

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. BRADTON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

Agricultural.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WESTERN AGRICULTURE AND THE ERIE CANAL.

W. H. OSBORN, President of the Illinois Central R. R., has recently addressed a letter to the President of the Ill. State Ag. Society, in which are some important facts and suggestions that will interest all our readers.

1. Western Agriculture is almost rendered unprofitable for the want of proper facilities for carrying its vast products to tide-water.

2. The Erie Canal could do the business when the export of Western grain was only fifty million bushels; but now that it is one hundred and fifty million annually, it is utterly inadequate, with the three trunk lines of railway added.

3. A broad water course from Lake Erie to the Hudson, through which our lake vessels can float without breaking bulk, will cheapen the cost of transportation to a point at which we can supply the European market profitably under all circumstances.

4. As to the present and prospective demand for Western products, the following extract from a letter from a commercial house in London is given:

"Of the present population of Europe, which is 280,000,000, about 150,000,000 are consumers of wheat, using annually upward of one hundred million of quarters, or one thousand million of bushels. This mass of people may be considered to press always upon the means of subsistence, or supply of food, since there is no instance within the memory of man of any large accumulation of wheat for the wants of buyers or consumers. It is only by a succession of two or three abundant harvests, that prices can be brought in Europe to a low level, say 36s. per quarter in England, and 30s. in Europe—the average price of wheat in England for 22 years has been 54s. 6d. per quarter. Such a state would presuppose that America could furnish an annually increasing immense supply at the cost of 3s. 4d., or 83 cents per bushel on board at the shipping ports, and probably no less a quantity than five hundred million of bushels could have that effect."

5. The question as to permanency of market being thus disposed of by the foregoing "reliable and carefully advised statement," the question of transportation is the vital one for the producing west. Illinois has for two years sent away food enough to supply ten millions of people, and November of each of the past two years has closed down upon a surplus of food in that State as large as that sent off in the shipping season. And now all the railroad lines are blocked with provisions awaiting shipment. The price of freights is enormous. The charge for two seasons past by water on a bushel of corn to New York has been four times as great as the cost of producing it. The question, then, of the reduction of this cost of transportation, is one of national importance.

6. This great food-producing district should have a closer connection with the commercial interests of the East, and of Europe, by a NATIONAL CANAL. Every fiber of the national wealth and prosperity would be strengthened thereby. The harvests of our prairies will double our foreign exports when this grain is poured out as rapidly as it can be produced, even by our present population. Within five years after the construction of a ship canal from Lake Erie to the Hudson—a necessary outlet from the lakes to the sea—the exports of grain from Chicago alone, may safely be estimated at two hundred millions of bushels. For two or three years past we have had a surplus equal to ten times our local wants, and vastly beyond the capacity of the canal or railroads to take. The cost and delays of transportation are so great that the farmers in Illinois

reap no fitting reward for their industry. Their crops are wasted, and, living in this abundance which is wanted everywhere else, they are poor, and need the comforts and luxuries of life. Single-handed, they cannot remedy this evil. For aid they must look to the national resources. The work is of national importance, and must add immensely to the national wealth.

At the close, Mr. OSBORN urges the importance and propriety of memorializing Congress, and urging upon our Senators the importance of the enlargement of the Erie Canal.

SORGHUM CONVENTION AT ROCKFORD, ILL.

The results of this Convention of two days, so far as they relate to the public, may be condensed into a very small space.

1. *The Seed to plant.*—Under this head nothing new was elicited. Some of the earlier varieties of Imphee had granulated more sugar than had the Sorghum—at least they had granulated with greater facility. It was asserted that the cane deteriorates, but no one had the hardihood to confirm the remarkable discovery made last year, that it hybridizes with maize.

Some of the varieties of Imphee are harder and grow stronger when the plant is young, and hence they are preferred by cultivators to the Sorghum which is a slow, weak-growing plant at the start.

2. *Soil and mode of preparation.*—The best soil is the high, dry, sand or clay soils. The quantity of sirup that may be produced on such soils is no greater, if as great, as can be grown upon the darker prairie soils; but the quality is much better. Manuring and cultivating in corn, the year previous, was recommended as a good preparation. Then cover the ground with straw in the fall and burn it; plow in the fall, and harrow and pulverize in the spring. It was conceded by more than one gentleman, that ashes are an excellent dressing for the sorghum crop, affecting the quantity of the product favorably. Ridging before planting, and planting thick were recommended, as they have been before.

3. *Mode of Cultivation.*—But little was said on this subject. One gentleman soaks his seed in a solution of chloride of lime and vitriol, (proportions not given,) puts in a bag and covers in warm ground till it sprouts through the bag. Never fails to get a good stand. This process (except the soaking in the solution, which it is safe to omit,) was given in the RURAL more than a year ago, and is a safe and sure way to insure a good stand. There was some testimony given against stripping the foliage off the cane long before it is to be cut and worked. Good corn culture is the culture it needs.

4. *Machinery used in its manufacture.*—The Convention gave itself up to listen to the claims of the respective Evaporators, as presented by inventors and agents. What they said that is new, or of especial public interest, or value, has not been reported.

LET ME TELL "RUSTICUS" HOW.

If I had too much loving-kindness and not enough back-bone to do myself justice, and my neighbors good service, by applying law to their trespassing brutes, I would adopt another way of effecting the same object, which I have found to operate excellently in more than one instance.

"A's" "lean and ill-favored kine" wouldn't get outside my barn doors if they once got inside of them. I would put them in the snugest possible place I could find on my premises, and feed them well. They should not run at large.

"B's" hogs should have as warm a sty, as I could give them, and plenty of heat-generating food and good clean straw to keep them warm.

"C's" colts wouldn't plunge across my wheat fields but once before being kindly cornered and carefully fed and groomed in the warmest, cosiest stalls I could give them. They should go through a civilizing process; and if I didn't reach the civilization of these respective owners I would try some other way—that's all.

After you have carefully kept the kine, hogs, and the colts a few days, there will be inquiries for them. "A" will vow that he don't see whats become of his cows. They don't come home as usual of nights. "B" will wonder what'n thunder has got into them are hogs of his—hain't seen them for a week—they're more bother than they're worth. And "C" will wish his wild colts in Tophet—it costs more to run after them and keep track of them, than their necks are worth. Have you seen them, neighbor RUSTICUS?

Then, O, RUSTICUS, is your opportunity. Look here, neighbor A. You and I have always been good friends. I hope we always may be. I try to do all I can to keep the peace with my neighbors. To this end, I have good fences and keep

my stock out of the road. You don't do so, I am sorry to say. Your cows run in the road the year around, much to your neighbors' annoyance, and with no earthly profit to yourself. I can't open a gate ten minutes without having to chase your cows from my fields, or employ some one to watch the gate and prevent their entering. My flower garden and fruit orchard is in constant danger of destruction from your cows. Only a day or two since they got inside my horse-barn, chewed up a nice whip-lash, besmeared the buffalo robes, wasted all the grain they could get to, and put things out of order generally. Then it was neighbor A. that I made up my mind that I wouldn't stand that sort of thing any longer. And I determined not to quarrel with you about it either. Accordingly, I just fixed up this part of the stable here, and tied them up and have fed them well, and had them curried down once a day. They seem contented, and I don't think they lose any flesh. And I tell you, I don't have any fears about my crops, or whip-lashes, or buffalo robes now. They are as safe as need be, and I sleep well every night, knowing that my neighbors' cows are not exposed to the chill night air, nor suffering for want of plenty of good food, and that all is safe on the farm. And now neighbor A., here are the cows. You can drive them home if you choose in welcome. But that is the way I am going to take care of them every time they trespass on my premises; and hereafter I shall charge you with the cost of keeping them, including labor and food, which you will have to pay me before you get your stock again. But there are no charges now, Mr. A. You are welcome to them. Ditto about the hogs and colts.

And, RUSTICUS, if that process does not keep your neighbors' stock at home, and your neighbors' good natured, their good nature is not worth cultivating. It is a process that I have tried and that others have practiced with the most satisfactory success. It is rarely the case that a neighbor will allow your kind attentions to his stock a third time. If he is a man the first time will be all-sufficient.

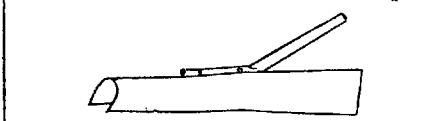
J. G. BUBACH'S CEMENT DRAIN.

Some weeks ago, I met the above named gentleman, of Princeton, Illinois, who spoke highly of his success with cement drains. The following are my notes of his process, as it was hastily given me by Mr. BUBACH. The ditch is dug as deep as wanted, with as little fall as will answer the purpose, and is carefully graded. Make a pole ten feet long of a diameter according to the size of the drain desired.—Mr. BUBACH finds an inch and a half, or an inch and three-quarters sufficiently large for lateral drains of not more than eighty rods in length, in localities where only the water which falls on the surface drained, is to be carried off.

The pole should be smooth and tapered slightly, with a handle in the larger end, with which to turn it after the cement is in place, and by which to draw it out. Each end of the pole should be beveled so as to present no angles which shall prevent its removal without disturbing the cement. When the ditch is dug and graded, and



the pole is ready for use, with a hoe bent for the purpose, (see figure,) make a groove in the bottom of the drain the size of the pole, and in which it is to be laid. Mr. BUBACH gives as reasons why the pole should be let in below the point upon which the cement is to rest, that the shoulders thus formed for the base of the cement render a less quantity necessary, and he thinks, protects the drains; and he thinks the drains wear longer and better in this way. He now makes a shallow triangular trough, having capacity to hold the amount necessary to cover the pole a half inch thick with cement. Straps or cords should be inserted at each end, in order that it may be lowered into the ditch. The trough is usually made of two light boards three inches wide. The trough is then filled with cement, and two men let it down beside the pole and tip it over on it. The cement is then spread



with a trowel made of a piece of Russia iron bent and a handle attached, (see figure,) one end of said trowel being one-third smaller than the other. This trowel is placed over the cement after it has been put on the pole, and drawn from the small end of the pole to the large end. This distributes the cement evenly, and gives it a

smooth appearance or finish. The loose soil from the sides of the ditch is then carefully thrown upon the cement until it is covered. Then the soil is trodden down carefully, commencing at the sides of the ditch and finishing on the top of the cement. The soil is filled in and trodden down in this manner to the depth of eight to twelve inches before the pole on which the cement lies is drawn out. The pole is first carefully turned around in its position by the handle in the large end, to loosen it; then a rope six or eight feet in length is attached to the handle, and taking hold of the end of the rope the pole is carefully withdrawn from its bed to a mark previously made upon it, within a foot of its small end. This portion of the pole is left in the lower end of the orifice that the men may not, by any mischance, tread back of it afterwards.

The cement used is made of three parts of coarse sand to one of dry water lime. He usually mixes about a pailful of lime and three pailfuls of sand as a batch.

Where mole drains are impracticable and tile is high, Mr. BUBACH thinks this kind of drain will prove profitable and popular. He thinks it quite as likely to be efficient as tile, and equally lasting. Unfortunately I was unable (for want of time,) to get figures interesting in this connection—giving cost and age of drains, soils in which located, &c. But the gentleman was emphatic in commending them. Perhaps he will let the RURAL's readers hear more about it.

WHAT SHALL WE EAT?

Among the grave and weighty problems of life is this, What shall we eat? We all may be said to have a personal interest in this matter, and therefore can afford to use our better judgment in its solution, and not defer to custom, caprice, or convenience. It might, perhaps, be too broad to say that we become what we feed upon. At any rate, our food assumes very intimate relationship to us, affecting every vital function, and should therefore be specifically adapted to our needs. Common sense and philosophy are not worth having if they don't serve us in the serious exigency of a meal. Referring this general subject to others, and to other occasions, I will suggest concerning meat.

Without assuming to decide the grave differences between the disciples of SYLVESTER GRAHAM and their carnivorous brethren, I shall boldly assume that if we do eat meat, it should be the best, and not the worst of meat. There are two difficulties. First, to find the best. Second, to get the fact admitted. Appetite is an authority, for God made it; it is not infallible, for man perverts it; we must accept it with such qualifications as reason suggests.

Allowing for personal idiosyncrasies, universal instinct points to lean rather than fat meat as the proper food for man. A congress of epicures would agree with a congress of infants, that partridges were better than pork—that prairie chickens and deer, that breathed the fresh air, and followed their native instincts in quest of food, are more savory than "first premium" beef, or adipose mutton. Granted that we cannot all live on wild game, does not the universal preference for it indicate the kind of meat that is most desirable? Is it not an emphatic condemnation of stall-fed and sty-fed animals, bred in defiance of physiological law, loaded with fat, which is not food, till disease and debility have made serious progress. Doubtless the best available meat food for the million is beef and mutton, made on physiological principles; being from animals in the highest state of healthy development, fed mostly on hay and grass, with plenty of pure water, air, and exercise. Under these circumstances, it will not be excessively fat, but will partake in some degree of the good qualities of wild animals. An able writer has discussed this subject in that excellent paper, the *American Stock Journal*. He says:

"You take a walk with an up-town friend, say to Chamberlain Market, New York city, and there fall in with a lot of fat bullocks, and they are quite fat, you pronounce them 'in fine condition,' 'magnificent creatures.' Two days after we dine with your friend. A fine rib-cut of beef from the 'magnificent creature,' is brought to table. Do we admire it? Yes, it is very fat. Do we relish it? No; it is oily and gross; nay, we do not even eat, but cut off a little here and a little there from the lean, or mixed parts. We admit it is fat, but do not eat; we admire it as a fashionable-looking substance, but do not use it as food. It is not food, or we could and should eat it. It is repulsive to our taste or instinct, and we reject it; it goes to make soap and candles. We go through the form of buying, cooking, and bringing it to the table in the name of food; but as to the fat it is all a farce. * * * Every pound of fat produced and offered as food, costs more labor, and the use of more land, than two pounds of lean meat. * * * Do

we prefer oily meat, strongly odored fat, to speckled trout, quails, and prairie chickens from the North and West, at a given cost, or pound for pound? The preference has so long been the other way, that the question need not be asked to elicit an answer, but merely to remind us of a fact. The foremost advocates of unnatural fattening, will be found practically repudiating his own theories, by personally and in his own family choosing, and even taking especial pains to select lean turkey, wild deer, prairie game, and other sorts of lean, naturally fed and wholesome meat, by preference, however celebrated the breeders or high-priced the animal whose meat is too fat. * * * The standard of excellence is always awarded to lean, naturally fed meat both by palate and conscience."

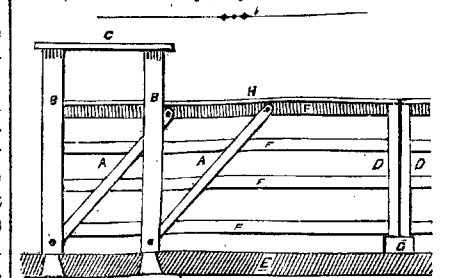
Those who do themselves the honor to think upon this subject, will admit the grave importance of a question so seriously affecting the health and happiness of the whole people; they will welcome any efforts to correct errors in theory and practice, and if by any reasonable exertion the quality of our food can be improved, they will demand that such effort be made.

The first consideration is that unhealthy animals cannot furnish healthy food. Their meat will be just as bad as their treatment has been. Confinement, bad air, and improper food will vitiate the flesh of animals, to the same extent that their vital powers are enfeebled, their vigor lessened, and their general health impaired.

What shall we say, then, of the flesh of creatures that have been stanchioned, stuffed, and stetched till they can scarce bear their own weight—whose lungs are diseased, blood sluggish and impure, and vital energies prostrate? And yet these are the very animals that are popular in our markets, and are everywhere slaughtered for the consumption of the people. When eating, as a science, is better understood, we shall discriminate among breeds, and select such as are best for the table. Says the authority above quoted:

"In England the small Kyloe cattle of the Scotch hills and highlands, are preferred, before any larger or more oleaginous bovines, by London epicures. The small cattle of Wales come next. Then the Herefords, that are principally, as to their substance as well as their numbers, made on grass feed. The small mountain sheep of both Scotland and Wales sell readily for two cents per pound more than the force-fed, heavy mutton breeds, for the use of epicures in general. * * * While the larger breeds lay their fat on the outside, the Southdown is remarkable for storing its fat, more than other sheep, about the kidneys. With a larger inside proportion in the venal cavities they have less on the outside; hence they have more vigorous cutaneous action, and perform the excretive or purifying functions of the skin more vigorously than they could with more outside fat. The sheep being smaller, consumes more air by its greater activity, which also is important in an excretory and sweetening point of view."

Rich food, without much exercise, will develop large, fat animals, but will they promote the health and vigor of the nation? The *Mark Lane Express*, the most influential Agricultural journal in the world, condemns in decided terms the use of oil meal, or other gross food, in the fattening of animals. It is assumed that the original properties of food are not changed by digestion, but are merely assimilated or changed to the animal form of fabric. Oil-cake beef or mutton is simply concentrated oil-cake, and still-fed or offal-made pork condensed still-feed and offal. Can we gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. Much that we do in life is of no great consequence—building up a fortune, or a palace-of-a-house, or a name—but when we feed hogs, or beef cattle, we should thoughtfully lay it to heart, for our destiny may be in the tub.—H. T. B.



MY STYLE OF FARM GATE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There seems to be some discussion in your paper with regard to the best mode of constructing farm gates, and I suppose we may as well all have our say on the subject. I think your correspondent L. S., of Attica, N. Y., must have more patience than is allowed to mankind in general if he can lift a gate up and set it one side and then replace it every time a team passes; or if he can hang a gate with rollers and make it last one year, he can do better than I ever could, and I have tried it more than once. But every one to his own way, and to make a variety I will give you mine. The materials of my gate are inch boards, (pine, spruce, or hemlock,) planed or not,

whichever you choose. The diagram on preceding page represents one-half of a large gate, 12 feet wide between posts. If you wish a smaller gate this half of the large one will answer. This is superior to the common gate in several points. First, it is cheaper; second, it is hung so that it will never sag; third, no depth of snow will ever clog it; and fourth, children cannot swing upon it.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING.—E is the bed piece 6 inches square and 18 feet long, which should be set in level with the surface. B, B, B, B, are the posts, 1 inch or 1 1/2 inch thick, 6 inches wide, 5 feet high; 8 of them (in a large gate) fastened to each side of the bed piece. The posts should be dovetailed into the bed piece, E, so as to be 3 1/2 inches apart on the inside. F's are the cross pieces 9 feet long, 4 inches wide, and 1 inch thick. D, D, are the brackets which are 3 feet long, 3 inches wide, and 1 inch thick, to be nailed one on each side at each end of the cross pieces. There should be a piece, H, 3 inches wide, nailed on top of the cross pieces. A, A, are the braces on which the gate swings; there are 8 of them; and they should be of hard wood, 3 inches wide and 1 inch thick. C, cap to the posts, which should be 3 1/2 feet long, 9 inches wide and 1 1/2 inch thick. G is the block on which the gates rest when both are shut. The posts should be placed 3 feet apart when the gate is 9 feet long, and the braces 3 feet from each end. The braces are to be bolted to the top cross pieces with a 3-inch bolt, and to the bottom of the inside of the posts with a 6-inch bolt. I think these directions are sufficiently plain, accompanied with the diagram, to enable any farmer to make his own gate.

HOGS—HOG-PENS.

MUCH has been said and written in regard to fattening hogs, as also of what age they should be in order to secure the greatest profit. In the articles we have seen in the RURAL on this subject, we have been much interested. Since the ravages of the wheat midge have turned our attention more to pork raising, and as we feel we have been much aided in all the departments of farming by the experience of others as spread out in your paper, it occurred to us that the receiver of good should be the dispenser of good to others; hence, for the first time, follows a short chapter of our experience, either to appear in your pages, or descend into the "pigeon-hole," at your discretion.

We learned, many years ago, that it was vain for a farmer to keep more stock of any kind, than he could keep well and comfortable—that is, well fed and well housed. When we thought of keeping more hogs we had no place to keep what we had then comfortable—and what shall be done? Our purse said something cheap and easily built would answer. But we had had a number of that kind in our day, as, for instance, frame-work four feet high, boarded up, with a shanty roof on one end for a bed apartment; but the exposed timbers of these would, in a few years, become so mellowed with rot that their swinepens would gnaw out. Then we thought of something harder in the shape of stone and mortar. The last we hit upon as being at least the most durable—consequently three years ago last summer we put up a wall 7 feet high, 18 by 30 inside, and on the wall a story of frame-work—seven feet posts, all well covered with boards and shingles, making a good storage for soft corn, and everything in general. In the apartment below, have two pens with outer doors into small yards, where the porkers in warm weather, by the aid of straw, rumaged pea vines, potato tops, &c., and make manure. Have, likewise, room in one corner for an arch, with a three-barrel kettle set for cooking purposes. Water is conveyed into this kettle by means of pump-logs, from a well about four rods distant. Pen our hogs after they have done with wheat and pea stubble. Commence feeding by boiling potatoes, pumpkins, and apples, (mix together when we have them,) mash them well, then thicken the soup with oat and pea meal ground together. When potatoes, &c., get short, we heat the water and dip into large tubs—and when hot thicken with the same kind of meal as above, until we have fed what we desire; and finally, in this same manner, close up on entire corn meal.

Have not, nor do we calculate to keep, a large number of hogs, but run our farm to all kinds of crops as formerly—only raise less wheat, more corn, keep more hogs and sheep, and less horned cattle—four horses, or three with a yoke of oxen are indispensable—also grow more roots.

In the process of building the hog-pen we encountered various opinions and many objections. One neighbor said "the rooters would have it down in less than a year," another discarded the cooking process altogether. Said it "was too much work—took too much wood—that he had to hire his wood chopped," and a third, from an adjoining town, a first-class farmer, remarked, "you'll have a good pen, but I don't want one," and muttered something, as he left, about its being unhealthy. But we had "laid the foundation," and thought we would test their counsel—with the idea in our head, "miserable comforters are ye all." In reply to these objections would say that, after three years' experience, we are satisfied with the enterprise; the walls are impregnable—not a break in them. True, it makes work; but this is the "curse" resting upon the race; and as to wood, we use none that would be fit for market—mostly refuse rails where we lay over fences—stacking them ends up, and when wanted, will be in good condition to burn.

Have never discovered but what our hogs were as healthy as in any pen we ever had. For the health of the animals, and to give them an appetite, when done boiling we rake out the coals, dash on a pail of water, and when cool throw them into the pen; they eat and wallow in them freely, giving them the appearance of "contrabands." Have now on hand, and feeding for the market, twenty; ten eighteen months old, the

other half pigs at nine months old. The old ones we judge will weigh from 350 to 400 pounds each, and the pigs from 275 to 300 pounds—leaving the greater profit on the side of the pigs. Nearly all a cross of the Poland, Suffolk and Chester—(can't you send a buyer?—six dollars, and going—gone!)

We close by wishing you and your typographic, and all renewed patrons, a "Happy New Year," and to your former readers, who refuse to take the paper because it is "too shillin' higher, mortification and repentance, for vainly attempting to keep house without the RURAL. Millville, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1863. M. GARROBY.

THE CURRENCY FARMERS WANT.

FRIEND BRAGDON has hit the nail on the head on the currency question, in his report of the Dixon Convention. Just what we want is a reliable currency; one that we can travel a hundred miles, more or less, from home with, without having to pay discount,—one that we can pay taxes and all other debts with, without loss,—and one that we can keep over night and feel secure. Such a one we believe can be obtained in the Government notes. They will not fail until the source from whence they spring fails, and when that fails we will all fall together.

If any of the readers of the RURAL have not perused that report under the head of "Western Editorial Notes," let them do so; and let everybody thunder it in the ears of Congress and the Government, that we must have a reliable currency, and the best way to get it is to clear away all the rubbish by a tax on bank issues, and supply its place with "greenbacks." "What have the farmers to do with it?" Sure enough, what have the farmers to do with it? Have they forgotten how, from time immemorial, banks have been failing and leaving thousands of dollars in their bills in the hands of hard-working people—a total loss? Have they forgotten how, at the commencement of the rebellion, when Southern stocks depreciated, nearly all the banks in Illinois collapsed, and the money that farmers had received for their wheat, (which is more valuable than gold,) for its face, passed out of their hands at discounts of from 20 to 80 per cent, causing thereby losses to the laboring men of Illinois of thousands upon thousands of dollars? And, if they have so soon forgotten these things, are they not constantly reminded at the present time of the deficiency of the currency, when not a dime in silver can be seen, but in place thereof a multiplicity of shiplasters, which they must take in change or suffer inconveniences. Redeemable and irredeemable shiplasters and dirty postage stamps in place of the jingling silver—Bah! The people have the power to demand and obtain a better currency. I say, let's exercise it; now is the propitious moment.

Fruit Hill, Ill., 1863.

A. W. A.

THAT CORN CRIB.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Correction.—Your artist made an important error in picturing my plan of a corn crib, in your paper of the 13th ult. The description given directs the walls of the crib to be built of oak ribs, 3 inches wide by 1 1/2 thick, 6 feet in height. The ribs to be laid flatwise,



(horizontally flatwise.) It is obvious that 28 ribs would be required to a side—the last course being doubled. The artist pictured the crib as built of 8 ribs to a side, which would neither hold the ears of corn in, nor keep the birds out. The interstices being 1 1/2 inches wide by 3 deep, birds cannot reach the corn, nor enter to obtain it. Had I one thousand bushels of corn to store annually, I should prefer building four such cribs to contain it, to any other method of storage that I have seen.—PETER HATHAWAY, Milan, Erie Co., Ohio.

[Our artist thinks he made no error, in fact, as he did not endeavor to represent the number of ribs, but purposely made the engraving open and light, in order to show the ribs.—ED.]

The Bee-keeper

Bees, Honey, &c.

IN THE RURAL of Nov. 15th last, I saw an article in regard to bees storing a great quantity of honey in a chimney in St. Louis, which looks to me like the Silver Lake sea-serpent story—a very large nothing. It stated, after they had taken the honey therefrom, there were 40 or 50 thousand bees collected on the windows and wall. Suppose there were bees to that amount in the beginning or the commencement of comb building; they are daily and hourly dying off, and the queen does all she can to keep her number good by depositing eggs as soon as the combs are advanced enough to receive them, and by the time the young have come forth to take the place of the old ones, they have dwindled down to thirty thousand, or such a matter. Bees do not live on, year after year, until they would fill a space the size of a barn, from a little swarm in the beginning, as many suppose. It is the fertility of the queen that keeps them in strength, or the young bees taking the place of the old ones as they die off. It is the same as in the human family, children take the place of parents, and so on from generation to generation. Place a swarm of bees in a very large hive—say the size of a salt barrel—and they might fill it with comb the second year, but they cannot spare a man, (or swarming is out of the question,) for they have combs to occupy all the bees the queen is capable of depositing eggs for; and beside, they are compelled to keep all the force they have at home, to defend their treasures from the pilfering propensities of their more respected neighbors, (or those in the right-sized hives.)

And again, to think of a bee traveling the

whole line of a chimney in a two-story house down to the fireboard, to deposit its little load of half a drop, looks to me like rather a tedious undertaking, to say nothing of its toil in gathering, by resorting to flower after flower. If we have bees in the right-sized hives, and save them every step that is in our power, by giving them the best possible chance of entering and departing, they do exceedingly well, if they store one hundred lbs. of honey in one season. Of course there are instances where they have done more, and thousands where they have done less. I have seen box hives so large that the bees would fill them about half full and swarm, showing that they had more room than they required; and the large hive, filled with comb, would cast no swarms, for reasons stated before. Some imagine that if they have a large hive they must have a large swarm. I have noticed that a small hive, or one of the capacity of about one bushel, will cast as large a swarm as one holding three times the amount, which shows that the queen can find sufficient room to deposit what eggs she is capable of doing in the small hive, to say nothing of other advantages pertaining to the latter.

Forestville, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1863. M. S. SNOW.

The Locust for Bee Pastures.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bee Journal says: "In setting ornamental trees, it is surely worthy one's attention to have regard to their honey-producing power, and to select, with this end in view, those blooming at different times, or those blooming at the same time. In Southern Ohio, bees, some years, gather a large portion of their surplus honey from the locust. Their industry during the yield from the locust is surprising. Where the tree grows in great numbers, they almost abandon all other sources of supply." The production of mist is the subject of a note by the veteran Dr. John Davy, (brother of Sir Humphrey,) in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal. The cause usually assigned for mist is the access of cold air, and its admixture with warm air, saturated, or nearly saturated, with moisture, (such as that resting on the surface of large bodies of water,) and strikingly exemplified in our autumnal and winter fogs, when the water, owing to heat absorbed during the summer, is of higher temperature than inflowing air. Dr. Davy, however, refers to another cause, not so much noticed, viz.:—a mild, moist air coming in contact with a colder air, equally humid, resting on cold surfaces, whether of land or water, about the end of winter or beginning of spring. He describes mists, which he considers to have been thus formed, in the lake district of Cumberland. To a similar cause, also, he refers the phenomena termed sweating, which is the precipitation of moisture on walls and flagged floors excluded from the influence of fire. He also attributes to a warm south wind, succeeding a very cold north wind, the deposition of a large quantity of moisture in the gallery of a nobleman in Devonshire, and quotes the saying in Homer, "The south wind wraps the mountain top in mist."

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Grub in the Head of Sheep.

DR. DADD, in a communication to the Prairie Farmer, says the only way to prevent grub in the head of sheep, is to put plenty of wholesome "grub" into the stomach of the animal—and that it is a well known fact that sheep properly attended to, well fed and housed, are never troubled with the parasite known as the grub.

To Cure Scours in Cattle.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Irish Farmer's Gazette states that he has used for many years, as a remedy for this complaint, the following:—Mix friar's balsam, 3 ounces; spirits of turpentine, 2 ounces; lincseed oil, one quart. Keep the cattle without food twelve hours before giving the medicine, observing to shake the bottle well. Give one and a half table-spoonful to a lamb, two to a sheep, and three to a calf two mornings following, which in general will stop it; if it does not, stop one morning and repeat again.

Application of Manures.

THE following conclusions were adopted at the discussion on manures, at the State Fair at Watertown:—1. Manure, which consists chiefly of the droppings of animals, should be applied as soon as possible to the soil. 2. Manure, consisting largely of straw, corn-stalks or other fibrous matter, should be first rotted to become fine. 3. Manure should be applied at or near the surface of the soil, or should be slightly buried. 4. For hoed crops, and especially for corn crops, it may be buried deeper than for straw crops.

Remedy for Ring Worms.

THE North British Agriculturist says that the disease locally known as ring worm, or tetter, which shows itself about the head and neck of young cattle, in the form of whitish dry scabby spots, can be removed by rubbing the parts affected with iodine ointment. The disease may also be combated by the use of sulphur and oil; iodine ointment is, however, to be preferred. As the skin disease is easily communicated to the human subject, the person dressing the cattle should wash his hands with soap and hot water after each application of the ointment.

Feed of Farm Horses.

W. R. LEWIS, of Milford, Mass., says in the American Agriculturist, that after long experience he finds that horses will do more work and last longer, and be in better condition, when fed with cut hay and corn meal, than when kept on dry hay and oats. Cracked corn and oats make a very good feed for noon when in a hurry. The notion that horses should have hay before them all the time when in the stable, he remarks, "is a false idea; all kinds of animals will do better on regular meals. Farmers usually feed too

much dry hay. You may keep a horse eating all the time and not have it thrive." In regard to carrots he says, "I would feed carrots all winter in small quantities, especially to young horses and breeding mares. This keeps them in a healthy condition. Team horses may be fed on them once each day to advantage."

What Farmers' Boys should Know.

ACCORDING to the Annual Register for 1863, every Farmer's Boy should know how, sooner or later,

- 1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in perfect order, and neatly in place.
2. To harness a horse, grease a wagon, and drive a team.
3. To carve, and wait on table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, appropriate, briefly expressed business letter, in a good hand, and fold and superscribe it properly; and write contracts.
7. To plow, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a neat stack, and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

Inquiries and Answers.

POTATOES MOST LIKELY TO ROT.—In the RURAL a year or two since, (or more,) I saw it stated that the heaviest potatoes were the least liable to rot—no matter what the variety. Now if that is true, it is an interesting fact, and ought to be known, as it may influence the kind of seed planted the coming year. The extent of the rot the present year ought to afford data. Will not gentlemen ascertain the relative specific gravity of varieties cultivated, together with their relative freedom from rot?—W. P. ROY, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WHEN TO CUT POSTS.—My father used to cut his posts (Tamarac) in February in preference to any other season of the year. Is it the best time? Will not some of your readers who have had experience in this matter, give the results of it?—R. BRISTOW, Lake Co., Ill.

This is an inquiry that ought to elicit many interesting facts, regardless of any theory that might be given. We hope some of our readers will respond.

HOW TO LENGTHEN THE SEASON.—If some of your agricultural writers would only tell us how to secure earlier springs and later autumns, so that we could get in our crops in reasonable time in spring, and mature the wood of our fruit trees in autumn so as to prevent their destruction by a late growth, it would be a "big thing" for us.—HAWKEYE.

We will do that "big thing" in a few words. Drain your soils in some way—with the mole ditcher if you can,—if the subsoil is stiff enough,—or in some other way. It will lengthen the season sure.

SALT ON ASPARAGUS.—I have repeatedly dressed my asparagus beds with salt, and have as often omitted the top-dressing. I cannot say that I discover any difference in favor of the salt-dressed asparagus—either in the quantity of the product or in its quality. It is called a marine plant; must we feed it with salt? that is the question.—O. R. S., Beaver Dam, Wis.

We have no evidence that salt is a necessity in the culture of asparagus. Some have supposed that it stimulated its growth; but we find the salt-dressing is neglected by some of our best cultivators. An abundance of well decomposed manure is found to insure a good crop of good quality.

BEST TEMPERATURE FOR ROOTS.—Now, I take it frozen roots are not desirable as a feed for milk cows, horses or any other stock. And I am often asked the best temperature for keeping roots—and I would like to know the best temperature they can be in for feeding purposes. There can be no doubt that much vegetable food is worse than wasted, by being fed in a frozen state, or in a condition nearly approaching it.—W. G. F., Ohio.

Roots kept best at a temperature as low as may be and not freeze, or not get a freezing chill. The juices are thus retained, and the roots are greatly relished. It is not good practice to feed roots when they are considerably chilled; it is a very near approach to wastefulness.

Doings of Agricultural Societies.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the N. Y. State Ag. Society will be held at the capitol in Albany, on Wednesday, Feb. 11. That of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday next, Jan. 14.

CAYUGA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held in Auburn, Dec. 20, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—HENRY D. DWIGHT. Vice Pres't—N. Macomber. Secretary—S. Edwards Todd. Treasurer—L. C. Mann. Directors—C. P. Wood, Levi Colvin, Wheaton Leach. A Vice President was also elected for each town in the county. A resolution was adopted authorizing the Board to apply to the Supreme Court for power to sell their grounds near the city of Auburn to pay the indebtedness of the Society.

ORLEANS CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were chosen for the year 1863: President—ARNER B. BAILLY, Albion—re-elected. 1st Vice Pres't—John Remelee, Albion. Secretary—Timothy C. Bailey, Albion. Treasurer—Paul Pratt, Albion. Cor. Sec'y—Joseph M. Cornell, Albion. Directors—Thomas S. Foster, Benjamin F. Baldwin, Stephen B. Thurston, Chas. Stephens, John Berry, Franklin Hopkins.

THE ESSEX CO. AG. SOCIETY held its annual meeting Dec. 14, and elected the following board of officers:—President—Col. WM. E. CALKINS, Ticonderoga. Vice-Pres't—one for each town. Secretary—Orlando Kellogg, Jr., Elizabethtown. Treasurer—Charles N. Williams, Elizabethtown.

SUSQUEHANNA VALLEY AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting was held on the 14th ult., and the following officers were elected for ensuing year: President—S. G. CONY. Vice Presidents—W. H. Emory, G. B. Fellows, S. L. Watles, Ralph Dewey. Treasurer—C. I. Hayes. Secretary—R. W. Courtney. Directors—David Lee, Wm. T. Hodges, Samuel Chaffin, M. B. Gregory, W. J. Hughton, Abner Johnston.

VIENNA AG. SOCIETY, (Ontario Co.)—Officers elect for 1863: President—ROBERT LAWSON. Vice Presidents—Geo. Baitley and M. F. Stone. Treasurer—L. L. Steadman. Secretary—Chas. Graham. Executive Com.—Cornelius Wogium, Orlando Page, Henry Eaton, A. Bushnell, Hugh Quinn, E. Felch, Chauncey Brodell, Geo. McConnell. A Festival of the Society will be held on the 21st of January, 1863.

SKANATLASS FARMERS' CLUB.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held Jan. 3d, 1863, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Geo. H. BENTLEY. Vice Presidents—Dor Austin, Alford Lamb. Recording Sec'y—Chauncey B. Thorne. Corresponding Sec'y—Squire M. Brown, Eldridge. Directors—John Davy, Jr., Jacob H. Allen. Directors holding over—Dor Austin, Jedediah Irish, Squire M. Brown, Wm. E. Clark.

Rural Notes and Items.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, FRIENDS.—For the information of the thousands of its readers who feel an interest in the prosperity of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we take this occasion to report that its new volume is receiving a far larger subscription, and more cordial reception, than we had anticipated. The subscriptions received up to this date (Jan. 6,) exceed, by over three thousand, the number we had received at the corresponding period last year. But this is not all—Agent-Friends write more encouragingly than ever before, especially as to how highly the RURAL is appreciated by the people. Many subscribers and agents insist that the paper shall be sustained, even if they are charged more than published rates. The letters from such warm-hearted, earnest friends are most gratifying. As a sample we quote what friend WOODROFF, of Belmont Co., Ohio, writes:—"RURAL of Dec. 27 says, 'if the paper famine continues, we can make nothing on copies furnished at the club price of \$1.50.' Please charge me \$2 each for every name I have sent you for RURAL for 1863, and I will collect the same soon and remit to you. A very 'Happy New Year' to you and success to the RURAL." We gratefully appreciate such kind offers, but must decline to make the "charge." Our hope is that the "paper famine" will not continue many months, yet if it does we intend to go through the year without assessing our friends. Meantime, those so disposed are at liberty to do what a host of good friends have already done—send us \$2 each for the RURAL instead of joining a club. Having added seven thousand to the edition with which we had resolved to commence the volume, we shall be able to furnish the early numbers to all who apply soon, whether single or club subscribers.

A LIKENESS OF THE EDITOR.—In a postscript to a recent letter, an esteemed lady correspondent writes:—"Could not Mr. MOORE manage, in some way, to give us RURAL readers a likeness of himself in his paper or in some other style? I have often wished we had a likeness of the man we so much admire as an Editor and a gentleman; and have more than ever before desired it ever since I caught a glimpse of him at the State Fair. I'm quite sure ALL the RURAL family would rejoice to see his phiz—indeed, I know we would."

—That is complimentary, especially after the writer has had a glimpse of our ha—umby phiz! But we cannot consistently comply. Aside from our modesty, and the reasons heretofore assigned in response to similar requests—to wit, the lack of extremely good looks, gray hairs, dignity and a hundred thousand subscribers—a very particular friend thinks an ordinary newspaper engraving would not do "justice to the subject." A wood cut may do very well to represent a President or General, but it is not just the thing to portray an Editor! As to the "other style," we have lately been urged to obtain photographs (cartes de visites,) with a view of sending the same to such Agents and Subscribers of the RURAL for 1863 as should desire them; but our diffidence, the "paper famine," and a fear that the demand might overwork the artist, (thereby depleting a certain purse,) have caused us to banish the idea, for the present at least. However, if we ever "go into the pictures," our fair friend shall have one of the first "issued."

THE WEATHER.—Continues remarkably mild. The first five days of January were mostly bright, with an October temperature; and to-day (the 6th) we are having a warm April-like rain. The weather of the past three weeks has astonished that reliable personage, "the oldest inhabitant," who avers that he never saw the like. Letters from distant places, both East and West, speak of the unusual mildness of the season. Some days ago, HUGH HULS, of St. Charles, Ill., sent us flowers which had blossomed in the open air in his garden, and a later note from him (dated Dec. 30,) says:—"Our warm and pleasant weather continues. I finished plowing on Monday last. The ground was never in better condition for plowing than at present. The warm weather is shortening the time we will have to fodder, provided the spring don't hold on until May. Little or no hay has been fed as yet, and only by a very few."

A GOOD IDEA.—The editor of the California Farmer rashes whether he shall increase the price of his paper—which is only \$4 a year—saying that the price of printing paper has about doubled in two months. He states, however, that every newspaper has more or less "dead-heads" that in a case like the present can be stricken off, and adds:—"There are numerous societies, associations, etc., to whom having done our duty for many years past, they can now show their appreciation of what we have done, and we shall be happy to have them as SUBSCRIBERS." The Col. concludes that if those on his free ("dead-head") list will become subscribers he can still furnish the Farmer at \$4 a year, but it must be strictly in advance—which is sensible if those associations, etc., which have received the RURAL free for many years will subscribe, we will try to furnish all applicants at not over \$2 a year.

HARD TIMES AMONG SCOTCH AND IRISH FARMERS.—Our foreign agricultural advisers speak in very unfavorable terms of the condition and prospects of the farmers of some countries, especially of Scotland and Ireland. A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express says that half of the farmers of Scotland and Ireland are on the verge of bankruptcy—that "in Ireland, with light crops, bad weather to save them, and poor prices when all is done, many a poor farmer is as much to be pitied as the operatives who are at present suffering so much distress in the manufacturing districts of England."

BANNER COUNTIES OF OHIO.—In the Ohio State Agricultural Report for 1861, Mr. Secretary KLIPFART says:—"For quantity produced, Cuyahoga is the banner county for potatoes—raising 239,510 bushels from 3,119 acres, about 77 bushels to the acre; next is 'benighted Ashtabula,' 153,916 bushels from 1,511 acres, almost 102 bushels to the acre. Lorain makes the most butter, 956,426 pounds. Trumbull next, 907,170 pounds. Geauga makes the most cheese, 4,110,450 pounds; Trumbull next, 3,998,355 lbs.; Hamilton has the most horses, 16,280; Franklin next, 15,680. Licking has the most sheep, 181,905; Harrison next, 176,969."

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—An exchange states that the Census statistics disclose the fact that the dairy products of the United States amount to \$320,000,000; that New York produces as much milk as the six New England States, with New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland added; and that New York and Pennsylvania produce as much as all the other Northern States. The total amount of milk brought to New York city in the year 1861, by the Harlem, Erie and Long Island Railroads, was 55,245,418 quarts.

FLOWING IN NORTH ILLINOIS.—The plows were in motion in Cook and adjoining counties in Illinois as late as the 29th ult. Labor was also cheap. We hear of plowmen working for fifty cents per day and boarding themselves!

A FINE FARM AT AUCTION.—Attention is directed to the advertisement offering a valuable farm, and other property, at auction. The farm is a superior one, and in one of the best localities (Phelps) in Western New York. Read also the other new advertisements in this paper.

Horticultural.

NEW AND IMPROVED FLOWERS.

In the last number we gave descriptions of the novelties that are to be offered the lovers of flowers the coming spring, and also made some remarks on the old flowers that have been much improved in the few past years. This interesting subject we now continue, but in the space we have at command can hardly hint at the many desirable things that we would like to name and describe.

CUPHEA ZIMAPANI.—This is the best Cuphea we have ever grown. The flowers being larger and more showy than most of the other members of the family, of a rich purple and red, and velvet-like in texture. The plant grows to the height of three or four feet, branches very freely, and is of a straggling habit. In proper situations it will be found very desirable.

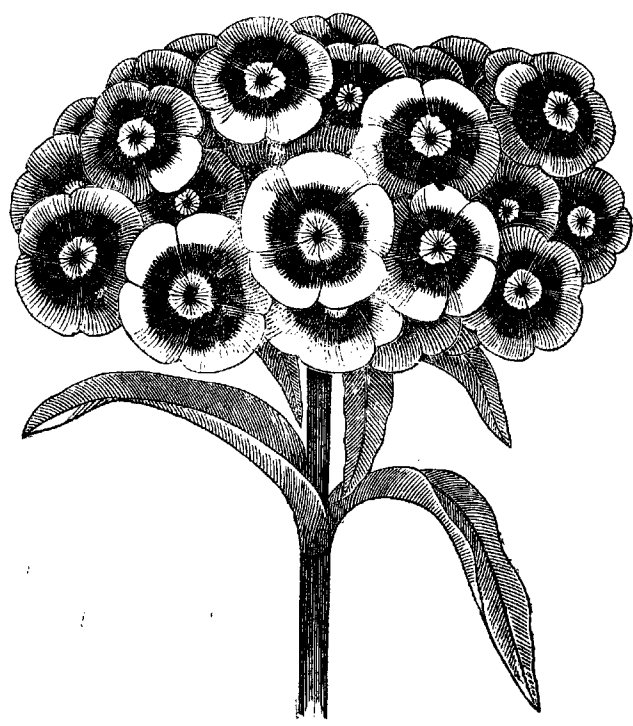
ENOTHERA LAMARKIANA.—This new Enothra, or Evening Primrose, is decidedly the best we have ever seen. It is quite hardy, grows well, and flowers freely with only ordinary care. The plant is vigorous, branches well, grows two or three feet in height, and bears an abundance of bright yellow flowers, often more than three inches in diameter. During the warmest weather of July and August, the flowers open late in the evening and close when the sun becomes hot, but towards fall, when the weather is a little cooler, the blooms expand quite early in the evening, and remain well open during the greater part of the day. We recommend this to every lover of flowers.

CALLIOPSIS CARDAMINIFOLIA.—This is a variety of the old Corcopsis, but of an entirely different and much better habit. The plant is of a very compact growth, forming a dense globular head some two feet in height, and bearing thousands of flowers throughout the entire season. One of these plants in flower is a very beautiful object. If the seeds are sown in the spring, the plants will flower the first season, but will not fully show their beautiful and compact habit until the second summer. They appear perfectly hardy, and endure the winter without the least protection.

JAPAN PINKS.—It was in 1859, we believe, that HEDDEWIG first exhibited the magnificent Japan Pinks, named *Dianthus Heddewigii*. Since then they have been grown and admired by the florists of all parts of the world. The flowers are single, two inches or more in diameter, and of the most gorgeous colors imaginable. *D. Lasciniatus* was soon obtained from the same source. The flowers are usually larger, with deeply lacerated or tooth-like fringe at the margin. Since the introduction of these flowers, they have been hybridized with our best double China Pinks, and in this way splendid double varieties have been obtained.

SWEET WILLIAM.—This is another old flower, that has been wonderfully improved within the last ten years. For size, color, and perfection of form, it even rivals the best of the phloxes. HUNT, an English florist, made a great improvement in this flower. From our English correspondents, however, we learned that WM. BRAGO, a florist near London, had far surpassed HUNT, and that his Sweet Williams were models of perfection. In 1861, HENDERSON & SONS, the London seedsmen, obtained his whole stock of seeds, and named them *Henderson's Perfection Sweet Williams*. They were represented as "a decided improvement upon HUNT's varieties, showing the most brilliant tints, with broader flower lobes, and smooth, even, rose-petaled margin, including pure white ground colors, with rich violet-crimson and violet-purple inner belts or colored circles. Others finely marked with bright cherry-colored belts, on snow-white ground. Some flowers blended with the above colors, show bright carmine and violet-crimson grounds with white margins and picturesque centers, varying in others to cherry or violet-purple and maroon-crimson, in striking contrast with starry white inner belts." This strain of Sweet Williams we flowered the past season, and we can say that they far exceeded our expectation, and justified the most glowing description. The single flowers were larger than an American quarter, and for delicacy and brilliance of color, perfection of form and general beauty, equal to the best of the phloxes. This is a flower that everybody should grow.

ASTERS.—No class of flowers has been improved so much during the past ten years as this splendid genus, and none have advanced so rapidly in popular favor. Every year marks some decided improvement, until we are led to wonder what can be the next step, as they are now as double as the *Crysanthemum*, and almost as large and showy as the *Peony*. The Dwarf Bouquet varieties are exceedingly interesting, growing from six inches to a foot in height. They form bouquets of flowers, only here and there a leaf being visible as in a well-arranged bouquet, to soften the bright, glowing colors of the flowers. For perfection of form nothing can excel the *Imbrique Pomponne*, as it forms two-thirds of a globe, the petals imbricated finely, and as perfect and beautiful in all respects as can be desired. The *Ranunculus-flowered* varieties have small, perfect flowers, about the size of the double daisy, and though not showy in the bed are very useful for bouquets, or for cutting for any purpose. The *Peony-flowered* are large, graceful and delicate, petals long and a little reflexed. The *New Rose* or *La Superb* is of the same class, a magnificent, large, bright, rose-colored flower, often more than four inches in diameter. The *New Giant Emperor* bears enormous flowers, usually of good form, though sometimes a little imperfect. It is truly a giant. We have grown flowers over five inches in diameter. We have only named a few of the more striking, and there are others equally good.



SWEET WILLIAM—HENDERSON'S PERFECTION.

PHLOX DRUMMONDII.—This popular flower has shared in the general improvement, and now we have an assortment that, for brilliancy and delicacy of coloring, are altogether unsurpassed. The bright scarlets are dazzlingly bright, while the light shades, with scarlet, pink and purple eyes, are gems of beauty. The new striped varieties, are also very fine.

THE TEN WEEK STOCKS have always been desirable, as far back as we can remember; but the newer varieties have larger flowers, and the best are more dwarf in habit, the spikes more dense, the blooms larger and more perfectly double.

PETUNIA.—This flower, though unfit for cutting, makes a very showy bed, brilliant from early summer until frost, and constantly improving from the time the first flower appears. The newer varieties are very superior in the brightness of their color and their beautiful markings, many being very singularly mottled.

We are compelled to bring our remarks to a close to make room for an interesting letter on this subject from a correspondent of Ohio.

NEW VEGETABLES AND FLOWERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I appeal to those who cultivate their broad acres, and grow lots of corn and potatoes, who have herds of cattle, horses, &c., but who entirely exclude from their premises all flowers—those beauties of nature which God has given us to cultivate for our own good pleasure—I would ask in sincerity why you have "no room" and "no time" to devote to new vegetables and flowers? Why don't you surround your home with a few of these soul-cheering beauties of nature? You have great facilities for doing so, and I would advise you to spend a few of your leisure moments in their cultivation; and the splendid draperies which they will weave for themselves while you are absent in the toilsome days of planting and harvesting, will make your home delightful to your children, friends and neighbors, and the stranger that passeth by will exclaim, "How beautiful!" It is right that you should care for the welfare of your cattle, and raise a good supply of corn and potatoes; but do not, for mercy's sake, spend all your days in growing corn and potatoes, and think of nothing else but how to expand the "old leather wallet." There is a latent fire buried in your soul that must be buried still deeper than at present, or the beautiful flowers of the advancing spring will shine in at the windows of your soul, and the brightness thereof will cause that latent fire to kindle afresh, and your love for the beautiful in nature will overcome your love of money, and you will find yourself studying and cultivating flowers, adorning your habitation with the choicest of Flora's riches; and as you study, and plant, and admire, and watch for the opening buds of beauty, you will find both your soul and your purse expanding, and instead of looking down and caring only for the expansion of the wallet, your soul will be fired with love, kindness and affection, until things terrestrial will be insufficient to satisfy your desires, and you will be seeking celestial and eternal happiness.

I would say again, cultivate a few flowers.—Your sons, perchance, will construct the flowerbeds, and deem it a pleasure to do so, and your daughters will take much delight in cultivating the flowers—and if need be, can help milk the cows, and feed the calves, or shine in the parlor; and whenever duty calls, they will be ever ready, and perfectly at home.

Many valuable varieties of vegetables and flowers have been recently introduced. Of flowers, the **DOUBLE ZINNIA** is quite an acquisition; also, the **DIANTHUS HEDDEWIGII**, or *Japan Pinks*, of several varieties, which are very splendid, and cast our old varieties in the shade. HUNT'S **SWEET WILLIAM** is a great improvement on the old varieties. **LYCHNIS HYBRIDA HAAGEANA**, recently introduced from Prussia, has flowers nearly as large as *Dianthus Heddewigii*, and they are of a brilliant scarlet, and white. The **Green Centered Helianthus**, the **Double Camellia Balsams**, are very fine, and are in almost endless variety. If space would admit I could name many other new and choice varieties which are truly worthy of a place in the garden, and would beautify so much of God's earth as He has intrusted to your care.

In the line of new plants and vegetables, we have a good substitute for coffee; and in times like these, economy becomes, sooner or later, an absolute necessity. The lovers of "Java" and

the devotees of "Mocha" who chance, just now, to find their favorite beverage somewhat expensive, and are beginning to look around for substitutes, may obtain a cheap and good one in the **GARBANZO**—*Cicer arietinum*. I first obtained the seed of this plant of Judge A. N. MORIN, of Quebec, Lower Canada, he recommending it as a good substitute for coffee. The plant attains the height of about 13 inches, and branches very much. The seed pods are very numerous, being thickly set throughout the plant, and is very ornamental. The seed somewhat resembles the "Java," and when prepared the same as the latter, it is considered nearly equal in its quality. We have given it a fair trial, and deem it a rich, pleasant and healthful beverage—superior to any of the other "substitutes for coffee." It being very productive, it will not require but a small space of ground to produce enough to last a common family through the year. It should be planted in drills two feet apart, and one seed, six inches apart, in the drill.

OF TOMATOES—(our favorite dish,) the *French Tree*, the *Perfected*, and the *White Sweet Chinese*. All of the good qualities we find in the above three varieties. The *Asparagus Bean* is not only a luxury, but also a curiosity—as the pods attain to the length of two to three feet, and somewhat resemble the stem of the asparagus. These pods, before fully grown, we prepare in the same way as for asparagus, and find them a good substitute. The *True Boston Curled Lettuce* we find to be an "elegant and excellent variety." We could mention many other varieties, late improvements on the old varieties, but would occupy too much space in the *RURAL*; but would merely say, that there are vast improvements made of late, in the vegetable and floral kingdom, and I hope that all will participate in these luxuries, and enjoy the good of their labor.

Windsor, Ohio, Dec., 1862. L. NORRIS.

"WHAT KILLS TREES?"

THE above is the inquiry of one of your correspondents, (*RURAL* No. 48,) the inquiry being suggested by the fact, as appears from his statement, that many of the trees of his young orchard, of "about six years standing," are in a state of decay. Later, (*RURAL* No. 51,) "Subscriber" says, "last summer several of the maple shade trees in our village died without any apparent cause." A common calamity all over the country, and it would seem very desirable that some of your intelligent fruit-growing and arboricultural correspondents should take up the subject, examine into the root of the matter—and report, if possible, before the approaching spring-planting season arrives. In the meantime, I would venture to submit, as an item for consideration, whether the main cause of the trouble may not have its origin in the heedless process of transplanting, so common. It has often proved a matter of marvel to me to witness roots severed, bruised, lacerated and barked, with an apparent recklessness and disregard of their importance, as if the source of nourishment was drawn from the top of the tree instead of the roots, and flowed down instead of upwards. True, they grow—those of "E. H. W.'s" orchard did—"six years"—promising rich crops of golden fruit to generations yet unborn. And so did the lovely maples promise beauty and ornament, and like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," shelter and protection from the solar ray and the sultry summer heat. The severing of a single root of comparatively diminutive proportions, must, in the nature of things, necessarily, to a certain extent, affect the well being of the plant, and ultimately produce effects similar to those described by the writers alluded to. The roots of a tree are the collectors and laboratories of the sap, eliminating the fluid through conductors communicating directly with corresponding channels (the grain of the wood,) through the trunk, thence in the same manner through the branches, and, *infinitesimally* speaking, no doubt to the outer tip of the last leaflet of the topmost sprig. Hence, to sever a single root, as already said, is to "cut off supplies," and eventually to deprive just so much of the body of the tree along the whole "line" thus in connection, of life. Decay necessarily ensues, spreading continually in all directions, most rapidly on the sunny side, until finally the mischief is developed by breaking through the side of the trunk or branches, at a point nearest the heart of the disease, in the manner described. Other cases may, and no doubt do, exist. Humbly desiring

"to know the cause and cure, or preventive," from more reliable sources than my own judgment, I remain, &c.,
Three Rivers, Mich., 1863.

THE BARBERRY FOR HEDGING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—I have been a reader of the *RURAL* for some time, and I have not seen anything said about the Barberry as a suitable material for a hedge fence. Some eight years since I planted six shoots of this shrub, and paid no more attention to them, and they have been growing and spreading, till at this time it is so thick that a rabbit cannot get through. I set them four feet apart, and now you could not drive a cow through. It grows about five feet high, is a shrub not disposed to make a tree, but will grow to five feet high in one year, and that is as high as it gets. It then branches. It is very thorny, especially when young. When it gets old, it is not so thorny. There are three thorns at a place, from a half to an inch long. The center one grows short, the others grow diverging from the center. They are very sharp, though not as strong as the Osage Orange. There may be an objection by some to it, on account of its spreading at the root, for it is thickening at the root all the time; but in size of stalk it grows small, for in eight years the thickest stalk is not over 1 1/4 inches in diameter. It bears a yellow blossom, which hangs down. I have been told that it bears berries that are eatable. Mine has not ripened any yet; they fall off before they get ripe. I have tried at several seed stores to obtain seed, but have not yet found any. If you or any of your readers can inform me where I can obtain the seed, I will be very grateful. If you can give me any information, either by letter or in the *RURAL*, I shall be much pleased. I should have stated that the shrub is very hardy.

Ogle Co., Ill., 1863. WM. HEDGES.

We don't know where Barberry seed can be obtained. Plants form so readily from shoots and suckers, that no one thinks of growing the Barberry from seed. Our correspondent can soon make a thousand plants from those he has. In the *RURAL* for 1859, we recommended this plant for a quick, growing, hardy hedge, and have alluded to the subject since that time. The Barberry is a prickly shrub, growing from five to ten feet high. It is very hardy, and of rapid growth, bearing almost any kind of ill usage. It throws up a great many suckers and young shoots, and soon forms a thick bush. This disposition to spread is the only objection to the plant for a hedge, for it would require some care, we think, to prevent its spreading much more than would be desirable. The flower is pretty, and the fruit, which is of a pinkish scarlet, is shown of the natural size in the engraving, and is quite ornamental. It is used for preserves, jellies, &c. The Barberry is propagated by seeds, but mostly by suckers and offsets. Small plants fit for a hedge can no doubt be obtained at most of our nurseries, and also large plants, which can be divided like currant bushes, making a large number of each plant. There is an old prejudice against the use of this plant for a hedge, many believing it causes blight in grain growing near, but we think without foundation in truth. Indeed, this seems now to be the general opinion. We would like to see it generally tried for hedging. The branches are not very strong, but they grow up thick so as to leave no opening, and are furnished with sharp spines, as described by our correspondent.



Horticultural Notes.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

ILLINOIS HORT. SOCIETY—ANNUAL MEETING 1862.—This meeting was held at Bloomington, commencing the 2nd day of September, and continuing four days. It was largely attended, and the papers and discussions were interesting, and in the main profitable. I have full notes of the discussions, but shall only give the gist of the facts elicited, omitting some of the topics discussed altogether. The place selected at which to hold the next exhibition is Rockford—probably the *best* horticultural town in the State. The time is to be fixed by the Executive Committee. The place for holding the next annual meeting is to be announced at the time of the annual exhibition. The Society is inclined to go into Egypt to gain knowledge. Centralia seems the most feasible point, but without an invitation from the Egyptians, Bloomington will be the next place of meeting.

OFFICERS ELECT FOR 1863.—President—G. W. MINNER, Mackinaw, Tazewell Co. Vice Presidents—At large, O. B. Galusha, Lisbon; 1st Dist., Jno. Periam, Hope; 2d, C. N. Andrews, Rockford; 3d, A. R. Whitney, Franklin Grove; 4th, J. H. Stewart, Quincy; 5th, W. A. Pennell, Granville; 6th, J. O. Dent, Wenona; 7th, M. L. Dunlap, Champaign; 8th, O. M. Colmon, Bloomington; 9th, C. C. Starveant, Beardstown; 10th, J. Huggins, Woodburn; 11th, C. A. Montross, Centralia; 12th, Geo. Barry, Alton; 13th, T. J. Evans, South Pass. Cor. Secretary—W. C. Flagg, Moro. Rec. Secretaries—W. G. Ferguson, Rockford, and K. H. Fell, Bloomington. Treasurer—Samuel Edwards, La Moille.

[We will give notes of the discussion next week.]

RULES FOR WINDOW PLANTS.—From the *German-Waterer*. Practice tells the eye whether or not required. The collar of the plant shows it. Better still, knock at the pot. If it sounds hollow, water; if it gives a muffled sound, don't.

Watering when not required sours the earth and the fibres of the root will rot. To correct sourness pour hot water—40° or 50° Reamur—if that won't do report.

Worse than too often watering is too seldom watering. Once neglected water, little and often still normal health is restored.

In warm days, the surface may appear moist and the root may be dry, plunge in water.

Water in the morning in preference, with rain or river water.

Let the water be of equal temperature with the air, the plant should be kept from gas, keep the soil loose.

PACKING CUT FLOWERS FOR TRAVELING.—First, a box is made of half-inch boards, the length, breadth and depth of which may be according to the size of the bunches of flowers. Then take two cords along the box longitudinally, one inch apart and two inches from the bottom. After which take other two lines of cord transversely, and at right angles to the first two lines put in, one inch apart and six inches above the other lines, just according to the length of stalk of the bunch. Nothing more is done but tying two figures round each of the rows of cording. This done, prepare your bunch by tying some damp moss round the footstalks of your bouquet, insert down through the cross lines of cord, and run the small ties previously made close to the bunch, which makes it quite secure from moving in any direction.

By this means you have a simple, economical and effective mode of transmitting flowers to any distance, and preserving them as when cut.—*London Cottage Gardener*.

AUSTRALIAN "NARDOO."—That disastrous expedition through the whole length of Australia, from south to the north, which has cost the life of M. BURKE and his companions, has brought to light a singular plant. The only survivor, M. KING, has lived for a long time on what he calls *Nardoo*, a plant of which the natives make a sort of flour by grinding it under stones. It comes from a fern, called *Myrsilla* by botanists, and, if it were worth while, could be easily transplanted to Europe or America. It might be worth while for our Agricultural Department to look out for it.—*Gardener's Monthly*.

PROCEEDINGS OF AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The proceedings of this Society are nearly completed, and will be ready for delivery to members in a few days. Any person can become a member of this Society, and thus be entitled to a copy of the Transactions, by remitting the price of Membership, \$2, to THOMAS P. JAMES, Esq., of Philadelphia, who is Treasurer. No copies are printed for general circulation or sale.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, N. Y., at 11 o'clock A. M., on Thursday, the 15th day of January, 1863. A fine show of Fruit may be expected.

MISSOURI STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society holds its annual meeting at the Court House in St. Louis, commencing Tuesday the 13th inst.

Domestic Economy.

TREATMENT AND CARE OF MEATS.

Now is the time for putting up the year's stock of meat—pork, beef, sausage meat, &c. We have practiced the following methods for years, and our success leads us to believe it hard to improve upon them. We may have published some, or all of them before; be that as it may, they may be new to some of our readers, and serve as a reminder to others who have read them before.

HAMS IN SMOKED BARRELS.—Take a barrel, and turn over an old pan or kettle, and burn cobs, or hard wood, for seven or eight days, keeping water on the head to prevent drying. Make a pickle with eight pounds of salt, six ounces saltpeter, two quarts of molasses, and three gallons of water to one hundred pounds. Boil and skim the pickle thus prepared. Then pack your ham in the barrels, and when the pickle is cold, pour it on the meat, and in four weeks you have excellent hams, very tender and well smoked.

PACKING HAMS IN COBS.—First a layer of cobs in the bottom of the cask; then hams and cobs until you finish the whole. Be particular that they do not come in contact with each other. It will be necessary to take them out once in summer and give them a dry rubbing. Your cask should stand upon a bench in a cool, dry cellar. The cobs absorb the heat and air sufficient to keep them fresh and fine.

PICKLE FOR HAMS.—For 100 pounds of meat take 9 gallons of water, 9 pounds of salt, half fine and half coarse, 3 pounds of brown sugar, 1 quart of molasses, 3 ounces of saltpeter, 1 ounce of potash. Put the above ingredients into a kettle and boil it, taking off the scum. As soon as the scum ceases to rise, take it off, and when cold, pour it in the barrel on the meat. The meat should be rubbed with fine salt before packing in the barrel. By adding a few ounces of whole black pepper, cloves, allspice and cinnamon, a superior-flavored ham is obtained. The spices should be added to the brine after it is skimmed, and boiled a few minutes. This is also an excellent pickle for beef.

CORN BREAD.

The Harvest Club, at a recent meeting, were regaled with a *dodger* that was universally praised. A committee of one was finally appointed, as a private secretary, to wait upon the skillful hostess and learn her choicest methods of cooking King Corn. The behest was obeyed, and the committee made the following report:

Recipe for a single Cake.—Two table-spoonfuls Indian meal, two table-spoonfuls molasses, one tea-spoonful saleratus, one and a half tea cups buttermilk. The whole to be thickened with canelle or rye flour till of the consistency of thick paste, and then baked about half an hour. Of course cream and eggs improve the mixture, if one's palate is educated for such delicacies.

The more simple the taste the greater the joy. We are assured that a cake made in this way is fit to set before a king. It must be a matter of patriotic pride that a native and peculiar cereal should be such a staff of life. Corn grows everywhere in this country abundantly and without disease, and is cheaper than potatoes as an article of healthful diet. At a show of 250 specimens in the New York *Agriculturist's* office one year ago, a Pennsylvania lady took a \$10 premium for a loaf made as follows:

"Take two quarts corn meal, with about a pint of (thin) bread sponge, and water enough to wet it. Mix in half a pound of wheat flour and a table-spoonful of salt. Let it rise and then knead well the second time. Bake one and a half hours."

This loaf was of good form, cut light, and was of fair quality when three or four days old. For cheapness and quality this stood pre-eminent. Who says corn isn't king?

Ladies' Department.

MY JEWEL.

BY MRS. M. S. EWING.

I HAVE no golden diadem,
No pearls to deck my hair,
No gems or trinkets bought with gold,
No costly robes to wear.

But I own a priceless jewel
That for twenty years, ay more,
I have prized above all rubies
Or mines of golden ore.

Long years, with all their changes,
Ne'er dimmed its lustrous light;
In days of grief and sadness
It shines more clear and bright.

This ever precious jewel
I keep within my heart,
I could not live without it—
'Tis of my life a part.

I cherish, guard and prize it
Sacred where'er I rove;
Have you guessed, or shall I tell you?
It is—my husband's love.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REPLY TO "SCOLDING AND SUGGESTING."

MY DEAR MRS. OVERTON:—In consequence of a few weeks absence, I have not, until the present moment, perused our favorite RURAL, or received the benefit (?) of your "scolding." Those who have sent communications to the Ladies' Department, must feel exceedingly obliged for the "womanly," delicate, and characteristic criticism; wherein their efforts were so unsparingly condemned, and their incapacity and inefficiency so glaringly exposed. Probably the other writers, unlike Mrs. OVERTON, have mistaken their vocation.

As one article in this department had been contributed by myself, I embrace the earliest opportunity to return thanks for my share of the compliments, and express my appreciation for the refined and lady-like manner in which they were conveyed. Having thus far lived in ignorance of the meaning of sundry strikingly expressive words, had immediate recourse to "WEBSTER'S Unabridged," but, strange to relate! all were not there—one was condemned by that authority as "vulgar," "a low, cant word," and when reading the definition of "waddle," was assured a more convincing illustration of that word could not be found than the article in question. Ah! "consistency is a jewel." But of course I must be mistaken, Mrs. OVERTON so hates "waddle," and one possessing such extraordinary discernment as to recognize a notoriety-seeker in a hasty, impulsive article, must be right, and should not be accused of having the object in view so readily imputed to others.

"Little girls and boys' quarrels" are contemptible! What infinite superiority is manifested for a wiser, i. e., older head, to quarrel with them! Surely we should be charitably inclined towards "coxcombs" who write "about something they know nothing about," as they but imitate the example of their superiors.

How fortunate for us Ruralites that this department is to be rescued and redeemed! What an intellectual treat is in store for us! What rare, laborious, literary emanations will flow from so gifted a pen! What animated discussions will arise on the great questions of the day! Doubtless, charming essays of great rhetorical finish, abounding in wisdom, and heightened with brilliant scintillations of wit, will be read, in Philosophy, Metaphysics, Politics, Belles Lettres, and the Fine Arts—but the list could be extended *ad infinitum*, such a wide range of thought is suggested, such an immense field of study and research opened.

I had supposed in my "girl"-ish ignorance, that matrimony, the "end and aim" of many, was wonderfully interesting—that "Old Maids" were worthy of discussion,—and if words would avail to lead one thoughtless young girl to consider the sacredness of the marriage covenant, they were not in vain. The subject did not necessarily exclude others, a variety of topics being certainly most desirable. And I further thought, that no subject, or article, was expected to please, or interest the whole world; but that there was time and space for any questions that might arise, providing the discussions were not carried to undue length, (none of which have been,) and in that case; even, when not personally interested, had yet to be enlightened, that to treat the writer to insult and abuse, was the most approved method. But rather, as example is more potent than "scolding" or "suggesting,"—and as notoriety is undesirable, it would only have been necessary, when disgusted with such "ineffable nonsense," to have sent contributions of high order, and of such vast mental worth, that, others seeing them, should go and endeavor to do likewise.

LANCILOTTI.

December 31st, 1862.

GIRLS must think little, and talk less, of matrimony. If they will look upon marriage as the height of worldly aspiration, as the grand source of earthly happiness, we can tell them of a better way to reach that goal than by frequent discussions of the theme. Let them seem, by assiduously cultivating the graces of life, by attention to the needs, tastes, and happiness of their associates, to forget their own personalities. Let them cultivate cheerfulness, physical health, industry, and the Christian graces springing from conscientious devotion to duty, and they are sure to become the objects of that solid admiration which recommends them for wives and mothers.

DISGUISE.—Were we to take as much pains to be what we ought to be, as we do to disguise what we really are, we might appear like ourselves, without being at the trouble of any disguise at all.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS.

A LETTER!—alas! a letter is but a feeble consolation for the absence of one who is beloved. Surely separation must be a heavy evil, when we are obliged to felicitate ourselves on a consolation so imperfect and so sad. I know not if there be more of joy or sorrow in the receipt of a letter from the dearly loved—if it should be most properly said to communicate a painful pleasure or a pleasing pain. These may sound the same to the ear, but the heart knows well that it makes much difference which shall be the substantive and which the adjective. A letter is ever a witness of the absence which renders it necessary—at the same time that it represents very feebly the presence for which the spirit pines. And is it not sad to read of sentiments which may be dead ere we have learnt of their existence; and to receive assurances for the heart, because time may have overthrown all which they promise by the moment when they reach us?

Two fond hearts, separated by distance, exist not, if I may use the expression, at the same time. One is ever in arrears of the other, and the good announced is, even at the time of its announcement, a good gone by. A letter, too, must always want that communion of sentiment, that commingling of feeling which makes so much of the chain of personal communications—that sympathy which increases emotion in sharing it, and is like the incommunicable odor of flowers. Your friend may copy for you the form and colors of the rose which some loved one may have placed in your bosom in the spring time of the year and of your loves; but who shall paint for you the perfume which is its greatest charm—the mystery of its enchantment—the spirit of its beauty? It is no more to be traced by mortal pen or pencil, than is the feeling with which it was placed, by Love's own hand, in its sweet resting place!

EUGENIE A. BRINTON.

Rochester, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY FASHION.

I DISLIKE precise people. Just as though it makes any difference if I go out in the street dressed comfortably, whether I am just in the "tip of the fashion" or not. Suppose my bonnet isn't a perfect "sky-scraper," and I don't wear a "Garibaldi" nor a Balmoral skirt, won't I live just as long? If I chance to be black as night, am I going to dress in blue because it is the fashion? I hate these fashionable parties and this fashionable tea-drinking, that is patented now-a-days. When anybody comes to see me, I want them to come in the morning and spend the day. I don't want to be obliged to put on my best bib and tucker and entertain the slipshod aristocracy, who will laugh about me the minute I am out of sight. I abominate the fashionable literature of the day. I don't want to read the moon-struck fancies of an enamored swain any more than I want to hear them.

I like to see people have a mind of their own. Nine-tenths act and think as the other tenth tell them to. I don't believe we were ever made to walk or talk by rule. Let those who wish to put on airs, and imitate some of their acquaintances, do so. I never shall go into the hysterics because somebody tells me I must; it isn't my fashion.

December, 1862.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

THERE is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add one feather's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her courage rises as her hopes recede. The grim specter that hovers and threatens may appal her, but she gives no sign. Her eye is clear and gentle; her voice soft and sweet as the breath of summer; her touch so tender that the simplest kindly office soothes like a caress. The dawn of her smile chases away suffering as light dispels the mists of the universe. There is a balm in her very presence. Her delicate instinct teaches a thousand arts of comfort and consolation which experience might study in vain. There is a wisdom above science in her loving heart. She knows no sacrifices—wonders if you speak of any. She is calmest at times when men yield to a turbulent sorrow. She chains her emotions with her sense of vigilant duty. In her weakness she is stronger than the strong. This mastery of self—this purity of devotion—this eager and unsleeping watchfulness—this radiant reflection of hope and trust—this outpouring of all that nature, lofty and true, can lavish—do they not mark the noblest heroism of humanity? From woman life comes; she feels that it is hers to guard it! How well will she not guard it! And when she has restored it to you—when the peril is past, and you meet with no ill of yours to bind her sympathy—take care, for she will plague you to the brink of the grave again, if you give her the chance.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and a higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

DOMESTIC SWEETMEATS.—It is a singular fact that many ladies who know how to preserve everything else, cannot preserve their tempers. Yet it may easily be done on the self-sealing principle. It is only to "keep the mouth of the vessel tightly closed."

A VERB is a word signifying to be, to do, or to suffer. Woman's life is a verb.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REVERIES

BY GARR MYRIOK.

WINTER comes with haggard eye
Wreathed in ice-drops damp and cold,
With frozen lips, and piercing cry,
Winter old.

Heavy pall he bears to hide
Summer in her grave of snow;
For with broken heart she died,
Sad and slow.

• He has slain her fairest flowers
With his breath so damp and chill,
And they lie in icy bowels
Cold and still.

On the altar of my heart
He has lain a form of snow
That I crowned with flowers of love
Long ago.

See how cold and still it lies!
How pale the brow I hushed the breath!
Sunken are the violet eyes,
Closed by death!

Winter grim, I hail thee thrice!
Welcome is thy hollow moan!
Hide me 'neath thy pall of ice,
All alone!

Penfield, N. Y., 1862.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF WAR.

NOT in the rolling drum, the screeching fife, the rattle of musketry, the bursting shell, or the deep-toned voice of cannon as they belch forth their missiles of destruction,—not in those scenes of which warriors tell, and historians chronicle, lie so much the horrors of war as in its Unwritten History.

"Still waters flow deepest," and so with that still and silent grief which wears upon the mind, and consumes the heart, unnoticed and unnoticeable, save in the sunken eye and pallid cheek. There is a charm in the excitement of the battle-field which dispels fear and robs Death of his terrors. But who can tell the anguish of a mother's heart, when her son,—perhaps her only,—the pride of her heart and the stay of her declining years, is suddenly snatched away. Perhaps, amid the tumult, the excitement, the glare of the battle-field, he died while nobly fighting in his country's cause. Perhaps, a lone picket, he stood in the depth of some Southern forest in the still hour of night. He is thinking of home—of the dear, anxious ones who wait and watch and hope for his coming; and Fancy, sweet, cruel deceiver, brings him loving words and fond embraces. There is a rustling in the thicket,—he stoops to listen. Crack! A rebel bullet has pierced his heart,—the tide of life is streaming, and exclaiming, "O God! my mother!" he falls to the ground. A moon-beam steals through the foliage and rests upon his countenance. A pallor has overspread it,—his lips tremble and grow white,—a film creeps over his eyes,—a rattle in his throat, and the heart stands still. No pomp or ceremony attend his funeral. A picket is found dead in the morning. His comrades hastily shovel away a few feet of earth,—all that is granted him of the land for which he died,—and he is laid down to rest. "Our loss is very small—only one picket killed last night," says the Captain.

Let a home in the dear North-land tell the loss. Perhaps an aged father with silvery locks and wrinkled brow, and whose steps totter upon the verge of the grave, has given his son, like BRAXAMIN, his youngest and most beloved, to battle for freedom and the rights of man. How fondly did he watch the development of his childish intellect. With what anxious solicitude did he direct his infant steps, and train the youthful mind to habits of industry and virtue. He is proud of his boy. His hopes are centered in him. But his country calls, and with trembling voice he bids him go. In the gloomy ward of a hospital in a distant city, surrounded by all the horrors of sickness, wounds, and death, he lies struggling with the King of Terrors. No kind friend is near to administer consolation in his last moments. Even the physicians are busy in other wards, and the brave soldier dies alone.

What misery is unseen,—what sorrows are unchronicled! When human thoughts are visible,—when it is given to one to know the secret sorrows of his fellow beings, and to explore the hidden recesses of another soul,—then, and not until then, can be known the "Unwritten History of War."

A SOLDIER.

Camp Leslie, Co. H, 50th Reg. N. Y. V., 1862.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PICTURES IN MEMORY'S GALLERY.

WELCOME! ye bright-winged messengers of the glorious past; ye loved sunbeams of the long ago; ye relics of happy by-gones—welcome all! Thrice welcome are ye to this life of ours, gladdening our hearts with your joyous presence.

Yonder, "hung upon the willow," is a grand old harp, and as our footsteps keep time to its inspiring music, we again tread the halls of Memory, and once more view some soul-stirring scene of our youth.

Beautifully and vividly penciled upon the record of time is the picture of an arbor situated upon the beach. A sweet resting-place of ours was this in the soft summer time. Morning's golden sunbeams were wont to rest awhile here, and blue-eyed flowers shook their saucy heads in the gentle morning breeze. Troops of winged musicians left their nightly abode, and flew hither to hold their morning concert. A thousand tuneful voices joined in the anthem, while diamond-shaped leaves danced to their music, and dew-drops that rested upon the clustering flowers of yon clambering vine shone forth like rubies. Near by is a merry lake, whose foamy waves

seem, with low laughter, to be seeking the white sails which were gliding over its calm bosom like happy thoughts in a morning dream.

See yonder ruins overgrown with twining ivy. Pale moonbeams shed their silvery radiance around a rustic seat, now covered with moss. There, under the wide canopy of heaven, with LUNA, "Queen of Night," looking meekly down upon us, we once sat, building air-castles for the mystic future, but they, too, like that once mighty city, crumbled at our feet.

Alas! the golden day-dreams of our youth are often realized like his,

"Who saw on the brow of a mountain's top
A gem that shone like fire by night,
But climbed the peak, and found it soon,
A lump of ice in the clear, cold moon."

We saw an unfinished picture there, which lacks but the heroic deeds of noble-minded men for its completion. Then, ye brave ones, substitute all for the sword, and fight nobly and willingly the battles of our country.

JENNIE.

Ellington, Chan. Co., N. Y., 1863.

BE YOUR OWN RIGHT HAND MAN.

PEOPLE who have been bolstered up and levered all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes they look around for somebody to cling or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsize turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such silken fellows no more resemble self-made men, who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rush lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted to achievements train a man to self-reliance, and when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from their energetic action, by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam well who placed his confidence in a cork jacket; and if, when breasting the sea of life, we cannot buoy ourselves up and try to force ourselves ahead by dint of our own energies, we are not salvage, and it is of little consequence whether we "sink or swim, survive or perish."

One of the best lessons a father can give to his sons is this:—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances, you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds who leave their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount their high positions by the help of leverage; they leapt into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

AGE, when whitening for the tomb, is an object of sublimity. The passions have ceased—hopes of self have ceased. They linger with the young, and pray for the young—and O, how careful should the young be to reward the aged with their hearts, to diminish the chill of ebbing life! The Spartans looked at a reverential respect for old age as a beautiful trait of character. Be kind to those who are in the autumn of life, for thou knowest not what suffering they may have endured, or how much of it may still be their portion. Do they seem unreasonable to find fault or murmur? Allow not thine anger to kindle against them; rebuke them not, for doubtless many have been the crosses and trials of earlier years, and perhaps their dispositions, while in the spring-time of life, were less flexible than thine own. Do they require aid of thee? Then render it cheerfully, forget not that the time may come when thou mayest desire the same assistance from others that thou renderest unto them. Do all that is needful for the old, and do it with alacrity, and think it not hard if much is required at thy hands, lest when age sets its seal on thy brow, and fills thy limbs with trembling, others may wait unwilling, and feel relieved when the coffin has covered thy face forever.

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed time and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gathered around him, must be the song of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea! Truly it is among the lowly in this life that we find some of the most beautiful customs in practice.—*Tourist's Journal.*

A GREAT THING.—A loving heart and a pleasant countenance are commodities which a man should never fail to take home with him. They will best season his food and soften his pillow. It were a great thing for a man that his wife and children could truly say of him, "He never brought a frown or unhappiness across his threshold."

A HUNDRED weight of error will not form one grain of truth.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WAY OF PEACE.

BY JENNIE M'LOUHE.

MUCH of the joyous light of life has faded,
The dreams of youth are fled;
O'er wreaths of hope that once I fondly braided,
I mourn,—their flowers are dead.

High on the heights of fame my eye once rested,
Bright visions then were mine,
In rainbow hues were those far summits crested,
With glory half divine.

Faint now and weary, sad and broken-hearted,
Weeping I stand alone,
Long, long ago those rainbow hues departed,
Hope, love, and joy are gone.

Rouse up, Oh! fainting heart, rejoice in gladness,
Inhale renewing breath,
And, like the Phoenix, rising from thy ashes,
Life shall spring forth from death.

Weave now once more the threads of life so broken,
CHRIST'S precious promise see,
Words sweeter e'er than these were never spoken,
"Ye weary, come to me."

Welcome, Oh! SAVIOUR, make my heart thy dwelling,
Calm Thou its ceaseless strife;
Give me to know the peace all bliss excelling,—
Guide Thou my aimless life.

Teach me and lead me, keep me humble ever,
I've walked so long with pride
That now I fall when I the bonds would sever,
Unless Thou be my guide.

And give me patience that each little duty
May seem no idle thing,
Thus may my life grow strong in truth and beauty
Until my soul take wing.

Thus would I live, and when that life is ended,
Sweet memories leave to all,
Fragrant as flowers whose leaves, by dew distended,
Welcome the twilight fall.

Manchester, N. Y., 1862.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SYMPATHY FOR THE ERRING.

I SOMETIMES think we have too little sympathy for those who deviate from the straight line of conduct drawn by us according to our idea of right and wrong. Elevating ourselves on a pinnacle of fancied goodness, we are apt to forget that we, too, are mortal, and liable to be jostled by the next blast of temptation from our elevation, and precipitated to a level with those we now condemn. We are all faltering and stumbling—aye, falling, too, over the blocks and stones temptation casts before us in the highway of life, and if we have thus far in our life-journey preserved our garments pure—free from the mire of thought into which others may have suddenly fallen, shall we not rather lift them, if possible, from the murky depths, and bathe them with our tears, than, through the foolish fear of soiling our own immaculate raiment, pass them by, with averted face, and "stand-thou-aside" look!

We know not what great temptations await us in the untrodden path before us, nor how inefficient we may find our unassisted strength to cope with the powers of darkness combined against us. The strongest have found themselves "weaker than a bruised reed" in the fiery hour of trial, and in that perilous moment have brought upon their hitherto fair name a stain so deep that years of repentant tears failed to obliterate the foul blot. PETER, before that fearful trial hour, would never have believed himself capable of such weakness as characterized him when he so basely denied his Lord. That hour awaits us all. We are to be "tried, so as by fire," and if we have not thrown up around us the secure wall of an unyielding Christian character, we may find ourselves surprised and ingloriously defeated when deeming ourselves most secure.

Let us not, then, judge too harshly the erring, for where others have stumbled only, we may fall not to rise again, unless, Samaritan-like, some of our fellow-travelers, taking us kindly by the hand, lead us gently back into the "pleasant paths" again, pouring the while on our bowed heads the healing-oil of kindness—as sweet and refreshing to the stricken soul as silvery drops of dew to the flowers that droop beneath the scorching rays of a mid-summer sun.

Oxford, N. Y., 1862.

F. M. TURNER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.—If you have been looking at work, duties and qualification, instead of looking to Christ, it will cost thee dear. No wonder you go complaining. Graces are no more than evidences; the merits of Christ alone, without thy graces, must be the foundation for thy hope to bottom on. Christ only is the hope of glory. He that builds upon duties, graces, etc., knows the merits of Christ. This makes believing so hard, and so far above nature. If thou believest, thou may every day renounce (from being any part of thy dependence) thy obedience, thy baptism, thy sanctification, thy duties, thy graces, thy tears, thy meltings, thy humblings; and nothing but Christ must be held up.—*Wilcox.*

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, not the spreading palm, but a bush—as if He would, by these selections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility, nothing hate like pride.

PASSIONS, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE LACUSTRANS,
OR PRIMITIVE INHABITANTS OF SWITZERLAND.

The pre-historic period of European civilization is divided by Archaeologists into three principal eras, which they have called the *Stone-age*, the *Bronze-age*, and the *Iron-age*. In the first, bone, horn and chiefly flint were used, instead of metal, for manufacturing cutting-instruments and arms. The industry and domestic habits of the inhabitants of this era must have been considerably analogous to those of certain savages. The second era was characterized by the introduction of bronze. The production of this metal, and its manufacture into cutting-instruments, weapons, and personal ornaments, imply a mining industry and a skill which were unknown during the *Stone-age*. The discovery and working of iron ore marked the third era, which was the era of progress. It was the age of Art, of Intelligence, and of an advancing civilization. The present article relates to the pre-historical eras called the ages of stone and of bronze—when the nameless aborigines of German Switzerland made their weapons and implements, whether for domestic, hunting, or agricultural use, of stone; or later, of copper, or some alloy of this metal, but never of iron.

The following account of one of the most remarkable and important of modern discoveries—the discovery of a lost population, or the primitive inhabitants of Switzerland, is condensed from an article on Archaeology in the Smithsonian Report for 1861:

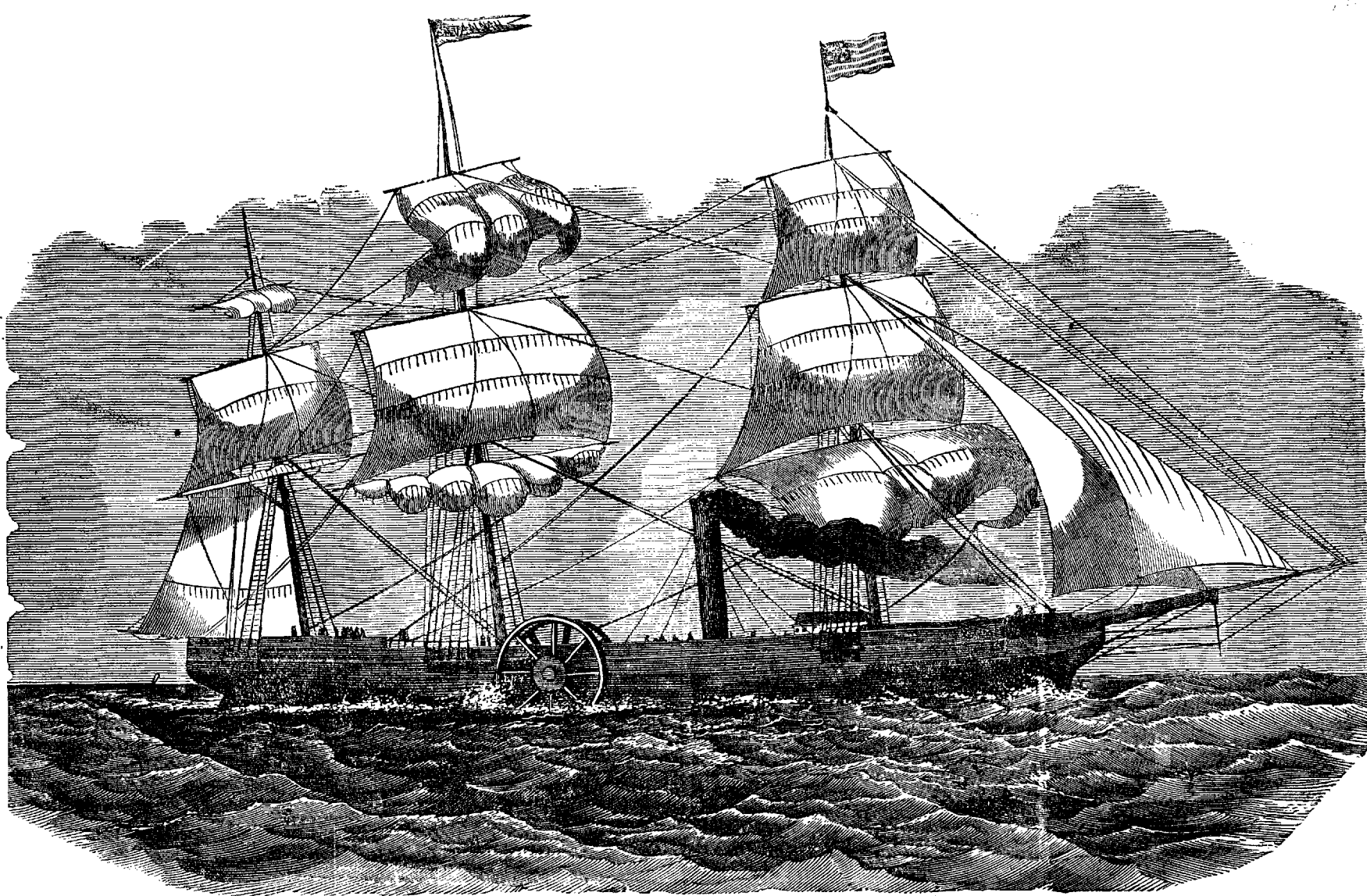
The *Lacustrans*, as the name denotes, were the inhabitants of the Lakes. The first discovery of their ruined cities in the lake-basins of the mountains of Switzerland, was accidental, and was as follows:—During the winter of 1853-54, a remarkable depression was observed in the level of the lake of Zurich. The retreat of the waters laid bare a wide surface, of which the inhabitants of the shores took advantage to construct dykes far in advance of the ancient water line, and thus acquired extensive tracts which had been hitherto submerged. Near the hamlet of Obermeilen, the laborers occupied in the work of embankment discovered, under a bed of mud, some piles, bits of charcoal, stones blackened by fire, bones, and various utensils which indicated the existence of an ancient village. The investigation of these relics, and the published result of his researches, by M. FERDINAND KELLER, of Zurich, formed the starting-point of incessant explorations of the shoals of the Swiss lakes, which have already resulted in the discovery, under the surface of the waters, of the remains of a hundred and fifty villages; and no season passes without the announcement of new ones. The larger cities of Switzerland, and many learned individuals, offer to the inspection of the curious, archaeological museums comprising thousands of ancient relics. From the aquatic village of Concise alone, which is situated in the lake of Neuchatel, about twenty-five thousand objects have been obtained.

The principal reason which determined the ancient tribes of Helvetia to erect their constructions on the shallows of lakes, undoubtedly was the requirements of defence against wild beasts, and in time of war. Perhaps also they were attracted by the facilities of fishing, and by the natural charm of beauty in sheets of water, which, at all the epochs of history, and in all parts of the world, have determined many tribes of men to build their habitations, whether of boughs or of reeds, above the surface of the waves.

It is easy to rebuild, in thought, by help of the numerous relics found at the bottom of lakes, the Lacustrian cottages of ancient Helvetia. A glance of the eye through the transparent water enables us to perceive piles in parallel rows, or planted, it may be, without order. The charred beams which are seen between posts recall the platform once solidly constructed at a height of some feet above the waters. The interlaced boughs, the fragments of clay hardened by fire, evidently belonged to circular walls, and the conic roofs are represented by some layers or beds of reeds, straw and bark. The stones of the fireplace have fallen just below the place which they formerly occupied. The vessels of clay, the heaps of leaves and of moss which served as beds for repose, the arms, the trophies of the chase, the large stag-horns and skulls of wild bulls, which adorned the walls, all these different objects mingled together in the mud, are nothing else but the ancient furniture of the habitations.

By the side of the piles we can still distinguish remains of the hollowed trunks of trees, which served for canoes; and a range of posts indicates the pristine existence of a bridge which led from the threshold of the Lacustrian dwelling to the neighboring shore. Not only are we enabled to determine, from the number of piles, what were the dimensions of the largest aquatic cities, composed generally of two or three hundred cabins; we can even measure, in some cases, the diameter of the huts constructed so many ages ago. The concave side of the fragments of the coat of clay which lined them on the inside is rounded into the arc of a circle. By calculating the radius of this arc we find that the size of the habitations varied from ten to sixteen or seventeen feet.

Athwart an interval of thirty or forty centuries, we can conceive how picturesque an effect must have been produced by this agglomeration of small huts closely compacted together in the midst of the waters. The shore was uninhabited; a few domestic animals alone fed in the grassy clearings; great trees spread their masses of verdure over all the slopes; a deep silence brooded in the forest. Upon the waters, on the contrary, all was movement and clamor; the smoke curled above the roofs; the populace bustled upon the platforms; the canoes passed and repassed from one group of dwellings to another, and from the village to the shore; in the distance floated the



THE AMERICAN STEAMSHIP "SAVANNAH,"—THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

boats which served for fishing or for war. The water seemed then the real domain of man.

It is in German Switzerland chiefly that the traces of settlements belonging to the *Age of Stone* have been recognized. Western Switzerland likewise possessed important Lacustrian cities—among others that of Concise, near the southern extremity of lake Neuchatel; but the lakes of Zurich and of Constance appear to have been the most active centers of population. It was there that the pile-work of Obermeilen was erected, the discovery of which was the starting-point of all that has been since effected. Thanks to the relics obtained at that point, and on the shores of the lakes of Constance, of Pfäffikon, of Sempach, of Wanwil, of Moosdorf, we can at this day sketch in broad lines the manner of life of the Lacustrian populations, and give some general but certain indications with regard to their history. [Concluded next week.]

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.

PROMINENT amid the gigantic enterprises of modern times, is Ocean Steam Navigation. Involving hundreds of millions of dollars, and furnishing employment to thousands of men, one can hardly realize that it is of such recent origin,—that forty years ago, the wind was the mariner's sole dependence as a motive power, when crossing the mighty deep. During the past half century, the uncertainty attending the seaman's vocation has been almost entirely removed. Leaving port in the year 1820, it was a mere matter of speculation when the voyage would be completed—calms leaving the vessel almost stationary for days and weeks; head-winds baffling commander and crew in every effort toward progress; or fierce gales driving them out of their course, oftentimes compelling a resumption of all plans and labors. Now, however, except in the most extraordinary circumstances, the regularity with which our ocean steamers pursue their trackless course over every sea, in defiance of the wind and waves, making ports thousands of miles distant from the point of starting, is astounding.

We are pleased to give our readers an engraving of the first steamer that made a trans-Atlantic voyage,—the *Savannah*. This vessel was the pioneer of the ocean steamship enterprise, and is a monument of praise to the far-reaching and prophetic eye of "Young America." Rude in her model and appurtenances, and limited in her dimensions compared with the floating islands of 1863, she excited an extraordinary degree of interest, at the time of her first voyage, both in America and Europe. She was a ship-rigged vessel of 380 tons burthen, and only used steam as auxiliary to her sailing powers. Coal not then being used, it was impossible to carry fuel for the whole time consumed in an ocean voyage, and consequently it was so arranged as to unship her wheels and use her sails.

The *Savannah* steamed for Liverpool from the port of Savannah, Georgia, on the 28th day of June, 1819, and crossed the ocean in eighteen days, steaming, however, during the whole time, but seven days. After she had left port and was on the broad ocean, with a fair breeze, the wheels were hoisted upon deck, and the ship proceeded on her voyage under canvass. As she neared the British coast, the wheels were again adjusted, the sails clewed up, and the engine set in motion. When about entering St. George's Channel, off the city of Cork, she was descried by the commander of the British fleet, then lying at that city. Seeing a huge mass of smoke ascending from the vessel, enveloping her rigging and overshadowing the sky, he naturally inferred that a vessel was on fire, and in distress, and

with commendable promptitude dispatched two cutters to her relief. After passing near to her a few times, taking a full survey, and firing a few guns across her stern, the steamer was boarded. Finally, being perfectly satisfied that all was right, the cutter bore away. The news of her approach being telegraphed to Liverpool, as she drew near the city, with her sails furled, and the American colors flying, the pier-heads were thronged by many thousands of persons, who greeted her with the most enthusiastic cheers.

Before she came to anchor, the deck was so crowded that it was with difficulty the men could move from one part to another in the performance of their duty. She was afterwards visited by many persons of distinction, and then departed for Elsinore, on her way to St. Petersburg. She next touched at Copenhagen, where she remained two weeks. From Copenhagen she went to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. Not being able to get over the bar at the latter place, she lay opposite the city, six miles distant.

Here, as at other places, she was an object of much wonderment. She, however, was not sold, as had been expected, but sailed for home, putting into Errington, on the coast of Norway, on the passage. From the latter place, she was twenty-two days in reaching Savannah. On account of the high price of fuel, she carried no steam on the return passage, and the wheels were taken off.

The model of the *Savannah*, although a miniature ship compared with some of our late constructed steam vessels, is by no means a bad one; but the propelling power is extremely rude. The wheels, destitute as they are of paddle-boxes, indicate a want of finish and a slowness of motion, that naval constructors of the present day would laugh to scorn; but what assurance have they, that their own proud and wave-compelling steamers will not be pointed at, half a century hence, as the rude construction of a naval steam marine, if not in its infancy, at least in its early and half-developed manhood?

THE OTHER WORLDS.

FOR more than a century, astronomers have been arguing the question, whether or not the planets are inhabited. The latest controversy on the subject has been between Dr. Whewell and Sir David Brewster, both eminent, scientific men, and their elaborate theories leave the great problem just as they found it. All the information which science affords on the subject is, in truth, purely negative. It is clear enough that beings constituted as we are could not exist for an instant on Mercury, which, from its proximity to the sun, must have a climate as hot as that of the crater of a volcano; nor on Neptune—the outermost edge of the planetary domain—which receives 784 times less heat and light than this pleasant little orb, whose course is through the temperate zone of the solar system. In Mercury or Venus we should combust; in Neptune be turned into adamantine statues by the unspeakable cold. Nor is there an intermediate planet that would be tolerable to our constitutions. Yet it by no means follows that they are therefore unpeopled. When we consider that space has more stars than earth has pebbles, and that our star is a very small concern as to size, compared with many others of the planetary family, to say nothing of the incomputable millions of orbs beyond the lines of our little group, it seems not improbable that they too may have forms of life adapted to their peculiarities, and that all the glorious floating worlds we see sparkling in the boundless Pacific above us, may be inhabited.

But there are no sufficient data from which to argue, convincingly, one way or the other. Dr.

Whewell, in his "Essay on the plurality of Worlds," proves nothing. His theory of the inhabitation of the planets, and his speculations as to the orders of beings by which they may be occupied, are ingenious and plausible—but they are not positive philosophy; while, on the other hand, the rejoinder of Sir David Brewster is more remarkable for its asperity than its logic.

To argue questions which can never be set at rest, is waste of time. Some of us may suppose that every twinkler of the skies teems with organic life—others, that this infinitesimal portion of the universe called Earth, is the one favored orb among the innumerable starry hosts that is not barren, silent, lifeless. But it is not given us to know which of the two suppositions comes nearest to the truth, the less we speculate in the subject the better. It is sufficient that Wisdom and Beneficence, which cannot be measured or conceived of by our purblind intelligence, has ordered all things for the best. To insist that life pervades all the worlds, or, on the other hand, that it is confined to one, is to assume that we, who cannot even comprehend our insignificant selves, are competent, in the absence of all data, to say what God has done, in his capacity of Creator, throughout the infinite realms of space. Could presumption be carried further? As far as science will give us light, we may legitimately pursue our inquiries; but there are mysteries which its brightest beams can never penetrate—secrets of Omnipotence which it is not intended that the wisest of us should attempt to expound.

Reading for the Young.

LITTLE LULU.

A FEW days ago, as I was going by the brick school house that stands on a beautiful, retired spot, a few streets from my home, I saw six or seven little girls sitting on the steps, all chatting away with animated faces and glib tongues. There was no sour face, no harsh voice, among them; and I walked very slowly, for I wanted to hear what they were saying.

"I think Lulu is the sweetest girl in our school, don't you, Bell?" said one of them.

"Yes, I do. I've never seen any girl so good to kiss as she is."

"Good to kiss?" said the first little speaker, Alice Monroe. "She's good enough to eat, I think. I always feel as if I wanted to eat her up. She always looks as if she loved everybody."

"She's always smiling. That's what I like her for," replied Bell.

"I like Lulu because she's always so patient and kind," said Nettie Graves, another little speaker. "One afternoon last week, when I was hurrying to do my sums, and was crying because it was late, and I was afraid I should have to stay after school, she took out her handkerchief and wiped my eyes, and told me not to cry, she'd help me. I cried all the harder, though, just as I always do when any one is so kind to me. I cried all over the slate, and the figures all ran together, so that Lulu had to get the arithmetic and set the sum over again. When I saw how it was rubbed out I said I was sorry, and she said, 'O, no matter; come on, old figures; march on to this slate as quick as you can. She was just as good as she could be to me, so that we were through with the sum when school was out.'"

"Do you want to know what I like her for?" asked Lizzie Morton. "I like her because she's so good to her mother. The other night I went over to her house to get her to come out on the sidewalk and roll hoop; but she said she couldn't, for her mother wasn't well, and had gone out to

get the air, and she had stayed home to rock the cradle. So I went into her house, and stayed with her while she rocked little Willie in the cradle. She often stays at home to take care of Willie, and she teases her mother to let her."

"We're all telling what we like Lulu for, so I'll tell what I like her for," said Emma Hawley. "I like her because she always says the best thing she can for everybody, and she never tries to make out that anybody has done more than they have. Don't you know, the other day, when Mr. Lee was going to whip Charles Harbrook for throwing a stone and hitting a boy, she told him she thought he didn't mean to hit him, so Mr. Lee stopped and inquired into it, and said he was satisfied the boy didn't mean anything. She saves a great many of the boys whippings, because she always says something to Mr. Lee that sets him to thinking."

"I like her because she's always so good to the poor little girls," said Mariana Stone. "She treats me just as well as if I was rich."

Little Mariana's words had touched a chord in her own heart, and she couldn't say any more, or sit any longer on the steps, but stole away and cried as she thought about Lulu. Blessed little Lulu! May she long have a place in the brick school house, and may Alice and Bell and Nettie and Lizzie and Emma and poor little Mariana often sit on the steps and tell what they "like her for." May I, too, sometimes be there to listen. And may all my young readers be like my darling Lulu.—*Tract Journal*.

THE ORPHAN DUCK.

A DUCK'S eggs unluckily got into a nest of hen's eggs. The hen kept them all warm under her motherly feathers, when in due time the chickens were hatched. Two or three days after, duckling broke his egg, and waddled out. The chickens soon perceived he was none of them, and what did they do—cherish the poor little orphan, give it a warm side of the nest, and a hearty snuggle under their mother's wing? I am sorry to say those thoughtless chickens did not treat the little motherless stranger so. On the contrary, they flew at him, cruelly drove him from the nest, and almost pecked him to death. In vain he tried to come back to his adopted home, and the old hen, I dare say, would have been willing to have him; but what could she do, since her ten foolish chickens were against it?

Well, what became of poor duckling? A cat saw this ill-usage, and she, being a feeling cat, with much knowledge, quite likely, of the distresses with which this world abounds, befriended the little duck. She took it by the neck—not to bring its neck, ah no! but she took it by the same motherly grab with which she lugs her own little ones, carried it to her nursery, laid it down beside the kittens, and there took as much care of it as a cat could. As for the kittens, they behaved in the sweetest manner; and it was a curious sight to see them all curled up together, fast asleep, duck and all, as happy as could be.

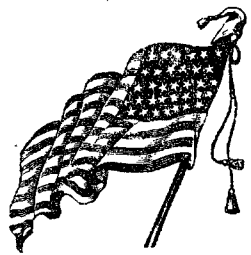
I am sure no little friendless boy or girl need be discouraged after this. God will provide him friends.—*Child's Paper*.

DON'T USE BAD WORDS, BOYS!—"I don't want to hear naughty words," said a little boy. "It's no matter," said another boy, "what Joe Town says; it goes in one ear and out of the other." "No," rejoined the little boy, "the worst of it is, when naughty words get in, they stick; so I mean to do my best to keep them out." That is right, boys; keep them out, for it is sometimes hard work to turn them out when they once get in.

Trust not the man who promises with an oath.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 10, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

We gather the following details of the fight with the rebel General Stuart, from the Washington Star:

On Saturday week Stuart crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's Ford, about six miles east of the Orange and Alexandria R. R., with 6,000 men and six pieces of artillery. He proceeded to Stafford Church, where he divided his forces into three columns, each having two pieces of artillery, and thus formed, marched to Dumfries, where they were heard of about 11 o'clock A. M. Taking position on the hills commanding the town, he commenced throwing shells, and succeeded in demolishing the building lately occupied by General Sigel and several other officers. The place was occupied by three regiments of infantry, 400 cavalry, and three pieces of artillery of Gen. Slocum's corps, and under the immediate command of Col. Canby. The fight lasted about six hours, when the rebels retired, defeated. Our loss was four men killed and eight wounded. The enemy, so far as known, had 10 men killed and 16 wounded. Thirty rebel soldiers were captured, and they captured 20 of our cavalry before reaching Dumfries, who were out patrolling.

In his recent raid Stuart caused his telegraph operator to intercept the Union telegrams at Berk's Station, thus learning more or less of efforts made to capture him by our forces at Fairfax Station and Court House should be vented to visit those points. He also sent various telegrams, one to Fairfax Station, purporting to order the instant destruction of the considerable quantity of army stores there, which, however, failed of its object. Among the messages at Berk's Station, sent over the wires by his order, was the following:

BERK'S STATION, Dec. 28—3 P. M. To Quartermaster General Meigs, Washington:—In future, you will please furnish better mules. Those you have furnished recently were very inferior. J. E. B. STUART, Major General C. S. A.

The material result of Stuart's cavalry raid, it is now stated, was one Government wagon half filled with oats, but it masked the withdrawal from the lines below Fredericksburg of large bodies of rebels. Balloon observations 900 feet high, revealed to our commanders last week the fact that the number of rebel infantry camps across the Rappahannock had largely diminished, and the belief that large bodies of rebel troops have been withdrawn from our front and sent to Petersburg and to reinforce Bragg is very general among our commanding officers.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad route it is thought will soon be opened for through travel and freight. Generals Schenck and Kelly are confident that their forces will be able, without difficulty, to protect the road permanently. The telegraph line is already established the entire length from Baltimore to Wheeling and Parkersburg, and the maintaining of this great thoroughfare, undisturbed, will be of incalculable advantage to the Government and commercial interests.

Gen. Burnside returned from Washington on the 3d inst., and has been visited by his grand division commanders. Several contrabands came into camp and were freed in accordance with the proclamation.

On the night of the 3d it was ascertained that the enemy had strongly increased their river pickets for some distance above Falmouth, and it was feared that this might cover some projected attempt to cross the river. Our nearest forces were immediately disposed so as to give the rebels a warm reception, but no attempt to cross was made by them.

The Suffolk correspondent of the Baltimore American, under date of the 3d, announces the return of General Peck, and the review of Corcoran's brigade. The enemy have shown themselves strong in front lately, and it is thought their apparent anxiety to fight will soon be gratified. The correspondent hopes to be able in a day or two to give stirring news from that quarter. A Fortress Monroe letter announces the disaster to the Monitor. It says that the Georgia has returned, and announces the safe arrival of the Passaic at Beaufort, which sailed with the Monitor.

The following has been received at the Navy Department:

HAMPDEN ROADS, Jan. 3—9 P. M. To Hon. Gideon Welles:—The Monitor, in tow of the Rhode Island, passed Hatteras Shoals at 2 P. M. Weather fine and promising. About 9 P. M. squalls commenced, and about 10 1/2 it blew hard. At 1 30 P. M., Wednesday, 31st, the Monitor having sprung a leak, went down. Commander Bankhead and the officers and crew of the Rhode Island did everything in their power to rescue the officers and crew of the Monitor.

S. P. LEE, Acting Rear Admiral. The officers missing from the Monitor are as follows:—Acting Ensigns Geo. Frederickson and N. K. Atwater; 3d Assistant Engineers, R. S.

Hines and S. A. Lewis. The following men are missing:—J. Stocking, Wm. Bryen, Jas. Mennick, Robt. Williams, Thos. Joyce, Geo. Littlefield, Robt. Howard, Daniel Moore, Robt. Cook, Jacob Tuckley, Wm. Allen, Wm. Eagen. The following officer is missing from the Rhode Island:—D. K. Brown. The following men are also missing: C. H. Smith, M. Wagg, L. M. Griswold, L. A. Horton, G. Moore, J. Moore, J. Jones, H. Logan.

It is more than probable that the missing boat from the Rhode Island, with more or less of the Monitor's crew was saved by passing vessels.

Department of the Gulf.

The steamer S. R. Spaulding, from New Orleans the 24th, arrived at New York on the 1st inst., with General Butler and staff, excepting Capt. Jonah H. French and Capt. John Clark, who remain. Gen. Butler, prior to leaving New Orleans, gave a reception at the City Hall, where hundreds of citizens and officers called on him.—Gen. B. also issued a farewell address to the citizens, in which he says he leaves with the proud consciousness of carrying with him the blessing of the humble and loyal, under the cottage roof and in the cabin of the slave, quite content to incur the sneers of the salon or the curses of the rich. He concludes his address to the citizens of New Orleans by saying:—"Months of experience and observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety of yourselves and the Union."

On the 24th, Gen. Banks issued an address, appended to which is the President's proclamation of emancipation. In his address, General Banks, after rehearsing the object and effect of the President's proclamation, says:—"It is manifest the changes suggested by the Proclamation, do not take place at any precise period," and Gen. B. calls upon persons, citizens or slaves, to govern themselves accordingly. All unusual public demonstration will be for the present suspended, and Provost Marshals are enjoined to prevent any disturbance of the public peace.—Slaves are advised to remain upon plantations until their privileges are definitely established, resting assured whatever benefits the Government intends will be secured them.

Gen. Banks also instructs officers to enforce the strictest discipline in camp. Attention is also called to the act of Congress forbidding the return of slaves by the army. "The war is not waged for the overthrow of slavery, but to restore Constitutional relations between us and each of the States. If slavery is to be preserved, war must cease and former Constitutional relations again be established, for no military man, in the event of the continuation of the war, will counsel the preservation of slavery. A continuance of the war will leave no other permanent track of rebellion but emancipation. Content, in public as in social life, strengthens and consolidates brotherly affection. It is a baseless nationality that has not tested its strength against domestic enemies." Gen. B. concludes thus:—"Let us fulfil the condition of the past and become a nation, a grand nation, with strength enough to stand against the world united."

Up to the time of the sailing of the steamer, nothing had transpired as to the intended movement of Gen. Banks; but it was known that a campaign had been marked out, with Baton Rouge as the base of operations.

Movements in the West.

KENTUCKY.—Col. Hopkins, of the 12th Kentucky Volunteers, commanding the Federal forces at Lebanon, Ky., attacked the guerrilla Morgan, south of the Columbia, on the 1st inst., killing and wounding several, and captured sixty of his force, together with their caissons and ammunition, with wagons and provisions. Col. Holliday, of the 6th Kentucky, and Lieut.-Col. Boyle, of the 9th Kentucky infantry, are in pursuit. Morgan is rapidly retreating in the direction of Columbia.

CINCINNATI, January 2, 1863. To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—I have just learned from Maj.-Gen. Granger, that Maj. Stevens, of the 14th Kentucky cavalry, with 150 men, ordered by him to go on a scout to find a large band of guerrillas in the eastern part of Powell county, Ky., on the 26th ult., after traveling all night over obscure and dangerous bridle-paths, came upon their camps. They were preparing to move. Maj. Stevens dashed upon them, capturing their leader, a noted guerrilla, and eleven men. The rest, though outnumbering Stevens' force, were utterly routed, and escaped into dense woods, brush, and mountain gorges. Twenty horses, and a large amount of blankets, clothing, guns, pistols, &c., which were being transported to Humphrey Marshall's camp, were also captured. Maj.-Gen. Wright, Com'dg.

ARKANSAS.—The rebel newspapers taken at Van Buren, admit the rebel loss in killed and wounded at Prairie Grove, at over 4,000. The entire telegraphic correspondence of Hindman was taken. It contains much valuable information, and will be forwarded to the War Department. The destitution of the rebels is pitiable. Four thousand of Hindman's infantry are shoeless. The loss of rebel citizens by the recent raid, amounts to over \$500,000. The rebels are dispersing in every direction. Schofield has assumed command of the Army of the Frontier. The following additional particulars of the raid to Van Buren were received on the 31st ult.:

Our army was ten miles this side of there yesterday morning, and would bivouac on the top of the mountain last night, and expected to reach Prairie Grove to-day. Schofield joined them a few miles beyond the foot of the Mountain. The steamers Violet, Rose Douglas, Frederick No. 6, and Van Buren, with grain and provisions for the rebels, were burned; also a large amount of army stores. The rebels burned the arsenal and ferry-boat at Fort Smith, to prevent their falling into our hands. Also, a large quantity of provisions on the opposite bank of the river. The fire was in progress when our forces left.

Many deserters came into our lines, and report that two Missouri regiments stacked arms two days ago, crossed the river, and went home.

Another Missouri regiment left a short time after, taking the arms with them. Two regiments of Texans also stacked arms and started for home. A regiment of cavalry sent in pursuit, instead of arresting them, joined the run-aways. Everything goes to show that the rebel trans-Mississippi army is completely disorganized.

Gen. Blunt telegraphs from Van Buren, on the 30th, that the rebels retreated during the night toward Arkadelphia, abandoning about sixty wounded at Fort Smith, whom they left with instructions to take care of themselves. Blunt also reports that Col. Phillips, whom he had sent into the Indian Territory, with 1,200 men, has driven the rebel forces of Colonels Coffee and Stanwart across the Arkansas river at Fort Gibson, and destroyed the rebel fortifications, barracks, and commissary buildings at Fort Davis. Col. McIntosh's command of rebel Creeks and Choctaws expressed a desire to lay down arms and return to allegiance to the United States.

TENNESSEE.—The following dispatch has been forwarded to Washington:

CINCINNATI, January 2, 1863. To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—Gen. Granger reports that he has received a dispatch from Maj. Foley, commanding the expedition sent by him to Elkfort, Campbell county, Tenn., composed of 250 men, of the 6th and 10th Kentucky, stating that on Sunday forenoon last he surprised a camp of rebels 350 strong at that place, killing 30, wounding 17, and capturing 51, without the loss of a man. All the camp equipage was burned, and 80 horses and a large amount of arms captured. H. G. WRIGHT, Commanding.

A terribly destructive battle has been fought in the vicinity of Murfreesboro. The armies came first in contact on the 30th ult., near Stuart's Creek. After heavy skirmishing, the rebels were driven back. We captured 100 prisoners, and killed and wounded a large number. Our loss was 70 killed and wounded. At day-break on the 31st, the fight was renewed with great fury. McCook's corps, composing the Federal left, was opposed to Hardee. After desperate fighting, with heavy loss on both sides, McCook retreated two miles. He soon rallied, and was again driven back. At night, he was four miles back of the ground he occupied in the morning.

On Wednesday afternoon, the rebels made a tremendous attack on our center, but were handsomely repulsed. At the same time, they threw immense masses of infantry against Beatty's brigade, driving it across the river, when Negley's and Davis' divisions went to their aid. A most desperate struggle ensued, and all the artillery of both armies was brought to bear. Our men suffered terribly, but unflinchingly. At last, Negley ordered a charge, when the rebels gave way. The 78th Pennsylvania charged home on the 26th Tennessee, capturing its colors. Another regiment charged and seized a whole rebel battery. A grand shout of victory arose, when Rosecrans advanced his whole line, the left establishing itself on the east bank of the river, the center holding the enemy's former position, and the right holding its original position.

Fight was renewed at 3 A. M. Jan. 1st. Our whole line suffered terribly. This morning four regiments of regulars lost half of their men and all their commanding officers. At 2 P. M. Gen. Thomas broke the rebel center, and drove them a mile. A general advance was ordered, and Crittenden's left wing stormed the rebel intrenchments before Murfreesboro and took possession.

On the 2d inst., at 10 A. M., Wood's and Van Cleve's divisions were in Murfreesboro, driving the enemy, who were in full retreat. Dispatches from Col. Anderson, on the P. M. of the 2d, to headquarters, say: "We have whipped the enemy decidedly, and are at Christiana, nine miles south of Murfreesboro, on the railroad."

The following dispatch has been received in Washington:

HEADQUARTERS, Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 4—1 P. M. To Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Skirmishing commenced on the evening of the 29th, our forces following the enemy closely and driving them, to the evening of the 30th. On the morning of the 31st, the enemy attacked our forces at daylight. Ever since that time the fight has been progressing. This is the fifth day in the same locality. If the whole Richmond army does not get here, our success is certain. The fighting has been terrible. Our army has the advantage, and will hold it, God willing. I cannot give particulars. Our officers have suffered terribly. I have heard nothing of importance since ten o'clock last evening. At that time everything was favorable for us.

ROBT. B. MITCHELL, Major-General Commanding.

The following list of killed and wounded among our leading officers has been received:

Killed.—Brig.-Gen. Sill; Lieut.-Col. Jaresche, chief of Rosecrans' staff; Col. Kell, 2d Ohio; Col. Shaffer, Acting-Brigadier; Col. Farmer, 16th Kentucky; Col. Jones, 28th Ohio; Lieut.-Col. Colton, 6th Kentucky; Lieut.-Col. Jones, 30th Indiana; Maj. Carpenter, 19th Regulars; Maj. Rosengarten, of Philadelphia; Capt. Gerret, 19th Illinois; Col. Carpenter, 18th Wisconsin; Lieut.-Col. McRee, 15th Wisconsin.

Wounded.—Maj.-Gen. Rosecrans; Brig.-Gen. Willich, of Ind.; Brig.-Gen. Van Cleve, of Minn.; Col. Cassale, of Ohio; Gen. Rosseau, of Ky.; Lieut.-Col. Berry, 5th Ky.; Maj. Slemmer, 16th Regulars; Maj. King, 10th Regulars.

The 21st, 25th and 35th Illinois, lost two-thirds, and the 15th and 38th Ohio, one-half their number. The 101st Ohio lost 125; the 38th Indiana about the same.

Rebel loss exceeds ours. Gen. J. E. Rains was killed. Gen. Cheatham was wounded and prisoner. 300 prisoners reached Nashville at 6 o'clock P. M. on the 1st inst., including Maj. J. J. Franklin, 30th Ark.; Capt. W. E. Johnson, 2d Ark.; Capt. J. P. Eagle, 3d Ark.; Capt. Stone, 1st Tenn. Cavalry.

MISSISSIPPI.—Dispatches from Sherman, on the battle-field at Vicksburg, received at Helena, on Saturday, the 27th ult., say: Sherman debarked his force on the left bank

of the Yazoo, ten miles above the mouth, and forming in line of battle, advanced towards Vicksburg. After passing beyond reach of the gunboats, he met the enemy in force. A brief conflict of five hours ensued. The enemy were driven back beyond two bayous that girt the rear of Vicksburg, and opened from entrenchments on a hill, by shells.

On Saturday night the two armies lay on their arms, with two bayous intervening. During the night pontoons were constructed, notwithstanding a terrific fire from the enemy behind the undergrowth. At daylight on Sunday, a concerted advance was made by Sherman's whole force. Steel held the left; Morgan and Blair the center; L. M. and L. Smith the right. Steel turned the enemy's right so as to communicate with Morgan's division, having been separated by swamps running at right angles to the main front. By sunrise the whole force was engaged, and up to ten o'clock musketry and artillery fighting was severe. The rebels in front of Morgan and Smith's divisions were entrenched on high, rising ground. This position was finally carried by storm. The gunboats did not co-operate, but the Benton engaged the fortifications on Haines' Bluff. During her action several of the crew were killed, and Capt. Gwynn, commander, mortally wounded. The 50th Ohio, 8th Missouri, and 2d Kentucky, sustained considerable loss in Saturday's fight. Banks and Farragut were expected to co-operate, but had not arrived.

Later intelligence, through rebel sources, states that Vicksburg has been captured by the Union troops.

HOLLY SPRINGS, January 2, 1863.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck:—Gen. Sullivan has succeeded in getting a fight out of the rebel Col. Forrest, and whipped him badly.

Gen. Sullivan has captured 300 stand of arms, six pieces of artillery, and a great many horses and prisoners. Gen. Van Dorn was repulsed at every point, and with heavy loss. U. S. GRANT, Maj.-Gen. Com'dg.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

A SPECIAL to the N. Y. Herald on the 3d inst., says it is rumored that the President has declared his intention to command the army in person; also that McClellan is to be assigned to duty, organizing an army at Fortress Monroe.

The N. Y. Mercury says that Burnside again tendered his resignation on Wednesday week. The President positively declined to accept it, and has given him full power to go into winter quarters or advance on the enemy, as he may choose. It is also understood that there is to be no more interference from Washington, and all the supplies that Burnside needs will be furnished. It is confidently expected in Washington that the army will soon move against the rebels.

President Lincoln has issued the following Proclamation relative to the freedom of the negroes:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1, 1863.

Whereas, on the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That, on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by Proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, in any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of each State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, have not been in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me invested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, in time of rebellion against the authority of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and in accordance with my declared purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the date of the first above-mentioned order, designate the States and parts of States wherein the people are this day in rebellion, to wit, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, La Fourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans,) Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power, and for the purposes aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons. And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them, in all cases when allowed, they labor, faithfully, for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known, that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service; and upon this sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. [Seal.] Done at the city of Washington, this 1st day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Wm. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Farm for Sale—Wm. Johnson, Assisnee. Clark's School Visitor—Daughaday & Hammond. Institution for the Cure of Epilepsy—Wm. M. Cornell. The Stone Bee Hive—J. Woodroffe. Rochester Coliculate Institute—L. R. Saterlee. For Sale—Hiram Wilcox. To Singers and Musicians—Abney & Abbot. Webster Nurseries—L. J. Billings. \$75 a Month—Shaw & Clark. Inventors, to get a Patent—Fowler & Wells. Valuable Microscope—S. Woodward. Seeds of Fruit and Evergreens—Thos. Meehan.

Special Notices. Frank Miller's Blacking.

The News Condenser.

- There are 2,800 streets in London, measuring 3,000 miles.
— Iron railroad cars are being constructed in Pennsylvania.
— The first municipal election has been held at Victoria, Vancouver's Island.
— There are at the War Department 500 applications of persons to go South.
— The manufacture of turpentine and resin has been commenced in California.
— The Mormons are said to have turned their attention to the cultivation of cotton.
— Apples are being largely shipped to Europe, and returns thus far show a good profit.
— The citizens of the Peninsula state that they have lost 10,000 contrabands since the beginning of the war.
— Steele Brothers, of San Francisco, lately made a cheese weighing 1,140 pounds, which realized \$440.
— Thirty-eight of the thirty-nine condemned Indians were hung at Mankato, Minnesota, on Friday week.
— British papers estimate the loss to British owners, in their attempts to run the blockade, at over \$20,000,000.
— The wife of John C. Breckenridge passed through Cincinnati on Wednesday week on her way to Kentucky.
— Calcutta has remitted \$9,000 for the suffering poor of Lancashire. Victoria has subscribed upwards of £10,000.
— One hundred and seventy officers have been dismissed from the Federal army within the past year for intemperance.
— The son of the late President Lopez has been unanimously chosen President of Paragua, to succeed his father.
— It is said that the Territory of Nevada will shortly produce from two to three millions of gold and silver per month.
— Some of the crew of a whaler lost in 1859 in Hudson Straits, it is now discovered were murdered by the Esquimaux.
— It is proposed to prolong the Egyptian Railway into Upper Egypt, with a branch to connect the main line with the Red Sea.
— Nine million bushels of salt were inspected at Syracuse during the past year, 2,000,000 bushels more than any previous year.
— The elections of four of the Congressional delegation of Missouri will be contested before the next House of Representatives.
— A valuable forest of nutmeg trees has been discovered in the island of Batjan, a new source of profit to the Dutch Government.
— Last year 480,000 brooms were manufactured in California, valued at \$150,000, driving the imported article entirely out of market.
— The death of Miss Julia Pardoe, the well known novelist and "boudoir historian," is announced in the English journals per Europa.
— Within the last fourteen years it is estimated that not less than \$550,000,000 in gold has been received into the markets of the world.
— It is said that New York is somewhat extensively engaged in supplying the French in Mexico with articles "contraband of war."
— Ten tons of prairie chickens and quails were shipped from Chicago to New York by one of the Express Companies, a few nights ago.
— The surplus revenue of San Francisco, for the current year, will be about \$200,000, and the authorities don't know what to do with it.
— The muskets furnished the 153d N. Y. Regiment (Washington county) were of the Austrian pattern, and found to be entirely worthless.
— Venezuela dates of the 22d ult. state that the insurrection there was about ended, the insurrectionists evincing a desire for reconciliation.
— Kossuth has just published an article in the Alliance of Milan, urging Italy to aid, above all things, in the liberation of Venice and Hungary.
— The Manchester (Vt.) Journal says that large quantities of cotton taken from mattresses are being shipped from Vermont to Massachusetts.
— The London Sun has just been sold at auction for £2,420. It is one of the oldest evening papers in London, having been established in 1792.
— Sweden is flourishing. Her annual income for the years 1863 to 1866 is estimated at \$33,647,358, and the expenditure at \$1,237,000 each year.
— Pierre Soule is still at Havana. By the terms of his release he is not to go to New Orleans until the war is over unless allowed by the government.
— It appears that the Paymaster's Department is able to procure only about \$800,000 per day for the soldiers' wages, while the demand is \$3,000,000.
— During the past week \$17,000 worth of postage stamps were redeemed at the post-office in New York city, making the aggregate, thus far, \$150,000.
— A prisoner in Missouri was recently sentenced to State Prison for life for some heinous crime, and afterward an additional eight years for horse-stealing.
— The Watkins (N. Y.) Republican says a company has been formed in that village, and will soon commence boring for salt on the marsh near that place.
— The munificent sum of £50,000 sterling (\$250,000) was subscribed at a recent meeting at Manchester by the landowners of Lancashire to the relief fund.
— Wilberforce University, a college founded at Xenia, Ohio, for the education of colored students, has, in consequence of hard times, suspended operations.
— The New Bedford Mercury says that a full blown dandelion, picked by the side of one of the streets of that city, was exhibited in that office on Tuesday week.
— Mary Ann Rythers, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has applied for a decree of divorce from her husband because he is an officer and doing service in the rebel army.
— The death of Hon. James A. Pearce leaves a vacancy in the U. S. Senate from Maryland. It is said that Gov. Bradford will appoint Ex-Governor Hicks to fill it.
— A number of firms in Philadelphia have each contributed \$1,000 for the purpose of sending a ship load of provisions to the relief of the sufferers in England.
— For the first time since the war opened, the supply of arms is ahead of the demand; at least for the first time there is an accumulation at the Springfield Armory.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"MY POOR SOLDIER BOY."

BY S. W. WIDNEY.

SILENTLY, tenderly, Move round this bier,— The nerves of my spirit Are centering here. Silently, tenderly, Bear him away, Down to his lonely bed In the cold clay. Aye, slowly and sadly, Lay in his grave The boy I would gladly Have perished to save. Under that coffin-lid Lies every joy,— Every hope is hid There with my boy. My once ardent spirit, Folding its wings, Still to his lov'd body Despairingly clings. Then bury together My hope and my joy;— My heart, in that coffin Clings to my boy. Alas! cruel memory, Why paint the fair scenes 'Tween which and the present? A grave intervenes? Why dwell on the moment He left a bright home, Brave-hearted and buoyant, Far southward to roam. Away, among strangers, 'Mid hardship and want To battle with dangers That stout hearts might daunt. Why dwell on his sufferings— No relative there To bathe his hot forehead, Or breathe out a prayer. No sister,—no mother To soften his bed,— No father,—no brother To hold up his head,— Or, with loving converse, Beguile the long day; Or watch while so slowly, The night wore away. Lay him down tenderly To his long rest,— Each clod on his coffin Falls, too, on my breast. Calm be thy sleeping,— My poor soldier boy, I will follow thee, weeping, My hope and my joy. My days of heart-anguish A while I will bide; Then lay me down, weary, To sleep by thy side.

The Story-Teller.

MARRYING A BEAUTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER II.

HUMAN nature endures to a certain point, and then rebels. I saw myself approaching this point, and not without serious apprehension. As a husband, it was but meet that I should object to certain associations and familiarities that were hardly reputable—even if not dangerous—for a young wife. The gentle hand, put forth to restrain, would not do. This had already been attempted. Earlier, by two hours, than usual, I came home one pleasant summer afternoon, suffering from an attack of nervous headache. I was almost blind with the pain that pierced one of my temples. Entering, I passed to the sitting-room, then to our chamber, but did not find my wife. I called her name; but there was no answer. "She's gone out riding," said a servant, who had heard me call. "Out riding! with whom?" I spoke too quickly to hide my astonishment. "With a gentleman." "What gentleman?" "The one that comes 'most every afternoon, sir. I don't know his name." "Oh! very well," I answered, endeavoring to put on an air of indifference, and turning from the servant, re-entered our chamber, and shut the door. My whole being was in a tremor of confused excitement. Some time elapsed before I grew calm. My headache was gone. "Out riding with a gentleman almost every afternoon!" I said to myself, when the rush of feeling and confusion were over. "What does this mean? Who is the gentleman? Out riding, and not a hint of the fact to me!" It did not look well. There was room for suspicion. I could do nothing but wait for wife's return; and I waited, in self-tormenting impatience, for more than two hours, listening to the sound of every approaching vehicle,—disappointed a hundred times, as the rattle of wheels went by. At last the hour came at which I usually returned home, but my wife was still away. Strange doubts and fears began creeping into my soul. For a little while I was in most painful suspense. Still I hearkened for the pausing of wheels; but no carriage stopped. At last I heard the bell ring. Standing in the hall above, I listened while the servant went to the door. "Has Mr. MARION come home?" It was my wife's voice. I did not wait to hear the answer, but stepped back to our sleeping room, and dropped down on the bed. She came lightly up stairs, and seeing me, asked, in surprise, if I were sick. "I came home two hours ago, with one of my bad headaches," I made answer, speaking heavily as though I were still in pain. "Oh, I'm very sorry," she answered. "How unfortunate that I happened to be out! I promised Mrs. GRANT that I would call on her this af-

ternoon, and go over some new music which she has just received from Paris." "Subterfuge! Falsehood!" I said in my heart, bitterly. I groaned in pain, turning my face away. She naturally mistook the seat of pain. It was not in my head. "What can I do for you?" she asked, bending over me. "Nothing!" I perceived that my voice was repellent; and I noticed that she lifted herself suddenly, and stepped back from the bed. "JULIA!" said I, rising up quickly. I was moved by an irrepressible impulse to speak. She was already half across the room. It was still light, and I could see her face distinctly, as she turned, with a start. Her look was surprised, and the hot blood was already mounting to her forehead. "You were out riding this afternoon. May I ask with whom?" I had dropped my voice so as to control it, and spoke calmly, but with seriousness. "Who said I was out riding?" She was off her guard and showed confusion. "MARGARET," I replied, still speaking calmly. "I asked for you when I came home, and she answered that you were out riding with a gentleman. It is only natural that I should desire to know the gentleman's name." "It was Mr. HARBAUGH." She rallied herself with a strong effort, threw the deeper stains of crimson from her face, and tried to smile with an innocent air. She was far from being successful. My eyes were too keen. I had learned to look through all the veils in her power to lift between me and her real self. Mr. HARBAUGH! Why, this was an old admirer, for whose smiles and favor, months before we were married, she had turned, half indifferent, from mine! I was jealous, then; surprised, startled, alarmed now! Mr. HARBAUGH! And he had been taking her out riding almost every afternoon! I was stunned for a little while. "If you have any objection," she began, reading surprise and displeasure in my countenance. I waived my hand for her to keep silent. Objection! And was that all she had to say? Objection! Did her perception of the case reach no further than this? I was dumb. She now had time to recover herself, and she made all haste to gather around her the rent garments of self control, and to assume an attitude of injured innocence. The hurt look, the sad, tear-filled eye, the quivering mouth; all these were arrayed in accusation against me. But they had no effect. I was not to be influenced against the logic of facts by feints like these. The wall of separation that was slowly rising between us, grew higher in the evening that followed. She spent the hours alone, affecting to be deeply hurt with me; I alone, also, brooding, accusing, repenting, foreboding. In the morning, as I was going out, I said to her—"JULIA, if Mr. HARBAUGH asks you to ride with him to-day, it is my will that you decline." Her eyes flashed. Crimson stains burned on her cheeks instantly. "Take care, sir!" she answered in a warning voice. "Take care! Of what?" I felt an angry spirit rising within me. "I am not yours to command. Be pleased to keep that in mind, sir! I am your wife, yet still a free woman—as free as you are." Her eyes were like darts. Her face imperious. She drew herself up in a queenly way; beautiful, but dangerous. "As the guardian of your honor," I made answer, "I must stand in the way of its attainment. Your good name is too precious. I cannot, I will not, see it shadowed." "Honor! Good name! Is the man sleeping or awake?" She affected to laugh. But the light died quickly out of her face. "The young wife, who, in the absence of her husband during business hours, rides out almost daily, with a man of leisure, is in danger of having light words spoken against her; and your good name is too precious a thing to be left to any risks." I emphasized the words "almost daily," and looked keenly at her as I uttered them. The color, so high a moment before, dropped away from her face—her eyes wavered under my steady glance—she turned partly from me and sat down. I did not feel angry. Pity was at this moment the stronger sentiment—pity for the humiliation with which she seemed overcome. "Remember," JULIA, I said with as much tenderness as I could throw into my voice, "that I am wholly in earnest. You have been thoughtless; that is all. But public opinion will judge of you more harshly." She sat with her face still partly averted, quite immovable, and without any response. I stood for a little while, in doubt as to her real state of mind, and then went away very much oppressed in feeling. On returning home at dinner time, she received me with a pleasant face. I could detect scarcely a line of the hardness and passion which had disfigured it on the evening before. "You are, indeed, very, very beautiful!" I found myself saying, mentally, as I dropped my gaze, suppressing an involuntary sigh, from her almost radiant countenance. Of course, no word, bearing the remotest allusion to the unhappy incidents of the previous day, escaped our lips. With a lighter heart I returned to my business; but instead of going direct, I turned aside from my usual course to see a gentleman with whom certain negotiations were pending. I spent half an hour with him. As I was leaving his office, Mr. HARBAUGH went dashing past in a buggy. He did not observe me. I kept him in sight until he turned a corner, three or four blocks distant. He was going in the direction of my house! The danger I had thought passing away, was at my door! I did not hesitate. An omnibus that went within a block of my residence was going by, and I jumped in. Happening to be the only passenger, the horses trotted on briskly. In twenty minutes I pulled the check-

string, and leaped to the pavement. A few rods more and I would be in sight of my house, which stood just past the next corner. Only two or three steps had been taken, when, sweeping gaily around the corner, came the buggy of Mr. HARBAUGH. JULIA was sitting by his side; her face covered with smiles. She saw me, and clutching after her veil, drew it closely over her face. My first impulse was to stop the vehicle, and invite her to come down. There was a moment or two of hesitation about acting on the impulse, and in this brief lapse of time the opportunity was gone. They went by me like a flash. I stood still in a weak, indeterminate state of mind, for almost a minute. Then, fearing lest some one had observed me and the passing of my wife, I started on. There was no use in returning home. The bird I had been so anxious to guard, had opened the cage in my absence, and was gone. So, I went to my place of business. A hundred things were thought of and conjectured during that unhappy afternoon—a hundred expedients for saving my wife from the danger that hung over her, determined on and then set aside as doubtful. I grew more bewildered—felt more impotent with every passing hour. I made it a point not to return home until my usual time; so that JULIA might have an opportunity to get back before that period, if she wished to do so. I found her in the parlor, with her bonnet thrown off and lying on one of the chairs. She came toward the hall, quickly, to meet me. There was a half-troubled, half-assumed look in her face, over which she flung a wreath of smiles. "Now don't be angry!" she said, in a coaxing, deprecating voice. "I couldn't help myself! The engagement had to be kept. But, indeed, indeed, there shall be no more of it! It is too bad that you should have seen me, when I was not, in heart, going against your wishes! I said to Mr. HARBAUGH, that it was the last time he must call for me." The serious look did not die on my face. I was too deeply hurt and troubled—the more hurt and troubled, that I saw through JULIA'S poor disguise. That wife must needs be a good actor who would deceive a husband started into suspicion as suddenly as I had been. "My strongly expressed wishes—nay, my positive injunction—should have had more weight with you, than a light and injudicious promise," I answered, with, perhaps, more severity of tone than I intended using. She stepped back from me as though I had pushed her away. But I did not relax in my severity of manner. The affair was too serious to be lightly passed over. Then came the wet eyes, the hurt look, the down-curved and quivering lips, the air of injured innocence. "You should have said that you were under promise to ride out again this afternoon. The wife who conceals from her husband anything that he has a right to know, acts unwisely. Her happiness is in peril. She is in danger of misjudgment. She opens the door for suspicion." She turned from me, even while I was speaking, with the air of one wrongly accused, and walked slowly from the room. I did not follow her, but sat down to think. An hour afterward, the tea-bell rung. I sat still, waiting for JULIA to come down. Nearly five minutes passed, and I heard no movement. The bell was rung again. I went up stairs and found her sitting by the bed, in our chamber, with her face bowed down and hidden on a pillow. I touched her, and she started as one rousing from sleep. "It is the tea-bell," I said. "Oh! Is it? I didn't hear." She looked at me for some moments, with real, or affected bewilderment, then arose and accompanied me down to the breakfast-room. There was no conversation during the meal. I think each was so much in doubt as to the other's true state of mind, as to be afraid to touch on any theme, lest there should be a jar from some discordant string. I remember that evening as the most unhappy one of my life,—I mean, of my life up to that period. JULIA sat, for most of the time, with a novel in her hand; but, from stealthy observation of her face, made from time to time, I was satisfied that she was taking little or no interest in the pages, that were turned at very irregular intervals. I, also, had sought refuge in a book; but there was only the pretense of reading on either side. During that memorable evening, I took the calmest and soberest possible review of the whole ground on which I was standing; and the result was a most painful conviction that I had brought a thirsty soul unto dry wells—that I had built up, hastily, a beautiful palace, the foundations whereof rested on sand. The JULIA of my imagination—the pure, tender, wise, perfect being reflected in grace of form and transcendent beauty of countenance, I had loved with a sentiment akin to worship. But the real JULIA, who had come to me, so radiant, so angelic in form and feature, from the marriage altar, I did not, could not love. For one of my thought and feeling, there was nothing in her to love. Day by day, one disguise after another had fallen; and on that day, the last veil to her real quality had been given to the winds. I saw her stripped of even womanly innocence! So young, so beautiful, and yet of so mean a quality! Could my soul mate with a soul like this? Was there any hope of conjunction? I saw the wall rise higher between us. I looked at her as across a gulf that widened every moment. I was always poor at disguises. As I feel, so I usually appear. If I simulate, it is with an effort that is of short duration. In my bearing toward JULIA, from that day she could not help seeing an altered state of mind. She made no effort to win back my falling love; but rather hid her sweetness when we were alone. In company, she shone out with a flash and brilliancy that often astonished me by its contrast with her home exterior; and I often saw the eyes of men whose character I knew too well, resting on her face

hungrily. There is a beauty, so full of all pure intimations, that it repels such eyes. It blinds, confuses, and rebukes them. But such was not, alas, my wife's beauty. She soon grew self-willed, and assumed a more independent line of conduct; in a measure, defying me. She knew that I strongly disliked Mr. HARBAUGH, and yet, would always receive him in the most gracious manner, when he happened to be in any company where we were present. He had ventured to call and spend an evening with us two or three times, but I treated him with such a frigidly polite air, that he gave up these intrusions. I saw that, in doing so, I was adding stones to the wall that was growing up between JULIA and myself; but to act otherwise was impossible. Coldness, constraint, and a constant sense of disapproval at home,—warmth, freedom, admiration, and flattery abroad,—I do not wonder that a creature wrought of such elements as made up the character of my wife, should dislike her home, and get out into the world, and amid other associations, as frequently as possible. I do not wonder that, not really loving her husband, she should be fonder of some men's society than of his; nor that, having neither prudence nor principle, she should act in such unbecoming ways as to provoke scandal. I could not play the spy upon my wife. A sense of honor—of good faith with myself—prevented this. And yet, I had reason to fear, that, in my absence from home during business hours, she received calls from gentlemen, or, it might be, went out with them, riding or walking. A few times I had met her on one of the fashionable streets, where business happened to take me, and she always had an attendant. Once I saw her riding, but did not make out her companion. As she had not seen me, I did not question her on the subject. I was becoming more unhappy every day. This partition wall—this widening gulf—must, in time, effect a complete separation. The beautiful temple I had builded, must, ere long, fall into hopeless ruin; and what then? I shuddered, often, as this hard question struck upon my soul with a painful jar. [To be continued.]

Wit and Humor.

ORNITHOLOGY.

THE Woonsocket Patriot tells the following story of a fowl that perched himself upon a wood-pile, and appeared to be trying to find his head, which had been chopped off half an hour previous: "Last week Mrs. C., an elderly lady of Burrillville, had occasion to kill and dress a fowl for one of her neighbors. She went and severed the head from the body with a broadaxe, placing the body in a pile of wood while she returned home to attend to her household affairs for a short time. In about half an hour she went to finish the operation, when lo! there was the rooster, standing on top of the wood-pile, turning his neck one way and the other, while his head lay on the ground near by. If any one doubts this story, let him call on L. C. Guild, house carpenter, and become satisfied of its entire truth." And the Maine Farmer gives the following account of an ancient goose: "L. Powers, Esq., of Norridgewock, informs us that Mr. Eliphlet Foss, of Brighton, has a goose which has attained the venerable age of sixty-eight years! Said goose is quite active considering her age, and until the past year has had the best use of her faculties. She now begins to show signs of old age; but has, however, not failed to bring up a litter of goslings every year, this season taking care of six, although she laid sixteen eggs. This may seem like a goose story, but reliable persons know the exact age of the fowl, and there can be no mistake." These are both stories; but we think the rooster a little harder to digest than the Down East goose.

LITTLE JOKERS.

THE crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather. A PATIENT is undoubtedly in a bad way when his disease is acute and his doctor isn't. WHY is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?—Because it is past-ur-age. WHY is a dull and plausible man like an un-rifled gun? Because he is a smooth bore. A WIDOW, whose lands supply rich grazing for a thousand cattle, is an attractive grass widow. We are told to have hope and trust; but what's a poor fellow to do when he can no longer get any trust? "I say, Bill, Jim's caged for stealing a horse!" "Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like any other gentleman?" SOME women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry. "BOBBY, what is steam?" "Boiling water." "That's right; compare it?" "Positive, boil; comparative, boiler; superlative, burst." A NEW nut-cracker has just been patented; it is so contrived as to crack jokes along with the nuts. A very liberal discount will be allowed to extremely depressed persons ordering large quantities. "THERE has been a slight mistake made here," said the house surgeon, "of no great moment, though—it was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins that was cut off. We can easily cure the other—comes to about the same thing." A WAG wants to know whether, if the devil were to die, the newspapers would not eulogize his character. If they didn't, the editors would be likely to get unceremonious orders from some of the friends of the deceased—"stop my paper." "I SELL peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a chandler's shop, "because they carry 'em to church and eat 'em, and keeps awake to hear the sermon; but if you want pickles, you must come week days. They are secular commodities."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 47 letters. My 19, 10, 6, 5, 47 is the father of poetry. My 18, 47, 40, 12, 9, 36, 17 was the last king of Lydia. My 18, 41, 21, 39, 38, 18, 3, 36, 24 was a celebrated Chinese Philosopher. My 27, 10, 18, 47, 1, 13, 16, 4 was an eminent Grecian Philosopher. My 7, 23, 9, 28, 29 was a celebrated fabulist. My 25, 20, 21, 8, 3, 35, 38, 42 was a celebrated Carthaginian General. My 45, 14, 47, 22, 26, 42 was a celebrated Latin Poet. My 11, 30, 18, 19, 20, 46, 42, 1, 31, 22, 44, 42, 38 was a celebrated Sculptor. My 2, 32, 42, 42, 3, 7, 15, 29, 12, 34, 43 was the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. My 29, 42, 1, 37, 10 was a Greek Philosopher. My whole is a Spanish Proverb. Oakfield, N. Y., 1863. ALBERT B. NORTON. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 35 letters. My 27, 5, 29, 30, 8, 15, 23 is an animal found in the Far West. My 21, 15, 2, 14, 16, 31, 7, 22, 12 was the most beautiful Queen of Egypt. My 30, 15, 33, 35, 13 is the prince of thieves. My 6, 12, 34, 7, 8, 21, 32, 31, 10, 26 is one of the mysteries of childhood. My 27, 2, 12, 28 is what young ladies most desire. My 25 is short-hand spelling of a familiar word among Farmers. My 27, 22, 31, 1, 25 was a distinguished Captain of Artillery in the Mexican war. My 4, 23, 19, 17 is a Yankee by-word. My 20, 3, 8, 24, 11 is the dread of Mississippi River Captains. My 18 is one of the consonants. My 6, 12, 15, 9, 2 by transposing the 2nd and 3rd letters changes from a healing substance to the cause of a nation's disease. My whole is the name and place of residence of a noted politician. Rochester, N. Y., 1862. TOBY TWINKLE. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 11 letters. My 1, 2, 3 is a noun. My 4, 5 is a pronoun. My 6, and 7 are vowels. My 8, 9, 10, 11 is a noun. My whole is a lake in North America. Kenton Co., Ky., 1863. MISS FRANK SANFORD. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM. A AND B bought 300 acres of land for \$600, each paying \$300. For certain reasons they agree to divide the land so that B should pay 75 cents per acre more than A. How much did each man get, and what did he pay per acre? Minneapolis, Minn., 1862. O. H. S. Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ANAGRAMS OF RIVERS. 1. Send a crumb. 2. Fall rode at Ai. 3. O can ma rest. 4. I call papa hoca. 5. U sheer Pat. 6. Watsen Cerl. 7. E. Bunda. 8. U. A. Hansun, Esq. Huntsburgh, Geauga Co., Ohio, 1862. P.

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