MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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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.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

"FIRE-BLIGHT" IN PEARS AND APPLES.

At a recent meeting of the Illinois Natural History Society, its President, B. D. WALSH, ESQ., of Rock Island, read an elaborate paper giving, in detail, the result of his observations and experiments to solve the question as to the cause of "Fire-Blight" in the Pear and Apple. The whole paper, though exceedingly interesting and valuable as a contribution to Science, is too long for your columns. By my request, therefore, the author has kindly furnished me with the following results, which he has arrived at, omitting the proofs of those results:

1. "Fire-blight in the Apple and Pear is caused by two species of leaf hoppers (*tettigonia*) described by me, in the *Prairie Farmer* last year, as *Chloroneura Malefica* and *Chl. Maligna*.

2. "In the autumn these insects lay their egg, from 7 to 10 in number, in slits about ⅛ of an inch long, cut lengthwise, in the bark of twigs and branches, and easily recognized by their scaly, rough appearance. They also pass the winter in large numbers in the perfect, or winged state."

3. "As these eggs lie dormant for eight months before they hatch, and as the sap-wood turns brown on each side of the egg slit, there must be some poisonous fluid deposited by the mother insect in the egg slit; otherwise the wound would grow over and heal up."

4. "This poisonous fluid is absorbed into the system of the tree, and blight results the next next spring, even before the young *tettigonias* are hatched."

5. "The beak of the tettigonias appears to have some poisonous property, for the leaves turn brown where they are punctured by it. This is called, out West, 'leaf-blight,' and may also be seen on grape vines badly infested by their peculiar leaf-hoppers."

6. "Almost every tree has one or more peculiar leaf-hoppers. For example, two species occur on the crab, thorn, pear and apple, the same that I believe to cause fire-blight; another on the white elm; another on the oak; another on the sycamore or button-wood—all three of them undescribed; and four distinct species on the grape-vine, two of which were first described by me in the *Praire Farmer*."

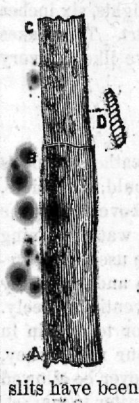
7. "On the elm it requires a very great number of egg-slits to cause blight; on the crab, a less number; on the pear, a very small number."

8. "On the elm and crab-apple, and most other trees, the egg is generally placed half in the sap-wood and half in the bark. On most varieties of the pear, it is generally placed in the bark, not penetrating into the sap-wood."

9. "The most feasible remedy for 'fire-blight' is to destroy the leaf-hopper eggs, as soon as possible after the fall of the leaf, either by trimming off the twigs containing them, or throwing them on the ground, or by shaving off a very thin slice of the bark with a *sharp knife*, wherever egg-slits are observed, so as to cut into the eggs. It is no use to trim off twigs, which are already blighted."

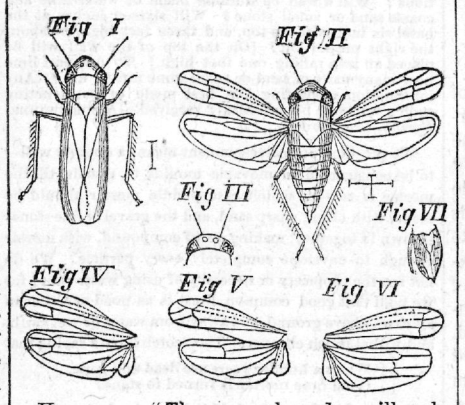
The above is a condensed statement of conclusions. All who know the character and ability of MR. W., as a critical observer, and scientific man, will understand that no little reliance may be placed upon them.

I clip the accompanying engraving from the paper above named. It is a drawing, by MR. W., of a section of an apple-twig, containing numerous eggs of these leaf-hoppers inserted in little slits which are cut by the piercer (or ovipositor) of the insects, through the bark into the sap-wood, as described above. The following explanation of it is from the pen of MR. WALSH:



"A B shows the twig in its natural state with the bark on; B C, a portion with the bark peeled off, with numerous slits, containing from seven to ten eggs, and D is one of the slits sufficiently magnified to exhibit the manner in which the eggs are arranged. The eggs themselves are oval, whitish, and whitish, and are placed half in the sapwood and half in the bark, so that on peeling off the bark they can be easily seen with any common lens. The edges of the slits on the outside bark are rough and scaly, and when two slits have been made close to each other, they run together and form a wider scar-like wound, as shown in the figure between A and B. All round each slit the sapwood is brown and discolored, no doubt from the action of some poisonous fluid injected along with the egg by the parent leaf-hopper."

I also cut from the same paper the following engravings of the two species of *tettigonias* to which MR. WALSH attributes the cause of the "fire-blight." They are from drawings made by himself.



He says:—"The general reader will only require to be told that they vary in color from pale-greenish to pale-yellowish, and that they are accurately represented, (highly magnified,) in figs I, II and III; fig. I showing the first species, *Tettigonia* (Chloroneura) *malefica*, or the 'culprit leaf-hopper,' with its wings closed; fig. II, the same species with its wings open; fig. III, the head of the second species, (*Tettigonia* (Chloroneura) *maligna*, or the 'malignant leaf-hopper,' which in other respects closely resembles the first species. Figs. IV, V and VI exhibit the different veining of the wings of certain allied species of nearly the same size, shape and color, found on herbage and forest trees, which would be readily mistaken at first sight, even by experienced entomologists, for our insects, seeing that they are similarly devoid of any characteristic markings, but which are not only specifically, but generically distinct. The larva and pupa differ only in having no wings at all, or merely rudimental ones."

* * * * * * *

"From their small size and greenish color, these insects might be readily confounded by the inexperienced in such matters with *aphides* or plant-lice, but are easily distinguishable by the following criteria:

1. "*Plant-lice* are generally dull and sluggish in their motions, and even winged ones rarely fly; *leaf-hoppers* jump like any flea, even in the larva state, for which their long thorny hind legs peculiarly fit them; and in the perfect state they not only jump, but fly with great agility. They have a peculiar habit, also, when they see you looking at them, of dodging round to the other side of the leaf, as a squirrel dodges round the trunks of a tree; and like all *homopterous* insects with three-jointed feet with which I am acquainted, they often run sidewise like a crab, which the plant-lice never do.

2. "*Plant-lice* have *two*-jointed, *leaf-hoppers* *three*-jointed feet.

3. "The plan upon which the wing-veins are constructed is also distinct in the two families.

4. "*Leaf-hoppers*, like *plant-lice*, inhabit the under side of the leaf, but the former do not cause the leaf to curl up near so much as the plant-louse of the apple tree.

5. "Wherever the beak of these leaf-hoppers penetrates, there the leaf turns brown and withers; on the contrary, although the apple tree leaf which has been badly sucked by plant-lice, has a blackish, unhealthy appearance, yet it is still alive on parts of its surface, and contains no dead spots or patches. Why two insects of nearly the same size and belonging to different families of the same great order, (*Homoptera,*) both of which live by sticking their beaks into vegetation and pumping out the sap, should produce such very different results, is one of those unexplained phenomena of which we can at present only guess at the reasons. The fact itself has not, I believe, been hitherto animadverted upon by any other Naturalist.

"There is another way in which *leaf-hoppers* injure trees much more than plant-lice to which attention has never yet been specially directed, so far as I am aware. The female plant-louse has no piercer (or horny ovipositor) at the extremity of her abdomen, and she, therefore, deposits her eggs on the general surface of the twigs; in the case of the apple tree plant-louse, attaching them so loosely by a kind of cotton web, that the rains wash them all off from the upper side. The female *leaf-hoppers*, on the contrary, have a long, horny, sword-shaped ovipositor beneath the abdomen, (Fig. VII, profile,) with which, as Nature makes nothing in vain, there is every reason to believe that they penetrate the bark of the young twigs to deposite their eggs therein. It is true that from their smallness and excessive shyness and agility, no naturalist has actually witnessed the operation; but in the altered family of *Cicadas*, (popularly called locusts,) it has been repeatedly witnessed; and in another allied family, the tree-hoppers (*membracidæ*) Dr. HARRIS has speculated on the probable damage done by a species which infests the locust tree 'by the numerous punctures it makes in laying its eggs.' Of course the eggs must be laid either *in* or *on* the twigs and branches; for if they were laid on the leaves, they would be blown away from the tree which forms the appropriate food of the young larvæ by the four winds of heaven at the fall of the leaf. I have noticed on pear trees affected by 'fire-blight' longitudinal scars on the twigs, which were probably occasioned in this manner. Where *leaf-hoppers* are exceedingly numerous, and many such wounds are made in the twigs, it must, of course, small as the wounds may be, have a tendency to diminish the vitality of the tree. We know that twigs in which the *Cicada* deposits her eggs generally perish. Many species of leaf-hoppers, it is true, survive the winter by hiding under old logs, etc., but not, I think, in sufficient numbers to account for the prodigious swarms of them which suddenly appear in the spring."

ABOUT FLAX—No. X.

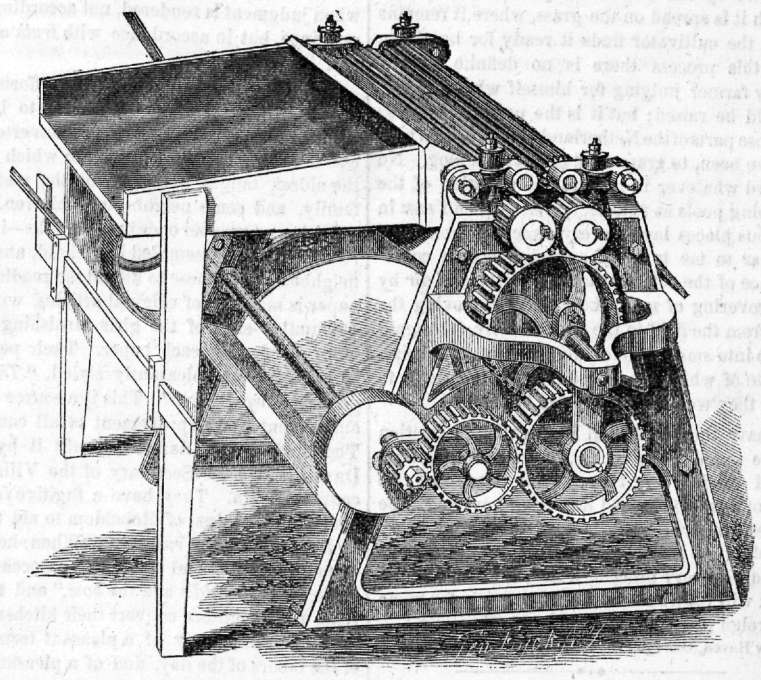
STEEPING OR WATER-ROTTING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In my last I proposed in this to give Mr. BESNARD'S description of the process of steeping or water-rotting flax as practised in the Netherlands. As upon most farms there are places where excavations can be made and supplied with water, we would in all such cases recommend to make them, instead of carrying flax much distance to ponds or streams, for various reasons. In the first place, it does not require a large pit or ditch to accommodate the rotting of the product of an acre or two of flax, as it is not essential that it should be all put in at the same time. The time required for steeping in mild weather is generally about five days, more or less, according to circumstances. After the fourth day the flax should be examined, at least as often as once each day, as one or two days' steeping after the fiber parts freely from the stalk would injure the fiber materially; therefore, it is desirable that the steeping pool should be upon the farmer's premises and as convenient as possible.

Again, as soon as the flax is sufficiently steeped, it should be taken out, set upon the root ends to drain, and afterwards spread upon the grass. After it is spread upon the grass there is ilttle danger of its being injured, be the weather what it may. As the accommodation for grassing the flax cannot always be obtained upon other people's premises, and it would be very injurious to cart flax far in the wet state, it will be more economical to have the steeping pool as convenient as possible. I have seen it recommended to make steeping vats with plank above ground, that the water may be drawn off and refilled to avoid any unpleasant smell. This I think will be found much more expensive than excavating pools, and certainly if there is sufficient descent in the ground to fill vats there must be to fill pools or ditches.

Mr. BESNARD says, with regard to *steeping*:—"This process being the most important one which flax undergoes, and on which its value, in a great measure depends, claimed my most serious attention, and occupied me for a considerable time, in observing it in detail, as performed by steepers, and with flax the growth of different places. In general the steeping pools in Holland are similar to what are known in Ireland as *trenches* of water to drain and divide low grounds, such as abound in various parts of the south and west provinces, particularly where the soil is best suited for the growth of flax, and most like that of Holland and Zealand. Those trenches in the summer months are grown over with light grass and weeds, which are cut a little before steeping time, from the edges of the banks *only*, leaving the middle of the trench undisturbed. Previous to steeping, a sod or mud bank is thrown across each end of that portion of the trench required, which is seldom more than sixty to eighty yards. In making those banks, the mud for a distance of eleven or twelve feet from each is drawn with iron scrapers from the bottom and middle of the trench, and sloped against each of them, leaving a space of water free from mud and weeds sufficient to set in a set of sheaves, and admit a pool eight to ten feet between the cross-banks and the last layer of flax. The steeping pool being thus prepared, a bundle of sheaves is opened and eight of them laid in with small, light forks, with which they are as *regularly* placed as if laid with a line, each sheaf being put down with the root end toward the bottom of the pool; when the first layer is down, a second and third set of sheaves is put in, the root of every layer meeting the bands of the former one, and placed in an oblique direction. When three layers, or twenty-four sheaves, (which is *always the number* put in at a time,) are laid, the steepers, who are provided with scrapers and forks, draw from the bottom of the trench mud, slime, weeds, &c., &c., just as it comes to hand, and then place it to the thickness of six to eight inches on the flax, leaving *only as much of the last* layer uncovered as may be sufficient to receive the first layer of the next, and for which room is made by the removal of the mud, slime, &c., used as a covering for the former layer. In laying on the mud great care is taken to plaster it together, and so combine it as to exclude the air and light completely from the flax.

"Only one layer of sheaves in depth are put in at a time, it being found injurious to the flax to have the mucilage from an upper course descend upon one below it. The entire quantity being thus placed in the pool, nothing appears but a surface of mud. The next operation is to throw from that part of the trench not wanted, a sufficient quantity of water to cover the entire mass to the depth of six or eight inches. Although the mode of throwing the water into the steeping pool is done by a simple contrivance, it is nevertheless worthy of observation, as it abridges labor and saves time, points duly appreciated by the working classes of Holland This business is performed by means of a triangle made of slight poles placed across the trench



PORTABLE FLAX AND HEMP DRESSER.

SANFORD & MALLORY'S PORTABLE HEMP AND FLAX DRESSER, represented in our engraving, is attracting much attention among flax and hemp growers and manufacturers. Quite a number of machines were thoroughly tested the past season, giving, as we are advised, good satisfaction.

During a recent visit to New York we called at the establishment of Messrs. S. & M. in order to see their machine and witness its operation. Though our time was limited, we saw both flax and hemp passed through the machine, and were surprised and pleased with the result. The machine breaks flax with great rapidity and perfectness, presenting the fibers parallel and unbroken—and Messrs. S. & M. claim that theirs is the only brake in existence that will thus dress flax. We have samples of both American and Irish-grown flax dressed by this machine, which indicate its decided superiority over most if not all other machines for the purpose.

The following description of the invention will give our readers a pretty clear idea of its construction and advantages:—"It will be seen, by referring to the engraving, that the machine has two pairs of fluted rollers, one pair finer than the other. These rollers, by means of mechanical devices (also shown in the engraving,) are made to oscillate rapidly—the motion being greater in a forward than in a backward direction. The principle upon which this machine acts is such, that when flax straw in a thin layer is presented to the first pair of rollers, they seize it, rolling it backward and forward—less back than forward—attacking the straw upon both sides, bending it up and down, breaking the woody portion very short, loosening the fiber entirely longitudinally, and, at the same time, shaking out from 60 to 70 per cent. of the shive or woody part, leaving the fiber in perfectly straight ribbons. The remaining *shives* being detached from the fiber and perfectly loose, the flax requires but little scutching. Indeed, it may be entirely cleaned by being shaken with the hand. *As regards Hemp, the machine leaves the fiber perfectly free from all woody matter.* But two persons are required to operate this machine, who may be boys or girls. One places the straw on the feed table, pushing it gently between the first pair of rollers, which seizes upon and carries it through the machine, where it is received by the second person, gently shaken, and handed to the scutcher, if in a factory; or if on a farm, baled and sent to market. The fibers cleaned by this machine being all unbroken and uninjured, and each fiber being perfectly parallel with every other fiber, and, being nearly free from *boon*, the scutching process is attended with little waste, averaging only about two per cent."

For further particulars relative to this machine—including sizes, prices, testimonials, &c.,—see advertisement of SANFORD & MALLORY in this paper.

near one of the banks; from the center of this triangle is suspended by a slight cord, a shute or oblong box capable of containing about five to six gallons, and which lies a small depth in the water; to the shute is attached a long handle, with which the steeper works it, and so throws water into a cut made in one corner of the cross-bank, by it which is conveyed over the mud. When this is done the flax remains from six to thirteen days, according to its quality, and the temperature of the weather, and in some cases the properties of the water and mud; and I witnessed myself the taking out of flax grown in Holland and Zealand, some of which had been steeped in seven days, while others required fourteen days to prepare it. It is here necessary to observe, that the flax growers in the Netherlands carefully watch the flax during the steeping process, *particularly after the fifth day*, when they once in twenty-four hours take out a sheaf with the fork and examine it; if not sufficiently steeped it is carefully replaced and covered. When the flax is found sufficiently steeped, it is drawn out with great care by forks, beginning with the last sheaves laid in, one sheaf only being taken out at a time, which is turned over into the water to disengage the mud from it, when it is gently washed in the pool left at the end of the cross-bank for that purpose. After washing it is laid in rows by the side of the pool to drain, after which it is spread on the grass, where it remains until the cultivator finds it ready for breaking. For this process there is no definite time—every farmer judging for himself when his flax should be raised; but it is the uniform practice in those parts of the Netherlands and France where I have been, to grass all flax after steeping. No regard whatever is paid to the situation of the steeping pools as to aspect; those which I saw in various places lay in every direction; nor did it appear to me to be of any moment, in consequence of the total *exclusion of light and air* by the covering of mud, &c. When removing the flax from the field to the barn or store, it is again made into *small sheaves*, nearly of an equal size, twelve of which are bound together, similarly to what they were when going to be steeped."

I have thus given Mr. BESNARD'S description of the process of steeping, or water-rotting flax, and I think every farmer who raises but one acre of flax should read it over and over until he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with every principle laid down, and the manipulations attending every process, which, if carried out, I think will insure him a first rate article for home or foreign market. N. GOODSELL.

New Haven, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1863.

WOMEN FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am just in from a walk over the farm of MARVIN and PAULINA ROBERTS. I was here last fall, and gave an account of what had been done last year on this farm by MRS. ROBERTS and her five daughters. That account was inserted in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and has excited much attention and interest in this and other States.

In my walk over the farm, to-day, the following facts came to my knowledge. From the middle of April to this time (two months) the following work has been done:—One hundred acres of oats have been put in, which now look very promising; thirty-five acres of flax, and this, at present, bids fair to give a good yield. (There is an establishment for *cottonizing* flax in successful operation at Lockport, ten miles east.) Ten acres of corn; ten acres of spring wheat; three acres of potatoes; four of parsnips and carrots; six of beans; and all the plowing, harrowing, sowing, rolling, planting and cultivating necessary to get these crops in and up to their present state, has been done since the middle of April.

At least *one half* of all this labor of getting in these 170 acres of crops, has been done by the five young daughters of MR. and MRS. ROBERTS, with the help of two hired girls. The eldest of these seven girls is 21, and the youngest 12 years. Meantime, the house-work has been done, mainly, by these girls by turns. They consider it a privilege to work out doors at plowing, and harrowing, and putting in, and tending the crops, rather than work in the house. These crops are to be tended and harvested, together with 40 acres of hay; and these girls are expected to do at least one half of the work.

Besides all this, 175 acres are to be plowed this fall, for next year's crops, instead of plowing in the spring, as they have formerly done; the largest share of this to be done by these young girls. It is a matter of choice in these *Yankee* girls—for Yankee girls they are, by parentage—thus to work on the farm, rather than in factories or at sewing. They *wisely* seek health and vigor of body, expansion and elevation of intellect and purity, refinement and nobleness of heart and soul not by toiling night and day in heated and confined and unwholesome air; and in dark, dingy, stifled rooms, with nothing but plastered and papered walls to look at; and at work that requires no action of the muscles; but by profitable and productive labor in the open, free, pure air, and light of heaven where their physical organizations are brought into healthful activity, and their intellectual powers are expanded and strengthened by communion with the sublime and most beautiful mysteries and laws of development in the vegetable, mineral, and geological kingdoms, and their affectionate, social and spiritual nature refined, and enabled by constant and intimate companionship with the All-Loving, the All-Wise, the All-Powerful, that speaks to them of truth, purity, benevolence, wisdom, and heaven in every flower and grass, and in every sod and root beneath their feet, in the air that enfolds them and fans their cheeks, and in the sun that pours all his radiant glories around them.

Who can wonder that these young girls prefer *farm* work to *house* work? *Out-door*, active labor, to *in-door*, *sedentary* labor? They seek, not only health, refinement, and elevation of body and soul, but on independent subsistance. No employment or profession is more fitted to give strength, elasticity and power to the body; none more adapted to expand and furnish more varied and healthful nourishment to the intellect, and to refine and ennoble the affections, and to render men and women more true and just to themselves, to their fellow-beings and to their God, than that of Agriculture *or Farming*. Professional men, Merchants, Mechanics and Manufacturers, are all right and useful in their way, but *farmers*, who plow, sow, and reap, and produce the raw material, and live in constant communion with Nature and Nature's God, contribute the real physical, intellectual and moral power and glory of a Nation. Children born of parents who work in the open air as farmers, and who, up to years of manhood or womanhood work on the land, as men and women, take precedence of all others in the great drama of human life, simply because, *as a general rule*, they are more perfect, and, of course, more powerful *physically, intellectually, socially* and *morally*. They better know the laws of nature, and are more true to them. Ignorance, coarseness, vulgarity, and general debasement of nature and character belong less to *farming* than to any other occupation or profession by which men and women subsist. The facts of all nations attest the truth of this when judgment is rendered, not according to appearance, but in accordance with *truth* and *justice*.

It is very pleasant to note the efforts of the young *farmer* girls in this family to improve themselves. Last winter they converted their *cheese* room into a *school* room, in which DELLA, the eldest, taught a school for the rest of the family, and some neighboring children. They *publish* a newspaper once in two weeks—i.e., they *read* it to the assembled household, and to the neighbors that choose to attend the reading. The paper is made up of original articles, written in the family—each of the girls furnishing one or more articles for each paper. Their periodical is quaintly, and pleasantly styled, "*The Independent Chip-Basket.*" This is a source of great amusement and improvement to all concerned. The mother and daughters edit it by turns. DELLA is also the Secretary of the Village Lyceum in Pekin. They have a fugitive from the whips and chains of Rebeldom to aid them in their farming this summer. When he "lays down the *shovel* and the *hoe*," he occasionally "takes up the *fiddle* and the *bow*," and then parents and daughters convert their kitchen into a dancing hall, by way of a pleasant termination of the labors of the day, and of a pleasant *good-night* as they retire to rest.

The HEALTH of those who are to be the mothers of the race, is the one thing needful to individual character and happiness, and national prosperity, in the coming ages. If out-door labor at *farming* is adapted to make healthy, intelligent and noble men, it is adapted to make healthy, intelligent and noble women. The *future* character and destiny of individuals and nations is wrapped up in the health of the young daughters of the *present*. The organic and constitutional conditions and tendencies of the people of the future of this world, are, by Nature's God, made dependent, mainly, on the health of body and soul of these young girls, who are to be the mothers of those nations of the future. Let parents, let towns and cities, States and Kingdoms, look well to the health of their young daughters, for in their hands hath God placed the destiny of the race more than in any others. Is *farming* fitted better than any other employment to qualify them for the great and noble work assigned to them? I say, yes. What say you? HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., June 15, 1863.

TOBACCO—REFORMS.

A CORRESPONDENT in a late RURAL is distressed because of the prevalent use of tobacco, and particularly because an editor of a prominent "reform" journal, hitherto esteemed sound, recommends the increased culture of the "weed." Said correspondent seems not yet to have opened his eyes to the fact that the whole brood of so-called "reforms" could be classed as sheerest humbugs, were it not that their re-actionary effects are so injurious. This fact saves them from that designation, and entitles them to a harsher name. Look back through the few past years, and see how the case stands.

Take the "Peace Reform" first, if you please, and who have shown themselves more *warlike* than the members of a society which was to banish war from the land? Or, take the "Anti-Capital Punishment Reform," and tell us what class of men have talked more complacently of "hemp" and "hanging" than have its votaries during the past two years? Has the vice of intemperance ever been so prevalent or so deadly as at the end of twenty-five years' effort in the "Temperance Reform?" Are profanity, licentiousness, and Sabbath desecration decreasing, as the result of efforts on the part of the several Societies organized for their suppression? What one so-called "Reform" in the whole list is it that is not leaving the condition of society worse than it found it? These are questions which each can answer for himself.

We well recollect when THEODORE PARKER startled the country with the expression of the opinion that the evils of intemperance were to be cured by the manufacture and use of "*pure*" domestic wines, &c., in lieu of the vile compounds that were destroying the people. The idea has gained ground rapidly since that time, and prepared juice of the currant and various varieties of berries is now found in numberless houses from whence it was banished in the days of "touch not, taste not, handle not." Vineyards are being set, "*pure*" wines and brandies are issuing from them, and are being used by those who are able, and former thorough-going temperance men and ministers are lending countenance to the business. Thus are we getting back to the time of our fathers, when almost every town had its distillery, where "*pure*" whisky was made from the grain of the surrounding neighborhood. But our disposition to "*reform*" something does not abate at all—it is only operating in other channels—with what results, the present condition of our country affords melancholy evidence.

The writer ought not to be surprised at "SOLON'S" defection from the "Tobacco Reform." He must see that it but illustrates the natural course of things. The use of tobacco has increased, and will increase, with increased efforts on the part of "Anti-Tobacco" Societies to suppress it. Moral evils never were and never will be cured by machinery of man's designing. The country has been "*reformed*" to its present wretched condition—the thousand and one schemes for making men better having the contrary effect, as they ever will have.

And that is a ridiculous position of the writer, that a man is less "*pure*" with tobacco in his mouth than without. As well might he say that we are more "holy" in a visiting than in a work-day dress. He, and all like him, seem to forget that it is not what *goeth into the mouth*, but it is what PROCEEDETH FROM THE HEART, that defileth the man. The "reformer's" idea seems to be that men are "pure in spirit," or otherwise, according as they take certain things into the mouth or stomach, and reject certain other things. Rather a low idea of the source and spring of moral purity, we should say, and a scheme of reform which is predicted upon it, will hardly bring in the millenium before its time.

The writer is not going to compromise his integrity if others do—not he! *He* "would not raise tobacco if he could make $10,000 an acre by doing so." Very virtuous! He probably feels to say with a well described character, "GOD, I thank thee that I am not as other men." We would modestly hint to him, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," for we should be no more surprised to hear that he was a convert to the propriety of making "*pure*," "*domestic*" liquors, than we were when others announced their changed convictions on the subject, who were once as decided as he is.

He moreover says he would "raise nothing to be made into intoxicating drinks." Then, of course, he will not sell in the market, lest the use of the grain may be perverted after it has passed out of his hands! This seems to us to be virtue "over-much." He not only will not convert his grain into an "evil," but he makes himself responsible for what others do with it afterwards. In relation to all the products of his land, his motto seems to be, "I take the responsibility" of seeing them clear through to a point where they cannot possibly harm a living soul! Noble man! to thus relieve subsequent owners of his grain from all responsibility for the use *they* make of it. There are few like him in all our acquaintance. W. B. P.

HOW TO SHOCK WHEAT.

No part of harvest work, within the range of my observation, is so often unskillfully performed as shocking wheat. A ride around the country in harvest will attest the fact that a field of wheat well shocked is an exception, while fields poorly shocked are the rule; and yet it is easy to do this work well. During my novitiate as a farmer, I was complaining to an old and experienced farmer of the frequent falling down of wheat shocks, and of the strong inducement consequent to store wheat before it was well cured, for fear of rain. He replied that wheat shocks need not fall down, and told me how to construct them so that they would not, thus:—Set up six sheaves, two and two, slightly leaning together, with their buts well thrust into the stubble; then on each side set up two more sheaves also well thrust down, making ten sheaves thus: * * * * * * * * * * *None to be placed at the ends.* Now embrace the shock with your arms to draw the sheaves compactly together. For a cap, spread and break down the seed ends of two more sheaves, making twelve sheaves in all, placing them horizontally across each other, spreading the buts as you place them, with the seed-ends to the north-west and south-west, and the buts toward the north-east and south-east. This compass arrangement is important; for if the buts are in the direction of prevailing heavy winds they are liable to be blown off.

This method of constructing a shock counts the sheaves for you, and it is always round, compact, and well balanced. If well built, it is, when finished, very much the shape, on top, of an umbrella, and is safe against all ordinary storms of rain or wind. I have myself built such for over thirty-five years. PETER HATHAWAY.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1863.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Ventilating Hay-Stacks.

IT is not every farmer who has barn-room for all the hay that he cuts, and must necessarily stack some of it out of doors. Newly-made hay, when exposed to the weather in the stack, is more liable to injury from heating than that which is put into the barn. It also frequently occurs that from threatened bad weather, or in order to secure hay which is cut near the close of the week, that it is put up before it is thoroughly cured. Injury from these causes may be entirely prevented by exercising a little care in ventilating the stack when it is put up. With this precaution, hay that is quite green will cure finely in the stack, and come out sweeter and better than that which is too much exposed to the sun in curing. Our practice has been, first, to lay a good foundation for the stack, of old rails or poles, laying two tiers, and crossing them; then to stand five or six others up in the center, eight feet long, and two feet apart at the bottom, the ends coming together at the top. If these are allowed to extend to the top of the stack, they will be in the way of finishing off, as the stack diminishes. But in order to extend the opening to the top, when the ends of the poles are reached, a round smooth stick is prepared for the purpose and inserted between the ends of the rails at the top, and the stack built up, and as it rises the stick is drawn up, and when the stack is somewhat settled it is taken out entirely. A hole is bored through the end of the stick, and a rope or a wooden pin inserted to draw the stick up with. This center piece may be six or eight inches in diameter; thus leaving an air passage from the bottom to the top of the stack. When the hay has passed through the sweating process, and all danger of moulding is passed, the opening at the top is closed with a cap of straw or hay. This precaution costs but little labor, and is many times compensated by the superior quality of the hay. —*Country Gentleman.*

A Portable Sheep Rack.

A SHEEP FARMER of Columbiana county, Ohio, who has tried several kinds of racks, gives the following description of one which prevents crowding, is every way satisfactory, and so simple that any farmer can make one. It consists of four posts three feet long, and if made of three by three scantling, will be heavy enough. Two bottom boards one inch thick and ten or twelve wide, and two for the top, one inch thick and five or six wide. These boards are placed horizontally for the sides of the rack, and similar boards two feet long are nailed to the posts at the ends. The rack may be about twelve feet long, and two feet is a very suitable width. Upon these horizontal boards are nailed uprights, six inches wide, and placed six inches apart. This makes a cheap, portable rack, which we like in every respect.—*N. E. Farmer.*

Summer Butter.

BUTTER-MAKING in hot weather requires extra care. The milk room should, if possible, be kept at a temperature not above 60°, by the use of ice or by cold spring water running through the room. If cellars are used for dairying purposes, keep them clean and sweet by frequent white-washing, and ventilate freely. Allow nothing having strong odor to remain in the vicinity. The barrel for sour milk, whey, etc., to be fed to swine, should never be allowed in the milk room. In sending butter to market, keep it shaded from the sun; freshly cut grass, slightly moistened, is a good material in which to pack the tubs. Keep all utensils perfectly clean and sweet, with the tinned ware scoured bright.—*Agriculturist.*

Inquiries and Answers.

USING WATER-LIME IN MAKING WALL.—Will you or some of your readers please answer the following questions? Will a wall be durable made of water-lime and coarse sand or small stone? Will sixteen inches at the base, six inches at the top, and three feet high, be about the right proportion? [On the top of the wall will be placed an iron railing one foot high.] To one part lime how many parts of sand or small stone must I use? Any information respecting the best mode of constructing such a wall will be thankfully received.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Spring, Crawford Co., Pa.*

We presume our correspondent means a *concrete* wall—to be constructed in movable moulds to remain till the mortar is set—in which case puddle mortar should be made, with clean, sharp sand, and the gravel or fine stones thrown in together; making a stiff compound, with mortar enough to envelope completely every particle. We do not see the propriety or necessity of using water-lime; for we hold that good common lime, is as good or better in all cases above ground, and away from water or wet earth, and withal much cheaper. The Scotch have a saying that

"When a hunder years are dead and gane,
Good lime mortar is turned to stane."

Your wall will not stand, if it has not a foot or more of good dry wall below the surface, to resist frost; and we should much prefer a greater thickness of wall, which should be constructed in time to dry and set before freezing weather, or it will scale off. Water-lime is used about 1 to 4 of clean sand, and common lime from 6 or 8 to 1, depending upon the quality of sand and purity of the lime.

FLAX-PULLING MACHINE WANTED.—I have read several articles in the RURAL about flax culture, and I have thought probably that might be as profitable a crop as could be raised, especially now when cotton is scarce and high. But if I raise flax I want to save all the fiber as well as the seed; and how can this be done unless we pull it instead of cutting it? And now I come to the inquiry. Is there a machine in all this broad land for pulling flax?—and if so where can it be found, and who is the manufacturer? I want a machine that will pull a swath four or five feet in width, and lay it off in small gavels in good shape for binding, and a light draft for two horses.—ANDY, *Palatinee, Ill.*

We have no knowledge of such a machine as that inquired for, but if there is such an one we shall be glad to proclaim the fact for the benefit of flax growers. Who can answer or invent what is wanted?

IS THERE A GOOD BEE-HOUSE?—Will you or some of your numerous readers give through the RURAL the best, or a good inside plan of a bee-house sufficiently plain that a mechanic will be able to build from your drawing? I like the honey bees but they don't like me, consequently would like to put them in shape to avoid hiving.—YOUNG READER OF RURAL, &c., *Sparta, N. Y.*

So far as we are advised the bee-house system has proved a failure in all cases; but if any one has a plan that will "fill the bill" of above inquiry we shall be glad to give the same.

DISSOLVING BONES.—J. Y. P., Fairport, N. Y.—In our directions for dissolving bones, (RURAL, May 9,) it was intended to proportion the sulphuric acid to the water, not including the bones. Its application must be in a dry state, and as other strong manures worked into the earth. As a top dressing its operations are feeble and slow, but lasting. We know of no crop or vegetable production but would be more or less benefited by its use.

YELLOW DOCK.—Seeing the inquiry of C. C. O. about yellow dock, I would state for his benefit, and also others troubled likewise, that if he will take the pains to go over his meadows in the spring just after a rain he will find that many of them may be pulled readily. As to cutting them in June, I think there would not be any benefit resulting therefrom, as they would spring up again.—ALLEN BROWN, *Borodino, N. Y.*

SCOURS IN COLTS.—Will some one of the many RURAL readers inform as to the best method curing colts of this disease, and oblige—A FRIEND AND READER, *Ridgeway.*

Rural Notes and Items.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—The weather of the past week has been quite favorable for the growing crops—very warm, with copious rains in this region. The wheat crop is maturing rapidly, and promises a goodly yield. Corn is backward, but the "heated term" we are now experiencing is bringing it forward finely, and a fair crop is anticipated. The hay crop is comparatively light, having been checked by the drouth, yet good judges estimate that the yield will average one and a half tuns per acre in this county. Most other crops promise well—a full average yield. We hear less complaint of the ravages of insects than in former seasons,—and the same remark is true in regard to injuries from other causes.

The Wheat Harvest of Western New York will be commenced this week, but not much will be done until next.

IS OUR SOIL DETERIORATING?—That the farming lands of this State are less fertile and productive than they were forty or thirty, or even twenty years ago, is very evident. Witness the statement, in last week's RURAL, of the production of over eighty bushels of wheat per acre, in the Genesee Valley, (Avon,) in 1820, and contrast it with the highest known yield within the past decade. And what is the cause? Is it not poor farming; the neglect of proper rotation and abuse of mother earth—the constant taking from without returning to the soil the elements of cereal and other crops in the shape of manures and fertilizers? A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who has recently passed through this State, gives a hint on this subject worthy of serious consideration. He says:—"A friend with me, interested in farming and stock-breeding, was quite surprised to see, as we passed along the Mohawk Valley, the heaps of manure thrown from the stable windows, the past foddering season, still leaching, bleaching, and volatilizing under the eaves of the barn, when the young crops, within scent thereof, seemed to be hungering for it, so far as one could judge from appearances. Since 1840 I have often passed and re-passed this noticeable farming valley, and as I compare it now with it as it appeared the first time I passed through it, there can be no mistake that crops are annually becoming less, and the work of exhausting the soil is in gradual but sure progress. The buildings appear from their neglected condition, to confirm the truth of this observation."

SHEEP SHEARING.—Some of the wool growers of Ogden and vicinity, met on the 18th ult., at the residence of OLIVER HARROUN, Esq., for a sheep shearing. The meeting was organized by choosing ISAAC J. WHITNEY, Esq., of Clarkson, President. Messrs. OLIVER HARROUN, ALVIN WEBSTER, and G. P. HODGES were appointed a committee to weigh the sheep and fleeces. There were nine sheep presented for shearing. The names of owners, age of sheep and weight of fleeces are as follows:

T. Terrill, of Ogden,	3 years old	buck,	22½	lbs.
" " "	2 "	ewe,	12¾	"
" " "	4 "	"	9½	"
A. Cady, "	3 "	buck,	20½	"
" " "	1 "	"	14	"
G. P. Hodges, "	3 "	"	17¾	"
Spencer Day, "	3 "	"	14¼	"
O. Harroun, "	2 "	"	14½	"
Longfellow, Henrietta,	5 "	"	16¾	"

After partaking of ample refreshments prepared by Mr. and Mrs. HARROUN, the Society adjourned to meet at THADDEUS TERRILL'S, in Ogden, for their next shearing, of which due notice will be given.—JOHN PIERCE, *Sec'y.*

— We have received reports of several other shearings, but are unable to give them for want of space. The above report would be more valuable if the weight of sheep had been given.

HUNGARIAN GRASS—*Is it Healthy Food for Horses?*—At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Agriculture a communication was received in relation to the raising of Hungarian grass in Illinois. The grass was introduced in that section in 1860, and was highly thought of by the farmers. Large crops were grown in low marshy soils. It was thought to be a good substitute for timothy hay, and was given to horses and was eagerly devoured. The horses were believed to be improving, but there was soon a general complaint among those who used the grass that their horses were troubled with a weakness in the loins and could not stand ordinary work. Several horses which had partaken of the grass freely, sickened and died. The author of the communication had only used the grass sparingly, and attributed the deaths to other causes; but when he commenced to use the grass again pretty freely some of his animals sickened, and one of his best horses died.

IMPROVED STOCK ON LONG ISLAND.—We learn from the *Country Gent.* that WM. BEEBE, Esq., of Beacon Farm, Long Island, has lately purchased of Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Darien, the thorough-bred Short-Horn cows "Elsa," "Effie Deans," and "Jedd," all in the American Herd Book, also the Short-Horn bull "Prince Hugh," with one of the best pedigrees in the country. The same gentleman has also purchased the South-Down flock of WARREN LELAND, Esq., and a flock of 80 full blooded Spanish Merinos of Hon. H. S. RANDALL, of Cortland Village, together with one of his best rams. He has also purchased some first-class Shropshire and South-Down rams of P. LORILLARD, Esq., Fordham. Mr. BEEBEE is the owner of a fine farm of about 700 acres, and is going in earnest into the raising of pure stock, and we hear is about to import largely both in sheep and full-blooded Short-Horn stock.

FROM VIRGINIA.—In a letter renewing his subscription for the RURAL—to be sent to his wife—a Western New York Soldier writes (dating near Ball's Bluff, Va., June 27,) thus:—"The surface of the country here very much resembles that of Ontario County, N. Y., and I presume was once as productive as any part of Western New York. But it is badly run, and the little breadth of land that is sown looks very poorly. Some pieces of wheat will do to cut in a week. The best corn is knee-high. The army is in good spirits, and in favor of using *every* means of putting down this rebellion. I wish the North was *half* as loyal as the army."

A GOOD CLIP OF WOOL.—Under the head of "Beat this who can," Mr. GEO. L. MILLER writes us as follows:—"P. R. PHILLIPS, of Fulton, Gratoit Co., Mich., has sheared this season 88 sheep (being his whole flock,) the average weight of whose fleeces was 6 5-16 lbs. each—over half his flock being ewes with lambs. Forty-one of the flock averaged 7 2-16 lbs. per head. The sheep were well washed. We think this pretty well for a new country, as they call it, but one would hardly think it so very new to see the improvements."

HEAVY FLEECES.—We are informed that Mr. JOHN PIERCE, of Ogden, Monroe Co., has a two year old buck from which he recently sheared twenty-one lbs. of wool at ten months and twenty days growth. He also has a ewe that is ten years old which sheared nine lbs., (less than a year's growth,) and is raising a fine lamb.

CASHMERE WOOL.—We are indebted to Mr. WM. A. WALDO, of Prattsburgh, N. Y., for a fine specimen of Cashmere wool. Mr. W. informs us that he is breeding the Cashmere goat, and we shall be pleased to hear as to his success, the number of his flock, etc.

Horticultural.

SAVING AND GERMINATION OF SEEDS.

We continue the interesting article on this subject commenced in our issue of June 27. In another column will be found some good advice on this subject by a lady of Illinois.

There is another class of seeds which preserve their vitality to irregular periods, without any extraordinary intervention. The seeds of the cucumber and melon will keep fresh so long that gardeners say the longer they are kept the better they are; which, if true, would render them of remarkable value by "the end of the world." Nevertheless, they certainly will keep fresh a great many years. The turnip, the balsam, or lady slipper of Philadelphians, and the parsley, are instances of easy vitality, though of a few years less than the gourd tribe; while the onion, the spinach, or lettuce, will seldom germinate over one year.

In all these cases, their preservation is owing to their not being in a position to admit of the mechanical action of heat and moisture in preparing their integuments, or outer coverings, for the chemical action of the elements conducive to germination—an explanation that will be better understood after we examine what induces germination. It will be sufficient here to remark that the vitality of seeds is entirely dependent on this relative position of heat and moisture. Some seeds require more moisture than others to tempt them to germinate; others must be indulged with more heat than water, in comparison; but every kind of seed requires its own due proportion of each. Seeds of many plants, as the water lilies, will only grow in water; and of these, some, as the *Victoria*, must have an accompanying degree of heat of over 70 deg., while our yellow pond lily will germinate at 55 deg. Other plants, as the balsam, thunbergia, globe amaranthus, &c., will readily grow in comparatively dry soil. In this class the same difference in the required degree of heat is apparent as in the last class; for while the Indian mallow *(Abutilon avicennæ)* will not germinate unless accompanied by a heat of over 60 deg., the garden speedwells *(Veronica arvensis, V. Buxbaumii, V. serphyllæfolia, &c.,)* will readily appear through the soil with the heat anywhere above 32 deg.

A knowledge of the separate requirements of each seed constitutes practical talent, and this cannot be acquired without extensive experience and observation; but, a few principles can be derived from these, which will do much to simplify the labors of those who have to go over the same ground.

I have said that heat and moisture act mechanically in the process of germination,—and they do so in this manner:—On the application of heat, the pores of the skin are expanded in the outer case or husk of the seed; into these pores moisture is admitted; and then commences the chemical action which is to effect its germination. An element of the water, which chemists call oxygen, seizes on one of the elements of the husk, carbon, the charcoal principle, and forms a new combination, and disappears in the shape of a gas, carbonic acid, one of the chief sources of food for the young plant, as soon as it shall have produced perfect leaves. As soon as this combined force has *eaten* its way through the husk, it has to perform a similar duty for the "kernel" inside. When this portion of the seed has been in like manner operated upon, it receives its commission to go forth, increase and multiply, and, in short, take upon itself all the duties and responsibilities of a living plant.

"But you have said nothing about air. Heat, air and moisture are frequently written of in treatises on germination. What office does air hold in the process?" None whatever, my good friend. Air is a positive injury in the case, though of immediate importance directly after the pushing of the embryo. Air, in conjunction with light, hardens the outer coat—chemically speaking, fixes the carbon—which it is the object of germination to destroy. I have no doubt seeds would "swell" in distilled water, though I can think of no direct experiment of the kind just now; but even water-plants must send their true leaves to the surface in search of air, immediately after germination.

All these principles teach us that in preserving the vitality of seeds, or in accelerating their germination, a great part of our attention has to be directed to their outer coverings. Seeds cannot lose their vitality while these remain perfect, while they will be in a condition to vegetate whenever this covering is prepared to admit moisture. The different results in the experience of different parties in the time required by certain seeds to grow, is entirely dependent on this. If A preserves his seed during the winter so that the husk becomes hard and bony, while B guards his from such a contingency, the latter will arrive at much more speedy results than the former. Let us take an example,—the sugar maple will do. A gathers his at the fall of the leaf, preserves it in a dry seed-room, sows it in the spring, and—it does not come up till twelve months afterwards. But B gathers it at the same time, puts it in the ground at once, and gets fine plants the next season; or, he gathers his seeds by *the end of August*, saves them in a cool room till spring, sows them, and then gets plants also "right away," in either case getting ahead of his neighbor. "But where is the difference?" Simply that B never allows his seeds to get hard. He places them in the ground to keep their shells soft; or, to the same end, he gathers them, not before their embryos are fully formed, but before their coats have become indurated, and adds to his precaution by keeping them cool till sown. This is a simple experiment, which any one may test for himself.

In successfully raising seed, there is more in this gathering of them before they are what is popularly called quite ripe, than one is at first disposed to admit. I was many years ago struck by this through accident. On a visit to a friend, he pointed out what he then considered extremely rare, a most beautiful double orange African marigold. My friend wished to keep it to himself,—he would give no seed, but he presented me with a flower. When this flower had faded, and was cast aside, seeing the seed looked black and good, I saved them, and at the next spring's sowing I sowed them at the same time with the yellow, which we had. They appeared several days before the others. Simple as this was, it led me to ponder on what we gardeners had always held inexplicable, namely, that on sowing hawthorn seeds some should come up in one year, while, of the same sowing, some should not appear till the second or third year; and I have since been led to the conclusion, by many similar observations and experiments, that those which came up first were "greener" when gathered than those which took a longer period.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

"THEY WERE WHITE WITH BLOSSOMS."

I have examined many orchards, and found the amount of fruit developing itself small; and in orchards whose blossoms gave great promise, the crop will be light. Walking with a horticultural friend, recently, in an orchard, he pointed to the trees of a certain variety of apple, commending it highly, as being not only an excellent fruit, but a productive variety. Said he, "You will find those trees loaded." I went to see, and could scarcely find an apple. I reported the fact. "Why, there must be plenty of them," he replied, "for the trees were white with blossoms—never saw more bloom on trees in my life." But he could not find them. The apples were not there; and had he not been an older man, with far more experience, I should have given him a reason. His trees were *too white* with blossoms. The blossom buds should have been thinned out soon after they appeared. The vitality of the tree would not then have been expended in developing a mass of bloom. There would have been held in reserve a power to develop the remaining buds into fruit. But the fact that the trees were so extravagantly full of bloom, is a reason why the crop of fruit should be sparse. I have seen the farmer's eye brighten as he has looked upon his orchard, "one sheet of bloom;" and I have seen his face lengthen as he made the discovery that his fruit "was all blasted." And he attributes the blasting to a strong east wind, or a blighting south wind, or a heavy rain, or some other weather occurrence to which he may be able to refer. Had he, with the pruning shears, cut out from one-third to one-half of the corymbs of buds, he would have saved his fruit from "blasting." The tree would have been able to develop the remaining buds into fruit; and the following season would not be so likely to be a barren one. The tree that blooms fullest is not the tree that produces most, as a rule. And the cause being better understood, the "blasting" may in most cases be prevented.

THE ARBOR-VITÆ BORER.

At the meeting of Fruit Growers in Rochester the past month, attention was called to the ravages of an insect upon the Arbor-Vitæ trees and hedges about Rochester. The mischief had been observed in some gardens for a year or more past, but the cause of it had not been discovered until recently, and no one present at the meeting seemed to have any knowledge of the like having been observed elsewhere. I was at Buffalo a few days afterwards, and in a garden there, formerly occupied by Manley & Mason, I noticed an Arbor-Vitæ hedge, eight or ten rods in length, completely ruined by the same insect, which had evidently been at work there for several years.

If this evil should spread over the country, destroying the utility of this plant, especially as a screen, it would be quite a calamity; hence it is well to call the attention of horticulturists to the subject, in the hope that a preventive or remedy may be discovered. The presence of the insect may be known by little twigs or patches of the foliage dying and turning yellow. On examining carefully, a small worm or borer will be found (at this season of the year,) under the bark of the twig.

I find no mention in Dr. Harris', or other works at hand, of any insect attacking the Arbor-Vitæ; but from its appearance and mode of operation, it may prove the same as found sometimes infesting the Red Cedar, (see Dr. Harris,) the larvæ of a very small bush beetle, *Hylurgus dentatus* of Say, or perhaps another species of the same genus. Dr. H. says these complete their transformation in October, appearing then as a small, dark brown beetle, nearly one-tenth of an inch in length; the female burrows under the bark and deposits her eggs, then dies. Perhaps Dr. Fitch, or other entomologists, have already given attention to this insect. I have not as yet seen any mention of it.

Columbus, O., July 1, 1863. M. B. Bateham.

PEAR TREE BLIGHT—WHAT IS THE CAUSE?

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In looking over the proceedings of the American Institute Farmers' Club, as reported in the N. Y. *Tribune*, I find that J. S. Woodard writes to the Club from Niagara county, in this State, and asks this question. He says:—"We have had a strong southwest wind, with a little thunder," etc., and "being in my pear orchard, I have noticed what I never saw before. This morning my trees were all growing thriftily; to-night the Belle Lucrative, Virgalieu, Bloodgood, have all of them many young leaves and some of the young shoots black, wilted and dead. The other varieties which I have, Bartlett, Swan's Orange, Osband's Summer, Tyson and Lawrence are all right," and inquires what has done the mischief. "Several gentlemen present discussed the question, but no one could give any information worth anything."

Now, Messrs. Editors, this shows that the gentlemen composing this Club are not wholly perfect in knowledge, though I believe this is the first subject that has come before them that they *did not know all about*, and could assign cause, remedy, &c. Now the simple fact is in the early season's growth of such varieties as the Virgalieu, Belle Lucrative, Gray Doyenne, and others, having a tender, succulent growth, which will be chafed and whipped by the wind in any exposed situation till the leaves and young shoots turn black at the edges, and some leaves die and fall off, while other varieties, like the Bartlett, Swan's Orange, Vicar of Winkfield, and others having thick, hard leaves, will be uninjured. I have seen more or less of this every year since I set my pear trees in their present exposed situation, and have seen the same on the Willow and other forest trees in the early stages of their growth, but they soon recover, and no ill effects are apparent except a slight check in their growth.

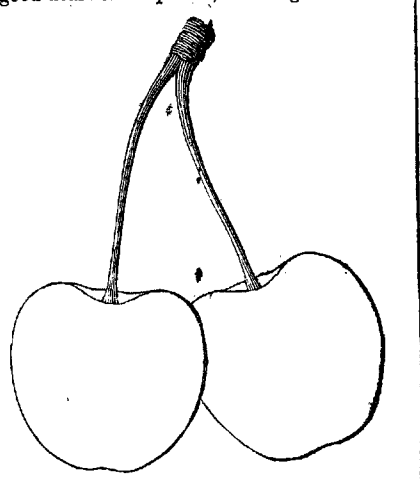
Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y., June, 1863. F. W. L.

CHERRIES.

Cherries the present season have been remarkably fine in this section, never better we think. The trees are all loaded with fruit, and we see but very little rot, or defects of any kind. In every little yard or garden may be seen from one to three or four cherry trees, while growers for market pour in every day an abundant supply. Shippers for distant markets are quite active, though the price is rather low, in consequence of this large supply.

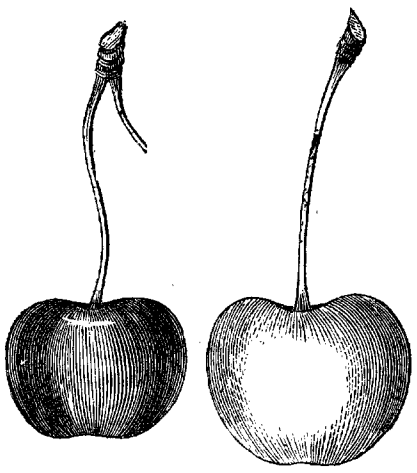
Having spent some time among the cherry trees during the two past weeks, we give our readers the benefit of a few notes.

Early Purple Guigne we never saw finer or larger. They seem to be improved by being grown on Mahaleb stocks. *Knight's Early Black* comes in just after this, and is one of the best black cherries. *Hovey* is a very showy cherry, a good deal like *Napoleon*, and a great bearer.



HOVEY.

It will make a popular market cherry. *May Duke* is an old favorite, and well deserves all its popularity. It is an exceedingly useful cherry. Following the *May Duke* is another excellent Duke cherry, the *Late Duke*. It is large; when fully ripe, rich, dark red. Flesh tender and juicy, with a sprightly sub-acid flavor; not quite as sweet as *May Duke*. Ripens gradually from about the 10th of July, and hangs on the tree a long time. One of the very best of the *Duke* cherries.



PONTIAC. RED JACKET.

We give engravings of two of Prof. Kirtland's seedlings, *Red Jacket* and *Pontiac*. *Red Jacket* is of an amber color, somewhat covered with light red; in form heart-shaped; flesh tender and juicy, but not high flavored. Stalk long, slender; is a moderate bearer.

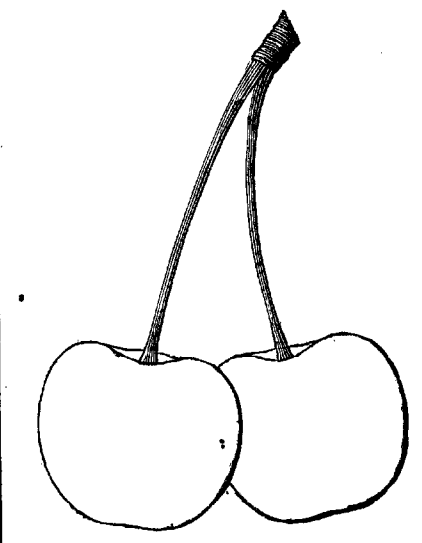
Pontiac is of a purplish black color, rather large, obtuse heart-shaped. Flesh rather tender, juicy and sweet.

Bigarreau, or *Yellow Spanish*, has been cultivated in America about sixty years. It retains the popularity it acquired many years since, and is still one of the largest and finest of the light-colored, firm-fleshed cherries.

Napoleon Bigarreau is firmer in flesh than the *Yellow Spanish*, fully as large, and more heart-shaped. It is of good flavor, and a showy, popular market cherry, though the flesh is too firm to suit many.

Downer's Late Red is an excellent late cherry. Fruit large, roundish, slightly mottled, tender, juicy and sweet; an excellent late cherry. The tree is an erect, beautiful grower, bears well, and the fruit hangs for a long time on the tree. Ripe generally from the 10th of July to the 1st of August.

Reine Hortense is a French cherry of the *Duke* family, and an excellent variety, the largest of its class. Fruit heart-shaped, and bright red at maturity. Flesh tender, juicy, sweet and



REINE HORTENSE.

rich, with a slight acid. The tree is a vigorous and handsome grower of the sort, resembling the *May Duke*, and bears early.

Inquiries and Answers.

What About the Seventeen-Year Locusts.—The locusts are now paying us a visit in this section, and I wish to inquire what is the best method of treating young fruit trees that have been stung by them. We have tried to keep them off, but in spite of all our vigilance, many of the twigs get punctured. Shall I cut them off and destroy them? For I believe when they drop down and burrow in the ground, they get their nourishment from the roots of trees, which, if they were very numerous, would injure them. Many of the slender twigs will break off at any rate. Is there any application that will destroy the eggs where they are deposited in the limbs? Any information in time to be available for this season will very much oblige.—G. H. Miller, *Norwich, Ohio.*

The Cut-Worm.—Will you please tell in the next number of the Rural what will kill cut-worms or prevent them from cutting or eating young tobacco plants or other plants just set out, and oblige many in this section?—Subscriber, *Painesville, Ohio.*

The cut-worm is very troublesome this season in Western New York as well as in other sections of the country. To catch and kill them is the only remedy we know of. J. J. Thomas, who happened to be in our office a few days since when a gentleman called to make a similar inquiry, said the most effectual plan he ever tried was to offer the children of the neighborhood a certain price per hundred for all they could capture. They would enter upon the hunt with great zeal and capture the enemy by regiments and brigades.

Asparagus Beds, &c.—Will some of the numerous correspondents of the Rural inform me through its columns how to prepare a bed for asparagus, and whether to set the roots in the fall or spring?—F. L., *Dexter, Mich.*

How can Woodchucks be Suffocated?—The call of so many of our young men into the army in quest of Southern rebels has given our Northern ones an increased opportunity to multiply, and not the least of these is the marmot, or meadow-woodchuck, which has become of late a great pest in eating and destroying grass in this vicinity. In the Rural, or some other Agricultural paper, I once noticed the method of preparing a sulphurous match, which, when lit and applied to the hole, would suffocate this animal, but am unable to recall or find it. Any one having this or a similar method of disposing of them, would greatly oblige myself and many others by communicating the same through the Rural.—D. C. Low, *Paris N. Y.*

P. S.—My wife wishes to know of your lady readers how to take iron-rust stains out of cloths.—D. C. L.

Horticultural Notes.

New Mode of Cultivating Asparagus, by R. R. Gauther.—Asparagus, the author observes, does not succeed well in some soils, especially in cold clays; but he says he has discovered a mode of growing it as easily as wheat, and at less than the usual expense. Asparagus requires a great amount of heat; in cold soils it pushes slowly, and the quality is not so good as in warm ground. We must, therefore, in unfavorable soils, have recourse to butting or earthing up, forming a conical heap on the base of each stool.

Sowing.—The seed should be selected from the plants that have been observed to give the fairest produce. It should be gathered when ripe, which is generally in September or October; and it should be sown immediately, in fresh, dry ground. The seeds should be lightly covered with some good vegetable mould. In the month of May following, the plants will have attained the height of some inches. They should then be planted, choosing the strongest of those that have their buds furthest apart, and rather few roots. The plants, says M. Gauther, which have their roots much developed, often yield small shoots.

Planting.—If the soil is strong it must be trenched and abundantly manured with leaves, decayed vegetables, or, preferably, with street manure, finishing with some good soil at top. There are three ways of planting. 1st. At six or seven inches apart, for obtaining green asparagus, called *aux petits pois*. 2d. At thirteen inches, for asparagus, green or blanched, under glass. For the blanched, soil should be put in the frames, or in the beds, to the height of about twelve or thirteen inches; for the green asparagus this is not necessary. 3d. At three feet three inches distant, in quincunx order, for the large blanched asparagus. When the plants are sufficiently strong, generally when three or four years old, form over each stool a conical heap of soil, like a large mole hill, ten to twelve inches high, and which may be progressively augmented in following years, according to the strength of the plants, to twenty inches. This work should be done in a dry time in March, the finest soil being gathered together by means of a hoe. The asparagus is gathered when it pushes an inch or two above the hills, and in doing this great care should be taken not to injure the crowns. The fourth year after planting, only a few shoots are gathered from each stool; this gathering should not be continued for more than three weeks at most. In the climate of Paris the cutting of asparagus continues till the 15th of June; if prolonged beyond this period it will be at the expense of future crops. In the course of November we cut down all the stems to about thirteen inches. In this country (England) they are at once cut down to the ground. We then uncover the stools so as to leave on each only a very slight covering of soil. By so doing the maturity of the plants is perfected. Every second year, soon after the earthing up is taken down, it is necessary to give the asparagus plantations a good dressing of rotten dung. Those who prefer a different system of culture from that above indicated, should, however, says M. Gauther, use plants of one year old, when they begin to push.—*Gard. Chronicle.*

Summer Work.—Keep the soil well worked and you will have little cause to complain of the drouth. A thorough hoeing is much better than water. Obtain neat stakes for all flowers that need them, and provide prope support for climbing plants. Do this early.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES, BREAD, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—Being a reader of the Rural I send you a few recipes which I have tested and know to be good.

Ginger Crisps.—Two teacups of molasses; one do. sugar; two do. of butter; one tablespoonful of soda; two of ginger; one teaspoonful of alum. Mix hard, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven. They will keep weeks.

Whig Cake.—Half a pound of butter; half a pound raisins; one pound sugar; four eggs; half a teacup of buttermilk; one teaspoonful of soda. Stir as thick as pound cake.

Sponge Cake.—Teacup of sugar; three eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; two of cream of tartar; two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream; one teacup and a half of flour.

Black Ink.—One quart soft water; four ounces nutgall; one and a half ounces gum arabic; one and a half ounces copperas. Soak the nutgall in three-fourths of the water, the gum arabic in one-half the remainder, warmed, and the copperas in the other half. Let them stand in separate vessels forty-eight hours, then mix ready for use. This ink will not spoil by freezing.

Cheap Sponge Cake.—One cup sugar; one do. milk: one egg; one tablespoon butter; one teaspoon soda; two do. cream tartar; one pint, or two large teacups flour. This also makes nice jelly cake.

Wholesome Bread.—Stir unbolted wheat flour into cold water until as thick as common stirred cake; bake twenty minutes in a very hot oven, in small tart tins; this makes a nice, wholesome dish for breakfast far preferable to buckwheat cakes.—Mrs. Day, *S. Pompey, N. Y.*, 1863.

CAKE RECIPES.

Common Cake.—Three cupfuls of sugar; three eggs; one cupful of butter; one cupful of milk; one teaspoonful of soda. Make a stiff batter and bake.

Gold Cake.—The yolks of eight eggs; one cup of sugar; two cups of flour; one teaspoonful cream of tartar; one cup of butter; half a teaspoonful of soda.

Silver Cake.—Half a cup of butter; one and a half cups of white sugar; half a cup of sweet milk; the whites of five eggs; half a teaspoonful of soda; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs; one cup of white sugar; one and a half cups of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; two of cream of tartar.

Soda Cake in Sheets for Jelly.—Half a cup of butter; two cups of sugar; four of flour; three eggs; one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; spread the jelly over them, then place one above the other, cut in slices.

Johnny Cake.—Take one quart of buttermilk; one teacup of flour; two-thirds of a teacup of molasses; a little salt; one teaspoonful of saleratus; one egg well beaten. Stir in Indian meal, but be sure and not get too much. Leave it thin—so thin that it will almost run. Bake in tin in any oven, and tolerably quick. Some prefer it without molasses.

In a late Rural I noticed a recipe for making cone frames. I desire to say to those wishing to make such frames, that if they will use putty instead of glue they will find it a great improvement. Welthie.

How to Head the Bed-Bugs.—Please inform "Mr. Bachelor" that *Mercurial Ointment* is a *sure cure* for Bed-Bugs. While teaching and "boarding around," I had an excellent chance to learn all kinds of cures; I have seen almost everything tried to head the foul creatures, and all would fail except Unguentum or Mercurial Ointment. *Thoroughness* in using is all that is necessary, for I have faithfully tried it in two or three houses that I lived in soon after marriage. Some plead expense. I say if too stingy to purchase one shilling's worth of what will *not fail*, if properly used, they ought to be tormented now and ever.—Mrs. O. I. Lewis, *Morrisville, N. Y.*

How can I Make Beeswax White?—Will you or some of your correspondents be kind enough to inform me through the columns of the Rural how to bleach beeswax white? There are a good many bees kept in this vicinity, and considerable wax made, and we think our profits might be somewhat increased if we knew how to whiten the wax, as white brings more than double the price of yellow wax. Hoping yourself or some reader will give the information I desire, I remain, Yours, &c.—Genesee, *East Bethany, N. Y.*, 1863.

Rice Meringue.—Swell gently four ounces of rice in a pint of milk, let it cool a little, and stir one and a half ounces of fresh butter, three ounces of pounded white sugar, the rind of a lemon, and the yolks of five eggs. Pour the mixture into a well buttered dish, and lay lightly and evenly over the top the whites of four eggs beaten to snow. Bake the pudding for ten minutes in a gentle oven. The peel of the lemon should be first soaked in a wine-glass of white wine before it is added to the other ingredients.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"COMING HOME."

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

SWEET ALICE, o'er thy soul-lit eyes a veil
Ethereal as the mist that mellows oft
The glad browed summer morn is resting now.
I watch the play of thy quick fancies, child;
They have a chastened brightness 'minding me
Of the fleo'd light that steals so softly down
Thro' Sabbath stillness of the greenwood aisles.
A flash of light o'er thy sweet face, and lo,
The mystic veil is rifted! Thy rapt brow
Is haloed by th' light from love's own altar.
"O, tell me now when din of war shall cease
From our dear land?"

I heard that our beloved
March homeward. At th' springtide then we'll keep
A glad, glad holiday! O, even now
The tender green steals o'er our hillside slopes.
"They'll all come home," she trilled it sweetly forth
As some wild bird repeats its choral strain.
All trembling as the wild bird with its song
I drew her closely to my quiet breast.
We'd wandered far in the still wood since morn,
Its depths were throbbing like an earnest heart
With the first motions of the early spring.
The child with a sweet, eager look had watched
For the first opening flower as if it came
A harbinger of the beloved who now
We're yearning, hoping, for a quick return
To peaceful homes.

My lips caught up the words
As a faint echo, "They're all coming home."
Thro' the deep silence flowed the tide of thought.
Oh, mother, o'er thy brow the frost of age
Has stolen silently these few short months,
Else we had never known how drear must be
The winter of the heart, that reigns beneath
The seeming calm. The feet of thy beloved
Leaped as the hart's at the first call "To Arms!"
Ye dropped the parting blessing silently,
And trod so firmly on, we quite forgot
How dear the living sacrifice ye laid
Upon "our country's altar."

Thou hast been
A wife, my sister, but three short years,
And yet all sparkle of thy girlhood's mirth
Has vanish'd as th' dew before th' noontide sun.
I fear th' saint-like meekness of th' palid brow
More than all noisy grief. Thou'lt teach the child
Thy soldier left to string on its sweet lips
The pearls of speech; beguiling thus thy woe.
Oh mother, and sad wife, tread firmly on;
And for a charm to lighten ev'ry grief
Speak meekly yet "When the beloved come home."
The hopeful words have higher meaning
Than their surface breathes. We're marching home.
At morn we strike our tents with joy, and then
At quiet eve we pitch them nearer to
Th' perfect rest remaining for earth's weary.
If our beloved should steal a homeward march,
Nor halt to greet us; yet a little while
O tread unfalt'ring on; they'll wait us
More eagerly than now we watch for them.
"They'll all come home" after the long, long march."

Black Rock, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HALF YEAR'S CHANGES.

I ALWAYS look forward with pleasure to the coming of spring time, and watch eagerly for the first tiny blossom that opens to the warm sunlight. New joys and hopes are awakened in the heart as the grass and flowers come forth, making earth lovely. A delicious blending of song and fragrance makes this spring morning realize to us our dreams of fairy-land. The scene before me is indeed charming. On my right is a pleasant village, its glittering spires pointing heavenward, and all these bright mornings, at the hour of seven, the deep-toned bell has summoned the crowd to turn from pleasure and business and spend one hour in prayer. I hear its rich tones floating far away over the water or echoing in the still woodland, and think how glorious will be that day when "all shall know and worship the LORD." On the left stretches a line of graceful oaks, while before me, reaching far away, the green wheat fields impress me sensibly with the fact that I am not on Chenango's pleasant hills, but far away in the beautiful West, and had I no home or friends elsewhere I should doubtless be willing to "pitch my tent" in this goodly land, although in heart I yield the palm of superiority to none, save our own "Empire State," the western portion of which, at least, reaches nearly enough my ideas of excellence or beauty. My opinion is, of course, pardonable, for I am decidedly partial to home, and even before since childhood have I waited spring's return, within the shelter of the homestead, watched the moon rising o'er the tree-tops of the "grand old woods" which skirt the eastern sky. That forest how magnificent when enlivened with the soft hues of spring, or when autumn weaves amid the shades of hemlock and pine its rich crimson and gold. Ever have I heard the first bird-notes amid the maples, or warbled from the tall giant tree that stood through winter's blast and summer's sunlight as a sentinel o'er the humble farm house. Long since the hand that set the sapling in the earth was folded peacefully to rest. When the autumn flowers faded and bird-songs ceased, a voice was hushed no more to utter music; one form laid to rest, and the flowers of many summers have bloomed and withered upon his grave. A little since and the old tree fell, prostrated by a strong blast, and when the last year's leaves had fallen, and the snow fairies spread their first thin drapery o'er the ground, an adventitious gale suddenly wafted me from my moorings on the dear hill-side; but I trust ere long to press its velvet turf once more.

What joy to the stranger's heart, in a strange land, to receive tidings from home. When those dear letters reach us we know some friendly hand has traced, we seem to hear them speaking and see the smile wreath their lips; but they tell of change. Since we left, on either hand in the neighborhood of "home" has death been busy. One whose life has been fraught with pain and weariness has gone,—the long years of sickness are ended,—the tired spirit released,—and to that weary one how sweet must be the rest of the grave,—of heaven? But a venerable and dearly loved one has passed away. A few months since I took her hand and kissed good-bye upon her pale, thin lips. How the tear drops trembled in her sad, dimmed eyes, and how I strove to crush back those within my heart, and for her sake wore a smile, and spoke hopefully of meeting again. Ever since, in dreams of the past, has that sorrowful face been before me; but now it is placid in death. The eyes that were dim with tears are closed, peacefully closed in that sweet repose which comes so kindly to all who "sleep in JESUS," and another note is struck in heaven, which swells the chorus of the redeemed. I read another name. In life's morning has he fallen,—those lips sealed,—that face calm 'neath the coffin-lid,—the grave-sod heaped above it. Gone,—when life was beautiful,—its day-dreams bright. Insatiate Death! Could not one fair young girl so lately taken from that household band suffice,—but thou must cast thy shadow o'er the eldest born, just into manhood passed, and bear him hence? But the grave cried, "gather them in,"—a mighty power bade thee go forth, and when our selfish hearts would question why is this, we hear but one response,—"He doeth all things well."

A letter just at hand says, "Our home is desolate, *desolate*, for our darling, our idol brother lies sleeping in the grave-yard. Yesterday we laid him there, and lingered while the heavy earth fell upon his form." And that "idol brother" is the dark-eyed cousin I knew and loved so well and hoped so soon to see again. Not by disease, but terrible, crushing "accident" was he taken, shutting out at once all realization of suffering. Like the lightning's flash has it fallen. No wonder, like the strong oak rent by the tempest, that father moans so piteously, "My son, my son, why do you not come when I call, why don't you answer me?" No wonder that gentle mother's wail of agony rang out so wildly when they told her that her only, her idolized boy, who but a short time since had left her, strong in the flush of health, was dead! GOD pity and comfort them for no earthly aid can give relief to the heart's deep anguish.

O change, change! A few months, and it seems that death has spread the pall of desolation over my early home. The same sunlight rests upon it,—the same moonlight quivers through the maples, but the shadow of gloom is over it, and sighs for the dead are fitfully swelling on the breeze that once brought the echo of cheerful voices, as the young, the loving, the loved and hopeful met on the green hill side. Would that there alone the mourner's voice was heard,—the farewell spoken. But one universal pall seems draping the blue sky. Brother meets brother on the "field of strife," and amid scenes of horror of which we can form no conception, thousands upon thousands yield up their lives, and the groans of the suffering and dying are answered by the wail of stricken hearts all over our fair, our *still glorious*, though erring country. When will "peace" fold its snowy pinions over it, and the wild refrain for those who have gone forth to battle and "fallen," cease to echo from our hill sides and valleys? "In GOD is our trust," and

When we humbly bow, His guidance crave,
He will bless our cause, and our country save.

Silverdell, 1863. BELL CLINTON.

WOMAN'S EDUCATION.

AT no period in the world's history has woman occupied so high a position, intellectually, as at the present day; such is the boast of our civilization. It is now a question whether she can be taught the abstract sciences and the elements of a classical education; but she is drugged with an indiscriminate jumble of dead languages and living sciences, mathematics and ethics, galvanized with showy accomplishments—all completed and set out in the world a matured young lady, at an age when her elder brother is still with his tutor. It is easy to guess what kind of a rehash of intellectual knowledge such a woman will be able to serve up to her children, when, after a few years given to the bewildering maze of fashionable life, she assumes a new dignity among the matrons of the land. There is no doubt that woman is as capable of receiving a classical education as man. The trouble lies, rather, in that forcing process which oppresses the brain at the expense of health and a comprehension of her studies. American beauty is fragile; hence the undue haste in exhibiting it to the world. It strikes us, however, that this fragility is attributable to the same causes, and that, with a proper and gradual development of the brain-power, and a proportionate degree of culture bestowed on physical education, American girls might be made to compete successfully in health and strength with their English cousins. Mrs. Jameson treats the subject very truthfully in her "Characteristics of Women." As, for instance: "It appears to me that the condition of women in society, as at present constructed, is false in itself—injurious to them. That the education of women, as at present conducted, is founded in mistaken principles, and tends to increase fearfully the sum of misery and error in both sexes. * * * * A time is coming, perhaps, when the education of women will be considered with a view to their future destination as the mothers and nurses of statesmen and legislators, and the cultivation of their powers of reflection and moral feeling supersede the exciting drudgery by which they are crammed with knowledge and accomplishments."—*National Quarterly Review.*

I HAVE never known a house without a baby that got along as well as other houses. I never knew a baby that didn't pay its way in smiles and kisses to beguile the toil-worn and weary.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WOOD-ROBIN.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyelids at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood time—
That season of emerald and gold,
Ere the storms and the shadows that fall on our prime,
Had told me that pleasures grow old;

I loved, in the warm summer eves,
To recline on the welcoming sod
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and leaves
Where the wood-robin worshiped her GOD.

I knew not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day,
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tone of the wood-robin's lay.

O! beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its visions of hope and of love,
How cruel is life to reveal us the truth
That peace only liveth above.

The wood-robin trills the same tune
From her thicket in garden and glen,
And the landscape and sky, and the twilight of June
Look lovely and glowing as then;

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a knell
Tolling back thro' the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest, forlorn
Tho' the visions that rise from the past,
The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth
Where the tides of the Infinite roll.

O! I fain would arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain,
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale
And sigh for the haven in vain.

And I watch for the ripples to play
And tell me the breezes are nigh,
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away
To the land that lies hid in the sky.

* * * * * *

But the whip-po-will wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west,—
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my door,
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird, ere the sun
Shall line the far forest with light,
Thou'lt wake from thy slumbers more merry than one
Who heard thee and blessed thee to-night.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MORNING AND EVENING.

IT is morning. The air is pure, fresh and enlivening. The appearance of the landscape, just as the sun rises and gilds the hill tops and tallest trees, and casts its beams over all nature, is truly beautiful and forms a grand picture, which even a RAPHAEL could not portray with accuracy. The warblings of the merry songsters, praising GOD in their own sweet way, wafts softly to us on the rose-scented breeze, and causes us to say,

"Shall I be mute, Great GOD, alone,
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?"

It is a time for serious thought and meditation, as we reflect of the blank page in the "Book of Remembrance," on which the "Recording Angel" will write our every thought, word and action, placing there with ready hand and smiling face all the good deeds and thoughts, then with sad countenance and tearful eye, writing in dark characters all those things which were not done with an "eye single to His glory." Let us then commence the day mindful of all this, and with a song on our lips to Him, conscious that He will guide us aright if we only put our trust in Him, and meekly ask in prayer, believing.

Youth is the morning of *life*.

"At first the pages of the book,
Are blank and purely fair;
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there."

Ah! that the "memories" were ever sweet, the "pictures" ever fair, that never a foul spot or dark stain might disgrace the pages. Morning of life, happy season! But doubly so when the the heart is full of love and hope, the mind free from care, the spirits buoyant, and the form glowing with health and vigor.

* * * * * * * * * *

But there is an evening to the day, when the sun sinks to rest behind the western hills, and all nature seems to retire as if wearied with the day's labors,—when the gladsome strains which have proceeded from the winged songsters are heard no more, the silence all unbroken, save by a child's merry laugh, or the song of the farmer returning home. It is a time to muse, just as twilight is throwing its dim mantle around,—a time devoted to dreams of the past, thoughts of the present, and sweet hope and wild yearnings of the future. Loved memories of "by-gone days" are called up, and our mind wanders from daily cares and duties, and our heart, over which we thought a crust was formed, is *touched*, and tears flow plentifully. We form new resolutions, and go forth better, happier and wiser after these silent communings. Oh! if 'twere not for these sweet memories of some loved parent, brother, sister, or friend, we would become hard and cold, and all choked up with the cares of the world.

There's an *eventide* in *life*, too. And why may it not be beautiful if the morning and noon time has been well spent? What matters it if the once glossy locks are threaded with silver,—the full, rosy cheek sunken,—the robust form bent, if the soul is only fresh and pure, and the heart warm and true?

"If the heart, the heart be beautiful,
I care not for the face;
I ask not what the form may lack
Of innocence or grace."

Englishville, Mich., 1863. HATTIE HERBERT.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD FARM.

I HAVE often noticed the manner with which men, not at all remarkable for sentiment, refer to "the old farm." Some peculiar practice in agriculture is being discussed, when, as a closing argument in favor of their own side of the question, they relate how things were done on the old farm, as if nothing more need be said on the subject after that. It makes no difference if they themselves are occupying farms whose fertility and beauty far surpass the old stony, hilly one whose most conspicuous disadvantage and deformity was its multitude of stumps. There is ever a charm lingering about that well-remembered home. In the mind of the most matter-of-fact business man the old farm seems like fairy land. They do not judge it with their present eyes, but with the careless gaze of boyhood. The plentiful bunches of elder bushes that grew along the edge of the pond; the bare, unsightly stone wall on whose top he walked to gather the purple raspberries; the rickety old barn where he enjoyed playing "hie-spy," are all lovingly remembered. This feeling is by no means confined to those who follow farming as a livelihood, but those who have entered what is called the *learned professions*, and whose busy life-path has led them hundreds of miles away from the old homestead, still dream and speak of making one more journey back to the "old farm" before they die. This tender, life-long attachment to the home of childhood seems strongest with those who have been reared in the country. B. C. D.

Wisconsin, 1863.

EFFECT OF ONE'S OCCUPATION.

DOWN to the minutest division of human occupation it will be found that the men whose pursuits bring them in contact with inanimate nature, enjoy their avocations much more than those who are conversant with humanity, and all modifications of the social and moral system. Champort observes that the writers on physics, natural history, physiology, chemistry, have been generally men of a mild, even and happy temperament; while, on the contrary, the writers on politics, legislation, and even morals, commonly exhibited a melancholy and fretful spirit. Nothing more simple; the former studied nature, the other society. One class contemplates the work of the great Being, the other fixes its observation upon the work of man—the results must be different. The nymphs of Calypso, as they caressed and fondled the infant Cupid, became unconsciously penetrated with his flame, and if the power of love be thus subtle, that of hatred is, unfortunately, not less pervading. We cannot handle human passions, even to play with them, without imbibing some portion of their acrimony, any more than we can gather flowers amid the nettles without being stung. Into everything human a spirit of party becomes insinuated, and self-love is perpetually forcing us to taste of its bitterness; but there is no rivalry with nature; our pride does not revolt at her superiority, nay, we find a pure and holy calm in contemplating her majesty, before which we bow down with mingled feelings of delight and reverence. Contrast this with the effects produced upon us by human grandeur and elevation. Hence the charm of solitude; it places us in communion with things, whereas society fixes our regards upon man.

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

IF all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error. We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavoring to stifle is a false opinion; and if we were sure, stifling it would be an evil still.—*J. Stuart Mill.*

CHARACTER.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their mind at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but the third class of men will arouse themselves. "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be;" and this is the maxim which every one should impress upon himself, as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and so perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try another.

THE light of the understanding—humility kindleth it, but pride extinguishes it.

Sabbath Musings.

THE GUEST.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."—*Rev.* 3: 20.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily.
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark we heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying, sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee!"

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp;
Light the fire, and cheer thy face;
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock—
"Enter, I have turned the key!
Enter, stranger,
Who art come to sup with me?"

Opening wide the door, He came;
But I could not speak His name;
In the guest-chair took His place,
But I could not see His face;
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo! my Master
Was the guest that supped with me!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SADNESS AND JOY.

"WHY that look of sadness,
Why that brow of care,
Can no note of gladness,
Leave its impress there?"

IT has been often questioned whether there is more of joy or sorrow in life. This is a point which cannot well be settled, since our lives are, to a very great extent, what we make them. We may drink bitter waters from the cup of life if we choose, or we may sip nectar draughts. Looking up with grateful hearts to our Heavenly Father, we may rejoice in the sunlight of a happy spirit, and convert our cares and trials into food for the immortal soul; or we may close our eyes upon all that is good and beautiful around us, and dwell so continually in the gloomy regions of discontent as to poison the fountain of our own happiness and cast a sombre shadow in the pathway of others! True, there are some dark hours for all, but even in the darkest hour earth is not all a desert waste. Many an oasis is scattered here and there, where we may quench the spirit's thirst, and hope, life's guiding star, points to a light beyond the gloom, whose radiance may brighten all our path below.

Does the storm-cloud of adversity hover over you, and with its gathering blackness threaten to envelop you, trust in Him who is the Ruler of the storm, and the tempest will pass away and and leave thy sky calm as that mirrored in the Sea of Galilee when the voice of the Redeemer stilled its angry waters! It is not *great* troubles that most annoy us; they seem from their very nature to bring with them a power of endurance; but it is the little every day vexations that chafe the spirit! Mind them not, live above their influence! Or, rather, let us engage in our daily avocations with a spirit so high and holy that it will ennoble and sanctify all. When lonely and sad, sit not idly down and complain, but be up and doing. Go out and extend a friendly hand to one, a smile of welcome to another, and kind words to all, and see if the sunshine of gladness will not come back again!

It has been truly said that you cannot pluck thorns from another's path without planting roses in your own. When we have learned to act from right motives,—to cast away from us all envious, jealous, selfish feelings,—to rejoice in the prosperity of others, and live only to do good, then we may partake of the joy of angels,—then we may go joyfully on, plucking the golden fruit of happiness from every bough of life's fair tree, and when age shall unfit us for further action we may rest in the bowers of peace till called "over the river" to the unseen land!

Though care-worn and weary,
Still joyous be,
For o'er the dark river,
There's light for thee.

North Java, N. Y., 1863. M. E. N.

ABRAHAM'S BURIAL PLACE.—A letter from Palestine states that while the Prince of Wales was at Hebron he and his suite obtained permission to visit the cave of Macpelah, Abraham's burial place. They are the first Christians who have been allowed to enter it since the crusaders, nearly seven hundred years ago. They report that everything is kept in the most beautiful order, and nothing could be more satisfactory than the state in which the tombs are preserved. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Sarah, Rebecca and Leah are buried there.

LOOK at the heavens above you. There is star after star, all through the infinite realm of space,—some shedding down streams of glorious radiance, some bestowing only a feeble light—but, nevertheless, *all* pouring their tribute of brightness from their golden urns, and all fulfilling, in the general system of the universe, an office of good and of blessing. So every man may shed his portion of light and perform his function of benevolence, whatever may be his station in society as respects wealth.—*Chapin.*

IN the face of the sun you may see God's beauty; in the fire you may feel his heat warming; in the water his gentleness to refresh you; it is the dew of heaven that makes your field give you bread.

The Reviewer.

THE HOLY WORD IN ITS OWN DEFENCE: Addressed to Bishop Colenso, and all other Earnest Seekers after Truth. By Rev. ABIEL SILVER, author of "Lectures on the Symbolic character of the Sacred Scriptures." [12mo—pp. 305.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

THE object of the Rev. author is to show that the Bible, properly understood, sustains itself against all attacks of open enemies or of pretended friends, like the Bishop of Natal, WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., and "all other earnest seekers after truth." Dr. COLENSO is a Bishop of the English Episcopal Church, admitted into its membership, then to its holy orders, and finally consecrated to the Episcopate and sent out to Natal, in S. E. Africa, as Bishop, under the full declaration that he received the Old and New Testaments as the revealed and inspired will of God. In Africa he writes an examination of "the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua," in which he publishes to the world that for certain things in these books he does not believe their divine inspiration and authority. The Bishops in England call upon him to renounce his deadly errors and become a true and godly churchman, or give up his office as Bishop, because he is unfitted to perform its services, even though he enjoys its emoluments. Bishop COLENSO refuses to do either of these reasonable services, and holds on in his office and receives the pay attached to it. Whatever is the importance of religion, the possession of the tithes has in his mind at least equal claims. If he is an "earnest seeker" of the truth, he is not, according to common sense, *an honest man*.

To COLENSO'S attack on the first six books of the Old Testament, this work is designed to be a reply, on the principle above stated. The first sentence is, "God has given His Word to man to teach,—First, what God is: Second, what man is: Third, how man loses God's image and becomes a devil: Fourth, how he obtains that image and becomes an angel: and Fifth, the consequencs of being either an angel or a devil." The illustration of these five points fills the twenty-two chapters of the work. The principle is, that the word and works of God, as seen in creation and providence, redemption and retribution, are entirely consistent as being the operation of one Being who is "Infinite, Omniscient and Omnipresent; Unchangable and Eternal; the Creator and Sustainer of the Universe." The proof is to be found in the correct exposition of the Bible, the "spiritual sense" of which Bishop COLENSO seems not yet to have apprehended, so that he is in a world of darkness of his own production.

If it is asked, does the author give the clear and tenable exposition of Bible truth?—the reply must be, that the dogmas given in the illustration, are not those maintained by the church Catholic or Episcopal, Calvanistic or Armenian, or any division of Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists or Lutherans, to mention no more. The "doctrine of correspondences," insisted on, may suggest the name of Swedenborg; as also that of "influx." The author belongs to the Church of the New Jerusalem. For sale by STEELE & AVERY.

THE PENTATEUCH AND BOOK OF JOSHUA, Critically Examined. By the Right Rev. JOHN WILLIAM COLENSO, D. D., Bishop of Natal. Part II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work is an attack of a Bishop on the fundamental doctrine of his own church, *the truth of the Old Testament*. A distinguished preacher of that church says:—"It is the clear teaching of those doctrinal formularies, to which we of the Church of England have expressed our solemn assent, and *no honest interpretation* of her language can get rid of it." Fully as the errors of Bishop COLENSO have been lately exposed, and often as his objections had been refuted in the last century, the opposers of the religion of the Bible will admire the work. We need only say, what all thinkers must have seen, that the Pentateuch is the foundation of all that follows in the religion of the Old Testament, as well as of the New. If the Pentateuch is not trustworthy, then all that follows is in the same predicament. If Moses and Joshua are not true, the Israelites present the greatest mystery to the world. They have believed a lie, and what their fathers knew to be a lie. This can not be. Christ, our Lord, referred to the early parts of the Pentateuch as the truth; Adam, Noah, the patriarchs, all are veritable in His teaching; Moses and the Prophets are the authority accredited by the Jews, Christ declares and at the same time sanctions; the Apostles, inspired by Christ to teach all needed truth, build up the christian superstructure on Moses and the Prophets, Jesus Christ being the corner stone of the whole. As well may some one show, a century hence, that the principal parts about the Declaration of Independence and the history of our Revolution are fabulous. For sale by STEELE & AVERY.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The Atlantic for July—the first number of a new volume—presents an excellent table of contents. Among the prominent and able articles are "Doings of a Sunbeam"—a paper by Dr. HOLMES on photography; "Our General"—a review of Gen. BUTLER'S administration in New Orleans; "Outside Glimpses of English Poverty," by HAWTHORNE; "The Claims to Service by Labor"—an able argumentative paper by ROBERT DALE OWEN; and an article on "English Naval Power and English Colonies," which demonstrates the gradual but sure progress of England toward supremacy on the ocean. There are poetical contributions from LONGFELLOW, TROWBRIDGE and Dr. PARSONS. The high reputation of the *Atlantic* has been well sustained the present year, and we commend it to special attention on the commencement of a new volume under very flattering auspices. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, at $3 per annum.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for July is a very readable and well illustrated number of that popular magazine. It opens with an interesting and handsomely illustrated account of Gen. HARRISON'S Campaigns—a very readable history. The next s a capital sketch, with suitable illustrations, of the experiences of an American family in Germany, by J. ROSS BROWNE. The number is altogether a good one—the novelettes and miscellaneous reading being above the average.

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.]

A TEXT BOOK OF PENMANSHIP:—Containing all the established Rules and Principles of the Art; with Rules for Punctuation, Direction and Forms for Letter Writing: To which are added a Brief History of Writing, and Hints on Writing Materials, etc., etc., for Teachers and Pupils. Adapted for use in Schools, Academies and Commercial Colleges, in connection with any well-arranged series of Copy Books. By H. W. ELLSWORTH, Teacher of Penmanship in the Public Schools of N. Y. city, and for several years Teacher of Book Keeping, Penmanship and Commercial Correspondence, in Bryant, Stratton & Co.'s Chain of Mercantile Colleges. [pp. 232.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY.

A HISTORY OF THE INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT OF EUROPE. By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. [8vo.—pp. 631.] New York: Harper & Brothers—1863. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY. Price $3.50.

A GLIMPSE OF THE WORLD. By the author of "Amy Herbert," &c. [12mo.—pp. 428.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE & AVERY. Price $1.25.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

THE SUICIDAL MANIA.

FROM the exchanges of a single mail, a few days since, we clipped the record of no less than thirty suicides, all of which occurred within the space of forty-eight hours. Of the thirty, eight were females. Fourteen were believed to have been caused from disappointment in love, six from seduction, four from a monomania in religion, two—both lads of twelve years—from cruel treatment of parents, one from jealousy, and the remaining three from misanthropy, sickness or sorrow. How sad a commentary upon American life and its attributes this picture presents, we leave those who have the welfare of their species at heart to conjecture. But it behooves every thinking man to carefully weigh the combination of causes whereby so many mortals are hurried to self-destruction.

We fear it is getting to be a characteristic of our social organization, induced either through labor-wasted nerves, or the drowning of imaginary sorrow in fruitless dissipation, or an inevitable drifting toward misanthropy, either to indulge in a hopeless retrospection of what might have gladdened life, or a dismal review of opportunities lost and years sacrificed at the shrine of some foolish passion. As individuals, we are sadly given to these gloomy retrospections. The worry and over-work of the mechanic, the bustling activity of the merchant, the perplexing brain-work of the professional, only cover a crowd of lurking memories that sadden and torture the intervals of repose. As a people, we let very little sunshine into our lives. Our peculiar organic temperaments absorb too much of the dismal and too little of the bright and joyous. We are prone to magnify emotions that require but little determination to overcome permanently. Suicide and insanity seldom occur among the Germans, although they are essentially a dreamy, metaphysical and thoughtful people. They devote half their lives to amusement and pastime; when labor is ended, they invariably seek recreation and relaxation.

When that mind dawns upon the age, that shall teach us not to fritter away our lives in ephemeral pleasure and wasteful idleness,—and we heed the lesson,—then will these suicidal tendencies be absorbed by better and nobler desires. We cannot afford to sacrifice a promising future for mere personal gratification. Activity, energy, industry and perseverance are the necessary combatants to most of the elements in this monomania. The cultivation of them brings us into sympathy with the world and the objects of civilization. We are all dying for the want of clear sky and warm sunshine. Our lives grow darker and sadder every year, only because we will not see the flowers that lie smiling at our feet; only because we will not listen to the sweet bells of hope tinkling in our hearts the glad music of heaven, and the grand diapason of the eternal spheres. Those who are drifting into misanthropy must check the tendency so inevitably hurrying them on. Their selfish cravings must be overcome with the determination to live broader, nobler lives, and participate in the grand religion of humanity.—*Springfield Rep.*

MUSCLE AND BRAIN.

NATURE is a strict accountant; and if you demand of her in one direction more than she is prepared to lay out, she balances the account by making a deduction elsewhere. If you insist on premature or undue growth of any one part, she will, with more or less protest, concede the point; but that she may do your extra work, she must leave some of her more important work undone. In primitive times, when aggression and defense were the leading social activities, bodily vigor, with its accompanying courage, were the great desideratia; and then, education was almost wholly physical; mental education was little cared for, and, indeed, was often treated with contempt. But now that muscular power is of use for little else than manual labor, while social success of nearly every kind depends very much on mental power, our education has become almost exclusively mental. Instead of respecting the body and ignoring the mind, we now respect the mind and ignore the body. Both these attitudes are wrong. We do not sufficiently realize the truth, that as, in this life of ours, the physical underlies the mental, the mental must not be developed at the expense of the physical. The ancient and modern conceptions must be combined.—*Hubert Spencer.*

PHYSIOLOGY OF SWIMMING.

THE medical authorities of the French army especially recommend that men inclined to disease of the chest should be continually made to swim. The following are the effects (which M. le Docteur Dulon attributes to swimming) on the organs of respiration:

A swimmer, wishing to proceed from one place to another, is obliged to deploy his arms and legs to cut through the liquid, and beat the water with them to sustain himself. It is to the chest, as being the central point of sustentation, that every movement of the limbs responds. This irradiation of the movements of the chest, far from being hurtful to it, is beneficial; for, according to a sacred principle of physiology, the more an organ is put into action the more vigor and aptitude it will gain to perform its functions. Applying this principle to natation, it will easily be conceived how the membrane of the chest of a swimmer acquires development—the pulmonary tissues firmness, tone and energy.

HA! is the interjection of laughter; ah! of sorrow. The difference between them is only the transposing of an aspiration; in the turning of a breath, our mirth is changed into mourning.

THE CLAUDIAN AQUEDUCT.

THE aqueduct of Claudius, which was intended to draw off the waters of the Lake Celano, or Fucino, is re-established. The Lake Fucino, four Roman Leagues in length and two broad, is situated at thirty-two miles from Sora, in the Abruzzi, and sixty-two from Rome. Its overflowing frequently desolated the surrounding country, from which, when the water had retired, poisonous exhalations emanated. On the occasion of the inauguration of the channel to pour into the Liris the overflow of the waters of this lake, the Emperor Claudius gave a combat of galleys, manned by 19,000 gladiators. An immense crowd, and the Prætorian Guard lined the banks to prevent the flight of the unfortunate combatants. "The combat," says Tacitus, "although between criminals, was worthy of the bravest soldiers." The spectacle being concluded, the flood gates were opened, but the flood did not succeed, and it was necessary to deepen the channel. Trojan, Adrian, the Emperor Frederick III, and Alphonse I, caused new works to be executed which were resumed in the seventeenth century.

In 1826, the Neapolitan Government also undertook to clear and restore the Claudian aqueduct. The glory of bringing this difficult work to an end belongs to Prince Torlonia, who, after ten years' labor and an outlay of several millions, at last saw, on the 9th of last month, the waters of the Fucino move from their level, and flow like a torrent, to cries of "Viva, Victor Emanuel," "Viva il Principe Torlonia." Time is still necessary to drain the Fucino entirely; but the progressive lowering of the lake will by degrees restore to cultivation a superficies of 35,000 acres. It is calculated that the sale of the land will quadruple the capital expended on the undertaking.

FIXING SOUNDS.

SOME months ago, M. Scott, well known among the savans of Paris, exhibited experiments of a very interesting character, in the art of fixing sounds. The same species of natural means so successfully employed in photography with reference to form, namely, the aerial undulations of which sounds consist, are, by the construction of the *phonograph*, made ingeniously to subserve the intricate purposes in view. The representation of the various curves and vibrations performed by an instrument of highly susceptible mobility, while acted upon by these atmospheric movements, has been perfectly accomplished; and although a serious difficulty seems to obstruct the re-translation of this somewhat indefinite language into the regular and fixed signs for the verbal sounds which produced it, M. Scott is sufficiently sanguine about the result to give cause for alarm in the minds of the short-hand writers, whose occupation would be more detrimentally affected by this wonderful apparatus for reporting, than even that of artists has been by the sister invention of photography.—*Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper.*

NATURAL CALIFORNIAN CURIOSITIES.

IN the Caso range of mountains, 180 miles from Los Angelos, is Brimstone Mountain, a volcano now in active operation. Its altitude is about 1,000 feet. The exterior of the mountain is pure brimstone, hard, but yielding readily to the pick. About two and a half miles from this mountain are a large number of hot springs, with temperatures up to boiling heat. About three miles distant from Brimstone Mountain is the Iron Mountain, so called. It rises 3,000 feet above the ocean level, is of a reddish color and contains iron ore. A few miles distant from Brimstone Mountain rises another called the Glass Mountain, an extinct volcano. At a former period it discharged large quantities of glass which is strewn over the surface of the earth for a distance of twenty miles or more. Some of the pieces weigh from one to two hundred pounds. All of it is entirely free from impurities, and perfectly translucent.

"FOOLSCAP."—Everybody knows what "foolscap" paper is; but few probably know how it came to bear this singular cognomen. When Charles 1st found his revenues short, he granted certain privileges, with a view to recruit them, amounting to monopolies, and among these was the manufacture of paper, the exclusive right of which was sold to certain parties, who grew rich and enriched the government also, at the expense of those who were obliged to use paper. At this time all English paper bore in water-marks the royal arms. The parliament, under Cromwell, made jests of this law in every conceivable manner; and, under other indignities to the memory of King Charles, it was ordered that the royal arms be removed from the paper, and the "fool's-cap and bells" be substituted. These, in their turn, were also removed when the Rump parliament was prorogued; but paper of the size of the Parliament Journal still bears the name of "foolscap."—*London Notes and Queries.*

INCREASING CARE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.—At the beginning of the century there were hardly half a dozen schools for this unfortunate class. Ten years ago there were 180, with 6,000 pupils; of these about 80 were in Germany, 45 in France, and 22 in the British Isles. There are 22 institutions in the United States, with 130 teachers—about 50 of whom are educated deaf-mutes—and 2,000 pupils. Those at Hartford and New York are the oldest, having been established in 1817. The annual support of the 22 institutions requires about $350,000, of which about $300,000 is appropriated by the legislatures of twenty-nine States.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH.—A man who takes proper care of himself, and indulges in plenty of air, exercise, and, above all, recreation, ought to be in a high range of health and strength from twenty-four years to sixty-five.

Reading for the Young.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

"LITTLE Charlie is dead!"

I repeated the words very sadly, and though no audible voice from the tree-top above me had spoken them, I glanced upward to the windows, which for fourteen days had been wholly darkened; the shutters and curtains were withdrawn at last, and the fresh breeze and golden light drifted freely in.

I knew that on the couch where Charlie had tossed and moaned, parched with fever and smitten with grievous pain, there lay only an altered, stiffened shape, which we had loved and pitied as "our Charlie;" but the *real* being, whose gay young life made beauty all around it, was not there. One wiser and more pitying than ourselves had called the little boy, and in the night he had arisen, saying, "Thy servant heareth," and gone outward to walk with the Lord.

It was an exquisite morning in the early autumn. Not a cloud vailed the intense blue of the sky, luminous with depths of sunshine; and beneath every tree purple and scarlet shadows played, while the wind, swaying their branches, seemed to call up tender memories, from each warm, sturdy heart. "Dead!" I echoed the word, as, lingering by the half-open gate, I hesitated to enter it. In the glad day, overflowing with brialliancy, what room was there for so dark a syllable?

Charlie was the child of a neighbor—as beautiful and winning a little spirit as ever sojourned in human clay. Full of restless, precious life, the light links of existence were fretted away by the ceaseless strain and jar of the imprisoned soul. We knew that he must leave us; but, forgetful of previous warning, the death of my favorite came to me with the sharp pang of an unheralded woe. Regaining with an effort, a degree of composure, I entered the house of mourning. The hush which severe sickness imposes, the shadows of a mystery yet to be revealed, which envelop a dwelling so consecrated, were exchanged for the dread certainty of helpless grief. Charlie was dead!

How many times during the past fortnight had I entered that room, whose repressed sighs and groans were familiar? With what painful foreboding had I lingered in its gloom, which typified too well the cherished hopes that here perished? As I crossed the threshold, I half expected to hear the stifled moan of the still, weary child; but he breathed an air which no sickness poisons, and the body was at rest forever.

What a change had a few hours wrought in this apartment! The soft, rich air of the Indian summer stole through the windows no longer guarded, and the sunshine stretched its golden beams upon the floor and walls—further, it slanted across the pure linen that floated above the sleeper, and to the delicate features and sunny hair gave somewhat of the glad vitality of life. Every leaf fluttering, every bird-note, every whisper of the wide world without, spoke of rejoicing. "I shall go to him," said my heart responsively, and I could almost weep tears of gladness that the gift of immortal youth was so early granted to Charlie.

A new train of thought passed through my mind as, standing by the dead boy, I watched the play of light and shade around the small couch so long vailed in darkness.

While yet there remained the uncertainty of life poised in the scales of Eternity, the turbid waters of affection were stirred to blackest agitation with every dreaded possibility. Through this oppressive atmosphere, every shining hope which centered in Charlie's existence had gleamed forth in sudden, stinging remembrance—all the joy that had been—the faith outlooking to years of developed manhood. Now coldly and drearily rose instead the visions of scenes that were to be—the dying agony; the slow, cruil formality of the funeral rites; the desolate home. "All is of God;" but the struggle between natural affection and the obedience which yields calmly to His decree, is often of great severity.

Trembling hope and fear were alike subsided now, and in their stead rose the pale cypress blossom of peace.

Yes, the open window, the signal of sorest loss, was also the avenue of richest gain; the healing breath of heaven, and its baptismal light, were they not messengers to the spirit of the deepended experience attained only through tears? We clasp the hand whose grasp is loosening, with redoubled earnestness. Our love cries out madly as its idols fade; but when, finally, removed beyond the reach of human yearning, we remember who it was that said, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Long after the autumn earth had gatherer in the form of Charlie, like one of its own spring-flower lives, sweet and brief, the history quickly told, I recalled the lesson of that silent hour's teaching—that one which death was intended to convey—of infinite gain.

Not only the empty cage, when our singing-birds have flown—not only the dreary tomb, where we have laid our dead away—were they not heart-broken mourners who, bending down to the sepulchre's edge, saw the grave cloths cast aside, and angels watching where he had rested?

BAD PAUL AND GOOD PAUL.—Mrs. Sigourney, in a beautiful little book called "Sayings of the Little Ones," tells the following story of little Paul:—Little Paul came to spend an hour with his cousin Ellen. He was usually a good boy, but on this occasion a strange change came over him. Nothing pleased him; and from dissatisfaction he proceeded to cross words and aggressive measures. He pulled the doll from his cousin and threw it angrily on the floor. He had even his hand raised to strike Ellen, when his aunt came in. "This cannot be, good Paul, whom we are always so glad to see. Is it not some bad child wearing his clothes, and calling himself by the wrong name?" Quite crestfallen, he desired to go home. He felt ashamed that every one should be glad that his visit was over. Some time elapsed ere he repeated it. Then he went directly to his aunt, and said, with a very pleasant face, "Good Paul has come to see cousin Ellen. I am not acquainted with bad Paul."

Wit and Wisdom.

A RULER should reflect that to reign over he must rein in.

WE live amid surfaces, and the art of life is to skate well on them.

GREAT opportunities are generally the result of the wise improvement of small ones.

IT is right to make an example of men whom it would be wrong to take as an example.

THE greatest hypocrite never imposes upon his neighbors half so often as upon himself.

THE most unwholesome bread, in the long run, is that taken out of other men's mouths.

AN old toper out West says the two most precious things now included in hoops are girls and kegs of whisky.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* says that mosquito bars are the only ones that can be open after nine o'clock.

FULLER calls it the misery of moderation that the moderate man never has any party to stand by him.

AIR, food, sleep, and the cheerful emotions, are the best restoratives to exhausted nerves.

A YOUNG lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

THE efforts of a strong man, aided by the counsels of a sensible woman, rarely or never fail to succeed.

HALL'S *Journal of Health* says that the most common way to a premature grave is down a man's throat.

HE that accuses all mankind of corruption, ought to remember that he is sure to convict only one.

GRANDMOTHER used to say to grandfather:—"It is no use quarreling, my dear, when you know we must make it up again."

THE power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

GET your enemies to read your works in order to mend them; for your friend is so much like yourself, that he will judge very much as you do.

CHARACTER is like money; when you have a great deal, you may risk some; for, if you lose it folks will still believe you have a plenty to spare.

NATURE, forseeing that her children would be tampering with minerals, hid them in the earth, and covered them with herbs and plants, as fitter for their use.

DEATH we can face; but, knowing as many of us do what is human life, which of us could, if consciously summoned, face the hour of birth!

FRENCH sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath, "Judge how we loved him!"

A SPANISH proverb says:—"A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner, is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum was just enough."

CONCERNING the sweetening required in rhubarb pies, a Pittsfield lady gives the following infallible rule:—"Throw in sugar as long as your conscience will let you; then shut your eyes and throw in one handful more."

SOMEBODY has given utterance to the following scrap of philosophy, which, if it be not good, is at least cool:—"The poor man's purse may be empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset, and silver in the moon as anybody."

IF you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I die.—*Wordsworth.*

A BOY makes a huge snow-ball to show his skill and perseverance, and as something to wonder at, not that he can swallow it as an ice, or warm his hands at it; and a man accumulates a pile of wealth for pretty much the same reason.

IF the works are so perfect, how glorious must be the Maker of them. If the beauty of that which he has created is inexpressibly great, infinitely greater must be that Being who surveys all creation at a single glance.

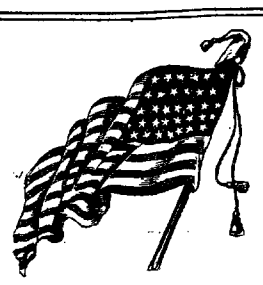
WE do not die wholly at our deaths; we have mouldered away gradually long before. Faculty after faculty, attachment after attachment, disappear; and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave.

"Well, neighbor, what is the most Christian news?" said a gentleman to his friend. "I have just bought a barrel of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Who is it that you have made happy by your charity this time?" "My wife!"

A FRENCH writer has said, that "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake, and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



LEAVES fall, but lo, the young buds peep!
Flowers die, but still their seed shall bloom!
From death the quick young life will leap,
When spring shall come and touch the tomb.
The splendid shiver of brave blood
Is thrilling through our country now,
And she who in old times withstood
The tyrant, lifts again her brow.
God's precious charge we sternly keep
Unto the final victory;
With freedom we will live, or sleep
With our great dead who set us free,
God forget us when we forget
To keep the old flag flying yet.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 11, 1863.

The Army of the Potomac—Glorious News.

IN our last issue we chronicled the arrival of the rebel army in Pennsylvania, the removal of Hooker from the command of the Federal troops, the appointment of Gen. Geo. G. Meade, and the setting out of our forces to meet the rebels. On the 1st inst. the advance of our army was opened upon by the rebel artillery, and the fight began. Up to latest dates the conflict was continued, our troops being well in hand, and punishing the rebels fearfully. We have been exceedingly fortunate at all points, and have now the gratification of announcing a series of splendid successes to the Federal cause. Our information comes disconnected and broken, but the greater portion of what we publish has been confirmed, and we refer our readers to the annexed detailed account for particulars:

A heavy engagement began at 9 o'clock this morning, (July 1st,) between the rebels under Longstreet and Hill, and the 1st and 11th corps, under Gens. Reynolds and Meade. The locality is beyond Gettysburg, on the Chambersburg pike. Portions of the fight have been very severe, and attended with heavy loss. Thus far the onset of the enemy has been successfully resisted by the two corps mentioned, and the 3d and 12th are now coming up. Maj.-Gen. Reynolds was mortally wounded, and has since died.

The 5th N. Y., the 1st Vt., 1st Va., and 18th Pa. cavalry regiments, which left Frederick on Saturday, moved forward to Hanover. They arrived there on Tuesday morning, when they were charged upon in the rear by the rebel cavalry of Stuart. The national forces numbered about 1,800, and the rebel force was nearly or quite 4,000. The battle commenced at nine in the morning and continued until seven in the evening. The contest was a succession of charges and re-charges, advances and repulses. Our troops fought with desperate gallantry, and gained a brilliant triumph. We captured all of the 1st South Carolina regiment except 13. The rebels took but 60 prisoners. A piece of artillery belonging to the 1st South Carolina was among our trophies.

During the early part of the 2d inst., up to noon, there had been no general battle, though heavy skirmishing had been going on all the morning, resulting in a heavy loss to the enemy, and the capture of 5,000 more prisoners. In all these skirmishes, which were conducted under the direction of Gen. Meade, our armies were entirely successful. The enemy studiously avoided any general engagement, and it was thought there would be none until the 3d, when it was the intention of Gen. Meade to press the enemy along the whole line. The prudence and skill displayed by Gen. Meade in the management of his army, and the strategy evinced by him in coping with Lee, has already won the confidence of his troops, and his presence drew forth the strongest demonstration of attachment.

On the morning of the 4th, the following dispatch was received in Washington:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Near Gettysburg, July 3—8:30 P. M.

To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—The enemy opened at 1 P. M. from about 150 guns concentrated on our left center, continuing without intermission for about three hours, at the expiration of which time he assaulted my left center twice, being on both occasions handsomely repulsed, with severe loss to him, leaving in our hands nearly 3,000 prisoners. Among the prisoners are Brig.-Gen. Amsted, and many Colonels and officers of lesser rank. The enemy left many dead upon the field and a large number of wounded in our hands. The loss upon our side has been considerable. Major-Gen. Hancock and Brig.-Gen. Gibbon were wounded.

After the repelling of the assault, indications leading to the belief that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnoissance was pushed forward on the left, and the enemy found to be in force. At the present hour all is quiet. My cavalry have been engaged all day on both flanks of the enemy, harrassing and vigorously attacking him with great success, notwithstanding they encountered superior numbers, both of cavalry and infantry. The army is in fine spirits.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, July 4—10 A. M.

The President announces to the country that the news from the Army of the Potomac up to 10 P. M. of the 3d is such as to cover the army with the highest honor and promise a great success to the cause of the Union, and to claim the condolence of all for the many gallant fallen, and that for this he especially desires this day that He, whose will, not ours, should ever be done, be everywhere remembered and reverenced with the profoundest gratitude.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Semi-Official Report, July 3—10 P. M.

A decisive battle has been fought to-day, and the enemy have been repulsed with terrific loss. At daylight Lee's right wing batteries opened on our left, and shortly after those of his center followed. After half an hour's cannonading, doing but little damage to us, the fire slackened, and only occasional shots were exchanged. Shortly afterward the enemy's left, composed entirely of infantry, made an attack upon our right wing. So suddenly was it accomplished, that our skirmishers were driven back, but by the aid of batteries in the rear, and the indomitable bravery of the 12th corps, we regained the first position, capturing a considerable number of prisoners. Several hours of ominous silence followed this repulse. At 1 P. M. the enemy fired two shots, apparently signals for the grandest artillery fight ever witnessed on this continent. Before a moment elapsed, it is estimated that at least eighty guns opened on us. Our batteries returned the compliment with interest. The air seemed literally thick with iron, and for more than an hour it seemed impossible that man or beast could live through it. Strange to say, the enemy's accuracy of range, as exhibited on the two previous days, was wanting on this occasion. Most of their shells exploded far in the rear of our front, and generally missing our batteries. Under cover of this "feu de enfer," Lee advanced his columns of infantry, and made several desperate attempts to carry the lines by assault, but each successive attempt was repulsed with terrible havoc to their ranks. After an hour's incessant cannonading, it grew less intense for a short time, but was again renewed for a little while with great spirit.

During this period some of our batteries, whose ammunition having been expended, and the men being exhausted, ceased to fire on the approach of the reserve batteries, and withdrew to the rear. The enemy seeing the batteries withdraw, and mistaking this for a retreat, made a rapid infantry charge up the hill; but before they had time to rejoice at their imaginary success, fresh batteries poured in a deadly fire of canister and cased shot. The infantry joined on our entire flank of the Gap and charged them, and added greatly to their destruction. They were greatly surprised, and hundreds threw down their arms and asked for quarter. Nearly the entire brigade of Gen. Dick Garnett surrendered, and Gen. Garnett himself was badly wounded, but made his escape. Gen. Longstreet was mortally wounded and captured.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 4th—12 M.

To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—The position of affairs is not materially changed since my last, of 7 A. M. We now hold Gettysburg. The enemy has abandoned a large number of his killed and wounded on the field. I shall probably be able to give you a return of our captures and losses before night, and a return of the enemy's killed and wounded in our hands.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

Rebel prisoners report that Gen. A. P. Hill was killed outright on the field, and that their officers suffered far greater casualties than in any previous engagement.

Several of our general officers were wounded in the engagement. Gens. Hancock, Gibbons, Warren, Hunt, Sickles and Butterfield are among the number.

Too much credit cannot be given to our batteries, who for hours stood to their guns under a boiling sun and surrounded by the missiles of death, retiring only to give their positions to others when their caissons and limbers were exhausted of ammunition. The infantry engaged also nobly did their duty, and the enemy to-day at their hands received the greatest disaster ever administered by the Union forces.

The bearer of dispatches from Jeff Davis to Gen. Lee has been captured with the dispatches and an order to Gen. Lee peremptorily to return to Richmond, and states that the movement into Pennsylvania was wholly against his wishes and advice.

On the P. M. of the 4th Lee sent in a flag of truce asking for a suspension of hostilities, to bury his dead and exchange prisoners. Gen. Meade replied that he intended to re-capture all prisoners and would bury their dead for them.—Failing in this attempt to gain time, the enemy retreated to the mountains, leaving their guards behind. We have got thousands of prisoners.

BALTIMORE, July 5—11:30 A. M.—The war correspondent of the Journal has just arrived from yesterday's battle-field. He states that the rout of Lee was thorough and complete. Gen. Meade has not only captured 20,000 of the rebels, but all our own men previously in the enemy's hands.

3 P. M.—It is really true that Lee has been terribly routed and is seeking to escape. Gen. Pleasanton has cut off his retreat in the Gap leading to Chambersburg. We captured 118 pieces of artillery and 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners, and all they took of us in the first day's fight. We hold the town of Gettysburg, and all the hospitals. It is a complete victory.

Up to Saturday night nearly 10,000 rebel prisoners had arrived at Baltimore.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
July 5—8:30 A. M.

To Maj. Gen. Halleck:—The enemy retired under cover of the night and a rain, in the direction of Fairfield and Cashtown. Our cavalry are in pursuit. I cannot give you the details of our captures and prisoners, colors and arms.—Upwards of twenty battle flags will be turned in from the 1st corps. My wounped and those of the enemy are in our hands.

GEO. G. MEADE, Maj. Gen.

The telegraph Monday P. M. brings the following intelligence:

The contents of Jeff. Davis' dispatches to Gen. Lee, captured Thursday, are in substance, a peremptory order to withdraw from Pennsylvania, and an order for his transportation to fall back to Hagerstown forthwith, assigning as reasons that Lee's position is too hazardous, and the condition of Richmond too defenceless to warrant remaining any longer, and that the advantages to be gained are not sufficiently great to compensate the risk he runs. He also refuses Lee's request to allow Beauregard to re-enforce him and orders him south of the Potomac forthwith.

The rebels have started towards the Potomac. Their skirmishers were drawn in on the night of the 4th, and a small cavalry force, probably their rear guard, passed through Emmettsburg at 6 o'clock A. M., about daylight of the 5th. Our troops have been engaged all day burying the dead, relieving the wounded and gathering the small arms, many thousands of which belong to the rebels. The rebel pontoon bridge at Dam No. 4 was destroyed by our cavalry almost unopposed, and our cavalry at the last advices had gone up to Williamsport to destroy the two bridges there. Other preparations are in progress to intercept Lee's passage of the Potomac and our army is already in motion. So much time however has elapsed since Gen. Lee commenced to withdraw his forces from our front that he may reach Williamsport before we can prevent it. Gen. Lee paroled about 2,000 federal prisoners on the 4th. They were received by General Couch.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC,
GETTYSBURG, July 4th.

The Commanding General, in behalf of the country, thanks the Army of the Potomac for the glorious result of its recent operations. Our enemy, superior in numbers, and flushed with the pride of a successful invasion, attempted to overcome and destroy this army. Baffled and defeated he has now withdrawn from the contest. The privations and fatigues the army have endured, and the heroic courage and gallantry it has displayed, will be matters of history to be remembered. Our task is not yet accomplished, and the Commanding General looks to the army for greater efforts, to drive from our soil every vestige of the presence of the invader.

It is right and proper that we should on suitable occasions return our thanks to the Almighty dispenser of events that, in the goodness of his Providence, he has seen fit to give victory to the cause of the just. Maj. Gen. MEADE.

A Harrisburg dispatch of the 6th inst. states that Gen. Couch has pushed forward all his effective force to co-operate with and has joined the army of the Potomac, and is, by order of Gen. Meade, pushing the regiments forward as rapidly as they are organized. His advance is already in contact with the enemy, and aiding in the glorious result. Lee, so far as known, holds all the passes in the South Mountain leading into the Cumberland Valley from Gettysburg. This is done to remove his trains, now rapidly pushing for Virginia. The mountains are full of disorganized troops from Lee's army, and they are arriving within our lines every hour.

The troops under Gen. Pierce, formerly Gen. Milroy's command, arrived on the 4th at Chambersburg, and pushed forward to Greencastle, where they captured 500 prisoners, 2 wagons of plunder and 3 pieces of artillery.

A Hanover dispatch, July 5th says:—Very heavy firing was heard all the latter part of the day in the direction of Emmetsburg, Hagerstown and Williamsport, supposed to be our forces resisting an approach to the river.

On Saturday, P. M. our cavalry intercepted a retreating train of rebel wagons, guarded by Jones' brigade, near Monteray, Md., on the Hagerstown and Gettysburg road. We captured 900 prisoners, 150 wagons and 2 guns. The rebels were completely surprised and unable to make any serious resistance.

A Baltimore dispatch on the night of the 6th states that more than 8,000 prisoners have already arrived, and Gen. Schenck has orders to prepare for 20,000 more. The road along the route of the rebel retreat is strewn with abandoned wagons, cannon, small arms, and camp equipage.

Gen. Gregg, with a force of General Pleasanton's cavalry, had an engagement on the 6th at Fayetteville, in which he took 4,000 prisoners.—Fayetteville is between Castletown and Chambersburg in the east of South Mountain. After disposing of his prisoners, Gregg took an interior road, and advanced in the direction of Greencastle.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—At 7 A. M. of the 5th instant, John Morgan with 4,000 cavalry, attacked the 29th Kentucky infantry, 400 strong, under Col. Hanson, at Lebanon. After a seven hour's fight, Morgan's forces commenced burning the town, setting fire to the railroad depot and six or seven houses. Colonel Hanson then surrendered, and Morgan's forces left in the direction of Springfield. Six or seven killed on each side, and several wounded.

Captain Ernst, 26th Ky., attacked a rebel company at Woodburn, on the Nashville railroad, and whipped them, capturing 60 horses, four prisoners, and wounding several. The rebels fled toward South Union. Part of Col. Murray's cavalry started in pursuit.

TENNESSEE.—General Rosecrans is again in motion with his entire force. The following dispatch was received in Washington on the 2d inst.:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE CUMBERLAND,
TULLAHOMA, TENN., July 1, 1863.

General Halleck, General-in-Chief:—I telegraphed you on Sunday the occupation of Shelbyville and Manchester. On Monday it rained hard all day, rendering the roads impassable. It was found impossible to move our artillery or to get our troops into position until this morning, when a general advance was ordered.

General Thomas yesterday made a reconnoissance on two roads, and Gen. McCook on one road, reporting the enemy in force at this place with the addition of Buckner's division, which arrived Monday evening. On advancing this morning it was found that the enemy had fled in haste last night, much demoralized, leaving strong fortifications and a small quantity of stores and three siege guns in our possession. They took the direction of Winchester, Tenn. General Thomas should be on their flank to-night.

Generals Sheridan and Brannon marched into town at 11½ to-day, taking a few prisoners.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Maj.-Gen.

Previous to entering Tullahoma our troops encountered the rebels, and some sharp fighting ensued. On the left, Butler's 1st Kentucky cavalry were rapidly driven through Hoover's Gap to Beech Grove. They had not time to place their artillery in the unfinished works in the gap. Two companies were cut off and scattered. Hill's and Stump's divisions moved from Fairfield, on the alarm being given, to Beech Grove, and engaged the head of Thomas' corps, under Colonel Wilder. A brisk engagement between Wilder's mounted riflemen and a rebel brigade ensued, in which the enemy attempted to flank us, but were repulsed by the 17th Ind., with a heavy loss. Our loss was 15 killed and about 50 wounded. The fight lasted four hours. The rebels had two guns disabled by Lillie's and Harris' batteries. Late in the evening they opened from five points a heavy cross fire on our position, but were soon silenced by Loomis', Church's and Harris' batteries.

On Friday Rosseau made a flank movement to the right for the purpose of getting the Fairfield road and cutting the rebels off from their line of retreat.

The Regular brigade, Major Coolidge commanding, had advanced a flanking force and made a rapid and brilliant charge upon Bates' rebel brigade. The rebels left in great haste and confusion, retreating toward Fairfield. They threw away everything but their guns, strewing the country with blankets, canteens and knapsacks. Gen. Rosseau pussued to Fairfield. The enemy retreated thence to Tullahoma. Gen. Reynolds in the meantime moved forward, and next day occupied Manchester, taking 30 prisoners.

On the center, Clairbourn's division was encountered at Liberty Gap, and a severe engagement of an hour's duration ensued.

On the right, a cavalry engagement took place the 24th between Gens. Mitchell and Forrest, in which the former found himself outnumbered. Gen. Stanley went to Mitchell's aid, and Forrest retreated. Gen. Granger moved forward, but finding Polk's corps, reported 18,000 strong in his front, according to orders, the center and right retired and did not attempt to push the enemy. As soon as Manchester was taken and the rebel right turned, their center retreated, and Gen. Granger remained quiet.

General Granger met with a grand reception from the loyal citizens of Shelbyville. Flags floated from the buildings of the citizens, and men, women and children welcomed with tears and shouts of joy the flag which they had not seen for ten months, and the most extravagant demonstrations of joy were made.

Gen. Granger captured 300 men, 20 officers, and three pieces of artillery.

Unconditional Surrender of Vicksburg.

MISSISSIPPI.—The following dispatch was received at Washington the 7th inst.:

U. S. MISS. SQUADRON FLAG SHIP
BLACK HAWK, July 4.

To the Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:—SIR—I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered to the United States forces on this, the 4th of July.

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
D. D. PORTER, A. R. Admiral.

CAIRO, July 7.—The dispatch boat has just arrived. It left Vicksburg at 10 o'clock Sunday morning.

Passengers announce that Pemberton sent a flag of truce the morning of the 4th, and offered to surrender if allowed to march his men out. Grant is reported to have replied that no man should leave except as a prisoner of war.

Pemberton then, after a consultation with his commanders, unconditionally surrendered.

Department of the Gulf.

THE steamer Columbia, from New Orleans, arrived at New York on the 30th ult. We gather the following from her files:

The *Era* of the 22d states that the rebels made an attack on the 20th on a bridge at La Fourche Crossing, but were repulsed by our forces. A train from Thibodeaux narrowly escaped capture. Some rebel guerrillas also attempted to burn the bridge at Byron des Allemards, but were repulsed. A second attack was made on the night of the 21st. The rebels were repulsed with considerable loss, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, and several prisoners were captured.

A deserter from Port Hudson, who escaped to the fleet, reports that the rebel Capt. Brown, who was accounted the best artillerist there, had been killed, and several other rebel officers. In both recent assaults by Banks, the rebels state their at 1,500. When this deserter escaped, the rebels had 45 head of poor cattle, which with corn and peas would last 15 days. Their mill had been burnt, and corn was ground by hand. Several wealthy ladies were in the garrison, two of whom had been killed by a shell from the gunboats. The rebels have 200 negroes serving in the garrison. When they get out of supplies, the rebels intend crossing the river on rafts instead of surrendering.

Further details of the fight at La Fouche Crossing state that our forces were posted in two positions by General Emory. One portion, less less than 1,000 strong, under Colonel Strickney, defended the Crossing, and was charged upon by three regiments of cavalry and one of infantry, the rebels actually getting their hands upon our guns, but were handsomely repulsed, leaving 53 dead upon the field and 15 prisoners. Lieutenant Colonel Walker, of Texas, rebel infantry, was killed, and the rebels were allowed to bury him under a flag of truce. Our forces were uniting to pursue the rebels. Our loss was 8 killed and 16 wounded.

Lieut. Wilson with a volunteer party captured Capt. Manners and an an entire party of 53 men, after killing four, who had burned a traid of cars at Brookhaven a few days since.

The steamer Cahawba, Capt. Baker, arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 6th inst., from New Orleans, July 1st, freighted with cotton and sugar, bound to New York. She brought 480 rebel prisoners which she landed. She reports the bombardment of Port Hudson was going on when she left. Our steamers were running up the river regularly with Gen. Banks' supplies. There is no truth in the report of his supplies being cut off. Great confidence is expressed that Port Hudson will soon fall. Deserters are daily coming into Gen. Banks' lines from the rebel army.

The News Condenser.

— Six hundred Mormons left Detroit on Wednesday week for Utah.

— The Army and Medical museum at Washington is rapidly filling up.

— Saratoga is pretty full just now nearly three hundred guests being there.

— Sec'y Chase is removing clerks of doubtful loyalty from his department.

— The assessed valuation of the taxable real estate of St. Louis amounts to $66,187,325.

— An iron mine has been found in Cornwall, Orange Co., N. Y., on the land of Mr. Sackett.

— The tobacco crop of three counties in Indiana will this year amount to 950,000 pounds.

— The rate of taxation in this city (Rochester,) this year is $1.76 on $100. Last year it was $1.60.

— In Augusta, Me., they have introduced the plan of ornamenting the churches with living flowers.

— There have been 2,826 enlistments at the naval rendezvous at New Bedford during the last month.

— A Charleston correspondent says money is tighter there than at any time since the war commenced.

— Attorney General Bates has decided that a slave has a right to pre-emption and the benefits of the homestead law.

— A beggar on one of the Paris bridges has in a few years amassed money enough to buy two large houses in Paris.

— Our Canadian neighbors are complaining that spurious American quarter dollars have been put in circulation there.

— Some farmers in Southern Illinois have three hundred acres of Sorghum—or Chinese Sugar cane—now growing.

— The dog-tax in Vermont will foot up $20,000 this year. Dogs benefit the State, however they may injure citizens.

— The Albany Seminary has completed its fiftieth year. During its existence it has educated over five thousand students.

— A rebel report states that all the contrabands on Jeff. and Joe. Davis' plantations have been carried off by the Yankees.

— Of 950 horses taken out from Vermont in a cavalry regiment eighteen months ago, only 108 remain in the regiment.

— A man in Farmington, N. H., who recently applied to the town for support, was found to keep nine dogs at his house.

— The city authorities of New York have decided not to have any more formal receptions of returning regiments on Sunday.

— The flag carried through the Chancellorville battles by the 2nd Massachusetts regiment was pierced by sixty-seven bullets.

— Not less than thirteen hundred applications for commands in the new colored regiments have been received at Washington.

— The courts were organized on the 8th inst. for the first time in Norfolk since its occupation by the United States forces.

— There are over 700 gold and silver mining companies in Nevada Territory, with capitals ranging from $250,000 to $5,000,000.

— In Boston some days since a child ten months old died from the effects of inhaling the atmosphere of a room newly painted.

— "The oldest inhabitant" of Ann Arbor, Mich., Mr. John Hanglin, died on the 30th of May, at the remarkable age of 110 years.

— Admiral Dupont's share of prize money since he took command of the South Atlantic squadron amounts to over $200,000.

— John Van Buren is about to retire to his father's estate, the "Lindenwald" property, which he has purchased for $30,000.

— It is not anticipated that any considerable portion of the drafted soldiers will be ready to take the field before the first of August.

— Gifford, the artist, has relinquished his brush and pallet for the musket and knapsack, and gone with the N. Y. 7th regiment.

— Mackerel went up two dollars a barrel, and codfish in proportion, when the news of the Tacony's "raid" on the fishing fleet arrived.

— At Terre Haute, Ind., a woman attacked the enrolling officer scalding him with boiling oil and water so that his life is despaired of.

— Ex-Governor Charles A. Wickliffe is mentioned as a prominent candidate for the Democratic nominee for Governor of Kentucky.

— The first new wheat of the season was received in Baltimore on Monday, from Accomac Co., Va., and was sold at $1.80 per bushel.

— A letter from Montreal says a rebel agent is there buying steamers for the Confederate Government. He has already bought three.

— Robberies have become of such frequent occurrence in Kingston, Canada, that it is proposed to form vigilance committees to prevent them.

— A few days ago a sheet of paper 50 inches wide and 40,000 feet long was manufactured at Van Benthuysen's paper mill in Cohoes, N. Y.

— Mr. Geo. Hogg, U. S. Consul to Trinidad, who returned a few weeks since on account of ill health, died in Philadelphia on the 13th ult.

— The Grand Traverse (Mich.) Herald says that tar has been manufactured in that region by some Bohemians from the roots of pine stumps.

— Two deserters leaped from a railroad train between Pittsburgh and Harrisburg lately while the train was running at full speed and escaped.

— The Governor of Ohio has authorized a battalion to be formed of rebel prisoners at Camp Chase in that State, who take the oath of allegience.

— Kellogg & Co. are building in Detroit 30 iron bridges for railroads in Illinois and Indiana, all of one pattern, and made of Lake Superior iron.

— On the 15th ult., in Putnam Co., Indiana, fifty men attacked the Enrollment Commissioner's house, destroyed his papers, and shot a young man.

— The English and Austrian Consuls at Richmond arrived at Fortress Monroe on Saturday week, having been ordered out of the rebel Confederacy.

Special Notices.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, }
ROCHESTER, July 7, 1863. }

THE past week being one of jubilee, there is not much doing in our market. Such changes as we note will be found in our table of quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	15@16c
Flour, win. wheat	$6,50@7,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,75@6,25	Candles, box	12½@13c
Flour, buckwheat	2,50@2,50	Candles, extra	14@14c
Meal, Indian	1,63@1,75	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,45@1,55	Apples, bushel	30@50c
Best white Canada	1,50@1,55	Do. dried ⅌ lb	4@4½c
Corn, old	70@73c	Peaches, do	10@12c
Corn, new	70@70c	Cherries, do	10@12c
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush	90c@90	Plums, do	8 @ c
Oats, by weight	60@65c	Potatoes, do	25@35c
Barley	1,20@1,40	**Hides and Skins.**	
Beans	2,50@3,00	Slaughter	7 @ 7c
Meats.		Calf	11 @ 12c
Pork, old mess	13,00@13,50	Sheep Pelts	1,25@4,00
Pork, new mess	14,00@15,00	Lamb Pelts	25@1,00
Pork, clear	15,00@15,50	**Seeds.**	
Dressed hogs, cwt	5,63@ 6,25	Clover, medium	4,50@4,75
Beef, cwt	3,00@ 5,00	Do. large	6,00@6,50
Spring lambs, each	2,50@ 3,00	Timothy	2,00@2,50
Mutton, carcass	6 @7c	**Sundries.**	
Hams, smoked	8½@9½c	Wood, hard	4,75@5,00
Shoulders	6 @6½c	Wood, soft	3,00@4,00
Chickens	9 @11c	Coal, Scranton	6,75@7,75
Turkeys	10 @12c	Coal, Pittston	6,75@7,50
Geese	40 @50c	Coal, Shamokin	6,75@7,50
Dairy, &c.		Coal, Char	7 @ 8c
Butter, roll	14 @15c	Salt, bbl	2,00@2,12½
Butter, firkin	13 @15c	Straw, tun	5,00@7,00
Cheese, new	8 @10c	Hay, tun	9,00@16,00
Cheese, old	12@14c	Wool, ⅌ lb	50@65c
Lard, tried	10@10½c	Whitefish, ½ bbl	4,75@5,25
Tallow rough	7 @ 7½c	Codfish, quintal	6,50@7,00
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout half bbl	5,50@5,75

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, July 6.—FLOUR—The large decline in gold and sterling exchange has a very unfavorable effect on the market, and prices may be quoted 10@25c lower, with only a limited business doing for export and home consumption. Sales at $4.60@5.00 for superfine State, $5,60@5,80 for extra State, $4,40@4,95 for superfine Western, $5,20@5,90 for common to medium extra Western, $5,85@6,07 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $6,10@7,50 for trade brands do, the market closing heavy. Sales of choice extra State were made at $5,85@6,00. Canadian flour may be quoted dull and 15c lower. Sales at $5,65@5,90 for common and $5,95@7,85 for good to choice extra. Rye flour quiet and steady at $3,50@5,10 for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and steady. Sales at $4,10 for Jersey, $4,50 for Brandywine and $4,25 for Atlantic Mills and caloric.

GRAIN—The decline in gold and sterling exchange has a very unfavorable effect on the wheat market, and with a limited export demand, prices have declined 3@5c. Sales at $1,17@1,32 for Chicago spring, $1,29@1,36 for Milwaukee club, $1,40@1,41 for amber Iowa, $1,41@1,46 for winter red Western, $1,42@1.48 for amber Michigan, and $1,42 for winter red Illinois. Rye quiet at 95@96 for Western and $1,03 for State. Barley dull at $1,10@1,20. Barley malt is nominally unchanged at $1,55@1,60. Peas are dull and nominal at $1,15 for Canada. Corn market 2@3c lower. Sales at 70@71c for prime sound old shipping mixed Western, and 69@70c for Eastern, 74c for yellow Western, and 78c for white Western. Oats are heavy and unsettled. Sales at 71@76½ for Canada, Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet and scarcely so firm. Sales at $11,75@13,50 for mess, 13,50@16,00 for new prime mess, and $10,50@11,25 for prime. Beef steady. Sales at $4,50@6,00 for country prime. $5,75@8,00 for country mess. $10,50@12,75 for repacked mess, and $12,50@14,00 for extra mess. Prime mess beef dull and nominal at $20,00@22,00. Beef hams rule steady and prices are quoted firm. Sales at $17,00 for choice extra Western. Cut meats quiet. Sales were 50 pkgs at 4½@5c for shoulders and 7¼@8½c for hams. Bacon sides dull. Prices are nominal at 6½c for Western short ribbed middles, and 7¼c for Western short clear middles. Lard unchanged and less active. Sales at 9½@10¼c for No. 1 to choice. Butter steady and selling at 15@18c for Ohio and 17@22c for State. Cheese firm at 10@13c for Ohio and State.

HOPS—Market dull and quiet, with small sales at 17@22c for ordinary to prime.

ASHES—Steady. Sales at $8,00 for pots, and $9,62½ for pearls.

BUFFALO, July 7.—The market only moderately active, but without important change in quotations. Sales at $5,50@5,62½ for good to choice extra red winter Ohio, $5,90 for Wisconsin spring extra; $7,00@7,12½ for white wheat Canada double extra; $5,87½@6,00 for Illinois baker's; $6,50@6,75 for white wheat double extra Ohio. Closing quiet.

WHEAT—The market dull and inactive. The only sales reported yesterday were white Kentucky at $1,55, and amber Kentucky at $1,35. There is but little milling or speculative inquiry. CORN—The market dull, and fully 2c lower. Sales of yellow at 61c; mixed on canal at 72c delivered in New York; on canal in transit at 59c. Closing very quiet. OATS—In moderate request. Sales at 67c. BARLEY—Quiet and nominal at $1,00 for Canadian and Western. RYE—Quiet and nominal at 85c. PROVISIONS—The market moderately active and steady, closing a shade firmer for smoked meats, pork, lard and fish, with a fair interior demand, chiefly for small lots. Quoted at $12@12,50 for light mess pork, and $13,00@13,25 for heavy mess. Hams, plain, 8½c, sugar cured in bulk and plain sacked 9½c; sugar cured sacked 11c. Shoulders 5¾@6c. Grease 7½@8¼c, brown to white. Tallow 9½c. Dried and smoked beef 10½c. Lard 9½@10c. White fish and trout firm and scarce, at $5,62½@5,75 for trout, and $6,00 for white fish in half barrels.—*Courier*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, July 1.—For Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drove Yard, corner of Fourth avenue and Forty-fourth street; at Chamberlain's Hudson River, Bull's Head, foot of Robinson street; at Browning's, in Sixth street, near Third avenue; and also at O'Brien's Central Bull's Head, Sixth street. For Swine, at Allerton's Yard, foot of 37th street, N. R.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality ⅌ cwt	$11,00@12,00
Ordinary quality	10,00@11,00
Common quality	9,50@10,00
Inferior quality	7,50@ 9,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@75,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@45,00
Common quality	32,50@37,50
Inferior quality	28,00@32,50
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality ⅌ lb	7½@8 c
Ordinary	6 @7 c
Common	5½@6 c
Inferior	4½@5½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Extras ⅌ head	$5,50@6,25
Prime quality	5,00@5,50
Ordinary	4,50@5,00
Common	4,00@4,50
Inferior	3,00@4,00
SWINE.	
Corn-fed	5½@5⅝c
Do. Light and Medium	5¾@5¾c
Still Hogs	5⅛@ c

ALBANY, July 6.—BEEVES—The heavy receipts of Beeves this week not only checked the demand, which promised to be reasonably fair, especially for the East, but knocked down prices 30@50c ⅌ 100 lbs. live weight.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central railroad, estimating sixteen to the car:—

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year.
Beeves	4,712	4,000	4,110
Sheep	4,518	4,104	2,389
Hogs	000	338	000

PRICES—The market was heavy throughout at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium (per 100 lbs)	$6,30@6,50	$6,50@6,75
Extra	5,20@5,75	5,50@6,20
First quality	4,25@4,75	4,50@5,20
Second quality	3,25@3,75	3,50@4,00
Third quality	2,60@3,10	2,90@3,10

SHEEP—The sheep market sympathises with the cattle trade. The average supply is doubled, owing to the troubles in Pennsylvania, and a corresponding reduction in prices has taken place. What few sales have been made, the inquiry being quite limited, were at 4@4½c, the outside for strictly prime fat. The decline on the best qualities is nearly equal to ½c. ⅌ lb.

HOGS—Receipts at East Albany for the week, 9,000. The demand is comparatively light and the market is somewhat weaker than it was seven days ago. Sales of store pigs at $4,60@4,80, and fat corn fed at $5,30@5,60 ⅌ 100 lbs.

BRIGHTON, July 1.—At market 1200 Beeves; 100 Stores 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 700 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $9,00; 1st quality, $8,50; 2d do, $7,50; 3d do, $5,00@6,00.
WORKING OXEN — $000@000.
MILCH COWS — $43@49; common $20@21.
VEAL CALVES —$5,00@6,00.
STORES—Yearlings, none: two years old $00@00; three years old $24@25.
HIDES — 8@8½c ⅌ lb.
CALF SKINS — 12@14c ⅌ lb.
TALLOW—Sales at 8@8½c ⅌ lb.
PELTS — $0,50@0,75 each.
SHEEP AND LAMBS — $3,50@4,00; extra $4,50@5.50.
SWINE — Stores, wholesale, 00@06; retail, 00@06. Spring Pigs 00@07c; retail 00@09c. Fat Hogs, undressed, none. Still fed, none.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, July 1.—WOOL — The market is steady and prices well maintained, without, however, so much activity as reported in our last. The sales were fewer, though large. We notice 1,500 bales Cape at 32@40c; 100 do. Adelaide, 45@50; 700 do Mestiza, 24@32½; 70,000 lbs. domestic fleece, 67@80; 50,000 lbs. Pulled, 70@80; and 10,000 lbs. washed Smyrna and 20 bales washed Russian, on private terms. Only a small quantity of new wool has yet come forward.

Saxony Fleece, ⅌ lb	78@80c
American full-blood Merino	75@77
Do half and three-quarter do	70@73
Do Native and quarter do	65@68
Extra pulled	70@72
Superfine do	68@70
No. 1, do	60@65
California fine, unwashed	48@50
Do common do	25@32
Peruvian washed	40@50
Chilian Merino unwashed	34@36
Do Mestiza do	30@32
Valparaiso do	21@22
South American Merino unwashed	34@36
Do do Mestiza do	25@28
Do do common washed	25@30
Do do Entre Rios washed	30@32
Do do do do unwashed	18@20
Do do Cordova washed	40@42
Cape Good Hope unwashed	34@37
East India washed	40@50
African unwashed	22@32
Do washed	40@50
Mexican unwashed	28@30
Texas	—@—
Smyrna unwashed	25@28
Do washed	42@46
Syrian unwashed	22@25

The circular of Tellkampf & Kitching has been received, and we gather the following therefrom:

"But few transactions occurred up to the middle of the past month; since then, however, there has been a better demand, and the market has become more lively at rising prices. This we state in reference to domestic and principally fine foreign, and likewise coarse foreign wools.

Domestic fleece has sold very well at advancing rates, and the stock of the old clip has become very light—it is similar with pulled—but there having been less inquiry for it, the prices are, therefore, not much better. Of the new clip the prices are higher than buyers had expected, and even at 60@70c for good Ohio wool, but little has so far been purchased, for the reason that most wool growers are asking still higher rates, and are firm. The reports from other States are very similar.

These high prices for the new clip have brought many buyers into the market for foreign wools, of which Cape and Mestiza have been sold in large quantities at advancing rates, with a further rise in prospect. Foreign medium wools have not yet felt this influence any more than to stiffen prices, with a tendency for a rise. Only little has been sold thus far. Foreign low wools, for blankets and carpets, have also improved in price by a better demand, and some considerable sales have been made. The accounts from the European markets are indicative of a good feeling and no decline, with the exception of inferior burry and heavy Mestiza. All the low wools were firm at the last prices, and the stock of it light."

BOSTON, July 3.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been quite active and the sales of the week larger than for some time past, comprising 450,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, the fleece ranging from 68@80c, the latter price for choice lots of Pennsylvania and Ohio; and pulled has been sold at 75@77, including choice lots of super at 87½c ⅌ lb. Canada is quiet at 70c, and a lot of combings sold at 77c. In California wool, sales of 15,000 lbs. on private terms In foreign, sales of 700 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony and Merino, fine	70@72c
Do do full-blood	70@71
Do do half and three-fourths	62@70
Common	60@65
Pulled, extra	70@85
Do superfine	65@78
Do No. 1	00@00
Western mixed	60@65
Smyrna washed	40@53
Do unwashed	14@25
Syrian	00@00
Cape	30@40
Crimea	00@00
Buenos Ayres	23@70
Peruvian washed	28@50
Canada	60@70
California	28@70

ALBANY, July 1—The arrivals in the street of the new clip are quite small, notwithstanding prices have advanced 5c. during the week. The ruling price for desirable lots in the streets ranges from 60 to 65c. We notice sales from warehouses during the week of 5,000 lbs. super Pulled, and 5,000 lbs. mixed fleece on p. t.—*Journal.*

CINCINNATI, July 1.—The market is still in an unsettled condition, buyers and sellers being unable to agree on prices. The rates offered range from 45c to 60c, but these figures are 20c to 25c below the views of holders, and the business doing is quite limited.—*Gazette.*

ST. LOUIS, June 30.—Wool is advancing, with sales of washed at 63@65; pulled at 50c, and unwashed at 35@35c per lb.—*Democrat.*

New Advertisements.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY SOLDIER.

BY LAURA E. WELD.

I never see the rain of windy autumn
Sweeping in stormy gusts adown the hills,—
I never see the river flowing onward,
Fresh from the well-spring and its thousand rills,—
I never see the clouds in solemn passage
Over the blue sky's deep and peaceful sea,—
I never hear the oak wood in its sighing
Without I think of thee!

I never hear the young and elastic voices
Humming in pleasant tones some sweet old tune,—
I never wear in pride upon my bosom
A white and starry rose of fragrant June,—
I never walk in days of fairest sunshine,
When the birds chirp from bank and briar and tree,—
I never watch the first soft star of even
Without I think of thee!

I never hear a song of home and Freedom,
The patriot's longing for the Fatherland,—
I never listen with a patriot's passion
To hurried war-notes rising full and grand,—
I never hear the bugle's fiery warning
Flung on the frosty north wind, high and free,—
I never hear the rolling crash of cannon
Without I think of thee!

Italy, N. Y., 1863.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR FLOWER BED

BY DATE LANSING.

[Concluded from page 220, last number.]

VEXED with my awkwardness and ill success in spading, I looked up. The pick-axe was far ahead. The hoe was industriously at work breaking up the little clods which in some fortunate moments my spade had thrown out. The rake, having nothing to do, was resting upon the woodpile, while little FLORIAN, with his big, wondering, blue eyes, was curiously regarding us all, and evidently expecting to see the flowers spring up directly in our footsteps.

I looked with dismay upon the long stretch yet to be gone over, and was on the point of giving up, but then that would never do. I had sought this very work, and, besides, although I was no female SAMSON, yet I was the strongest of the four. A flower bed we must have, and I must spade it. The corollary deduced from this proposition was, that I threw away my gloves and gave myself with renewed energy to the work. No great thing, I reasoned with myself, was ever accomplished without time and labor. It might take a long time, and hard labor to do this, but I would do it. Meanwhile, I would, the very next day, take lessons of the laborers from my window. I would watch all their motions; I would learn the secret. I began to think, too, that there might be some things connected with my dingy recitation room, for which I had not been sufficiently thankful. I began to have a dim perception that there might be other things in life as hard as teaching school, and that, possibly, spading might be one of them. I began to ask myself, too, if I had made my duties as pleasant as they might have been made; if I had performed them as well as they might have been performed. I thought of my poor, stupid, blundering PAT, whom I had that morning sent to his seat in disgrace, because he could not repeat the twos of the multiplication table without tripping. Supposing he had been a week in learning it?—he might be another perhaps, but I resolved that my patience should be as large as his dullness. And little, mischievous, vexatious JOHNNY FAY, if he should happen to turn another somersault in his spelling class, I would be good-naturedly blind to the fact, so that he might escape the condign punishment I had threatened for such evil doing. Dear little fellow! The fun was sticking out all over him, thick as porcupine's quills. He fairly bristled with it. How could he help a somersault now and then? And my poor, passionate BEL,—she with the cloudy brow, and quick-flushing cheek,—I would drown out her storms with floods of sunshine, instead of opposing storm to storm, as, irritated beyond measure, I had that day been led to do. What other good resolutions I should have spaded up out of the damp mold, which seemed more prolific of them than of earth, I know not, for both my labor and my cogitations were interrupted by a merry laugh, and looking up, we saw CINCINNATUS' curly head peeping over the high board fence at us.

"A Woman's Rights Convention, upon my word; but better agriculture than politics," was his laughing salutation, as with a bound he stood in our midst.

"Go 'way, go 'way," we all cried in chorus, as we leveled our formidable weapons at his head, for we felt that our work would hardly bear the criticism of a connoisseur; and much less could we, the workers, bear to be laughed at. But, not at all alarmed at our warlike attitude, he surveyed the roughened ground and discomfited faces with an amused smile, which only increased our vexation.

"You are evidently out of your sphere, Miss DATE; teaching becomes you better," was his next remark. "Allow me," and with a Chesterfieldian bow he advanced to take the spade.

A twinge from my blistered hands prevented the saucy retort I was about to make, and I yielded it up to him unresistingly. A deep feeling of relief welled up from my heart, and completely overflowed all the chagrin which I should otherwise have felt in having so signally failed.

He began at the beginning; went over the poor work of my hands, as if it had been no work at all. How even his strokes were! How quickly and firmly his foot pressed down the spade; down, down it would go to the very haft! The earth seemed to open to receive it, as if glad to acknowledge its master. We all looked on in wonder and admiration. How easy it seemed for him to do it. We wondered if it was really as easy as it seemed, though I, for one, had a strong suspicion that it was not. How we envied, for the time being, his stalwart arm and strength of wrist! But the work grew, and before we hardly knew it, it was done; the clods were broken, the whole smoothed and rounded off, and our flower bed was made.

"Men are good for something, after all, Mr. CINCINNATUS, was NOISETTE'S saucy acknowledgement of the favor, while the rest of us united in tendering him a vote of thanks and the promise of a big boquet when our flowers should blossom.

He "hoped they would not all be Bachelor's Buttons;" and then, as he disappeared in the gathering twilight, we went into the house to arrange our future plans. And that night, as the stars came to peep at us through the chinks in the roof, our drowsy eyes transformed them into buttercups and dandelions and primroses, until the heavens seemed to be one vast bed of glowing, golden flowers; and when Morpheus at last came and carried us off into dream-land, we wandered among gardens of roses and lilies, sipping nectar, feeding on ambrosia, and breathing aroma, until the morning.

The next evening found us again at the task. It was pretty work to drop the tiny seeds into the waiting earth, and to cover them over, in the full faith of their soon re-appearing clad in their vestures of greenness and beauty. They were old-fashioned flowers, with old-fashioned names, such as we had loved and tended in our childhood. There was not a barbarous Greek or Latin name written upon a single label, but they were the descendants, or at least the relations, of the same old Morning Glories, and Four O'Clocks, and Sweet Peas, and China Asters, and Nasturtions, and Petunias, and Mignonettes, whose smiling faces had greeted us summer after summer in that far-away home upon the banks of the Huron, and which had made the yard around the old brown farm-house resplendent with beauty and brightness. And so we loved these simple flowers with a love exceeding that which we had bestowed upon some later favorites.

The Morning Glories found a resting place beneath IVA'S window. The Four O'Clocks were set up in a straight row against the fence. By careful economy in the use of seeds, a bordering of Candy-tuft and Drummond Phlox, intermingled, was made to extend the whole length. Here was a triangle of Larkspurs, there a circle of Petunias; in one place a row of Sweet Peas, and in another a mass of Bachelor's Buttons. A clump of dense, dark-leaved Bluebells formed a pretty back-ground for the delicate Golden Miter. The fragrant Mignonette and the bright-hued Poppy were planted side by side. Tufts of Ladies' Slippers and Portulacca were sprinkled in every open space, and in one spot NOISETTE wrote her name with variegated Asters. There was not much room for the exhibition of great taste, but there was ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity, and it was wonderful to see how exactly the bed held all the flowers, and how there was no room for more. An old hollow stump close by was pressed into the service, filled with earth, and made to do duty by holding the Nasturtions. This day's twilight saw one bed planted, and prouder hearts never beat in human breasts than were ours, as we stood and surveyed the work of our hands.

Then how anxiously we waited and watched for their appearing. Surely seeds were never so long in coming up before. In our impatience we exhumed a Morning Glory, and having gladdened our eyes by a sight of its tiny, downward-reaching shoot, we replaced it with all care, and waited with a stronger faith, but not the less impatience. But one morning our labor and our watching received its reward. At our usual after-breakfast visit, we were greeted by the sight of green patches here and there, where the little twin leaves had pushed themselves up through the dark mold, reaching out their tender arms to take in their modicum of heaven's sunlight. The Four O'Clocks, the Morning Glories, the Sweet Peas and the Ladies' Slippers had made their appearance. Little FLORIAN jumped up and down, and we all clapped our hands for joy. Day by day, after that, the circles, the squares, the triangles, and the other geometrical figures developed themselves, until, last of all, NOISETTE'S name appeared, written in green and beautiful characters upon the dark loam.

Once up, our flowers grew and thrived mightily. And how we did watch them! They were our earliest visitation and our last; and wo to the luckless weed that dared to raise its head within the sacred borders! We even hailed their appearance with savage delight, just for the pleasure we had in uprooting them. By-and-by the tiny shoots had grown to be hardy stalks, and here and there might be discovered a little bud, folded after a different fashion from those that had gone before, with bright colors peeping through the green plaits, and giving promise of something beautiful to come. How eagerly we watched them, and when the first flower—a Morning Glory, opened its purple cup, we came near having a celebration in its honor. The sunshine and the showers seemed to have taken our bed under their special and joint protection. They poured out their treasures upon it without stint, first one, and then the other, at just the right time, and in just the right measure. The growth was indeed wonderful. Each morning we would note a perceptible gain upon the night before. We even discussed the question of sitting up all night to see them grow, but remembering the adage, "A watched pot," &c., we refrained. When two or three of the earliest had blossomed, MIGNONNE picked a tiny boquet of them, and putting it in a tiny vase, pushed aside the vines and set it inside of IVA'S window as she lay asleep one day. The fragrant tribute was as gratefully received as given.

By midsummer the bed was one mass of blossoms. The Sweet Peas climbed to the top of their supports and then sent out their fluttering tendrils, asking as plainly as Sweet Peas could ask, for something else to climb by. So we spliced the fragrant sassafras boughs to which they clung, and onward and upward they still went. The Candytuft and the Phlox seemed to have entered into a special arrangement with each other about the blossoming. For half the summer the Candytuft had it all its own way. It shot up vigorous stalks—each stalk bearing aloft its tuft of purple and of white blossoms, until the whole bed was bordered around with one broad, brilliant mass. We feared that our poor Phlox had been entirely driven out by its more vigorous colleague; but not so. It only bided its time, and when that time came, and the Candytuft began to fade, it uprose in its might and gorgeously blossomed the summer out. The Petunias, not content with the space allotted to them, rampaged over on to the territory of their neighbors, the Four O'Clocks, who, indignant at the invasion, did their best to repel them—and then ensued a fierce struggle for the mastery, which was only put an end to by setting bounds between them which neither could pass. The Ladies' Slippers doubled, and tripled, and quadrupled themselves, and folded themselves up one within another, until each separate blossom was almost a solid mass of red, or white, or mottled petals. The Portulaccas spread themselves over every available space, and wound themselves in and out among the other flowers, and their bright eyes would peep up at you from the most unexpected and unlikely places. The Mourning Brides lifted up their drooping heads, and seeing the universal gladness all around, began to think that even they might find consolation under their bereavement; and they began to smile and look gay. Some doffed their sable weeds and appeared clothed in purest white; and one coquettish young thing—I am sorry to record it of her—was found reaching up her head to try on a pink and white bonnet, which the milliner, Sweet Pea, was holding out to her. The Nasturtions twined themselves caressingly round the old stump which held them. They covered over its shaggy coat with a garment of their own weaving. They made the unsightly stump a mound of beauty; and all day long the butterflies hovered over, and the humming birds dived their long bills into the depths of spicy nectaries, and brought therefrom rich stores of sweets. The sunshine loved to linger there, and the dew-drops loved to exhale from its satiny cups.

But among them all, the Morning Glories bore off the palm. Surely, never did Morning Glories grow as did these, since the time when, in Eden, EVE trained them over the eastern entrance to her bower, and gave them their most expressive of names, the Glory of the Morning. Not content with curtaining IVA'S window, and hanging out from it every morning their chalices of white, and blue, and pink, and purple, for birds and bees to breakfast at, they must needs climb up to the very house-top, and, when there, they still grew on, and twined themselves about one another in the vain effort to go still higher. "*Excelsior*" was evidently their motto. Now we had not counted upon their being so ambitious, and were sorely puzzled what to do. It seemed impossible, with our limited resources, to raise the house any higher for their accommodation, and equally impossible was it for us to erect a liberty pole, or its like, upon the edge of the eaves. At last a bright idea was hit upon. The lines were loosened from the eaves, and an oblique direction given them, and they were allowed to grow until they were content. And grow they did, until they bid fair to wreathe the old house round with their loving arms.

Surely there was never such a flower bed before as was ours. We found in it health, wealth, and pure delight, the whole summer long. But something else grew up, and budded, and blossomed there, besides the flowers. CINCINNATUS came often to note, and admire, and assist. Indeed, it was wonderful to see what an enthusiast in floriculture he had suddenly become. Many a boquet found its way to his hand, and that they were not all Bachelor's Buttons, NOISETTE could testify, if she only would. But the flowers told no secrets, so I will tell none, save only to whisper that when the next May comes round her name will be written with Orange blossoms instead of Asters.

And so the summer wore away. Lessons were learned over that bed of flowers never to be forgotten. Influences went out from it which purified our lives and made us better and happier than we should have been without it. To its silent yet controlling influence I attribute the fact that my stupid PAT at length succeeded in mastering the multiplication table, even as far as "twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four;" for I was patient with him, and I learned patience beside my flowers. Through its means, too, I believe it was, that JOHNNY FAY was persuaded to turn no more somersaults in his class, but to stand erect upon his feet, toes upon the marks and arms folded, like a civilized child, as he was fast becoming; and that my high-tempered BEL was learning to control her passions, and to walk in the ways of pleasantness and peace; for I learned many lessons in human gardening while cultivating my flowers.

That happy summer passed away, and it was a sad morning when little FLORIAN ran in to tell us our flowers were withered. Dear little FLORIAN! His memory is inseparably connected with that of the flowers he loved so well, and when they faded and passed away, he seemed to hear their voices calling to him, and he could not stay. So, one wintry day, we closed his blue eyes, and laid him away to rest—a bunch of Heliotrope and Geranium leaves in his waxen hand. Alas! Their perfume would delight him no more. He was our *Immortelle*, transplanted now to bloom in the green pastures and beside the still waters of the river of Life in heaven.

We have a flower garden now at the new house—we four—and it is tended by a scientific gardener. It is laid out in trim beds, with gravel walks between. In it grow Zinnias and Dahlias and Tulips and Lilies and Roses, and a host of others, with barbarous, unpronounceable names, whose beauty should surely entitle them to something better. We love our garden; we walk in it—talk in it—and pick boquets. We take pride in showing it to our visitors; but we do not, we never can, enjoy it with such a keen zest, nor bestow upon it such a living affection, as we did upon our one bed of flowers at the old ruined Castle.

THE WRONG WORD.—Some languages have odd words. The Creole is one of these. In the interesting report, to which we call attention, of Rev. L. T. Badham's visit to St. Croix, we are told that when he and Bishop Cunow—two of the most urbane gentlemen of our acquaintance—were introduced to an aged female member of the church at La Grange, who understood only Creole, the introduction was as follows:—"Minister ka kom fo *kick* you!" To which the proper response would have been:—"Me hungry fo *kick* you!" We were really alarmed when reading this, for we could not imagine the two brethren engaging in a mode of salutation so novel as that implied, *Anglice*, in the word employed. But soon we were relieved by this explanation:—"The alarming character of these expressions disappears, when we find that 'kick' means 'to see.'"—*The Moravian.*

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HERALDIC ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 49 letters.
My 3, 28, 41, 16, 11, 47, 5, 2, 20 means front to front.
My 27, 23, 29, 32, 33, 35, 38, 47 is an eagle without beak or feet, with expanded wings.
My 48, 37, 49, 14, 45, 30, 47 is an honorable ordinary, representing two rafters of a house meeting at the top.
My 26, 47, 44, 11, 4, 29, 2, 20 is an epithet describing crosses, saltiers, &c.
My 1, 43, 22, 9, 38, 47 is a staff or cudgel.
My 48, 10, 32, 45, 25, 6 is a border that has more than two rows of checkers.
My 22, 34, 46, 47, 42, 38, 39, 22, 27, 47, 17 is a term applied to a bird in the attitude of rising as if preparing to take flight.
My 22, 3, 23, 8, 2, 47, 36 means leaping.
My 15, 22, 22, 18, 46, 47, 13 means issuing or coming up.
My 44, 12, 23, 20, 22 is a term denoting red.
My 7, 6, 14, 26, 19, 47 is a kind of flying serpent.
My 22, 31, 3, 47, 19, 11, 12, 22, 43, 47, 40 is a term applied to a bird in the attitude of rising as if preparing to take flight.
My 14, 3, 21, 19 means charged with vair.
My 1, 2, 14, 24, 29, 32 is a thing broken, or opening like a carpenter's level.
My whole is an apophthegm.

Alabama, N. Y., 1863. ALBERT B. NORTON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 41 letters.
My 5, 41, 28, 11, 19 is a silver coin of Russia.
My 32, 34, 35, 39 is a precious stone.
My 7, 8, 15, 6 is part of a plant.
My 31, 27, 25, 17, 40, 24 is a kind of fish.
My 20, 9, 1, 1, 37, 29 is a subterranean passage.
My 22, 16, 13, 2 is a musical instrument.
My 23, 26, 3, 30, 14 is a sweetheart.
My 18, 33, 9, 21, 38 is a boy's name.
My 36, 4, 12 is a noted rebel General.
My 10, 16, 18, 23, 30, 31, 38 are much used at present.
My whole is very good advice.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1863. J. M. BRAINERD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSING two ships of war, the San Jacinto and Ironsides, to be 241? yards apart, at an unknown distance from a fort having a base of 666⅔ yards. The angle from the San Jacinto to the nearest corner of the fort is 71½°, to the center of the fort 62½°; the angle from the Ironsides to the nearest corner of the fort is 56½°, to the center of the fort 49¼°. Required the distance from each ship to the corner and center of the fort—also the distance from a point equidistant between the ships and the center of the fort.

T. J. TOWNSEND.

Watertown, N. Y., 1863.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DECAPITATIONS.

Behead a bird and leave a trouble.
Behead a carriage and leave an island.
Behead a part of the foot and leave a fish.
Behead a verb and leave part of a house.
Behead a river in Virginia and leave a man's name.
Behead a part of the coat and leave an animal.
Behead an adjective and leave an article of dress.
Behead a kind of fruit and leave part of the head.
Behead a river in Ireland and leave a girl's name.

Wilson, N. Y., 1863. JULIA A. KIMBALL.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 702.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—To die for Liberty is a pleasure and not a pain.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Speak the Truth.

Answer to Anagram:

Soldier's brave, will it brighten the day,
And shorten the march on the weary way,
To know that at home the loving and true
Are knitting, and hoping, and praying for you?

Soft are their voices, when speaking your name,
Proud are their glories when hearing your fame,
And the gladdest hour of their lives will be
When they greet you after the victory.

Answer to Arithmetical Question:—25 5-11 minutes past 2 o'clock; and they will form the same angle again in 36 4-11 min., or 1 9-11 minutes past 3 o'clock.

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