

# 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.  
CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

## Agricultural.

**HINTS AND QUERIES TO FARMERS:**  
OR, THE FOURTH RURALISTICALLY DISCUSSED.

ON this, the Eighty-Eighth Anniversary of American Independence, patriotic orations will be pronounced all over the loyal portions of the United States. Though civil war exists, and has already brought grief and lamentation to thousands of families, yet the Day will be celebrated by the firing of cannon and various other demonstrations of rejoicing. Much will be said and done in commemoration of the Nation's Birthday, and myriads will patriotically resolve to stand by the Country and the good old Flag—to suffer, bleed, and, if need be, die for the preservation of the dearly-bought Liberty and Union bequeathed by our forefathers. Many will resolve upon their future course of action, not only in regard to the war and the country—the preservation of their liberties, homes and families—but concerning individual and business affairs. Hosts will declare their independence—that they will be, from this day forth, independent of this, that or the other sin of omission or commission against health, interest, family or community—resolving to act well their parts, and to aid in rendering “all the world and the rest of mankind” better from their future existence and efforts. And this will be eminently meet and proper for men and women in all situations and vocations of life—as none are above or beyond the need of improvement.

While the great mass of city and village denizens throughout the land may be celebrating the “Glorious Fourth” with more or less ardor—some with genuine sentiments of patriotism, and others with the aid of unhealthy stimulants or excitement—thousands, in both Town and Country, will be seriously considering the “Signs of the Times,” and devising ways and means whereby national and individual welfare may be promoted. They will mentally resolve, according to their associations, reflections and conclusions—some to adopt this, others that, and still others a different course of action, in regard to the war and country, their business, or certain habits. Every intelligent, thinking, progressive man will be the wiser at the close of the day, if not in some essentials decidedly better—no matter what his pursuit or pecuniary condition. Thinking will induce present resolution and subsequent action. The Fourth of July and New Year's Day are proverbially great occasions upon which to mentally institute reformatory measures among the enterprising and right-thinking portions of the “Universal Yankee Nation.”

The present is a great epoch in our Nation's history, but we do not purpose to discuss national affairs in this connection, important as they are conceded to be by every lover of the country. Let us, rather, talk of matters immediately concerning the home and pecuniary interests of Ruralists—that class for the promotion of whose welfare this journal is mainly designed. What course of action in regard to their homes and business is it most proper for the Farmers to resolve upon to-day? Is there any room for improvement? and if so, where and in what respects? Is not a new declaration of independence necessary in this or that department, to be followed by corresponding effort for its fulfillment? How is it in regard to long-

neglected plans for the convenience and comfort of the family—the improvements in house or fixtures so many times promised wife or daughters? We need not particularize. If you have a mowing or reaping machine, and various labor-saving implements, is not your wife entitled to a sewing machine and other improvements in her important but very laborious department? The home of the farmer ought to be pleasant and happy, and, as a general rule, will be so in proportion as the head of the family is just and discriminating. The “rights” of the wife and children should be recognized and established, and various privileges, comforts and pleasures secured—the extent of the latter depending somewhat, of course, upon the means of the husband and father. But there are many things costing but little attention, time or money, that would greatly enhance the pleasure and convenience of home and family—matters useful as well as ornamental. The proper education of sons and daughters is important, while suitable books and periodicals for home study and perusal should in no wise be neglected. Nor should those ornamental accessories which increase the attractions of the house and its surroundings, and at the same time aid in cultivating a taste for the beautiful in nature and art, be overlooked. Flowers and ornamental shrubs and trees are not expensive, and their culture or care afford pleasure. How many of our readers may, and should, resolve upon improvement in regard to some or all of the items hereinabove enumerated or alluded to, and act accordingly?

But how is it in regard to out-door affairs—among the out-buildings, and in the Field, Orchard and Garden? Let us see if there is not abundant need of improvement, to be preceded, on this ever-memorable day, by suitable resolutions, or declarations. How about modes of culture? Is yours the best that can be adopted?—that which maintains the fertility of the soil, and still proves remunerative? Do farmers in long-cultivated sections go down low enough with plow and spade, and properly use the manures and fertilizers within their reach and means, (even on their own farms), or allow them to waste or remain unavailable through neglect or procrastination? And are not many—perhaps the great mass—in comparatively new and fertile regions pursuing a course calculated to exhaust the soils they cultivate? How, also, about underdraining and other items of farm enrichment and improvement? And what about orchards and fences?—evil weeds and foul seeds? Is not this a good time to make declarations touching reform in these matters?—resolving to plant more and better fruit trees, repair old or make new fences where necessary, to exterminate the thistles, docks, *et id omne genus*, and plant or sow only the best and purest seeds? And what is the condition of your domestic animals? Are your herds and flocks improving or retrograding? Do you breed from the best, and thus secure improvement and greater profit? Men and brethren, we submit that these and many other things are worthy of serious consideration at any time, and especially at this juncture, when it is the duty of every one to do his utmost in aid of the People and Country, as well as to insure his own continued prosperity and the present and future welfare of those who look to him for protection and support. Let us, therefore, one and all, severally and collectively, on this sacred National Birthday—while the country is cursed with a most wicked internecine war—resolve to accelerate the car of Improvement by promptly acting in accordance with the unmistakable dictates of Duty and Wisdom.

### UNDER-CURRENTS.

If the farmer studies his work superficially, he fails. If he looks for results without studying causes, he goes under. For the same causes in the character of a season, temperature and condition of soil, do not obtain more than once in a decade, as a rule. Each year is more or less an experiment. It is true, there is a standing promise of seed-time and harvest—a promise involving much faith and not a little labor, if we would realize results. But there are under and counter-currents operating to break up old axioms, destroy old theories, pull down “established precedents,” and confuse the thoughtless and superficial. We do not know what a season may bring forth. There is nothing in the past that we can rely upon. Hence we must watch the changeable moods Nature wears, and provide promptly for contingencies as they arise. This

is the work of the farmer. To this end he must think, observe, compare and reason. If the lower clouds run swiftly one way, he must watch if the upper stratum does not run in an opposite direction. He must remember that the highest spots on his farm are not necessarily the driest; that the hot July sun that makes the corn rustle and grow is not of so much advantage to the buckwheat; that the warm showers, followed by a sultry heat, are blessings only to such plants as are in a condition to be blessed, and a positive destruction to others. He must learn that there are classes of plants that sustain dependent relations—such as the shadows of the larger and hardier plants are a protection to the tender ones—that along side a plant that is vitalized by sunlight is another that is destroyed by it in its full strength.

These under-currents should be studied. The child of the farmer should be taught to distinguish them and learn something of their ebb and flow. The season of vegetable growth and development, and of insect maturity, is at hand. The labor of the farm should be almost incidental to the pursuit of these studies of natural objects. The season of labor will be wonderfully shortened if we search for the truths daily developing before our eyes—for these under-currents of farm life.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### FIGURES.

FIGURES elevate and humiliate. They are in our favor to-day; against us to-morrow. Not only their character, but their position or location affect our standing and obligations. They tell us a great many plain and some unpalatable truths. They do not often lie; when they do they are not to be held responsible for the falsehood. But, as much as we use them as a people, we need to use them more—at least, certain classes do. For it is true that the wealthy classes are the figure-using classes. The influential are those who can demonstrate facts with figures. The powerful are those who back their assertions and fortify their positions with them. I have been looking over the figures of the last census a little, and propose to transfer some of the facts there learned to the columns of the RURAL. Some of them are new to me, and will doubtless be so to many readers. I propose to include in this comparison of figures, the States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota.

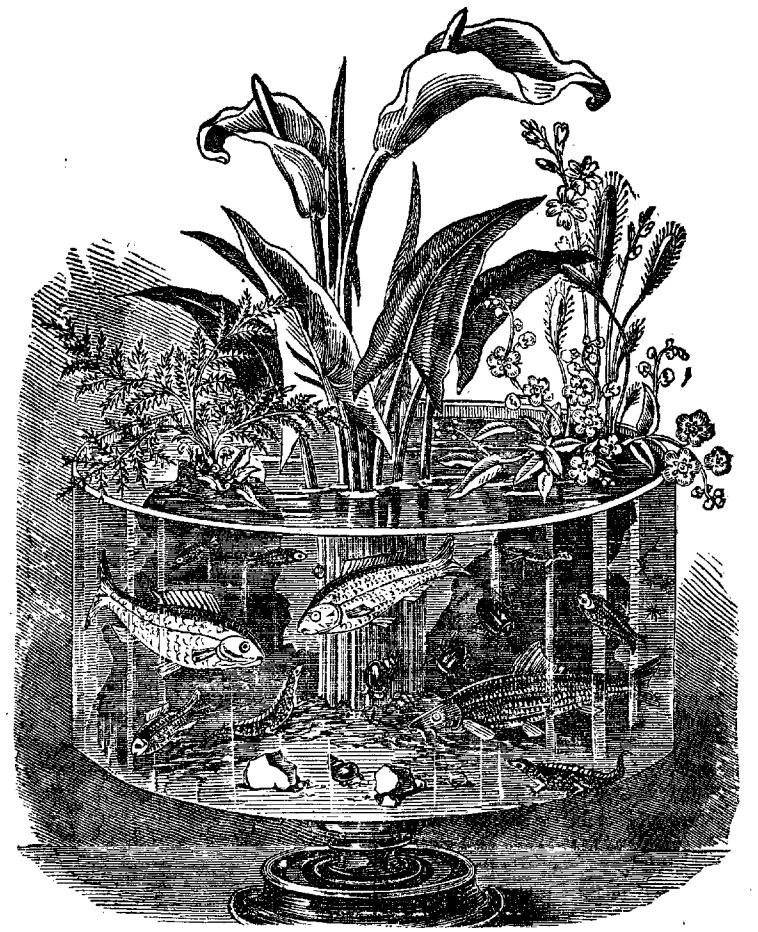
#### REAL ESTATE AND PERSONAL PROPERTY.

According to the census of 1860, the true, aggregate value of real estate and personal property in Illinois was \$871,860,282—an increase since the census of 1850, of \$715,595,276 or 467.93 per centum! Indiana's aggregate wealth is less. It is valued at \$528,335,371—an increase of \$326,185,107 since the census of 1850, or 160.95 per centum. This shows where emigration goes as between these two States. Michigan's figures are still smaller—\$257,163,983—an increase of \$197,376,728 since the census of 1850, or 330.13 per centum. But that is by no means a bad exhibit.

Missouri takes rank next to Indiana among the States thus far is enumerated in the amount of her wealth. Her real estate and personal property is valued at \$501,214,398—an advance since the census of 1850, of \$363,966,691, or 265.18 per centum. She is not increasing in wealth as fast as Michigan, but much faster than Indiana; and is far behind Illinois.

Wisconsin's real estate and personal property, in 1860, was valued at \$273,671,668—an increase of \$231,615,073, or 550.72 per centum since the census of 1850. While her aggregate wealth is less than Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, she leads the older State, Michigan, and walks to the head of all thus far enumerated, in the per centum of her increase in wealth during the last decade. The “Badger” State is a good State to settle in.

The next one on the slate is Iowa—the Hawkeye State. In 1860 her aggregate wealth was valued at \$247,338,265—an increase of \$223,623,627, or 942.97 per centum during the decade! This is mainly agricultural advancement in wealth, for her immigration is not so largely of the commercial classes, as is the case with all of the States above named except Indiana. Her cheap, fertile lands, her beautiful, high rolling prairies and wood-lands, so well watered, are appreciated, as shown by the above figures. And she has a large Yankee, and fighting population.



A CIRCULAR AQUARIUM.

[For description, and remarks on Aquariums, see third page of this number.]

When at St. Louis last January, attending the meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural Society, I visited the quarters of an Iowa regiment in which there was not a man enlisted under 45; and several were over 65 years of age; one I was told was 75 years old. This, however, in passing. Iowa has a great interest in the solution of this war. Her people know well the value of the Mississippi river to them. It is vital to the interests of her agriculturists that it be opened; and they are conscious of it, and determined it shall be done. A man, fifty-five years old, I should think, belonging to the regiment referred to above, said to the writer, “It is no use for us to grow grain at home without a market; and as long as this river is closed up we shall have none; we old men thought it best, therefore, to help the boys open it.” Such are the men of Iowa. That is why she increases in wealth as she does.

Minnesota reports the value of her real estate and personal property to be \$52,294,413. But as there was no returns in 1850, the per centum of increase is unknown. Minnesota is a growing State, however, and is well worthy the attention of the emigrant and capitalist.

Perhaps I should not omit the young State, Kansas, whose history is a part of the political history of the country. She reports her wealth to be \$31,327,895, in 1860; in 1850, she was scarcely known.

#### CASH VALUE OF FARMS AND FARM MACHINERY.

**Illinois.**—In 1860, the cash value of her farms is given as \$432,531,072—an increase over their cash value in 1850 of \$336,397,782. The value of her farm machinery in 1860 is \$18,276,160—nearly three times as much as it was in 1850.

**Indiana.**—The value of the farms of the Hoosier State in 1860 are put down at \$344,902,776—an increase over their cash value in 1850 of \$203,617,603. The value of her farm machinery in 1860 was \$10,420,826—not nearly doubled during the decade.

**Iowa.**—The farms in Iowa in 1860 were worth \$118,741,405; in 1850, \$16,667,567; and her farm machinery is inventoried at \$5,190,042—full five times more than it was in 1850.

**Michigan.**—The value of the farms in Michigan has more than tripled during the ten years. In 1860 they were worth \$163,279,087; in 1850, \$51,872,446. Her farm machinery has a little more than doubled, being valued at \$5,855,642 in 1860.

**Minnesota.**—Here is where this young State shows what she is doing. In 1860 her farms are

reported worth \$19,070,737—over 117 times as much as they were in 1850; and her farm machinery has increased proportionately. In 1850 it was worth \$15,981; in 1860, \$1,044,009!

**Missouri.**—The farms of this State in 1860 were valued at \$63,225,543; in 1860, at \$230,632,126—not quite quadrupled, but nearly. The value of her farm machinery in 1860 is nearly three times as great as in 1850, being put at \$8,711,508.

**Wisconsin.**—Farms \$28,628,563 in 1850, the value of her farms had increased to \$131,117,082 in 1860. And the value of her farm machinery was (in 1860) \$5,758,847—fully five times as great as in 1850.

I have given these figures and instituted these comparisons in order to show the relative growth in wealth of the great States of the North-west; and to show also the progress of agriculture as indicated by the figures given in the States named. But these figures do not show and cannot impress the reader with the physical changes that have taken place in the country embraced in the States named. The broad prairies have become dotted with groves and orchards, dwellings and barns, and divided by roadways, fences and hedges. Corresponding to the agricultural growth indicated, is the commercial growth, which has built up cities and villages, schools and churches, railroads and trade. But I am not through with figures yet.

#### FARM STATISTICS.

In 1859 the Illinois Legislature passed a law providing that the Auditor of the State should prepare the forms of the assessors books in such a manner, and give the necessary instructions by which the assessor should ascertain and report to him the number of acres in wheat, corn, and other field products, at the time of making the annual assessments. An annual report of the breadth of land planted with the different kinds of grain and vegetables, respectively, together with the number of cattle, horses, sheep and swine on hand, so arranged as to show the product of each township and county respectively, would not only possess great interest, but great value. Farmers in States where such a provision has been made, should not only take pains to give accurate and detailed information when it is asked of them, but should see assessors and personally urge their attention to this duty, and point out to them the advantages which may result to all classes by the publication of such reports. I call attention to this subject now because I believe it to be timely.





Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. "CONTENTMENT IS HAPPINESS."

How prone are we to discontent, To others' bliss aspire; Dissatisfied with what is sent, We seek for something higher.

We wealth or fame, Or honor claim, Or else a name Desire. If sweet retirement is our lot, We value not its bliss;

We seek for Honor's glittering hue, We seek for earthly gain; With these we pleasures have in view, But do we thus obtain?

Can then no happiness be found, While dwelling here below? Yes, let your wants your wishes bound, And you are happy so.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. WHISPERINGS OF THE WIND.

YESTERDAY from the Southland came the wailing, sobbing winds, and to-day from the broad fields of the West it rushes past, shrieking and groaning out its restless fury.

Silently in darkness lonely, Do their souls put forth alone, While the winds of angels only, Waft them to the great unknown.

And from the West to-day comes the boom of cannon—the shriek of crashing shells—and the ring of flashing sabres.

And yet we sit at ease to-day and call our Saxon slaves to heed our slightest wish, while the dying moan for drops of cooling water that there are none to bring.

The cares of home and helpless little ones hold many back with thrilling grasp, but there are true and noble women who sit to-day in their hearth's bright glow, and chafe in golden chains, whose hearts are aching at the thought of pangs they do not still.

LEIGH HUNT writes with poet-pen, that unto him who loved his fellow-man, the angel showed the book of gold; and lo! BEN ADHEM's name stood first in all the lists of those whom love of God had blessed.

MAXIMS FOR HUSBANDS.—Resolve in the morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual.

A WHISPER TO DAUGHTERS.

GIRLS, before you decide to accept a man as your companion for life, look well to his resentments. See if he hates anybody soundly. If so, you run a great risk in marrying him.

A noble mind is not always on the lookout for little offences, but takes good-humoredly slight annoyances that are plenty enough in every one's pathway. Do not countenance a person who thinks to add to his importance by blustering at hotel servants, railroad employes, or whenever he feels safe to do it.

It is an excellent sign for a young man if he is kind and attentive to his mother and sisters. Such a one will be quite sure to make a kind husband. There is something kind and genial and worth loving in a young fellow that all the children run to, if they wish to ask a favor.

Above all, remember that the "Christian is the highest style of man." The religion of Christ alone can make the proud heart humble—the violent, angry nature, mild and gentle—and perfect in the highest degree all the virtues and graces which make the person an agreeable companion and a useful man in the sphere God has placed him.—The Mother's Journal.

SOJOURNER TRUTH ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

THE remarkable colored woman described by Mrs. Stowe, in a late number of the Atlantic Monthly, who, though wholly without learning, had many shrewd thoughts and keen perceptions, spoke thus at a recent philanthropic convention in Ohio:

"Well, chillen, whar dar's so much racket dar must be som'ting out o' kilter. I tink dat 'twixt de niggers of de South and de women at de Norf, all a-talkin' 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all dis here talkin' 'bout? Dat man ober dar say dat woman needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to hab de best place eberywhere.

CHEER.

SEEK to be patient in distress, The weariest night at last must close; Tears are akin to happiness, The thorn is neighbored by the rose.

TEACH PROPERLY.—Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by example, and use gentle and patient means to curb his temper.

YOUNG children often do wrong merely from the immaturity of their reason, or from a mistaken principle; and when this is the case, they should be tenderly reproved, and patiently shown their error.

Choice Miscellany.

PRACTICE KINDNESS WHEN YOU CAN.

PRACTICE kindness when you can, Act the part of noble man; Tender thoughts and loving ways Help to cheer our gloomy days.

Practice kindness when you can, It is only for a span; Smiles beguile the human race Into thoughts of love and peace.

Practice kindness when you can, Strive to be a better man; Words of sympathy impart Hopes to cheer the weary heart.

THE DOCTOR IN CAMP.—No. III.

THE BIVOUAC.

I LEFT you, my gentle readers, at the close of the day's march, which we made in company, with the promise that I would on another occasion discourse somewhat concerning Bivouacs.

So much has been said and sung about the charms of a night passed under "the blue canopy of Heaven" that many people (who never tried it,) really talk about it as though the unfortunate portion of our population who are not in the army, are really to be pitted for having to sleep in beds.

But there is no enjoyment which may not pall upon the senses, and one can become satiated with sleeping out-of-doors. When all the water gods have conspired to give our worthy mother earth her fill of water for drinking or for washing;

But if you will take the bitter with the sweet, and as to-night promises fair, I will give you a place in our bivouac.

Staff officers have been sent ahead some hours ago, who have selected houses for the headquarters of the several Generals, and convenient fields for the accommodation of us, who belong to the different regiments—the great care being to get enough of both wood and water. On reaching the allotted place the arms are stacked, and ranks broken, and then ensues one of the most surprising and wonderful scenes ever imagined; for no sooner are the men excused from the ranks than the nearest rail fence seems to rise up, en masse, and walk off.

But my moralizing is cut short by the announcement, "Der coffee is ready," of our Dutch factotum. So we sip the grateful beverage, eat

our pork and "hard tack," and renew the discussion when our pipes are lit, unless you prefer to hear the many strains of my Dutch choir, of which more anon. Then, rolling ourselves in our blankets, with our feet to the fire, we are soon off for the land of dreams, where soldiers and sailors are privileged to fold in a brief embrace the forms of their loved ones, each including "the gal he left behind him." Good night!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A PLEA FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS.

HEAVEN'S choicest blessings rest upon our gallant, noble-hearted volunteers—a grateful nation's spontaneous applause and reverence attend their footsteps, and succeed every noble achievement! It is meet that we, who still retain the pleasures of our cheerful, comfortable firesides, basking in our accustomed pleasures and luxuries, should permit our hearts to go out after them in innumerable blessings, and unconstrained, heartfelt sympathy.

We talk of "hard times," when our wardrobes manifest not the least retrenchment, and our boards are groaning beneath the burden of their wonted delicacies, well-nigh forgetting, in our utter selfishness, the far-off camp-field, where our valorous brothers lie down at night-fall, with their wearied, destitute bodies wrapped in their coarse, half-worn blankets, dreaming, doubtless, of "Home, sweet home,"—or sit down to their uninviting repast, often composed of "musty beans and crawling bacon," thinking of mother's soft, white loaves, and sister's flaky crust and spongy cake.

A fervent "God bless them" comes welling up in our hearts, already overflowing with esteem and admiration, when we think of the inestimable offering they have laid on our country's sacred altar—an oblation doubly dear and precious because two-fold.—For is it not a great and honorable sacrifice on the part of dearly-cherished ones at home to resign their proud, heroic sons and brothers to the fierce conflict?—whose long absence, attended with numerous inevitable exposures, costs so many emotions of bitter anguish and keen suspense, that they are rendered a hundred-fold more beloved and indispensable to our happiness, now that the tender chain that riveted them to home is disconnected.

What heaven-born boon do we value more highly than life—sweet life! What would we not relinquish to insure, to rescue our life when endangered? And yet these courageous, generous-hearted volunteers have taken this priceless gift in their hands, willing, if need be, to spill their life's blood in the sacred cause of Union and Liberty.

"Our bosoms will bare to the glorious strife, And our oaths is recorded on high, To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life, Or crushed in its ruins to die."

May the "God of battles" shield them well, and buckle on their armor of defence. In the name of God may they set up their glorious stars and stripes, remembering that

"The race is not to be got By him that swiftest runs; Nor is the battle—to the people That's got the longest guns."

UNPUNCTUAL PEOPLE.

WHAT bores they are; what havoc they make with the precious moments of orderly, systematic men of business. A person who is faithless to his appointments may not intend to swindle people, but he does. To those who know how to turn time to advantage, every hour has an appreciable pecuniary value; minutes, even, are worth so much apiece. He who robs you of them, might just as well take so much money from your purse.

NATURE keeps writing her books in every one's heart—new editions of the same old poem read with new delight; her gem-books are bound in the hearts of women; these are her gift-books, and each happy man claims the copyright.

Sabbath Musings.

A LITTLE WHILE.

A LITTLE while to walk this weary road; H little way to bear this heavy load; Then all our earthly pilgrimage shall cease, And we shall wear the crown in perfect peace.

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

HOME!—most sacred spot on earth! There is the nursery of piety, of virtue, of true manhood. How memory loves to linger round that hallowed spot! The remembrance of days spent there, of the earnest prayers of a gentle mother that her guileless children might not go astray—a father's kind advice—a sister's boundless love and quiet influence—a brother's guardian care—all, all combine to render home most dear to the heart of the absent one; a spot, the sanctity of which the world may not invade, to which he may turn and be refreshed.

Since thy voyage on the ocean of life began, the sea may have been calm and the winds propitious—the sunshine of prosperity may have lighted thy pathway at every step, and flatterers may have thronged around thee; but does not thy heart, at times, turn from them all, as from an empty show, to the place where confidence is perfect and the light of home—so full of love—sheds round thee an influence more potent for good than all the alluring pleasures of the outside world? Hast thou walked with kind friends 'neath the sunny skies of prosperity? They may be only friends of a summer's day. But in thy home are those who will not forsake thee when the winter storms of adversity shall lower. Hast thou erred, and doest society close her door and spurn thee from the very threshold? In thy home a mother's tears will fall, a father's prayers ascend for thee, a sister's love will cling even more closely about the erring one; and then, if anywhere, will the mantle of charity be thrown over thy sin. There may'st thou go and screen thyself from the sneers and taunts of the world, and there, by love and kindness, may'st thou be reclaimed.

When one has been absent from home for a long time and proposes to return, what thoughts of home and loved ones there, fill the mind with pleasurable emotions, and visions of a happy re-union are his brightest dreams. Many changes may be there, yet it is home—a pleasant, well-remembered spot. Each favorite haunt is sought with eager interest, each former friend, whom time has spared, is met with cordial greetings.

A lovely, happy place is home. Yet there is a happier, an eternal home, where nothing may occur to mar the felicity of that blessed family. Happy, thrice happy shall he be who, when his tale of life is told, shall find a home in Heaven with his Father—GOD; his companions—the sons and daughters of the LORD ALMIGHTY.

A GRAVE WITHOUT A MONUMENT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all, the requiem, by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned will sleep on until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead.

No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered. Yet the cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor. Over no other is heard such noble melody.—Henry Giles.

UNBURIED DEAD PEOPLE.—There are many dead people in the world who are not yet buried. There are thousands who have been dead many years, and do not know it. When a man's heart is cold and indifferent about religion; when his hands are never employed in doing God's work; when his heart is never familiar with his ways; when his tongue is seldom used in prayer and praise; when his ears are deaf to the voice of Christ in the Gospel; when his eyes are blind to the beauty of heaven; when his mind is full of the world, and has no room or time for spiritual things—then a man is dead.

THE TRUE LIFE.—To imitate the highest examples, to do good in ways not usual to our rank of life, to make great exertions and sacrifices in the cause of religion and with a view to eternal happiness, to determine, without delay, to reduce to practice whatever we applaud in theory, are modes of conduct which the world will generally condemn as romantic, but which are founded on the highest reason.—J. Foster.

The Reviewer.

THE GENTLE SKEPTIC; or, Essays and Conversations of a Country Justice on the Authenticity and Truthfulness of the old Testament Records. Edited by the Rev. C. WALWORTH. [pp. 388.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1863.

ATTACKS upon the Bible and Christianity have of late years been neither few nor insignificant. Many occupying high positions in the world of letters, have been found willing to prostitute their fine talents and great attainments to the base, ungrateful task of undermining faith in Him who favored them with such endowments. Their efforts, as a general thing, however, have been successfully counteracted, by men of greater ability and authority, and have only caused the eternal principles of the Christian Religion to strike root more deeply and more firmly. The book before us is calculated to help on this good work. It is well adapted to "Gentle Sceptics," those who desire to believe, but are beset with many painful doubts, and is prepared especially for "young men—the fresh, buoyant, intelligent, live young men of the country." The author is a Roman Catholic Priest, but the work contains very few things that the strictest Protestant cannot thoroughly endorse and rejoice to see so ably presented and discussed. For sale by STEELE & AVERY.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA:—Its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vol. 1. [pp. 656.] New York: Harper & Brothers—1863.

MANY books have been published within a few years in reference to the war in the Crimea. They have all been more or less incomplete and unsatisfactory, however, and the need of a more full and reliable account has been universally felt. In Mr. KINGLAKE'S work this want is supplied. It gives us the whole history of this great war, which cost so much and accomplished so little, together with much collateral information and speculation, which is important as it serves to throw light upon the general subject. The author had access to the most valuable materials that could be obtained, and used them with great success. He inspires an agreeable feeling of confidence in the reader, as he seems to have thoroughly mastered his subject, and presents it in a style at once pleasing, graphic and powerful. We commend the book to all, feeling assured that it is what it professes to be, a full and accurate history of the great struggle in the Crimea. For sale by STEELE & AVERY.

MONEY. By CHARLES MORAN. [pp. 228.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1863.

THERE are men who have labored diligently in the pursuit of riches, and accumulated immense stores of wealth, and yet whose knowledge in regard to the real nature of money has always been extremely limited. To such, and to all who are interested in a commodity which in itself is a very good thing, though the love of it may be "the root of all evil," our advice is—read this book. The subjects of the relative value of gold and silver, of paper currency, and indeed many interesting questions in Political Economy, Trade and Finance, are here fully and ably discussed. It is a book that business men especially can read with both pleasure and profit. For sale by STEELE & AVERY. Price \$1.25.

Books Received.

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

PRINCIPIA LATINA.—No. 1. A First Latin Course. Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercises. Book. With Vocabulary. By WILLIAM BARTY, LL. D., author of "A History of Greece," "A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," "A Classical Dictionary," etc. Revised by H. DRISLER, A. M., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York; Editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon," etc. [pp. 187.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF FREE THOUGHT IN REFERENCE TO THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. Eight Lectures Preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1862, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Hampden, M. A., Canon of Salisbury. By ADAM STOBBER FARRAR, M. A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. [12mo.—pp. 487.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY. Price \$1.50.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.—Containing over One Thousand Receipts, Systematically and Practically Arranged, to enable the Housekeeper to prepare the most difficult or simpler Dishes in the Best Manner. By PIERRE BLOT, late Editor of the "Almanack Gastronomique," of Paris, and other Gastronomic works. [16mo.—pp. 258.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY. Price \$1.

THE NEW AND COMPLETE TAX-PAYER'S MANUAL: Containing the Direct and Excise Taxes; with the Recent Amendments by Congress, and the Decisions of the Commissioners; also complete marginal References, and an Analytical Index—showing all the Items of Taxation, the Mode of Proceeding, and the Duties of the Officers. With an Explanatory Preface. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

SCIENCE FOR THE SCHOOL AND FAMILY. Part 1.—Natural Philosophy. By WORTHINGTON HOOKER, Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, author of "Natural History, Physiology," "Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," &c. Illustrated by nearly 300 Engravings. [16mo.—pp. 346.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

TWO PICTURES; or, What we think of ourselves, and what the world thinks of us. By M. J. MCINTOSH, author of "Two Lives; or, to Seem and to Be;" "Charms and Counter Charms," etc. [12mo.—pp. 476.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

THE ELEMENTS OF ARITHMETIC.—Designed for Children. By ELLAS LOOMIS, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale College, and author of "A Course of Mathematics," etc. [pp. 166.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

THE NATURAL LAWS OF HUSBANDRY. By JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. Edited by JOHN BLYTHE, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Cork. [12mo.—pp. 387.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY. Price \$1.50.

IN THE TROPICS. By a Settler in Santo Domingo. With an Introductory Notice by RICHARD B. KIMBALL, author of "St. Leger," "Undercurrents," &c. [16mo.—pp. 306.] New York: Carleton. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

THE FAIRY BOOK. The Best Popular Fairy Stories Selected and Rendered Anew. By the author of "John Hall, Gentleman," &c., &c. [16mo.—pp. 479.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

DARRELL MARKHAM; or, the Captain of the Vulture. By Miss M. E. BRADDOCK, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "John Marchmont's Legacy," "The Lady Lisle," etc. [8vo.—pp. 164.] New York: Dink & Fitzgerald.

MANUAL OF GYMNASIUM EXERCISES. For Schools and Families. By SAMUEL L. MASON, Master of the Elliot School, Boston. [pp. 47.] Boston: Crosby & Nichols. Rochester—ADAMS & ELLIS.

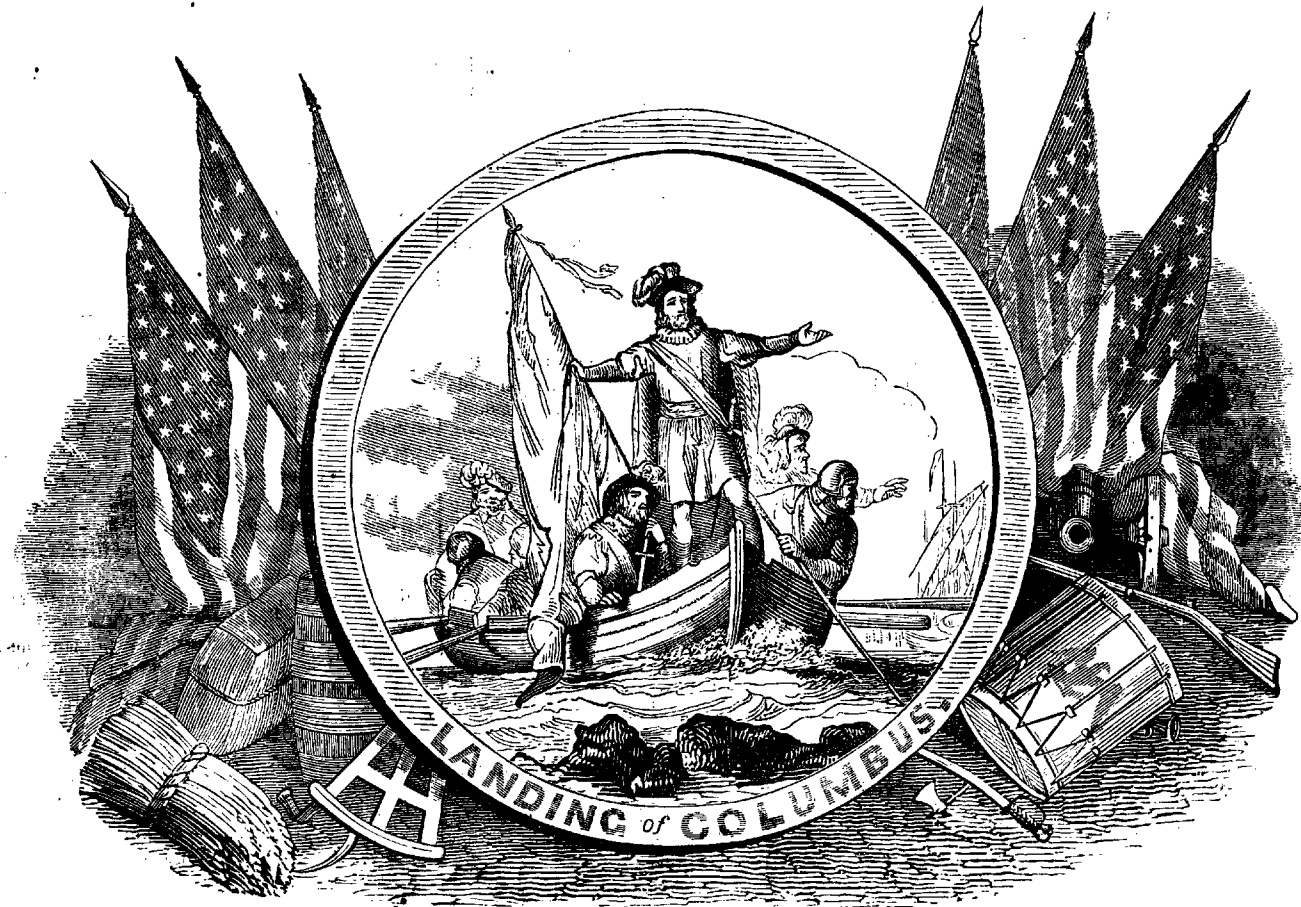
A POINT OF HONOR. A Novel. By the author of "The Morals of May Fair," "Creeds," "The World's Verdict," &c. [8vo.—pp. 120.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK. A Novel. By Mrs. GASKELL, author of "Sylvia's Lovers," "North and South," &c., &c. [8vo.—pp. 90.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

ST. OLAVS. A Novel. [8vo.—pp. 162.] No. 231 of "Library of Select Novels." New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

XENOPHONTIS ANABASIS. Recensuit J. F. MACGILLIVRAY, A. B. [pp. 224.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

A FIRST FRIENDSHIP. A Tale. [8vo.—pp. 90.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.



In commemoration of the Discovery of America, and the Declaration of American Independence, we give on this page illustrations of the LANDING OF COLUMBUS, and the SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. The history of these important events is so familiar to all that no description is necessary. The pictures at once recall the most important scenes connected with the early settlement and subsequent Independence of the American Colonies.

OUR COUNTRY'S BIRTHDAY.

Two years ago the 20th of last December the State of South Carolina committed an act of perfidy second only to the betrayal of the PRINCE OF PEACE into the hands of the Jewish oligarchy. Reason seems to have departed from the human soul in both instances, and a spirit of ingratitude and wickedness the most intense, must have entered to fill the vacuum. In sight of that fortress which defended the city of Charleston and the State from the British in 1776, and while some few yet remained who witnessed, in their childhood, the heroic deeds of their defenders, base, selfish, bigoted men, resolved that South Carolina was free!—free from the United States of America!—free from that Great Charter their fathers helped construct!—free from the appeal of the blood of patriots to appreciate and cherish their dear-bought privileges!—and free to rush headlong into anarchy, degradation and ruin! Like the Prodigal Son, they left the paternal circle—left the home of their childhood—the protection of an arm powerful to shield from all danger—a home where want was never known—gave up their rights and equal privileges in the family, and declared themselves outcasts! Was ever infatuation more complete? Were ever men more dead to all that is honorable! to all the ennobling qualities of true manhood? and even to their own interests? The Powers of Darkness danced with that delight known only to demons, when that Convention opened their doors and proclaimed to the world that the deed was done!—that it was finished!—that they had betrayed their country!—that they were traitors! Preparations were then made to drive, by force, the men in their country's service from their midst, and wrest from that Government to whom they owed their very being, all right and

title to everything within the State of South Carolina. The DAY all true Americans so delight to honor and celebrate as the Nation's Birthday, was decreed to be odious, and stricken from the list of holidays on the statute. Robbery followed, and the FLAG, which had so long upheld them as an integral part of one of the mightiest nations of the earth, was assaulted and trampled in the dust. While the flames ascended from Sumter, the citizens of South Carolina, from the pinnacles of the city, gazed their eyes upon the spectacle as did NERO while Rome was burning. With music and joyous demonstrations did they witness the discomfiture of ANDERSON, and the Stars and Stripes disappear from Charleston Harbor, while in its place arose a "flag," the insignia of which truthfully portrayed the character of the usurpers—a serpent—the beguiler, the betrayer of our first parents—the disturber of the peace of mankind—an animal in which all the characteristics of abomination found a dwelling place.

Had South Carolina been content with the trouble she had brought upon herself and the nation, she might have been, in due time, as anxious to return to the home of her childhood as that Son, whose father received him with outstretched arms, and ordered that the fatted calf should be killed to commemorate the joyous occasion. But she was possessed of a deadly virus, which she ejected upon her neighbors, and they, in turn, became polluted, and sloughed off from the sound and healthy portion of the body politic.

LAFITTE, the Pirate of the Gulf, MURRILL, the Land Pirate, and BURR, the Hero of Blennerhassett Island, established governments to legalize murder and rapine—to wage war upon their own species—upon the "Flag of our Union"—the "Star-Spangled Banner." Men, carried away with a blind hallucination, were prevailed upon, and often forced, to join those governments, and, for a time, be led, in undertakings against the peace of society, their lawful Government, and the well-being of mankind.

Prosperous as were the many, a few of the Southern autocrats at the commencement of the national troubles, appeared to possess the fascinating powers of reptiles—the Old Serpent himself—to charm the unwary into acts of rebellion, while a government to legalize their actions among their own dupes, was pompously instituted. Great was Diana among the heathen; but greater still were those false gods among the ignorant masses of the "Sunny South." "The Day we Celebrate" no longer receives a "passing notice" in the land of chivalry, and the thunder of cannon, instead of proclaiming a nation's gratitude to WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, reverberates over their graves in the endeavor to overthrow that structure which they gave their country as an inheritance to be cherished till the Angel, with one foot on the land and the other on the sea, declared that "time should be no more." The memories of Mount Vernon and Monticello plead in vain to stay the destroyer's hand. The ashes of the "Father" and the "Sage" no longer receive the sacred homage so long the wonted and solemn custom of those who once called them their countrymen with feelings of the highest veneration. Serried hosts of armed men, rebels against their Government, rebels against the very REMAINS of the Author and Defender of their Birthright, now tread the ground once hallowed by them in their progress to and from the Council and Executive Halls of their country. Toward the Capital of the "Great Republic" march, in battle array, those who plot the downfall of freedom—the downfall of "Columbia's Pride"—which, so far, has only been prevented by those who love their "Native Land" next to their CREATOR.

Upon the return of each anniversary of the Saviour's Birth, Christians are wont to dedicate themselves anew to His service—to take new obligations, and fight, with renewed courage, the Enemy of Man. The Patriot, in these "times that tries men's souls," has a similar duty to perform. He is called upon by a sense of love for free institutions, of the blessings he has enjoyed under the noble system of our Government, to stop and reflect upon the course he ought to pursue in the present great national affliction. Wisdom, if ever needed, is needed now. The man of wealth, of business—mechanics, laborers—men and women in all the honorable pursuits of life—look around you and see how much you can do to further the efforts of Government in bringing to an end this cruel contest. Each one may do something toward re-constructing our glorious old Union in its pristine purity. But there is work to be performed in counsel among the people, as well as with the hands; and an important work it is. Democrat, Republican, Abolitionist,



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

all party men of whatever stripe—bear in mind that you are citizens of the nation and not of a party, and that it is your bounden duty to ignore all party, all tenets but one—and that one the desire to help the country in this her time of greatest need and peril. What better time to resolve to do your whole duty than the eighty-eighth Birthday of the "Land of the Free?" We have not only the spiritual enemy to contend with as do Christians, but spiritual and material enemies, devils-incarnate, men whose characters for darkness would have cast into the shade that darkness PHAROAH'S wickedness called down from heaven. United in one solid compact—all having in view one great object—and the minions of those kings of traitors would be stayed in their career of desolation, while their masters would either have to flee the country or receive the punishment they so richly deserve. "One Country, One Constitution, One Destiny," was the language and sentiment of DANIEL WEBSTER. Would that this might be the expression and feeling of every one of the twenty millions of those who are permitted by a wise Providence to commemorate the Fourth Day of July, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. Rochester, N. Y., June 30, 1863.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

GET ENOUGH SLEEP.

We have often heard young men remark that four or five hours' sleep was all they wanted, and all that the human system required. The habit of going without sufficient sleep is injurious. Thousands, no doubt, permanently injure their health in this way. We live in a fast age, when everybody seems to be trying to pervert the order of nature. If folks will persist in turning night into day, it is not to be wondered that few last out the allotted term of life. No matter what be a man's occupation—physical or mental, or, like Othello's "gone," and living in idleness—the constitution cannot last, depend upon it, without a sufficiency of regular and refreshing sleep. Joe Hunter, the great surgeon, died suddenly of spasmodic affection of the heart, a disease greatly encouraged by want of sleep. In a volume just published by a medical man, there is one great lesson that hard students and literary men may learn, and that is, that Hunter probably killed himself by taking too little sleep. "Four hours' rest at night, and one after dinner, cannot be deemed sufficient to recruit the exhausted powers of the body and mind." Certainly not; and the consequence was, that Hunter died early. If men will insist in cheating sleep, her "twin sister Death" will avenge the insult.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.

The atmosphere always contains water. Most people think its presence a misfortune. They say the atmosphere of California is very healthy because it is so dry. This is an error. The air of California has a great deal more moisture than that of New England, and that is the principal reason for its superior healthfulness. In New England, the dry air sucks the moisture out of a man's air passages, and he has the consumption. If he could breathe the moist atmosphere of the Pacific coast, he might recover. In their influence on consumptives, I do not mean to say that the only difference between the Atlantic and Pacific coast is found in the amount of atmospheric moisture. But I do say that this is one of the most essential sanitary differences. A man who, in New England, is ever suffering with dry and cracked skin, has in California a moist and healthy skin. What is true of the skin, is true of the lining of the lungs, with which the same atmosphere is in constant contact. The dry air sucks out the moisture, and produces disease.

A RAIN GLASS.

The following may be depended upon as a rain glass; I have used it for months. Get a common pickle bottle, such as is sold at every Italian ware-house; fill it with any kind of water to within two or three inches of the top; plunge the neck of an empty Florence oil-flask into the pickle bottle. Before rain the water will rise two or three inches in the neck of the inverted flask—often in three or four hours. If the weather is settled for fair, the water will remain not more than half an inch high, for days, in the neck of the flask. It never fails to foretell rain; and to-day, July 15, rose as high as the rim of the pickle bottle, in the neck of the flask. It may stand in or out of doors, in sun or shade, and the water never needs changing so long as it can be seen through. Mine is now green through long standing. The oil-flask must be cleansed before the neck is plunged in the water. Soda and warm water will clear it of oil.—Thos. Zuller.

SINGING FISH.—M. de Thoron has addressed a curious communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences on the subject of certain singing fish that inhabit the seas as well as the rivers of South America. He specially mentions the Bay of Pallon, situated north of the province of Emmeraldas, in the Republic of Ecuador, where, being in a boat, he was suddenly startled by a deep, humming noise, which he at first attributed to some large insect, but which, upon inquiry, turned out to be a kind of fish called muscos by the people of the country. On proceeding further the sounds became so strong as to remind him of the strains of a church organ. These fish live both in salt and in fresh water, since they are also met with in the river Mataje. They are not more than ten inches long; their color is white, sprinkled with blue spots, and they will continue their music for hours without minding any interruption.



Special Notices.

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THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD. AGENTS WANTED.

Dr. RANDALL'S NEW WORK ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY, recently announced as in preparation, is now in press, and will be published in August. It is entitled THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, and must prove the best and most complete practical work on the subject ever published in America.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, June 30, 1883. There are no changes to note in our market quotations this week, save in the price of wool which sells at from 60c to 60c per pound.

BOSTON, June 28.—The market for domestic wool sustains the advance made at the close of last week, with a fair demand for fleeces.

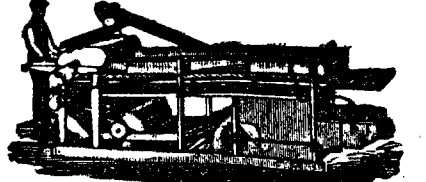
WOOL IN THE WEST.—We give below the quotations of wool at different points in Ohio and Michigan, as gathered from our exchange papers of this week:

THE CATTLE MARKETS. NEW YORK, June 22.—For Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drive Market.

Table with 2 columns: Item (e.g., First quality, Ordinary quality) and Price (e.g., \$11.00@12.00).

NEW YORK, June 22.—For Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drive Market.

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CLOVER THRASHER & HULLER, Patented May 18th, 1883; Dec. 18th, 1889; April 8th, 1892, and May 18th, 1892.

Birdsell & Brokaw, WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y. This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one operation.

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NEW WORK ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

"THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD."—The Editor of the Rural New-Yorker in connection with J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., of Philadelphia, will publish in a few weeks, a new and complete work on Sheep Husbandry, entitled THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, by Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., author of "Sheep Husbandry in the South," "Life of Jefferson," "Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry," etc.

The history, statistics, and what may be termed the literature of Sheep Husbandry, have already occupied many foreign and domestic pens—among others that of Dr. RANDALL. His "Sheep Husbandry in the South," embraced a vast amount of this kind of matter, and no other American work on Sheep has been received with more general favor.

The Publishers promise to make the work creditable in externals—engravings, typography, binding, etc.—and will vie with the Author in efforts to render THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD in all respects superior to any book on Sheep Husbandry hitherto published in America.

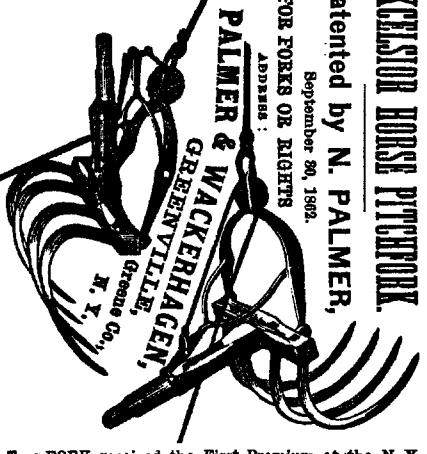
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Having become fertilized by the Pure Italian Drones. Having experimented with, and cultivated the Italian Bee to some extent for three years past, and secured several hundred Queens in the time, and with extensive arrangements for rearing a large number of Queens for the present season, I therefore flatter myself that I can furnish the pure Italian Queen for about one half the former prices.

100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 10 feet high, at \$2 per hundred. 20,000 Standard Pear Trees, 6 to 7 feet high, at \$2 1/2 per 100.

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BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

These following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, etc., may be obtained at the Office of the Editor, at the following prices. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices.

TENTS TO RENT.—For State and County Fairs.

TOBACCO TWINE, wholesale and retail. J. B. JAMES FIELD, 42 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

RUSSELL'S MAMMOTH PROLIFEROUS BERRY.—Plants for sale at 10 cents each. Also Delaware Grape Vines, at from 30 to 80 cents.

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WANTED—A HOUSE AND LOT, OR A SMALL FARM, in or near a village in Central or Western New York.

FARMERS WHO CAN TEACH SINGING IN SCHOOLS, have profitable employment for winter evenings.

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THE VERY BEST SUGAR MILLS AND EVAPORATORS ARE THE MILLS OF "The Clark Sorgho Machine Co." 122 MAIN ST., CINCINNATI, O.

Cook's Sugar Evaporator, MANUFACTURED BY BLYMERT, BATES & DAY, Mansfield, O.

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Cook's Sugar Evaporator, MANUFACTURED BY BLYMERT, BATES & DAY, Mansfield, O.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 29.—Flour—Market dull, and lower, except for round hooped Ohio and extra State. Sales at \$4.50@5.00 for superfine State; \$5.00@5.50 for extra State; \$5.50@6.00 for No. 1 State; \$6.00@6.50 for No. 2 State.

GRAIN.—The market for wheat 10c better, with a fair demand; sales at \$1.18@1.36 for Chicago spring; \$1.20@1.41 for Milwaukee club; \$1.42@1.44 for amber Michigan; \$1.45 for winter red Illinois. Rye quiet at \$1.00@1.01; 75c for shipping mixed; \$1.00 for extra; and 74c@76c for Eastern. Oats dull at 74c@77c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork market firm; sales at 11.50@11.75 for old mess; \$12.00@12.15 for new do; and \$10.50@11.25 for light and medium. Bacon, sales at 10c@11c for extra; 9c@10c for No. 1; 8c@9c for No. 2. Butter selling at 15c@16c for Ohio; 17c@18c for State. Cheese steady at 9c@10c.

THE WOOL MARKETS. NEW YORK, June 28.—Wool.—The market may be said to be closed for the season. Quotations may be said to be nominally lower, but the foreign arrivals have been heavy, and sales are rumored at a considerable decline, but nothing definite is known outside of a limited circle.

ALBANY, June 28.—The new clip comes in slowly. Holders are not anxious to dispose of it at the present ruling of the market, and buyers are not disposed to put up prices. Lots that have been sold on the street during the week were taken at prices averaging from 55c@56c, as in quality.—Journal.

BUFFALO, June 27.—There is very little doing in this market, with the exception of some few lots purchased in the surrounding towns, at 50c@55c. Buyers are not inclined to purchase much even at these quotations, and several of them that are anxious to purchase early, have not purchased any as yet this season.—Courier.

YANKEE DOODLE.

TUNE—"Yankee Doodle."

BY T. S. DONOHU.

"YANKEE DOODLE." Long ago They played it to deride us; But now we march to victory, And that's the tune to guide us!

The Story-Teller.

OUR FLOWER BED

BY DATE LANSING.

It was a rickety old shell of a house that we lived in, a summer or two ago, while waiting for the new one to be built.

For good and sufficient reasons, no doubt, our wise men in council convened, had decided that our chief city was no place for the Seat of Government, so they carried it away and set it down in these North Woods, where bears and wolves and timid deer, and their red-skinned pursuers, were the only inhabitants; where "groves" were the only "temples," and a single log cabin was the sole pioneer of civilization.

In these days men paid dearly for the honor of being "Hon." They had to take the risk of broken bones and bruised heads in going, and of starvation upon arriving at the scene of their labors; and many are the ludicrous adventures and hair-breadth escapes yet recounted of those perilous days.

puffing locomotive breaks the solitude in one direction, and stage-coaches rumbling over plank roads in every other. A spacious avenue, graded and side-walked, stretches for two miles away.

But amid all the changes and improvements, some relics of the past still remain, and this old house is one. Built originally for a store, then heightened and lengthened and widened and converted into a dwelling, then by more additions here, and partitions there, it was made a school house of, and when it had served its day and the rising generation in that capacity, our hostess, for lack of a better, appropriated it, and took us boarders as its inmates until her own should be finished.

A right merry time of it we had that summer in the old ruined Castle. Its tumble-down walls re-echoed with glees from morning until night.

May came. The birds were trilling their quavers, and semi-quavers, and demi-semi-quavers, on every budding twig. The children were bringing in their treasures of dandelions and violets and hepaticas. The south wind blew upon us, and breathed into us a longing for outdoor employment.

after bouquets. No, we were not willing that Nature should do all the work for us. We must have a hand in too.

So our hostess was called in for consultation, and it was finally decided that we should have a space upon the wood-pile side of the house, three feet in width and some fourteen or fifteen in length.

Our next evening's task consisted of the spading, raking, hoeing, &c., and the implements of husbandry were brought to aid in the work.

But the spading! O, HERCULES, what a task! Now, my knowledge of the art was confined to observation entirely. I had often sat at the desk in my close recitation room and looked out upon the laborers at work upon the grade beneath my window, and when some more than usually dull or frolicsome pupil had tried the full extent of my patience and forbearance, I had watched these spaders with a feeling akin to envy.

what more of earthly bliss could fall to the lot of a dweller upon this mundane sphere? I enviously wished that I had been born a spader instead of a school ma'am.

THE TWO GARDENERS.—There were two gardeners whose crop of peas had been killed by the frost. One of them fretted and grumbled, and said nobody was so unfortunate as he was.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 23 letters. My 13, 19, 29, 24, 14 is the name of an animal. My 25, 23, 11, 16, 11, 25, 8 is the name of a science.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 17 letters. My 8, 3, 1, 2, 9 is that fabled stream in the infernal regions, whose waters are said to bring to man, that which the mysteries of alchemy has ever failed of doing—rest—oblivion.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Ni a neruffi el fo byenat, Hwree hte edlbes galnaa liev, Uyo rea gshat hat si ruyo tydu, Rifa grotq nda htac evirfog.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

A BODY was dropped into a well, and was heard to strike the bottom in four seconds. What is the depth of the well, the velocity of sound being 1130 feet per second?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 701.

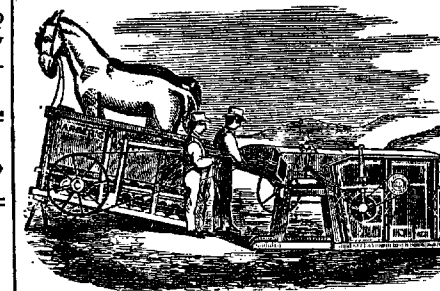
Answer to Geographical Enigma.—Whoso findeth a wife, findeth a good thing; and obtaineth favor of the Lord.

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