

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. T. MOORE,
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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Agricultural.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

The De Kalb Co. Ag. Society has hitherto provided for a trial of reapers and mowers, which provision has been attended with good results. It seems to me a wise policy which furnishes the farmers of a county an opportunity, to see the different machines beside each other, compare their construction, and witness their work in a comparative test. It is a good thing for a county agricultural society to do. The farmers of that county are less likely to purchase a poor machine. For they thus have opportunity to learn the points of merit in each, not only from observation, but from the discussions of manufacturers and their brother farmers. The judgment is educated. The experience of farmers present is elicited. Each rival manufacturer or agent has the opportunity to point out the defects of other machines present, and press the importance, and demonstrate it, too, of the points of merit claimed for his own. They learn how to manage the machines they buy. They can see each one handled skillfully. If one breaks down, the farmer has a chance to see the remedy applied, if it can be; or determine whether the defect be a radical and incurable one. He witnesses the trial in the different kinds of grain and grass, on different conditions of surface and soil, and may make a pretty reliable estimate of the adaptation of each one to his farm and husbandry.

And the manufacturer is benefited. He has an opportunity to compare his own with other machines. He studies the principles involved in their construction, as developed by their work. If one has a point of merit which renders it in any degree more valuable than his own, he at once sets about resolving how he may triumph over it, and make his own pre-eminent. He is not only induced to serve himself by this course, but he adds to the aggregate benefits which accrue to the farmer from these trials—all of which will be illustrated by what I am about to write of

THE DE KALB COUNTY REAPER TRIAL.

This trial took place near De Kalb, July 15th and 16th, under the auspices of the De Kalb Co. Ag. Society. The Society offered a premium of \$25 for the best combined reaper and mower, and \$10 for the second best. Also \$15 for the best self-raking reaper; \$10 for the best mower; and \$5 for the best binder. The following entries were made:

COMBINED MACHINES.—Seymour & Morgan's self-raker; Ohio Chief, hand-raker; Curtis' Cam Machine, hand-raker; John P. Manny's "Medium," hand-raker; Ball's Ohio, hand-raker; Kirby's hand-raker; The Empire, hand-raker.

COMBINED MACHINES WITH PLATFORM AND BINDER COMBINED.—J. H. Manny's "Medium," and John P. Manny's "Junior," with Burson's binder attached to each.

SELF-RAKERS.—Seymour & Morgan's; Walter A. Wood's, and Kirby's. Under this head may properly be named another machine which is a self-raker, though not entered in competition with the above. It was entered under the style of a "self-raker and hand-binder," by Marsh Bro's. I will describe it hereafter.

MOWERS.—Wood's; Curtis'; John P. Manny's; Ball's; Kirby's, and Mason's "Empire."

BINDERS.—Sherwood's; Powers & Lancaster's, and Burson's.

HEADERS.—Mayberry's Improved Header.

Thus it will be seen the trial assumed a magnitude and importance the officers of the Society did not expect when they offered the above premiums. It was expected to close the trial in one day; the committee worked hard two days; and had the test of the mowers been as thorough as that applied to the reapers, a third day's work would have been done.

I think it important to Western farmers that the results of such trials should be fully and faithfully reported. The farmers of no section of our country have a more vital interest in the progress and perfection of this class of machinery, than those of the grain-growing regions of the West. And it is a significant fact, that every reaper builder with whom I have conversed, asserts that he has scores, and, in some instances, hundreds of orders for reapers and mowers, which he cannot supply. It is further a significant as well as eloquent testimonial of the value and important results of these trials, that scarcely a machine which appeared on the ground at the De Kalb Co. trial the other day, and which was at the trial at Dixon last year, but had been in some degree improved—the suggestion of improvement having been made at that trial. It is of these improvements, and the work resulting from the trial, that I shall write—taking each machine up separately, and condensing the work of both days in one paragraph.

THE REAPERS—WHERE AND HOW THE TEST WAS MADE.

The first day the test of reapers was made in a field of barley. In some parts of the field, the barley was very short and thin; in others, a fair stand; and in another part it was heavy, and considerably lodged. The machines were each required to cut twice around this field, followed by the committee. Only one machine was allowed to operate at a time. This was a pretty severe test, and the work of each machine was critically examined by the committee, the farmers present, and the—reporters! The second day the trial of reapers was continued in a fine field of winter wheat—most of which stood up well, was heavy, and the ground moderately undulating. This last trial was to give each machine an opportunity to cut its acre on time. The fields were drawn for, and the reaper drawing lot No. 1 entered the field, cut once around it, under the eye of the committee. No. 2 then started, and was followed by the committee in the same manner; and then No. 3 started, and so on. On the second day a sub-committee was appointed to test the draft of each machine, by Gibbs' Improved Dynamometer. In the application of this test, the machines were driven around a field of wheat, selected as being nearly uniform in growth and in the character of its surface. The test was applied in the order drawn.

JUDGES—POINTS OF COMPARISON.

The judges were J. F. GLIDDON, President of the Society; MOSES DEAN, of Sycamore; and JOHN RUSSEL, of Kingston. J. D. BUTTS, of De Kalb, acted as Superintendent; J. W. SMULL, Secretary. The judges announced the points of comparison to be:

1. The manner of doing the work.
2. The time required to do the same.
3. The draft of the machine.
4. Strength and durability of the same.

TRIAL OF SELF-RAKING REAPERS.

WALTER A. WOOD'S MACHINE.—It will be remembered that this machine took the first premium as a Self-Raker at the State Trial at Dixon last year. The principal cause of complaint against it then was the fact that the grain was scattered as the gavels were dropped by the rake. Let us see what it does now. The general Western agent, Whitman, claims that it has been radically improved. Here it goes! It cuts five and a half feet wide—cuts well; it always did. It draws light; for the draft test shows its draft to be 250 pounds. The State Society's test put it at 260 pounds. Whether this difference is due to the improvements, or the difference in the ground and grain, I am not able to say. Let us watch its work in the barley. It cuts well; but I notice the farmers pay comparatively little attention to the cutting. Machines that cut well are so easily made, so common, and so perfect in the character of the work they do, that an exception is now a matter of astonishment. The eyes of farmers are turned to the other improvements in progress in order to render them the more perfect labor-saving machines. The self-raking attachment is one of these improvements; and each year is demonstrating more and more forcibly

to manufacturers, that the raking and binding must be provided for—that Western farmers, strong, sturdy, and muscular as they are, will scarcely be content until they get machines that cut and deliver the grain bound—at least it must be delivered in gavels, and in readiness for binding.

And here we see the eager eyes of the farmers present follow that elbow of a rake, as it sweeps the platform of its burthen, presses it in a close, compact gavel, and drops it at one side of the machine, out of the way of the machine as it passes its next round. No grain is scattered as last year; none is dropped or dragged along between the gavels. In the short, the long, the light, the heavy, the standing and the lodged barley, the work seemed uniformly good. And what do the binders say? I pass along among them late in the afternoon of the first day, and ask which machine they prefer to bind after. The reply is, without dissent, "the first self-raker that went around."

This machine drew its acre in the wheat, the next day, a half a mile away from the field where other machines cut. It was rough, full of ditches, and covered with ripe wiry ches instead of wheat. No swath had been cut around it; but "Brooks" did not hesitate; and over the hummocks, across the ditches, through the tough tangle went the reaper with its elbow rake. There is a large gathering to see it. The work done challenges the admiration of the crowd, and the manner in which the grain is delivered results in a popular award of the premium offered for a self-raker. Secretary SMULL announced the time to be 41 minutes, and the Superintendent said the acre cut measured one acre and twenty rods!

As a self-raking reaper this machine is hard to beat, if we consider the amount and quality of the work and the ease with which it is done. The public know how successful this machine has been abroad. I was shown a sickle bar with Wood's "harp guards," made for machines intended for the English market; for it has been found that machines supplied with the form of guard in common use in this country will clog there, in their heavy, matted grass and grain. This harp guard is so constructed as to perfectly protect the sickle, and yet permits it to play and cut to the extreme point of the guard, thus preventing the possibility of clogging. Sometime, it is hoped, the growth of our grain and grass will be so great as to render such provisions necessary here.

KIRBY'S SELF-RAKER.—Last year at the time of the Dixon trial there was no such machine known as Kirby's Self-Raker. But it will be remembered by your readers that in your report of the New York State Fair last fall, it was announced that a rake had been born unto the Kirby machine. This was one of the good results of the reaper trial last year. The Kirby men saw there that they were out of the ring with their really good machine unless it was made to do its own raking. BURDICK set about supplying the necessity, and here is "the Kirby" competing with the older self-rakers. Its rake sweeps the platform, and leaves the grain in the same relative position as SEYMOUR & MORGAN'S Self-Raker.

"Come in here at the corner," directs the Superintendent. The grain is badly lodged there. Promptly the team swings into position. The sickle cuts five feet. It picks up the lodged grain clean, and cuts it well. The Committee report the draft to be 325 pounds. Last year, as a hand-raker, it was put at 340 pounds. The operation of the rake is watched closely. "I want to see it work in short grain," said a rival reaper man to me. Now it comes to the short, light barley. The rake is simple and under the control of the driver, who, with his foot upon a treadle or spring, regulates the delivery of the bundles. Here it goes in the short grain. Let us see now! Over goes the rake. It don't deliver. Over it goes again. Nodeposit. Down goes the heel of the driver upon the regulating lever with an emphasis which seems to say "Now wait until there is something to rake off." The rake enters the grain as it lies on the platform and draws out parallel to the straw,—so that whether the grain be heavy or a little tangled that the teeth may get hold, it draws through,—hence, the remark of the man of the rival reaper. Now the short stuff accumulates about the finger bar and over the sickle. It begins to fall over disorderly. Up goes the heel of the driver, down goes the rake and off comes a well laid gavel—quite as well laid as a man can do it with a hand rake. I notice in some

cases that as the rake rises with a sort of spasmodic jerk, to return after delivering the gavel, it throws the butts of the grain over where the tops should be,—but this only in very short, light grain. In the wheat "the Kirby" did good work, cutting its acre in 48 minutes and 40 seconds. The gavels were well laid. It was also tried and did good work as a hand-raker, one man performing the entire labor of driving and raking.

SEYMOUR & MORGAN'S SELF-RAKER.—This is the veteran self-raker, and everywhere favorably known. It cuts five feet three inches wide. Draft given here as 325 pounds, same as KIRBY'S. Last year the State Society put it at 340 pounds. It, like the others, goes into the barley. It has a good team attached, and moves on promptly. Off comes the lodged barley, closely cut. But how about the rake. It don't deliver the grain as well as last year. The gavels are spread and drawn. Something is wrong. I have seen it do much better. It did better last year at Dixon. Last year the gavel was laid smoothly and evenly, so that a handsome bundle could be made of them. Now it is not. I look for the reason and find it. The platform extends back too far, or the rake is not adjusted so as to leave the grain the moment it drops from the platform. It leaves it to return too soon; the grain draws from the platform. It made a bad impression in the barley the first day, because of this want of adjustment; for in the wheat the next day, the rake had been adjusted so as to do good work. I asked if it was easily done. "Yes," was the reply. Then it should have been done in the field at the time of trial, in the presence of the judges and the farmers, so that they would have learned how to remedy, promptly, such a defect in its work. Whether the short barley had something to do in determining the character of its work I am not prepared to say. I know that it is about as difficult a kind of grain to cut and handle well as there is, especially when rather green. In the wheat the gavels were well laid, as of old time,—regular and in good positions; also in the flax, where I saw it tried. It made an excellent impression here, and cut its acre in good style in 41 minutes. It is a good reaper, substantially built, and merits all the success it has attained.

MARSH BRO'S SELF-RAKER AND HAND BINDER.—This machine did not go into the barley field at all. The afternoon of the first day it was put to work in a field of late and badly rusted winter wheat, for the gratification of the crowd. Being engaged elsewhere, I did not see it work. But the second day it drew its acre and entered the field with the rest. It is a novelty. It is drawn by two horses, driven by a driver who sits elevated high over a large driving wheel which propels the sickle, reel, and an endless apron. The grain falls on this endless apron, and is carried on it up over the driving wheel and over an upper cylinder at the right of the driving wheel, falling into a trough. On a platform beside this trough stands two men who keep them from the sun. This machine cut five feet wide. Its draft, according to the report of the Committee, was 325 pounds. It carried three men. The team did not appear to labor hard. It is true they were not hurried. After cutting once around the field, both men binding, one of them sits down on the binding table, quietly folds his arms and looks on. The other, one of the Marsh Brothers, binds the balance of the acre as fast as the machine cuts it. It is pretty snug work; but the binding is well done, and without great effort, apparently. Yet some one suggests that he cannot do it all day. His blood is up instantly! He offers to bet that he can cut, with one man to drive, and bind alone, twelve acres in twelve successive hours. No one takes the bet; but sundry neighbors who know what he can do, cry, "Yes, sir, and he will do it, too." But let us see what data he has from this time test upon which to base this bet. How long was he cutting and binding this acre? Fifty minutes, the official timer says. The wheat stood up finely, was a pretty good stand, and was probably a fair average test. The field was well cut. There was not a particle of waste. No cleaner field was found after any machine. No better bound grain was set up during the two days. These are very suggestive facts, which will not be lost upon the inventors and reaper men present, you may be sure. If I find room I will refer to them again hereafter.—[Conclusion in next number.]

THE USE OF PLASTER.

In a late paper I showed that one great use of plaster is, that it enters into the composition of the plant itself. In this respect it is necessary, like potash, lime, silica, and phosphate of lime, and is one part of the nutriment of many plants. Another supposed action of gypsum or plaster is held to be its absorption of ammonia as it falls from the atmosphere in water upon the earth. This is mentioned in Brown's Essay, and was made popular some few years ago by LIEBIG. He held that the carbonate of ammonia in the water is absorbed by the plaster, and there being a double decomposition of the two, carbonate of lime and sulphate of ammonia resulted, both of which are valuable substances for plants; the last being carried up into the plants to yield hydrogen and nitrogen as a part of their proper food.

BOUSSINGAULT, one of the most useful and important agricultural chemists, and others also, doubted the correctness of this theory, for this obvious reason. As gypsum does not improve certain crops, and as ammonia is continually falling into the earth by rains, and must be decomposed by the gypsum when present, so that the ammonia must be evolved and be accessible by the roots of plants; it is clear, either, that the theory is not true, or that ammonia is not of such general use as LIEBIG maintains. The latter is not admitted by chemists; the theory, therefore, is not able.

It is not true that gypsum has great absorbing power of water and ammonia, as has been stated in the RURAL, and by various authors. In the late "Natural Laws of Husbandry," by LIEBIG, he maintains that "arable soils" have a stronger absorbing power of ammonia than gypsum itself, and "we are still in the dark about the action of gypsum," p. 325. Indeed, he proves that an aqueous solution of plaster thrown upon lands, is decomposed in part, lime being separated from the sulphuric acid by potash and magnesia, which took its place, p. 325 and on. That sulphate of ammonia should be decomposed in a plant by its potash, was to be expected; but the appearance of magnesia has no obvious reason. While we give up the superior absorbing power of gypsum, we have not satisfactory evidence of the way in which gypsum operates, except as a nutriment of many plants.—C. D.

THE STUBBLE-SHEARED VERMONT EWE.

In the issue of the RURAL of April 11th, (I believe—I have not the copy at hand,) in an article on "stubble-shearing," I illustrated the practice by citing an example of a Vermont ewe I had recently seen. I gave in that article my own estimate of the relative length of the wool on different parts of the animal, as I saw it opened by a shepherd. The wool was simply divided—*not* pulled out—and compared. No one present knew, nor, probably, supposed that I was going to write an article on stubble-shearing. I gave my own estimate of this difference in the length of wool in the language of "Shepherd E," who was examining her; I put my own estimate in inches, in his mouth. With that exception, I quoted him literally.

Not long since, I received samples of wool purporting to have been fairly taken from this animal soon after I was there. If they were fairly taken from the points indicated, I was a good deal mistaken in my estimates of the relative length of the wool on the different parts of the ewe; and it is only just,—a justice I should have been glad to have done long ago had my attention been called to it immediately—that I should give the measurement of the samples received. Here they are:—Rump, 24; flank, 24; arm, 24; neck, 24; foretop, between the eyes, 18 inches. The shepherd who owns this ewe assures me the wool was taken fairly from the points named. I am disposed to think it was; and yet any man acquainted with sheep and the different practices in shearing, knows that a very small difference in location often makes a great difference in the length of wool, and still the two samples may both be taken from the rump, the arm, or the apron.

But I had not in the outset, and have not now, any ulterior object whatever in using this particular animal as an example of stubble-shearing. I then believed her to be such an example. And believing so, I used her to illustrate what I know to be a practice among a certain class of sheep peddlers, and another class who supply these peddlers. If I was so radically mistaken as these samples seem to indicate, I am glad to know it, and thus acknowledge it; for I have no desire whatever to injure any legitimate business or business man.—C. D. B.

SHALL THE CLOVER BE PLOWED UNDER?

In the American Agriculturist for July, 1863, is an article under the above heading from the pen of "Connecticut," which we think needs comment. The writer refers to a clover field which will yield three tons of cured hay per acre, worth, as it stands in the field, ten dollars per ton; and the purport of his remarks are to justify turning it under with the plow, to operate as a manure to promote the growth of subsequent crops. No doubt "Connecticut" is sincere, but in the composition of such articles, he injures the cause he would advocate. A great many, perhaps a majority, of the farmers in the United States, are very much opposed to what they call "book farming," and when they find the theories and discoveries of agricultural writers so widely differing from what their experience has taught them to be true agricultural economy, it is not much to be wondered at. That they do find many such theories is true. And now let us see if "Connecticut" is not such a writer.

Thirty dollars worth of clover per acre to be plowed under as a green manure. That is at least equivalent to a crop of wheat yielding forty bushels per acre, at one dollar per bushel, or eighty bushels of corn worth fifty cents per bushel. It seems to us that "fields of tasseled corn or golden wheat" obtained at such an expense, could hardly "make glad the heart of the husbandman." As near as we can calculate his debit and credit account with his wheat field would stand about thus:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Items include cost of manuring, cultivation, seed, harvesting, thrashing, marketing, and total cost.

Again, thirty dollars per acre will buy, fence, and clear off a new farm. This has been done within the last year on the farm on which I live. And, still again, it would seem that a field which has grown "eight or ten tons of vegetable matter" in one season, would not require such a heavy manuring. We think we will have our "eyes and ears shut" when we set the plow at such work—our understanding also.

In conclusion, let us remark that we concur in the opinions of thousands of the best agriculturists of our country, that the green manure system, when properly applied, is one of the cheapest and most efficient methods of renewing worn out soils, or for enriching soils generally, that can be adopted.

KEEPING SHEEP IN THE WEST PAYS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As your paper has a large circulation in Wisconsin and other Western States, and as the inquiry is frequently made whether farmers can make it profitable to keep sheep or to buy sheep at present prices to keep in Wisconsin, I send you a report of the success of one of our Dane county farmers, Mr. R. W. SALISBURY, with a small flock of sheep that he purchased last September. As he could not find any sheep in his neighborhood for sale, he started toward Illinois, inquiring, and the second day found a flock of four hundred, from which the owner would select twenty ewes and twenty lambs that he would sell for one hundred dollars. After making several propositions they bargained that the owner should select forty of his poorest ewes and thirty of his poorest lambs, and SALISBURY might take his choice of twenty ewes and twenty lambs from the seventy for one hundred dollars. The selection was made, and he started home with his little flock of poor sheep and lambs, and you may think that the culls from a flock of 400, all running together in one pasture, were poor enough. On the way home one ewe became sick and died, and when he got home he turned the flock into a pasture, and next morning found that dogs had been among them and killed two lambs. He now had thirty-seven left—19 ewes and 18 lambs. These he yarded every night thereafter, and by giving them good feed and care could perceive that they began to gain, and when winter set in they were looking as though they would live through till spring. They were fed hay once a day, and straw once a day, with about half a bushel of screenings of wheat, oats and buckwheat, equal to about a half bushel of oats daily.

This season, from the nineteen ewes Mr. S. has raised twenty-five lambs, and from the whole flock sheared one hundred and eighty-four pounds of wool worth 62 1/2 cents per pound, and his sheep are now in as good condition as any flock in the county. The figures will stand thus:

HUNGARIAN GRASS FOR HORSES.

I AM looking at what you say of a communication read at the meeting of the Philadelphia Society for the promotion of Agriculture. On this subject, of the Hungarian grass as a food for animals, I have received a great many communications from practical farmers, and talked with many others. The following are the results of my efforts to arrive at the truth:

2. Fed, in this condition, as one would feed timothy hay, it is a dangerous food. It does injure stock in such cases.
3. If cut when in bloom and cured as hay, it will not injure any kind of stock; it is exceedingly nutritious and valuable as a forage crop; it is also palatable. And if put on rich soil, it is a profitable late crop to put in.
4. Experiments have demonstrated that the grass with the seed threshed out, does not injure stock, and that if fed lightly with the seed in, as one would feed grain, it is not injurious; but bad effects follow over-feeding, as in the case of oats, corn, or other grain.
5. For a forage crop it is found most profitable, and less dangerous to cut the grass when in blossom. I know farmers who grow large crops of it, cut it at this stage of maturity, and feed exclusively to team-horses. They feed no grain.
Now, if any of your readers have any facts that conflict with the above, they should promptly furnish them, for I have never obtained any.—O. D. S.

FARM ACCOUNTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having read with much interest the articles that have occasionally appeared in the RURAL on the subject of "Farm Accounts" has determined me to address you with a view to ascertain your opinion on the desirability of publishing a form of account by double-entry, showing the actual workings upon a farm for one year, embracing every transaction that can arise, thus rendering the form so practically simple, that any one enjoying the advantages of an ordinary education could not fail to understand it. True it is, that farmers are lamentably neglectful in recording their daily transactions, but this, mainly, I believe, arises from the want of a proper intelligible form of account, adapted to farm affairs, for their guidance, rather than from absolute reluctance to accounts altogether. Nothing is more perplexing than accounts when not understood, and probably no employment is more beautifully interesting when well understood. Figures cannot be trifled with; one wrong entry, and the record becomes a muddle. The ordinary, common-place, "popular" method of teaching book-keeping never made a book-keeper; one hour spent at the desk, dealing with actual events, in practical business, will impart more sound information on the subject than "a whole course of book-keeping" as ordinarily taught. No doubt the theory in which "the course" is based is correct, but "the professors" generally, are not practical men; consequently, if called upon practically to apply the theory they profess to teach, they would be as much at sea as the pupils they undertake to instruct.

With a view to meet the difficulty, and to enable the agricultural world to realize the advantages desirable, by adopting a systematic form of account in their daily business, the importance of which is so truthfully and forcibly set forth in the concluding chapter of the article on "Large Farms," by your Western editor, I have, for some time, directed my attention to the formation of a form of accounts that will embrace, as I have before observed, every transaction that can by possibility arise, whether under Expenditure or Income, upon a farm in the course of twelve months; setting forth the way in which the daily entries are made in the journal—the means by which accuracy is insured in posting or carrying off all the entries in the journal to their proper respective heads of accounts in the ledger—the keeping and balancing of the cash book—and, finally, the preparation of the stock account and balance sheet—exhibiting, at one glance, the debit and credit result of the year's labor, whether for profit or loss. Perhaps it is proper to observe that one half-hour per day, or probably less, is all the time and attention that the books would require, unless the breadth of land under cultivation is very large, like the "large farms" in the West.

Did my humble position permit, I would, without hesitation, venture on the publication of the form of accounts at my own cost, but that I am not able to do, as the preparation of the work will involve much labor and care, and considerable time. I, therefore, should the publication be deemed desirable and likely to be appreciated,—must leave it in other and more wealthy hands, whose influence with the great body of agriculturists is such as will be likely to insure its adoption. Whether you will consider this question as personally addressed to yourselves, or as subject matter for public consideration, I respectfully leave it with you to decide, assuring you that the practical experience of upwards of forty years, both as an accountant and as a farmer, enables me to approach the subject with confidence; and, in conclusion, I would observe that, should any of your numerous readers be desirous of pursuing the subject further, or of initiating a form of accounts in their own affairs, I beg that they will address me without hesitation thereon. EDWARD PITT.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Save the Fodder. THE present indications are that the grass crop will be below the average, and therefore it follows that the considerate farmer must carefully save and preserve all the material possible that will go towards helping winter the stock. This is the season for practicing economy in the harvesting line. Save every pound of hay—see that the grass is cut clean and the hay raked clean. A slack mower or a slovenly raker will usually leave as much grass or hay behind him, and lost, as his daily wages will amount to. Such hands shouldn't be tolerated in the field this season at any rate. A careful man, even if he asks half a dollar more a day, is the cheapest in the end. Grain should be cut just as soon as the kernel

is sufficiently matured that it will not shrivel, so that the straw may be used for fodder, as a week's time after ripeness would make the fodder not half so good. Then there are the low, waste grounds which will yield quite an abundance of wild grasses, &c., and the weeds and brakes, if cut while green and tender, or before being in blossom, will make a change of fodder quite palatable to the stock. All these little odds and ends, the stalks, vines, haulms, weeds, ferns, &c., should be carefully husbanded, and our word for it, next winter will prove the act to have been a wise one.—Maine Farmer.

The Locusts Gone. THE dismal music from field and wood that greeted the ears of the people throughout a wide range of Eastern Ohio during the hot days of June and well into this month of July, is stilled, and "all is quiet!" on the Tuscarawas and in the valleys of other famous sections in that region. The locusts have departed—retreated, fled, and not even the veriest scout can find the line of their retreat. But that they "fall back" terribly "demoralized," so much so that they will not be able again to marshal their hosts for seventeen years, is not doubted. The Canton Repository thus speculates upon their sudden "taking off": "The holes in the ground from which they emerged, are not all closed up yet, but it is not probable that they have departed by the same avenues through which they came; and it is equally improbable that they have been smitten with a sudden disgust with the world and dug into the earth again, to wait for seventeen long years for 'something to turn up,' before they accept naturalization papers. Neither is it probable that they have concentrated as the birds do in the autumn, for a grand flight southward to re-enforce that other pest which flaunts a uniform of their color; for one pestilence at a time will do in a country, especially if that evil takes the hideous shape of secession, and were there not valid reasons against the theory of their southern migration, there is still a potent one remaining, that is, the sun of the Cotton Confederacy has set in eternal darkness, and even locusts, stupid as they are, have a weakness for the sunshine."—Ohio Farmer.

The Horse. THE horse is a living machine, capable of more or less reasoning, and set in motion, not only at our will, but also on his own account. The trainer must, therefore, before he begins to handle it, make himself familiar with the capabilities and peculiarities of both body and mind. We hardly ever find this machine in perfect symmetry—it is not even wanted to have it so; for the English race-horse is not symmetrical, but has intentionally, by careful breeding, undergone a change of figure deviating entirely from its ancestors, the Arabs. But any such deviation, although it may favor a certain quality, for instance, speed, is the reason that the horse cannot perform other work with equal ease. The body of the thorough-bred appears more symmetrical than it is, because by breeding for the turf the withers have become so high, that it looks as if the shoulders were as high as the hips; but the disproportion of the legs strikes any beholder, the fetlock and radius being too long, and the shankbone too short. If these horses perform great deeds apart from speed, we find the reason in their great muscular power, and their small bones, as well as in the lightness of the head and neck. But very seldom will the thorough-bred naturally be a good steeple-chaser, or an agreeable saddle-horse; if he is such, he will certainly resemble more or less the Arab, as does also the English hunter, except in size.—Cor. Wilcox's Spirit of the Times.

Pig Protectors. THE following method of preventing sows from lying on their young is given in the Ohio Farmer: One of the troubles in a pig nursery is the over-laying of the juvenile swine by a careless maternal hog. It is not at all agreeable to the proprietor of such stock, when he has progressed so far as to count his chickens after they are hatched, on visiting his pig nursery in the morning, where he had left, the night before, a dozen of the cunning little juveniles, to find half of his pigs flat and stiff as a cold johnny cake, from having been lain upon by their mother. To secure the little porkers in inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, we have seen a plan of this sort. Against the walls of the apartment devoted to the pig bedroom, fix a plank like a shelf, about a foot wide and some eight or ten inches from the floor, so that when the female swine lies down to rest, or give subsistence to her little folks, there will be a space between her and the sides of the pen, which she cannot occupy, and into which the pigs can retreat in case of a pressure. Sows over-lay pigs from their backs, not from the side where the pigs get their dinner, and by this contrivance the pigs are shelved away from harm and the mamma may roll about upon her bed with impunity, whereas if she could press her brood to the wall, there would be a smart chance for a pig funeral, and many of the hopeful flock would never arrive to years of discretion.

The Road to Poor Farming. AS the road to poor farming is not generally understood, though it is crowded with travelers, we throw up the following landmarks, from the Springfield Republican, for the common benefit: 1. Invest all your capital in land, and run in debt for more. 2. Hire money to stock your farm. 3. Have no faith in your own business, and be always ready to sell out. 4. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen and cheap tools. 5. Feed bog hay and mouldy corn stalks exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame; fiery

cattle are terribly hard on old, rickety wagons and plows. 6. Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength; it is cheaper than hay or meal, keeps the air lively and pounds out all the grubs. 7. Select such calves for stock as the butchers shun—beauties of runts, thin in the hams, and pot-bellied; but be sure and keep their blood thin by scanty herbage; animals are safest to breed from that haven't strength to herd. 8. Be cautious about manufacturing manure; its makes the fields look black and mournful about planting time; besides it is a deal of work to haul it. 9. Never waste time by setting out fruit and shade trees; fruit and leaves rotting around a place make it unhealthy.

To CURE SHEEP FROM JUMPING.—A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer gives the following curious account of the method adopted by him to prevent his sheep from jumping the fences of his pasture:—"I want to tell you about my jumping sheep, and how I broke them. I got them in a pen built sufficiently high to hold them; I then caught the ringleaders one at a time, and made a small hole in each ear. I then took a cord or string and run through the holes in the ears, then drew the ears together close enough to keep them from working the ears, I then let them out and they are as quiet as any sheep."

Inquiries and Answers.

HOW CAN I KEEP SWEET POTATOES?—Will some one inform me, through the RURAL, how to keep sweet potatoes through the winter, so that I can raise my own seed and prepare it for planting?—W., Nebraska.

HOW TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.—I saw in a late number of the RURAL an inquiry how to kill Canada Thistles. Mow them in the old of the moon, in August, with sign in the heart, if you can. Try it.—S. W. M., Otse Co., Nebraska.

WARTS ON COWS' UDDER.—I have a cow which has a wart on her bag, about two inches above the teats, which has increased in size fully one-half within the past year—being now nearly or quite as large as a hen's egg. Will you or some one of your numerous readers inform me through the RURAL how I can best remove the same without injury to the cow.—D. O. M., Plainfield, Wis.

WERE THEY TWINS?—A Singular Case.—I have a fine-looking cow, seven years old, which had a calf on Monday, the 20th of this month. She appeared all right, and we milked her regularly, (but did not get as much milk as we expected.) On Sunday, the 25th, she had another calf. Both were males, and of large size. I have had cows vary twelve hours in having twins, but do not recollect of reading or hearing of a cow going six days apart. This is for the querist and stockmen.—S. C. SMITH, Horse-Head, Chemung Co., N. Y., July 27, 1863.

SPANISH MERBINS WANTED.—Can you or some of your correspondents inform me where I can procure some pure-blooded Spanish Merino bucks? I desire to make a change of bucks in my flock, so as to combine size of frame with the weight of wool.—JOHN SCOTT, Newfane, Niag. Co., N. Y.

Can't say where the desired animals can be obtained. Those who have such for sale should not hide their lights under a bushel, but let them shine—by advertising in the RURAL, &c.

ROUP IN FOWLS.—In the RURAL of July 25 a Wisconsin correspondent asks "What Ails the Fowls?"—The disease from which his fowls are suffering is evidently "Roup," produced or caused by the want of a due portion of iron in the blood, in which state it generates a small thread worm (Filaria bronchica,) in the windpipe. If the cases are not too far gone, the health of the fowls may be restored by administering 6 or 8 grains of wheat or barley well saturated with spirits of turpentine, daily during need—giving also daily a pill composed of Sulph. of Iron and meal,—say 2 drams of the Sulph. mixed with a sufficiency of meal to constitute a paste, which divide into sixty pills.—HENRY PITT, V. S., New York.

HOW TO MAKE HOME-BREWED ALE.—In the RURAL of June 27th I see a recipe called for to make Home-Brewed Ale. How to make it:—Take 36 gallons of water, 4 1/2 bushels of malt obtained at the malt house, and 6 pounds of hops. The malt being ground is mixed with the 36 gallons of water at the temperature of 160 degrees and covered up for three hours, when 20 gallons are drawn off, into which the 6 lbs. of hops are put and left to infuse. Thirty gallons of water, at a temperature of 170 degrees, are then added to the malt in the mash tub and well mixed, and after standing two hours 30 gallons are drawn off. The wort from these two mashes is boiled with the hops for two hours, and after being cooled down to 65 degrees is strained through a flannel bag into a fermenting tub, where it is mixed with 3 quarts of yeast and left to work for 24 or 30 hours. It is then run into barrels to cleanse, a few gallons being reserved for filling up the cask as the yeast works over.—JAMES BRIDGALL, Scioto, Mich.

LIGHTNING RODS.—O. T., Cayuga Co., N. Y. Our correspondent inquires our views on the construction and protection of the lightning rod. There can be no doubts indulged on the subject of their value, when properly constructed and well put up. We have always held that the electric spark does not traverse the atmosphere and descend without some motive—some powerful attraction, and that attraction must be an opposite state of the electric fluid in the earth, which is generally the negative state, and when meeting neutralize each other and become harmless. We suppose the great effect and virtue of the rod is to send off and disperse from the region it is intended to protect, the electricity in the opposite state to the electricity of the cloud, thereby destroying the local attraction. It can hardly be conceived that the thunderbolt, passing with the most inconceivable velocity and power to reach the earth, could turn fifty or sixty feet out of its track, to expend itself on so insignificant an object as a single half-inch wire, unless it was the only and most prominent communication with the negative state in its immediate neighborhood. Lightning rods may be constructed of any of the hard metals, though copper is supposed to be the best conductor, and is now extensively used, made from a narrow slip of sheet copper twisted and corrugated, until it forms a rod and properly secured to the building—passing through glass chimneys, the lower end set sufficiently deep to reach the moist earth. A half or five-eighths inch iron rod makes a good conductor, and welding together is preferable to lapping. The points should be plated with silver or well tinned. The higher they project above the roof, or chimney, the safer and more efficacious they will prove. In remote districts, where glass chimneys cannot be conveniently obtained, the neck of junk bottles answer all purposes, and even modern corks soaked in melted beeswax and well coated over may be considered safe. It is held by good observers, that a rod only protects a circle of about 60 or 80 feet, and should be placed on the chimney, or highest part of the building, and project as much above as it is capable of sustaining itself against high winds.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE RURAL HAS NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—Though we have repeatedly published the fact that no traveling agents are employed by us, and cautioned the public against persons pretending to be authorized as such, we are in frequent receipt of letters stating that money has been paid for the RURAL to itinerating self-styled agents.—During the past winter a large number of persons in Canada West were swindled by a person who represented himself as our agent, giving his name as Edwin Person. In several instances he promised the paper, including the American postage, for one dollar a year—and pocketed the money of many simple and hopeful people. Later, some sharper has been operating in Ohio, and probably the same person, as he there gives the name of Edwin McPherson. Of course it is nearly useless for us to caution RURAL readers against such graceless scamps, for the people swindled do not belong to our parish—and we must continue to receive the penalties of popularity in the shape of bitter complaints from those who have been defrauded, with occasional demands for the paper or the money paid therefor.

—Under date of Salem, Col. Co., Ohio, 7th mo. 29th, W. H. FARNOR tells us how a pretended agent of the RURAL deceived the people of that locality. The unauthorized use of the names of prominent men is a sly dodge, but not very novel. Mr. F. writes:—"A man calling himself William Barret, of medium size, with a light complexion, bordering on the sandy, an open countenance, and unassuming manners, called on some of the inhabitants of this place and surroundings, having previously secured the names of the most influential men as subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER and Peterson's Magazine. Many of these names he had taken without having seen the parties. The consequence of such a course was, that he pocketed the money of many who were unable to lose it, and left for parts unknown."

AGRICULTURAL EDITORS "AROUND."—On Saturday last, during our temporary absence, ORANGE JUDD, Esq., of the American Agriculturist, and LUTHER H. TUCKER, Esq., of the Country Gentleman, called at the RURAL's sanctum. Glad to learn that these notable brethren can find time to rusticate at a season when leisure must prove very acceptable to weary and overworked journalists, (judging from our own longings for the same), and admire their wisdom in sojourning, even briefly, in the Eden of America—Western New York. We trust our friends had a pleasant time hereabouts, finding some things worthy of commendation, and little that should be criticized or condemned, in the practices or on the premises of our Agriculturists and Horticulturists. They will please bear in mind that most of our farmers work for profit as well as pleasure. Not having been born with gold spoons in their mouths, nor acquired fortunes in the large cities—like many at the East and on the Hudson who have retired to the country to spend their money—they cannot be expected to exhibit the elaborate style and ornamentation of premises, etc., not unfrequently displayed in some localities near the homes of our contemporaries. Yet for solid worth and average wealth, intelligence and refinement we think the Ruralists of Western New York (and certainly of large districts of it,) will at least equal those of any other portion of America.

WINTER WHEAT AND OTHER CROPS IN ONTARIO.—In a recent letter, Mr. F. G. KNOWLES of Canadice, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes—"Allow me to give you a little information in regard to our crops in this and adjoining localities, and particularly in respect to winter wheat. There was a greater breadth of wheat sown last autumn than in any previous fall in many years, as we have found a variety which appears to be midge-proof. This wheat was introduced into our town by Mr. WINFIELD, and goes by the name of the Hopewell Wheat. Mr. WINFIELD'S crop was about twenty-eight bushels to the acre last year. It is a hard wheat, and could hardly be called white wheat, as it has rather a reddish cast. Farmers are very much encouraged about winter wheat raising, and there will be a still greater area sown the coming autumn than there was last. Spring crops, as a general thing, look very promising for an ordinary yield. The hay crop in many instances will exceed that of last year, which was very abundant. Several of my neighbors sowed flax last spring, which looks well. We shall have enough of most kinds of fruit, such as apples, plums and the like."

THE SHASON AND CROPS IN MINNESOTA.—Writing us under date of July 26, Mr. T. J. SWAYNE, of Mankato, Minn., says—"As there is an evident desire in some of the newspapers in adjoining States to check emigration to Minnesota, I wish to correct a statement in the last RURAL, that crops would prove almost a failure in this State. The fore part of the season was dry; but timely showers have made all kinds of grain produce a good crop in this portion, and an average taking the State at large. Harvest has well commenced, and some fields near here are estimated at 30 bushels per acre. We have had a larger emigration this summer, than any year since '65, especially to the beautiful lands recently occupied by the Winnebago Indians."

THE IOWA STATE FAIR—to be held at Dubuque, Sept. 15th to 18th inclusive—promises to be alike creditable to the Farmers and State. In a letter from J. M. SHAEFFER, Esq., Secretary of the State Ag. Society, containing a cordial invitation to attend the approaching Fair, we are assured that the prospects of a superior exhibition are very flattering. Letters from all parts of the State evince that the farmers have awakened to a new interest in the success of the Society, and the Secretary adds that we can say to our friends that the Fair gives promise to be a full representation of the agricultural condition of the Northwest. Would that we could be present, witness the exhibition, and meet and greet many friends and readers who have cast their lot in pleasant places in Iowa! But we must forego the pleasure. May the Fair fulfill the most sanguine expectations of our friends, and greatly accelerate the cause of Rural Improvement.

"WHAT ABOUT THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR?"—Is a frequent inquiry, showing that people are interested. It is to be held at Utica, Sept. 15 to 18th inclusive. The premiums are liberal, and we trust the exhibition and attendance will demonstrate that the industrial citizens of the Empire State are awake to their interests and devoted to improvement in the arts which insure prosperity in war as well as during peace.

THE RURAL IS APPRECIATED.—Of this we have abundant evidence from various parts of the country—in encouraging letters from farmers, mechanics, merchants, professionals, and "heaven's last best gift." For example, in an epistle just received from a lady correspondent in Madison county, we read this:—"Success to the RURAL. I am more and more delighted with it every week. Am glad you were so patriotic as to spare so many of your men to help the 'wicked little village of New York' to restore order. Your paper has the true ring, tho' it speaks in a way that is not calculated to stir up the people's combative-ness. If I were leaving my dying advice with my family one request would be, 'keep on taking the RURAL NEW-YORKER.'"

Horticultural.

A TRIP TO CANADA.

TAKING advantage of a little leisure last week, we made a brief trip to the dominions of that excellent woman, whom we all admire as an honor to her sex and human nature, Queen VICTORIA. It was a very warm, yet beautiful evening, when we found ourselves on board the steamer Ontario, enjoying a delightful lake breeze, and a glorious sunset, such as we had not seen since, years-a-back, we made a reconnaissance of the domains of Old Neptune.

In the early morning we arrived at Toronto, and after an excellent breakfast at the "Queens," for which we had an unusually good appetite, spent a few hours in visiting some of the desirable places in and around the city. With only a few hours, however, at our disposal, where we could have spent as many days with both pleasure and profit, an attempt at description would result in nothing satisfactory. We will only observe, that there are few cities of its size where the higher branches of horticulture are pursued with such devotion, and at such an outlay of wealth and skill.

Taking the cars on the Grand Trunk Road we were soon in the village of Weston, and Bramford, and made a stop at a station with the classic name of Norval. This was the Mecca of our pilgrimage—our only design being to accept a long-standing and pressing invitation to spend a day with an old resident of Rochester, away from the cares of business, and take a look at rural life in Canada. At the station we found a stage waiting to convey us to the village, about a mile distant, in a valley through which runs a pretty river called the Credit—a pleasant name for a traveler, whose cash is running low. Arriving at our destination we essayed to pay the stage fare, but the proprietor refused to receive our money. Thinking he might lack faith in the stability of our Government, and the value of green-backs, and imagine that we had no other funds, we assured him that we had provided ourselves with the current funds of the realm. But he still persisted in the refusal. We found ourselves often treated in the same singular manner, and as no offence was probably intended, we determined to bear it with as much composure and even good nature as possible. A good traveler must be a good philosopher, so we summoned all the philosophy we could command to our assistance on such occasions.

In this section of Canada we spent several days, and are much indebted to JAMES JOHNSON, Esq., Col. MITCHELL, Dr. MITCHELL, and others, for the most unremitting attentions, which made our visit not only exceedingly pleasant, but gave us an opportunity to see and learn much in a very short time. Nowhere is there a better chance for the fruit-grower than in the neighborhood of the large cities and villages of Upper Canada, as in almost all new countries fruit-culture has been neglected, and the demand is now far ahead of the supply. As a natural consequence good fruit always brings a highly remunerating price. Fruit-growers in Western New York prout by this fact, and almost every season large quantities are shipped from our lake ports. In Toronto and some of the larger cities there are very skillful gardeners, but their products command a price far beyond the reach of the masses. An effort is being made by many to meet the wants of the people, and we observed some fine young orchards of pears and other fruits that in a few years will yield their golden harvest. Mr. JOHNSON has about three thousand pear trees, vigorous and healthy, many of them bearing, and large quantities of the small fruits. We also observed many smaller plantations in the same neighborhood. In all our travels we did not see a pear tree affected with the blight.

We have often been surprised at the ease with which our Canada friends grow the foreign grapes free from mildew. Some years ago we saw the *Canada Chief*, evidently a foreign variety, near Hamilton, growing in perfection. On the grounds of General ADAMSON we now saw old vines of a foreign white grape, probably the Sweetwater, loaded with fruit, and they have given an abundant crop every season for many years. Another variety brought by the General from Portugal, and which he calls the Duro, was literally loaded—not a single specimen, but a dozen or more of the vines. This is said to be a splendid wine grape. The vines are laid down every winter and covered, but no disposition to mildew has been observed, although these vines have fruited for many years. We have made notes of other interesting matters, to which we may refer at another time.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

BRIEF HORTICULTURAL ITEMS.

WILSON'S ALBANY IN THE WEST.—But very few really good samples of this variety of strawberry have been in this market. In some localities, the first picking was of fair size. But I have not seen a good, large Wilson—maximum measurement—this season. And I have heard the question asked, frequently, "Is the Wilson's Albany degenerating?" I do not think it is; but the almost uniform failure in size, so far as my observation goes, cannot be charged to the droop in all cases. Culture has something to do with it. And the practice of letting the Wilson vines run rampant is, in my opinion, a wrong one.

THE FRUIT REGIONS OF ILLINOIS.—Your readers are aware, if they have read the Transactions of the Ohio Pomological Society, that that State was geologically divided by that Society at its last meeting. A fruit grower in this State, on seeing the Ohio division, wrote to a prominent geologist in this State, asking for a similar division. The following is the gist of a

reply, which the author calls "crude," and which it will do no harm to allow the fruit-growers of the State to criticize. The division is made thus: "1. Mag. Limestone. 2. Drift on Limestone. 3. Drift on coal measures. 4. Loess. 5. Sub-carboniferous soils of the extreme southern portions of the State, predicated on the millstone grit and mountain limestone.

"The general area may be divided as follows: "No. 1 is restricted to the north-west corner of the State, where the drift is entirely wanting—as in the vicinity of Galena, or is spread so thinly and unevenly over the limestone as not to impart any decided character to the soil.

"No. 2 includes the remainder of the area north of the coal fields.

"No. 3 comprises a large portion of the coal fields.

"No. 4 especially characterizes the western and southern borders of the coal fields, including the bluffs of the great rivers, and also the central portions of the State.

"No. 5 embraces the region south of the coal fields, extending to the Ohio river.

"Arranging them according to their value for fruit growing, I should place them in the following order:—4, 5, 1, 2, 3.

"In doing this, however, I take into consideration the climatic conditions of the region, as well as the productive character of the soil. For example, No. 1 is probably fully equal to No. 5 in its adaptation to the growth of fruit; but the more favorable zone occupied by No. 5 requires me to give that preference over No. 1; though, leaving out of sight the question of climate, I should have little choice between Nos. 1, 2 and 5.

"The region indicated as lying between the Alton and Terre Haute RR. and the 38th parallel, undoubtedly belongs to No. 4; and the difference between the soil of that region and the river bluffs, results from the fact that the loess in the one case is underlaid by the coal measures, and the other by sub-carboniferous limestones."

DWARF PLUMS ON THE PRAIRIES.—On the prairie at Tolona, Champaign Co., I saw dwarf plums loaded with fruit—saw no signs of curculio. Dr. CHAPPEL, on whose ground I saw them, told me that his experience had given him ten times the confidence in the Dwarf Plum there, that he had in Dwarf Pears. And it was apparent he had an abiding confidence in the latter.

OTHER SORTS OF FRUIT GROWING HERE.—Hard-shelled almonds, nectarines, apricots, Spanish chestnuts, the olive and quince, were growing on Dr. C.'s grounds, and hardy. Quinces were very productive—ditto nectarines, apricots and almonds. There were figs growing in the grapery.

THE EARLY MONTMORENCY CHERRY was growing on the same grounds under the name of Early May or Early Richmond. It came hither under the latter name, from an Eastern firm. And thus had my friend, Dr. C., been misled as to the real character of the Early Richmond; and he had misled others. The influence of a single error in such matters cannot be estimated. And too great care cannot be exercised in the nomenclature of fruit.

THE MISSOURI FLOWERING CURRANT, so extensively talked of by the Illinois State Horticultural Society, at its last meeting, is growing here, and is bearing abundantly. It is called sweet, sprouts from the root, all over the garden. Dr. C. says, "Once in the garden, it can't be got rid of."

CREMONT'S PERPETUAL.—In my own garden, and all other places where I have seen this strawberry this season, it retains its title to a good name as a beautiful, strong growing, productive and fine flavored fruit. So far as I have had opportunity to observe, it stands higher and promises better than Triomphe de Gand in the West.

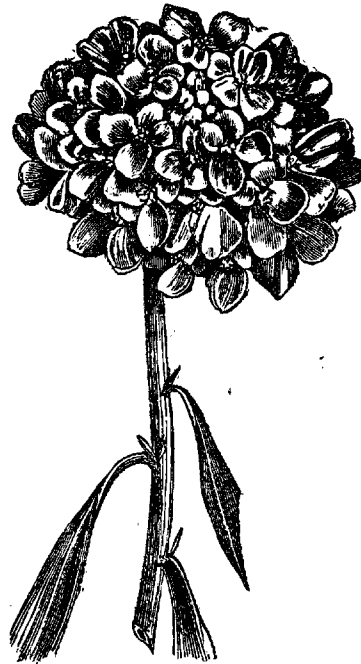
KINWOOD SEEDLING.—I had another opportunity to see this fruit and taste it this season. It is late—later than any other strawberry with which I am acquainted, extremely productive, a beautiful fruit, very fragrant, and is produced on the strongest growing, hardiest vines I ever saw. But it is soft and sour. If it were not soft, I am satisfied its size and beauty would win for it a good name in the markets; for few people know that there is any difference in the flavor of strawberries. Some people, of respectable age, have been astonished to discover the fact, the past season, within my knowledge.

GRASS EDGINGS.—I do not remember to have seen anything in anybody's flower garden—not even weeds—that looks so bad as grass edgings about flower borders. Not one time in one hundred are they kept trimmed neatly; and if they are, it requires about as much—often more—time to keep them neat as it does to mow a lawn. They extend their roots into the border, crowd upon the flowers, and are certainly a nuisance, and in extremely bad taste. Something else should be substituted—box edging, or some flower bearing plant—almost anything but grass. It detracts from instead of adding to the beauty of a garden.

HORSE CHESTNUT.—(*Aesculus Hippocastanum*.)—From the great popularity of this tree, both for ornament and shade, its fruit is destined to become very abundant, and its present reputation is settled in this country as a useless production. No animal but the deer can be forced to eat it. Now, if it can be rendered an edible material, it may become an important article to the community some day or other, as it is well known that whole districts in France subsist on the fruit of the common chestnut. Mr. FLANDIN, an agriculturist of some note in England, says that the nut of the Horse Chestnut, dried and freed from the shells, if ground and mixed with one or two per cent of carbonate of soda, or one pound of soda to the hundred, and then washed till white, is fit food for man or animals. The salt removes all the bitter principle from the nut.

THE CANDYTUFT.

THE Candytufts are among the most useful of the Annual flowers. They grow from the prettiest bed in our garden, but in a week or two will be past their prime, and during September, when the Zinnias and Asters and Phloxes are gay, the Candytufts will be rather unsightly. This is the only objection to the Candytuft, but during July and August, nothing can be more brilliant. For cutting for bouquets few flowers are superior, and when the flowers are kept well cut, and no weeds are allowed to form, the beds will last much longer.



Every year we watch the opening of the Candytufts with a good deal of interest, because foreign seed dealers persist in advertising a variety of bright colors, such as scarlet, but we have never yet had a flower approach this color. We have, however, very fine velvety purple, nearly approaching to crimson, a fine lilac, differing a good deal in shade, the Normandy being pinkish, and several varieties of white, differing in habit. One sort is sweet-scented, though not highly so.

THE PEAR BLIGHT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In your issue of the 11th of July, I find a partial description of an elaborate paper read before the Illinois Natural History Society by its President, B. D. WALSH, Esq., with some extracts therefrom, designed to show that certain insects therein described, cause what we call Pear-blight. Will you please permit an humble individual to present, through the RURAL NEW-YORKER, a very different theory, with the reasons for it, together with a complete remedy. The cause of Pear-blight is the heat of the sun's rays upon the trunk and branches of the tree, thickening or coagulating the albumen of the sap in its descent in the bark, thereby obstructing or clogging the circulation of the sap, leaving it to putrify. If the tree be young, with the outside bark tender, the first sign of injury that appears is the shrinking in of the bark and adhering closely to the wood, which may be easily seen by examining the trunk of the tree. These shrunken spots of bark which appear, from the size of a silver half-dollar to that of a fifty-cent shinplaster, and such spots on the lower part of the large branches, generally enclosing a small twig, which will be found dead, require an operation to be performed in the following manner:—Take a sharp knife and shave off the outside bark, which will be found black as ink, until you come to a light color, but it is not necessary to remove every vestige of the black. Then with the knife slit the bark perpendicularly from a little above to a little below the shrunken spots. If the trunk or branch be large several slits may be made. A little soft soap rubbed on after the operation is useful.

I have never seen a branch of a pear tree with its leaves turn black with the blight, unless upon examination of the trunk or large branches I found the outside bark rotten to a considerable extent, from which the putrid sap was probably taken up and thrown into circulation before a permanent separation between the living and the dead is established. And after finding such rotten spots of bark and shaving off the black portions and slitting as before directed, I have never failed of effecting a cure.

When the bark is found dried hard, and forming an unyielding band around, or partly around the tree, by simply slitting it and softening with soft soap, if life be not entirely gone it will recover. And when by an effort of nature the tree recovers itself, the bark will invariably be found cracked, as if a wedge were thrust through the wood and bark, thus showing what is needed to relieve it. It is very rare, if ever, that we find a pear tree that does not bear upon its body unmistakable signs of such spontaneous recovery.

After applying the preceding remedy and the tree recovers, bear in mind that it is liable to a new attack, therefore, it should be thoroughly examined several times during the season, for eternal vigilance is the price of healthy pear trees.

Now, Messrs. Editors, in conclusion allow me to remark, that if others find my remedy as effectual as I have found it, for the pear-blight, then it follows that whatever other mischief the insect before referred to may do the pear tree, they do not cause the blight, for this remedy in no way interferes with them or their doings, but the tree recovers in spite of the bugs.

As long ago as the commencement of the Mexican war the writer of this caused to be published in the *Rochester Daily Advertiser & Republican* an account of his successful experiments in

arresting the *Fire-blight*, as we then called it, in the pear tree, recommending precisely the same remedy as now, but it was not heeded, probably because it was not read before a literary association. E. MAY.

Henrietta, July 24th, 1863.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Last year a pear tree, at least twelve feet high, in the lot I occupy, was stricken with the blight—the top of the tree and the main stem was to all appearance dead. Talking with E. MAY on the subject, I was induced to try his method. I merely used the knife freely, did not use the soap. This spring the dead part was sawed off. It now has a healthy appearance and has quite a show of pears. I am of the opinion that if his plan is adopted and followed up, as soon as the disease commences, that this terrible scourge which threatens to destroy this valuable fruit, may be headed off. The tree can be seen by calling at 76 East avenue. W.

Rochester, N. Y., August, 1863.

Inquiries and Answers.

EARLY PEAS.—Which is the earliest variety of peas for market purposes?—SUBSCRIBER, *Willink*. Prince Albert and Early Kent are the best early market peas we know of.

KILLING THE CURRANT WORM.—Noticing some inquiries for a remedy for the currant bushes (or to prevent the ravages of the currant worm,) I would send one method of destroying them. Make a suds of common soft soap, and with a watering pot shower the bushes thoroughly, turning them so as to drench the under side of the leaves, and the worms will soon be "laid out."—J. A. W., *Niagara Co., N. Y.*

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPES.—I saw an advertisement in a Rochester paper last fall for Isabella and Clinton grapes, but have forgotten who advertised. I have one-fourth of an acre in bearing this season, and intend to dispose of some of the fruit. Would you be kind enough to indicate in the RURAL some one or more who are in the business?—L. M. WILSON, *Elba, N. Y.*

There are usually plenty of buyers in this city both for shipping and wine-making, but we cannot give the names of those who will engage in the business this season.

Horticultural Notes.

THE FASCINATION OF FRUIT CULTURE.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in an account of the Horticultural Exhibition at Chicago, says:—"I was amused to notice how much the exhibitors thought of their fruit,—with many this is the first year their trees have borne, and this was particularly the case with those who lived in cities, and who only a few years ago turned their attention to fruit growing. Hour after hour they stood by their tables, their eyes running from plate to plate, and often re-arranged them so that each pear and bunch of grapes should show the best it could. Human affection is scarcely less devoted. I was reminded of a young wife with her first baby. Some call this a species of insanity. Very well, I own to being a little insane on strawberries. But people do not understand it. They do not have before them the years of persevering industry, as the fruit grower does, and they have no long hopes realized. They know not how he has watched his trees through all seasons, till they become 'familiar trees'; how he has thought of them when falling asleep, or on a journey, or how he has walked among them on Sundays with his wife. Of all the descendants of Adam, none have so nearly succeeded in getting back into Paradise as the fruit grower."

FRUIT IN CALIFORNIA.—H. B. EASTMAN, of California, writes to the *Horticulturalist* of his experience in growing fruit in that State. After speaking of grapes which were not permitted to bear fruit, on account of the smallness of the plants, Mr. E. says:—"Of other fruits the past summer was one of great abundance; every thing that was large enough to hold up an apple, pear, or peach was loaded to the ground. But the Bartlett Pear 'out did' even itself in early bearing and excellence. We had some twenty trees that beat anything I have read of in books. I must tell you about them. In the spring of 1860 we planted pear seed; they got large enough to bud in September; the next summer, 1861, they made a fine growth from five to six feet, and as we wanted to have pears growing on a certain piece of ground, we took them from the nursery and planted them at one year from bud, and last summer they bore from one to four pears each, and I tell you they were beauties. I sold this year twenty-five dollars worth from one tree four years from the bud, on a Hawthorn stock; I sold them, three for half a dollar. You will think that a big price; but the 'boys' think, when they can get three Bartlett pears for the same money that it costs for 'two drinks of lightning' whiskey, that they are cheap enough."

LAW AGAINST WEEDS.—In Denmark the farmers are bound by law to destroy the corn-marigold; and in France a farmer may sue his neighbor who neglects to eradicate the thistles upon his land at the proper season. In Australia a similar regulation has been imposed by legislative authority, with, it is said, the most beneficial results. In Canada, we believe, enactments have been issued against allowing thistles to ripen on the road-sides and exposed situations, both from the legislature and township corporations; and it is passing strange that such important and beneficial regulations, on the proper observance of which both private and public wealth is so closely dependant, should in many districts become practically inoperative. It is high time that some firm stand should be taken, not only against thistles, but pigeon weed, and the whole tribe of pests of this nature, forming, as they do, insuperable barriers to Agricultural progress, and consequently to the increase of wealth and national prosperity.—*Canadian Agriculturist*.

FLORAL PAYMENTS.—There is a very beautiful fashion of floral decoration, and chiefly, I think, in Italy—originating, I suppose, in the gorgeous-colored mosaics and the prevalence of glowing colors of that sunny land. They form on great occasions there a sort of floral pavement, marking out distinctly the pattern on the ground, and then filling it in with a perfect mass of many-colored petals. Rose-leaves, white and red, Camellias and Violets, Lilacs, Syringas, red Poppies, blue Corn-flowers and Carnations all contributing their gay and scented petals.—*London Cottage Gardener*.

CURRANT WORM.—J. H. ROBINSON, of Rochester, says by sifting coal ashes on his currant bushes when the dew is on, and repeating it often, he has prevented the ravages of the currant worm. He thinks this simple remedy should be made public.

INSECTS.—Hunt for and kill all you can find. Do not wait for any patent remedy, nor think the time wasted spent in this work. Vigilance is the price we have to pay for all our choice fruits and flowers.

Domestic Economy.

CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—I saw in a late RURAL an inquiry about "how to make tip-top Johnny-cake," and I will send a recipe for one which I think answers to that description:

Take one pint of buttermilk; half a pint of sweet milk; a little sour cream; one egg; a little salt. Do not make a very stiff batter, and after the meal has been stirred in, pulverize a teaspoonful of soda and beat in thoroughly. Bake about an hour. If you add to this two tablespoonfuls of molasses, it will make the cake very much better, I think. This quantity is sufficient for one Johnny-cake; baked in a common pie-tin.

I have a recipe for common cake which is very good—also one for cookies, which I will send:

COMMON CAKE.—One cup of sugar; two-thirds cup of butter; two eggs; two tablespoonfuls sour milk; half teaspoonful soda. Flavor with nutmeg, or anything you please.

COOKIES.—One cup of sugar; half cup butter; half cup sweet milk; one egg; one teaspoonful soda; two of cream tartar. Roll thin, and bake quick. A WISCONSIN GIRL.

June, 1863.

PREPARING RENNET.—I answer the inquiries of C. B. CHAPMAN, of California, in RURAL of July 18, relative to preparing rennet, as follows: The rule is applicable to green or dry rennet, though I think the better way is to salt them down in a stone jar as soon as saved. I generally use them prepared in this way, but it sometimes happens that I have not enough; in this case I get dried rennets, which are equally as good. You need have no fears of your cheese fermenting or raising when the rennets are used green, if you will fill them with salt (being careful to preserve the curd with them,) before soaking for use. I have been necessitated to use them in this way, and am never troubled with cheese raising—a difficulty wholly attributable to lack of salt.—MRS. ALLEN GOULD, *Hemlock Lake, N. Y., 1863.*

TRAP FOR BUGS—A *Sure Thing*.—As "A Bachelor is seeking information on the 'bug question'" through the RURAL, we give him the following item which we find going the rounds of the papers:

"Take a board, say a foot wide and four feet long, puncture it with many holes with a small bit, put it inside of the headboard and next to the pillows. If there is a bug about the bed he will find the way to the holes in the board soon. Take it out every morning, hold it over the fire or water, and give it a few raps with a hammer, then put it in place and repeat. This is catching the insects in a hurry and upon philosophical principles—the best antidote we have yet heard of."

MAKING JELLY FOR SOLDIERS.—Allow [me, through your excellent paper, to remind all who have a supply of currants, or raspberries, to use a portion of them for making jelly, jam, wine, shrub or vinegar for the use and comfort of our sick and wounded soldiers, to whom these articles are very useful and acceptable. By doing so, much good can be accomplished at small expense—good for those who are giving their time, their labors, and, if need be, their lives, that our country may live.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Camandagua, N. Y.*

RASPBERRY SHRUB.—Take four quarts of red raspberries, put them into an earthen or stone jar, add one pint of good, sharp vinegar, and let it stand twenty-four or forty-eight hours, then press the juice through a cloth. To each pint of juice, add a pound of sugar, heat it, and skim. When cold, bottle it. A tablespoonful or two put in a tumbler of cold water, is considered equal or superior to lemonade, and good either for sick or well people.—M.

TO BROIL MUTTON CHOPS.—Mutton-chops should not be broiled on too fierce a fire, otherwise the fat will cause the fire to flare, and the chops will be smoked and blackened. Pepper them the same as beefsteaks; but unlike those, mutton chops require constant turning. They should not be overdone. When they are done enough, lay them in a hot dish and sprinkle them with salt; they require no butter, the chops being sufficiently fat.

HOW TO "HEAD" MOSQUITOES.—A lady informs us that the annoyance of this pestiferous little insect may be effectually prevented by a very simple process. Close the room and burn a teaspoonful of brown sugar on some live coals, or even shavings, and the insects become paralyzed at once. If this simple operation is effective, it is worth a year's subscription to those who are now first advised of the fact.

A GOOD RECIPE FOR VINEGAR.—Take forty gallons rain water, one gallon molasses, and four pounds acetic acid. It will be fit for use in a few days. Acetic acid costs twenty-five cents per pound. This is the recipe by which most of the cider vinegar is made, which is sold in the country stores.—*Scientific Artizan*.

TO BROIL HAM.—Cut the ham about the third of an inch thick, and broil it very quickly over a brisk fire; lay it on a hot dish, pepper it, and put on it a little butter.

TO BROIL PORK CHOPS.—These should not be cut quite so thick as mutton chops, and require more dressing; turn them frequently, and make them a nice light brown.

Ladies' Department.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

[The following sad and beautiful morceau, contributed to the Philadelphia Bulletin from some unknown pen, was suggested by an affecting scene in one of the army hospitals. A brave lad of sixteen years, belonging to a New England regiment, mortally wounded at Fredericksburg, and sent to the Patent Office Hospital in Washington, was anxiously looking for the coming of his mother. As his last hour approached, and sight grew dim, he mistook a sympathetic lady who was wiping the clammy perspiration from his forehead, for the expected one, and, with a smile of joy lighting up his pale face, whispered tenderly, "Is that mother?" "Then," says the writer, "drawing her toward him with all his feeble strength, he nestled his head in her arms like a sleeping infant, and thus died, with the sweet word 'mother' on his quivering lips.]

"IS THAT MOTHER?"

Is that mother bending o'er me,
As she sang my cradle hymn—
Kneeling there in tears before me,
Say?—my sight is growing dim.

Comes she from the old home lowly,
Out among the Northern hills,
To her pet boy, dying slowly
Of war's battle-wounds and ills?

Mother! oh we bravely battled—
Battled till the day was done;
While the leaden hail storm rattled—
Man to man and gun to gun.

But we failed—and I am dying—
Dying in my boyhood's years—
There—no weeping—self denying,
Noble deaths demand no tears!

Fold your arms again around me;
Press again my aching head;
Sing the lullaby you sang me—
Kiss me, mother, ere I'm dead.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCENES IN THE HOSPITAL.

HOSPITALS are generally considered places of extreme sorrow without any enlivening ray of joy or pleasure; but in my travels here I have found that there is much even of real, heart-felt pleasure in a hospital.

A thousand miles ride brought me to this most beautiful place, where the heroes from the Western army suffer for the glory of the nation as much as those on the battle-field. There is a glory in suffering, and it is one of the noblest traits of these brave soldiers to see how they bear their wounds. There are 1,300 sick and wounded men in this one hospital. One may go through the whole number of wards and very few will be the words of complaint. There is only the longing for home,—how the sick man looks to that dear spot. Here is a hospital among the beautiful Western forest trees, and the boys enjoy going out to breathe the fresh air after coming up from the pestilential swamps of the Mississippi.

There is one object in writing this hasty sketch to the readers of the RURAL. A multitude of noble, patriotic women read its pages. They are doing much for these suffering men at their homes. Oh! I wish they could see the joy on the countenances of these noble men when they receive some of those choice things sent from home. The other day 400 came here from Vicksburg, wearied with the long route on the boat, and as they came into the wards, all decorated with paintings, flowers, and supplied with books, one golden-haired boy said to me, as he looked at his clean bed, and noticed the busy work of the nurses and attendants:—"A man can get well here, if he can anywhere this side of Paradise." Now, why is there such a feeling here? Simply because there are noble women here to minister to these men those gifts which you women at home have sent to them. The greatest blessings in hospitals are these woman's hands, woman's hearts, and woman's tears.

Yesterday a poor fellow from Illinois died, with the request that his body should be sent home to his wife. One of the nurses, a woman who knew the anguish of that stricken heart, went to the city and telegraphed to her, and this morning the body is to be sent. Last night another lady from another ward came to tell me about one of the Ohio boys who was almost ready to be sent home. How kind she was to him, how quick her woman's heart went to assist him, yet this woman is the wife of a rebel officer, Mrs. Brig-Gen. GARRETT. She said to me:—"I loved my husband, but he went to fight with the rebels, and I owe it as a duty to my country to toil for these sick heroes who are giving their lives to sustain our government." She is a Southern lady, too. Mrs. CANFIELD, of Medina Co., Ohio, (my own county, and I am proud of it,) visited us a short time since. She is one of the FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES of this war. Just now I saw a young man whose head was badly wounded by a shell, who said as I came along:—"I feel first-rate this morning,—I want to go back."

One pleasant feature among the arrangements of this hospital is the supply of reading matter furnished by contributions, mostly from the Sanitary Commission. And let me say, right here, you cannot send too much to that noble society; it is the back-bone of all the supplies we receive. With all the work done and goods sent, still, you women at home must send us more,—we need it,—you can do more and you will. Ohio should send more to her Western army; so of all the States, no matter whether they are here or not. The Ladies' Union Aid Society of St. Louis, is doing a noble work. They gave a grand dinner to 3,000 convalescent soldiers here on the Fourth. It was a joyful time for them.

The glorious news from the army cheers all hearts, and may those who are enjoying at home all the comforts of life, not forget amid this triumph that there are suffering thousands who need their care, especially you Women of the North, remit not your labors, and may Heaven

bless you in all your endeavors. May more be willing to come and work in the hospitals to soothe the sick and dying until this war shall close.
IK TOPAS.
U. S. Gen. Hospital, Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

WHAT can be done to call forth the earnest and pure energies of woman to stimulate the hearts of those engaged in defending our homes and the sacred cause of right and liberty? It should be admitted by all loyal citizens, that in so important a contest, their power and sympathy should be cemented by a will to work together; and the entire loyal nation should possess but one heart to throbb in behalf of our rights. And surely woman, the "better-half" of man; the "help-meet of creation's lord," must have a high and holy mission to fulfill.

We remember the enthusiasm that glowed within our breast when first we read of our fathers' bravery in the triumphant struggle of the Revolution; how our hearts sympathized with their many intense sufferings; how we read with feelings of pride that the Revolutionary war had its heroines as well as heroes; that patriotism dwelt in every home, and mothers taught the infant lips first to lisp the lessons of freedom.—In all this there mingled a feeling akin to envy; envious of the fame and honor achieved by the heroines of '76; and almost a regret that we had not been permitted to live in "perilous times,"—to be angels of mercy at the hospitals,—to be noble, heroic and self-sacrificing at the hearthstone; and perhaps enjoy the privilege of saying "my husband, brother or son shed his blood to cement the noblest of governments." Women of the 19th century, the field is now open for whatever self-denial or heroic fortitude you may choose to exhibit. But do not act too late. Whatever you design to perform in behalf of the interests of every citizen of the United States, must be done at once. Now or never you must arise in all firmness of purpose to take your full share of the trials and burdens which must be sustained through this fearful struggle. We hope it will end speedily; but some husband, some son, some brother must be sacrificed upon the altar of our country! And wives, mothers, sisters, where are the heroines among you? Who can say "go," and if you fall we will look to God for grace to sustain us. They must go. As volunteers or drafted soldiers they will die upon the long-to-be-remembered battle-fields. Other homes will place aside the vacant chair,—other hearts will raise a monument to the memory of the loved one who is not permitted to sleep in the quiet churchyard; and, oh, the dreadful pain and anguish, the untold sorrows of those stricken, bleeding hearts, is known alone to Him "who wounds but to heal."
S. E. D.
Allen's Hill, N. Y., 1863.

HINTS TO MOTHERS—SPEAK LOW.

I KNOW some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night, and the disease is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune, and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots, and it is a much more mischievous habit. Where mother sets the example, you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid, while many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience, either in or out of her sight.

Oh, mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tried by the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched, and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but plenty of evil. Read what Solomon says of them, and remember he wrote with an inspired pen. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any,—they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*New York Chronicle.*

DANGEROUS PLEASURES.—I have sat upon the seashore and waited for its gradual approaches, and have seen its dancing wave and white surf, and admired that He who measured it with His hand had given to it such life and motion; and I have lingered till its gentle waters grew into mighty billows, and had well nigh swept me from my firmest footing. So I have seen a heedless youth gazing with a too curious spirit upon the sweet motions and gentle approaches of inviting pleasure, till it has detained his eye and imprisoned his feet, and swelled upon his soul, and swept him to a swift destruction.—*Basil Montague.*

WOMAN AND PLEASURE.—Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flowers; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, it deteriorates, and destroys.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker
WHAT LIFE DID.

BY A. S. HOOKER.

LIFE, a subtle, airy spirit, dressed in armor of rude clay,
Wandered with a restless footstep through the world for many a day;
Meeting on its forward journey, chance and change, and fortune rude,
Idling now in throngs of beauty, roaming now in solitude;
Painting meanwhile rosy blushes on his face, or in its eyes
Kindling sparks, that glitter brightly as the trembling curtains rise;
Forging on the heart's strong anvil with a slow and steady beat,
Bolts of passion, bright and glowing with the fierce internal heat.
Bearing but the bright sword gleaming as a weapon in its hand,
Off in fear it lightly hurried like a shadow o'er the land.
Trembling as the crashing thunder shook the mountains o'er its way,
Walking now with courage firmly in the broad, bright light of day.
Bending in the silent night-time to the One beyond the sky,
Treading then the haunts of Folly, with a fixed, unquailing eye.
Seeking ever one fair spirit—the Ideal of its dream—
Till 'twas found, and on they journeyed to the strand of death's dark stream.
Crowned with light and still rejoicing, laying there their armor down,
Slowly o'er the wave they glided through the silent shadows brown,
Till the golden strand approaching, glanced they backward o'er the road
Which their weary footsteps traveled toward the place whence glory flowed,
Slowly through the cloud were wafted till they reached the distant shore,
Safely landed in the regions of the bright Forevermore.
Winged for flight, hand clasped they mounted, beaming with the light of love,
Up the shining, crystal stairway, to the brighter world above.
Lima, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DOCTOR IN CAMP.—No. IV.

THE PICKET GUARD.

THE first thing which the General commanding an army does, when he has come to a camp where he designs to remain, be it for never so short a time, is to stretch out in all directions his antennae, so that should any foe approach, the great unwieldy body may have notice in time to rouse itself and prepare to resist the threatened danger. These antennae are the Picket Guards, and when they are in their places the army may eat, drink, sleep, and be merry at its will, secure from danger of being surprised or taken unawares.

The military events of the past two years, and the correspondence of the newspapers, has educated our people sufficiently in the art of war that even Mrs. PARRINGTON must now know that when the "pickets are driven in" a post is not necessarily established in the ground, though that may be the direction ultimately taken by some of the unfortunate pickets.

There are Outlying and Inlying Pickets of Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery, according to the nature of the ground. Then we have Videttes, Scouts and Patrols; but as I am only gossiping, not writing a treatise on the Art of War, I shall not stop to describe them all. I will only say that selected bodies of troops are posted on all the roads leading toward the main body of the Army,—that these send out chains of sentinels toward the enemy, and these chains are connected with each other by others stretching across the fields, so that no enemy can approach without being seen. If you, my fair reader, will lay that dainty hand, (which is to be the reward of some brave soldier, I hope,) on the table, and imagine the palm thereof to be the main body of the army, then will each extended finger represent a chain of pickets, and its rosy tip may stand for the faithful soldier who is now watching for the foe.

Should the sentinel on the outpost see the enemy approaching, he fires a shot and "falls back" slowly toward the main body of the Guard, who, warned by his shot are under arms and ready to receive the attack. If it is at all formidable they retire slowly, contesting every inch of ground, (meantime sending a fast courier to the nearest body of troops,) until succor can arrive, and a successful stand be made. That is "driving in the pickets," but sometimes when the force is small the pickets stand their ground and refuse to be driven, in which case the drive is all the other way, and the would-be-driving party feel as you have if you ever tried to drive a nail into a seasoned oak post and couldn't do it, but bent the nail, and pounded your fingers instead.

Between the picket lines of the opposing armies is a strip of country claimed by neither and overrun by both, known as "neutral territory." Sometimes this is miles, sometimes only yards in width, but however that may be, I know no class in a more unhappy situation than the people living on this strip of land. The rigor of military discipline does not allow them to come within the lines of either army, so they are cut off from all intercourse with the world almost as effectually as if at sea. Add to this the fact that they are constantly exposed to the visits of foraging parties, or stragglers from both sides, and that their homesteads are liable at any moment to become the scene of one of those skirmishes which are of almost daily occurrence, and you will agree with me that they are in no enviable situation.

Think of the being deprived of the privilege of going to the Post-Office, or the store,—unable to purchase any of the thousand-and-one articles which are of daily need in the household,—to exhaust your stores of tea, coffee, sugar and salt—

to need new cotton or linen,—to want a new hat, or bonnet, or hoop-skirt, or a pair of shoes, and be unable to get them,—to have your dearest friend lying at the point of death just within the lines and be unable to get to her or him! These are some of the inconveniences of being between the lines of opposing armies, and I beg all of you who have ever wished to be near the seat of war, "just for the romance of the thing," to recollect the realities which they must take with it.

Albeit there is very little for a Doctor to do "on picket," it has grown into a tradition that one must accompany the picket guard. So, if you please, gentle reader, we will mount our horses and set out. And, indeed, we shall find it no very unwelcome task, notwithstanding we must leave in camp our comfortable tent, and the thousand little nick-nacks which we have gathered together in it. Let me ask you to amuse yourself with the sights and sounds of camp while I pack on our saddles what is necessary for our comfort. We must each take a heavy overcoat with cape, a blanket of India rubber and another of woolen,—two if in winter. Then we will carry in our haversacks the inevitable pipe, tobacco, and matches, a towel, brush and comb, soap, a case of instruments, a few bandages, a bottle of whiskey, a piece of candle, an old novel or other book in paper covers, and knife, fork and spoon. One tent will be carried for the commanding officer, and we shall be asked to share its shelter. Thus equipped we set out in jolly spirits for that indefinite locality known as "the front." As the really sick are all left in camp, and all the life, health and bustle of the camp are transferred to the picket line, you need not wonder that I prefer to leave my *confere* to the comforts of camp and take upon myself the much abused "outpost duty,"—and as he prefers comfortable realities to hypothetical romances, we are both suited.

Arrived at the ground selected as our headquarters, which proves to be in the pine woods, and near the road, we dismount, and while "Major Jack," our commanding officer, posts his sentinels and does all the rest of his routine duty, we superintend the contrabands while they pitch our tent, spread cedar boughs on the floor, and unroll our blankets. Then the eatables are unpacked, and by the time the Major has returned from his tour, SAMBO with his grin proclaims "dinner ready, eah!" and we sit down to a sumptuous repast of ham, coffee and hard bread, with the zest of epicures. Then we stretch ourselves lazily out for the post-prandial smoke. That over we must ride out to take a look at the houses hereabouts, and their inhabitants, and calculate our chances of future good meals to come from their larders.

However they may dislike our cause they will not show it, but on the contrary, as they need our protection, you will see some of the most welcome, if not the most elegant, evidences of hospitality. You will be asked to dinner, to tea, to spend the night. Fair damsels will put on for you their most charming smiles. *Pater-familias* will talk graciously of his horses, his dogs, or anything that is his, except his politics, and nothing their situation affords will be denied you. And to-morrow morning before we will have finished our naps, two or three little ebones will come from as many different farms with a "missus done sent dese yer to the ossifer gemmen"—which "dese yer" will mean bottles of milk, honey, hoe cakes, or other kindred dainties.

After all, these things are done with so much appearance of real feeling that it is hard to believe you are regarded as an enemy, and I prefer generally to believe in it all as the outpourings of an honest hospitality. It is more philosophical, and, perhaps, quite as just as the opposite course. As for guarding their property from pillage, that must be done at any event, not only from humane motives, but also, to maintain that degree of discipline and subordination which is necessary for the good of our army.

So, on the whole, you need not wonder that I relish the few days of release from care, the new scenes, and the good meals to be found "on picket." All this when the enemy do not annoy us, and we are not required to annoy them, and above all, when the weather is propitious. When the opposite of all these conditions take place you may wish yourselves any where but with the Picket Guard.

Some day I may show you the other side of the picture—but, meantime—Good Night!

HOME OF THE WORKING MAN.—Resolve—and tell your wife of your good resolution. She will aid it all she can. Her step will be lighter and her hand busier all day, expecting the comfortable evening at home when you return. Household affairs will have been well attended to. A place for everything and everything in its place, will, like some good genius, have made even an humble home the scene of neatness, arrangement and taste. The table will be ready at the fire-side. The loaf will be of that order which says, by its appearance, You may cut and come again. The cups and saucers will be waiting for supplies. The kettle will be singing and the children, happy with fresh air and exercise will be smiling in their glad anticipation of the evening meal when father is at home, and of the pleasant readings afterwards.—*Helps.*

TRUE CULTURE.—Alas! how many examples are now present to memory of young men the most anxiously and expensively be-school-mastered, be-tutored, be-lectured, anything but educated; who have received arms and ammunition instead of skill, strength and courage; varnished rather than polished; perilously over-civilized; and most pitifully uncultivated! and all from inattention to the method dictated by Nature itself to the simple truth that as the forms in all organized existence, so must all true and living knowledge proceed from within; that it may be trained, supported, fed, excited, but can never be infused or impressed.—*Coleridge.*

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
LET US WORK.

Yes, all of us have work to do
While yet the daylight lasts;
"Having the hand put to the plow!"
We may not, *must not*, falter now,
But onward to our task.

What tho' the way be hard and rough
Unto our weary feet,—
While Heaven smiles—therein we'll trust,
Knowing we shall have strength enough,
Emergencies to meet.

Heaven dowered us not with gifts divine
To rust with long disease;
Each in his proper sphere may find
A field for labor that, in time,
May yield abundant fruit.

Yes, we will toil. "In Heaven is rest!"
But first, the "Cross" to bear;
The work begun must still progress,
"Onward and upward" let us press
Until the "Crown" we wear!

Arlington, Mich., 1863.

LIZZIE D.

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN LIFE.

It is the use of the body according to its laws; it is the use of the lower faculties of the mind according to their laws; it is the use of the reason according to its laws; it is the use of the moral sentiments in just the relations and proportions in which God gave them to us; and it is the use of them all for the glory of God and the welfare of our fellow-men. Christianity is not any one thing. It is not a simple tune played on any particular part of the key-board. Some men seem to think that a man is like a piano, and that one part is secular, and the other religious; but I say that it is all religious, from the highest to the lowest key. And he is the Christian who takes everything that is in him, and takes it in the proportion in which it has been given to him, and serves God and men with it. And whether your veneration is weak or strong, use it. If it is strong, use it for Christ, and if it is weak, use it for Christ. Whether your affections and moral sentiments are strong or weak, use them for Christ. Though your mind is weak here and strong there, use the whole of it for Christ. You are to take just what God has given you, and serve Him and your fellow-men with it. That is the idea of being a Christian.—*Selected.*

A GLOSSARY.

Earth—A wilderness through which pilgrims wander.
Life—A taper fluttering in its socket.
Religion—The Christian's mirror.
Death—An instrument by which the chords of life are rent asunder.
Grave—A gate through which the Christian enters Nature.
Sleep—Nature's soft nurse.
Resurrection—To awake from a sweet dream.
Heaven—A world of infinite happiness.
Faith—A telescope through which we view Christ.
Hope—A heaven-born faith, that surveys the path that leads to light.
Charity—A fountain of love.
Love—A chaplet of beauty.

THE WORLD FAILING AT LAST.

CAMPBELL, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," in his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying; my last hopes are blighted. As for fame, it is a bubble that must soon burst. Earned for others, shared with others, it was sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful my philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which blunts, but heals no pang; and then, sick of the world and dissatisfied with myself, shrink back into solitude?" And in this state of mind he died.

EXPERIMENTAL EVIDENCE.—Paschal says that, wearied with the investigation of external evidences of Christianity, which, though they make the truth of revealed religion in the highest degree probable, still do not amount to mathematical certainty, he submitted the teachings of Christianity to his own inward nature, and found there a prompt response, whose verdict he could no more doubt than he could his own existence. A book so infinitely superior as the Bible is to every other, in its adaptation to the wants of the soul, to the tempted, the heart-broken, the dying, to universal humanity in all its conflicts, sins and woes, carried its own evidence of its Divine origin.

A PREACHER'S REPUTATION.—A preacher's reputation ought to be a sacred thing with his congregation, because he is their minister. Whatever damages his reputation, impairs his usefulness and injures their church. Moreover he is Christ's ambassador, and whatever obstructs his mission is an impediment to the Savior's cause. Beware how you speak of men who are doing the work of God, lest, exciting prejudice against them, and preventing sinners from hearing the Word of Life and giving it due attention, the blood of souls be found on your skirts. Let congregations take care of their minister's reputation, and let ministers take care of their own characters.—*Meth. Prot.*

YOUTH AND OLD AGE.—"In my youth," says Horace Walpole, "I thought of writing a satire upon mankind; but now, in my old age, I think I should write an apology for them."

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
EDUCATION, THE BULWARK OF FREEDOM.

If you will look down the checkered course of human events, you will see that every struggle, every revolution, and every mighty commotion of society, has furthered the cause of human progress. However blindly they may have been conducted,—howsoever ill-omened or disastrous they may have appeared at the time,—each contest between light and darkness, truth and error, knowledge and ignorance, has bettered the condition of mankind. Slowly but surely have christianity, education and liberty made their way up from the chains of tyrants and the iron heel of despotism. You can trace their course, small and undefined at first, but gradually increasing in brightness, till, in the nineteenth century, it presses forward with gigantic strides toward a point of perfection in the future. Human ingenuity, and the arts of fends, have failed to crush them; they throw upon the tortures of the inquisition, and the blood of martyrs gave but new impetus to their growth.

And where were these to be found in the greatest degree? In the American Republic,—the prodigy of nations, and the wonder of the world. With a history small in extent, but great in events,—with a commerce whose sails whitened every sea,—with its flag floating over an extent of territory almost as large as Europe,—and with every element of prosperity and success, it was advancing with unparalleled rapidity, bidding fair to become the enduring home of freedom. There was but one blot upon its character, and the times were propitious for its final extinction. But a change came over this mighty country. The sounds of peaceful industry were drowned by the clamor of war. The energies of the whole people were diverted from their natural channels, and the tide of emigration was turned from the Western prairies to the camps of hostile armies. Sectional jealousy gave way to open hostility, and brothers sought each others' blood with mutual enmity. What was the cause of this civil strife which has broken so many heart strings, and made so many hearthstones desolate? The ignorance of the Southern masses. It was planned by the South; and by the South hurried into existence with fearful precipitancy. We do not say that the Southern leaders went into this blindly, or unsadvisedly; the experience of the past two years has bitterly demonstrated the contrary. But the want of education among the non-slaveholders,—the rank and file of the rebel army; the back-bone of the rebellion,—is all that keeps it in existence an hour. For what good can they possibly receive from it, whether successful or not, originated, as it was, to gratify motives of personal ambition, and perpetuate the institution of slavery? In the one they could have no possible interest, and the success of the other would work for them we instead of weal. Did they desire to advance their own interests? Compare, for a moment, the condition of the poor, despised, down-trodden, negroless Southerner with that of the Northern mechanic, artisan, or laborer. On the one side you see ignorance and dependence,—on the other, happiness, and a place in society. Did they seek for national greatness? Compare statistics of the two sections of the Union; and note the superior progress of the Northern States, in wealth, population and internal improvement. And all this while they held the reins of government; and helped themselves to everything that could accelerate their growth and develop their resources.

The history of the world in every age proves slavery to be a curse to a country, and especially to its non-slaveholding population. Then the Southern masses, in supporting this war, (and without their support it would fall to the ground in a moment,) are fighting against their own interests. But ignorant of Northern laws, of Northern people, of the Constitution they so pretend to revere; duped by designing politicians, crammed with lies, and frightened by bugbears, they madly plunged into the vortex of rebellion. This is one result of ignorance; and what has been its cost and its effects? Deserted villages, ruined fortunes, blasted prospects, orphan's cries and widow's tears, give answer. Ask of those who fell on Shiloh's bloody field, of Antietam's dead, of the little mounds upon James river's side. Set a price upon the lives of LYONS, KEARNEY, STEPHENS, MITCHEL, BAKER, WINTHROP, and of thousands of others.

A great calamity is upon the nation. We seek first to free ourselves of its baneful presence, then how we may avoid its repetition. There are those appointed to see to the first; and it is for the American people to effect the second by infusing throughout the land a high standard of education, and, consequently, a higher appreciation of the value and beauties of a free government. If ignorance has worked untold evil, and seriously threatened the life of the nation, education, its opposite, must effect a directly opposite result. How can you expect to retain the blessings of a government of equal rights, when a man who cannot read a line, and who must depend upon street talk, and hearsay, for his political belief, can balance the vote of a statesman. Should he then be deprived of his suffrage? Perhaps not; but his children should, at least, be taught the principles of true government,—should be made enlightened citizens. And is education costly? It is often asserted, and without fear of dispute, that knowledge is power; but it is doubly certain that knowledge is wealth. True to whatever state of civilization we may arrive, ambitious knaves and discontented spirits may still exist, but the public mind, no longer so easily swayed, would be unaffected by them. The human mind is a magazine of fire, rendered doubly dangerous and

doubly explosive by association with its kind. Do you attempt to control it by the strong hand of power? Go and read your fate in the wars of CROMWELL, the revolts of Hungary, and the French Revolution. Does it attempt to govern itself blindly, ignorantly, and without knowledge of its wants and dignity? Behold the result mirrored in the melancholy tale of Greece and Rome, the German League, and in our own sad history.

We are living in the latest period of time and can profit by the past. Patriots have died for freedom, wars have been fought, seas of blood have been shed, but no nation has ever yet been free, for no people have ever yet been highly, or, rather, generally enough educated to know its worth; America has more nearly approached it than any other country. The world is looking with the most intense interest upon the problem now being solved in this unhappy land. Millions of hearts are alternately elated and depressed by the news of victory or defeat; and as many prayers are daily raised for the success of our cause and that of a suffering world. But though our flag shall yet wave over every Southern fortress, and the authority of the government be undisputed, so long as the hallowed influence of education is not more generally felt, so long shall liberty sit insecurely upon our institutions. But when the American people shall have learned the worth of freedom, and its effects upon both the individual and the State,—when they shall have acquired a just horror of war and all its attendant evils,—when they shall have been taught to look above mere party ties to the principles of right and justice,—then, and then only, shall we have a nation that will be an honor to itself, to humanity, and to God. E. TAYLOR. Tecumseh, Mich., 1863.

TALKING AND WRITING.

A MAN never knows what he has read until he has either talked about it or written about it. Talking and writing are digestive processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books. But it is not every man that can talk. Talking implies, first of all, a readiness on the part of the speaker and next, a sympathetic listener. It is, therefore, as a digestive process, the most difficult, if it is the most rapid in its operation. Writing is a different affair; a man may take his time to it, and not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is easier, although more formal process of digestion than talking. It is in everybody's power; and everybody who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says, if he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary facilities to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author that he was ignorant of a certain subject, and the means by which he was to dispel his ignorance—namely, by writing on it. It is in this view that the monitorial system of instruction has its great value—to the monitors it is the best sort of teaching. It is from the same point of view that Sir William Hamilton used to lament the decay of teaching as a part of the education of students at the universities. In the olden time it was necessary to the obtaining of a degree that the graduate should give evidence of his capacity as a teacher; and in the very titles of his degree, as magister, and doctor, he was designated a teacher. "A man never knows anything," Sir William used to say, "until he has taught it in some way or other; it may be orally, it may be writing a book." It is a grand truth, and points a fine moral. Knowledge is knowledge, say the philosophers; it is precious for its own sake, it is an end to itself. But nature says the opposite. Knowledge is not knowledge until we use it; it is not ours until we have brought it under the command of the great social faculty, speech; we exist for society, and knowledge is null until we give it expression, and in so doing make it over to the social instinct.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

THE *Star of the East*, a journal published at Constantinople, affords the following particulars of the Christian Schools in the Turkish Empire. These are derived, according to that journal, from the bureau of the Ministry of Public Instruction in Turkey:

At Constantinople and in the environs: schools 144; professors, 472; pupils of both sexes, 16,217. Subjects of instruction: general history, sacred history, philosophy, the catechism, grammar, mythology, geography, arithmetic, geometry, physics, theology, ethics, calligraphy; of languages, the Greek, French, Turkish, Latin, etc.

In Roumelia and the Isles of the Archipelago: schools, 1,692; professors, 1,747; pupils of both sexes 87,231. Subjects of instruction: the Greek and Bulgarian languages, and in certain schools arithmetic, geometry, geography, history, calligraphy, and the French and German languages.

In Anatolia and Arabia: schools, 726; professors, 908; pupils of both sexes, 34,959. Subjects of instruction: the Gospel and the Psalms; of languages, the Arabic, Turkish, Chaldaic, Syriac, Greek and Armenian; history, geography, music and manual labor. Total: schools, 1,562; professors, 3,122; pupils (both sexes included,) 138,387.

In Constantinople itself, and in the suburbs, there are counted 127 schools, of which 77 are Greek, with 6,477 pupils; 37 Armenian, 6,528 pupils; 5 Protestant, 82 pupils; and 8 Catholic, 509 pupils. The Greek schools are divided into two categories, 45 inferior or "allelodidactic," so termed from the system of mutual instruction adopted in them; and 25 Hellenic schools or gymnasia, in which the principal subject of instruction is the Greek language.—*Massachusetts Teacher*.

TEACHING is essentially a co-operative act. The mind of the teacher and the mind of the scholar must both act, and must act together, in intellectual co-operation and sympathy, if there is to be any true mental growth.—*Prof. Hart*.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
TOBACCO—REFORMS.

DISCUSSION is well if conducted for worthy ends, and in a proper spirit. The remarks made on a former occasion under this head seem to have stirred up a hornet's nest, judging from the apologetic note of the *RURAL*, and the tone of E. A. W. Nor is this surprising. There is nothing we think more of than we do of our own works. We are ready to do a great deal of "good," are inclined to very "active exertion in the cause of humanity," if we can thereby glorify ourselves. The so-called "Reforms" are little gods of ours, their professed object being to benefit our species, while their real object is to magnify ourselves by enabling us to say, Lo, see what we have done!

It is needless to say that in the Divine economy the world is to be reformed only by means and doctrines that tend to human abasement rather than to creature exaltation; and, therefore, that the various schemes of human contrivance for stopping sin, and making men better must miserably fail, because their success would but minister to and inflame the natural pride of the human heart. The Almighty has empowered no man, or society of men, or women, to reform their fellows, or even themselves; and has not ordained that reformation is to come of our own efforts, or of the contemplation of our own works, but of His. It is because of this that we denounce the so-called "Reforms," point to the failure of such as have ripened, and predict with a faith immovable that all similar schemes will end equally disastrously.

Your correspondent soberly asks, "can a man be pure who indulges in the use of tobacco?" We answer, No. Neither can a man be pure who does not thus indulge. It will be true of both that "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness." How any one can imagine a great difference in the purity of the two, when according to high authority there is no moral soundness in either, we do not understand. But if the writer means only that tobacco occasions physical impurity, we grant the point at once. But that objection applies with equal force to a great many things and employments. Look at the mechanic as he emerges from his shop, at the farmer as he comes in from his field, swarthy, sweaty, the dust from without combining with the perspiration from within to "discolor" him all over, and make him an object "disgusting to the sight" of all such "reform" enthusiasts as think that physical cleanliness and moral purity are one and the same. We do not understand that the soot from the chimney in any measure blackens the character of the sweep, nor that discolored teeth, whether occasioned by tobacco or calomel, at all affect a man's character in this life, or his hopes for the next. There-in we seem to differ from E. A. W.

Let us not be understood as recommending the use of tobacco or rum,—far from it. We believe the young man makes a mistake who falls into a habit of indulging in either; and the man who reaches the down-hill of life with his taste not vitiated has reason to congratulate himself. And an immoderate use of these or any other things is not to be defended. On this point there can be no dispute. We but combat the position that a temperate use of either makes a man morally impure; and the further and more important position that moral evils can be cured by human means and agencies.

Let the candid man but consider. Probably nowhere else in the civilized world has there been a tithe of the "reform" efforts put forth to stop sin and make men better than have been employed in this country the last twenty-five years. Societies *ad infinitum* have been organized, and men and women have studied and devised, and run to and fro, helter skelter, all determined to do "good" and make the world better, and all this while,—who shall deny it?—we have grown worse and worse, until to-day we stand the hissing and scorn of the nations of the earth, and the wickedest and the *bloodiest* acting people that the sun shines upon. Whether the faith of the people in "Reforms" will continue, time will determine. "There is a more excellent way." W. B. P.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

WHATEVER lives must breathe. Whatever shelters or feeds life must breathe also. As is the breath so is the life, for health is but a pulmonary function, and happiness a castle in the air. The blood, stifled with ill-supplied or incapable lungs, blackens and curdles; the hair, stifled beneath an impenetrable hat, dies and falls away; the skin, stifled by garments too many and too close, or smothered by its own unremoved excretions, yields its duty as guardian of the outposts of life and betrays the citadel to the enemy.

It utters its mute protest against rubber boots and air-proof coats, which, unless briefly and loosely worn, are portable death. Houses, too, must breathe as well as garments. A breathless house is suicide made easy. The asthmatic complains of his labored breathing, but forgets that his house wheezes worse than he through its lashed windows and doors. He shuts the casement because it admits cold; he shuts the stove damper because it allows the escape of heat. How is his house to catch its breath with mouth and nostrils closed? Mamma folds her sleeping little ones in blankets, and tucks them into their close cribs with impenetrable Marseilles, of a texture fit for a balloon; if the chicks are timid they draw the white drapery over their heads, shutting out any quantity of bugbears, but shutting in a veritable nightmare of exhausted poisonous air.

Warmth is essential to comfort, but pure air and rich blood are the healthiest healers known. The earth itself floats in an air-bath forty-five miles in depth. The soil must breathe or it will

not bear. Not only must the plow let in the air from above, but a porous subsoil or frequent drains must give it an exit from beneath, or you win only grudging gifts from the smothered soil. Choose a flower-vase of wedgewood ware and without an opening at the bottom, and the rose folds its green calyx in despair about its stifled buds. Nay, let the pores in the stems and leaves become choked with dust, and the plant dwindles and dies of voiceless vegetable catarrh. The ocean breathes in the trade-winds and laughs in the shout of the tempest. Its slow beating pulses are in the tides; mountain billows are the heaving of its lungs. The kiss of the breeze gives it health and purity; both are strangled by the leaden weight of a breathless calm, and

"Slimy things do crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."
Since then our life is but a breath, let it at least be strong and pure, and let us not attempt the futile experiment of seeking it in exhausted receivers.—*Springfield Republican*.

EXTREMES IN GOVERNMENT.

SOME one has said that there is just as much family government now as formerly; only it changed hands. Parents once governed their children; now children rule their parents. There is truth as well as pith in this remark. In many families there is scarcely the semblance of parental control. A false kindness suffers the caprice and whims of children to set aside the rightful and necessary authority of the parent. As an excuse for such ruinous indulgence, it is gravely urged that children feel the pang of disapproval in their ambitions and plans just as keenly as adults, and that individual liberty is just as precious to them. If a boy takes a notion that marble-playing is more pleasant than going to school, it would be cruel to force him to go "against his will!" If a bounding girl does not like to work, the mother should make a slave of herself, lest she makes labor a task to the child! Little hearts should not be made to ache by being sent to bed at an early hour, or by being required to speak respectfully to superiors! When children wish to talk, parents should listen, otherwise they may interfere with the "rights" of childhood!

This state of things, far too prevalent, is in part the result of a strong reaction against that heartless barbarity which characterized the old English system of family and school government. The indignities heaped upon childhood under this system, even when tempered by parental love, were a disgrace to Christian civilization. In the early part of the last century, the great public school of Eton was little better than a slave plantation or bastille. So dreadful was the master's severity that Steele, though "not remarkably unlucky," having been severely punished only about "once a month," dreamed of him, at least as often, twenty years after he had felt his heavy hand! He states that he has seen many a white and tender hand whipped till it was covered with blood, perhaps for smiling, or for going a yard and a half out of the gate, or for writing an *o* for an *a*, or an *a* for an *o*. But we need not go back to the last century to find children subjected to relentless tyranny and cruelty. A letter now before us bears personal testimony that "man's inhumanity to"—boys only forty years ago, led the writer to wish that all schoolmasters "were hung at the first lamp post." We can also testify that this race of inhuman "floggers" was not extinct at a later period. Our first schoolmaster, his name and mien are happily alike forgotten, was cruelly incarnate. Among his devices to keep little children still on backless seats, were "gagging," ear pulling, and holding out weights at arm's length! The blows of his heavy ruler gave no uncertain sound.

We have thus referred to these two extreme practices in the government of children for the purpose of condemning both. Neither is government; the one is license, and the other a barbarous despotism. We believe in government, both in the family and in the school-room. We hold that the cardinal right of childhood is to be governed—humanely, tenderly, but firmly governed. We can see neither reason nor humanity in suffering a child to become a prey to its own bandit appetites and passions. We see no kindness in permitting a morbid relish for dainties and rich food to fill a child's adult years with the torments of dyspepsia.

Children should be trained up in the habits of respect for the presence, person and judgment of their superiors and of obedience to all proper authority. In our judgment that system of government is best that secures these high ends efficiently with the least possible reliance upon the rod. We admit that there must be punishment where there is law, but we scout the monstrous idea that the vindication of the teacher's authority demands bodily suffering for every known misdemeanor or disorder. In a future article, we hope to present our views on punishment in a more satisfactory manner.—*Ohio Educational Monthly*

COLONISTS.—How simple are the manners of the early colonists! The first ripening of any European fruit was distinguished by a family festival. Garcilasso de la Vega relates how his dear father, the valorous Andreo, collected together in his chamber seven or eight gentlemen to share with him three asparagus, the first that ever grew on the table-land of Cusco. When the operation of dressing them was over, (and it is minutely described,) he distributed the two largest among his friends; begging that the company would not take it ill if he reserved the third for himself, as it was a thing from Spain.

ASSOCIATION.—Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth, by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually throwing around him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to. When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, 'Arise, and go with us into a foreign land!'"

Reading for the Young.

GOOD NIGHT, MY CHILD.

Good night, my child—good night!
May angels bright,
With golden wings outspread,
Surround thy bed,
And gently seal thy closed eyes
Till morn arise
With its refreshing beams of light—
Good night, my child—good night!

Good night, my child—good night!
May He whose sight
Extends from pole to pole,
Watch o'er thy soul,
And keep thee guiltless all thy days
From evil ways.
And learn to walk His holy ways upright—
Good night, my child—good night!

Good night, my child—good night!
Let thy delight
Be in the constant love
Of Him above!
And always, in thy daily prayer,
Implore Him there,
That He would still uphold thee in His might.
Good night, my child—good night!

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

CHILDREN are apt to fancy that it isn't of much consequence what they do. Other people do the work and they do the play, other people cook and they eat, other people stitch and they wear. They are like pet rabbits or Guinea pigs, kept to be looked at and to be funny. This might be very true if they were always to be children, with middle-aged fathers and mothers to take care of them, and pet or punish them, and pay their bills, frills and forage. But some day the door of the rabbit-hutch will open, and out will walk the full-grown men and women, to step into the places of those who have laid down to rest. What kind of men and women will they be? They will be just such men and women as they have made themselves during all these years of fun and play. You have seen little girls busy making dolls, stuffing and shaping them and painting their cheeks and putting on their dresses. Now every little girl was making herself at the same time, for though a great many women make dolls yet the little girls make all the women.

You have seen workmen building a brick house; some men bring bricks and some mortar, and the mason lays every brick in its place and is very careful to make it lie true and firm. Now every one of you is building up his own character, just as the mason builds a house, only you are not quite so particular about your bricks. Every good resolution you make is a broad stone for the underpinning; and if you break your resolutions your fine house will rest upon broken stones. Every lesson you learn, every piece of faithful work you do, lays a fair, smooth brick in the right place; all the imperfect lessons and slighted work, all the idleness and mischief, build up the wall with refuse bricks and stones and rubbish. When the house is done, you have got to live in it all your life, and if it looks badly you will find it a very hard task to take the bad spots out of the wall and fill them up with good, acceptable work. It will take twenty years to build your house, (though it might burn down in one hour,) and twenty more to fill it with choice furniture and books and friends. I hope all you little builders will like your work when it is done.—*Springfield Republican*.

AFRAID OF THUNDER.

"SHALL I tell you what I heard Uncle Gillette saying to one of the little girls at school who was afraid of thunder?"

"O do!" said Lucy, "I am so frightened when it thunders."

Lucy nestled closer to her sister's lap, and Rosa began:

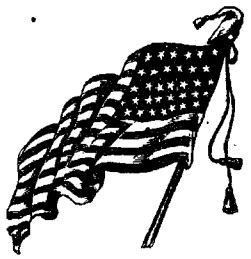
"There was once a mighty king who was so terrible in war that all his enemies were afraid of him; the very sound of his name made them tremble. His arm was so strong that the horse and his rider would sink under the one blow of his battle-axe; and when he struck with his sharp sword, his enemies fell dead at his feet. This mighty king had a little fair-haired daughter, who watched him as he prepared for battle. She saw him put on his helmet, and laughed as the plumes nodded above his brow. She saw the stately battle-axe brought forth; she saw him take his keen sword in his hand; he tried its edge, and then waved it about his head in the sunlight. She laughed as its sparkling glanced in the sunlight; and even while it was upheld, she ran toward her father to take a parting kiss. Why was not the little child afraid of the mighty king with the fierce weapons? Because he was her father; she knew that he loved her—loved her as his own life. She knew those dangerous weapons would never be raised against her, unless to save her from worse peril. Do you understand what Uncle Gillette meant by this story?"

"Not exactly," said Lucy. Won't you tell me?"

"He meant," said Rosa, "that God is like that mighty king; sickness, lightning, danger, trial, death, are all his weapons; but we need not fear them, if we are truly his children. When the sharp lightning flashes in the sky, we can look calmly at its beauty, for it is in our Father's hand; sickness may be around us, but our Father can keep us safe. Death may come, but it will only be to send us to our Father's arms."

MAN, the individual, and man, the race, must press on! Neither has yet attained. Both must go forward! "And the Lord said unto Moses, speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

Rural New-Yorker. NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Of all the flags that float aloft O'er Neptune's gallant tars, That wave on high, in victory, Above the sons of Mars, Give us the flag—Columbia's flag— The emblem of the free, Whose flashing stars blazed thro' our wars, For Truth and Liberty.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 8, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

We are in possession of very little intelligence from this portion of the army in the field. Hardly anything has been accomplished during the week; but the telegraph this (Monday) A. M., states that Gen. Meade's force has been provided with an amount of rations which would seem to indicate a move of some length and importance. If this be true, a few days will reveal it. We give below such items as are at hand:

A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald says, after describing the late fight at Manassas Gap, that Gen. Meade, by moving into Manassas Gap and preparing for battle there, for which he certainly was justifiable, having such positive information to guide him, lost two days and a half of time in his southerly march—thus fully enabling Lee to reach the southern side of the Rappahannock before Gen. Meade could possibly do so.

Moseby's gang made an extensive haul of sutlers on the 31st ult., at Fairfax C. H. There is no Union force situated immediately at the Court House. The sutlers of the Army of the Potomac have been generally advised of this fact, but it is a convenient resting place, at the end of the first day's journey, and some six or seven sutlers, with their teams, wares and chattels, were bivouacked there, and were all made prisoners. As the Orange and Alexandria R.R. is the direct line of communication with the Army of the Potomac in its present position, less pains have been taken by the military authorities to guard the turnpike road between Alexandria and Centerville. The guerrillas under Moseby, composed mostly of residents of Fairfax county, take advantage of this fact to make their raids upon unarmed passers at points where no military force is stationed.

On the 29th ult. Gen. H. M. Naglee issued orders to the Common Council of Portsmouth, Va., to revoke certain acts passed by them, among which were the revocation of the issue of city scrip, and the order compelling the secesh to pay their rent into the city treasury. The city council met on the evening of the 29th, and passed the following:

1. Resolved, That we refuse to recognize the authority of Brig.-Gen. H. M. Naglee to decide any case of appeal from the action of this board. 2. Resolved, That the Mayor and other officers of this city government be required to enforce every act of this council, regardless of any orders emanating from the military authorities, and that in an event of conflict of authority, an appeal shall be taken to his Excellency the Governor, to sustain the authority of the State and city.

Gen. Buford's cavalry and artillery, and a supporting infantry force, crossed the Rappahannock on the 1st inst., at a railroad station, and thence with his cavalry and artillery he proceeded toward Culpepper, driving Stuart's cavalry before him. When near Culpepper, Gen. Buford encountered a large force of rebel infantry, when a fierce fight ensued, which lasted till dark, when he withdrew to Beverly station. The loss on both sides was considerable.

This reconnaissance confirms the report of the concentration of Lee's forces near Culpepper, and indicates that his present headquarters are at Stevensburg, four miles from Culpepper.

The twenty-nine sutler's wagons captured near Fairfax, were re-captured, with all their contents, near Aldie, by the 2d Massachusetts cavalry. A skirmish ensued between the guerrillas and our advance, but on approach Moseby fled, pursued by the cavalry. Several of the enemy were supposed to be killed and wounded. No report of the result is yet received.

Department of the South. The following was received at headquarters of the army on the 31st ult:

DEPT. OF THE SOUTH, IN THE FIELD, MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., July 23, 1863. To Maj.-Gen. H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief U. S. A., Washington, D. C.—SIR—My medical director in the field reports an aggregate loss of killed and wounded, now in our hands, 635; and judge there are 350 missing. Losses cover the three actions of the 10th, 11th and 18th insts. Many of the wounded will return to duty in a week or ten days. The health of the command is improving. Respectfully, your obedient servant, HUGH A. GILMORE, Brigadier-General Commanding.

The Charleston Mercury's account of the late attack on Fort Wagner admits that our forces held a portion of the fort over an hour under the most gallant fire. The rebels captured over 200 prisoners, including a few negro troops, and buried over 600 of our dead. Col. Shaw of the 54th Massachusetts, was killed on the parapet of the fort. The Major and one of the Captains were also killed. The Lieutenant-Colonel surrendered to the rebel Colonel Galliard.

The prisoners of the 54th Mass. colored regiment will not be given up to us, and it is reported that they have been sold into slavery, and the officers have been treated with unmeasured abuse; in fact, all of our prisoners at Charleston have been treated most barbarously. Opportunities to amputate were eagerly seized upon by rebel surgeons, and were performed in cases of slight gunshot wounds. On the left our batteries were advanced to 600 yards nearer Sumter on the 25th, and six 200-pounders placed in position. The Mayor of Savannah, Ga., has issued a proclamation requesting all residents of the city to organize for home defence, and all managers of stores, workshops and other places of business to close them at 2 o'clock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week, for the purpose of drill. He directs that enrollment be made of every man in the city capable of bearing arms in its defence.

The steamer Escort arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 2d inst., with Newbern dates to August 1st. The Raleigh, N. C., Standard denounces Jeff. Davis as a repudiator, in whom no confidence could be placed, and whose efforts to establish a Southern Confederacy will be a failure. The Richmond Enquirer calls upon Jeff. Davis to suppress the Raleigh Standard, and wipe out the Supreme Court of N. C.

The Standard says Gov. Vance will stand by the Supreme Court and the Standard also, if necessary, and if Jeff. Davis attempts to use physical force to suppress the Standard, he will be met by physical force, and revolution in this State will be the result. The Standard says North Carolina has furnished 95,000 soldiers for this causeless war, 40,000 of whom are killed or wounded; that North Carolina should send a delegation to Washington, and see what terms can be obtained, and not wait for Jeff. Davis. The New South says that the advances of Rosecrans' army is within 30 miles of Savannah.

Department of the Gulf. The steamer Matanzas, from New Orleans 23d, arrived at New York on the 30th ult. Hon. Daniel C. Baker, of Lynn, Mass., died at New Orleans on the 19th.

Major General Franklin and staff arrived at New Orleans on the 20th. One hundred and forty-six officers had been sent to New Orleans from Port Hudson. The Era says the guns and ammunition captured at Port Hudson were larger in number and quantity than reported by the rebels.

The Vicksburg paroled prisoners at New Orleans have been sent to Mobile. The Era of the 23d says reports apparently trustworthy state that Johnson had been severely whipped at Jackson. Breckenridge's division was all cut to pieces, and the victory of our (Federal) army is complete.

A post office had been opened at Port Hudson. Several steamers from Vicksburg, Natchez, Memphis, and other river cities, had arrived at New Orleans.

Col. Chickering, Provost Marshal of Port Hudson, has ordered all civilians out of the place. Two large river steamers have been found near Port Hudson, which were taken by our iron monitors.

A portion of the rebel paroled prisoners have been sent to Red River under a guard of the 50th Massachusetts Regiment. Quite a number of cannon continue to be unearthed at Port Hudson.

A rumor prevailed that Gen. Weitzel had captured 3,000 rebels at Donaldsonville, and that Brashear City had been retaken by us.

The rebel steamer Reticum, built by the English for the rebels last year, was captured with a cargo of cotton on the 20th by the gunboat Iroquois while running the blockade.

Some 5,000 or 6,000 refugee Texans passed through Matamoros, Mexico, to escape the rebel conscription or hanging. The Texans would be loyal if the rebels were driven out.

Movements in the West and South-West. OHIO.—Gen. Morgan, Col. Basil Duke, and about 60 other rebel prisoners, arrived in Cincinnati on the 28th ult., and were taken to the city prison. Squads of Morgan's men are being brought into Columbus by citizens and military. There are now 1,300 of Morgan's men at Camp Chase. Morgan will be removed to Columbus and be confined in the Penitentiary.

KENTUCKY.—Maj. Gen. Burnside has issued an order declaring the State of Kentucky invaded by a rebel force, with the avowed intention of intimidating the loyal voters and keeping them from the polls, and forcing the election of disloyal candidates at the election of the 3d inst. Martial law, the General declares, is the only form which can defeat this attempt, and the State of Kentucky is, therefore, hereby put under martial law. The military officers are ordered to aid all constitutional authorities in enforcing the laws and the purity of suffrage. The legally appointed judges at the polls will be held strictly responsible that no disloyal person be allowed to vote, and to this end the military power of the government is ordered to give them its utmost support.

On the 29th ult., Pegram's and Scott's forces, numbering 2,500, crossed the Kentucky river, and marched to Paris, where they arrived on the 30th and attacked our forces. After a severe engagement of two hours, the rebels were repulsed and driven away. It is thought they will attempt a flank movement on that place. The movement of the rebels is believed to be for the purpose of destroying the bridges there. Pegram's forces have retreated to Winchester, followed by our cavalry. A number of prisoners have been captured.

On the A. M. of the 31st ult. our forces came upon the rebels at Lancaster, where a considerable fight ensued. The enemy lost 20 killed and wounded, and nearly 100 prisoners. A rebel force, 500 strong, took Stanford, Ky.,

on the 31st, but were driven out by our cavalry with considerable loss, and at the last advices were hastily retreating toward the Cumberland river.

The rebels burned twelve wagons of forage at Stamford on the 1st inst. Col. Sanders reports that Gen. Burnside had captured 350 rebels near Cumberland river, including Col. Ashby. The balance of the raiders are rapidly retreating, having abandoned their plunder at Irving, Kentucky.

TENNESSEE.—The forces sent out under Col. Hatch to look after rebel troops enforcing conscription in Western Tennessee, had a fight at Lexington, routing the rebels, and captured Col. Campbell, of the 23d Tenn., two lieutenants, 25 prisoners and two cannon. Col. Campbell was en route to Chattanooga to join Gen. Pillow, who is understood to be near Paris, Ky. Col. Swelgengbursh, who had been captured by the rebels, was recaptured by our forces. The rebel forces under Gen. Roddy are still on Bear Creek. The rebels under Forrest, Biffles, Newcomb and Wilson are operating with the command of Gen. Pillow. Gen. Dodge is watching all these bodies, and will soon make Western Tennessee too hot to hold them.

Col. Richardson, rebel guerrilla, has issued an order requiring all men of Western Tennessee, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, to report to his camp under the rebel conscription law. The following marvelous instructions are to govern his men in carrying out his order: "If a man absents himself from home to avoid this order, burn his house and all of his property, except such as may be useful to his command. "If a man persists in refusing to report, shoot him down and leave him dying. If a man seeks his house as a refuge and offers resistance, set the house on fire, and guard it so he cannot get out!"

MISSISSIPPI.—All is quiet at Port Hudson and Vicksburg. The fortifications at the former place are being strengthened, and the enlistment of negro troops is progressing rapidly. General Grant has perfected a complete system of mounted patrols between Vicksburg and New Orleans, who, with the gunboats, afford ample protection to vessels. Everything is quiet. There are no signs of the rebels on either shore. Gen. Grant has ordered all sick soldiers in the hospitals here, able to bear the journey, to be sent home on a thirty days' furlough, and all those permanently disabled, to be immediately discharged, or recommended for membership to the Invalid Corps.

Gen. Jo. Johnston's army is said to be on the Pearl river, a few miles west of Meridian, where fortifications are being erected. Gen. Johnston will make the Mobile and Ohio R. R. from Okala on the north to Mobile on the south his line of defense. He is said to have received large reinforcements from Bragg's army.

Mississippi is virtually abandoned by the rebels. There is a strong peace party in that State in favor of returning to the Union upon a guarantee being given that the rights of the people under the Constitution, of person, of property and of conscience, shall be maintained. Some say that they would donate half their incomes to liquidate the public debt, if the existing difficulty could be adjusted on a fair, just and honorable basis.

Gen. George, commander of the Mississippi State Militia, Gen. Chalmers, and other rebel officers, are moving their commands from the northern and central portions of the State toward the South.

The removal of slaves to Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia has been carried to such an extent that the Governors of those States have issued proclamations forbidding their further introduction, and Gen. Johnston's pickets are said to have a turned a large number back.

ARKANSAS.—The officers of the steamer Corwin, from Helena, report the arrival of General Davidson with a large cavalry force from Pilot Knob, Mo. He captured 600 rebels ten miles from Helena, and brought them in.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

In reply to an inquiry of the P. O. Department, Special Agent Gist, at Memphis, says that he has conferred with Capt. Patterson, commandant at the Navy Yard, and Capt. Lewis, A. Q. M. of Transportation, and they both concur with him that it will be both safe and expedient to send the New York and Washington mails via the Mississippi river. Arrangements have been made for a convoy at least once a week from Vicksburg to New Orleans, and convoys can be more frequent when required by the necessities of trade for public interest. The Postmaster-General does not feel himself exactly justified at present in ordering this service, but if correspondents wish their letters to go to New Orleans via Cairo, they can make endorsement accordingly upon them and they will be sent at the risk of the writers.

Acting Attorney-General Coffee has given an opinion in response to an inquiry of the Secretary of State, that persons dispatching American vessels from our own ports in ballast to neutral ports, and thence to run the blockade, are liable to punishment as criminals under the second section of the act of the 17th of July, 1862, chapter 195, to suppress insurrection, &c., whether such vessels actually run the blockade, or after leaving the neutral port are captured in the attempt to run the blockade, or whether they even fail to reach the neutral port; such vessels are liable to capture as prizes of war from the moment they leave our own port, and this right of capture imposes on our cruisers the duty of capture. The mere fact of starting such vessels on their guilty errand, irrespective of the point they may reach on the voyage, amounts to assisting the rebellion, within the statute.

On an appeal of J. C. Wetmore, Agent of the State of Ohio, Secretary Stanton has decided that

in the case of Sergeant Printon, of the 5th Ohio, who had served two years in the ranks and was discharged for promotion, was entitled to his bounty of \$100, the same as any non-commissioned officer or private who had served two years and had been honorably discharged on account of disability. This decision covers all similar cases whether in the past or in the future.

WAR DEPT., ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, July 31, 1863.

The following order of the President is published for the information and government of all concerned:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 30, 1863.

It is the duty of every government to give protection to its citizens of whatever color, class or condition, and especially to those who are duly organized as soldiers in the public service. The law of nations and the usages and customs of war, as carried on by civilized powers, permit no distinction as to color in the treatment of prisoners of war as public enemies. To sell and enslave any captured person on account of his color, and for no offence against the laws of war, is a relapse into barbarism, and a crime against the civilization of the age. The Government of the United States will give the same protection to all its soldiers, and if the enemy shall enslave or sell any one because of his color, the offence shall be punished by retaliation upon the enemy's prisoners in our possession. It is therefore ordered, that for every soldier killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be executed, and for every one sold into slavery, a rebel shall be put to hard labor upon the public works, and shall continue at such labor until the other shall be released and receive the treatment due to a prisoner of war.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By order of the Secretary of War. E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The greatest capture of men mentioned in modern history was made by Bonaparte at Austerlitz, where he took 20,000 men. Gen. Grant took nearly 31,000 at Vicksburg. Napoleon's spoil at Austerlitz was 150 pieces of artillery; Gen. Grant's, at Vicksburg, is stated to be 218—embracing nine siege guns and 209 pieces of light artillery.

The ship George Griswold, which recently took out a load of food to the starving operatives of England, was captured by the pirate Georgia on her return passage. She was bonded for \$100,000. This vessel should have been held sacred, even by pirates.

THOMAS C. SHACKLETT, indicted for treason against the United States, has been tried by the U. S. Circuit Court at Louisville, Ky., and found guilty and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, ten thousand dollars fine, and his slaves are set free.

The riot in New York is at an end. It is believed that upwards of 500 persons, including women and children, were killed or wounded under the fire of the military and police during this terrible outbreak. Besides these some 20 policemen and soldiers, and nearly as many negroes, were killed.

The slave pens of Baltimore are broken up, and the inmates at liberty. Thirty able-bodied men, lately tenants of these infamous dens, are now United States soldiers. Seventeen were slaves of the rebel General Stuart; being kept for him. All, or nearly all, were slaves of rebels.

The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has decided that aliens cannot be drafted, even though they have voted, but that a man who claims exemption from draft as an alien, and proves that he voted illegally, establishes his right to serve a term of years in the State Prison instead of the U. S. Army.

LAST Thursday, August 6th, was appointed by President Lincoln as a day of Thanksgiving. When disasters followed each other in rapid succession, the Nation was called upon to observe a day of Fasting and Prayer; and now that the supplications of the people seem to have been heard and answered by the Most High, it was proper that Thanksgiving for our overwhelming triumphs should be offered. The N. Y. Independent presents a brief schedule of the successes of the Union arms since the Fourth of July, with the rebel losses, as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Value. Lee's defeat and retreat: 40,000; Vicksburg: 32,000; Port Hudson: 6,900; Bragg's retreat: 4,000; Morgan's captured force: 5,000; Holmes' defeat at Helena: 2,000; Biddle's guerrillas in Northern Mississippi: 1,900; Loss of guerrillas, Jackson, Tenn.: 1,000. Adad prisoners before in our hands: 91,000; Total rebel loss for the summer: 100,000.

THE Corning Journal says:—The cars are filled with conscripts on their way to or from Elmira to report themselves. On Tuesday the way train east had four cars filled with conscripts from Allegany county, and they were nearly as jolly as volunteers, shouting, singing, and boasting of being the especial pets of "Father Abraham."

JOHN S. CAMPBELL, Superintendent of the Michigan Southern Railroad, died in Boston on the 1st inst. He left Toledo for Boston a week previously, in full health. His decease was sudden and unexpected. He was a man of great business energy, and highly valued by the business public. He was but thirty-nine years of age.

An important haul of rebel documents was made at Brentsville, Va., the other day. These documents were addressed to Jeff. Davis, and contained accurate maps of all the defenses and fortifications of Washington, and a description of the character of the works, the number of guns in each, and the strength of their garrison.

Mrs. ELI BRAINERD, of Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., Mich., has just spun and wove with her own hands, fifty yards of excellent cloth from flax of last year's growth. The Wolverine Citizen thinks Cotton is not King any longer, at least over Michigan free labor.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

N. Y. State Agricultural Works—Wheeler, Melick & Co. Election Notice—Horatio Ballard. Agents Wanted—Edward F. Hovey. Young Ladies' Seminary—Miss C. A. Eldridge. Hand and Power The Machines—F. M. Mattice. Portable Printing Office—Adams Press Co. Black Spanish Fowls—R. L. Adams.

The News Condenser.

—Some eight prominent clergymen have been drafted lately in Maine.

—There were serious frosts in some of the Western States last week.

—There have been one or two cases of yellow fever in New York harbor.

—The town of Porto Plata, St. Domingo, was totally destroyed by fire June 30th.

—Several vessels which recently arrived at New York had cases of yellow fever on board.

—A check for \$1,500,000 was paid at the United States depository in Chicago a few days since.

—In Salem, Mass., all the Protestant clergymen liable to draft have been conscripted—six of them.

—Eighteen paymasters were with Grant's army at last accounts, disbursing \$15,000,000 in greenbacks.

—Jeff. Davis has issued a proclamation appointing August 21st as a day of humiliation and prayer.

—The sufferers by the mob in Troy have filed claims against the city amounting to the sum of \$18,074 12.

—Diphtheria is raging at a fearful rate in Western Illinois, and baffles the skill of the most celebrated physicians.

—Government pays in the department embracing Washington, for hay \$27 per ton; for oats 89 cents per bushel.

—William Campbell, of Philadelphia, died on Saturday at the advanced age of 101. He was the oldest cooper in the city.

—Claims for damages for property destroyed by the mob in New York have been presented to the amount of \$130,000.

—The Departments of North and South Carolina have been consolidated, and General Foster appointed to the command.

—Upwards of one thousand Mormons passed through Rochester last week, on their way to Brigham Young's dominions.

—Well executed counterfeit \$10 bills on the John Hancock Bank, Connecticut, have recently been put in circulation.

—The number of rebel officers from Lieut.-Generals down to Ensigns now in Union hands is estimated at over five thousand.

—The Baltimore city council have voted to expel from the schools all children who will not learn to sing the national air.

—The Rochester Common Council has assumed the payment of the \$800 commutation of drafted men. So in Brooklyn.

—A French physician has, it is stated by Galignani, successfully administered fatty substances as an antidote to strychnine.

—The Connecticut Legislature has rejected the bill enabling the banks to conform to Secretary Chase's National Banking Law.

—The cargo of the prize steamer Princess Royal, which was captured about four months since, realized on its sale about \$342,000.

—Twenty-four large guns have arrived at Gloucester, Mass., which are to be mounted forthwith for the defense of that harbor.

—The Mark Lane Express thinks that England will need to import at least 5,000,000 quarters of wheat—40,000,000 bushels.

—The brokers in Rhode Island are doing a good business in furnishing substitutes, receiving \$25 for every subject presented.

—The name of a man dead these three years has been drafted in Dracut, Mass. Two deaf and dumb ones were drawn in Lowell.

—Gen. Gideon Pillow has again turned up. He now figures as a guerrilla leader at the head of a couple of thousand ragmuffins.

—The Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce has recently expelled thirty-three of its members for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

—The ready-made clothing firm of Brooks Brothers had their store attacked by the rioters, and over \$80,000 worth of goods carried off.

—The Columbus (Ga.) Sun calls for the destruction of all the dogs in the confederacy, estimated at a million, in order to save their rations.

—Gov. Ramsey, of Minnesota, has offered a reward of \$25 for every Indian scalp produced, and one has fallen a prey to this barbarous act.

—The cannonading at the battle of Gettysburg was heard at Greensburg, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles in an air line.

—Joseph Campau, of Detroit, died on the 23d ult., aged 94 years. He was born in that city in 1769, when it was a mere Indian military post.

—Mr. Sturgis, Treasurer of the Fund for the relief of the colored sufferers from the mob in New York, acknowledges the receipt of \$29,419.

—The bells of Mississippi, a Miss Holly, of Holly Spa., was killed during the siege of Vicksburg, her head being taken off by one of our shells.

—N. Y. papers mention miscellaneous goods valued at \$10,000 in one station-house there, taken from rioters and plunderers of private dwellings.

—The Providence Journal thinks that dealers in old iron will be attracted to Vicksburg, as there are 11,500 exploded shells lying round there.

—A handsome sword has been made in Cincinnati, by order of an officer of Gen. McPherson's staff, who contemplates presenting it to Gen. Grant.

—A gentleman has recovered his gold watch from one of the Tacony pirates in Portland jail. It was taken from him on board a mackerel schooner.

—It now takes eight and a half paper dollars of Confederate money to buy a gold dollar, or a gold dollar's worth of provisions at Richmond.

—There were lately concentrated at one point on the Pennsylvania railroad not less than twelve miles of locomotives, passenger and freight cars.

—Out of about fifty conscripts who applied for examination before the enrolling board at Providence, on Thursday week, only eight were accepted.

—Gov. Smith of R. I. has issued a proclamation urging the towns and cities to furnish relief to the families of the drafted men who enter the service.

—Light frosts have occurred lately in the northern portions of Ohio, Indiana and in some parts of Illinois, but not enough to do any injury to the crops.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. JULY FOURTH, EIGHTEEN SIXTY-THREE.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Our hearts were sad, our lips were dumb,— We could not wake the joyful lay With which we'er before had hailed Our Nation's natal day.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

It was the day after a weary march; the tents were struck, and the various duties of an encampment finished. Two brave, hardy men were lying on their blankets under a sheltering tree, talking, napping, thinking, looking upon the various groups busily employed around them, and again taking a broader view of the wild picture of camp-life, spreading out to such imposing proportions.

peated HARDING, looking at the torn paper again. "The afflicted tell us of sleepless nights; they seek comfort, but cannot find it; they look out on the earth for brightness, but it is not there; they listen for some note of joy, but in vain; they walk the furnace hourly; they lie down and rise up conscious of a paralyzing, benumbing sorrow,—of a burden that with iron pressure is crushing out, drop by drop, the very life-blood. Some characters are so strong that they undergo this martyrdom with a calm, stony exterior, and some under a smile,—the Spartan boy smiled while the fox gnawed him,—the Indian will suffer torture in disdainful silence, but the most are overborne and overcome."

ifornia, and after eight months' sail we passed through the Golden Gate; for two or three years I was like a sea-bird, constantly on the wing, or a vessel driven by every wind, but I finally came to anchor and met with pretty good success. I wrote two or three letters home, but afterward found they never reached the Post-Office, and if any were written me, I never received them.

"Yes, certainly," replied John; "but my conscience will not permit me to marry her in the form of the world's people." "Very well. But you love her?" "Yes." "And respect her?" "Yes." "And cherish her as the bone of your bone and the flesh of your flesh?" "Yes, certainly I do." "And will?" "Yes."

Advertisements. TO CONSORTS.—Buy the New Song, "How are You, Consort?" Price 25 cents. For sale at all Music Stores, or mailed, post paid, on receipt of the price, by HENRY TOLMAN & CO., 231 Washington-st., Boston. 707-3.

And greatly oblige his afflicted parents; re-

"Nine years ago I left for a sea-voyage to Cal-

ful wife?"

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—12 calves, 20 sheep.

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