

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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**MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,**  
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY  
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.  
CONDUCTED BY D. T. MOORE,  
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.  
CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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## Agricultural.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### LARGE FARMS.

"I HOPE you will denounce large farms—they are no blessing to the country," said a friend to me, to whom I had declared my intention to visit the farm of M. L. SULLIVANT, Champaign Co., Ill. Without asking him for his reasons, I proceeded to discuss the question in my own mind, and to resolve my duty in the premises.

I have not made up my mind to denounce large farms. If they are an evil in this country, they cannot be of long continuance. For we have no laws of primogeniture and entail here. The father gathers and builds up the estate, and it is divided among the children. He concentrates wealth; they scatter it. He accumulates strength; they dissipate it. What though a man does accumulate large areas of land; it does not remain undivided longer than one generation. And he must be a good business man—much better than the greater proportion of large farmers—if the superstructure he rears does not break up of its own weight. In other words, large farms are, as a rule, a greater curse to their possessors than to any one else—especially in a business way. The character of our institutions, the theory of our government, the letter of our law and its spirit operate to prevent any serious result to community from the acquirement of large landed estates. And in the newly-settled regions, where there is so much uncultivated and uncultivated land, and where every man can get a farm by settling on it, the evil is oftener imaginary than otherwise. And I have yet to learn that one intelligent, liberal, successful business man is a greater injury in a community than a score of illiterate, bigoted, no-idea men, who never succeed in anything except in being unsuccessful in their efforts to compete with brains properly disciplined and used.

But still, I am not disposed to encourage the extension or expansion of farms. There is a happy medium, always regulated by the capital, in cash and brains, of the operator. No one thinks of denouncing a merchant who buys and sells more goods at a single operation than his neighbor does in a year. The man with a comprehensive mind, educated to conduct large operations, and with ample capital, fills his place in society just as worthily—and no more so—as does the man who semi-annually buys a few hundred dollars worth of goods and deals them out in dribbles across his country counter to his country customers. One makes as many thousands of dollars at the single operation as the other does shillings, perhaps; and yet the operator is not necessarily a bad man, nor any injury to community. He has probably acquired—not inherited—the power to perform these operations. In this country few men inherit it. Inheriting the money, it is rarely the case that the ability of the father descends to the child with the lucre. We must therefore judge of the good or evil influence of large farms, and large farmers, by the manner in which the former are managed, and by the character, motive and policy of the latter. For, as before observed, we have not the same cause for apprehension concerning the acquirement of large estates, that we might have if laws of entail obtained here.

Such was the result of my mental discussion of the subject, when, one moonlit May evening,

in company with my friend, Hon. M. L. DUNLAP, we drove up to the Villa, the center of THE BROADLAND FARM.

We had rode on this farm about five miles. We were received at the gate, welcomed, and conducted to the office by the proprietor, M. L. SULLIVANT—a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular man, in the prime of life. It is one of the most natural things to do—to examine critically the man who has made his mark in any business, profession, or pursuit in life. Associated with reputed success, most of us have an ideal man with an ideal physical character, and a mind to match. And the first thing one does is to see how nearly the ideal and the real are related. Mr. SULLIVANT has the physical characteristics peculiar to men reared in limestone countries—a massive form, finely proportioned. His forehead is a broad, business one—covering a working brain of no ordinary practical power. Looking out from beneath the brow is pair of mild, though keen, contemplative eyes, exceedingly expressive at times.

Clad in his dark, loose sack coat, with white waistcoat and linen, his head carelessly covered with a broad-brimmed straw hat, as he settles back in his ample splint-bottomed office chair, he looks like a modern Hercules in repose. The burthen of business he carries requires broad shoulders and a strong frame. But Mr. S. enjoys good health, apparently. He was doubtless made for the place he occupies. He talks, referring to his plans, of living fifty years yet to realize them. I hope he may!

But we were not long in finding out that he did not desire

#### A NEWSPAPER FARM.

He has an utter abhorrence of anything that shall seem like advertising himself. And his extreme and expressed solicitude on this point leads me to record the fact here; and that our visit was made without his solicitation or agency. But I did not go thither for the purpose of writing up nor writing down anything nor anybody—but to learn something, if I could, of real use to the RURAL reader; at the same time gratify a desire to compare the system of husbandry on this farm with that obtaining on other large farms which I have visited and of which I have written. Unfortunately, the day following our arrival was a very wet one, and we were unable to see much of actual farm operations.

#### THE AREA OF THIS FARM

Embraces about twenty-two thousand acres of land. Our visit was in May. Then, eleven thousand acres of this farm had been inclosed, and subdivided into small fields of a section or two, more or less each. He had a large force building fence, and a month later he expected to have twenty thousand acres inclosed with board fence. The farm is seven miles long and five and a half wide. He showed us a map of it: Its outlines were not regular. There were notches in the plat caused by sections belonging to other parties indenting or alternating with sections belonging to the Broadland Farm. He said some people told him he had land enough; but he told them he wanted to fill out the corners. He said his son suggested—that had not occurred to himself—that he should sell off enough land to straighten the lines.

Of the eleven thousand acres under fence at the time of our visit, eight thousand acres had been broken. This amount of breaking had been done during the past seven years—it being only that length of time since his son first pitched tent on the prairie wilderness and broke the first ground. The crops on the ground and being put in, are

	Acres.
Corn .....	1,800
Winter Wheat .....	800
Oats .....	40
Meadow .....	1,500
	3,640

The balance of the eleven thousand acres inclosed—not occupied by root crops—which are incidental only, and for family use alone—gardens, groves, buildings, &c., are tame grass pasture lands. He calls corn and cattle the staple crop. Oats are not profitable; and corn for stock is raised so cheaply that roots are not cultivated.

#### THE STOCK

On this farm consists of about five thousand head of cattle, and nearly four thousand government horses, beside the horses, mules and oxen employed in working the land. About seventy-five horses are used as teams, nearly or quite as many oxen, and only a few mules, I believe.

These government horses—and he was expecting several thousand more when I was there—are the broken down or worn out horses of the army brought here to rest and recruit. Government pays for their board, and they roam and graze these broad Champaign pastures, recover their flesh and strength, and go again into the service. It is a good thing for the government, and a good thing for Mr. S., whose broad pastures are thus made profitably productive.

Neither sheep nor swine seem to enter to any extent into Mr. S.'s system of husbandry. As before asserted, corn and cattle, with Timothy hay and seed, are the staple products. And judging from what I gathered from Mr. SULLIVANT'S conversation, he looks for money in the corn and cattle. At any rate, it requires less capital and involves less risk in the management of large farms, to produce these staples than any other that can be named, probably. If the corn will not bring a paying price in its normal state, it is easily and rapidly converted into beef, which will always sell. But while, during several years past, corn has been low and the times bad for large farm operations, there is now a gratifying change. Twenty-two thousand bushels of corn were sold at forty-two cents per bushel from this farm this spring. Five hundred tons of Timothy hay brought the farmer five thousand dollars—helping him to make needed improvements, and prepare for a vigorous campaign. Said he to me, "You ask, and will probably tell, what I am doing. You can say I am not doing what I ought to do; for this is the first good year I have had."

Mr. S. has been on this farm, himself, but two years. The business of opening a prairie farm involves an enormous expense, without adequate return at first. It is like building a ship and investing a half million in her construction. She must make many trips, well freighted, if she pay the interest on the investment. And she may meet with a storm and founder at sea the first trip—such a result being no fault of the owner nor master; or she may, with plenty of freight and passengers, or fortunate ventures, pay for herself quickly.

So with a large farm. The elements of nature may richly reward the generous confidence of the husbandman, or ruin his hopes as suddenly.—Success in such cases depends on so many advantageous circumstances that it is scarcely possible to predict what will follow any prescribed policy.

#### THE FARM OPERATIONS

Here, are conducted on a large and systematic scale. Said Mr. S. to me, "My head farmer and book-keeper are both absent, and I am unusually busy to-day. Generally I am a man of leisure apparently—I work my farm lying on this lounge." A large, comfortable, plain lounge in the large sitting-room. "I am not idle, I lie here and study—I plan, and I have my Lieutenant Colonel, and major to whom I give my orders and directions; they deliver the same to my captains, who see that they are executed by the men."

And yet there are plenty of farmers who do not believe that farmers need brains, or need to study or use any other force than muscle to succeed in farming. They measure a man's success by the amount of manual labor he is able to perform. There are young men growing prematurely old by hard manual labor on a farm, under the mistaken notion that "they cannot afford to pay a hired man" for doing the work they themselves do. A farmer who is successful, told me the other day, that he could not afford to labor if he had more than two men on his place. He could make more money planning work for them and directing their labor. So in the case of Mr. SULLIVANT—his is the directing brain for a hundred men. He cannot afford the luxury of manual labor. He has no time to hold a plow to turn a furrow. While his men, under the direction of competent overseers, are executing the directions of to-day, he must plan the work for to-morrow or next week, so as to economize time, save labor, and accomplish the most with the greatest profit. I was struck with a remark that a successful farmer made to me the other night as, sitting in a hotel in a central town, we discussed the chances of success. Said he, "I was a little fellow, not large enough to enable me to depend upon my muscle for success, and I have done a heap of thinking. I know that the thinking man can make money out of the labor of men to whom it is an act of kindness to employ. It can be done on the farm as well as in the mine." The farmer who cannot afford to pay a common laborer fair

wages for farm work, cannot afford to work a farm himself. He had better sell it, loan his money at six per centum, and hire out himself.—[Concluded next week.]

#### THE CASHMERE GOAT AT THE NORTH.

MR. MOORE—I promised last Spring that at an early day I would give the RURAL NEW-YORKER my experience in breeding the Cashmere goat in a Northern climate, and I now attempt to redeem my pledge.

In January, 1859, being in Tennessee, I met with gentlemen engaged in breeding these animals. Struck at once with their beauty and docility, I sought information concerning their real value. After satisfying myself that the animal was valuable, and that there was a chance of profiting myself and the people of Ohio by its introduction into my State, I determined to give it a trial. I procured, that year, in Tennessee a few grade bucks of half and three-quarter blood. These animals were all young, and did not reach Ohio till the 5th of November. They then had to try the realities of a cold Northern winter, (and it will be remembered of the winter of 1859-60 that it was cold,) and they stood it well. They never, in the slightest degree, showed inconvenience from cold.

To these bucks were bred a lot of common female goats, which, in 1860, raised a fine lot of kids. In breeding common goats to Cashmere bucks the increase is very rapid,—the remarkable fecundity, however, being derived from the common goat, as the pure or thorough-bred Cashmere ewe hardly ever has more than one kid at a birth, and that but once a year, while the common goat commonly has two, often three, and I had one give birth to and raise without assistance four thrifty kids.

In 1859 I tried to procure in Tennessee a single pair of pure Cashmères, but was unsuccessful. I offered for such a pair \$2,000, but my proposition was refused, as the parties declined selling pure bloods at any price. In December, 1859, Hon. WILLIAM H. STILES, of Georgia, received from their native country, in Asia, eight head of goats, which he ordered in 1856. Shortly after their arrival I opened a correspondence with Mr. STILES, and in March, 1860, bought of him six of his imported animals, viz., one buck and five ewes, three of which dropped kids in May following my purchase. In the fall of 1860 I bought, in Tennessee, sixteen grade females, embracing 1-2, 3-4, 7-8 and 15-16 bloods. About the same time I procured another lot of common goats, from which I have since raised another crop of kids. I have now in my herd imported stock, pure bloods, bred in Ohio from the animals imported by Mr. STILES, grades bred from STILES' bucks and common goats, and also the highest grades produced by a cross between my Tennessee bred females and my pure STILES' bucks. I would say, also, that my Tennessee ewes are themselves a cross between pure bucks imported by Gen. BROWN and some low grades bred from bucks imported by Dr. DAVIS. It will thus be seen that in my flock is combined the blood of the three importations.

My half bloods have beautiful wool, the fibers of which measure about three inches; 3-4 bloods have wool as rich in appearance and as fine as pure blood wool—it measures from five to six inches; 7-8 blood wool is almost as long as pure, and 15-16 blood wool is equal in every respect to pure. On account of the small number of females heretofore imported to this country the number of pure Cashmères in the United States is comparatively small, but of high grade goats, bearing wool worth as much in the market as pure blood wool, there are hundreds, and this is one great recommendation to the animal, viz., taking the most worthless domestic animal we possessed and from it, by crossing with the Cashmere buck, raise an animal the merit and value of which cannot be denied.

Our experience in Ohio is that goats are less trouble and expense than sheep. I have wintered them without shelter, but on account of cold rain and sleet I recommend the use of sheds, and for this purpose open sheds are as good as any. It is not the cold, but the water which makes them uncomfortable. In the winter they prefer corn fodder to hay, and in summer the coarsest feed they can find suits them best. I have found them of great service in destroying briars and bushes.

Inclosed please find a few marked samples of Cashmere wool of my own raising.  
Granville, Ohio, July, 1863. S. S. WILLIAMS.

#### INSECTS.—A REMEDY.

THE myriad hosts of insects now contending with the farmer for his products are a cause of more serious alarm for the future success of the agriculturist than, perhaps, all others put together. Could a correct estimate be had of all the losses to the American farmer from this cause alone, it would constitute a sum sufficient to pay every dollar incident to the crushing out of the slaveholders' rebellion, colonize every master in Botany Bay, educate every slave and give each ten acres of land, pay the expenditures of this Government for the next fifty years, (including all FLOYD and BRESLIN leakages,) build the Pacific Railroad, and give each inhabitant a free ticket to San Francisco and back. Losses can often be counted by thousands of dollars to single individuals in a season. Vermont, once hardly less celebrated than Genesee for its wheat fields, has for many years been abandoned to the rapacious weevil, except a crop or two from newly cleared lands. And much of New England, part of New York and the Canadas have been little less fortunate. It was estimated that the north half of the State of Ohio, in the crop of 1854, paid a penalty to this insignificant little pest of more than 9,000,000 bushels of wheat. And the following year it would have been no less had there been an equal amount grown for its reception.

The Hessian fly for twenty years or more has been paying his respects to the wheat fields in Northern Ohio, and in North-Western Ohio the present crop will be shortened by hundreds of thousands of bushels, not directly, but indirectly, from this depredator. The wheat, to escape this insect, must not be sown until frosty nights begin to appear, which leaves insufficient time for it to attain a growth to cover the ground to protect its roots against the frost; hence it must winter-kill, except under the most favorable circumstances. The present crop was badly winter-killed, and all with whom I have conversed agree that the present crop will be shortened fully one-half thereby. But not only weevils and Hessians are to be considered, but the chintz bug, and one or two other flies or bugs, to say nothing about occasional visitations from grasshoppers, locusts, army worms and the like. But to say no more about wheat, we find the corn and oats hardly less fortunate, while certain kinds of fruit can scarcely be raised at all, and none that I know of escapes entirely. The apples and peaches in this locality are punctured by the curculio, or something similar, and I judge fully one-third the former, and many of the latter, grown on sandy ridges, fall prematurely to the ground, and many that remain on the trees grow pithy and one-sided; and if we turn even to the forest trees we find them not exempt.

And now we come to the inquiry, Where is the remedy?—a question easy to ask but tough to answer. Nature, we know, in conformity to the arrangements of her Divine Author, works harmoniously in all her parts, though often mysteriously where her laws are not understood. Yet we need have no fears about her having in store an effectual remedy against an over-production even of the insects. Some of the best minds of the age have directed us to look to science for a solution of this great problem, which I would not oppose, yet at the same time suggest not to lose sight of the old maxim that "one bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; but what is worst of all, neither the bird in the hand has been used, nor much inducement offered to catch the one in the bush. Had \$50,000 been offered twenty years ago as a standing premium to any one who would give a practical remedy for the weevil, as much more for the Hessian fly, and a proportionate amount for the other insect destroyers, a thousand minds would have been at work day and night upon the problem, where it has not received a single thought. There is not a grain-growing State in the Union but could well afford such a premium. But a most unfortunate if not fatal idea has been to not try the known remedy while we have been waiting for the unknown. It is always much better for the farmer to turn something up, than to "wait for something to turn up." "Well, what is the known remedy?" says one. I say remedy, for I know but one.—The various washings, powderings and fumings, can be regarded as little else than failures; and though digging cut-worms up from about your plants and cutting them in twain, picking rose-bugs from your grapes and dropping them into boiling water, the jarring off curculios into sheets and burning them, are effectual remedies in themselves, yet they cannot be employed to a

sufficient extent to be called remedies. The remedy is the Birds! However thoroughly other remedies may have been used, this one, as yet, remains to be tried.

While vast tracts of forests have been cleared, and whole States of new prairie broken up for grain, thereby giving almost boundless facilities for the increase of insects, clandestine, wanton and cruel boys and biped animals, (for they cannot in any sense be called men,) have been shooting, mangling, maiming, snaring, clubbing, stoning, and in every way possible, destroying the poor, innocent and useful birds, until the disproportion between birds and insects has become so great that it can only be estimated except by the crops laid waste. The stealing of the horse sends the offender to the State Prison; better by far send one there for killing a bird. But, says one, "of what avail are birds when insects surround us like the atmosphere?" Of what avail were all the fire engines in New York city at the great fire of 1835, or ten thousand times as many more when fire leaped with forked tongues from block to block and street to street with a fury as remorseless as the efforts to stay them were fruitless?—when, had a single engine been at the right point to have doused the first spark, all would have been saved? But, asks another, "how can birds be increased?" Domestic birds can be increased; why not others? If, when our hens are seen in the vicinity of the corn-crib we send one boy to a neighbor to borrow a gun, another to the store for powder and shot, and when obtained creep up and blow the gizzards out of every one, our chickens would not increase very fast. It is customary, if a bird is seen to light on a tree of cherries or bunch of berries in the garden, to tell JOHN to hang the tree full of rags and effigies, and in addition stand by with his double-barreled stub-and-twist to shoot any bird that would dare even to fly over the tree.

If cherries will entice birds, why not set trees along the roadside and on the borders of the field, so as to supply the birds and ourselves too. Seventeen years ago I set an orchard on a place where there was no fruit and but few birds. I laid down as a rule to be rigidly followed not to shoot about the premises nor scare or in any way molest the birds. As the trees began to grow the birds began to occupy them for their homes, and as they found us and the children to be their friends, they, in turn, manifested more confidence and intimacy, and did not hesitate to build their nests in trees near the house, even in those whose branches brushed the dwelling, regarding us as protectors from the hawks and their enemies; and now while I am writing a robin is picking up worms not twenty feet from my chair, three of which I saw him devour (two of them dug from the turf by thrusting in his bill)—all in less time than I am writing it down. It is both pleasing and surprising to see how plenty and tame the birds have become.

When my fruits first came into bearing I had but little for several years, or very little more than to supply the insects, but now plentifully. Though I had twelve large and thrifty Isabella and Catawba vines, the rose-bugs made a clean sweep for a number of years, but for the four last past years I have had plenty, and of my plums I can say the same. That the insects have materially diminished I am certain, but whether from the birds alone, or partly by them and partly by some other cause, I cannot say; yet, that a good share of their diminution is due to the birds, I have not the least doubt. W. L. CURTIS. Near Clyde, Ohio, June, 1863.

CHESS QUESTION NOT SETTLED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As you have allowed one of your correspondents to broach that never-to-be-settled question, the changing of wheat into chess, which I had supposed quietly inurned in the "tomb of the Capulets," you must permit me to state a few circumstances, which may render the subject not as well settled as your correspondent supposes.

Philosophically reasoning on this point, under the botanical system of class, order, genus and species, as now settled, I have been unwilling to allow that one species can be translated or transmuted into another, and yet I have seen such wholly inexplicable cases, that they would stagger the faith of the most earnest reasoners, and I am quite sure that three-quarters of our most observing wheat growers thoroughly believe in the doctrine of transmutation.

There seems to be a strong affinity among all the grass and grain plants—so strong that they can with difficulty be distinguished from each other by the leaf, until they show the seed stem, and it may be possible that they all originated from a single germ, or seed, progressing and changing during the unimaginable period since the beginning—which, for ought we know, may be as remote as Eternity, and that botanists may be in error in classing them, as they now do, as different species, and that transmutation is only a tendency to recur to the original type. Be this as it may, there are a great number of well-authenticated cases going to show that there are many things not accounted for in our philosophy.

Dr. WEISENBORN, an eminent naturalist, asserts, in the Magazine of Natural History, (vol. 1, pp. 574,) that whenever oats are sown at the usual time, and kept cropped down during summer and autumn, and allowed to remain over the winter, a thin crop of rye is the invariable result, which has been verified by repeated experiments. Dr. LINDLEY, the most learned and best authority extant on botanical subjects, states "that at the request of the Marquis of Bristol, the Rev. Lord ARTHUR HERVEY sowed a handful of oats, and treated them in the manner recommended, by continually stopping the flowering stems, and the produce was, for the most part, ears of a slender barley, having much the appearance of rye, with a little wheat and some oats."

Other cases of prolonged gestation in the wheat plant (familiar to most farmers) produced

by geese, or animals cropping down in the spring, and where it has been mowed off, have often been observed to produce chess almost exclusively. Then why may not freezing, by destroying or deranging its vitality, have the same effect? There are various other plants, exhibiting as palpable changes as those now under discussion, which would be too lengthy to refer to. The cavil that wheat in the case of winter killing fails to obstruct the growth of the chess, allowing it to increase with great activity, cannot be tolerated, for in many cases it stands as thick and strong as the wheat ought to do, and no one will believe that the most careless farmer sows as much chess as wheat, or one-hundredth part as much, and this often takes place on new ground, where there was not a kernel of chess within miles.

It is useless to prolong or again recur to this subject, as it never can, nor never will, be settled definitely. There are so many exceptions, dodges and cavils that can be taken, that we may as well undertake to "account for the milk in the cocoa-nut," or prove the origin of meteoric stones in the atmosphere, as to agitate this abstract question. L. MONROE CO., N. Y., July, 1863.

A HERESY ABOUT FLAX ROOTS.

A FARMER who glories in the experience of forty years' practical farming, writes to the RURAL that the "roots of the flax plant won't go deeper into the soil than about three inches," hence he derides the notion of subsoiling and deep plowing, even a tenacious soil, "that the roots may go down into it half the length of the straw." How strange and how true it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true, that in farming more than in any other calling, trade or profession, the greatest heresies often come from those who have practiced it the longest. And why is it so?—Because, instead of studying Nature's lessons, man looks on them as upon "trees walking." As her laws are not really revealed to him, he becomes mystified by her most simple combinations—confounding her whole modus operandi with occult mystery, when a little patient investigation would reveal much of it to him, to his delectation and instruction. Man may make laws that clash with each other, but Nature has never made such blunders. If she permits the apple tree to run down its roots eighteen feet into a friable soil, and the roots of the tiny clover plant occasionally to extend as deeply, it would be a libel on her consistency to suppose that the herbaceous flax plant was restricted to three inches. Let your correspondent only take the trouble to dig down and examine the roots of the flax plant with a microscope, and he will find that the tiny rootlets descend more than three times three inches in a practicable soil, and probably much deeper. But there is another great advantage in deeply plowing a tenacious soil. You thus give it more power to retain or hold water by capillary attraction. I always find that garden plants stand a drouth much better in a soil that was deeply spaded in the fall, than on that which was hurriedly spaded in the spring. A neighbor asked me, the other day, why my corn and cabbages grew so much faster than his. "Because," said I, "you hired PATRICK to spade your garden by the job; but I spaded mine myself." S. W.

OTHER THINGS, AND BIG CATTLE, CROPS, &c. FRIEND MOORE:—My only excuse for addressing you in the present instance is, that the spirit moved and I seized the pen. A general feeling of joy seems to pervade our entire community. When the news of Gen. MEADE'S success, and the capture of Vicksburg, was received, the roar of the cannon or the *avril* could be heard in every direction, and every village had its bonfires as long as the tar-barrels and dry-goods boxes could be found to supply the fuel. We are especially rejoicing in our immediate vicinity in consequence of the strong probability of the smort of the iron-horse being heard before many months in our quiet village. The survey is now being made for a railroad from our village to connect with the "Michigan Central" at Wayne, a distance of only twelve miles. When that is completed, our old stage coach (or its driver) can well exclaim that "OTHELLO'S occupation's gone."

My attention is just called to twelve head of fat cattle that were raised in this vicinity, and are being driven through our town. The twelve weigh twelve tun, and are such as would compare favorably with the New England "reds." They were purchased by Mr. B. F. WITHEE, of the firm of WELLS & WITHEE, of Ontario Co., your State, who have driven many fine cattle from our section. The crops bid fair to be an average in yield, and our State seems to be favored with general prosperity. The pockets of our citizens are well lined with "greenbacks," and happiness and joy seems to beam from every countenance, save here and there one that is mourning the fall of a relative in this unholy war. W. D. WHALEN. Northville, Mich., July 10, 1863.

Rural Spirit of the Press. Late Hoing of Corn and Other Crops. BROTHER BROWN, of the N. E. Farmer, thus discourses on this topic:—"Silent assent seems to be given to an old rule, that the crops must be hoed three times, whether they are weedy or not, and no more, though the ground be covered with weeds. Three times is enough, and the soil ought to know better than to throw up weeds after such a scarification, say some; we cannot afford to hoe any more, and so the crop is left to try its powers with the weeds, and generally comes out second best. A part of the object of hoing, certainly, is to eradicate the weeds, but there is a principle involved in it far

beyond this surface work. Still, the weeding is very important in the following results:—1. It removes the weeds and prevents their taking properties from the soil that the plants need. 2. It prevents their seeding and extending their kind through an indefinite number of years. 3. The succeeding labor upon the crop will only be about half as much after the weeds are taken away. There may be other advantages derived in taking away weeds, but these three are enough to move every judicious farmer to exterminate them as fast as they appear.

"There are, however, other important reasons why crops should be hoed once or twice more than they usually are. In hoing, we mean to include what generally precedes it, working the soil to some depth, either with plow or cultivator. These operations give some valuable results. 1. If the soil is too wet, they loosen it and let in the sun and air to dry it and make it more light and porous. 2. If too dry, loosening the soil admits the moist air, and renders it capable of receiving and retaining any drop of dew that falls upon it. When a slight rain-fall comes, being light and open, it catches and holds every drop that falls, while on a hard surface it rapidly flows off. 3. Every drop of water that goes into the soil carries a certain amount of heat with it; this is left in the soil, warms the tender roots, and gives them a rapid growth. 4. Rain water is charged with ammonia and other properties, which the plant greatly needs. When the surface is in suitable condition to receive what falls, and pass it along down the subsoil, every rain is equal to a slight manuring of the plant, so that the farmer who cultivates and hoes thoroughly finds his crops dressed from the bounties of the skies, while neglected fields of hard surfaces find few blessings in the shower.

"Two rules should always be observed in regard to hoeing, viz.—1. Hoe whenever there are weeds, whether in June or October. 2. Hoe whenever the surface is compact and dry, whether in June or September."

The Use of Plaster. Not much is yet known as to the wherefore of the effects caused by using this article on our soils. We clip the following from the Country Gentleman, being the observations of a correspondent who has used it for half a century, and give it for what it is worth:

"As for its *modus operandi*, or theory of its action, I presume I know as much about it as any other man, and that is just nothing at all. But from actual observation, I have had conclusions forced upon me so clearly that I venture to style them *maxims*. These are:

"1. The best time for sowing plaster is in May or early in June.  
"2. Gypsum produces its full effects on light, dry land of loam mixed with a small amount of sand. As the proportion of sand increases its effects diminish, till on pure sandy soil it has no effect. The same is true of argillaceous or clayey soils. The more clay and water in the land, the less will be the effect of the plaster until, on low, wet and clayey land, all its effects cease.

"3. Like grass or grain, a certain amount of rain is necessary to bring out its full beneficial effects; but these effects are more deterred by drouth than they are in grains.

"4. Any land suitable for gypsum, whether wild or cultivated, seeded or unseeded, will always respond to the one first coat of plaster, and produce its full effects. The richer the land is and the more highly manured and seeded, the greater will be the results.

"5. After the effect of the first coat ceases, no subsequent coat of plaster will produce any effect whatever, although a dozen coats be sown, until the ground is again tilled and seeded. Hence sowing coat after coat as the summers roll by, on the same land, is all labor and money thrown away.

"6. Plaster produces its most striking effect on clover, red and white. After the red has gone through its developments and died out, the white follows in the train of effects. On Timothy and the grasses generally, it is useless. On wheat, rye and oats it is worthless. On potatoes it is of little or no use.

"7. Two bushels sown on an acre will produce as much effect as a dozen, or any quantity. A half bushel will produce as good results on clover for one season as more, but its effects cease with the season."

Spreading Manure from the Cart. IN the application of manure as a top-dressing for mowing lands, William Bacon writes to the Country Gentleman that he had much trouble in getting it spread evenly and seasonably, so long as he practised the old plan of dumping it and spreading the heaps afterwards. He now spreads it directly from the cart, and thus states the advantages of that mode:—"We get it on the surface more evenly, and in the aggregate in a less amount of time, and for the third we claim that the sooner it is spread the sooner the land gets the benefit of it. The only drawback that I know of is, that the team must stand still a little longer while spreading than dumping, but as the team is kept for the benefit of the farm, there is probably no loss of time in that."

Wash for Barns. THERE is no cheap substitute for oil paint. All the different kinds of whitewashing are incapable of shutting out moisture. The sides of buildings especially exposed to rains, will lose a portion of any kind of wash by the combined action of frost and moisture. Oil paint obviates this difficulty. There are many different kinds of wash recommended; but with a single exception, we have never found anything better than a mixture of good lime with water. This exception we have made a thorough trial with. A rough barn, which received a coating four years ago, now retains most of it, although a considerable portion is scaled off on the most exposed side. This

wash is made substantially as follows:—One peck of fine beach sand, three pecks of water lime, and four quarts of salt. These proportions might vary without detriment—there should be as much sand as can be conveniently applied with a brush. A farm laborer applied this mixture early last summer to two rough barns, one about 30 by 55 feet, the other 20 by 30, in three and a half days, consuming two bushels of water lime, which was nearly the whole cost of material. This coating, now nearly one year's standing, appears to be as good as the day it was put on. It will be perceived that the expense is only about one-tenth the cost of a coat of paint. —Country Gentleman.

Leached Ashes. WOOD ashes always contain a considerable amount of carbonate of potash, lime, &c., and are consequently very beneficial to such plants as require large quantities of these alkalies, such as Indian corn, turnips, beets and potatoes. Leached ashes have lost much of the principal alkaline salts, and have been deprived of the greatest part of their most important soluble ingredients; still they must not be regarded as an unimportant fertilizer, and other matter which they contain is always more or less beneficial to the soil. Unless the land is well worked and contains sufficient organic matter, we should not consider ashes, whether leached or unleached, as alone adequate to the production of a good crop of wheat, turnips or corn.

There is something about old leached ashes that we do not understand, though we have given the subject considerable attention. We have seen instances where old leached ashes have had an excellent effect on wheat, while unleached ashes seemed to do no good. We have thought that perhaps the potash and soda which had been washed out, were replaced by ammonia and nitric acid from the atmosphere. The subject is one worthy of investigation. At all events, it is certain that leached ashes frequently have a very beneficial effect; and if the above hypothesis is true, the older they are the better.—Prof. Buckland.

Flowing—Loss of Time in Turning. IN some experiments made by the Earl of Mar, it appears that the loss of time, in a day of ten hours, in plowing a field 274 yards long, with a furrow 10 inches wide, was 1 hour and 22 minutes; in plowing a field 200 yards long, a loss of 2 hours and 1 minute; in a field 149 yards long, a loss of 2 hours and 44 minutes; and in a field 78 yards long, a loss of 5 hours and 11 minutes. In other words, in plowing a field only 78 yards long, 5 hours and 11 minutes are occupied in turning, and only 4 hours and 49 minutes in actual plowing—a loss of more than one-half. Of course, the loss of time would depend very much on the skill and activity of the plowman in turning; but even if the horses never stop at all in turning, the loss is greater than is generally imagined.—Mark Lane Express.

Depth of Plowing. A WRITER in the Agricultural Review says: "Deep cultivation is inapplicable in the case of sandy soils, except when they rest upon a stiff subsoil, which, however, is rarely the case. If there be simply a thin stratum of stiff clay beneath the sandy soil, it should not always be broken through, as it may prevent the moisture passing away too rapidly as drainage. When friable soil rests on chalk, gravel or sand, deep plowing should not be performed. We have often known manure to be plowed in so deeply that its decomposition took place only after the lapse of several years. Manure, to be efficient, must be as close to the surface as possible, in order that the nourishment afforded by it may be within easy access of the rootlets of the plants."

Inquiries and Answers. HOW TO MAKE HOME-BREWED ALE.—In answer to the inquiry in your highly valued paper of June 27, I submit the following on this subject: The art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a teapot; then fill it with water—the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood some time pour off the liquor just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water. In a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which will be the case when all its virtue is extracted. The liquor or malt tea thus extracted must then be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough—that is about blood-heat—add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing; and to brew a large quantity requires just the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and 4 ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, and of better quality than any that can usually be purchased.—G. Benton.

IS PLASTER A FERTILIZER?—Is plaster strictly a fertilizer? I am of the opinion that it is, from the fact that I have observed wheat that was sown the spring following after corn-stubble growing very rank where the hills were plastered. Precisely where the hills were, the wheat could be distinguished as being of a darker color and taller. I have noticed it in two or three different fields. Soil is oak openings—white clay loam. Can you or your correspondents explain it otherwise?—O. B., Empire, Fond du Lac Co., Wis.

THE HEAVENS, ROBIN WEED, &c.—In the RURAL of the 27th ult., J. H. BAKER inquires about the rosin weed as a cure for heaves in horses. We heard of it before, and perhaps it may be all that is claimed for it—but we believe Illinois and other parts of the great West are also free from consumption and cough among the bipeds. This we think cannot be from eating rosin weed. Perhaps the atmosphere has something to do with them also.—S. C. HAMILTON, P. M., Buf. N. Y.

WHAT AILED THE SHEEP?—About one year ago my sheep commenced going blind. When first discovered they would be totally blind in one or both eyes, and remain so for two or three days, and then partially but not entirely recover. There was but one affected at a time, and but two that entirely lost their eyes. I could not discover that they were affected in their general health, or that there were any premonitory symptoms. The disease affected my flock about six months and then disappeared. Now, can any one tell the cause and suggest a remedy?—CRAIG GOSS, Belmont, Ind.

Rural Notes and Items.

INTERNATIONAL WHEAT SHOW.—In the RURAL of June 5th we stated that an effort was being made to hold a Wheat Show in connection with next Fair of Monroe Co. Ag. Society, and named the premiums it was proposed to offer. Since then the arrangements have been consummated, and it is announced that a great International Wheat Show will be held at Rochester, N. Y., September 8th, 9th and 10th, under the auspices of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society. The following premiums are offered: Best 20 bushels of Winter Wheat ..... \$150 Second best do do ..... 75 Best 20 bushels Red Winter Wheat ..... 100 Second best do do ..... 50 Best 2 bushels White Winter Wheat ..... 50 Second best do do ..... 25 Best 2 bushels Red Winter Wheat ..... 25 Second best do do ..... 20 Best 2 bushels Spring Wheat ..... 20 Second best do do ..... 10

Competitors for these Prizes will be required to furnish samples of the wheat in the ear, and with the straw attached, (say 50 ears of wheat and straw,) also to furnish a written statement of the nature of the soil on which the wheat grew, method of cultivation, time of sowing, quantity of seed sown, manures (if any used), and mode and time of application; also the time of ripening and harvesting, and the yield per acre, with such other particulars as may be deemed of practical importance; also the name by which the variety is known in the locality where it is grown. The wheat must be one variety, pure and un-mixed. The prize to be awarded to the actual grower of the wheat, and the wheat which takes a prize is to become the property of the Society.

From the use of the word "International," we suppose competition is open to the world, though the fact is not officially announced.

"THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD."—The announcement of this work continues to attract attention and favorable comment. Among the many complimentary notices with which we have recently been favored is the following, written for a prominent New York paper by (if we mistake not) our long-time occasional and always sensible correspondent, S. W.:—"A rare book on Sheep Husbandry, entitled 'The Practical Shepherd,' by H. S. RANDALL, LL. D., is now being published by D. D. T. MOORE, of Rochester, and Lippincott & Co., Phila. Mr. RANDALL has had over thirty years experience in Sheep Husbandry, is thoroughly acquainted with all the popular breeds of sheep—their summer and winter management, diseases, and the remedies. As he has already written more fully and better on this subject than any American writer, his book cannot fail to be a great desideratum to all flock-masters. It is pleasant at this time, after King Cotton has done so much to decrease the consumption of all other textile materials, to see sturdy practical advocates for these old-time fibers come to the rescue, not only for the increase and improvement of Sheep and Wool, but also of Flax and Flax Cotton. May we not now predict that the era of superior intelligence promulgated through the medium of books and pamphlets, from the best experienced sources, is at hand; to again divide the kingdom between cotton and the other agricultural textiles, all for the advancement of man and free labor, both North and South?"

A SAFE AND PATRIOTIC INVESTMENT.—The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to continue the sale of the United States "Five-Twenty" six per cent. bonds, at par, for a short time longer. Coming as this announcement does upon the heels of the glorious victories that are now gladdening all loyal hearts throughout the nation, and demonstrating more than ever the inherent and imperishable power and stability of our institutions, it is sure to be responded to by a more eager investment in the bonds than has taken place in any former period. Messrs. FRISK & HATCH, No. 38 Wall St., New York, the popular and patriotic Agents for the sale of the Bonds, whose advertisements have from time to time appeared in our columns, continue to receive orders and forward the Bonds to any address desired. The money thus invested through them goes directly and immediately to the support of the National Treasury. Many individuals and banking institutions in this vicinity have invested largely in the "Five-Twenties," and the loan is regarded as very desirable.

MORE HEAVY FLEECES.—Mr. R. H. BENNETT, of Cottage Grove, Minn., writes to the RURAL in this wise:—"Seeing a statement in the American Stock Journal, of the shearing of six bucks in Vermont, I send you for publication an account of the shearing of three that I purchased of Mr. MUNGER, a neighbor of mine, viz.: 1 two year old buck, ..... 24 lbs. 1 yearling " ..... 17 1/2 1 yearling " ..... 13

The wool was less than one year's growth, and the two year olds were clipped as close last year as this. They run with the balance of the flock, and had no extra care. As to left of carcass, the three sheared, of wool, one-fifth of their total gross weight before shearing. Let Vermont speak again."

THE SEASON AND CROPS IN MAINE.—Under date of Oxford, Me., June 24, 1863, S. TENNEY writes to the RURAL NEW-YORKER:—"The season in this section is quite backward and dry. Corn came up poorly in many cases, so much so as to need replanting. Potatoes are looking well; now just beginning to be big enough to hoe. Peas and beans look well. The growing crop is varied—some good and some poor. Young grass in many instances has been killed by the drouth; it having been cool and dry with high winds, and an occasional hot day. Farmers in this vicinity are doing what they can to produce the necessities of life; help is scarce and high, however, and will necessarily cut short farm operations to some extent. But still we look for fair returns from mother earth. Grass is badly winter-killed, and promises but a light crop on old fields. We had a fine shower yesterday, the first for some time."

WHEAT, CORN AND SORGO IN INDIANA.—A letter from A. S. BEALS, of Noble Co., Ind., dated July 1st, says:—"We are in the midst of wheat harvest now, and the crop never was better, both for quantity and quality. Corn is very good, considering the extreme dry weather we have had since it was planted. Sorgo is going to be quite an article of produce in this county the present season; nearly every farmer has enough growing to make his own sirup and pay the manufacturer."

The following communication, addressed to the Editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER by the Commissioner of Agriculture, explains itself:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, } Washington, D. C., July 6th, 1863. SIR:—The fifth subdivision of the 32d instruction under the new Post Office law is hereby amended by striking out the word *weight* and inserting *measures* before the word "ounces," so that it shall read as follows:—"The weight of packages of seeds, cuttings, roots and scions to be franked, is limited to thirty-two ounces." By order of the Postmaster-General. ALEX. W. RANDALL, 1st Asst. P. M. Gen'l. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, } Washington, D. C., July 7th, 1863. At the suggestion of the Post Office Department that the above order be published as extensively as possible, you will confer a favor on this Department and our Farmers of the Country by giving it a place in your paper. It will be seen that the right to send the usual weight of seeds, cuttings, &c., under the frank of this Department, has not been abridged. Very respectfully, your obt' serv't, ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner.

**Horticultural.**

**THE BULB FARMS OF HOLLAND.**

Most of our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the fact that most of our finest bulbous flowers, such as tulips, hyacinths, &c., originated in Holland, in the vicinity of Haarlem, and from this district they are obtained by the enterprising dealers of other portions of Europe as well as America. Mr. FORTUNE, the celebrated Botanical traveler, has recently made a visit to these large bulb gardens, or farms, and furnishes some interesting facts to the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, from which we select the following:

"The railroad from Rotterdam to Amsterdam has been laid along the coast within a short distance of the sea, and passes through the towns of The Hague, Leyden, and Haarlem, in the order in which I have placed them. Between Rotterdam and Leyden the land is chiefly used for bulb cultivation. On reaching Leyden, however, a change was observable, the land appeared more sandy in its formation, and was evidently affected by the adjoining sand hills. Patches of hyacinths, tulips, and other bulbous plants were now observed in full bloom on each side of the road. As we proceeded northwards the cultivation appeared gradually more extensive, but it was only when we reached Haarlem that we found ourselves actually in the heart of the great bulb country.

Many portions of Holland are considerably below the level of the ocean. A belt of sand hills or Dunes has been thrown up along the coast by the action of the winds and waves, and now forms a protection against the encroachments of the sea. These "Dunes," which extend along the coast for a great distance, are from one to three miles in width, varying from forty to fifty feet in height, and when looked down upon present a succession of little hills and valleys to the eye not unlike the waves of a stormy sea. The bulb farms of Haarlem are situated on the inner edges of these sandhills.

On our arrival at Haarlem we were most kindly received by Messrs. Krelage, and Messrs. Polman Mooy, of that place; and by Messrs. Byvoet and Van Velson, jun., of Overveen, a village two miles to the west of Haarlem. Mr. Krelage has a large garden in the town as well as a number of farms in the country. His town garden is remarkable for a beautiful bed of Tulips, about 600 hundred feet in length, and formed so as to resemble a walk of flowers. Wooden arches are thrown over it at intervals for effect, and its sides are lined with tall lilies (Crown Imperial). The views from either end of this "tulip walk" were most remarkable and beautiful. The masses of red and scarlet tulips were very striking, particularly when formed of the varieties known as Vermilion Brilliant, and scarlet Duc van Thol. In this garden there was also a large canvass tent under which were arranged all the finest varieties of hyacinths. Under it there were two long beds containing 110 rows in each bed (six plants in each row) the one being filled with the single kinds, and the other with double. The different colors were arranged in an artistic manner so as to heighten the effect of each other, and the whole had an excellent effect. Out of doors, besides the "tulip walk" just noticed, there were whole fields of hyacinths, tulips, narcissi, Japan and other lilies, fritillaries, Cape bulbs, ranunculuses, anemones, &c., &c.

In the afternoon of our first day we drove out with Mr. Krelage to see his country farms, and those of Messrs. Byvoet and Van Velson, jun., at Overveen. On the road sides as we went along we observed fields of hyacinths and tulips in every direction covered with bloom, and the sweet scent from the former perfumed the air. The fields are all perfectly level, and are divided into squares by clipped hedges and close wooden paling for the purpose of lessening the force of the wind, and of preventing the loose sand from doing too great an injury to the flowers, as it flies about here like dry snow. The bulbs are arranged in beds, and the different kinds are kept together in masses, by which means a very beautiful effect is produced.

Having examined Mr. Krelage's country farms, we then went onwards to Overveen, to those of Messrs. Byvoet. Here the squares into which the land is divided appeared to be larger than those nearer Haarlem. Whole fields were covered with hyacinths, tulips, anemones, crocuses, ranunculuses, &c. In England we have no idea of the effect produced by fields of bright colors, lying in broad masses, and arranged so as to heighten the brilliancy of each other. Here again, as elsewhere, the effect produced by the fine scarlet or crimson kind was most striking. Broad masses of Vermilion Brilliant, scarlet Duc van Thol, and a double kind named Imperator rubrorum, when viewed amongst the lighter varieties, seemed to set the fields "all in a glow."

The natural ground about Haarlem is composed almost entirely of sand, furnished originally by the Dunes or sand-hills already noticed.

Water is found a very little below the surface of the ground—from two to five feet—deepening of course, upon situation, and the dryness or wetness of the season. Thus two of the requirements for successful cultivation, namely, soil and moisture, are supplied by nature. The natural soil is enriched from time to time by being mixed from fresh cow-dung, which is the only manure used in the cultivation of the hyacinth. As Holland is a great grazing country, this manure can be obtained in abundance.

The ground is prepared for the bulbs in the following manner. It is trenched two or three feet deep in spring, and manured at the same time. The manure is placed about nine inches below the surface, and is usually about two or three inches in thickness. A crop of vegetables, generally potatoes, is then planted on the land,

in order to bring it into proper condition for the hyacinths. The potatoes or other vegetables are taken up in the end of the summer, and then the ground is dug again, carefully levelled, and is ready for the reception of the bulbs. These are planted in the months of September and October.

Rotation of cropping is carefully observed. Hyacinths, as a rule, are not grown more than one year on the same land. The second year their place is occupied by tulips and crocuses; and the third year by narcissi, or vegetables again. About once in every six years, the land is trenched deeper than usual (three or four feet) and fresh soil is brought nearer the surface. Hyacinths appear to be easily affected by the composition of the soil, and are liable to become diseased. Whenever a kind of gum oozes from the bulbs, it is a sure sign that the soil requires renewing, and this deep trenching is resorted to as a remedy.

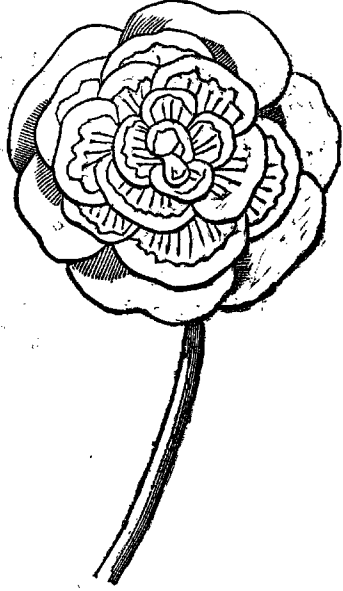
It is estimated that 100 acres of land are annually under hyacinth cultivation in the vicinity of Haarlem, and that 400 or 500 acres more are covered with other bulbs or tubers. The value of this land is about £300 an acre, and the annual rental is about £25 an acre.

The land having been prepared as I have described, is then divided into beds three and a half feet wide, and the bulbs are planted, six inches apart, in rows, across the beds. This is the space usually given to full-grown bulbs; young, undersized ones, not requiring so much room, are planted closer together. They are then covered with about three or four inches of soil, the beds are neatly levelled, and the operation is considered completed.

The planting takes place in the months of September and October. The latter month is preferred, for if the bulbs are planted too early they are not unlikely to commence growing and throwing up leaves before the winter comes on, and this is not desirable. But when such a quantity of land has to be planted about the same period, it often necessary to begin planting somewhat earlier than prudent in order to get through with the work. During the depth of winter the hyacinth beds are covered over, six inches deep, with a reed indigenous to the country, in order to protect the bulbs from the frost. The covering is removed in spring, the beds are cleaned, and nothing more requires to be done until the plants come into bloom. The time of flowering varies, of course, with the earliness or lateness of the season, but as a general rule it may be put down at from the beginning to the middle of April.

**DOUBLE BEDDING PANSY.**

The long-lost Double Purple Pansy has been frequently alluded to in our columns, and was figured and described in the *Florist and Pomologist* of December last; but that our readers may form a correct idea of this highly ornamental plant, we have now the pleasure of giving them a representation of its appearance:



The stock of this plant is in the hands of Messrs. Carter & Co., of Holborn, who have given it the name of "Beaton's Good-Gracious, Double Bedding Pansy," by which appellation we trust it will become as generally known as it deserves. The outer or guard petals of the flowers are about the size of a good Pansy, and the inner gradually diminish toward the center, forming a double flower. There can be no question that it will form a valuable plant for beds and borders, more especially as we understand that it has proved a profuse bloomer.—*Cottage Gardener.*

**DOUBLE FLOWERING FRUIT TREES.**

A CORRESPONDENT wishes some inquiries answered respecting *Double Flowering Fruit Trees*, and we purpose to make a few suggestions on the subject, which will be of interest to many of our readers. There are few objects more really beautiful when in blossom than some of our double flowering fruit trees. The *CHERRY* forms a snowy wreath of flowers as double as the rose; the *Double Peach* and *Almond* are magnificent. But, we have not recommended their general culture very strongly, as our correspondent intimates, and for the following reasons: The double varieties flower with the single, when our orchards and yards are gay and fragrant with myriads of fruit blossoms; and who ever saw a more beautiful object than a well-grown apple tree with its branches gracefully drooping to the ground;—one fragrant, rosy pyramid of delicate and beautiful flowers. If we turn from such an object to a double flowering tree, the change is by no means satisfactory.

The flowers of our double flowering fruits are short-lived, and then we have only the common

fruit tree, without its fruit, which makes the bearing tree almost as fine in the autumn as in the spring. We would certainly prefer a well-formed dwarf cherry, or apple, or pear, to a double flowering tree, for beauty.



WHITE DOUBLE FLOWERING PEACH.

When double flowering fruit trees are grown, especial pains should be taken to prune and train them, so that they may look as well as possible at all seasons. The Double Peaches that we see growing are usually straggling, unsightly things, in many cases with more dead than live wood upon them. This could be prevented in a great measure by shortening in the young shoots so as to obtain a round and compact head.

We give an engraving of a branch of the White Double Flowering Peach, a very delicate and elegant variety.

**BIENNIAL AND ANNUAL FLOWERS.**

WALTER ELDER, an old and intelligent gardener of Philadelphia, makes the following truthful remarks in the *Gardeners' Monthly* on some of our common yet highly improved and beautiful flowers:

The extraordinary improvements made upon them within the past ten years, would surprise as well as delight those who are not in the habit of seeing them. The sizes and numbers of the petals of the improved Genera, compared with the old sorts, are like a silver dollar piece to a dime, and a full egg to an empty shell; it would occupy too much of your valuable space to mention all of them, so I will only notice a few.

Of biennials, see the brilliant colors and dazzling beauties of the improved varieties of *Antirrhinum*; of all shades, from pure white to dark crimson, and the enlarged sizes of their bloom. The same with *Aquilegia*, (Columbine),  *Canterburybells*, *Foxglove*, *Sweet Williams*, &c.; of double sorts, there are *Sweet Williams*, *Wallflowers*, *Gillyflowers*, *China Pinks*, of sorts, and many others as double as the finest roses, and shades from white to maroon spotted, striped, blotched, &c., in the most beautiful manner.

Of annuals, what can be compared to the *Camellia Balsam*, as double as a rose; no wax work nor any other imitation of man, can compare with it in rich appearance and dazzling beauty. The white and scarlet spotted is unequalled among flowers. *Larkspurs*, perfectly double, from white to indigo blue. *Phlox Drummondii*, of all shades and enlarged blooms. The same with *Portulacca*, (German Improved), *Chinese Asters*, &c. Of *Eschscholtzia*, deep and pale yellow, white, &c.; *Pansy*, commonly called "Johnny Jump Up," with petals as large as a silver half dollar piece; from white and yellow to maroon, and as rich as satin velvet. The improved varieties of *Collinsia*, *Gaillardia*, *Gomphrena*, *Iberis*, *Papaver*, *Senecio*, &c., and the improved *Double Zinnia*, *Petunia*, &c., and the new sorts of *Verbena*, and hundreds of others, are worthy of all praise.

**CULTURE OF THE OSIER WILLOW.**

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—While reading my paper this morning I saw an inquiry in regard to raising the osier willow. I have had some experience in that line of business, and will answer the questions in order: 1st. The kind of soil should be a deep black muck, or made land; which can be flowed with water. 2d. There is but one variety for which there is any sale in market, at least, I know of but one, viz: the French osier (*Salix Viminalis*). 3d. They are propagated by cuttings. The cuttings should be from 8 to 12 inches in length, according to the

soft. 4th. They should be set as early in the spring as the frost will admit of, the earlier the better. The ground should be thoroughly subdued, and made rich if it is not. 5th. When from three years old and upward (if properly cultivated) they will yield from 2 to 4 tons per acre, which at present are worth \$100 to \$115 per ton in New York market, making the profits per acre between \$400 and \$500.

Any further questions will receive prompt replies and be gladly given to the best of my ability. The osier can be set in the fall, if the ground is not liable to heave; if it is, the frost will throw them out.  
WM. A. WALDO.  
Pittsburgh, June 6th, 1863.

**THE PEACH BORER.**

WHERE climate is not unfavorable the Peach Borer is the worst enemy the grower has to contend with. It is not strange, therefore, that there should be a great deal of anxiety to ascertain an effectual remedy. Nor do we consider it a remarkable fact, that persons are on the look-out for an easy mode of destroying the pest—one that will call for very little exercise of patience and skill. Any foolish plan that happens to find its way into the papers is adopted most eagerly, if it only promises to do the work easy, no matter how ridiculous. Constant vigilance is the price we have to pay for our fruit as well as for our liberties. The success of one of these labor-saving plans is detailed by our correspondent below:

**NAILS AND PEACH BORERS.**

Last year an article was going the rounds of the papers, stating that nails driven into peach trees would prevent the destructive operation of the borers. I tried it on several hundred trees at various times during last season, nailing them according to direction, at and near the parts affected. I usually cleaned out the borers, and then nailed the trees at once. Now for the result. I am glad to say that this season I have not found the rascals have gnawed off any tennies, but they work all around them, close to them, where the soft gum is perfectly blackened with the oxide of the iron, which I had an idea was to do the killing. If others have nailed their trees at a different "time of the moon," I shall be glad to know the result. And why cannot your subscribers, and the friends of fruit culture, make up a purse to stimulate inquiry, to be paid to the successful discover of some practical remedy for the peach growers' worst pest?  
Collamer, Cuyahoga Co., O., 1863.

The insect which produces the grub which destroys so many peach trees, lays its eggs in the soft bark, near the surface of the ground. This is done in May or June. The proper way to destroy them is to examine every tree in the spring and dig out the worms; then make a mound of earth around each tree, say a foot in height. This covers the soft part of the bark so that but few eggs will be deposited. The mound may be removed in July. In September examine the trees again, and kill all the worms that are found. Pursue this course for a year or two and the trees will be saved from injury. This is the best plan we know of, but if any of our readers can give us a better and easier method we should be glad to be informed of the fact. We do not wish, however, untried theories.

**SAVING SEEDS.**

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the season will soon arrive for saving seeds, I thought my way might be some benefit to your readers, and I will give it to them. It is what my grandmother taught me, when a little girl, living in Massachusetts, and now that I have settled a few miles from Chicago, and have plenty of garden room, I find it very useful by keeping my seed pure, and having fruit some two or three weeks earlier than others who planted at the same time.

The first that comes of each kind I let grow and ripen for seed. I save a part of a row of peas, a few hills of beans, a hill or two of corn, that I never pick any from till fully matured for seed. The first squash of each kind, melons and cucumbers, I am very particular should not be picked. By saving the first they are more likely to be pure; the bees are not so plenty as a short time afterwards. Sometimes it is quite a cross to let them be, being the first of the season, but I find in a long run I am the gainer. I hope the readers will try this, it will save a good deal of trouble in the fall, in going over the garden to see if they can pick up anything for seed. How can we expect to have choice vegetables unless we take extra pains about saving seed?

Before I close, I would like to ask some one to tell me, through the RURAL, how to cultivate *Verbenas* so as to save seed from them. I have quite a variety, and would like to save seed, and one who knows will confer a favor by answering one who takes pleasure in trying recipes given in the best paper printed, in my way of thinking.  
Illinois, June, 1863. RURAL READER.

**Horticultural Notes.**

OHIO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—TENTH REPORT.—We are indebted to the Secretary, M. B. BATEMAN, Esq., for a copy of the Tenth Report of the Ohio Pomological Society—a valuable pamphlet of about sixty pages. This Society was organized in 1847, and is the oldest State organization of the kind in the Union. The meetings have formerly been biennial, but it is designed to make them annual. Dr. J. A. WARDER, of Cincinnati, is President; J. AUSTIN SCOTT, of Toledo, Vice President; and M. B. BATEMAN, of Columbus, Secretary.

THE DESERT CURRANT is of large size, a quart of the fruit would average three inches in circumference to each berry. They ripen here all through July, are of fine flavor, and of four colors, viz: black, purple, red and yellow; the red are largest, but the yellow most desirable. They require a rich, loose soil, when they bear fruit profusely.—*Prairie Farmer.*

**Domestic Economy.**

**FRYING.**

THE *Evening Post* makes the following extract from a lately published work on the "noble art of frying, for which the author deserves, and ought to receive," says the *Post*, "the great gold medal of every Humane Society and Life-Saving Institute in the world. In this country frying is so little understood that the frying-pan is banished from nearly all well-regulated households, as the potent breeder of dyspepsias, ill-temper, nightmares and morbid hallucinations of many kinds. And yet in the hands of a skillful cook this instrument is as harmless as the gridiron, and is used to produce many delicious dishes—Attend then, O housekeepers of America, to the words of wisdom!"

It is a great art, too often sadly neglected. Frying is, in fact, boiling in oleaginous matter; but if there be too little liquid in your pan, only half your object is boiled; the other is warmed into a greasy mass of half-done viand, by the drops that are thrown up and fall on the upper surface, there remaining to displease the eye and disgust the palate. To fry, the object must be totally immersed at once in the heated mass of liquid oleaginous matter; for the rule is the same whether you use lard, butter, or olive oil. The first and greatest care of the good cook is to see that there is plenty of liquid in the pan; the second, that the liquid be of a proper temperature, and nothing, in fact, is easier if proper attention is paid to what you are about, and a faultlike negligence is inexcusable in so momentous a matter. Having seen that a proper quantity of oil, butter or lard, as the case may be, is put in your pan, place it on the fire and let it heat until you have obtained the proper temperature. To learn when this has arrived, have ready two small sticks of bread and dip them from time to time in the liquid. When the heat is enough, you will see that the bread, on being held for a few seconds, becomes of a clear brown color.

When you have a small object to fry, now is your time; plunge it in and lift the pan a little above the fire, for the heat must not be allowed to increase, or your object becomes too dark in color—it is burnt, in short. When your object is large, then you must allow the color of your bread, when you withdraw it, to be more strongly browned, for the immersion of a large object—a sole, for instance—will reduce the temperature to the proper tone, and at that you must regulate it, neither allowing it to be too hot nor too cold. By attending to this you will always find the color clear and bright, and not in the slightest degree greasy in appearance. You should always take care, too, that the egg for your *pan* should be very thinly and evenly laid on; to insure this, the white only should be used and beaten for a long time, and when spread it should be allowed to dry for a little before adding your bread-crumbs or flour. For myself, I always prefer what I have used to-day, namely, the flour of the haricot-bean very finely ground.

**HOW TO MOUNT A MAP.**

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I find in the RURAL of Feb. 7th an inquiry "how to mount a map." As I have had a little experience in that business, which cost me the spoiling of several maps before I succeeded, I will give you my plan which always proves a success with me.—I moisten the map by rolling it up together with a wet cloth, and let it remain until it becomes evenly moistened, so that it will not swell much more when placed upon the wet paste; this will prevent it from wrinkling. I then stretch the canvas or muslin intended for the back of the map, on a frame or table, by tacking it firmly; then take common paste, made quite thick and smooth, and put it on the cloth or canvas with a brush, and not on the map, being sure not to leave any place dry. I then take the map from the wet cloth and roll it upon a round stick, or roller, which I place on one edge of the frame, or pasted cloth, and roll off the map gradually upon the canvass, smoothing with my hand to keep free from wrinkles. When dry I put on a coat of sizing, made quite thin, of white glue or gum-arabic, let dry again, and then varnish with white mastic varnish.  
C. H. S.  
Rock Island, Ill. 1863.

CUP CAKE.—Two cups of sugar; two eggs; one cup and a half of cream; one teaspoonful of soda. Season to taste.

MOLASSES COOKIES.—Two cups of molasses; two eggs; one cup of cream; one teaspoonful of soda, or saleratus,—season with nutmeg.—H. D., *Chesnut Grove, Ohio.*

ABOUT PREPARING RENNET.—Will Mrs. A. GOULD please inform me whether her mode of preparing rennet for cheese, given April 11th, is applicable to green or dry rennets? If dry, how does these dry them?—and if green, does not your cheese ferment and raise?—C. B. CHAPMAN, *Oakland, Alameda Co., Cal., 1863.*

WASH FOR THE SKIN.—A piece of gum tain the size of a walnut, thrown into a wash bowl of soft water, half an hour before using, will soften the skin, and after a few applications will remove, to a great extent, tan, freckles and roughness.

**[SPECIAL NOTICE.]**

SUCCESS UPON MERIT.—If there is an instance upon the records of our country where an article of American manufacture has made its way to universal favor solely upon its own merits and without extraneous aid, it is that of the *Chemical Saleratus*. It has only to be sold in one place and it is demanded in another, and so it has gone on increasing in favor until the products of the extensive *Chemical Works of D. B. DeLand & Co.* at Fairport, Monroe county, N. Y., are now immense. This article is made only at these works by a process known only to the proprietors, and is better for all purposes than soda. Try it.

Ladies' Department.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER CHILD.

FATHER, lowly on my knee,  
I, a suppliant, come to Thee;  
Such the anguish of my mind,  
Scarcely words for prayer I find.  
Father! grief hath made me wild—  
Spare, oh, spare my darling child!  
Thou hast power to stay disease;  
Thou hast power to give him ease;  
Free his little limbs from pain;  
Still the throbbing of his brain.  
Lowly bending on my knee,  
Father! list my prayer to Thee.

Thou didst give him to my heart—  
Of my inmost life a part;  
Grant him life; to health restore;  
Rack my bleeding heart no more.  
Can I watch his agony?  
Father! give him back to me.

Bring the color to his cheek;  
Give him strength—so wan and weak;  
Light again to thy smiles his eye—  
Father! to thy throne on high,  
Morning, noon and night shall rise  
Grateful praise and sacrifice.

But, oh, God! shouldst thou deny  
Answer to my anguished cry,  
Bear me up, so faint, so weak,  
Let my burdened heart not break;  
Make me feel, with Thy dear Son,  
Not my will, but Thine be done.

[Evening Post.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

"WOMAN is the most contemptible of creatures, even the little wire-worm was made before woman," said the man who could not be convinced that the earth revolved; "for if it did, any fool might know the water in my mill-pond would run away." And all the ancient wise men agreed with him in considering woman a grade lower than man. In time, however, the "lords of creation" began to consider the expediency of giving greater advantages to these "necessary evils." An English gentleman, intent upon trying the experiment, advised with a philosopher about the education of his daughters. The philosopher coincided with him in the opinion "that every woman should be able to write her own name, in case she should need to sign a deed; should understand Geography, so as to know which room was north, and which south; chemistry sufficiently to make good soap, and excellent bread; philosophical principles well enough to milk; but, above all, she should be taught obedience." With all respect to the opinions of sages, we maintain God intended no such difference; but designed woman to be a companion of man. Not that she is to take part in all his avocations; for God has made a distinction, and why should we strive to do it away. God has not given to females the physical endurance to share all man's toils, or a voice to sway public assemblies. He has, however, given to her an equally noble mission, and to perform all the duties it imposes upon her she should be as well educated as man.

We conclude so first, from the position God has assigned to her as mother and instructor; second, because it has been ascertained that in proportion as woman is elevated or degraded the nation becomes civilized or barbarous. CONFUCIUS overlooking this simple principle, is the reason why China occupies her present position among nations. Third, God has given to her the same faculties that he has to her brother. Females have governed nations and presided in councils. In literature it is generally admitted that she holds a high rank. Fourth, ignorance is the mother of superstition, and the twin sister of vice. Fifth, a desire for knowledge has been implanted in her bosom, and if not satisfied, degenerates into what has been called woman's falling, curiosity. Lastly, she is an immortal being, destined to live while God lives, and exert her faculties, whether stunted or developed.

Woman has a three-fold nature—her education should therefore be Physical, Intellectual and Moral. Physical education includes a thorough knowledge of Physiology, Anatomy, and Hygiene. This would fit her to care for herself and others in sickness as well as in health. What nobler specimen of a woman can be given than FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. She was physically educated. Every woman should have some occupation upon which to depend. This would save much suffering, and stop a fearful amount of crime. One lady of whom we have read understood twenty-one kinds of business; when one failed she found employment in another. All should be able to do anything that can be done with a needle. Her education might be Ornamental, and she be well versed in etiquette. It has been said pleasing manners insure friends. It should be Domestic that she may render her home a paradise of sunshine and flowers. Still she should not be so wholly engrossed in these matters as the wife of a distinguished orator, who, when her husband was rehearsing to her his best oration, interrupted its sublimest strain by exclaiming, "Why, WILLIAM, there is a hole in your stocking." To prevent this she should be Intellectually educated. Have a thorough knowledge of the languages and sciences. Understand the laws of the mind and possess general information, obtained from reading and observation. Woman's most difficult task, and the one in which she most frequently fails, is to live in society and not wear its yoke,—to listen to the thoughts, feelings and persuasions of others, and yet always act from the promptings of her own reason and conscience,—occupy a position of social dependence, and still maintain her self respect and independence—to properly love her family, while she yields her supreme affections to her God.

An educated gentleman traveling in foreign lands was about to start on an exploring expe-

dition. The guide requested him to pray to his God. The traveler refused, for he had never learned to lift the heart and bend the knee. "Some God must be worshiped," said the guide; and he bowed to his idol. So it ever is with woman,—some idol will be worshiped. Guide her affections to her Maker. As naturally as the ivy clings to the old castle ruins, does woman seek support. Train the young tendrils that they may cling to the strong for strength. Cultivate her temper. The rainbow of hope should ever illuminate her countenance, her words should fall like the dew-drops of evening, refreshing the weary,—for every woman should reverence and wear religion's wreath.

In conclusion, her education should be practical, shedding its silvery light around her pathway of life. Such an education would fit her to perform all her duties, as sister, wife, and mother. If woman does her duty to herself she will not be dependent on "Woman's Rights' Conventions" for a position. A SCHOOL GIRL.  
Lima, N. Y., 1863.

ABOUT DRESS.

WE make the following extract from a work recently issued by Dr. DRO LEWIS, entitled, "Weak Links and How to make them Strong."

The waist should be several inches larger than the woman's body; a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action. The bands of the skirts should be much larger than the body; the buttons to be placed on the band of the inside skirt, just as they are on a gentleman's pants for suspenders, and the same elastic suspenders worn, crossing behind. Make button-holes in the bands of the other skirts, to correspond with the buttons on the inside skirt, and button on; thus one pair of suspenders will carry three or more skirts. This style of dress is attended by no discomfort to the wearer, and allows full action to every organ of the body. Of course, corsets should NEVER be worn. And with the skirts supported as above described, there is no apology for wearing them. The dress I have described may be made so pretty that it will be much admired. Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all that beauty of outline which Powers and other great artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, as advised above, there will be no need of whalebones to keep it down. God knew what He was doing when He made the human body, and made it just right in every way; we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.

In all seasons of the year, and in all climates, the best material for dress, for old and young, for strong and weak, is woolen. It is the poorest conductor of heat, and therefore secures the most equable temperature. This is the principal object of dress. The superiority of woolen clothing for babes is even greater in July than in January. In the warmest days a single thickness of soft flannel will suffice. But if linen or cotton be worn, the garment is soon moistened by perspiration, and two or three additional thicknesses are needed to protect the child against the ill effects of a draught. In warm weather we find it necessary to wear woolen garments in the gymnasium, as a protection against a chill from draughts while perspiring. Our soldiers in the South find flannel their best friend, securing them against the extremes and exposures of their camp and field life. Blacksmiths, glass-blowers, furnace-men, and others exposed to the highest temperatures, find woolen indispensable. Few practices will do so much to secure the comfort and protect the health of young children as dressing them in flannel night and day, the year round. It may be objected that flannel irritates a delicate skin. This is often so, as the skin is now treated. But there is no baby's skin so thin and delicate that daily bathing and faithful friction may not remove this extreme susceptibility. And as the skin is the organ upon which the outer world makes its impressions, nothing is more important than that all morbid susceptibility should be removed.

DUTY OF AMERICAN MOTHERS.

IN an essay on the duties of American mothers our own WEBSTER says:

Mothers are the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins the process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressive years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contest and tumultuous scenes of life armed by those good principles which her child has first received from maternal care and love. If we draw within the circle of our own contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers, working not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

THE work that is to tell in Heaven must be that which is done on purpose for Heaven. The work that is done for earth goes down with us to our graves.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
IN MEMORIAM.

BY FRANK VOLTUS.

TWICE twelve moons have waxed and waned,  
Twice the flowers have sprung,  
And autumn twice her golden lines  
O'er hill and valley sung,  
Since from the teeming North went forth  
Those legions brave, and strong,  
As champions for their country's cause,  
Avengers of her wrong;  
Yet still they fight, for truth and right—  
The beautiful, the brave,  
Or on the field their lives they yield,  
And find a martyr's grave.  
A martyr's grave! Oh, glorious boon  
For loyal hearts, and true,  
When treason, bold and deadly, stalks  
Our proud Republic through.  
There thousands of our bravest, best,  
In distant unknown graves,  
Sleep 'neath a soil where lately trod  
The weary feet of slaves.  
There they struggled, bled, and died,  
That others might be free,—  
An humble offering at the shrine  
Of blessed Liberty.  
Oh, martyred patriots,—Freedom's sons  
On Freedom's soil begot!  
By every drop of patriot blood  
Which consecrates that spot,  
By every sundered tie of home,  
By all the fiery zeal  
With which they rushed to strike a blow  
For home, and Freedom's weal;  
By their orphaned children's wails,—  
Their stricken widow's tears,—  
Their names immortal shall live on  
Through countless future years:  
Shall live while beats one grateful heart  
To bless their memory,  
Who tasted death to make our land  
A country of the free.  
Orange, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

IT is written over the face of all nature,—it dwells in all her works. Whenever or wherever we see aught that is beautiful or sublime, we cannot fail to discern its presence. It is as visible in the tiny violet springing by the wayside, with its drop of dew sparkling in the morning sunbeam, as in the lofty oak which has withstood the blast of many a storm,—as visible on the stars that dance so merrily in the wide expanse of heaven's firmament as in the blinding rays of our great central orb. It is not found alone in Italy's fair domain, that classic land of poets; not alone amid the scenes of grandeur and sublimity, her groves fragrant with the perfume of many flowers, her halls of art filled with the paintings and sculpture of those illustrious men of other times whose fame is world-renowned. Nor yet in Switzerland, with her beautiful and picturesque scenery which has been the admiration of generations long since passed away. It is found in every clime and age; in all the world it veils every scene on which the eye of man may rest. It clothes each with a beautifying hue that adds new luster to the plainest garb of nature.

Whenever or however found, it exerts an elevating influence over fallen man, it tends to elevate and ennoble the carnal mind; it elevates and aids him to look for enjoyment in something higher than sensual and selfish pleasure, he searches for that which may satisfy the longings of his immortal soul. Inspired by its influence he turns to contemplate the majesty of Nature's great and marvelous works, upon which he finds abundant food to feast his poetic spirit, and while meditating upon this mysterious universe, man sinks into nothingness in comparison with the mighty works of the great Creator. It has been very truthfully said that God is the great Master Poet, and we might add that creation is His master-piece, in which is blended grandeur and magnificence, and which displays His infinite wisdom, power and holiness, and in each creative part is infused the spirit of poetry. Who can contemplate Niagara's stupendous cataract and not feel his soul awed within him as he beholds its wondrous beauty? Yet this is but one of the many scenes,—but a mere atom in the world of immensity.

Whatever form the spirit of poetry may take, from whatsoever material it may emanate, it has a tendency to raise the soul to a wider and more extended field of thought,—to a higher sphere of existence,—and, as it were, connects our little life here with the boundless and indescribable hereafter. Religion,—that never failing source of peace and love, that sweet bond of fellowship,—partakes of this spirit and helps to form a connecting link between this present and future,—between this life and that which is to come. It has also been the fountain of that spirit which has shed a never fading halo round the lives of those Christian martyrs who died a sacrifice to the tyranny of wicked despotism. It is that spirit which unfolds to the poet the mysteries of the glowing universe, of Sentiment and Fancy, where every scene is filled with the fragrance of the blossoms of Hope's fairest flowers. It unveils to him the hidden splendors of these delightful realms, where fancy may soar unrestrained by the pomp and vanity of this world, unlettered by aught that can mar its brightness. His enraptured mind dwells amid those flowery scenes of ideal loveliness, until, wrapt in ecstasy, soft and zephyr-like music floats around him, and his imagination forms bright and radiant conceptions, which appear clothed in poetic language, while nations are held in the viewless chains of admiration, and in the sublimity of the contemplation, the material seems to lose itself in the spiritual, and the world becomes fascinated with his production. How dull, how unharmonious

would be nature's world were it not for this spirit adding new life and beauty. In vain might we search for beauty. All would be a listless void, destitute of aught that could satisfy the better mind, and man, himself, who was formed but little lower than the angels, and placed here to enjoy the world of nature, what would be his enjoyment without this spirit? How dreary would be his life, were it not for the beautiful and delightful sensations caused by its grandeur,—the longings of his Immortal Soul.  
June, 1863. LOUISA B. BYRES.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
RAINY DAYS.

THE rainy days—who does not greet them with pleasure? Who would not gladly exchange a few days of brightness and of sunshine for those "old-fashioned" rainy days,—such as we hear the old folks talk of,—days when the industrious plowman, driven from the field by the rain, took shelter in his humble cabin and spent a peaceful hour in telling his family the romantic legend and the still stranger tale. Who could not spend an hour with pleasure in noting the many deeds of those rainy days of old? Yes, those rainy days were the days for amusement—the days in which the happy spinster, sitting beside her kitchen fire, kept time to the continual patter of the rain by the rattle of the treadle and the hum of the wheel, while the honest pioneer with his rifle in his hand taught his children the first lessons of patriotism.

Such are some of the many associations of the rainy days of the "olden time," but we have our rainy days also, and though they may not be spent in the same manner as those of our fathers, yet they are to all welcome guests. All will say that they enjoy the rainy days. Then it is that men launch themselves out from the cares and duties of sunny weather, and in a spirit of half forgetfulness enter upon some pleasing day-dream. It is then that authors and writers give us their true sentiments and characters unalloyed and unsullied by too treacherous Art. Who can doubt that many of the flowing lines of Poe, and the pleasing verses of WHITTIER, were written when they were greeted by "the pattering of the soft rain overhead."

The summer rains—how pleasant—how cheering to the sight. All nature drooping and fading under the scorching heat of the mid-day sun is revived and again made beautiful and green.

The rains of autumn—do we not love them, too? They fall with measured and steady tread as if to warn us that

"Beauty has its time to fade,  
And leaves their time to fall."

They speak to us of the Autumn of Life, when their gentle drops shall no longer greet our eyes, but fall in solemn accents upon our graves.

The gloomy rains of winter—gladly do we greet them mingled with their hail and sleet; and the reviving and gladdening showers of spring once more calling forth the flowers from their winter retreats—who would idly pass them by?

O, what a lesson,—what a pleasing and instructive lesson,—is taught us by the pattering drops of falling rain. Let that lesson be studied,—let rainy days be improved, and instruction will be gained even though we may be confined in a dreary room. ARNO.  
Hopdale, Ohio, 1863.

THE INSINCERITY OF SOCIAL LIFE.

WHO is the prophet that shall uncover the abysses of our acted lives, and pour adequate shame on our mutual impositions? Smiles on our faces, with envy and jealousy underneath; cordiality in our grasp, with no connecting nerve between the fingers and the heart; deference in our professions, with no suitable esteem, no genuine respect, no sacred sincerity; invitations issued with a fraud lurking in their politeness; getting the company together by one falsehood; greetings of indiscriminate and extravagant welcome receiving them with another; fashions made up of composite illusions, ornamenting them with another; ceremonies of elaborate make-believe, sustaining their mock dignity with another; and dishonest regrets at the farewell, dismissing them with another—who will dare to affirm these do not enter appallingly into the staple of what we call civilized and elegant life? When is the rugged, truth speaking, Christian time coming, which shall tear open and rend apart these guilty illusions, plant the communion of soul with soul on some pure and just foundation, and restore the social world to its primitive and upright simplicity?—F. D. Huntington.

THE WORLD.—There is more sunshine than rain—more joy than pain—more love than hate—more smiles than tears, in the world. Those who say to the contrary we should not choose for our friends or companions. The good heart, the tender feelings, and the pleasant disposition, make smiles, love and sunshine everywhere. A word spoken pleasantly is a large spot of sunshine on the heart—who has not seen its effects? A smile is like the bursting out of the sun behind a cloud to him who thought he had no friend in the wide world. The tear of affection, how brightly it shines along the dark path of life! A thousand gems make a milky way on earth, more glorious than the glorious cluster over our heads.

THE older a man grows the fonder he becomes of the dim distances of childhood and of light-hearted pleasure which he has left so far behind him. The words youth and beauty stir in his mind the old associations of the past, and call up within him springs of indistinct fondness.

ALL blessings are trials. They show what we are by the way in which we take them.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE EARLY DEAD!

BY MAGGIE M. KETOSUM.

THE moon is wan, and her sickly light  
Is hid by the sombre cloud;  
Whose dusky folds, like a sable pall,  
The wintry sky enshroud,  
The wild wind sweeps thro' the withered boughs,  
And howls like a spirit lost,  
And the last red leaves of the summer time,  
On its shadowy wings are tossed.

On such a night I think of those  
Who sleep in the earth's cold breast,  
Pale friends, sweet friends, I envy you  
The peace of your dreamless rest  
Faint things were ye as the summer rose  
Which dies while the year is young,  
As bright and fair in your life's spring-time  
As the buds 'mid its green leaves hung.

I cannot wish ye had longer stayed  
'Mid the scenes of this busy earth;  
For well I know that its empty show  
To a thousand woes give birth.  
No stain was on your spirit-wings,  
No shade in your beaming eye,  
Ye passed from earth ere yet ye knew  
How hard it was to die.

How hard to die, when the burning hopes  
Of life's summer-time dream strong,  
And the thousand blissful fancies of earth  
Upon the spirit throng;  
But ye went like birds to a foreign clime,  
When the summer hours were passed,  
And ye knew, like these birds, that far away  
Ye should find a home at last.

Sheridan, N. Y., 1863.

THE CLOCK OF LIFE.

THE Bible describes the years of man to be threescore years and ten, or fourscore years. Now, life is very uncertain, and we may not live a single day longer; but if we divide the fourscore years of an old man's life into twelve parts, like the dial of the clock, it will allow almost seven years for every figure. When a boy is seven years old then it is one o'clock of his life; when he arrives at fourteen years it will be two o'clock; and when at twenty-one years, it will be three o'clock, should it please God thus to spare his life. In this manner we may always know the time of our life, and looking at the clock may perhaps remind us of it. At what hour you and I shall die, is only known to Him to whom all things are known.

I know not what o'clock it may be with the reader, but I know very well what time it is with myself; and that if I mean to do anything in this world which hitherto I have neglected, it is high time to set about it. Look about you, I earnestly entreat you, and now and then ask yourself, reader, what o'clock it is with you? WATCH.

THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.

THERE is a vast difference between the aspect of illness, however serious, and of death. A difference which none can understand who have not witnessed it. We may watch by a sick bed week after week, and month after month, and feel no hesitation in bringing to it the pursuits and amusements of common life. We smile, and the smile is without sadness; we laugh, and the mirth gives us no shock. We even wish, as we say, to distract the invalid's thoughts; we know that business and pleasure imply the existence of a hope of recovery, and we feel that by encouraging such a hope we do, in fact, strengthen life. But there is a look, indescribable, but instantaneously felt, which acts upon us like the solemnity of a religious rite. As we gaze upon it, business becomes profanation, and mirth mockery. Death has laid its grasp upon that mortal frame, and death, however gentle its approach, is the summons to a preference before which every interest and engagement of earth must be tested for eternity.—M. A. Jewell.

GRIEF AND TRIAL.—Griefs and trials are all matters of comparison; we are apt to overlook this as we grow old. When we have faced the great battle of life, and learnt to stand alone in the conflict, looking out to heaven for aid, we can scarcely forget the trembling, almost agonized hopelessness with which we gazed around, searching for human guidance, when in the providence of God, we were first brought into a position of difficulty and left to act according to our own discretion, with our faith in the judgment of others shaken, and our confidence in ourselves—naught. This is the trial of hundreds who have within themselves the power and the will to act rightly and fearlessly, but whose faults have hidden from themselves the strength of their own character.

THEY who live with falsehoods—fashion, vanity, worldly ambition, self-importance—as if they involved lasting interests, will be blind when brought in contact with the most impressive realities, because, in the ordering of God's Providence, the same favors invest both truth and deception, the things of time, and the things of Eternity; and only the eyes that have been opened by His grave can see the immeasurable difference between them.

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subversively—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

As the earth is but a point compared to the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys.

Historical.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The following thrilling account of the closing day's action in the terrific battle at Gettysburg, from the pen of SAM'L WILKESON, Esq., regular army correspondent of the N. Y. Times, will be perused with interest by RURAL readers:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }  
Saturday Night, July 4, 1863. }

Who can write the history of a battle, whose eyes are immovably fastened upon a central figure of transcendently absorbing interest—the dead body of an oldest born, crushed by a shell in a position where a battery should never have been sent, and abandoned to death in a building where surgeons dared not to stay?

The battle of Gettysburg! I am told that it commenced on the 1st of July, a mile north of the town, between two weak brigades of infantry and some doomed artillery, and the whole force of the rebel army. Among other costs of this error was the death of Reynolds. Its value was priceless, however, though priceless was the young and the old blood with which it was bought. The error put us on the defensive, and gave us the choice of position. From the moment that our artillery and infantry rolled back through the main street of Gettysburg and rolled out of the town to the circle of eminences south of it, we were not to attack, but to be attacked. The risks, the difficulties and the disadvantages of the coming battle were the enemy's. Ours were the heights for artillery; ours the short, inside lines for maneuvering and re-enforcing; ours the cover of stone-walls, fences, and the crests of hills. The ground upon which we were driven to accept battle was wonderfully favorable to us. A popular description of it would be to say that it was in form an elongated and somewhat sharpened horseshoe, with the toe to Gettysburg and the heel to the south.

Lee's plan of battle was simple. He massed his troops upon the east side of this shoe of position, and thundered on it obstinately to break it. The shelling of our batteries from the nearest overlooking hill, and the unflinching courage and complete discipline of the army of the Potomac, repelled the attack. It was renewed at the point of the shoe—renewed desperately at the southwest heel—renewed on the western side with an effort consecrated to success by Ewell's earnest oaths, and on which the fate of the invasion of Pennsylvania was fully put at stake. Only a perfect infantry and an artillery educated in the midst of charges of hostile brigades could possibly have sustained this assault. Hancock's corps did sustain it, and has covered itself with immortal honors by its constancy and courage. The total wreck of Cushing's battery—the list of its killed and wounded—the losses of officers, men and horses Cowen sustained—and the marvelous outspread upon the board of death of dead soldiers and dead animals—of dead soldiers in blue, and dead soldiers in gray—more marvellous to me than anything I have ever seen in war—are a ghastly and shocking testimony to the terrible fight of the 2d corps that none will gainsay. That corps will ever have the distinction of breaking the pride and power of the rebel invasion.

The battle commenced at daylight, on the side of the horse-shoe position, exactly opposite to that which Ewell had sworn to crush through. Musketry preceded the rising of the sun. A thick wood veiled this fight, but out of its leafy darkness arose the smoke and the surging and swelling of the fire, from intermittent to continuous and crushing, which told of the wise tactics of the rebels of attacking in force and changing their troops. Seemingly the attack of the day was to be made through that wood. The demonstration was protracted—it was absolutely preparative; but there was no artillery fire accompanying the musketry, and shrewd officers in our western front mentioned, with the gravity due to the fact, that the rebels had felled trees at intervals upon the edge of the wood they occupied in face of our position. These were breast-works for the protection of artillerymen.

Suddenly, and about 10 in the forenoon, the firing on the east side, and everywhere about our lines, ceased. A silence as of deep sleep fell upon the field of battle. Our army cooked, ate and slumbered. The rebel army moved 120 guns to the west, and massed there Longstreet's corps and Hill's corps, to hurl them upon the really weakest point of our entire position.

Eleven o'clock—twelve o'clock—one o'clock. In the shadow cast by the tiny farm house 15 by 20, lay Gen. Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff officers and tired reporters. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene the singing of a bird, which had a nest in a peach tree within the tiny yard of the whitewashed cottage. In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and to American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire, that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard—burst next to the fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another—sixteen laid dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of a storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all

of us the marvelous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step of the Headquarters' Cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst open door—another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made.

During this fire the houses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. Not an orderly—not an ambulance—not a stranger was to be seen upon the plain swept by this tempest of orchestral death thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their purposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defences behind which our infantry were waiting? Forty minutes—fifty minutes—counted on watches that ran, oh, so languidly. Shells through the two lower rooms; a shell into the chimney that daringly dare not explode; shells in the yard. The air thicker and fuller and more deafening with the howling whirring of these infernal missiles. The chief of staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected through the army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aid bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. Another cut with an exploded piece. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes.

Then there was a lull, and we knew that the rebel infantry was charging. And splendidly they did this work—the highest and severest test of the stuff that soldiers are made of. Hill's division, in line of battle, came first on the double-quick, their muskets at the "right-shoulder shift." Longstreet's came as the support, at the usual distance, with war cries and a savage insolence as yet unuttered by defeat. They rushed in perfect order across the open field, up to the very muzzles of the guns, which tore lanes through them as they came. But they met men who were their equals in spirit, and their superiors in tenacity. There never was better fighting since Thermopylae, than was done yesterday by our infantry and artillery. The rebels were over our defences. They had cleaned cannoniers and horses from one of the guns, and were whirling it around to use upon us. The bayonet drove them back. But so hard pressed was this brave infantry, that at one time, from the exhaustion of their ammunition, every battery upon the principal crest of attack was silent, except Cowen's. His service of grape and canister was awful. It enabled our line, outnumbered two to one, first to beat back Longstreet, and then to charge upon him, and a great number of his men were taken prisoners. Strange sight! So terrible was our musketry and artillery fire, that when Armistead's brigade was checked in its charge, and stood reeling, all of its men dropped their muskets and crawled on their hands and knees underneath the stream of shot till close to our troops, where they made signs of surrendering. They passed through our ranks scarcely noticed, and slowly went down the slope to the road in the rear.

Before they got there the grand charge of Ewell, solemnly sworn to and carefully prepared, had failed. The rebels had retreated to their lines, and opened anew the storm of shell and shot from their 120 guns. Those who remained at the riddled headquarters will never forget the crouching, and dodging, and running of the butternut-colored captives, when they got under this, their friends', fire. It was appalling to us good soldiers even as they were.

What remains to say of the fight? It staggered surlily on the middle of the horseshoe on the west, grew big and angry on the heel at the southwest, lasted there till 8 o'clock in the evening, when the fighting 6th corps went joyously by as a re-enforcement through the wood bright with coffee pots on the fire.

Rebel officers with whom I have conversed frankly admit that the result of the last two days has been most disastrous to their cause, which depended, they say, upon the success of Lee's attempt to transfer the seat of war from Virginia to the Northern Border States. A wounded rebel Colonel told me that, in the first and second days' fight, the rebel losses were between eleven and twelve thousand. Yesterday they were greater still. In one part of the field, in a space not more than twenty feet in circumference, in front of Gen. Gibbons' division, I counted seven dead rebels, three of whom were piled on top of each other. And close by, in a spot not more than fifteen feet square, lay fifteen "graybacks," stretched in death. These were the adventurous spirits, who, in the face of the horrible stream of canister, shell and musketry, scaled the fence wall in the attempt upon our batteries. Very large numbers of wounded were also strewn around, not to mention more who had crawled away or been taken away.

The field in front of the stone-wall was literally covered with dead and wounded, a large proportion of whom were rebels. Where our musketry and artillery took effect they lay in swaths, as if mown down by a scythe. This field presented a horrible sight—such as has never yet been witnessed during the war. Not less than one thousand dead and wounded laid in a space of less than four acres in extent, and that, too, after numbers had crawled away to places of shelter.

Before the fighting was over—before sunset, considerably—the signal officers reported that an immense train of army wagons was going out of Gettysburg northwest, on the road to Cash-town. Oh! that they could have run against the stone-wall of the Harrisburg army.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

THE REVELATIONS OF THE TELESCOPE.

MAN is the noblest work of God—a combination of heaven and earth. No other phenomenon has God enthroned so high in glory as He has that made in His own image—Man. To him has He given countless agencies whereby the power of His wonders might be unfolded—entrusted to him keys which unlock the uttermost parts of His dominion. Geology travels the whole earth over, and brings from its extreme limits caskets of mineral and earthy knowledge. Botany gently wakes the tiny flowerets, and bids them tell to admiring throngs the beauties of their mission. Micrography lends a willing hand, and through its mirrored lenses the minute, invisible particles fly from their concealment and lie in open beauty upon the delicate organs of sight; while Astronomy, the key of keys—contented not with a terrestrial mission, opens the very heavens, and pours upon us the balmy air of the far beyond. Boundless in their mysterious grandeur, its revelations are admired by the simplest minds, while from the sage a constant incense of adoration and praise ascends to the altar of their unrivaled beauty.

Experience as well as philosophy teaches us that one of the earliest inquiries awakened in the mind is in reference to the host of starry choristers in the blue vault above us. The little child, prattling upon its mother's knee, looks out upon the sparkling canopy, all decked with burning gems, and his little heart thrills with love as, in those familiar words, he impulsively exclaims:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star:  
How I wonder what you are,  
Up above the world so high;  
Like a diamond in the sky!"

Beautiful thought! and the sentiment of every individual, who, unassisted by telescopic art, views the grandeur of the heavens with the natural eye, millions and millions of starry worlds, with all their jpeculiar phenomena, sweeping across the universe—what a panorama for the human eye!—what a field of inquiry for the human mind! Oh, it seems to me sometimes, when I feast upon such glories, that they are little worlds of love, moulded in the flame around God's throne, and gently held in His hands by unseen chords, kept strung by the breath of happy angels, or in the beautiful language of Dr. A. MAHAN:—"The canopy of heaven, in a cloudless night, appears as if some tall seraph, standing on one of the battlements of heaven had shaken his crown, and its countless pearls had fallen thickly upon the firmament." I do not wonder that the poor heathens of ancient mythology, when they felt the glories of glittering worlds pierce their very souls, bowed the knee in humble reverence to the gods of their imagination. Nay! the bright radii, as they fell like pointed arrows into their ardent breasts, seemed all freighted with spirits of infinity, and soft-winged angels knelt beside starry rivulets and filled bright cups to bathe their devoted brows.

Science has furnished us with means whereby we may not only pierce the dark obscurity which lies between us and other planets; measure the magnitude of the celestial orbs and count their glories; but actually traverse their several domains, analyze all their problems and become acquainted with their particular characters. Such is the glorious mission of the Telescope. To the astronomer it comes freighted with wondrous revelations—the theme of his constant study and joy. It widens the narrow boundaries of his naked eye, and makes the tender retina grow stronger as, through its concave mirrors, it gathers all the rays of planetary mystery and impresses them in beautiful imagery upon its surface. The planets, all opaque in themselves, surrounding in beautiful harmony the sun from whose celestial light they draw their life; the comets, with their eccentric orbits, now swiftly approaching the sun, as if trying their affectionate powers,—and now,—as if disappointed,—as swiftly receding to the furthest limits; the fixed stars, standing firm in all their dignity,—forcible emblems of purpose and perseverance. The innumerable clusters of lighted worlds, colossal abodes of life and power; the "Aurora Borealis," with its fiery coronet, forming columns of oscillating magnificence; the satellites, whose domestic lamps which, in the absence of the great central lamp, hang suspended near the planets to which they severally belong; while in their very midst, reigning independent in all his glory, the sun, the center of the system, the great nucleus, revolving around which are all the constellations of starry worlds,—this is the picture which grows to infinity as it spreads itself upon the vision of the delighted astronomer. He takes his faithful telescope, and from the pinnacles of joy, traces in every star a chain of systems,—leaves counting the dimension of the moons of Saturn, to admire a new series of worlds, which pour suddenly upon his sight, and leaves even those, to grasp the yet newer constellations which arise upon the arena of the far remote, until the earth, our own loved planet, shrinks into insignificance among the works of God.

Let us, for a moment, set free the fancy and contemplate the amount of matter which enters into the composition of the visible universe. Our own planet, revolving with a diameter of 8,000, and a circumference of 25,000 miles, presents for the mind's contemplation a field of observation truly immense. The conception of a mile square upon its surface is a task of no moderate degree. With what overwhelming force, then, must the thought rush upon the mind, that this but the 200,000,000 part of the whole surface of the globe; a distance which the strongest eye, or the most vivid imagination can never grasp at one time. Let us pass from the surface to the interior, and we find the great truth written everywhere, that could the number of cubic inches of matter en-

tering into its composition be expressed in figures, the limits of a finite mind could never comprehend such force of quantity. Now, develop in our minds the thought that some of the other planetary bodies, which to the natural eye, appear like little specks of light in the great sea above us, are as inconceivably greater than is ours, as is the whole surface of our globe greater than that of a square mile, while the mass of matter comprised in some groups of heavenly bodies, irrespective of the sun and the comets, exceeds that of the earth 2,500 times, while the sun is more than 500 times as large as all these planets together, and more than 1,500,000 larger than the earth, and we have a faint conception of the extent of a single system. Now, the Telescope has brought within the sphere of human vision upwards of 200,000,000 of fixed stars, each of which is unquestionably a central sun encircled with a vast system of planets and satellites like our own king of day. Nor have we any reason to suppose that even telescopic vision has done anything more than to bring us within the mere outskirts, or border territories of the creation of God.

One great leading fact which the telescope has revealed with almost undoubted certainty should not be overlooked in this connection. Each particular system has its central sun, with its planets and their satellites. The great revelation of the telescope, is this, that each one of these central orbs is but a satellite of some other central orb, still more remote. Thus the whole material universe is revealed as combined into one universal system—a system of systems; moving together about one common centre of universal attraction,—a central orb as much larger than all the other portions of the material universe as our sun surpasses in its dimensions that of the whole system of worlds revolving around it. Thus might we trace, by the imagination, chain after chain of systems, until the mind itself, with all its strongest faculties, is lost in the ocean of infinity. But what shall we say or think of this great central—all illuminating and all attracting luminary—an orb whose dimensions, in all probability, are thousands of times as great as that of all the worlds, and systems of worlds with which it is encircled. Is it not the home of those pure, blessed ones, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb and came out of great tribulation? Is it not the location of the throne of God? O, fellow mortals, have you not seen in the very depths of this infinity—in the midst of all these systems—a bright palace—a glorious throne, and One who sat thereon like unto the God of Israel? Have you not located, somewhere in the vast wilderness of stars, a peopled city, whose streets were of jasper and of pure gold, and whose canopy like the tinted rainbow? And have you not veiled your very faces as you beheld, wearing a crown of thorns, the Lamb,—The Holy One—before whom the very angels bowed with trailing wings and lowered harps, as they sang, with mute lips, the praises of the GOD OF WORLDS? Oh, it is a solemn truth, and one with which we should all be content, that somewhere in the infinity above us, beyond the reach of earthly telescope—a good and great GOD presides—the author of all these living worlds—the lover of all that fills them—OUR FATHER and our GOD. MARY PRICE, Adrian, Mich., 1863.

Reading for the Young.

CHARLES RIVERS AND HIS THOUGHTS.

NUMBER SEVEN.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

"CHARLEY," said TOM DEFOE, one morning on their way to school, "I feel just like fighting—I believe I shall whip BOB BLINKKEY the first time I catch him. He deserves it."

"What for TOM?"

"Why, he insulted me, and beside that, he climbs into my garden and picks my finest flowers. I cannot stand that, to say nothing of his impudence."

"What made him insult you?"

"I don't know. I caught him in my garden, and told him he must leave. I never could bear him anywhere, but when I found him in my garden, I was mad. I told him if I ever caught him there again, I would set Blitz on him. He said he would kill Blitz; and he did not care for me nor for my flowers—would go into my garden when he liked, and went off in a great rage. As he went he snatched off a half dozen of the finest buds and blossoms. I tell you if Blitz had been with me I would have set him on."

"And perhaps have injured BOB for life. But TOM, was BOB gathering flowers when you first saw him?"

"No; he did not pick any until I drove him out of the garden."

"Had he walked on the borders, or injured any of the plants?"

"No, not that I could find. But why?"

"What was he doing when you first found him?"

"O, nothing only looking about, occasionally stooping down to examine or smell of a flower."

"Did he act as though he intended to do any mischief? Did he start when you spoke to him and act guilty?"

"No, I don't think he did; he straightened up and looked at me as if he thought he had as much right there as I."

"Did you give him any chance to explain why he was there, and what he wanted?"

"No sir! I thought I had a right to oust him at once, and set about it."

"Don't you believe BOB BLINKKEY likes flowers as much as you or I, TOM?"

"Don't know. If he does, why don't he cultivate them, and mind his own business?"

"He has got a fine flower garden, and from what you have said of the whole transaction, I

cannot see that he was injuring you, or minding anybody's business but his own."

"But he had no right to be in my garden?"

"Perhaps not; but suppose I should be passing it to-morrow morning, and should be tempted by its beauty to climb the fence and walk in it, being careful 'the while not to injure a flower, would you set Blitz on me, or scold me off?"

"Of course not; how silly!—but that is altogether different."

"How different? I should behave myself. So did BOB until you insulted him."

"I insulted him?"

"Of course you did. I should have regarded it an insult had you treated me as you did him—so would you, had he treated you in like manner. Now I put it to you, TOM, would'n't you?"

"TOM averted his face and did not answer, but CHARLES continued—"

"TOM, you said you never could bear BOB BLINKKEY. Now, why not? Has he ever done you an injury?—or has he done anything to anybody that should make you dislike him? Say TOM, has he?"

"No, CHARLEY, I cannot say that he has; but you know he is bad-looking, and poor, and—"

"For shame!—lie on you. Poor! and bad-looking! and you cannot bear him! Now see here: suppose your father should suddenly lose his property and become poor; and suppose some accident should happen to you by which your face should be badly disfigured; would that be any cause why your class-mates should despise you?"

"That is impossible!"

"Not at all; stranger things than that have happened. Now tell me, would you think it good cause why CHARLES RIVERS should shun you, if these misfortunes should come upon you?"

"I never thought of that before, CHARLEY."

"Can you see any good cause why you should dislike BOB?"

"No, I don't know that I can."

"You evidently know very little about him, or you never would have driven him from your garden. I cannot say, TOM, that I think you acted like a gentleman, according to your own story. BOB BLINKKEY is a fellow who has much good sense and good taste, too, and I consider him one of my best friends."

"One of your best friends CHARLEY?"

"Yes sir: I have spent a great many pleasant hours with him in his garden. You know father used to own a farm adjoining his father's place, and when we used to work it, I used to be down there a good deal, and we were often together. Only the other day I met him and told him about your garden—what a beautiful place it was, and urged him to visit it, and I have no doubt that is the reason he intruded upon your domain. So you see I am responsible for the mortal offence BOB BLINKKEY has given you, and you had better settle with me, TOM. So lay on! I'll take the punishment. But there must be one condition about it. You must get acquainted with BOB. He would not have treated you as you did him if you had visited his garden in the same manner; he would not have regarded it any trespass."

"I'm a fool, CHARLEY—a big fool. Yes, I'll go and see BOB, and he will do right if he gives me a trouncing!"

"Impulsive as ever! You were going to trounce him; now you are going to beg him to trounce you. Ahem! You were going to make a brute of yourself, and now that you are shown the folly of it, you want him to make a brute of himself."

"How make a brute of himself?"

"Why, by whipping you. Do you know I think it the most foolish thing in the world for two boys to fight? No matter what the provocation, it is silly and wicked—there is no excuse for it."

"But if—"

"No, there are no 'but if's' about it. It is better to suffer wrong than do wrong. Because the chap who strikes you does wrong, is it any reason why you should do a wicked unmanly act by striking back?—for it is unmanly and no indication of courage. And then, what good does it do? Do you feel any better after it is over? Is it any satisfaction to know that you are the biggest brute, and have whipped the boy who fights you? How do you feel after it? Don't you feel just like a cur-dog, and not a bit like a man? And sensible people regard you with just about as much respect as they do a fighting dog—no more, at least."

"Well, I don't know but you are right, CHARLEY, but the Old Harry seems to take possession of me when I get mad."

"The 'Old Harry,' as you call him, does take possession of you, and it is your business to fight him off instead of fighting your playmates. It will require more courage and harder battles to conquer him, than it will to bruise and deface your fellow-creatures. Just give the 'Old Harry' the first five blows, and you will have no disposition to strike anybody else."

TOM laughed and promised to try: said he was convinced every day he was a great nunny. Would CHARLEY go with him to see BOB BLINKKEY?—he wanted to ask his pardon for the treatment he had given him.

CHARLES promised, and the bell rang for school.

WHERE real true fortitude dwells, loyalty, friendship and fidelity may be found.

WISDOM.—The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous; the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

THE greater the difficulty, the more glory is there surrounding it. Skillful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

WE should so live and labor that what came to us as seed may go to the next generation as blossoms, and what came to us as blossoms may go to them as fruit.

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 18, 1863.

Movements in the West and South-West.

**ARKANSAS.**—Between 8,000 and 10,000 rebels under Holmes, Price and Marmaduke, made an attack on Helena on the morning of 4th. They advanced in three columns, but the roughness of the ground was such as to prevent the rebels from bringing up their artillery, and they attempted to carry the works by assault. The center works were charged in the direction of Fort Curtis, and they took three lines of rifle pits. The flank attack was not so successful, which subjected the center to an enflading fire, which swept them down in great numbers. They were soon surrounded and captured. One whole brigade, or what was left of it, numbering 840, fell into our hands; 740 of them arrived at Cairo on the morning of the 7th, and among them Col. Lewis of the 7th Miss., Col. Johnson and Col. Bell. General Prentiss was aware of a contemplated attack, and was prepared. He had about 4,000 men, and was assisted by the gunboat Tyler. Prisoners say the attack will be renewed. The battle commenced at 4 o'clock and continued till 10 A. M. The rebel loss was severe. Federal loss slight. Gen. Prentiss is confident he can repel any assault made.

It is thought the rebel depredations near Lake Providence were to draw the gunboats to that point, and thus give them a better opportunity at Helena.

The following official in reference to the above, has been received in Washington:

**HELENA, Ark., July 5.**  
To Major-General Halleck:—We encountered the enemy, 45,000 strong, under Generals Holmes, Price, Marmaduke and others on the A. M. of the 4th, and whipped them handsomely. We have captured 1,500 stand of arms and two colors. Our total loss will not exceed 250. The enemy's losses are very severe, nothing less than 2,500 killed, wounded and missing.

**B. M. PRENTISS, Maj.-Gen.**  
**TENNESSEE.**—Citizens of Franklin and Springhill report the country north of the Tennessee River filled with deserters from Gen. Bragg's army, mostly Tennesseans. The number is estimated at 15,000.

The Cincinnati Commercial of the 9th, has the following special dispatch from Tullahoma of July 8:—The rebel army under General Bragg yesterday retreated across the Tennessee River and destroyed the splendid bridge at Ridgeport. The rebel stragglers captured state that Bragg's army is completely demoralized and crumbling to pieces as it recedes.

**INDIAN TERRITORY.**—On Sunday the 5th, Gen. Blunt, with all the cavalry he could raise, started from Fort Scott, Kansas, to Fort Gibson in the Indian Territory. Information received at headquarters of the District of the Frontier, shows that Col. Phillips' Indian Brigade is hard pressed by the enemy, who is reported to be 7,000 strong. Three infantry regiments are marching to reinforce Col. Phillips. Gen. Blunt took no train, and will cross the Arkansas and offer battle.

**INDIANA.**—Eleven rebel regiments, aggregating 4,000 men, with ten pieces of artillery, including two howitzers, crossed the Ohio River at Corydon on the 8th, and encamped near Corydon, Ind. They were commanded by John Morgan and Basil Duke.

On the 10th, Morgan's forces reached Jeffersonville Railroad. They burned a depot and railroad bridge, and moved in the direction of Madison, with the intention, it is supposed, of crossing the river at Grassy Flats. Prisoners who escaped from Basil Duke's regiment at Vienna, say that the rebels were in great haste, and think from what they could learn, that the intention of the raid is to pass through Indiana and Ohio, and join Lee.

On the 11th, Morgan's forces moved from Vienna eastward, arriving at Vernon, on the Madison and Indianapolis Railroad, at 6 o'clock, P. M., and demanded the surrender of the town. It was refused by Col. Berkham, commanding the Federal forces. Half an hour was given for the removal of the women and children. At the expiration of that time our forces moved out to meet the enemy, but found they had retreated. Scouts were sent in pursuit and captured nineteen rebels. No loss took place on our side.

After leaving Vernon, they moved southward, tore up the railroad track, cut the telegraph, and also destroyed a portion of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad west of Vernon. They then moved eastward, arriving at Versailles to-day. A squad of sixty moved on Osgood, turned the bridge on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, and took the telegraph operator prisoner.

Gen. Manson, with a large force of infantry and artillery, left Jeffersonville on the 10th. They had a skirmish with the enemy near Grassy

Flats, and captured one Captain and nineteen men. Col. Gavin, with a force of 1,000 infantry, marched out from Sonman's, on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, and met a portion of Morgan's forces two and one-half miles from that place. A skirmish ensued, and we lost one man killed.

A telegram on the 12th, says that Morgan's raid to-night reached to within seven miles of the Ohio line. Some bridges on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad between Cochran and North Vernon were destroyed to-day. The rebels also approached the Indianapolis and Cincinnati Railroad, near Sunman's, where they were met by a regiment of militia and driven back. This, perhaps, was only a small body. The main force appears to be making for Aurora and Lawrenceburg.

Governor Morton has called upon the militia to muster to the number of 50,000 for the defense of the State. The call is being promptly responded to, and but little time will elapse ere Jeff. Davis' minions will be more anxious to seek their own polluted soil than they were to invade the loyal State of Indiana.

**MISSISSIPPI.**—The Missouri Democrat of the 8th says:—By the arrival of the steamer Maguire with Lieut. Dunn, of Gen. Sullivan's staff, from Vicksburg, we have been able to gather the following particulars of the closing scenes of the siege of Vicksburg:

The first flag of truce for some time was July 1st, asking for an escort for two Englishmen, who had been wounded, which was granted by our General. Johnson was reported only twenty miles off, and ready for battle.

On the 3d, another flag came into our lines, accompanied by two Confederate officers, one of whom was Maj.-Gen. Bowen. The messengers were blindfolded. They awaited the return of Gen. Smith, who took the dispatches from Pemberton to Grant. Their eyes were unbandaged after an hour, and they conversed freely with Union officers. One of them said that iron enough has been thrown into the city to stock an immense foundry, and to build monuments for all those who had fallen. When Smith returned, the messengers were again blindfolded and conducted to a safe point from which they could enter their own lines. Great curiosity was manifested by officers and soldiers to learn the contents of Pemberton's dispatches, which was finally gratified.

The rebel General wished a cessation of hostilities, that there might not be an unnecessary effusion of blood, during which time Commissioners were to be appointed to agree on terms for a surrender. He also intimated that he could hold the city for an indefinite period. Grant replied briefly, saying Pemberton had in his power at any moment to stop bloodshed; that Commissioners were unnecessary, as the only stipulations he could accept were an unconditional surrender. Gen. Grant concluded with a tribute to the bravery and endurance of the rebel garrison, and said that if they surrendered they should all be treated with the courtesy due prisoners of war. The rebel messengers had not been gone long when Pemberton sent again, asking for a personal interview with the commanding General, which was promptly granted, and at three P. M., the conference took place about midway between the contending armies.

Grant came slowly to the place of rendezvous smoking a cigar, and apparently the only unexcited person cognizant of the proceedings in either army. Pemberton's first remark was, that he had been present when the different forces surrendered to the Federal arms in the Mexican war, and the enemy were granted terms and conditions, and so thought his army as well entitled to the favors as a foreign foe. Grant proposed a private conversation, to which Pemberton agreed, and the two Generals went aside.

After a little more than an hour terms were agreed upon. It was arranged that the Federal forces should enter the city at 10 A. M. the next day, July 4th. The rebels were all to be paroled on the spot, officers allowed to retain their horses and four days rations. All subject to exchange. The enemy numbered from 20,000 to 30,000.

At the time specified, Gen. Steele's division marched into the city, the bands playing national airs, and the Stars and Stripes soon waved over the garrisons and public buildings. Immediately after formal possession had been taken of the city, Col. Markland entered and took charge of the post-office, and commenced making arrangements to establish postal communication with the rest of the world.

There were 108 field pieces, 30 siege guns, and 50,000 stand of arms taken, with many other trophies of great value to the country.

Among the officers captured, were one Lieut.-General, (Pemberton), four Major-Generals, and between fifteen and twenty Brigadier-Generals.

The following has been received at the Naval Department:

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, FLAG SHIP BLACK HAWK, Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Wells, Secretary of Navy:

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that Vicksburg has surrendered at last to the U. S. forces, after a desperate but vain resistance. That she has not done, sooner has not been for want of ability on the part of our military commanders, but from the magnitude of the defenses, which were intended to repulse any force that the Government might send there.

What bearing this may have on the rebellion remains to be seen, but the magnitude of the success must go far toward crushing the rebellion, and establishing once more the commerce of the States bordering on the river.

History has seldom had an opportunity of reporting so desperate a defence on one side with so much courage, ability, perseverance and endurance on the other, and if ever an army was entitled to the gratitude of the nation, it is the army of Tennessee and its Generals.

The navy has necessarily performed a less conspicuous part in the capture of Vicksburg than the army, still it has been employed in a manner highly creditable to all concerned. The gunboats have been constantly before Vicksburg, shelling the works, and in successful co-operation with the left wing of the army. The mortar

boats have been at work for forty-two days without intermission, throwing shell into all parts of the city, reaching the works in the rear of Vicksburg and in front of our troops, a distance of three miles. Three heavy guns placed on scows—a 9-inch, 10-inch and a 100-pound rifle—in position a mile from the town, commanded all the water batteries. They have kept up an accurate and incessant fire for fourteen days, doing all the damage that could be done by guns under such circumstances. Five 8-inch, two 9-inch, two 42-pounders, rifle, and four 32-pounder shell guns have been landed at the request of the different Generals commanding corps, from the gunboats and mounted in the rear of Vicksburg; and whenever I could spare the officers and men from our small complement, they were sent to manage the guns—with what ability I leave to the General commanding to say.

In the meantime I stationed the small class of gunboats to keep the banks of the Mississippi clear of guerillas, who were assembling in force with a large number of cannon to block up the river and cut off the transports bringing down supplies, re-enforcements and ammunition for the army.

Though the rebels on several occasions built batteries and with a large force attempted to sink or capture the transports, they never succeeded, but were destroyed by the gunboats with severe loss on all occasions. Without a watchful care over the Mississippi the operations of the army would have been much interfered with, and I can say honestly that officers never did their duty better than those who patrolled the river from Cairo to Vicksburg. One steamer only has been badly disabled since our operations commenced, and six or seven men were killed and wounded.

While the army have had a troublesome enemy in front and behind them, the gunboats, marine brigade, under General Ellet, and a small force of troops under Generals Dennis and Mower, have kept at bay a large force of rebels over twelve thousand strong, accompanied by a large quantity of artillery; and though offered battle several times and engaged, they fled; and satisfied themselves by assailing half-disciplined and unarmed blacks.

The capture of Vicksburg leaves us a large army and our naval forces free to act all along the river, and I hope soon to add to my department the vessels which have been temporarily lost to the service, viz., the Indianola and Cincinnati. The effect of this blow will be felt far up the tributaries of the Mississippi. The timid and doubtful will take heart, and the wicked will, I hope, cease to trouble us, for fear of the punishment which will sooner or later overtake them.

There has been a large expenditure of ammunition during the siege. The mortars have fired seven thousand mortar shells, and the gunboats four thousand and five hundred. Four thousand five hundred shots have been fired from naval guns on shore, and we have supplied over six thousand to the different army corps.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
DAVID D. PORTER,  
Acting Rear-Admiral, Commanding Mississippi Squadron.

The Army in Virginia.

SINCE our last issue the public have watched with great anxiety the military operations in this Department. The late battle in Pennsylvania, it was hoped, had so far broken up Lee's army that he would be unable to collect a sufficient number of them together to warrant him in again facing the victorious Army of the Potomac. But you corner a company of thieves, rats, and they will fight to the death, or greatly superior opponent; whereas, if you give them a hole to slip out of danger, they will skedaddle with wonderful agility, even with the loss of plunder. General Meade, it would appear, has cornered the rebel thieves, and they, making a virtue of necessity, (being unable to slip away from the Federal Army), are determined to show fight until, perchance, the waters of the Potomac assuage sufficiently to allow them to hie away from the hosts hovering about them in the rear, and on the right and left. The rebel army, at last accounts, is reported to number some 50,000 men, and are confined to a territory of six miles by nine between Hagerstown, Md., and the Potomac. Daily skirmishing has been reported for some time past, with quite damaging results to the rebels. Our army seems to be sanguine that Lee's forces must be defeated *in toto*, though some apprehension is felt that the river may soon become so low as to give them a chance of escape by fording. It is supposed this is their only hope, as they have no boats of any account or pontoon bridges.

Considerable of a fight took place on the 10th, at Sharpshurg, in which Longstreet's division were the participants on the rebel side, and Kilpatrick, with cavalry, artillery and infantry of the Potomac Army, represented the Federals. The rebels were defeated and driven several miles, and caused much consternation by the destruction of a pontoon bridge with which they hoped to place the Potomac between themselves and their dangerous neighbors.

Department of the Gulf.

A LATE New Orleans letter reports the capture by rebel cavalry of Gen. Neal Dow, at a farm-house back of Baton Rouge, where he was recovering from his wound. It is generally believed that the assault on Port Hudson was to have been made on the 4th.

Gen. Banks had reviewed the storming party under the gallant Col. Burge, of the 15th Connecticut, and addressed them in fitting terms on the arduous and noble duty before them.

The steamer Iberville was disabled by a shot from rebel pieces six or eight miles below Donaldsonville, and another steamer slightly damaged. Gunboat No. 2 came to their assistance and drove off the rebels. A raid was made by rebel cavalry into Springfield Landing. They were repulsed after a short skirmish, but in the meantime had carried off some negroes and destroyed a quantity of stores.

On the 27th ult., a heavy bombardment was opened from a new Union fort on the rebel "Citadel," Port Hudson—a fort which had been very efficient in annoying our fleet. The firing continued through the day, and proved very destructive to the rebels. The "Citadel" was badly torn, and there was a report that it had been captured, and taken possession of by our forces.

The New Orleans Era states that a large rebel force under Gen. Green approached Donaldson-

ville on the 27th, demanding its surrender. Of course it was refused. The rebels then demanded the removal of the women and children. At half-past one on the morning of the 28th, the rebels made a vigorous attack in force. The battle lasted till daylight, three hours, when they were repulsed with heavy loss. Our loss was six killed and fourteen wounded, including among the latter two officers. Our gunboats participated. Up to Monday our forces had buried 64 dead rebels, and were busy burying more. It is estimated that 100 dead rebels were left on the field, and the entire rebel loss was 600. We took 120 prisoners, including 11 commissioned officers, among whom are a Colonel, two Majors and a Captain. A rebel Lieutenant-Colonel, two Majors and five Lieutenants were killed.

Department of the South.

GEN. FOSTER sends the following to headquarters of the Army:

**NEWBERN, N. C., July 7th.**  
To Major-General Halleck:—I have the honor to report that the cavalry sent from here July 3d, under Col. Lewis, of the 3d New York Cavalry, have safely returned, having successfully accomplished their mission, and without loss. They destroyed, by twisting rails, &c., according to Gen. Haupt's plan, two miles of the railroad at Warsaw; also, destroying, for five miles more, all the culverts as well as the telegraph. At Keononsville an armory was destroyed. Large quantities of small arms and commissary and quartermaster's stores were burned. About 150 animals and some 30 prisoners were captured by them, and about 100 men and 300 women and children, negroes, followed them in.

J. G. FOSTER, Maj.-Gen.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

The draft is already in progress in several States, and it will begin in others as fast as the enrollment is perfected.

The indications are that the Government will demand, under the conscription law, about four hundred thousand men. The levy will be made by Congressional Districts, instead of directly on the States, as heretofore, and the number each District will be required to raise by draft will not vary much from two thousand two hundred and twenty men. The number thus apportioned to each loyal State east of the Rocky mountains will be as follows: Connecticut, 8,880; Delaware, 2,220; Indiana, 24,420; Illinois, 28,800; Iowa, 13,320; Kentucky, 19,980; Kansas, 2,220; Maine, 11,100; Massachusetts, 22,220; Maryland, 11,100; Michigan, 13,320; Minnesota, 4,440; Missouri, 19,980; New Hampshire, 6,660; New York, 71,040; New Jersey, 11,100; Ohio, 42,180; Pennsylvania, 53,280; Rhode Island, 4,440; Vermont, 4,440; Wisconsin, 13,320; West Virginia, 6,660; Total, 395,160. The balance of five thousand will probably be made up in the loyal portions of the seceded States. As a number of the States, however, did not fill their quotas during the last call of the President for three hundred thousand men, the new troops who will be brought into the field will probably number in the aggregate nearly half a million.

The Herald's Washington dispatch gives a copy of the President's reply to the Louisiana planters who petitioned for authority to elect Federal and State Officers in November under the existing State Constitution. The reply, dated June 19, is as follows:

Since receiving the letter, valuable information has reached me that a respectable portion of the Louisiana people desire to amend their State Constitution, and contemplate holding a Convention for that object. This fact alone, as it seems to me, is a sufficient reason why the General Government should not give the committee the authority you seek to act under the existing State Constitution. I may add that while I do not perceive how such a committee could facilitate our military operations in Louisiana, I really apprehend it might be so used as to embarrass them. As to an election to be held next November, there is abundant time without any order or proclamation from me just now. The people of Louisiana shall not lack an opportunity for a fair election for both Federal and State Officers by want of anything in my power to give them. Your obedient servant,  
A. LINCOLN.

General Wadsworth has been promoted to the command of the First Army Corps, lately commanded by the lamented Reynolds, and General Sykes to the Fifth Corps, lately Gen. Meade's.

Vice-President Hamlin and Senators Fessenden and Morrill have arrived at Washington for the purpose of inducing the Government to take measures for the defence of the coast of Maine. They come by Executive appointment. It is understood that they have been successful in their mission.

Great rejoicing took place on the 7th inst. on the receipt of the news of the Vicksburg victory. The President, Cabinet, and other high officials, were greeted with speeches and music, by many thousands of citizens, and returned the compliment in a befitting manner.

Information having been received from the rebel Capital that two Federal officers (prisoners of war) had been designated by lot to be shot in retaliation for the execution of two rebel spies by Gen. Burnside at Sandusky, the 15th of May last, the President has taken the matter under advisement. Severe measures have been determined upon, in case the two officers in question are executed.

**RIOT IN NEW YORK CITY.**—We are pained to learn, just as we are going to press, (Tuesday P. M.), that a serious riot is in progress in New York city. The draft commenced in the 9th district on last Saturday, which was conducted through the day without any violence being manifested; but on Monday the spirit of demons seems to have taken possession of hundreds of men, and is culminating to a fearful extent. Buildings have been burned, and several people killed and wounded. Among the buildings destroyed are the Conscriptor Headquarters, the Second Avenue Arsenal, and the Colored Orphan Asylum. The Tribune office was entered by the infuriated mob, and gutted, the contents being entirely destroyed. As yet we know but few particulars, but judge, from the fact that the military, not only about New York, but in the interior, have been summoned to the help of the Government, that the trouble is imminent.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities.—Fish & Hatch.  
Auction Sale of South Down.—Samuel Thorne.  
Cancers Cured.—Babcock & Tobin.  
Clark's Soreo Journal.—Wm. H. Clark.  
Cider Press Screws.—L. M. Arnold.  
To Millers.—James West.

Special Notices.  
Success upon Merit.—D. B. DeLand & Co.

The News Condenser.

- The only Chinaman in the war was killed at Gettysburg.
- Three more English blockade runners have been captured.
- The area of the new State of West Virginia is 23,000 square miles.
- A brigade of black cavalry, on black horses, is talked about in Washington.
- The draft having been made in Rhode Island, all recruiting offices are closed.
- Two million dollars has been subscribed in California to the Pacific railroad stock.
- The leading hotels in New York and Boston have raised their terms to \$3 per day.
- The Washington militia have been dismissed—there being no immediate use for them.
- Rebel prisoners say that their army call the battle of Gettysburg "Lee's Slaughter Pen."
- Some 160 disloyal families were shipped South from Alexandria Va., on Thursday week.
- The expenses of a student at Cambridge or Oxford, Eng., are not less than \$1,000 a year.
- The total subscriptions in the U. S. to the Atlantic Telegraph stock now amount to \$333,000.
- A drought of almost, if not quite unparalleled severity, prevails in many parts of Connecticut.
- No rain has fallen in Minnesota and Iowa for six weeks, and the crops are suffering severely.
- The State of Pennsylvania has furnished 1,156 negro soldiers, most of whom went to Massachusetts.
- In Switzerland they are cutting up the glaciers, in order to supply more northern countries with ice.
- The niece of Oliver Goldsmith is now living in Hoboken, N. J., in somewhat reduced circumstances.
- The Augusta (Ga.) powder mills have furnished the rebels a million pounds of powder during the past year.
- It is now stated that General Paul was not killed, but was dangerously wounded, in the battle of Gettysburg.
- Gen. Stoneman left Washington on Monday week to take command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac.
- The largest raft of sawed lumber ever run on the Penobscot recently arrived at Bangor. It contained 122,862 feet.
- The War Department is busy sending out the necessary papers and instructions for a draft under the recent enrollment.
- Daniel D. Warner, formerly a negro barber of Baltimore, where he was born in 1816, has been elected President of Liberia.
- It is estimated that before the next Congress assemblies, 150 to 200 national banks will be organized in the Northern States.
- The receipts at the Boston Custom House during the first half of the present year were \$2,974,071, or \$96,417 less than last year.
- The number of emigrants arrived in New York during the last six months is 69,783, nearly all young and healthy Irish people.
- Nine thousand dogs are annually registered in St. Louis. The registry for the present year has reached already seven thousand.
- The colonies of Great Britain cover not less than 3,850,000 square miles, and to govern them costs the British nation \$5 per mile.
- In Pickaway, O., \$500 have been raised by subscription, to send loyal county papers to the soldiers in the army from that county.
- Hon. Andrew S. Woods, formerly Judge of the Superior Court in N. H., died at his residence in Bath on the 20th ult., aged 60 years.
- The obsequies of Rear Admiral Foote, at New Haven was the finest pageant ever made in Ct. The procession was over two miles long.
- Solomon Sturgis, of Chicago, who made \$1,000,000 profit the first year of the war, has been sent to the Insane Retreat at Hartford, Conn.
- The validity of the pending draft is questioned on the ground that the enrollment was not completed before July 1, as the law requires.
- A young woman was recently arraigned at Cambridge, Mass., on a charge of stealing plants and shrubs from flower gardens in the city.
- The rebels confess that the splendid grain fields in the Cumberland valley have been very powerful in inducing their Pennsylvania visit.
- The Chattanooga Rebel of a late date says that Sam. Hoiston threatens to take up arms against the Confederacy unless he is treated more civilly.
- There are 150 persons in New York who are known to have made fortunes, varying from \$100,000 to \$1,500,000, during the past eighteen months.
- Gen. Grant, in one of his letters from Vicksburg, remarked that he had "18,000 prisoners in front of him who are temporarily boarding themselves."
- The linen mills of Fall River, Mass., stopped last week. Nine of the eleven cotton mills and all three print works in that city are also standing idle.
- The Bermuda Gazette states that out of twenty-eight steamers which have tried, four only have successfully run the blockade, and one run it four times.
- An English journal states that 72,000,000 pounds of steel springs were devoted to the manufacture of hoop-spirals in France and England alone in 1862.
- Divers have already succeeded in securing \$32,000 worth of goods, and raised one box containing \$32,000 in specie from the wreck of the Anglo Saxon.
- The Democratic State Convention held at Springfield, Ill., last week, raised a fund of \$47,000 for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers of that State.
- The Union State Convention of Tennessee, held at Nashville, July 1st, was largely attended. Steps were taken for the election of a provisional governor.
- Admiral Foote's last intelligent words were:—"I thank God for all his goodness to me—for all His loving kindness to me. I thank Him for his benefits."
- In New Jersey, the officers making up the lists of those liable to draft are taking the names of all negroes between the ages named in the Enrollment Act.
- The degree of Master of Arts has been conferred on six Hindoo graduates of the Calcutta University. They are the first natives of India that have attained to this honor.



THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

My Dearest Love, last eve
Your letter brought me tidings fraught with grief.
O, dearly the dusty night came on,

The Story-Teller.

THE TWO QUAKERS.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

"THERE, now, thee shan't be abused," said good James Eaton, as he rode slowly along the dusty road, stooping every now and then to pick a clinging fly off his sleek horse.

Mary, I hope thee won't be offended if I ask thee a searching question?
But before the question had formed itself into words, Mary Dean had arisen to perform one of her household duties.

Dean, calmly, "the Lord hasn't enlightened thee yet; but I will pray for thee that thy eyes may be opened."
"Amén," said the Quaker, solemnly.

Wit and Humor.

A MATHEMATICAL COLLOQUY.
Laura—On me he shall ne'er put a ring;
So, mamma, tis' in vain to make trouble;

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON COSMETICS.—"That's a new article for beautifying the complexion," said Mrs. Bibb, holding up a small bottle for Mrs. Partington to look at.

ON—A lady in Nashville was making a visit to the penitentiary, and was permitted to look through the various wards.

A LADY well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing:

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
I AM composed of 32 letters.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
I AM composed of 7 letters.

AN ANAGRAM.

GANIYLP no eht ptecat rena em,
Si a tilit brechen lgr;

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

14 horses eat 25 acres of grass in 20 weeks, and 60 horses eat 64 acres of the same in 36 weeks, how many horses will eat 84 acres of the same in 56 weeks, if the grass grows uniformly during the time?

PUZZLE.

The initials of certain cities in the United States spell the name of a castle of note in England. The name of the said castle is composed of two words; the first is the surname of all nations, the second is a part of a candle.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 703.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—As thy days so shall thy strength be.
Answer to Mythological Enigma:—The Battle of Actium.

PURE ITALIAN QUEENS FOR SALE.

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

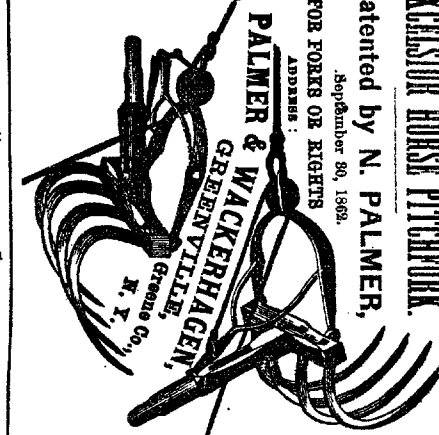
100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 8 feet high, at \$2 per hundred, 20,000 Standard Pear Trees, 5 to 7 feet high, at \$25 to 30 100, 10,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 3 to 5 feet high, at \$15 to 20 100, 20,000 White Grape and Cherry Currants, 5,000 Diana Grape Vines. A large stock of Peach trees, Cherry trees, Plum trees, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, most of the new varieties of Native Grasses, &c., &c.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

ROCHESTER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.—This institution provides the very best facilities for a thorough English and Classical Education.

ATTENTION, BEE-KEEPERS!

Having experimented with bees and hives for the past few years, for the purpose of revolutionizing the present loose system of bee-management, and bringing within the reach of all a hive that is well adapted to the wants of the Apiculturist, whereby bees can be controlled at all times, and at the same time fully overcome four of the greatest troubles in bee-management, viz: the loss of bees in swarming time by their flying to the forest, the ravages of the moth miler, the robbery of bees, and also the great loss of bees during winter; all of these difficulties I have successfully overcome.



This FORK received the First Premium at the N. Y. State Fair, 1892, and at every Fair where exhibited, and is universally acknowledged to be the best in use.

C. MILLER.

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN Horticultural Agent & Commission Merchant EXHIBITION AND SALES ROOMS, No. 634 Broadway, near Bleeker St., New York.

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\$60 A MONTH—We want Agents at \$60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our Everlasting Pencils, Original Burners, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars free. Address (66-151) SHAW & OLARK, Biddeford, Me.

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