICING an inquiry in a late RURAL as to making cone frames, I will give the inquirer the benefit of my experience. I prefer the use of putty rather than glue. The face of the frame should be left rough, as the putty is held more firm. After the putty has been well worked and colored, by working in a little red lead. It should be spread upon the frame about half an inch thick, covering a small place at a time, as it soon hardens. Usually the inside edge is put on first, then the outer edge, and then the flowers arranged between. After the cones are all set in the putty, the frame should be placed upon the back and left where it will dry slowly, and until the putty is hard and the cones firm. Then dissolve 2 oz. gum shellac in a pint of alcohol, and put it on with a small brush. When this is dried it may then be stained with vermilion or burnt umber, and two coats of coach varnish will finish. I have never been troubled by the cones opening when they were thoroughly seasoned before using. Clarkson, N. Y., 1863. A. B. S.

HOW TO "HEAD" THE BED-BUGS.

THE ladies, "God bless them," are sympathizers with the afflicted, and ever ready to help the suffering. To them, therefore, I appeal for assistance. Will you aid me, one and all? I am nightly besieged by one of the worst pests known—bed-bugs. My landlady is neat, agreeable and pleasant. She hired the bugs with the tenement, and cannot clear the premises, as they have a pre-emption right. Can any of the fair readers of the RURAL inform me how I may be speedily rid of these obnoxious pests? Caledonia, N. Y., 1863. A BACHELOR.

REMEDY.—Get a nice Yankee girl with curly hair. Call on the minister, who will say a few "magic words," and in due time your wife will be "after" the bugs with a sharp stick. They will disappear.—w.

BLACKBERRIES FOR PICKLES.—Did you ever pickle blackberries, good lady? I never saw any, but have heard of them to-day. A Michigan-gander, from the blackberry region, has told me how it is done in his neighborhood. He says:—Pick the berries clean, and put them, as they are picked, in a stone jar that will hold about four gallons. Pour in a quart of vinegar for each gallon of fruit, and add sufficient water to cover the fruit. Cover the jar as nearly air-tight as may be, and set away in the cellar. The berries should be put in before they have begun to sour, and the water and vinegar added immediately. In a few months they are delicious pickles. They can be flavored with sugar if desired.—C. D. B.

LIGHT TEA CAKES.—One pound and a half of fine flour, two ounces fresh lard, one pint of new milk, one large egg, one teaspoonful of salt, ounce and a half of fresh yeast. Beat the egg, warm the milk, and mix very well; let it rise as common dough; then put into tins, and let it rise quickly before the fire. It makes nice buns, with spices added after the dough is risen.

FOR FLEA BITES, BEE STINGS, &c.—I think there are many of your readers who would be glad to know that soda, just moistened and applied, will immediately stop the unpleasant itching caused by the bite of the little pests, yclept fleas. It is also the best remedy I have ever seen used for the stings of bees and wasps.—B.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

NO BETTER PROOF REQUIRED.—It has not yet been publicly denied that the Chemical Salverus made by D. B. DELAND & Co. is all that its friends have claimed—that is a pure and wholesome article. This cannot be denied in face of the testimony of chemists and those best qualified to judge.

The Publisher to the Public.

NEW QUARTER—PLEASE NOTICE!

The Second Quarter of present Volume of the RURAL commenced April 4th. Now, therefore, is the time to form new clubs to commence with the Quarter, or add to those formed. Additions to clubs can be made for one year from April, at the same price as one year from January—or we will send from April to January next for \$1.25 per copy, if ordered by any one who has formed a club for present Volume. We have added several thousand to our edition in order to supply new subscribers from APRIL 1st.

Thanks to Agents and others for continued efforts in behalf of RURAL. This morning's mail (16th) brought us clubs from Canada, California, Missouri, and several of the Eastern, Middle and Western States—and the remittances were accompanied with very encouraging remarks in a number of instances. For all which we bend in grateful acknowledgment, and shall endeavor to render the RURAL more and more worthy its wide and increasing popularity.

ABOUT CLUB TERMS, &c.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to our club rates, which require a certain number of subscribers to get the paper at a specified price—say ten to get it at \$1.50 per copy, &c. But, in answer to frequent inquiries, we would state that, in cases where from four to six copies are ordered at \$1.50 each, with a reasonable prospect of filling up a club of ten, we will send them—and when the club is completed shall send extra copy, &c. This will accommodate those who do not wish to wait for others. Any person who is not an agent, sending the club rate (\$1.50) for a single copy (the price of which is \$2.) will only receive the paper the length of time the money pays for at full single copy price. The only way to get the RURAL for less than \$2 a year, is to form or join a club.

BACK VOLUMES.—Bound copies of 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, '61, '62 and '63—price, \$3 each.

SEND YOUR PREMIUMS.—If those forming clubs will specify the premiums preferred, where they have the choice, and name Express Office (in cases where they are to be sent by Express) in the letters containing their remittances, we shall be saved some trouble, and perhaps subsequent sending. We desire to pay all premiums as promptly as possible.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE SEEMING ILL.

"DEATH has feigned evils, nature shall not feel
Life fills substantial, wisdom cannot shun."—Young.

I THOUGHT not thus when with my sister straying,
In early childhood through the flowery grove;
I thought not thus when with that sister playing
Amid the scenes which childhood taught to love.

I thought not thus, when 'round her sick-bed weeping,
Nor when they said—the spark of life must fly;
And when in death's cold arms I saw her sleeping,
I thought it most unkind, that she must die.

I saw her laid in the cold earth to perish,
And found that grief could childhood's hours employ,
Withered were then the hopes I loved to cherish,
That she would live and share my future joy.

But, sister, had I known when we were playing,
And sharing but the joys that earth could give—
The bliss from which thy spirit pure was staying,
I would not, could not then have bid thee live.

And when around thy bed I saw thee dying,
And watched for life with hope's last glimmering ray,
Had I but known the grief which thou wast flying,
I could then have bid thy spirit stay.

When to the then feared grave I saw thee carried,
Had I but known the sorrows all must see;
I then had rather in the grave been buried,
Than that thou should'st again return to me.

Bainbridge, N. Y., 1863. B. F. K.

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

THERE are the pure, white stones set as
sentinels above the mounds beneath which our
loved ones lie. The sunlight falls upon them,
flickering through the foliage, making long,
bright shadows upon the turf; it plays in soft,
bright jets about those graves, as if it loved to
linger there. Then call not so sweet a spot sad
and lonely! Why do you shudder as you pass
that "City of the Dead?" There is not a purer,
holier place on the wide earth than that quiet
chapel. The cold world's noise and wickedness
intrudes not here! It does not mar the peace
of holy ground. Oh, call not the quiet grave a
dark and gloomy place; it is the portal of
glory, and our loved ones lie in its cool cham-
bers of rest. In their sweet childhood, in their
golden youth, in the harvest time of life, in hoary
age, we have laid them down to sleep in the quiet
resting place of all the departed. Men of hoary
hairs, and new-born babes, have alike put aside
life's too often bitter cup and lain down to rest
together. Oh, weary ones, all earth's toil past, ye,
too, soon shall join the pale band of sleepers; and
the golden portals open wide to your rejoicing
gaze if ye but keep your life-germs sound
through the cold, dark days, till the seed-time
cometh! For that which was sown in corruption
shall be reaped in incorruptible glory. Then
bring all sweet and beautiful things to adorn the
graves of the happy departed,—bring all sweet
and pure associations, and weave them as you
would flowers about the home of the sleepers,—
for the grave is only a quiet home where earth's
weary ones lie down and rest. Let it be a spot
where unholy thoughts may never dare to come,
—a spot where the sunbeams shall love to
linger,—where we, in our own hours of grief and
heart-weariness, may go, and come away comforted.

It is sweet, though sad, to stand beneath the
shade of "God's first temples," and, gazing upon
the mounds at our feet, dwell upon the memory
of the loved and lost. If there is a place on the
earth that, more than others, has the power to
make all pure and holy in the soul, that spot
is the grave of our loved ones. We return
to the hours of their sojourning with us, and once
more seem to behold their familiar forms and
bright faces; once more we seem to hear their
voices as of old. But alas! we only seem to see
them—only seem to hear them again. Then comes
the memory of the dark days; the days
when our hearts struggled against the Omnipotent
deceit, and would not let them go. Then, as

"Pale and wan they grew, and weakly,
Bearing all their pains so meekly,
That to us they grew still dearer,
As the trial hour grew nearer,"

our hearts struggled fiercely against the inevitable; but, at last, when the parting words were
said, and "pale hands folded meekly" over
bosoms that now should know suffering never
more; then were the deeps broken up, and from
our souls the cry, "Thy will be done," passed
upward with the departing spirit to the throne of
the Eternal. And then we laid them away in
this shady nook, where all things beautiful love
to linger,—here to sweetly sleep till we, with
them, shall join the "Song of the Lamb." Here,
no more the heat and turmoil of this existence
shall stir their quiet pulses. Ah, no! their rest
is very calm and sweet.

The grave is not a sad and gloomy spot when
we have once put a loved one in its care. It
then becomes a place where pleasant memories
dwell, no bitterness ever mingles with our tender
and loving memories of the departed,—no resent-
ment ever appears in our thoughts of those who
are sweetly sleeping in its bosom. Ah, the grave!
—thither we all are tending, and ere long
we shall have our home under the sheltering
turf, where rancor and evil can never come.
What, then, will words of strife or unsympathizing
and selfish deeds toward one another, be to us?
Oh, when I die, it matters not where my form
may be laid, if there is only a sweet, green nook
in some true heart, all beautiful with the flowers
of hope and love, where my name is written.
Yet I would choose for my resting place a humble
grave in the pleasant church-yard, where my
loved ones sweetly sleep. LURA.

Girard, Pa., 1863.

It is far easier to see little faults than large
virtues.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
RES GESTE—DIDACTICALLY DISCUSSED.
NO. III.—CHANGES.

"RALPH has come," were the pleasant words
which greeted me last evening as I entered a
widow's house, who had three sons in the army.
This son had just been dismissed from the
hospital, where he had been since the bloody
contest of Antietam. Many weary nights after
that battle had she waited to hear tidings of that
absent son. Mingled feelings of hope and fear
arose in the heart as the rattling coach at mid-
night passed by, bringing words of comfort or
mourning to fathers and mothers, brothers and
sisters, and loving wives whose dearest friends
were on the battle-field. But now her joy was
full. He was here alive. Her noble mother's
heart could not wait the slow coming of the
coach, but she met him on the way and brought
him home. We all rejoiced with her, but how
short are most of our rejoicings! This morning
I went in as usual, and the weeping eyes told me
of sorrow. How different the greeting, from
that of yesterday. Ere I could ask the cause,
she said to me in that sad voice, "WILLIE's
dead!" Two other sons had gone to the Western
army, and WILLIE, the younger, had caught the
fatal malaria of that doomed land and been taken
up the river from Vicksburg. But the care be-
stowed by friends in the hospital only lengthened
out a few days his life. Watched by a kind com-
rade, he talked of his dear mother, of his home,
and sank to sleep in death.

What changes this war is bringing to us every
day. Anxiety has worn its mark on many a
countenance. Watching and weariness are leav-
ing their impress on all, but how nobly do these
mourningones at home bear these afflictions. It
seems as if a greater strength to bear were given
to the noble mothers whose sons have fallen on
the battle-field. It is said that all good comes
through sorrow. If so, then there must be a
glorious reward for the suffering ones of this
nation. The seeds of Empire were wet with the
tears of those brave hearts who suffered to estab-
lish this land, and it may be—it *must* be—that
this baptism of blood will work out a greater
glory for future generations. Then shall the
trials of these noble mothers and daughters be
rewarded. I. IOPAS.

Seville, Medina Co., O., 1863.

HAPPINESS OF CHILDHOOD.

LIFE is one; therefore it is well that childhood
and youth should be happy; every life should
begin in Eden; should have its blest traditions to
return to, its holy places on which an eternal
consecration rests. The dew of the birth of each
most hallowed, most human thought and impulse
within us is of the womb of the morning, and
there is surely a literal meaning in our Savior's
words, "Unless ye become like children, ye
cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The
moments that set its doors widest open show us
this; at times, when the great unseen world is
nearest to us, the thought of childhood will
return, and at the sound of the everlasting ocean,
we stoop down to pick up the shells we used
then to play with. When a great happiness
floods our life, and lifts it far above its ac-
customed level, it sets it down upon no peak or
summit of ecstasy, but brings us upon its wave
some childish, trivial joy, some fondly recol-
lected pleasure; it fills the heart with sunshine
of some long, golden afternoon of holiday, or
with the fireside warmth of some deserted parlor.
Do you remember how Joan of Arc, when
crowned at Rheims, sees the kind, homely faces
of her sisters in the crowd, and is at once carried
back to the green valley, the silent mountain,
the free simplicity of her early days? All that
she has attained since then seems dream and
shadow. "The evening and the morning make
our day."—Two Friends.

QUESTIONS FOR A WIFE.

Do you recollect what your feelings were im-
mediately after you had spoken the first unkind
word to your husband? Did you not feel
ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to
admit it? That was, is, and ever will be, your
evil genius! It is the temper which labors incessantly
to destroy your peace, which cheats you
with the delusion that your husband deserved
your anger, when he really most required your
love. This is the cancer which feeds on those
unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pres-
sure of his hand and lip. Never forget the man-
ner in which the duties of a wife can alone be
fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your exam-
ple of patience will chide as well as teach him.
Your violence may alienate his heart, and your
neglect impel him to desperation. Your sooth-
ing will redeem him—your softness subdue him;
and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now
filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make
him all your own.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—The greatest painters
who have ever lived have tried to paint the
beauty of that simple thing, a mother with her
babe—and have failed. One of them, Raffaele,
to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a
measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to
any other man, tried again and again for years,
painted over and over that simple subject—the
mother and her babe—and could not satisfy him-
self. Each of his pictures is most beautiful—
each in a different way; and yet none of them is
perfect. There is more beauty in that simple,
every-day sight than he or any man could express
by his pencil and his colors.

'Tis never for their wisdom one loves the
wisest, or for their wit one loves the wittiest; 'tis
for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness
one loves people; the other qualities make one
proud of loving them, too.—Mrs. Thrale.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE LITTLE TEACHER.

BY HATTIE M. FOOOTE.

DELICATE Anemone,
Emblem of humility:
In the forest's deepest shade,
Are thy modest charms displayed,
Nestling in the dewy grass,
Where man's feet so seldom pass,
There thy petals fair unclose,
Tiny leaves of pearl and rose;
Not with rare, imported flowers,
Blooming in their brilliant bowers,
But in Nature's Temple grand
Do thy lovely charms expand;
Modest, humble, may I be,
Like thee, fair Anemone.

Beautiful Anemone,
Nature's type of purity:
Gracefully thy little head
Bends beneath the breeze's tread;
Lingers he with jealous care,
Eager thy perfume to share.
Naughty breeze would say to thee,
"Give thy fragrance all to me!
Oh, how sweet the breath you shed!"
There! the roguish elf has fled,
Like a merry child at play,
Bearing thy sweet gift away.
May my actions ever be
Like thy breath, Anemone.

Drooping, frail Anemone,
Type of Nature's swift decay:
All too warm the noontide sun
Shines upon thee, fragile one.
Hear the little breeze sigh,
"Can it be that she must die?
She, our fairest, sweetest flower,
Must she go in one short hour?
How she droops her little head,
All her freshness now has fled."
Nature's fairest flowers they say,
Are the first to pass away,
Soon we all must die like thee,
Fragile, frail, Anemone.

One thing more, Anemone,
Thy fair blossom teaches me.
Not in vain thy mission here,
Humbly, in thy little sphere
Thou didst shed thy sweet perfume,
Thy fair presence cheered the gloom;
He who caused the earth to stand,
Formed thee by His mighty hand.
And if thus the King of Kings,
Lord of all created things,
Watches o'er a little flower,
Emblem of a passing hour,
How much more He'll care for thee,
Child of Immortality.

Rockford, Ill., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
ANALOGY BETWEEN NATURE AND ART.

NATURE is the best of all teachers. In her
laboratory are found the most perfect models of
machinery and architecture; and curiosities of
the most exquisite workmanship. Notice, if you
please, the structure of the human body. How
many mechanical principles are involved to
make it a thing of life, grace and beauty. Levers,
pumps, valves, engines, columns, furnaces,
&c., are all united in the construction of this
wonderful fabric, or employed in the working of
its machinery.

We propose briefly to trace the analogy be-
tween some of the works of Nature and those of
Art, and to notice a few theories which specu-
lators have educated, and the unthinking have em-
braced,—theories which contradict the inferences
of Nature.

The first example that falls under our observa-
tion, is the teeth in animals; they may be com-
pared to the stones used for grinding in a mill.
Teeth are differently shaped in animals accord-
ing to the kind of food they eat. In the herbiv-
orous, the teeth, instead of being covered with
enamel, like those of flesh-eating animals, the
two substances, enamel and ivory, are arranged
in upright layers, so that as the softer of the two
—the ivory—wears away, the harder presents
projecting hard ridges, fitted for grinding thor-
oughly. Hence, to use a miller's phrase—such
stones never need "picking."

So perfect is the correspondence of the teeth
with the kind of food on which the animal lives,
that the naturalist can infer correctly from an
examination of them, the character of the food
on which the animal subsists, and even its gen-
eral structure. Animals that live on insects have
teeth of a conical shape, that fit into correspond-
ing cavities; while those that live on fruits have
teeth that present a broad, rounded surface fitted
for bruising. In man all these varieties of teeth
are found—hence the conclusion that he is an om-
nivorous animal. Here, however, we meet with
a theory that conflicts with these principles; for
Grahamites tell us that man should subsist on a
vegetable diet, to the exclusion of all meats.
But there is an ever-existing argument in the
teeth of man, alone, in favor of his eating animal
food.

After numerous experiments of architects to
ascertain what kind of columns were strongest,
it was found by experience that those made hol-
low could sustain the greatest weight. But does
not Nature teach the same thing? The strongest
bones in our body are constructed upon the prin-
ciple of the round, hollow column; so also is the
stalk that holds upon its top the heavy ear of
grain.

It is frequently the case that insects, and the
lower order of animals, possess a knowledge of
Art which man acquires only by slow and severe
study. We allude to but a single example—the
construction of the wasp's nest. These insects
make their building material of the fibers of old
wood, which they convert into pulp by mastication.
It is a process kindred to that of the paper-
maker, and the inventor of paper may have
gotten his idea from this insect.

What a magical and mighty instrument is the
telescope; and yet it could never be brought to
perfection, until made in imitation of the eye—
the most perfect of all optical instruments. The
chief difficulty attending the operations of a com-
mon lens was what is termed chromatic aberration.
Every ray of white light consists of a
mixture of rays of seven different colors. Some
of these colors are more easily refracted than
others; and on passing through a lens will come
to a focus sooner. This makes a confusion of
color, and indistinctness of objects, when seen
through a lens. The defect is avoided by having
lenses made of different materials, just as in the
case of the eye. One more example will suffice.
Ship-builders, for centuries, were unable to de-
cide how a vessel should be built in order to ex-
cel in speed, and move gracefully over the water.
Some contended that in order to cleave its way
most easily it should be sharp at the stem, and
widening toward the stern, thus, taking the shape
of a wedge, while others argued that it should be
sharp at both ends, with the greatest width at
the middle. But it was finally ascertained that
friction at the sides retarded the motion more
than resistance at the bows,—accordingly ships
were built broad in front, and tapering toward
the stern. It was then discovered that all nauti-
cal animals, from the tadpole up to the whale,
took precisely this shape. Had man first studied
the models that nature formed, and constructed
his vessel conformably to her patterns, he would
have built a perfect ship from the first, without
obtaining perfection by approximation.

Like examples might be produced *ad infinitum*.
But these suffice to show that almost every work
of Art has its counterpart in Nature, and that
from her ample page the most sublime truths are
taught, the most hidden mysteries unfolded.
Her lessons challenge our attention at every
point, and in their study we shall be not only
excited with admiration and wonder, but be en-
abled to

"Look through Nature up to Nature's God."
Wheeler, N. Y., 1863. J. G. WEBB.

LITTLE.

EVERYTHING is beautiful when it is little, ex-
cept—souls; little pigs, little lambs, little birds,
little kittens, little children.

Little martin-boxes of houses are generally the
most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer
to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than any-
thing we know of. Little fortunes bring the
most content, and little hopes the least disappoint-
ment.

Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little
charities fly furthest, and stay the longest on
the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts
the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little
books the most read, and little songs the best
loved.

And when Nature would make anything es-
pecially rare and beautiful, she makes it little:
little pearls, little diamonds, little dew.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little
prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little.
The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last
dedication discourse was two hours. The Ro-
man said, "*veni, vidi, vici*."—I came—saw—con-
quered—but dispatches now-a-days are longer
than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little that they love best
upon earth. We once heard a good sort of man
speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must
be a perfect *bijou* of a woman. We saw her; she
weighed two hundred and ten; we were surpris-
ed. But then it was no joke, the man meant it.
He could put his wife in his heart, and have
room for other things besides; and what was
she but precious, and what could she be but
little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies
of gold we sometimes hear of, for Nature deals
in littles almost altogether. Life is made up of
littles; death is what remains of them all; day is
made up of little beams, and night is glorious
with little stars.

Mulum in parvo—much in little—is the great
beauty of all that we love best, hope for most,
and remember longest.

THE STARS AND OUR BANNER.—James T.
Brady, in a recent speech alluded to a visit to a
room in the Vatican at Rome, upon the ceiling
of which the flags of all nations were to be seen.
He looked them over from the oldest to the
youngest. When he saw the Stars and Stripes
he asked himself the question why it was that
our fathers were the first to put stars on their
flags? The only answer that could be given
was that our fathers looked up to God for help,
that they saw the stars and planted them in our
banner.

MARRIAGE.—When youth weds youth for love,
it is beautiful; when youth weds age for money,
it is monstrous, and only hate, misery and crim-
inality can come from it. Of those "thrice trod-
den fools" who marry their grandfathers and
grandmothers, old Thomas Fuller says with
equal truth and wit—"They that marry ancient
people merely in expectation to bury them, hang
themselves in hopes some one may come and cut
the halter."

AFFECTIONATE intercourse with the young is
a considerable help against the too rapid in-
vasions of old age. A gentleman of my acquaint-
ance is accustomed to repeat the saying of a
distinguished man, "If you would avoid grow-
ing old, associate with the young," assigning as
a reason that the old are so apt to increase their
own and each other's infirmities by talking them
over; while the cheerfulness of the young will
do something to enliven the falling spirits of our
declining years. There is sense and wisdom in
the rule thus suggested.

It is as bad to carry the spirit of peace into
war, as to carry the spirit of war into peace.

Sabbath Musings.

THE DAWN OF REDEMPTION.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

SEE them go forth like the floods to the ocean,
Gathering might from each mountain and glen,
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men;
Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
Groan, as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Look on us, wanderers, sinful and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptation below,
Thine is the goodness o'er everything holy,
Thine is the mercy to pity our woe.
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us
Spotless and pure as the angels on high,
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden,
Lovers of mammon, and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
Lifting their souls to that One mighty Name—
Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
On the broad waters the black shadows lie;
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
Heave with Jehovah's mysterious breath;
Mortals press on, while the deep is in motion,
Jesus is walking the waters of death;
Angels are mingling with men in the chorus,
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
"Father, the billows grow brighter before us,
Heaven, with its mansions eternal, draws nigh."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOTHING MADE IN VAIN.

THIS commonplace saying is often made with
more reverence than understanding, and it
means simply that, although we do not under-
stand for what purpose some things are created,
yet we believe that everything has its use.
Some things seem made in vain, so far as uni-
versal use is concerned, but they are not neces-
sarily so.

That men do not appreciate the beauties of
nature, is as often their own fault as it is a lack
of taste for such things. For instance, a worldly
man may be traveling through the most beauti-
ful country, without appreciating anything ex-
cept that which could be turned to account in
making money. A green field dotted over with
blossoms of the modest white clover, is, to him,
simply a good pasture, and the grand old trees
which he sees, represent to him only so much
valuable timber. In vain for him does nature
show her wondrous attractions, for, although he
sees them with his natural eyes, yet, being spiri-
tually blind, they do not speak to him with the
loving voice with which she whispers to those
that love her. This indifference often does not
come from lack of capacity to appreciate such
things, but because worldliness has stolen un-
awares on the heart, closing all the avenues
which lead to higher and truer happiness than
can be found in the mere living for the pursuit
of riches.

Whether we realize it or not, nothing was ever
made in vain, for everything which comes from
the hand of God tells of His power, His wis-
dom, and of His wondrous love. B. C. D.
Elkhorn, Wis., 1863.

JOY IN THE CROSS.

THERE is more joy in enduring a cross for God
than in the smiles of the world; in a private,
despised affliction, without the name of suffering
for his cause, or anything in it like martyrdom,
but only as coming from his hand, kissing it and
bearing it patiently, yea gladly, for his sake, out
of love to Him, because it is his will so to try
thee. What will come amiss to a soul thus
composed?

I wish that even they that have renounced the
vain world, and have the face of their hearts
turned Godward, would learn more of this happy
life, and enjoy it more; not to hang so much upon
sensible comforts, as to delight in obedience, and
to wait for those at His pleasure, whether He
gives much or little, any or none. Learn to be
finding the sweetness of his commands, which no
outward or inward change can disrelish, re-
joicing in the actings of that Divine love within
thee. Continue thy conflicts with sin, and
though thou mayest at times be foiled, yet cry to
Him for help, and getting up, re-double thy ha-
red of it and attempts against it. Still stir this
flame of God. That will overcome; "many
waters cannot quench it." It is a renewed plea-
sure to be offering up thyself every day to God.
O! the sweetest life in the world is to be crossing
thyself to please Him; trampling on thy own
will to follow His.—Leighton.

LATENT MORAL POWER.—It is impossible to
over-estimate, or rather to estimate, the power
that lies latent in our churches. We talk of the
power latent in steam—latent till Watt evoked
its spirit from the waters, and set the giant to
turn the iron arms of machinery. We talk of
the power that was latent in the skies till science
climbed their heights, and, seizing the spirit of
thunder, chained it to our service—abolishing
distance; outstripping the wings of time, and
flashing our thoughts across rolling seas to dis-
tant continents. Yet what are these to the moral
power that lies asleep in the congregations of our
country and of the Christian world? And why
latent? Because men and women neither appre-
ciate their individual influence, nor estimate
aright their own individual responsibilities.

CHRISTIANITY is not a system of precise leg-
islation, marking out with literal exactness
everything to be done and everything to be
avoided; but an inculcation of broad principles.

LUTE:

A SINGULAR LIFE-HISTORY.

[Concluded from page 156, this number.]

AUGUST 26TH.—The clocks striking eleven. I ought to be in bed, but I must write in my Journal to-night. QUIN has just left. I think there are very few fellows as good and kind-hearted as this same QUIN—very few. HAROLD is, perhaps, but then he is not half so agreeable, nor half so— But I will not make disparaging comparisons. I like QUIN, but I like HAROLD too. And that is just it. Do I love HAROLD, or only like him. I—oh, I wish I knew what to tell him. I am so young; how should I know? and he is so much older and wiser; knows so much the best. But I will begin at the beginning, and tell what I mean by all this.

HAROLD made me an offer of marriage this morning; told me he loved me, and asked for my hand in marriage. I did not tell him yes, nor could I throw away, at an instant's thought, the hearty, strong love he offered me. HAROLD has a large, true heart, and what am I, mild, careless, foolish LUTE, that I should thoughtlessly cast aside all its wealth? I asked him to wait until I knew my own mind more thoroughly; to give me more time; I would tell him when I had been at home and could think more quietly, for even I, heedless and thoughtless as they call me, deem the love of another heart too sacred a thing to toss away carelessly. I respect HAROLD, honor him, but do I love him? I wish he had not spoken to me. I wish NETTIE was here; if I only had some one to advise me.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—I am at home again, in my own dear room—mine alone since NETTIE left me—sitting by the southern window, looking away off over the hills. They are very beautiful, these hazy autumn days, all misty and purple as they are.

HAROLD is coming to-night for a final answer. He sent me word this morning, and I told him to come. No, I cannot marry HAROLD; dear as he is to me as a friend, he can never be anything more. I have thought it over carefully, and can come to no other conclusion than this. I shall refuse him. Poor HAROLD! I hope he will not mind it so very much. He will soon find some one who will be just as much in love with him as I am not. Good looking, rich young lawyers do not usually go to a begging in Rochester.

QUIN and his mother got home last evening, so the little errand boy said when he brought me a basket of peaches "with Mr. S—'s compliments," this morning. I have been reading and knitting to-day very quietly, consequently it has been most completely "a la pancake," as JULIET says. Aunt has a headache, so the piano is vetoed, cooking (for me) likewise, as aunt still considers me too much of an invalid, notwithstanding my rosy cheeks, to do much beside sit still.

[Here, again, occurs a long break in the Journal. LUTE seems to have started to write the next evening,—for the date is written September 19th, but little more. There are several tear-drops on the page, and the word "HAROLD" written in an unsteady hand. Beneath is written, some years later, apparently, for the hand-writing was slightly changed and more developed.—"If only we could look into the future! Oh, foolish child to thrust away your only chance of happiness." The next page is dated June 16th.]

Nearly three years since I wrote last! Oh, LUTE, LUTE, what are you coming to? I did mean seriously to write every two days, at least, and here nearly three years have passed by. I don't know what in the world set me to writing to-day. I suppose because I ought to be mending the unfortunate muslin I tore so awfully yesterday. The fact is, it is very dull here in Rochester just now, (thank goodness, we are going to Saratoga next week,) and when nothing especial is going on, I always take to writing with the greatest vigor. QUIN was here last evening, and it appears that he is going to Saratoga the latter part of the season with his mother, who is falling very fast. The doctors say she may not live the year out. Poor QUIN; his mother's death would be a terrible blow to him. She is the only living relative he has. I often think how terrible it would be for me if father were to die; saving aunt, I have no near kin in the wide world.

There is the door bell; who can be coming here this warm day? I must stop.

OCTOBER 9TH.—At Saratoga.—To-morrow we start for home. I am very sorry. I never regretted leaving any place so much. But even I am getting the least bit tired of it, and as for aunt she is perfectly frantic to reach home, from which we have been absent nearly four months. We have not staid at Saratoga all the time, but have been all over, at Newport and Boston for five or six weeks. "Thence we marched two days' march a large number of parasangs" (that's from Xenophon.) There has been a young student here from Yale who was crazy over the "Classics," and attempted, dear youth! in the innocence of his heart, to teach me Greek, and I did get far enough along to read that much from Xenophon, but the rest is still all Greek to me. Thence we marched two days' march so many parasangs, (don't it sound learned,) to Lennox among the Berkshire Hills, a perfect paradise of a place, whence we staid some two or three weeks, and the rest of the time we have been at Saratoga. HAROLD and JULIET have been here, too, but left yesterday. HAROLD has apparently quite recovered from any effect my answer to the question might have produced upon him. He is not engaged yet, however, so JULIET says. I wonder why. QUIN and his mother have been here for about three weeks. Mrs. S— seems a great deal better. I have been riding several times with QUIN and danced, of course, with him a great many times, but beyond that have seen very little of him. He has devoted himself almost exclusively to his mother. QUIN is a person who, when he loves, loves almost to distraction, but when he hates, hates, I should judge, with most bitter malignity. He gave

me a beautiful little jewel box, and when he presented it he certainly was—but no, I will not speak so positively. I wonder if QUIN ever does drink now. I thought he seemed just the wee bit worse for liquor the last time we went riding. And then I remember HAROLD's saying that QUIN was too fond of wine.

NOVEMBER 19TH.—The town clocks have just struck twelve, and I ought to be in bed, but I am not the least bit sleepy, and don't mean to be for some time to come. My Journal seems the only confidant I have, so I fly to it with everything, and this evening I want to write off some of the excitement I am in. I have been sitting for the last half hour over the grate, thinking; looking back into my past life, looking forward into my future. I do not think I have been so happy lately as I used to be. I have been in such excitement all the while, I want to calm down now, to think over what has happened, quietly and seriously. I have promised this evening to become the wife of QUINCY S—E. I cannot tell, I do not know, whether I have done right or no; but I love him, oh, indeed I do. And I believe he is worthy of my love. Yes, I am sure of that; but still— It seems as if I were under a spell. I had never supposed that QUIN could care for me. His manner was always very polite and gentlemanly, but never until very lately at all that of a lover. He said to-night, though, that he had loved me always, and that even while he was engaged to NETTIE, there was deep down in his heart,—though, of course, he was not conscious of it at the time,—the feeling that I was his choice after all. But there was such a strange expression in his eye this evening when I promised him to be his wife; such a defiant, triumphant look, it almost frightened me, and I asked him what it meant—what made him look so. But he said no wonder he looked triumphant—well he might when his life-long desire had just been granted, and then,—then,—oh, it is just sweet to feel that you are nearest and best to some one's heart. No one thinks very much of me in my own family. Both father and aunt love me, of course, but not with that absorbing love that takes one right into another's heart and guards them carefully as themselves. Oh, God has been very good to me, very; my cup of happiness is very full.

NOVEMBER 25TH.—I have been all over town with aunt this afternoon, who has gone quite wild on the subject of my "trousseau." I am very tired and can scarcely move my pen across the paper. I am to be married the latter part of next month. It is much sooner than I would like, but QUIN urges it with a vehemence that I can neither withstand nor understand. Mrs. S—E wishes it so too, poor old lady! She is sinking gradually, "and I want to see QUIN married before I die, darling," she said to me the other day.

QUIN was in New York last week and brought back with him our engagement ring. It is not a diamond; I do not like them, they are so cold and glittering; but an opal, warm and glowing, and very handsome.

I received a letter from HAROLD this morning, (JULIET and he are both in New York for the winter,) a congratulatory letter, I suppose it was meant to be, but somehow it was not much like it. I don't think HAROLD likes QUIN very well; how can he help it, I wonder?

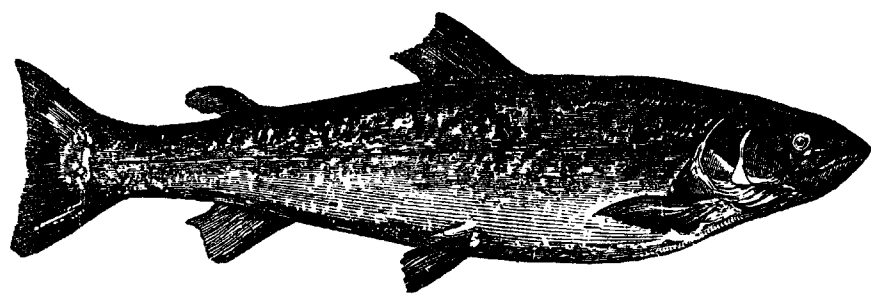
[With this naive question the record ceases for a month or more, so near as I can judge. The next entry, apparently, for there is no date, was made several weeks after her marriage.]

My honey-moon is over, I suppose. A sad honey-moon! I think sometimes that were it not for QUIN for my husband's love, I could hardly have borne these last few weeks. My father, my dear father, has gone to join NETTIE in Heaven. I was called back from my wedding to the bedside of my dying father. He was taken very suddenly with an attack of apoplexy, and died after an illness of only four days. I think he was glad to go. He had lived a long life, one full of many sorrows, though prosperous as the world goes, and was glad to lie down and be at rest. I cannot wish him back, but I am all alone in this wide world now save for QUIN and aunt. Poor aunt! She had seven brothers and sisters, and three days ago she saw the grave closed over the last of them. She feels my father's death even more than I do, for I have QUIN.

Eleven o'clock—why don't QUIN come? He is at his "club," he says, but surely he might come earlier back to me. This is the third evening this week he has been away from me, and I asked him not to go to-night too. But he turned almost fiercely upon me, and with the awful expression of that morning on his face, exclaimed, "Be quiet, LUTE. Am I to be governed and controlled by you—*you*? Good heavens, child, who are *you*?" and I, cowering back, shrank away like some whipped animal. He did not bid me good-bye either. He went up to his mother's room; I heard him tell her he had an engagement, and should not be back till late, but he never said a word to me,—his wife. Does he not love me any more—*me*, his LUTE? GOD help me; have I lost his love so soon? I have only been married six weeks, a little over a month. But QUIN does love me. How can I be so foolish and wicked as to doubt him? I have been writing what never should have crossed my mind. My husband not care for me? Of course, he does, he *does*! I wish he would not look so.

[The next entry is sadly brief. Only the date and the words "poor LUTE, poor LUTE." But the page is stained with tear-drops, and there are a few words written below, but in so trembling and blurred a writing that it is impossible to read them. The next is the last record in the book, evidently written under strong excitement, for the pen marks are black and heavy, and the words, in some instances, almost illegible from the rapidity with which they were written.]

— Oh my head, my head! I shall go crazy, shall die and then I shall be happy. There is no rest on earth for me; who loves me,



THE SALMON.—(SALMO SALAR.)

THE Salmon during the greater portion of its existence is a salt water fish, but ascends the rivers and streams periodically for the purpose of depositing its spawn. It is essentially an inhabitant of northern latitudes, being found in the streams of Greenland, but never so far south as the Mediterranean. It seems to flourish best in waters remote from civilization, and dies out or disappears where mill-dams interrupt the streams, and cultivated fields, villages and factories are seen along their banks.

Salmon were, in the early times of New England history, abundant in the Connecticut and the Merrimac; so much so, indeed, that fishermen compelled purchasers of shad to take a certain proportion of salmon, also, or lose their trade. They were formerly caught abundantly in the first-named river as high up as Bellows Falls, Vt.; but the writer has been assured by people living in that vicinity, that not one of these noble fish has been seen in the river at that point during the past fifty years. The red man and the salmon have disappeared together, and their favorite haunts are visited by them no more. Boston market is now supplied at a high price from the wild regions of Maine and the British Provinces.

The salmon was abundant in the Hudson at

its first discovery, but they have deserted that river, also, and it is chronicled as a remarkable event, that one of the fish weighing eight pounds, was caught, in the year 1840, in the vicinity of Troy. The rivers of Oregon are yet filled, at the migratory season, with salmon, from the catching of which the Indians obtain much of their food; but, reasoning from analogy, we may conclude, that with the present rapid settlement of the State, the fish will speedily disappear.

The migratory season commences toward the close of the year, and lasts until the following spring. The powerful and active fish labors assiduously to surmount all obstacles, and leaps, at a bound, over falls to the height of fifteen feet. Having reached the sources of the streams, it deposits its ova in the gravelly bed, and then in the spring returns to the sea, followed by the young fry. By the beginning of summer not a solitary fish is to be found in their favorite fresh water haunts, where, only a few months before, they were counted by millions. The salmon is a beautiful fish, in color dark gray, and sometimes spotted on the back, with a belly of silvery white. It is distinguished from all others in the peculiarity of having two dorsal fins. In weight it sometimes goes as high as twenty-five pounds, but usually does not exceed ten to fifteen.

or cares for me? God? Oh, yes, God loves me, and cares for me; if He would only take me to Himself! He is true, He will not break His promises. But oh, He is not here. He is in Heaven, and I cannot see Him, cannot hear Him! I have crept from my bed with blinded eyes and dizzy head, to try and think it all over, to write it down and see what it all means; and I thought him so noble, so good! Oh, God, how can I ever bear it!

It was Monday evening it happened—let me think. He had come in, but he was late, and he staggered; his breath smelt of brandy. I did not say a word. God knows I have tried to be a loving, good wife to him—that I have tried not to anger him—that I've studied to please him in every possible way. God knows I have! But the next morning I spoke. Oh, what *did* I say? Why can't I think? What made him so angry with me? Did I fly into a passion, speak harshly and unjustly? No, no, I know I did not. How could I to him?—to my husband? But he turned upon me. I know what he said. Every word is burned upon my brain. I can never forget it. Cruel words they were,—how could he utter them?

"LUTE," he cried, "hold your tongue. Keep your devilish gab to yourself. I am a man and won't stand it!" "Oh, QUIN, QUIN!" I said. "For love of me—" "Love of you!"

Oh! it freezes me to remember his tone, his cruel, sneering tone. "LOVE of you? Good heavens, LUTE, are you not deceived yet? You precious dupe, do you think that I love you? Do you think I married you for love? I married you for hate, girl—not for love, I tell you. I married you because I vowed to bring wretchedness upon your lofty sister and all that belonged to her,—because I hated you, I say. Didn't I tell you when she cast me off—spurned me from her feet—that I would make you all repent it? Do you hear me? That's the reason why I married you!"

Merciful Heaven! and I had loved him, oh, I had, and he hated me? Am I dreaming? I pierce my hand and know that I am awake. And he never retracted a word! He married me because he hated me! I shall go crazy. My brain whirls and my head aches with such a blinding pain. Would to God that I might die! 'Tis a cruel world! a wicked world! If I had only died when I was a happy little girl. Why was I born? My husband to hate me! I believed he loved me, and if ever a doubt glanced through my mind, I cast the thought aside as mean, and unworthy a true-hearted wife. And all the while he was working out that fiendish plan of revenge,—GOD forgive him! All these long years he has had it before him, and I—GOD help me—I have been his object! The room is growing dark—I cannot see. What makes my head so giddy?—where is QUIN?—why don't he come to me?—QUIN! Oh, my God!—my God!

Scientific, Useful, &c.

THE SEWER OF PARIS.

IMAGINE Paris, taken off like a cover; a bird's-eye view of the subterranean network of the sewer will represent, upon either bank, a sort of huge branch engrafted on the river. Upon the right bank, the belt sewer will be the trunk of this branch, the secondary conduits will be the limbs, and the primary drains will be the twigs. This figure is only general, and half exact; the right angle, which is the ordinary angle of this kind of under-ground ramification, being very rare in vegetation. We shall form an image more closely resembling this strange geometric plan by supposing that we see spread out upon a background of darkness, some grotesque alphabet of the East, jumbled as in a medley, the shapeless letters of which are joined to each

other, apparently pell-mell, and as if by chance—sometimes by their corners, sometimes by their extremities.

The excavation of the sewer of Paris has been no small work. The last ten centuries have labored upon it, without being able to complete it any more than to finish Paris. The sewer, indeed, receives all the impulsions of the growth of Paris. It is, in the earth, a species of dark polyp with a thousand antennae, which grows beneath at the same time that the city grows above. The old monarchy had constructed only twenty-five thousand four hundred and eighty yards of sewers; Paris was at that point on the first of January, 1806. From that epoch, of which we will speak directly, the work was profitably and energetically resumed and continued; Napoleon built (the figures are interesting,) five thousand two hundred and fifty-four yards; Louis XVIII., six thousand two hundred and forty-four; Charles X., eleven thousand eight hundred and fifty-one; Louis Philippe, ninety-seven thousand three hundred and fifty-five; the Republic of 1848, twenty-five thousand five hundred and seventy; the existing regime, seventy-five thousand one hundred; and at the present hour, two hundred and forty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight yards—a hundred and forty miles of sewers—the enormous entrails of Paris; obscure ramifications always at work; unnoticed and immense construction.

Paris, in 1806, was still almost at the figure of sewers published in May, 1663; five thousand three hundred and twenty-eight fathoms. According to Bruneseau, on the 1st of January, 1852, there were forty-four thousand and seventy-three yards. From 1806 to 1851, there were built annually, on an average, eight hundred and twenty yards; since then there have been constructed every year, eight and even ten thousand yards of galleries, in masonry of small materials, laid in a foundation of concrete. At thirty-five dollars a yard, the hundred and forty miles of sewers of the present Paris represent nine millions.—Victor Hugo.

THE PYRAMIDS.

THE object for which the pyramids of Egypt were erected has given rise to great research and to many conjectures. Mahmoud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, now explains the matter in rather a novel manner. In his opinion, founded on personal observation, the pyramids were devoted to a divinity having Sirius, or the dog-star, for its emblem. Among the ancient Egyptians, the stars were the souls of innumerable divinities emanating from Ammon Ray, the Supreme Being. Sirius represented the dog of the heavens, Sothis, who judged the dead, so that it was perfectly rational to devote the pyramids, considered as tombs, to the star Sirius. The inclination of the faces of the six pyramids of Gizeh is on an average of 52½ degrees; and a plane inclined to the horizon at that angle is perpendicular to the rays of light emitted by Sirius when in the meridian. This is nearly true now, but was not exactly so 3,300 years before Christ, the procession of equinoxes have since caused a slight deviation. The heavenly dog Sothis, or Anubis, or Toth, has been identified with Hermes. Small votive pyramids in the catacombs bear his image, his symbol being a triangle by the side of a star. Thus Mahmoud Bey's hypothesis fixes about 5,200 years from our time as the probable date of the pyramids, a result in harmony with the calculations of Arabian authors, who give three or four centuries before the deluge as the date of their erection. Bunsen fixes it between 3,490, 3,310 years before Christ, and Brugsch at 3,402.

You see men of the most delicate frames engaged in active professional pursuits, who literally have no time for illness. Let them become idle—let them take care of themselves—let them think of their health—and they die! The rust rots the steel which use preserves.

Reading for the Young.

THE LITTLE SEED CELLS.

How neatly all the seeds are laid
Within the ripening pod;
How carefully the cells are made:
This is the work of God.

The lining is not harsh or rough,
But soft, or polished well;
Each little seed has room enough
Within its tiny cell.

How carefully the sides are closed
Against the winds and rain;
For if He left the seeds exposed,
They would not grow again.

There's no disorder anywhere
In what my Father does;
He condescends to make with care
The smallest flower that grows.

So children who would learn from Him,
Neat habits seek to gain,
Or they will waste much precious time,
And do their work in vain.

ELIZABETH'S NAME.

WHEN I was a little girl, I did not like my name—Elizabeth! It seemed so old and dignified, so unsuited to a child, while the pet name "Libbie," which my brothers called me, I thought very homely—not at all so sweet and loving as the names of my playmates.

Not one of the little girls whom I knew had so old-fashioned a name as mine. There were Clara, Helen, Julia, Grace, Agnes, Edith, Florence, Isabel and Rosabelle. The last name I thought prettiest of them all, perhaps because it belonged to a darling little girl.

One day she said to me, "Do you know why I like my own name better than any of the others?" "No," I replied, "why do you?"

"Because it has such a sweet meaning. Belle means beautiful, Rosabelle, beautiful Rose."

Then the little girl blushed and smiled, and held down her head, while I kissed her red cheek.

"You ought to have a name with a pretty meaning," I said; "I wonder if mine means something as plain and dull as I am?" "Why don't you look in the Bible," she said, "your name is there!"

"I will look this very day!" And when I returned home I did look and found—"Elizabeth, the oath of God." What could that mean, I wondered? something very awful, I was sure; and I cried to think my parents had given me such a dreadful name.

When father came home that night, I took the Bible to him and told him all my difficulty.

"The oath of God," he exclaimed must mean perfect truth. Since God himself is the truth, everything he says is the truth, his oath must be perfect truth.

I was comforted. What a beautiful meaning for a name! I would not exchange it for the most romantic name in the world. I only feared that I had no right to it—perfect truth.

"But I will earn a right!" thought I. "If my name meant anything beautiful, that I could not be; but I can be true and I will! With God's help, I will be true from this hour!"

I was then ten years old. I began in earnest. I watched myself, and morning and evening, and often through the day, when tempted, I prayed that God would help me to be truthful. I did not once speak about it to any one, but when I was sixteen I was amply repaid for my efforts by hearing my mother say one evening to a highly esteemed friend that "Elizabeth was the only one of her children who had never told a lie."

You may imagine, dear children, how happy I was. I had earned my beautiful name—Perfect Truth.

"TWAS MY MOTHER'S."

A COMPANY of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for the starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The Superintendent stepped up to him, and found he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come!" said the Superintendent; "what are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dear, dear mother put this lining into my jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all that I have to remember her by."

And as the dear boy thought of that mother's love, and the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom, "to remember his mother," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

Many an eye moistened as the story of this orphan boy had been told; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child. Will my little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try and show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord? Will the boys, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their mothers?

ALWAYS back your friends, and face your enemies.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



LEAVES fall, but lo, the young buds peep! Flowers die, but still their seed shall bloom!

The Army in Virginia.

An expedition under command of Maj.-Gen. Stahl, which left Fairfax Court House the 27th ult., returned the 30th.

Richmond papers of the 27th, admit the loss of five Napoleon guns and 140 men on the Nansemond.

The N. Y. Herald learns that Col. Robt. M. West, commanding Fort Magruder, made an attack with infantry and cavalry on the enemy at Williamsburg, recently, and succeeded in driving the rebels two miles beyond the town.

An important move has been made by the Army of the Potomac. On the morning of the 29th ult., the 5th Corps, under Gen. Mead, the 11th, Gen. Howard, and the 12th, Gen. Slocum, effected a crossing of the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford.

The 1st Corps, Gen. Reynolds, the 3d, Gen. Sickles, and the 6th, Gen. Sedgwick, crossed the river some four miles below Fredericksburg, simultaneous with the other three Corps.

The movements of both wings of the army, so far, are considered successes. Gen. Hooker, it appears, is satisfied, as will be seen by his announcement to the troops:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Thursday, April 30, 1863.

General Orders, No. 47.—It is with feelings of heartfelt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army that the operations of the last three days have determined that the enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defenses and give us battle on our ground, where certain destruction awaits him.

S. WILLIAMS, Adj.-General.

A dispatch received on the 5th inst., states that Fredericksburg is occupied by Gen. Corcoran's old brigade and the troops of Newton's division, and that the rebels have removed their guns from the earthworks above the city.

During a reconnaissance of the 6th N. Y. cavalry near Spottsylvania Court House, Lt.-Colonel McVicar (of this city) was killed. A number of officers and men were wounded.

Department of the South.

The Tribune's Hilton Head correspondent represents the monitors and army as ready for another movement. He says the attack must soon come off, and this time the land and naval forces are to co-operate.

The rebels are hard at work strengthening their defenses on the islands south of Charleston. Troops have been sent from Savannah to aid them.

Advices from Port Royal give a report that Charleston was to be attacked on the 3d of May, when the spring tides recur. Rebel deserters

report that new obstructions were placed in Charleston harbor, which would not allow the smallest craft to pass.

Our troops are being conveyed to Folly, Coles and Kiawah Islands, and North Edisto is occupied by a considerable force.

Five of the monitors are at North Edisto, two at Port Royal, and the Ironsides remains off Charleston. Two monitors have been filled with shot and shell, and in every department the greatest activity prevails.

The pilot of the iron-clad Keokuk is under arrest charged with running her ashore on Morris Island, so that the rebels might capture her.

By the arrival of the transport Escort, from Newbern, N. C., intelligence from that region is received up to the 29th ult. Gen. Palmer made a successful reconnaissance toward Kinston, and returned after driving the rebels from their position behind earthworks, within eight miles of that place.

The chief participants in the affair were the 45th Massachusetts and the 54th Pennsylvania. Skirmishing, to a great extent, had been going on in the vicinity of Newbern and Washington. The enemy had been repulsed at every point, and considerable numbers of rebel prisoners have been taken and sent into Newbern.

From Florida it is learned that there are no armed rebels east of St. John's River. Colonel Putnam, in command at St. Augustine, is to return to the command of his brigade in General Terry's division.

There were in prize at Key West on the 21st ult., about 30 private vessels, whose cases were yet to be disposed of by the court.

The gunboat Sagamore, during a cruise up the west coast, destroyed two blockade runners loaded with cotton and grain at Bay Port, after a sharp contest with the rebels.

Department of the Gulf.

The National Republican of May 1, publishes a semi-official dispatch from Gen. Banks, dated near St. Martinsville, April 17th, from which it appears that when he left Baton Rouge, three regiments of colored troops remained for its defence.

The results, among others, of Gen. Banks' march of over 300 miles, are beating the enemy in three battles, two on land and one on Grand Lake; dispersing the rebel army; utterly destroying the rebel navy; capturing the foundaries of the enemy at Franklin and New Iberia; demolishing the salt works ten miles southwest of the latter place; capturing the camp equipages of the enemy; also several guns, and between 1,000 and 2,000 prisoners; and so deranging the plans of the rebels that they cannot for some months, if forever, re-organize their force in that part of Louisiana.

Our loss in the two land battles was 600 or 700. Nothing could exceed the conduct of the officers and privates in Gen. Banks' command.

The dispatches say we have not only destroyed the army and navy of the enemy, and captured his materials of re-organization, but we have also in our possession his ablest officers of sea and land.

Later news from Gen. Banks states that on the 21st of April, he occupied Opelousas and Washington.

Accounts from Gen. Banks' command of April 18th, state that our gunboats had captured a fortification called Butte le Rose, constructed for the purpose of guarding the entrance to Red River. Fifty prisoners, and a considerable amount of munitions of war were captured.

Movements in the West and South-West.

MISSOURI.—The correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, with Gen. Dever's command, says that about ten o'clock on Sunday night a rebel regiment under Col. Hunter, the advance guard of Gen. Marmaduke's army, then retreating from Cape Girardeau, were surprised three miles west of Jackson, while cooking supper and loitering around the camp fires.

Two small howitzers, loaded with musket balls, and hauled by hand to within thirty yards of them, were simultaneously discharged, killing and wounding a large number. At the same time the 1st Iowa Cavalry charged, and not a man of their entire regiment, it is supposed, escaped. All that were not killed were taken prisoners.

Early the next morning Gen. Vandever advanced and saw the main body of the enemy in full retreat. He immediately followed, keeping up a constant artillery fire on their rear. At 2 P. M. Gen. McNeil joined Gen. Vandever, and the combined forces continued in pursuit. Firing was heard all the afternoon, and it was scarcely possible the rebels could escape with their booty.

Gen. Marmaduke's command consists of Missourians, Arkansians and Texans. They left Powhatan, Ark., on the 15th, ostensibly to occupy Pilot Knob and Cape Girardeau as a base of operations for a projected expedition under Gen. Price, this summer, but really for plunder. The force was composed of four brigades under Gen. Shelby and Cols. Brubridge and Green. They had ten pieces of artillery.

The 1st Nebraska infantry, under Col. Banner, did most of the fighting in the rebel attack on Cape Girardeau, and behaved splendidly. They were posted in the woods about a mile from the town, and kept Marmaduke's whole force in check while the guns of the fort played upon them, doing considerable execution. The rebel batteries did no damage to the town. The enemy's loss is about 60 killed and 200 wounded.

MISSISSIPPI.—Two tugs, having in tow four heavy barges, ran past the batteries of Vicksburg on the 25th. The rebels did not fire at them.

An examination of the Indianola shows that she was much shattered. The rebels got her two 9-inch guns, and one 11-inch gun was burst and lying on the deck. The other fell overboard and now lies along side in nine feet of water.

The ram Switzerland is still in company with the Hartford and Albatross, blockading Red river; and the movement of Banks' army towards the same point, will tend materially to cut off rebel supplies from Texas and West Louisiana.

A dispatch to the Hon. John Forsyth, of Mobile, from citizens of Brookville, dated 22d of April, states that the Unionists captured Mayhew, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, twelve miles from Columbus, Miss. Twenty miles of the Central Mississippi road, from Ducktown to Winona, has been destroyed by Unionists from Corinth.

TENNESSEE.—Gen. Ellett's marine brigade, on returning from an expedition up Tennessee river, were fired on by the rebels under Major White. The fire was returned by the gunboats, and the rebels fled with a loss of ten killed and twenty wounded, Major White mortally. Our loss amounts to but two killed and four wounded.

Gen. Ellett has destroyed every grist and saw mill and every distillery on the Tennessee, besides half a million feet of lumber. The towns of Hamburg and Eastport were also destroyed.

A part of Gen. Greenclay Smith's brigade, consisting of 250 cavalry, commanded by Col. Watkins, of the 6th Ky., made a dash upon a rebel camp of the 1st Texas Legion, eight miles south of Franklin, on Carter's Creek Pike, and captured 128 rebels, including three captains, five lieutenants, the same number of horses, 50 mules, one ambulance loaded with medical stores, and burned eight wagons and the arms of the rebels.

A detachment of Gen. Gordon Granger's cavalry, under Col. Campbell, of the 2d Mich., dashed among Gen. Van Dorn's rebel pickets, near Thompson's Station, May 1st. The enemy were vigilant, owing to the late surprise, and were prepared to run. Fourteen rebels were killed, 30 wounded, and 11 prisoners taken, including one officer, all of the 4th Miss. No federals hurt.

Letters from East Tennessee say that there are but few rebel troops there, who could be easily driven out by 5000 men from our own side. Though still tyrannically oppressed, the great mass of the people remain loyal.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.—The latest information from Western Virginia, up to Friday P. M., is that the Union forces under Gen. Mulligan were repulsed near Fairmount, and that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad bridge at that point was entirely destroyed by the rebels. A large force of rebels now occupy Morgantown.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has suffered severely. The bridge over the Cheat River was blown up.

The bridge over the Monongahela, at Fairmount, is said to have been the largest iron one in America. It was 650 feet long. The Cheat river bridge is described, also, as an extensive structure of wood and iron.

Accounts state that in the recent raid to Morgantown, Va., the rebels numbered about 2,000, all cavalry—no infantry or artillery—under guerrilla Jenkins.

They shot Lieut. Dennine of the 1st Va. (loyal) regiment, who was visiting his home on a furlough, stole 50 horses and all available property.

ALABAMA.—Special to Cairo, via Memphis, gives the news of the capture of Tusculum recently. It was held by the rebel Col. Chalmers, whose forces have been very troublesome lately in the vicinity of Tennessee river. Gen. Dodge attacked him. A severe engagement ensued. Chalmers stoutly contested the ground, but was finally compelled to fall back.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE Tribune special says that Chief Engineer Wood, of the U. S. Navy, now on duty in connection with iron clad vessels, has made a proposition to the Secretary of the Navy, to the following effect:—He offers to take a Monitor up the harbor of Charleston, removing on his way any obstructions that may impede the progress of ships; or if the Department only desires the destruction of Fort Sumter, he will accomplish that.

A State Senator of California, who enjoys to a large degree the confidence of the engineer, also offers to accompany Mr. Wood on the expedition named. It is understood that the President and Secretary Welles look on the proposition with favor.

The following has been received at the headquarters of the army in Washington:

St. Louis, April 28, 1863. To Major General Halleck.—Gen. Vandever came upon the enemy's rear near Cape Girardeau last night, and attacked and routed him, taking a large number of prisoners, horses, arms, &c. The enemy retreated towards Bloomfield in great disorder, pursued by the victorious and combined forces of Generals Vandever and McNeil.

M. Romero, Mexican Minister, has had an interview with the President, and complained of unfriendly treatment his country received in the refusal of permits to ship munitions of war on Mexican account, while the French were allowed to buy freely in New York, St. Louis and elsewhere.

Indian Superintendent Thompson has completed arrangements in St. Louis for the removal of the Winnebago and Sioux Indians immediately. Those under sentence of death, will be sent to one of the Southern seaboard ports—probably the Tortugas.

Two officers from each regiment in Washington have been detailed to organize regiments out of convalescents in the hospitals around that city.

Edward Dodd, of Washington county, is the successor of A. B. Dickenson in the Marshalship of the Northern District of New York.

Five hundred rebel officers, confined at Fort Delaware, are to be sent immediately to City Point for exchange. Among them is General

Churchill, who will be exchanged for General Willich.

The New York two-years' regiments are to be sent home between the present time and the 1st of July. They are to be mustered out of service at the following places:

At New York—1st, 4th, 5th, 6th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 26th, 29th, 31st, 32d, 36th, 37th, 38th. At Albany—2d, 3d, 14th, 16th, 18th, 22d, 28th, 30th, 34th. At Elmira—12th, 13th, 19th, 21st, 23d, 24th, 26th, 27th, 33d, 35th.

They will be subsisted at these respective depots till mustered out and paid, and transportation will be furnished them to their homes. The officers who shall re-enter the service will have their rank recognized from date of original muster.

The Treasury Department has placed in the hands of the Paymaster-General funds to pay in full all troops about to be mustered out of the service.

Three hundred and thirty-nine rebel prisoners were taken to Washington, May 4, including one Colonel, one Lt.-Colonel, one Major, and forty other officers. This makes a total of about 600 since Saturday.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

Table with 2 columns: Date/Time and Amount. Title: The export of gold from New York has been.

THE Secretary of the Interior has declined the execution of the joint resolution of Congress for the distribution of all the books and documents possessed by Congress, and published by their order, among the members of the present Congress. The measure is impracticable as well as illegal. It would give \$15,000 worth of books to each member.

THE New Albany (Ind.) Ledger says that it is ascertained to be a practice among dishonest army paymasters to conceal from the soldiers the dates when they are likely to be in funds, in order that a set of rascally brokers may be "run in" on them to cash their orders at a ruinous discount. This villainy has been practiced even when the paymaster has been in receipt of his funds from the Department, and the soldiers have been thus cruelly plundered of large amounts which would otherwise have gone to the relief of their families.

THE Duc de Grammont has been condemned to pay the mother of Mr. Dillon, a newspaper editor, whom he killed in a duel near Paris, the sum of \$20,000. Mr. Dillon was his mother's only dependence, and he earned about \$5,000 a year. The verdict will be a severe blow to dueling in France.

In the examination of a paymaster's account in the office of the Second Comptroller of the Treasury, the following declaration was set opposite the name of James Kennedy, Farrier, Company B, Purnell Legion, Maryland Volunteers, on the pay roll as received at the office. "Will not receive his pay for his services, having joined for the good of the cause and not for pay." Against which declaration the paymaster has noted "never paid."

A LATE number of the Richmond Enquirer has a philosophical article upon the bad habit of eating three meals per day. The editor argues that two meals are amply sufficient, adding that, under the present condition of affairs, and the shortness of provisions, "it is nearly as bad to grow fat as to get rich on the Confederacy."

THE sum of \$5,000 has been subscribed in Philadelphia for the relief of the distressed cotton operatives and muslin embroiderers in and near Belfast and Lisburn. It is expected and believed that subscriptions to the amount of \$1,000 more will come in. The case being urgent, the Relief Committee authorized their treasurer to purchase and ship 500 barrels of flour, which have been sent off.

THE six Ohio soldiers, the survivors of the eighteen sent out by Gen. Mitchell, a year since, on a dangerous expedition in Alabama, and who were captured, have been breveted Second Lieutenants, given the Medal of Honor, and \$100 each. They called on the President, who praised their heroic devotion, and are receiving the kindest attentions of the Government. One of them bears the marks of a hundred lashes inflicted upon him by the rebels. Eleven of the original number were hung as spies.

LETTERS have been received in Boston from St. Johns, N. B., announcing that crowds of young men are daily arriving at various ports of the British Provinces from the United States, in order to avoid the impending draft. One steamer arrived with two hundred passengers, and another with six hundred. There is no employment for them at present in the Provinces.

THE Anglo-Saxon, which sailed from Liverpool on the 16th, with 360 passengers, and a ship's crew of 84 men, was wrecked four miles east of Cape Race at noon on the 27th ult., during a dense fog. A dispatch from the mail officer of the Anglo-Saxon, at Montreal, April 30, says all the mails are lost, and that 237 lives are lost out of a total of 445 souls.

THE editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) Confederacy was arrested in New York, May 1, on his way South from Canada. A large amount of gold was found in his possession. He was to be released on taking the oath of allegiance.

SEVERAL citizens of Boston have raised \$11,000 for the widow and children of the late lamented General Reno, who was killed at the battle of South Mountain.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Vermont Horse "Rutland Morgan"—S. H. & L. G. Cole. Pure Seed Potatoes—P. Bradish. Frank Miller's Prepared Harness Oil Blacking—Frank Miller & Co. Agents Wanted—S. Madison. The Imported Horse "George Buchanan"—E. Griffin. Agents Wanted—Shaw & Park. Hungarian Grass Seed—F. A. Schwill.

Special Notices. The best Magazine, Atlantic Monthly—Ticknor & Field. Cousins, Collins—Brown's Bronchial Troches. No Better Proof Required—D. B. De Land & Co.

The News Condenser.

- India rubber money has made its appearance in Troy. A league of loyal Swedes has been organized in Chicago. Bannum's Museum has its present excitement in a dog show. The Legislature of Connecticut met in New Hartford on the 6th inst. The product of wheat in Upper Canada, in 1862, was 24,820,000 bushels. Dog owners in Massachusetts paid to towns last year \$23,404 for licenses. Gov. Andrews' colored regiment has received fifty recruits from Cincinnati. The tax on dogs in New Hampshire will, it is thought, yield an income of \$25,000. W. L. Leach, of Troy, Vt., claims to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion. The rebel Secretary of the Treasury estimates his wants at \$50,000 per month. Two full regiments of loyal men have been raised in Arkansas, and a third is now forming. The prospect of a good crop of cranberries on Cape Cod this season is said to be flattering. The cost of preparations for the marriage of the Prince of Wales is computed at £23,455. Private letters from Nevada confirm the reports as to the great mineral wealth of the Territory. The Charleston Courier of a recent date announces its probable suspension for want of paper. On the 18th of May the American Baptist Missionary Union holds its 49th anniversary in Cleveland. It is yet good sleighing from Wells River to Barton, and four miles above Bellows Falls, Vermont. It is said the Mormon emigration promises to be larger this year than in any former year for a long time. Counterfeit 2's on the Catsqua Bank, Pa., are in circulation, and 3's on the Charter Oak Bank, Hartford. An average of 125,000 revenue stamps of different denominations are used daily throughout the country. The Vermont sugar season is over, and not much more than half the amount made last year has been made this. A large amount of arms and ammunition are now being stored in the United States arsenal at Augusta, Maine. The value of property liable to confiscation in the District of Columbia is estimated at seven millions of dollars. Dr. Auguste, the black surgeon commissioned in our army, has been assigned to duty in the contraband camp at Utica. Thirty-three hundred citizens, male and female, have taken the oath, and given bond to General Mitchell, at Nashville, Tenn. The Bishop of Galveston, Texas, has lately returned from France to his diocese with fifty-two missionary priests and nuns. At McMinnville, Tenn., (a place recently captured from the rebels,) flour sells at \$30 a barrel, and lady's shoes \$35 per pair. Oswego deserves the palm on longevity. Peter Rosell celebrated his one hundred and tenth birthday day in that city on the 22d ult. A recent Richmond letter says that thirty-one of the women engaged in the bread riot in that city are in jail awaiting their trial. The next meeting of the British Association for the advancement of Science will commence in Newcastle on the 26th of August. J. W. Osborne, the pioneer farmer of California, was killed recently by a laborer lately in his employ, at his farm in Napa Valley. The Trustees of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, have asked the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to take a European tour of four months. U. S. "Greenbacks" are so popular in the Confederacy, that some of the States have passed laws prohibiting their circulation. Posters, crying for "bread or peace" were lately found posted up in public places in Mobile. They were signed "Brutus II." A religious revival has recently occurred in Hamilton College, at Clinton, N. Y., resulting in the conversion of some seventy students. The Norfolk Union says that Mrs. Jackson, the wife of Ellsworth's murderer, is wandering about in a state of almost utter destitution. There is in the poor-house in Laport Co., Indiana, a man who has been Sheriff, County Judge and Senator. Intemperance ruined him. Governor Stanford, of California, has issued a call for six companies of infantry, for service against the Indians in Humboldt county. The Sentinel states that the high duty on salt is driving the fish business from Eastport and Lubec into the Province of New Brunswick. The State of Georgia refuses to prop the fall of the infernal Confederacy, into which she was mobbed, by indorsing the Confederate currency. The plethora of silver in Canada is receiving the attention of the Provincial Legislature. The question has been referred to a special committee. Capt. David Blakelee, of North Haven, Conn., and his two boys killed on Friday week 168 black snakes, of the average length of four feet each. The public lands to be sold next summer embrace in Washington Territory nearly 3,000,000 acres; in Kansas 145,000, and in Michigan 38,000 acres. Since the commencement of the rebellion 29,000,000 pounds of cotton have been imported from foreign countries to New York. Value \$6,612,329. A gentleman who has traveled quite extensively in Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois, says the farmers have been plowing and sowing for nearly six weeks. The Conscription promotes matrimony: 53 more marriage licenses were granted in Baltimore during last March than during the same month last year. Recently, at the Philadelphia Corn Exchange, in one hour, over \$2,000 was subscribed for the destitute cotton weavers and muslin embroiderers of the North of Ireland.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

We sat by our cottage fireside, Mother, sister, and I, Reading of dreadful battles With many a heaving sigh.

[People's Magazine.]

The Story-Teller.

LUTE: A SINGULAR LIFE-HISTORY.

APRIL 4TH.—It is raining hard to-day. The streets are terribly gloomy, and not a conversable soul has been near the house all day.

seems to have harmed her in no other way. I will hope for the best, and not be frightened. NETTIE must not, shall not be sick and die.

been with her before now. It only breaks out once in a while now, when something occurs to bring her to mind, and then it all comes rushing back four-fold.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 27 letters.

NEW BOOK ON FLAX CULTURE!

A GOOD, USEFUL AND TIMELY WORK ON FLAX CULTURE, &c., has just been issued, containing all requisite information relative to Preparing the Ground, Sowing the Seed, Culture, Harvesting, &c.

Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS. A PRINTER, observing two policemen pursuing an ingenious but distressed author, remarked that it was a new edition of the pursuits of literature, unbound but hot pressed.

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