

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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

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

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## Agricultural.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### ABOUT OUR SONG BIRDS.

It is doubted whether the owners of homesteads and lovers of birds in this good State of Illinois know that there is a law intended to protect the sweet songsters that gather in the groves and orchards about our prairie homes. In February, 1859, an act was passed by the Legislature of this State, and approved by the Governor, the substance of which is as follows:—"That it shall not be lawful in this State for any person to shoot, or in any other manner kill or destroy, or to entrap, ensnare, or otherwise capture any of the following description of birds, to wit: blue-bird, swallow, martin, mosquito-hawk, whippoorwill, cuckoo, woodpecker, cat-bird, brown-thrasher, red-bird, dove, goldfinch, or humming-bird." And it is provided, further, that "every person who shall wilfully violate the above law, or who shall wilfully destroy the nest or eggs of any of the birds hereinbefore described, shall be punished by a fine of not more than five dollars for each offence."

This is a law of Illinois; and I think a similar one has been enacted by Wisconsin, and perhaps other Western States. But if so, the class of men most interested in the protection of birds do not know it, judging by the complaints I hear when in the country.

There are other birds that ought to have been protected by this law. But if a wholesome restraint is put upon the worthless rascals who shoot the birds enumerated for no other purpose than to gratify the brutal pleasure of seeing them drop, it will be a great work done. Every humane man ought to see that the law is rigidly enforced on his premises. The song-birds of America are famous for their music; and no one should be allowed to disturb their security from mere wantonness. It is a wicked, wanton class of characters who roam our fields without any good motive and shoot these beautiful, innocent, and useful creatures, whose lives are really worth more in the community than the villains who destroy them. It will not only do this class no harm, but great good, if they are taught that law means something, and that it will be enforced. Such men are not sportsmen in any sense of the word, and do not merit the name nor consideration which attaches to the true sportsman; for the latter is a true lover of birds and does not pursue his sport for the purpose of wantonly destroying the species of any class of creatures.

Let the birds be protected, then, by the enforcement of the law.

#### A WHISKY BARN.

It is not long since I rode in company with other gentlemen, through one of the finest farming regions in the West. The country was not only beautiful in its outlines and rich in resources, but it was evidently appreciated, cared for and developed by the class of men who cultivated. There were evidences enough of thrift. But right in the midst of this fine region we came upon a homestead that, while it bore evidence of having once been well kept, of having had tidy tenants in its earlier history, was a sad example of thriftlessness. There was nothing in the character of the soil or in the location to warrant this contrast from the neighboring homesteads. We came upon the barn first. It was a

large one with sheds adjacent. But it was a ruin; and yet it did not look like an old barn. There were boards off up under the eaves; boards off midway from sill to rafter; boards off on all sides. It looked as if it might have looked had it been bombarded by Com. Foote's Mississippi fleet. But it had not been so bombarded. The adjacent sheds and neighboring fences looked as if the waters of the flood had just swept over them. Their appearance was in keeping with the barn. There was a wonderful harmony in all its surroundings—the cattle that turned their faces from the beating Northwest storm—the straw which but partially covered rails and posts and boards—the wagon which had a broken pole—the sled skeleton which looked, half hidden in the mud, as angular and bony as a Bushman—the light sleigh with the dash dashed in, the back broken and otherwise dilapidated—the fences broken and strewn about in all directions, neither bars nor gates whole—indeed, the picture beggars my powers to photograph it with this pencil on this paper—a saddening picture, too!

In response to inquiring exclamations we were told, "That is a whisky barn! The man who owns that farm is pouring it down his throat as fast as possible. There is no better farm in the neighborhood, but the owner, poor man, is lost! That is a whisky barn, gentlemen!"

#### SHALL WE RAISE TOBACCO?

Eds. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am no advocate of the use of tobacco "as a beverage." I have lived, as it happens, just fifty years to-day, during which time I am constrained to acknowledge that I have acquired many bad habits, but I feel thankful that the use of tobacco is not among the number. But, because I don't think proper to become a tobacco eater, I don't for that reason feel it my duty to

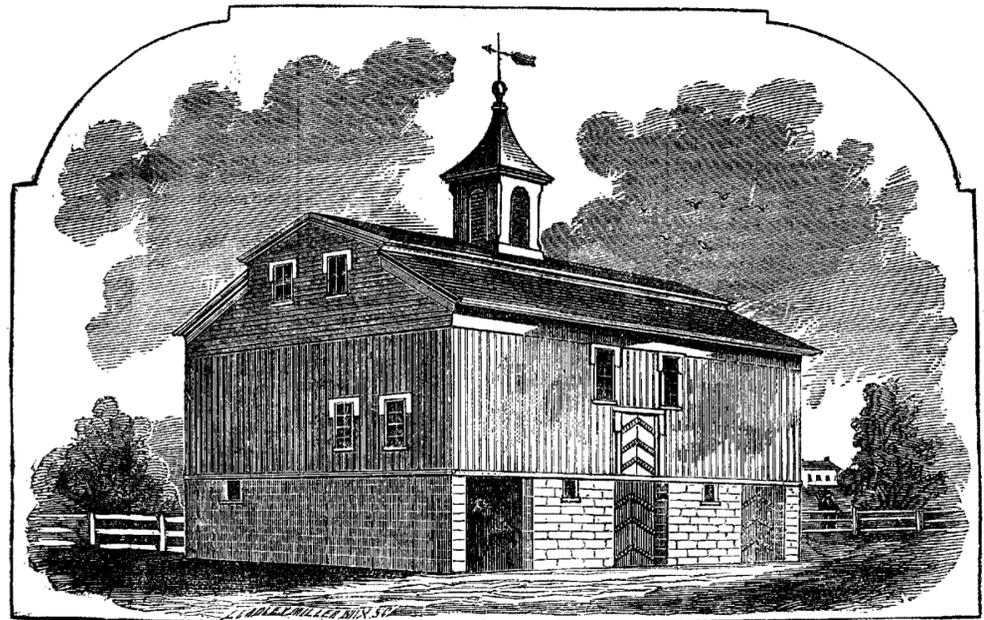
"Atono for sins I am inclined to,  
By damning those I have no mind to."

My father died at the advanced age of eighty-two, retaining his bodily and mental faculties remarkably to the last, and he had, probably for sixty years of his life been a moderate smoker and chewer—never using it to excess, or becoming *sottish* over it, but always using it with a deliberate moderation. Strange as some of your readers may deem it, I respect his memory none the less, and think him none the less *pure* for its use.

Neither is it the object of this article to combat the prejudices of those reformers who are opposed to its use—for well do I know that *prejudice* is a weed that flourishes by opposition. I propose to offer a few remarks upon the subject of tobacco, in a commercial and financial point of view; and before proceeding to do so I will premise by saying that I deem it a foregone conclusion that tobacco will be used, and must be paid for, and consequently, if our farmers can make it profitable I see no good reason why they should not raise it. I am aware that this thesis has been, and perhaps will again be, bitterly assailed by reformers, but it is nevertheless *undeniable truth*, and as such will withstand the whirlwind of all the assaults that can be brought against it. Until it has been proven that consumers of tobacco are sinners, either against the laws of God or Man, I shall not condemn the weed as "contraband."

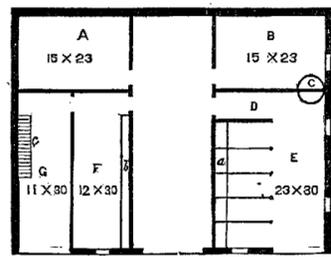
It is perhaps not generally understood to how great an extent the article of tobacco enters into the commerce of our country. According to the census of 1860 its production in the year previous amounted to no less than four hundred and twenty-nine millions, three hundred and ninety thousand seven hundred and seventy-one pounds (429,390,771 lbs.) Now, computing its value at 40 cents a pound, which is perhaps a fair average for all its qualities in the manufactured state, the value of the tobacco crop of that year would be no less than \$171,756,308.40. A glance at another column shows that the wheat crop of the United States for the same year was 171,183,381 bushels. So it will appear that the tobacco crop of that year would purchase the entire wheat crop of the same season, at the respectable price of one dollar a bushel, and have a surplus fund of \$672,927.40. DANIEL WEBSTER is said to have once remarked that one year's failure of the turnip crop of England would overthrow the government of that country. If so, what would be the consequences to our country, should the tobacco crop for one season be destroyed?

I will next produce a nut for our tobacco reformers to crack. The amount of wheat of the United States shown by the census of 1850, was 100,485,944 bushels—that of 1860, as stated, was



ANOTHER PREMIUM PLAN OF BARN.

In response to inquiries received on the subject, we herewith re-publish from a former volume the Barn Plan which was awarded the second premium under our offer made in 1859. Although twice published in the RURAL (as had been the first premium plan, given in RURAL of 1st inst.,) we think the accompanying plan worthy of being re-published and kept before the people. It is adapted to the wants of many of our readers:

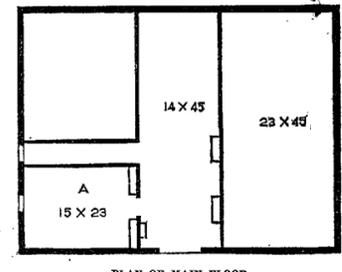


PLAN OF BASEMENT.  
A, Tool Room; B, Root Cellar; C, Cistern; D, Hall; E, Horse Stable; F, Cow Stable; G, Open Shed; a, Mangers; b, Feed Box; c, Stairs.

This barn is situated in the town of Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the farm of IRA ARMSTRONG, by whom it was built in the year 1855. It is located on a level piece of ground, the entire building being above the surface. The size of the structure is 45 by 60 feet.

THE BASEMENT STORY is built of stone, and is nine feet high, with 10 stalls for cattle, and a place to throw manure out into the apartment

where it can be preserved under cover. This open apartment, or shed as it is sometimes called, is 11 feet wide by 30 deep, and is marked G on the ground-plan. There is a large Root Cellar opening into the main hall or carriage floor, fifteen by twenty-three feet, convenient to both horse and cow stables. A black board on wall of carriage floor, is very convenient for writing down amount of feed, &c. The horse stable has conveniences for six horses, with a cistern of water holding some 500 barrels. All stock can be watered without going out of the barn in coldest weather of the season. The cistern is covered with red cedar, 10 inches thick; sides of cistern are stone, and plastered. There is also a large Store Room for tools and implements, large enough to house all the farm implements.



PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR.  
A, Granary, with openings for passing grain below; between this and the bay is a hall. The barn floor is large, with two openings for passing hay and feed below, for use in the stables, and on the right is the large bay, 25 by 45 feet, in which may be stored an immense amount of grain or hay.

THE MAIN FLOOR contains a Granary, large, and conveniently divided and arranged. From it are spouts leading to the Carriage Floor of basement, so that the contents of the granaries can be received into a wagon below, or used otherwise, as may be convenient. There are two large bays, a large barn floor, 14 by 45. The Stables are supplied easily through trap-doors from the main floor, as shown in the plan. The scaffolds are reached by movable ladders, which may be changed to any locality desired.

The windows of basement are supplied with pulleys, so as easily to be moved, and ventilate the entire lower floor.

THE OUTSIDE FINISH is with good matched stuff, batted to the eaves, and the gable-ends are clap-boarded. The whole is finished with three coats of white paint.

THE CARRIAGE WAY is on the south side of the building, and is made of easy grade, whilst the floor of the barn upon the south side is about ten feet from the ground. This makes it convenient in stacking straw after threshing.

This barn is so arranged that all parts are easily accessible; and when once in the building, you can get to any part with ease. There is so much room that all the crops can be housed with ease, and with little labor.

THE YARD is supplied with water from a well about 80 rods off, by a siphon.

The builder was CORNINE MARTIN, of AVON, N. Y., and the cost about \$1,500.

—In a future number we will republish the plan for which our third premium was awarded.

171,183,381—showing an increase in the last decade of say 70 per cent. The tobacco of 1850 was 199,752,655, and of 1860 it was 429,390,771—showing the increase of tobacco to have been 115 per cent. So we have in ten years an increase on tobacco of 115 per cent., against an increase of 70 per cent. on wheat during the same period. This is certainly somewhat remarkable, when we take into consideration the fact that wheat is an almost indispensable article of food, and the great staple of the Northern States—while the use of tobacco might, to a great extent, be dispensed with.

And now, I will ask the tobacco reformers, if these figures do not go far to prove the truth of my former remark, that the *prejudice*, if we may so call it, in favor of tobacco, has flourished remarkably under your opposition. But, where does our tobacco come from? and where must it come from for some years to come? About seven-eighths is produced in the Slave States, and about one-eighth in the Free States.

Virginia produced	128,967,767
Kentucky "	108,102,433
Tennessee "	38,331,227
Maryland "	38,410,983
Total in four States	309,412,382

Thus it will be seen that these four States raised nearly three-fourths of the entire tobacco crop of the country. Of the Northern States, Ohio is the only one that enters into even a

respectable competition with the South, in this production. The highest four Northern States are:

Ohio	25,628,972 lbs.
Indiana	7,246,182 "
Illinois	7,014,230 "
Connecticut	6,000,133 "

Greatest four Northern States, 45,789,467 lbs.

Hitherto our exportation of tobacco to foreign countries, in its various forms, including snuff, cigars, &c., has nearly equaled that of wheat. As the war is now ravaging and laying waste our tobacco country, we may make up our minds to bid adieu, for the present at least, to our income arising from the shipment of tobacco abroad. Indeed, we shall do well if we supply the home demand. Now, there is no good reason why the Northern States should not raise their own tobacco. Indeed, we have abundant evidences that the profits of the tobacco crop, in our latitude, under judicious management, exceed those of almost any other crop we raise. While those who cherish the idea of making the cotton crop profitable in Northern States will some day wake up to a realizing sense of their ridiculous delusion, I now venture the prediction that tobacco will ultimately become one of the staple commodities of the Northern States. What better employment could we afford our "intelligent contrabands?" Will our humanitarians please answer through the columns of the RURAL?

One more view of the tobacco question, and that appeals to your patriotism. Tobacco is now an important source of public revenue, through the heavy taxes imposed by Government, and he who uses tobacco thereby sustains the Government—supports the flag of our country on the battle-field of rebellion—feeds and clothes the soldiers in arms, and gives bread to his famishing wife and children. So we hope that our patriotic young ladies of both sexes will not be too fastidious about the fumes of tobacco smoke, or the colors of the teeth of those who chew it. Goodrich, Mich., August, 1863. G\*\*\*\*\*.

#### AGRICULTURE.

It would seem that under a Democratic form of government agriculture would rise to its legitimate magnitude and importance, and be viewed with some little reference to the great fact that it was the first and only business assigned to man. But the world, wiser than the great Creator, plods on much as it always has done, looking upon any other calling as desirable and honorable except the cultivation of the soil.

Since it is vital to the daily sustenance of all, why should it be despised or ignored as unworthy the attention of any but hirelings and slaves? Why is it that the young man who gives evidence of extra mind and talents must be sent straight-

way to the university, to be educated to the very top round of the ladder of learning, and that for anything else but agriculture? As though agriculture afforded no food for the mind, nothing that is high, noble, useful or respectable, or that had any need of education. Is its work so groveling, its scope so narrow, its principles so simple as to require no thought? Who can determine the primitive elements of a single grain of corn and take of those elements and form one single grain that shall germinate and produce its kind? Tell me ye university savans what nourishment in the ground, what virtue in the dew, what property in the sunshine, what influence in the atmosphere it is that gives to the rose its tint, the violet its hue? Determine these and thou shalt be able to aggregate the asteroids, count the stars in the milky way, and speak knowingly of the misty nebula that floats in illimitable space!

Though agriculture rewards indifferent culture and rude husbandry to a certain extent, it does not follow that ignorance is essential to its success. Quite too long have the best intellects been culled out for other pursuits, and the residue turned over to cultivate the soil. Are sciences, arts, mechanics, manufactures, trade, commerce or the professions, one or all, equal to agriculture? Not at all. They are right and indispensable in themselves, but only necessary appendages to agriculture.

Go to history, ask her in what has depended the strength, resources, power, permanence and durability of nations, and she will tell you agriculture! Why did Rome blot out Carthage? Not because she had better soldiers or more able generals,—these she never had,—but because Carthage lacked her agriculture. Why has Spain, once so high in power, resources and prestige, fallen into such decay as hardly to be recognized among the nations of the earth? Because she chose to despise her agriculture. What has raised Russia from a few semi-barbarous clans to one of the most powerful nations of the earth? Agriculture. What stops the tick of the great commercial clock of Europe? Because she is denied a single article of American agriculture. Why are the United States to-day weltering in fratricidal blood? Because one part of her population has despised labor and degraded her agricultural laborers to brutes. Would you make a nation strong, happy and invincible? Educate her people to morality, intelligence and agriculture. Would you have trade, commerce, manufactures, science and the fine arts? Respect and develop agriculture and these follow inevitably. Would you raise agriculture up to the position it merits? Let the very idea be invested with its magnitude and importance. Let education be deep, thorough, and that which shall have reference to the mysterious and intricate problems which agriculture is constantly bringing up for solution. We hail the auspices of agricultural colleges. Let them have aid and all the aid they need to make them the first colleges in the land, and then not limit a course to two or three years.

But to the agricultural press we must look for our most efficient means of success. It has already accomplished wonders—all praise to the noble and invincible band of agricultural editors and publishers. To you mainly, gentlemen, are farmers indebted for being considered almost respectable enough for the society of gentlemen, and to take seats in Congress. But we of the thick pates can not let you off as entirely blameless, for you gave us some pretty tough doses on the "Sugar Beet," the "Morus-Multicaulis," "Morus Alba" and "Shanghae's." Hence we charged home upon your "book larin'" even to about balance; but we will call the past even and renew friendship for the future.

One great error in the past, and to a great extent in the present, is to look down upon and degrade labor and ignore industry. When it shall become as honorable to choose the plow-handles as it is a profession, and when it shall be no more disgrace to wash dishes and cook dinners than to play the piano, we shall have gained a great point and saved many from prison and disgrace. If fathers want to curse their sons, and mothers their daughters, let them bring them up in idleness and not learn them how to work. Another grave error has been committed in surrendering our legislative interests to the management of politicians and demagogues. When the honest yeomanry shall cease their vigils over our liberties, then will they disappear for ever.

Since, then, agriculture is the only basis upon which to build the structure of society, let each one labor to secure for it its just and merited position and reward. Wm. L. CURTIS. Haskins, Wood Co., Ohio, 1863.

SELLING PRODUCE—SUGGESTIONS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Permit me to present for the consideration of your numerous subscribers, who, I presume, are nearly all farmers, a few suggestions. I have been on this farm four years, and in that time I think I have averaged an annual loss of \$75, (and I have only a small farm,) from not obtaining the highest price for my produce; or, in other words, not knowing when to sell; and I dare say the majority of farmers can boast a similar experience. Now, why may not farmers, by united, concerted effort and action, be just as well posted as to the present and prospective prices of produce, and condition of the markets, and in a measure control, or at least take advantage of the market, as for a set of speculators? Why may not a Farmers' Mutual Association be organized, by calling a convention, or otherwise, to consist of annual members, and such officers and directors as they may need, that, by the payment of a certain sum, say \$5 yearly, shall employ a number of correspondents or market reporters, in three or four or more different places at home and abroad, and one in New York, whose business it should be to furnish, perhaps daily, to the members of the

association, the earliest and most correct information as the condition and prospects of crops, &c., the condition of the markets, and a report of prices current. These reporters might also furnish articles weekly for some paper, which might be adopted as the organ of the Association. I know of none better adapted than the RURAL, on similar subjects. If the Association should become numerous and strong enough, they might in some manner have a commission house in their interest in New York, to which they might consign their produce, with the certainty that by the aid of the information themselves might obtain from their various market reporters, that it would be sold neither too soon nor too late, at the highest market price. Furthermore, if enough could be brought to act together, they might agree on a stated price for produce, and bring the market up to their views, at least on some articles. Every farmer ought to have all his property in worth this year, in order to make one hand wash the other, as everything he has to purchase is ruinously high, and taxes are going to be no small item.

These suggestions, I am aware, are presented in a crude manner, but I will close by inviting some older and more experienced person's views on the subject, through the columns of the RURAL. COALITION. Madison Co., N. Y., 1863.

ABOUT "DORGS."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Without my aid, I fear the diatribe relative to dogs will not very speedily bring about a canine millennium. The question would seem to fall within the legitimate province of agricultural editors, yet for some reason unknown to myself they are not generally very ardent dog fanciers. With some slight qualifications, he who observes and thinks most on a given subject deserves most of success in its management. Had the editorial fraternity observed as strict "neutrality" in regard to common farm stock as they do in regard to dogs, where would have been our present boasted improvement? The majority of country people know but little more of canine physiognomy, or the characteristics and capabilities of the various breeds of dogs, than a dog knows of his great-grandfather.

But a few years since I lived near an exceedingly lying, brassy, avaricious person, who kept the most inferior and naturally vicious little "whiffet" slut I ever saw—under the thin disguise of short-cropped ears and tail—to raise "terriers" for the public. This "benefactor" was regularly blessed with two crops of whelps a year, and keeping an old nag and buggy, peddled "puppies" for miles around. "Superior address," or refined puppyism, induced a number of our most estimable citizens to "invest." In most cases the happy "proprietor" "smelt a rat" before his "terrier." Persistently true to their breeding, they would suck eggs, kill chickens and chase sheep as soon as they were capable. Happily, they died young.

A fruitful source of sheep-killing is the too careless management—or lack of management—of dogs. For a worthless slut to run at large at all times, and gather a semi-annual disorganized convention of all the "bushwhackin'" curs from four neighborhoods, is an outrage that should not be meekly borne by an order-loving pastoral community. And if we are not capable of applying a remedy, we may well despair of "constitutional liberty." If farmers would castrate their dogs it would be a great safeguard against sheep killing, as a dog without a commission rarely has business from home without his master. Should farmers be compelled to pursue the same course with their horses, cattle, sheep and swine, for eight or ten years, that they do with their dogs, I should then expect them to have a "realizing sense" of their duty, for they are quick to learn from actual example. If farmers would keep dogs more for special use than "for the name of it," there would be few or no mongrels, less prowlers, greater safety for wool-growers, etc.

Yet, say what we will against dogs, undoubtedly there will be enough left to make quite a formidable show whenever we get the census returns. In the improvement of their quality and management lies our most speedy remedy for sheep-killing. That they are not prompted to greater activity by the present high price of pelts is at least an item in their favor. Albion, Mich., 1863. S. LAMB.

THE COST OF CULTIVATING CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—What is the expense of an acre of corn prepared to husk? I have always estimated it from \$6 to \$8 per acre, and have been willing to allow that when I have bought corn in stock and estimated the labor. But in a recent article your Western Correspondent states that from some figuring that he saw he concludes (if I understand him right) that it cost three-fourths of a day, or say 75 cents per acre. I cannot conceive by what rule or formula he gains the result, unless he gets people to work for nothing, and merely charges himself 75 cents for superintending the affair.

Here are my figures. We will take five acres as an example: The plowing, (low figure), \$5 00 Harrowing three times, 3 00 Working both ways, 2 00 Planting the five acres, 5 00 Cultivating once each way, 3 00 Hoing once, 5 00 Cultivating again, 3 00 Going through with horse-hoe, 2 00 Hoing it again rapidly, 2 00 Cutting it up and shocking, 5 00 \$35 00 Which, divided by 5, gives \$7 per acre, or 7 days work at \$1 per day, saying nothing about seed, wear and tear, &c. Your truly, JAS. L. NORTHRUP. Byersville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Best Time to Feed Grain to Sheep. NOON is preferred to morning for this purpose by a correspondent of the Country Gentleman, for three reasons:—First, because, at noon, their appetites are partly satisfied, and therefore the stronger ones will crowd the weaker ones less than they would do in the morning; second, because the sheep will eat the coarser fodder better before eating grain than afterwards; and, third, because, by eating at noon, the grain will be better mingled with the coarser fodder already swallowed, and be more likely to rise with their cuds for thorough mastication, by which the greatest amount of nutriment will be extracted from a given amount of food.

Saving Seeds. THE Maine Farmer says:—"As the period of ripening of grain and vegetables arrives, it is well to bear in mind the truth, that like produce like, and take precautions to preserve the earliest and best specimens of the various crops of the garden, for the next year's seed. By so doing we may obtain seed from the best and most fully matured stocks, which, being planted the next season will be likely to produce better specimens, and at an earlier date, than those selected and preserved as they are apt to be, from late and inferior plants. Let the earliest of each kind grow and ripen for seed. Save the first squash, cucumber and melon, a row of peas, a few hills of corn, beans, &c., and when perfectly ripe pick and preserve carefully, put them in packages correctly labeled, lay them away till next planting season, when you will have seed that you can depend upon, and if the process is continued year after year, the quality of the plant must be continually improving."

Flies on Horses and Oxen. A CORRESPONDENT of the New Haven Courier puts in a plea for our horses and oxen: The annoyance of these summer pests to animals can be greatly mitigated by the use of a mixture of one-third kerosene oil and two-thirds lard oil, applied to the legs of horses, oxen or cows, with a feather or brush, or what is better, but more objectionable to the applicator, with the hand, rubbing it well in. A farmer in the neighborhood used it last summer on his oxen, having it applied twice a day on their going out to work—morning and noon. His cattle gained in flesh during fly time. I have used it on horses and two cows. Its benefit is immediately observable. A horse, uneasy, fretting and stamping, becomes, after the application, at once quiet. Those who sympathize with the noble animals in the constant teasing endured by them from these pests, will be glad to use any harmless remedy which will spare incessant work, when not called to labor in harness. Horses will keep better on a less supply of food for the repose thus obtained. Cows will give better and more milk from the rest that they will get from the use of this mixture.

While on the subject of Relief to Animals, allow me to suggest to oxen and cow owners, the use of a covering of crash, or bagging, or canvas, during the fly season. I consider that I am well repaid for the trifling expense of a cover on cows. In the south of Europe, the use of covers for cows and oxen is almost universal.

Gypsum as a Fertilizer. THE query whether plaster is advantageous only to the crop to which it is applied, or whether its influence is also beneficial to succeeding ones, is being discussed somewhat at the present time. In an article recently published, the editors of the Canadian Agriculturist remark: We scarcely feel ourselves competent "to set at rest" the question which our correspondent has proposed. The action of plaster, both in this country and in Europe, is often attended with peculiar difficulties, alike to the scientific chemist and the practical farmer. In some localities its application produces no sensation whatever, while in others the results are of the most striking character. Along the sea-coast it produces generally little or no effect, while in situations remote from oceanic influences its fertilizing power is quite marvelous. As a sulphate of lime, it supplies to plants two important ingredients—sulphate and lime—which some soils do not possess in sufficient quantity. But it would also appear that the gypsum acts beneficially in attracting moisture from the air, and in fixing ammonia and other gaseous matters floating in the atmosphere, and in bringing them within the available requirements of growing plants. The small quantity usually applied as a top-dressing in spring, to clover, &c., although frequently attended by marked effects on the first crop, can produce, we should imagine, but little effect on the second. But when larger quantities are applied, as is sometimes done to the hills of Indian corn, the effects are frequently visible, within their limited areas, in the succeeding crop. We should be happy to receive a statement of the views and experience of practical farmers on this subject.

How to Cure Indian Corn for Fodder. IRA M. ALLEN gives to the Country Gentleman his mode of curing corn when intended for foddering purposes, as follows: "In order to have the fodder good, the corn should be cut up while it is yet green—that is, before the leaves and stalks begin to dry. Any time after the corn becomes hard (or glazed) the corn may be cut without injury to the grain. I make a stanchion for the shock by tying the tops of four hills together—then the fodder should be set up in the angles as nearly perpendicular as possible. After setting up six or eight hills, the tops should be tied together with a wisp of grass, or stalk; this makes a firm beginning for a shock

The shock should contain at least 144 hills, as the larger it is the less, proportionately, it will be exposed to the weather. Bear in mind that the stalks should be set up as nearly perpendicular as possible. Lastly, the shock should be well tied at the top with a band of rye straw.

"Corn put up in this manner will not fall down before husking time. I usually husk my corn in from four to six weeks after cutting it up. When the corn is husked, the fodder should be tied with straw in convenient-sized bundles for pitching, and it is better to put the stalks from two shocks into one, and tie the tops as before; then, if the weather is dry, it may be hauled at any time and put in stacks convenient to barn. There is no safety in putting it into the mow, however dry it may appear, for the pith in the but of the stalk is a great absorbent, and as long as the stalks stand on the ground it will retain moisture enough to spoil the stalks if put into a mow, but when they are stacked up so that the butts come to the sun and air, the stalks will not spoil.

"I make my stacks in the following manner, so that we can always haul in an entire stock at a time:—Take a pole, from 4 to 6 inches thick and from 15 to 18 feet long, and set it firmly in the ground; then build the stack around it, laying the tops in against the pole and the butts out, keeping the middle fall as in other stacks. At the top I make a cap of a bundle of stalks.

"Corn that is sown for fodder should be treated as nearly in the same manner as possible, and you will have good sweet food for your cattle, which they will need no coaxing to eat."

Prices of Produce. THE August number of the American Agriculturist says:—In forming an opinion as to the probable prices for the produce of this year, there must be taken into account some elements not usually affecting the course of trade. First, there is the continuation of the war, the effect of which has been largely felt, and upon which very materially depends the state of the markets. The present prospects are full of hope for its successful termination at no distant day. The recent glorious victories have so restored confidence that gold, which at one time stood at 170 and over, has fallen to 125, and few are eager to speculate in at that figure. The effect of this will, of course, be to reduce the price of wheat, but with it other commodities, to be purchased by the farmer, must fall in equal ratio, which will compensate for the apparent loss. As the rate of exchange with foreign countries follows the fluctuations in the precious metals, all imported goods will be subject to a falling off in market value, so that the diminution in this direction need not be counted as unfavorable, but rather the contrary. The accumulated stocks of foreign wares will be rapidly pressed upon the markets, and ensuing competition must still further depress the figures at which they are held.

From all the information we have received, we judge the wheat crop to be about an average one, and as a large breadth was sown, there is prospect of a good supply. The harvests abroad appear to be an improvement upon those of the previous two years, which will have the tendency to somewhat lessen the exportation. But the political aspects of Europe are such that the whole course of foreign trade may be entirely revolutionized within a few months, or even weeks. Should a general war convulse the Continent, the demand for breadstuffs from this side the water must greatly increase before the close of the year, and everything must go up with rapidity. The uncertain feeling on this subject even now influences the general market.

From a survey of the whole field, it would appear that there will be at least remunerative if not high prices for what provisions the farmer may have to sell. There is not, we judge, anything to favor holding on in anticipation of any great rise in value. Wool will probably continue firm, not perhaps maintaining the unprecedented rate it has attained during the year, but yielding returns that should satisfy wool-growers, except, perhaps, those who embarked in the business at the height of the tide, hoping to realize almost an independent fortune. The producer who so keeps his accounts that he can calculate at what figure he can afford to sell his commodities, and who, year by year, disposes of them when that figure is reached, will, in the long run, show a better balance sheet than he who trusts to occasional sudden rise of prices to insure him large profits.

Inquiries and Answers.

OSIER WILLOW.—In answer to the inquiry in regard to Osier Willow, in RURAL of August 15th, I would state that the willow will no doubt do well as far north as St. Lawrence county, but the sets want to be put out as early as the ground can be prepared in the spring. The best way is to break up the ground in the fall, and then it can be made ready earlier than if otherwise managed. The cuttings should be set three feet apart one way and eighteen inches the other, in straight rows, as for corn, and the culture is about the same the first two years as for corn, viz: keep clean. I shall prepare an advertisement for the RURAL in season for all to get a supply who may desire to engage in the business, and shall be able to furnish the best cuttings, and also instructions so that each may succeed.—D. J. BRAMAN, Macleod Center, Wayne Co., N. Y.

SHOULD ATTACHMENT FOR PLOWS.—Do you or any of your subscribers know what has become of BURNHAM & PERCE, of Homer, N. Y., who advertised last year in your columns a subsoil attachment for plows? Early last spring I sent them five dollars requesting them to forward one of the aforesaid "attachments," but have as yet been unable to hear from the money, attachment or manufacturers. Please sound your trumpet, good RURAL, and see if you can't wake up one or both of them, and oblige—A. COBBURN, Jr., Kimbundry, N. Y.

We have heard nothing of Messrs. B. & P. of late, but from our brief business acquaintance with them, do not believe they would retain money belonging to others. The probability is that the money never reached its destination—was strayed, stolen or mislent to some other Homer than the one in this State—perhaps by the neglect of the writer himself.

ENTRIES FOR STATE FAIR.—As your paper is the great medium through which many mysteries are explained, I wish to be informed when and how to enter property for premiums at the State Fair—what time previous to the holding of the same, &c.—A CONSTANT READER, Durham, Greene Co., N. Y.

If you wish to make your entry before the week of the Fair, send to Col. B. F. JOHNSON, Secretary, Albany, describing the animal or article you wish to exhibit, and enclosing \$1 as your fee of membership. Entries for the coming Fair can be made with the Secretary at Albany until Sept. 14th, after which a business office will be opened on the Show Grounds, in Utica, where entries must be made after that date.

HEN LICE OR FLEAS.—Remedy Wanted.—I wish to make an inquiry through the RURAL how to get rid of hen lice, or (as I have heard some call them,) hen fleas. My hen-roost is terribly infested with them. I never was troubled with them before. Some years ago a different kind of hen lice prevailed which were larger than these, and I soon got rid of them by putting ashes and lime where the hens walked; but that has no effect on these. They are very small, reddish-colored, some white or quite light color; they crawl very fast, much faster than common lice. A person stopping in the hen-roost one minute will get thousands on them, and hens will die in setting before they will hatch. I have heard of several persons' hen-roosts in this vicinity that are troubled in the same way, and some for two years, and know of no remedy. As I have been a subscriber for the RURAL several years, and this is the first time I have been to you in this way, I trust you will give this room in your valuable columns.—JOHN G. BURRITT, Elmira, N. Y.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.—A. Lodi, Seneca Co., asks—"Does the moon have any influence on the growth of vegetation?" It is said to be beneficial to green cucumbers and young lovers, or young cucumbers and green lovers, we forget which. If any influence is exerted, it must be from its reflected light, as the same globe of matter is always at the same distance and position, whether visible or not. It has been our general opinion on this subject that a yellow dog hung up in the sky would have an equally sensible effect on vegetation, or on the health or passions of us sub-lunary mortals.

PLASTER, CLOVER, &c.—Last spring I seeded a field with clover, sowing a peck per acre, but owing to the drought it is a poor "catch." Shall I plaster it this fall or next spring? Will it be to my interest to sow on more seed next spring? The question with me is, will clover grow well in such a case? What kind or kinds of seed, and in what proportions is it best to sow expressly for sheep pasture on dry land, and what time of the year, fall or spring? Will some knowing one please give me his views?—JAS. MCCOLLUM, Newfane, N. Y.

BROOM CORN WANTED.—Will you or some one of the numerous readers of your valuable paper be good enough to inform me where I can procure a quantity of broom corn? I wish to obtain a number one article, and am willing to pay a good price.—FRED HAWLEY, Lambeth Westminster, Middlesex Co., C. W.

We cannot answer. Any one who can furnish the article is advised to address Mr. H. direct.

SEEDING CLOVER SOON AFTER RYME.—A subscriber would like to know, through the columns of the RURAL, if a clover seed turned over and sowed to rye or winter wheat will seed successfully again to clover the following year?—A. L. HOAG, Nassau.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON, CROPS, &c.—The weather of the month now closing has been highly favorable for agriculturists—the fore part warm and dry, excellent for harvesting operations,—and recently cool and wet, producing a great growth of corn, potatoes, &c. The wheat, barley and oat crops have generally been secured in good condition. Corn is looking better than we have seen it at this season for years—being extraordinary in growth for Western New York. In consequence of the attention given to bean culture so great a breadth of land was planted to corn as heretofore. The bean crop has a fine growth and promises well. Most farmers in this region seem to "know beans"—particularly west of Rochester—a much larger amount having been planted this season than ever before. The fruit crop—especially apples and peaches—is not so good as was anticipated at the blooming. Apples are undersized and affected with fungus. The peach crop will be short, compared with last season, but of very good quality. Tomatoes and melons are growing so fast that they have no time to set fruit or ripen, and some anticipate a similar result in regard to potatoes. As yet there are no indications of the potato rot.

In his monthly report (for August) of the Condition of the Crops of the country at large, the Commissioner of Agriculture says the wheat crop just harvested is most excellent, both in amount and quality; and the corn crop promises to be a full one, although in some localities in the West, where the drought of June extended into July, it may not be so good. The Marston wheat has entirely failed to sustain its character in this country. It is an English variety of great excellence there, and hence it was desirable to test here. It is presumed that the failure is owing to the difference of climate and time of sowing.

The Crops in England are very good, according to recent accounts. A late Liverpool circular says:—"Our wheat crop which is being gathered in the earlier countries will be an excellent one for quantity. The quality of corn [wheat] will greatly depend upon how it is secured. The potato crop will be particularly good. In Eastern Russia and the Mediterranean countries, the wheat and Indian corn crops have suffered much from excessive drought. France will have something to spare for us."

FLOCK OF EIGHT TWO-YEAR-OLD EWES.—Mr. C. L. HAYDEN, of Wyoming, N. Y., furnishes the *Albion Atlas* the following relative to eight of his Spanish Merino ewes: "On the 12th of June I sheared my Dana ewes, which are two years old, and brought me seven lambs this spring. They were sheared on the last day of May, 1862, and produced 88 12-16 pounds of wool.

Table with 3 columns: No., Fleeces weighed, lbs. wt. Rows 1-8 showing wool production data.

Total from 8 ewes, 100 lbs. Average, 12 09. These sheep were fed all the good hay they wanted, and were kept in a pen with six more. I fed the fourteen one quart of corn daily, and a few apples once a week. They had good shelter and access to water." A good average, though of course the sheep were unwashed.

FROM ILLINOIS.—Writing from Marion Co., Aug. 19, a correspondent says:—"Perhaps it will please you—of course it will—to learn that, having had a good watering about the beginning of this month, we are now enjoying a splendid growing season, and vegetation is progressing finely. Also, that after many disloyal threats from a certain class of our southern sympathizers, noble, patriotic JOHN A. LOGAN is among us, giving our grumblers some such lessons of unquestioning loyalty as will do the country a good service. He yesterday gave a rousing address to an immense crowd at Salem, Marion Co."

REASON FOR LARGE TURNIP CROPS.—An exchange says:—"A distinguished English statesman has said that England could better afford to lose its navy than its turnip crop; therefore plant largely."

## Horticultural.

## WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

## SUNDAY ITEMS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK.

**THE DELAWARE GRAPE IN THE WEST.**—It will be remembered by your readers who saw the discussions of the Illinois State Hort. Society last winter, that the validity of the claim that the Delaware is adapted to Western culture, climate and soil, was seriously questioned by prominent members. Mr. DUNLAP objected to it because it did not "walk up to the Captain's office and settle." He called it the "least valuable of any of the grapes." He asserted that "the Concord, Catawba and Isabella are better." He affirmed that it did nothing at all "off the limestone soil." And he urged "that it be stricken from the list for general culture." I see that a Missouri man, writing to the *Horticulturalist*, is much of the same way of thinking.

Some time after this meeting of the State Hort. Society, I was talking with CHAS. H. ROSENSTIEL, of Freeport, Ill. He did not like the position of Mr. D. relative to this grape. He knew better in regard to its character for production. He had vines that *did* bear abundantly and that *did not* at all. He had Delaware vines that were and had always been strong growers; and others that had only a feeble, sickly existence. He had been puzzled as to the cause of this difference; but experiments and observation had satisfied him that he had discovered the cause. He says if the Delaware is propagated by cuttings from the bearing wood, it will grow strong and fruit early and abundantly invariably. If propagated from barren wood, it will make a feeble growth and never fruit.

Mr. R. is not a man who jumps at conclusions. He is one of the most skillful and successful horticulturists in the West; and such an assertion by him will command the confidence of all who know him. But since last January, when I had this interview with Mr. R., I have taken pains to learn what I could of the origin of the Delaware vines in the State that have fruited; and whether they were propagated from productive wood. The result of my inquiries confirms the statement of Mr. R. Dr. SCHROEDER, of Bloomington, confirms it. And to-day Dr. J. ASA KENNICOTT, of Chicago, has given further testimony in this direction. He has two year old vines loaded with fruit. He asserts that he *knows* they were propagated from bearing wood by CHARLES DOWNING. He has other vines propagated from bearing wood, obtained from the late "Old Doctor" KENNICOTT, which are also giving fruit and growing strongly. But vines which he has himself propagated from barren wood, yield no fruit, and sustain the sickly, weakly character so often given the Delaware vine.

**LET THE NAME ACCOMPANY THE FRUIT.**—There are plenty of people who believe a peach to be a peach, and that names are of no consequence. So of other fruits. Market orchardists do not attach enough importance to this matter of educating the consuming public in pomological nomenclature. I have passed through the Chicago market a half-dozen times during the present season, inquiring the names of the different varieties of fruit exhibited for sale. In the absence of any knowledge of the names of the different fruits for sale, these fruit-dealers, in their zeal to accommodate me with a name, have astonished themselves with their pomological knowledge, and me with their inventive genius by supplying the demand! And such a supply! DOWNING never dreamed of such names. ELLIOTT and THOMAS would have sworn they had been taking a RIP VAN WINKLE nap! And except in one or two cases, I have found no correct answers to my questions. During the past five years I have scarcely seen a fruit in market here correctly labeled, except some of the commoner varieties of apples, grapes and pears.

All this is wrong. The fruit-grower should label each box of fruit with its name and his own. Let the people learn to distinguish fruit by name—to associate with the name its true character, and they will soon learn to discriminate in favor of the best varieties, and pay for the privilege. This is matter of economical and commercial importance to the fruit-grower. It is a matter of great importance to the intelligent consumer. It is not rare to hear a gentleman or lady ask, "What is the name of that apple," pear or peach, as the case may be. And no reliable answer can be made by the fruit-dealer, as a rule; because he is not informed.

There have been some splendid peaches in market here from Alton this season—some of the finest I ever saw. And some of them I could not identify. It would have greatly gratified me to have known the name of both the fruit and the grower. I should like to have named both in these notes. But the dealer didn't know. He purchased the fruit of a commission house; and no label attached to the box. It is both wrong and unprofitable.

**RISLING GRAPE.**—Mr. ROSENSTIEL says this is the very best of all the hardy grapes. It is a blue grape, growing a little larger bunches than the Delaware, is a better fruit, and is as hardy as the Catawba. It ripens about the 15th of September, is very productive, a pretty good grower, but not as strong as the Catawba.

**LAYING DOWN GRAPES FOR WINTER.**—Mr. R. says grape vines should not be laid down until frost comes. If so, they will be likely to decay. It is the starting and freezing in spring that is dangerous—not the early freezing in the fall, if the wood is ripened. I find there is a great difference in this practice of different grape-growers, in the depth of covering put over the vine. Some only deem it necessary to cover the tips of

the vines lightly with soil; others cover the entire length of vine tightly—say two or three inches. Others deeply, five or six inches. And the difference in results is not so definitely marked as might be supposed. An exchange of experience on this point might be profitable.

## PARKS FOR THE FARMERS.

The following article is by one of the most intelligent agriculturists of the day, and contains suggestions that we know to be of great interest to our readers. We hope its suggestions may be heeded:

We wish to see the farmer's home—the farmer's life—made more attractive. Hitherto, as a general thing, the improvements which have been made are of the *useful* kind, having reference mainly to the supply of man's physical wants. Most of our farms must be regarded as mere manufactories of food and clothing; very little has been done to gratify the intellect, taste, or feelings—the higher and nobler attributes of our nature. And this is one reason, beyond a doubt, why many young persons who have, by means of education, reading, and society, acquired a certain degree of refinement, become dissatisfied with agricultural life, and have sought the city. Intelligent, educated men, cannot surely remain satisfied with being mere growers of grain and breeders of stock,—they must love their home; and to merit their love and attachment, that home must possess something of beauty, for the love of the beautiful is an instinct of man's nature. A large portion of the population is continually on the move;—the old home has no hold on their affections—or at least not enough to overcome the novelty of a new one. We see the population diminishing in the very heart of the finest agricultural district in America, where nothing is so much needed as human beings. It is at certain seasons impossible to procure laborers enough to do the work. This state of things is unfavorable to the perfect development of the country's resources, and equally unfavorable to the attainment of a higher and happier social condition.

It is not unreasonable, we trust, to expect, and even to urge, some reform on this point. Make home attractive;—cultivate the taste, and feelings, and affections, as well as you do your fields. Why should a wealthy farmer, with his 50, 100, or 200 or 300 acres of land, content himself with a rod or two of a door-yard, and a dozen of shade trees, shaped and managed after the precise fashion of a village plot? Why can he not, just as well, have a park and pleasure-ground of several acres around his house, broad grades of lawn, and groups of trees, separated from the cultivated portions of the farm by green hedges? This, with a well-stocked orchard and good, ample kitchen-garden, would come up to our ideas of a country home; and it would be impossible for children to grow up in such a home without becoming attached to it, and having their tastes expanded, their feelings refined, or without appreciating the comforts and blessings of a country life. A rod or two of a door-yard for a farm-house!—what a mockery! There is something incongruous in the very look of it that cannot fail to strike every observing person; it wants what the lamented Downing called "local truth" in architecture.

But some careful farmer will ask us, "How can we afford to lay out parks and pleasure-grounds, and keep them in fine condition? It would cost us more than the whole labor of our farms. Only think of what an expenditure of money and labor this hedging, and planting, and mowing this pleasure-ground would involve. It would be all very well if we could afford it; but that we cannot, and we must leave it to retired gentlemen who have made their fortunes in town, and come out into the country to spend them."

But we reply, You can carry out our plan without incurring a heavy expense. Hundreds of farmers in our own county of Monroe can make such a park as we propose without feeling the cost. Fence off five to ten acres of land immediately around your dwelling. Seed it down, and it will produce good crops of hay. You can get plenty of young Maples, Elms, Tulip trees, Basswoods, Ash, and other native trees, in the woods, which can be taken up and planted at leisure intervals in the fall, when farm labor is over, and early in spring, before it commences, and even during winter, in mild weather. Until the trees are well-established, it will be necessary to cultivate the soil around them. It will not be necessary to cover the whole ground with trees, but merely to scatter them here and there in groups, and singly, to give it a park-like character, which will distinguish it at once from the cultivated fields. A little can be done now, and a little again, as leisure affords; and in a few years the work will show. Meantime the land is cropped profitably; for hay is always a paying crop, and an indispensable one. The ground nearest the house may be planted with some rarer trees—a portion of them evergreens. A small portion of the ground near the house might be separated from the main body of the park by a wire fence, or moveable hurdle fence, and kept mowed; and if embellished with a few flowering shrubs, and a few beds of flowers, all the better. But these, for economy's sake, can very well be dispensed with. When the planting is finished, and the trees fairly established, the park might be pastured with sheep, as many parks are in Europe; and thus it would always have a closely cut surface without the expense of mowing, and the sheep would be an interesting feature in its scenery. When forest trees are not within reach, we would recommend the raising of them from seed, or small plants can be purchased at the nurseries for \$2 or \$3 per hundred, which, with a couple of years' growth in nursery rows, will be fit for final planting out. Only go about it, and the means will not be wanting.

## SUN-FLOWERS AND MORNING-GLORIES.

FLOWER of the sun! Glory of the morning! Poetical as the language of Persian lover, their very names ought to draw the hearts of all worshippers of the beautiful and euphonious toward them!

"Them sun-flowers!" said old MEJUK, the gardener, giving one a patriotic stab with his hoe, *a la* CHARLOTTE CORDAY, ridding the world of a monster. "Hold," I interposed, "the sun-flowers are all right, but like many very good sort of people they have pitched their tents in the wrong place. There, spade up some of these stout fellows and follow me." MEJUK obeyed, but with a look that said, "Wonder if burdock and pig-weed won't have to be transplanted next." The sun-flowers were carefully set along some unshaded paths in the back yard. How they grew! The drouth might wither the corn, striped bugs spoil the squash and melon, and cut-worms nip off the young beets, beans and tomatoes, and make the flower-bed a place of desolation, but these undaunted sun-flowers kept straight on adding node to node, while every new leaf seemed a banner with the "strange device" *Excelsior!* And now, with their golden-rimmed heads capping a pyramid of glossy leaves, wide enough to wrap a baby in, or make a sun umbrella, they strike all beholders with a deep sense of their magnificence, while I, in my admiration, am only kept back by a slight thought of "propriety" from kneeling to them even as LINNÆUS is said to have done when he first beheld a tree fern; and even old MEJUK, who has a little sublimity away down at the bottom of his rough soul, mutters, "Well, them sun-flowers aint so bad after all."

As for my much loved convolvulus, the morning glories, to be seen in their supremest state, one must be up with the sun and catch a full view of them when first tinged with her golden light, for if

"The rose is brightest washed with morning dew," doubly so are these flowers of the dew and shade that so soon wither under the sun's direct rays. Such a bundle of bloom and miracle of color as I found stowed away in a cracked tea-cup in mother BRIDGET'S closet this spring in the shape of morning-glory seed! And now how they trail their glories—pink, blue, red and white, over unsightly posts, along grey walls, and up to the very tops of trees, that look every morning as if the "angel of flowers" had breathed on them in the night and wreathed their branches with her choicest gifts! I watch the humming birds diving their long bills into the spicy tubes, laugh at the burly bees breaking through their delicate corollas, see little children clapping their hands at the sight of so much twining and trailing loveliness, and thank God for the morning-glories. The bignonia, honeysuckles and charming roses are all well enough, but they are a little aristocratic and best befit the fluted column or ornamental trellis, but our simple morning-glories, like charity, love to sing a file of beauty over deformity, and any one with a slight bit of ingenuity, a few old barrel hoops and knotty stakes can have arches, and arbors, and pyramids, covered with these "trailing glories," that will give an air of artistic grace to the humblest home in the land. Though not one of those who, like VICTOR HUGO'S FATHER MABREUF, believe that plants have souls, yet should I ever reach that

"Land beyond the flood  
Where joys immortal bloom,"

such is my love for these old-fashioned flowers, I might even there have a secret yearning to meet the spirits of some of these broad-leaved sun-flowers and graceful morning-glories that I had so worshiped when I sojourned in a land made brighter by their blooming. G. E. S.

Furnessville, Ind., Aug. 15, 1863.

The sun-flowers are useful when in the right place. We have now a square devoted to this flower in the back part of the flower garden—a kind of division between the flowers and vegetables—and it attracts the attention and affords much pleasure. At the back is a row of the tall growing kinds, while those in front are dwarfish, only about two feet in height. But there is a difference in sun-flowers, as in most other flowers. The *Double Green-Centered* is excellent, double and fine every way. The *Double Argophyllus* grows only about two feet in height, branches and flowers freely. The leaves are covered with long, silky, white down, giving them a very pretty appearance. There is a variety of the same with striped flowers, though the stripes are not very conspicuous.

## Inquiries and Answers.

**STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.**—Wishing to set out three acres each of strawberries and raspberries, I should be very much obliged if you would answer a few questions through the *RURAL*, which I think will be of general interest. How many varieties, and which varieties would you advise me to set out? How far should the rows be apart, and how far apart the plants in the rows? The same questions to apply to both strawberries and raspberries. A reply at an early date, if convenient, will be a great favor.—J. E. Co.

For the opinions of the best fruit growers in this section on these questions we refer our correspondent to the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, published in *RURAL* of July 4.

**SINK-WATER, RASPBERRIES, &c.**—As the *RURAL* seems to know everything, will you allow me, as well as other subscribers, to ask a few questions. Is sink-water good for young strawberry plants, or is it good for evergreens or recently transplanted fruit trees? In June I set out two nice young Norway Spruces, and am afraid I have killed them by putting on sink-water too freely. Is the fall or spring the best time to set out raspberries, and should they be cut down when they are planted out? I desire to transplant some grape vines; should they be cut back to two or three eyes?—A. C. B., *Catawba, C. W.*

Water from the sink is usually beneficial to trees and plants of all kinds. Of course it is possible to give the roots of trees and plants too much water. Occasionally a large quantity of salt, or something of the kind may be in the water from the sink and prove injurious. Raspberries will do well planted either in the fall or spring. If planted in the spring we would cut the canes to within two feet of the ground. In the fall lay the canes down

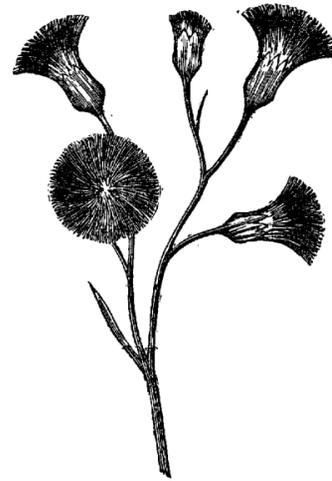
and cover with a little earth, and cut back when taken up in the spring. Cut grapes well back—two years old vines to two or three eyes. If the three year old vines were well pruned the last spring they would not need to be cut back so far. Make up your mind just what kind of a form you want your vine to assume, and then prune so as to secure it.

**MAKING CABBAGE HEAD, &c.**—Will breaking off the lower leaves of cabbage throw the growth in the head and make it head? Should salt or any other substance be sprinkled on the heads to make them hard and firm, if so, how much, and what time in the season? I have about three thousand cabbages growing that look fine. They are just beginning to form heads. Will tomatoes keep good put up in oyster cans, if they are well sealed? Will you or some of the readers of the *RURAL* answer the above and oblige.—E. C. B., *Corning, N. Y.*

If you have good plants in a suitable rich soil there will be no difficulty about the formation of heads we think. We have never found any advantage in breaking off the lower leaves; indeed, it injures the growth. Salt is of no advantage on the plant—a little may be of use sprinkled on the ground, though it is a dangerous experiment. Sometimes we give our ground a little salt very early in the spring. Tomatoes will keep in any air-tight vessel.

**FLOWER FOR NAME.**—I have seen this summer a little flower, very pretty, scarlet, growing on slender, tall stems, some eighteen inches in height. It is very fine for small bouquets. Can you tell me its name? I inclose you a faded, damaged flower which I have pulled from an old bouquet for the purpose.—Miss N. C.

The flower when received was much damaged, but we have no doubt it is *Cactinia coccinea*, sometimes called *Flora's Paint Brush*.



We give a figure of this flower that we had taken last season. It is a pretty thing, easily transplanted, flowers freely, and is unsurpassed for small bouquets.

## Horticultural Notes.

**DEUTZIA CRENATA FLORE PLENO.**—This is the name of one of Mr. FORTUNE'S novelties from Japan, recently exhibited by Mr. STANISH. "It looked like a fine addition to hardy shrubs. It has opposite, shortly stalked ovate acuminate finely serrated leaves, and copious terminal racemes of deflexed double white flowers, deeply tinged externally with rose." As the *D. Crenata* is quite hardy this will undoubtedly prove a fine acquisition.

**LILIUM BROWNII.**—This very splendid lily is yet but little cultivated, and but little known. It is decidedly the best of the trumpet-shaped group, the flowers being longer than Longiflorum, wider at the mouth, and better shaped; the color is a creamy white on the inside, and brownish on the outside, the contrast adding to the beauty of the flower; the habit is vigorous, and the foliage more abundant than the other species. It is perfectly hardy, and should be in every collection. It flowers just before the Longiflorum, in the early part of July.—*Hovey's Mag.*

**MR. RICHARD FETTERS,** of Camden, New Jersey, died recently in his 73d year. Mr. F. was widely known as a propagator of Roses, Camellias, Magnolias, and other "stock" things; and, as a liberal, high-minded and generous man, was as widely esteemed as known. He was a native of New Jersey, and commenced his career in what is called "humble life." When near his 50th year, death had about claimed him as his victim; and from motives of health he entered the nursery business, in which, for one who had no practical knowledge of the business, he was remarkably successful. He died worth, probably, \$100,000.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

**LA CONSTANTE STRAWBERRY.**—A writer in the *Gardener's Chronicle* gives the following account of this magnificent variety, which is fully borne out by our own experience with it:—"Too much can hardly be said in favor of this comparatively new strawberry. I have four rows of it across one of the quarters of the garden, and the crop on them is something incredible. The color is bright vermilion, the fruit is large and regularly formed, and the flavor is excellent. This variety I find bears carriage better than any other sort with which I am acquainted, and instead of the runners creeping along the ground, like those of other kinds, they grow straight up among the leaves, forming supports almost sufficiently strong to carry the net with which they are covered."

**LILIUM ABATUM.**—This beautiful lily has again blossomed with Mr. F. PARKMAN, who exhibited it last season, and is truly a grand and beautiful species. The plant, though small, had two flowers, open at the same time; and we understood Mr. P. to say his strongest bulbs had four flowers, showing that when they attain their full size they will have at least four, and perhaps twice that number of blossoms. Dr. BALL, who sent home these bulbs, informs us this species is one of the most common in Japan, and that the bulbs are eaten as food, as indeed are many other lilies. So abundant, it is rather surprising Dr. SIBOLD did not see it at the time he sent home the noble Japan lilies so called, (*L. speciosum*.) It will prove a magnificent addition to our gardens.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

**IMMENSE STRAWBERRY CROP.**—A HANDSOME REVENUE.—A single fact which has come to our knowledge relating to the strawberry crop of the past season will doubtless astonish many of our readers. A prominent fruit grower of Western New York, from a single patch of sixteen acres, sent to market *thirteen hundred bushels* of strawberries of the Wilson Seedling and Triomphe de Gand varieties. The entire crop was sold at an average price of one shilling per quart, realizing the snug sum of *five thousand two hundred dollars* as the product of sixteen acres of ground. We doubt whether any other sixteen acres in Western New York have yielded the like sum as the result of a single crop. This may be taken as an instance of the profitability of thoroughly scientific fruit growing.—*Rochester Daily Union.*

## Domestic Economy.

## TASTE IN FURNITURE.

In furnishing your house always select articles possessing at least some charm of outline. In book-shelves why not admit a graceful curvature in the wood, a little ornamentation of leaf or twining tendrils, which would greatly add to their beauty without materially increasing the price? And how far more rich will be the folds of a cloth if the table covers be round, rather than those square or octagon shapes, which admit no picturesque arrangement either of dishes or drapery. Of course, we do not wish that delicacy of outline should alone be sought; first ascertain that the workmanship of all you purchase is faultless and then allow your good taste to guide you into the magic realms of decoration and ornamentation. Let the legs of your chairs and tables be slightly curved or twisted, your picture frames gracefully molded, your tumbler chaste in design, your cups and jugs delicate and subdued in coloring, and your dishes and plates attractive to the eye. Study also truthfulness of material. That is to say do not lavish much money upon imitation, loaded with ornament, when a few more pence would purchase the genuine article. If your purse is too narrow to buy reality, do not accept instead a lavishly adorned sham.—*Englishwoman's Journal.*

## HOW TO DRY SWEET CORN.

WHEN the corn is in good condition for eating, the grains being fully grown, boil a quantity of ears just enough to cook the starch, and then shell or cut off the grains and spread them in the sun till dried. The best way to dry the corn is to nail a piece of cloth of very open texture on a frame, which, if two feet wide and five feet long, will be of a convenient size to handle. If the corn is spread thinly upon this cloth, it will dry quickly, without souring. It should be covered with a piece of mosquito netting to keep off the flies. Another person gives the following directions for drying sweet corn:—"As soon as the corn is fit for the table, husk and spread the ears in an open oven, or some quickly drying place. When the grains loosen shell the corn, or shell as soon as you can. Then spread upon a cloth to dry in the sun, or on a paper in a warm oven; stir often, that it may dry quickly and not overheat. If more resembles the undried by its being whole, is sweeter, and retains more of its natural flavor by drying faster. When wholly dried expose it to the wind by turning it slowly from dish to dish—the wind blows off all the troublesome white chaff."—*Exchange.*

**STARVING BOSOMS AND COLLARS.**—A "Jersey Farmer's Daughter" sends to the *Agriculturist* the following directions:—"Pour a pint of boiling water upon two ounces of gum arabic, cover it, and let it stand over night; in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for future use. A tablespoonful of this gum arabic water stirred in a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns, either white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed. To every pint of starch, add a piece of butter, lard, tallow or spermaceti candle, the size of a chestnut.

**FRICASEE CHICKEN.**—Cut the chicken up; let lie in water for an hour; dry them in a towel; then put them in a stewpan with just water enough to cover them, with a little mace, part of an onion cut up fine and a little sweet marjoram. Boil them until tender. Then take a ½ lb. of butter, and rub some flour with it until perfectly smooth, and drop the butter and flour into the chicken water, stirring it all the time until it boils. Then take a yolk of an egg, beat up with a little cream, and pour in when done.

**INDIAN CAKE.**—Having noticed in the *RURAL* a request for a recipe for making a good Indian Cake, I will send you ours, which we think is excellent. Take one egg; half a pint of sour milk; a teaspoonful of soda; three tablespoonfuls of molasses; and Indian meal to make it about thick enough to pour. We think it better by leaving out the molasses, and adding a spoonful of cream. Try this, and you will have a cake fit for the Queen.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Javva, N. Y., 1863.*

**TOMATO CORN CAKES.**—A SPANISH RECIPE.—Take a dozen ears of green corn; split the rows of kernels lengthwise with a knife, then shave off and mash with a rolling pin; or grate off the kernels fine; scald a dozen medium-sized tomatoes and remove the skins; beat three eggs well, and mix the whole with a pint of milk, and flour enough to make a batter; add salt, pepper and allspice to the taste; fry on a griddle in the same manner as buckwheat cakes, avoiding excess of grease.

**BEEF CROQUETS.**—Take cold roast beef or veal, and mince it fine; put an onion in cut up fine, some sweet marjoram and a little powdered cloves, and moisten it with a little beef gravy. Make it into balls like you make for sausages; put the yolk of an egg over them, and flour them; fry in good sweet lard. This is a good side dish.

**IRISH RAG.**—Three cups sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of sour cream; 6 eggs; 3 cups of flour; 1 tablespoon cream tartar; 1 teaspoon soda. Stir the butter and sugar, then the eggs, beat all together. This will make two good-sized cakes.—*SARAH, Lyons, N. Y.*

**WORMS IN DRIED FRUIT.**—Will some *RURAL* reader state the best method of keeping worms out of dried fruit, and oblige.—T.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REVERIES.

A "MIXED" POEM.

BY IK IPAS AND MINNIE MINTWOOD.

I AM weary, tho' yet morning,
And I long to cast away
From my soul this great life-burden
Growing heavier every day.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO KNOW.

WHY need people use what is commonly
termed "baby-talk" to children? I can see very
many reasons why they should not, but none why
they should.

Again, such a simple, foolish way of talking to
a child corrupts his own language, and 'tis years
before he rids himself of these "early impressions,"
and talks sensibly.

I well remember, when I was a little child, my
eldest brother would be ensconced in the foot of
the cradle—'twas a huge one—to rock "Sis" to
sleep.

MINNIE MINTWOOD.

Hilldale Farm, near Ludlowville, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

H O M E

THERE is not a place in this world that a true
heart loves more than home. Our thoughts will
center there when the mind is weary of the toils
of life.

How truly it has been said, "There is no place
like home be it ever so humble." Enter a busy
thoroughfare of one of our large cities. Do you
see that poor, thinly clad child pressing its way
through the crowd?

scarcely receives a passing look from the many
that are around her. Follow her a little further,
through another street and down a narrow alley,

Note the contrast. But a little way from this
scene is a mansion, brilliantly lighted although
the shades of evening have scarce yet fallen; and
in that mansion is another child; the same in
years, and none the fairer in face or form than
the little one we have just left.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN SAXON TIMES.

In olden times, if the husband proved a thief,
the wife was equally liable to punishment. Alfred
relieved the wife from punishment if she could
prove that she neither knew of the theft nor had
tasted of the thing stolen.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

WHAT spectacle more pleasing does the world
afford than a happy woman contented in her
sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little
world by her exertions, and transforming the
briars and thorns of life into roses of Paradise?

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.—Earth has some sacred
spots where we feel like loosening our shoes
from our feet and treading with holy reverence;

If we obeyed the laws of God, children would
be like spring blossoms. They would impart as
much freshness and strength as they abstract.

GOOD TEMPER.—Don't trust too much to good
temper when you get into an argument. The
Indian produces fire by rubbing of the driest
sticks.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FAREWELL TO THE SUMMER.

BY ANNIE M. BRACH.

SWEET spirit of the Summer,
Thou art passing from me now,
And dearer seem the kisses
Thou art pressing on my brow.

I have called thy pathway lonely,
Spite the fragrance and the flowers,
And have chid the smiling moments
That were numbering the hours.

I have heeded not thy beauty,
Nor thy breezy whispers fond;
But have bid time bear me faster
To the years that lie beyond.

And now thy farewell murmurs
Bring me feelings of regret,
As it were o'er slighted friendship
That may never more be met.

For I know not of the future,
I have bidden time to bring,
If still around my pathway
I shall hear the hope-birds sing.

Should the grief-clouds darkly gather
In the next sweet summer sky,
My heart will wander backward
With a weary, longing sigh,

For the roses left ungathered
As I dreamed away the hours
To the music of the hope-birds,
That have sung amid thy bowers.

Cambridge, N. Y., 1863.

THE DOCTOR IN CAMP.—No. V.

INCIDENTS ON PICKET.

It is not at all necessary I should tell you the
precise locality in which these incidents occurred,
—it is quite enough to say that I learned them
while on picket in Virginia.

We (MAJOR JACK and I) were picketing with
a detachment of the —th cavalry the hither bank
of one of the Virginia rivers, our headquarters
being near the mansion of Col. —, when, one
day, as we were enjoying our pipes by the camp-
fire the orderly on duty brought to us a man
apparently about sixty years of age.

THE FOUR FRIENDS.

Many years ago, there lived on the bank of one
of the rivers of Virginia which empties into the
Chesapeake Bay, a young man who had inher-
ited a mansion, and farm, and negroes, and, in
short, lacked nothing to complete his establish-
ment but a wife, and that he seemed in no hurry
to add to his possessions, notwithstanding he was
a general favorite among the surrounding fair
dames and damsels.

Among JACK's friends was none more intima-
te than one, whom we will call TOM CLAYTON,
though if that were not his real name it does not
change the nature of our "over true tale." At
hunt, or at ball, or in the evenings after race or
election, when the punch went round with many
a joke, TOM and JACK were inseparable.

At about equal distances from the houses of
JACK and TOM, but across the river, lived two
young ladies, sisters, named MARY and NANCY,
—and very frequent visits did they receive from
both the young gentlemen; and often, too, were
they escorted to and from balls and merry-
makings by TOM CLAYTON and JACK BARNLEY,

Finally TOM CLAYTON left his home and spent
several years in travel, or in business, it matters
not which, suffice it to say that when he returned
he found the companions of his youth had all
disappeared. Some were dead, some had become
fathers and mothers, and their children now
graced the merry-makings and the sports of the
little community.

JACK BARNLEY, as the two friends sat together
toward twilight on Sunday afternoon, and they
ended by ordering their horses and riding down
to see their old friends. And every Sunday
evening thereafter TOM and JACK were seen to
ride from their respective houses, meet at the
ford half way from one to the other farm, and
cross to spend the evening with the Misses MARY
and NANCY.

And now for the reason which led TOM CLAY-
TON, the ancient brave, to come into our camp
and relate to us this tale. Not long before, the
ford near which lived the Misses — had been
the scene of a skirmish between detachments of
the two armies, and a stray shot had penetrated
the house and wounded one of the ladies, but
whether Miss MARY or Miss NANCY was not
known.

I will own myself to have been much interested
in this little "romance of real life," and bitterly
regretted that military usage shut all avenues
whereby we might have eased the mind of our
ancient friend, and—satisfied my own curiosity,
However, our guards one day caught a "reliable
contraband" from that neighborhood, and while
Major JACK tried to extract from him some infor-
mation regarding the enemy to send to head-
quarters, I pumped him as to the condition of
affairs in the — household; and I firmly be-
lieve that if the answers to my questions were
less copious, they were quite as valuable as those
obtained by the Major.

I have told my tale, and I hope it pleases you.
I am conscious that it does not amount to much
after all, but I was interested in the contempla-
tion of this little romance, which had lasted a
life-time, and could not keep myself from won-
dering why it was never consummated by a
brace of weddings. But I shall not impose upon
your good-nature by any moralizings of mine.

OUR DUTY AND THE WAR.

BUT,—let us say it plainly,—it will not hurt
our people to be taught that there are other
things to be cared for besides money-making and
money-spending; that the time has come when
manhood must assert itself by brave deeds and
noble thoughts; when womanhood must assume
its most sacred office, "to warn, to comfort," and,
if need be, "to command" those whose services
their country calls for.

All this is what we see around us, now—now,
while we are actually fighting this great battle,
and supporting the great load of indebtedness.
Wait till the diamonds go back to the Jews of
Amsterdam; till the plate-glass window bears
the fatal announcement For Sale or Let; till the
gold dust is combed from the golden locks, and
hoarded to buy bread; till the fast driving youth
smokes his clay pipe on the platform of the horse
car; till the music grinders cease because none
will pay them; till there are no peaches at
twenty-four dollars a dozen, and no heaps of
bananas and pine apples selling at the street cor-
ners; till the ten-flooned dress has but three
flounes, and it is flounced to drink champagne—
wait till these changes show themselves, the
signs of deeper want, the preludes of exhaustion
and bankruptcy; then let us not be cowards with
our purses while brave men are emptying
their hearts upon the earth for us; let us not
whine over our imaginary ruin while the re-
versed current of circling events is carrying us
further and further, every hour, beyond the influ-
ence of the great failing which was born of our
wealth, and the deadly sin which was our fatal
inheritance!—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The hungry mouth no more readily finds food
than the hungry mind finds truth.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CITY OF LIFE.

BY BARBARA BRANDS.

FAR away where the angels in tenderest pity
Labor on in the bloom of the infinite days,
Arise the white towers of the Beautiful City,
"Whose walls are Salvation, whose gateway is Praise."

Across the dark waves of the shadowy river,
Beyond earth's sin-promptings, and doubtings, and
strife;
Where the bright arrows fall from the beautiful quiver,
In glorious light is the City of Life!

Where the snow-robed bands of the pure blessed angels,
Awake the glad song of thanksgiving and praise,
Their holy lives rising,—a sweet-toned evangel,—
To the All Father's throne, through the eternal days.

There the spirit o'erburdened with earth's weary sorrows,
By the crystalline waters in joy lieth down,
Undisturbed by dark thoughts for the fast-coming mor-
rows,
Freed from the world's hatred, temptations and frowns.

And sweet o'er the purple hills, mistily shrouded,
Come the fragrance of blossoms, the glory of song,
Joy reigneth supreme; for the sky is unclouded,
And the years in a sweet happy dream glide along.

Soon, soon shall we cross o'er the shadowy river,
To its shores that lie dimly beyond the dark wave,
Trusting our souls to the Bountiful Giver,
Whose love is all potent to shield and to save.

Brande Cottage, Wis., 1863.

ABOUT HEAVEN.

HEAVEN is not a mere state of being, but a
place. When the believer dies, his spirit does
not go forth to float about in space, as a cloud
drifts in the sky, but it goes to a home-land—a
city that hath foundation. Christ said to his dis-
ciples, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I
go and prepare a place for you I will come again
and receive you to myself; that where I am ye
may be also." The abode of the Spirit will, no
doubt, be widely different from earth. But it
will not be immaterial, as some imagine. It will
not be cold and shadowy, but a city with man-
sions—a city lighted by the smile of God, filled
with the bright forms and glad voices of saints
and angels.

Where this place is, we know not, and it is idle
to try to learn. It may be on some star that we
gaze upon every night. It may be in those
richly clustering stars which we call the milky
way, or it may be yet nearer, and built of such
material that our gross senses cannot perceive it.
But it is a place to which the souls of the re-
deemed can go as soon as they leave the earth.
It was after three o'clock when the penitent thief
expired, but that very day he was in Paradise.

Heaven, though a place of rest, is not a place
of inactivity. John saw it in symbols from his
island prison, and was his vision one of moon-
light and of stillness, or of low and gentle melo-
dies wooing to repose? On the contrary, he saw
a city full of light—a city of gold and gems to
reflect that light,—splendor, brilliancy, dazzling
effulgence! And out of the throne which was
the source and centre of illumination proceeded
lightnings and thunderings and voices, and
round about the throne were living creatures full
of eyes, who rest not day and night, saying,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." And
there are many angels round about these living
creatures, ten thousand times ten thousand, and
thousands of thousands, and they are saying ever
with a loud voice, "worthy is the Lamb that was
slain."—Christian Herald.

"SPEAK YE COMFORTABLY."

THE weary need sympathy and encourage-
ment. They are prone to despond. Their work
is burdensome to them. They do it listlessly,
carelessly, mournfully; sometimes they are
tempted not to do it all. They are disposed to
magnify their difficulties, and to underrate their
own capabilities. They take a gloomy view of
things. Their hands hang down; their knees are
feeble; their brow is clouded. And it would be
both unwise and unkind to blame them. Would
it lessen their fatigue, do you think, to lecture
them for being tired? Or would they be likely
to be more hopeful through your scolding them
for their faint-heartedness? No, they want com-
fort, not reproof; gentle counsels, not harsh
animadversions. When the wearied and dejected
prophet sat under the juniper tree, and, with
fruitful impatience, exclaimed, "It is enough;
now, O Lord, take away my life!" how gently
God dealt with him! An angel was sent to min-
ister unto him, who prepared for him a table in
the wilderness, and bade him arise and eat, and
recruit his strength.

A CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.—If you have been
looking at works, duties and qualifications, in-
stead of looking to Christ, it will cost thee dear.
No wonder you go complaining. Graces are no
more than evidences; the merits of Christ alone,
without thy graces, must be the foundation of
thy hope. Christ alone is the hope of glory. He
that builds up graces, duties, &c., knows not the
merits of the Savior. This makes believing so
hard, and so far above nature. If thou believest,
thy graces, thy duties, thy tears, thy humblings,
will follow; but beware, lest thou make them
thy dependence. Nothing but Christ must be
held up. The others are born of faith and love
toward him.—Wilson.

SAFE WITH GOD.—With God as our God, we
are safe and happy everywhere. A gentleman
crossing a dreary moor came upon a cottage, and
entered into conversation with its inmate, who
was standing at his garden gate. When about to
leave, he said, "Are you not afraid to live in this
lonely place?" "O, no," said he, "for faith
closes the door at night, and mercy opens it in
the morning."

The Educator.

THE MISSION OF THE TEACHER.

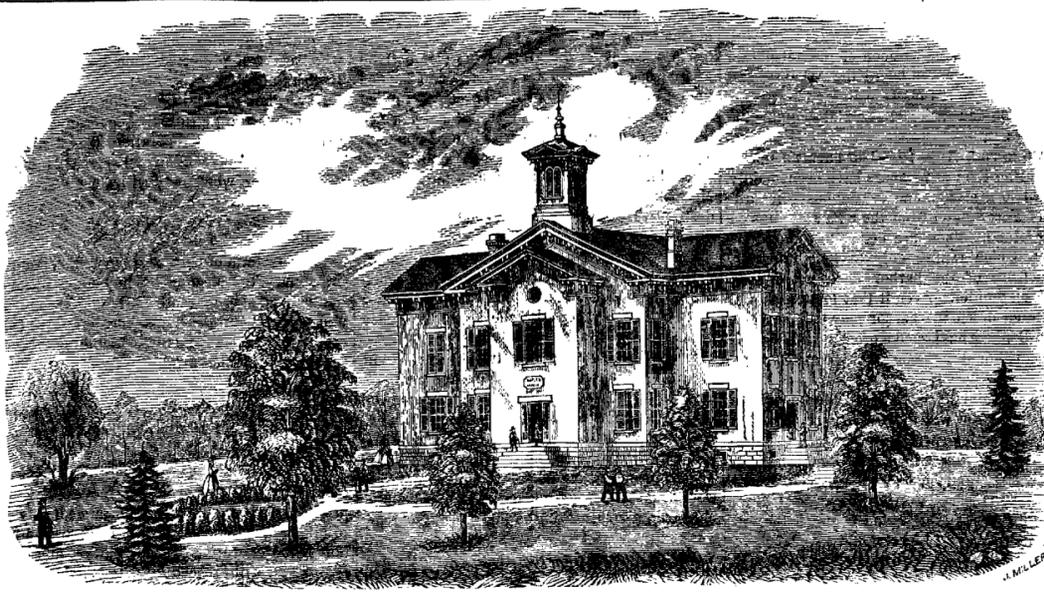
FROM AN ADDRESS delivered before the Graduating Class of the N. Y. State Normal School, by Rev. SAMUEL W. FISHER, D. D., President of Hamilton College, we make the following extract:

All professions and pursuits that are useful, are held by us as honorable; but all are not equally influential, nor equally honorable. Some affect the outward man, and are conversant about things of transient interest; others concern the soul, form the character, and build up a true manhood. Your work belongs to this latter class; your influence, as it is real and vital, helps to form the characteristics which distinguish the civilized and elevated man from the wild, untutored savage; you lay those foundations of character on which the rest of us must build; you deal with the immortal mind in the freshness and susceptibility of youth, when the earliest, strongest, most abiding impressions are given. Webster never uttered a thought more worthy of his great mind than when, in his plea for christian education, he said, "if we work upon marble it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work on immortal minds, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten through eternity." If Canova and Raphael have won a name for themselves in history, by the creation of perishable forms of beauty, where shall we place those whose work, indestructible by time, reaches on into eternity? You labor at those foundations which underlie and bear up all that is good and great in manhood; your work associates itself as a vital element with the advance of civilization, and all that is most excellent and glorious in the future of our race. Its innate dignity springs out of these elements; as it is among the most useful, so it is justly among the most honorable of human pursuits.

But while your profession is thus honorable in itself, yet the estimate put upon it by society, will be greatly affected by the character and efficiency of its members. It is for you to bring out and demonstrate in your lives, and by the excellence of your workmanship, its real character; and to do this, you must, yourselves, sustain an elevated character; you must compel the respect of your fellow men by your own exalted virtues. Nor is this all; you must aim to be masters in your own profession; you must make your teaching a great power. Excellence in any useful employment commands respect, and creates a demand for the workman and for a higher order of work. He who knows how to rear a structure adapted to the advanced state of society, wins confidence, and assists in cultivating the tastes of society. He who could dig a canoe out of the pine, or rear a log cabin, did a good work in the ruder state of civilization; but he who would now prove his claim to be a skillful artificer, must know how to rear the tasteful dwelling or construct the powerful steamship. And in this, our advancing civilization, you must be able not only to keep ahead of other arts and professions, but to anticipate future advances, and lead on to their attainment; and to do this you must devote yourself to your work as your life-long business. Teaching is a high art, in which the consummate workman is not formed in a day. It demands tact, wisdom, high intelligence, and a thorough mastery of the springs of thought and feeling, a power of rousing the stupid, controlling the wayward, and guiding the active. No man can rise to high excellence in it in a year or two. If you take it up merely as a temporary employment, if you design to make it only a stepping-stone to some more lucrative business, you will most probably fail. "Totus in illis," is the old maxim by which most of the success of the world has been won. Give yourselves wholly to it; it is worthy of your highest efforts; it deserves to enlist your best powers. Enter with me the studio of yonder sculptor, whose genius has embodied so much of beauty in the senseless marble; mark with what patient toil, protracted through years of study, he has ascended, step by step until, under his touch, the beautiful ideal awoke into the semblance of life, and learn the lesson! Think you that with less patient toil, with little effort and study, you can learn how to master the springs of this self-active, this thinking, feeling, immortal mind, so as to shape it into a character that shall bless others, and be itself the home of high intelligence and every noble principle? Depend upon it, that if you thus devote your energies to this work, if thus you become a true workman you will not only honor and advance your profession, but society will rise up to do you honor, and thousands, formed to a better life under your influence, will bless your name forever!

READING.

THIS important branch is very imperfectly taught in many of our common schools. Teachers tell their pupils to read slowly and distinctly, without, in many cases, endeavoring to do so themselves. In order to make good readers the teacher should take his turn as often as the scholars, if there are but four or five in the class. No mistake, however slight, should escape correction. If the teacher fails to notice any error, the scholars should have the privilege of raising their hands and calling his attention to the fact, and if the teacher also makes occasionally (knowingly, of course,) a few trifling blunders for their correction, they will be induced to look on their books during the whole time occupied by the class. If two or more scholars are allowed in each class, every day, to read a short suitable story, it will awaken an interest, and cause them to put forth efforts which will be crowned with success. Small scholars should always be questioned in relation to what they



NAPLES ACADEMY, NAPLES, ONTARIO CO., N. Y.

We take pleasure in presenting RURAL readers the above fine view of the Naples Academy building and grounds. This is one of the most prosperous of the many excellent institutions of learning in Western New York. From its last catalogue we learn that "Naples Academy was founded, and has been finished with the chartered conditions and privileges of a first-class Academy. The funds necessary for its completion—about twelve thousand dollars—were secured neither by taxation, nor the hope of cash dividends; yet it is free from debt and amply furnished for use. It is, therefore, a free-will offering to education and humanity, and will bear itself witness to the liberality and public spirit of its founders.

"The village of Naples is near the head of Canandaigua Lake, in a region distinguished both for its healthfulness, and its varied, beautiful

and grand scenery. It contains about one thousand inhabitants, and exhibits great activity in business and trade. It is accessible by daily steam-boats from Canandaigua three-fourths of the year, by daily stage from Geneva, via Naples to Blood's Station, and by the Buffalo, N. Y. & Erie R. R. to Blood's, which is five miles distant. It is thus removed from the annoyances of the great thoroughfares, while it enjoys all its advantages. It is free from grog-shops, saloons and halls of low revelry.

"The Academy is a two-story brick building, and stands on a lot containing three acres of land. It consists of a central building 45x55, wings 21x36, and a front projection 12x21. The central building contains two large rooms below, and one above; the latter is eighteen feet high; the other rooms, including ten recitation, library,

apparatus, music, hat and shawl rooms, are fourteen feet high. The building is adapted to the use of stoves or a furnace; it has the means of free and healthful ventilation, and is supplied with mortar black-boards and modern school furniture. There are three broad stairways leading to the upper story, and ladies and gentlemen meet only in recitation and general exercises."

The Board of Instruction of the Academy comprises the following competent teachers:—MELVILLE M. MERRELL, A. M., Principal—Professor of Ancient Languages, Natural Sciences, and Belles Lettres; L. G. THRAL, Teacher of Mathematics; Miss SARAH M. THOMPSON, Preceptress—Teacher of French, German, and Ornamental Branches; Miss R. M. MERRELL, Assistant; Miss MATILDA N. MORTON, Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music.

read, and if they read the same lesson three days in succession it will do them no harm. Classes that can read well should practice reading in concert, and the teachers should ask many questions in relation to the punctuation marks, inflections, emphasis, and capital letters, in the reading exercise.—School Journal.

BRAIN WORK.

No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of postprandial labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are the words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who in his last illness foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain work: "As for bidding me not work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, now don't boil." It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well organized brain demands exercise, and, like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable brain work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It is hard, thankless taskwork which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum; it is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working-out of great monetary transactions which produces that silent and terrible ramollissement which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.—Cornhill Mag.

Various Topics.

DEFENCE OF THE "ISMS."

I AM ready to fight and bleed, &c., for the "isms," assailed by my talented friend W. B. P. But I confess on the start, that, while I agree with the general views of E. A. W., I entirely disagree with his censure of the publication of W. B. P.'s article.

The last thing that a good man should ever do is to shut out from discussion the fundamental principles of human action, and the tendency of popular measures. Most of all to be deprecated, next to the existence of error, is its disposition to sting in the dark, and elude pursuit. Sin is half conquered when it courts investigation, and truth essentially demoralized when it shrinks from it. While mere "sectarian" differences should be ignored in a journal like the RURAL, it is not at liberty, claiming to minister to our social necessities, to waste its moral lessons upon generalities nobody disputes, and that nobody is wiser for the ten thousandth repetition of, but rather give us those practical applications, that are the real points of interest with earnest, intelligent men.

For one, I thank W. B. P. and the RURAL for bringing into the arena of discussion matters of highest interest upon which it is well known there are essential differences of opinion.

In his second article W. B. P. says:—"The so-called 'Reformers' 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!" While I admire the magnanimity of my friend in putting himself in for a portion of the castigation which he deems due to reformers, I assure him that if he don't belong to that hypocritical class, we will allow him to reckon himself out. The first radical defect that I seem to see in the above quotation, is its *wholesaleness*—he is doing a broader business than his stock of facts can possibly warrant. A great many people are engaged more or less in the "reforms" that come under the ban of W. B. P. No two of them are impelled by precisely the same motives, and no one of them but has his motives somewhat "mixed." Human nature has its follies and its foibles; W. B. P.'s experience of these warrants his conclusion that reformers are not free from fault. But when he brings all reformers into one category, and moves them by a single motive—to *magnify themselves*—we have a right to ask further evidence than he has thought proper to favor us with. Take the temperance reform. One man signs the "pledge," and believes in the pledge, because he is conscious of an appetite that will overmaster him unless his resolution to govern it is strengthened by enlisting his veracity and reputation in the work; and because he is conscious of the power of sympathy and co-operation. Parents whose ardent yearnings for the well-being of their offspring are as pure as anything earthly can be—if what is inspired in heaven should be called earthly—lead their children to the temperance altar to save their *bodies and souls*, and these motives have added more to the temperance reformers than all other motives together.

It is in the nature of the case that persons prominently before the people do more or less "to be seen of men;" when that is the *sole* consideration, "verily, they have their reward;" but when men engage in a good work, having a real interest in the work itself, we must pardon the vanity inseparable from a conscious performance of a good part. Nobody is and nobody ought to be insensible to the credit due to meritorious service. St. PAUL did not befool himself into the belief that he had "fought a bad fight," and W. B. P., whatever he expects from his "Reform" articles, puts the smooth side of his stones to the outside of his wall, turns the polish of his boots to the public, and walks complacently along, inviting admiration or approval. If every work is to be suppressed where the actors are under temptation to "magnify" themselves, we may as well send MEADE and GRANT and all the soldiers home, and put our Governors and Judges into monasteries, where, upon second thought, I fear they will not be safe from all self-complacent attacks. I am not quite sure whether they would be in *Fort LaFayette*. VALLANDIGHAM is evidently pluming himself upon his "persecutions," and it is historical that in all times men have even gloried in their shame. The desire of doing something creditable, and having the credit of it, is a wholesome principle planted by God himself, and giving rise to the *isms*, it is an effective agency in every great and good work,—without it Vicksburg would never have been won, nor Gettysburg witnessed the triumph of freedom's hosts.

Whoever looks upon humanity and its woes, and feels disposed to ridicule the "fanaticism," the officiousness, the credulity, or the vanity that prompt the efforts to heal those woes, is entitled to commiseration. Whenever I see the *gush of human sympathy* I bow before it in profound admiration, let it be mixed with whatever measure of human weakness. Whenever you succeed in stopping the reforms, men will relapse into barbarism and a besotted selfishness that finds its counterpart in those countries and those ages where the "reforms" have never been in-

troduced. The doctrine that "reform comes not from our own efforts," is so far true as that The Source of All Good prompts and sustains it; but if it means that true reform is not helped or hindered by the agencies we employ, and is not essentially dependent upon human instrumentalities, it is utterly and inexcusably false.

H. T. B.

INDUSTRIOUS JOHN CHINAMAN.

WHAT a truly industrious people the Chinese are! At work, cheerfully and brisk, till ten o'clock at night. Huge piles of linen and under-clothing are disposed in baskets around the room, near the different ironers. Those at work damping and ironing—peculiar processes, both. A bowl of water is standing at the ironer's side, as in ordinary laundries, but used very differently. Instead of dipping the fingers in the water and then snapping them over the clothes, the operator puts his head into the bowl, fills his mouth with water, and then blows so that the water comes out of his mouth in a mist, resembling the emission of steam from an escape pipe, at the same time so directing his head that the mist is scattered all over the piece of cloth he is about to iron. The invention for ironing beats the Yankees all to fits. It is a vessel resembling a small, deep, metallic basin, having a highly polished flat bottom, and a fire of charcoal continually burning in it. Thus they keep the iron hot without running to the fire every five minutes and spitting on it to ascertain by the "sizzle" if it is ready for use. This ironing machine has a long handle, and is propelled without danger of burning the fingers by the slipping of the "ironing rag." Ladies who use the ordinary flat-iron will appreciate the improvements.

LETTERS TO SOLDIERS.

A RETURNED soldier, making a report to a religious society said:—"I wish to speak of one way in which you can do great good to your soldier friends in the army. Write to them many letters. I am a sergeant, and so I have had much to do with the mails of our regiments. I know that when a mail arrives, every man looks for a letter. All are looking. They want to hear from home. They think they ought to be remembered. And when the mail comes in, bringing no letters from loved ones at home, I have seen men become exasperated under the bitter disappointment, and take to gambling and drinking, and anything to kill time. They will do these things out of spite. They will say, 'Our friends at home care nothing for us, and they must not blame us if we care nothing for them.' And so they will attempt to drown their sorrow in the indulgence of some kind of vice. If you could know how much good, kind, Christian letters from fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, and wives and sweethearts do to soldiers, in comforting, restraining and encouraging them, I think you would not be slow to write such letters to them. Oh! if you would save them from ruin, write many letters. Then they feel that your eye is upon them, and they are restrained from falling into many sins."

MILTON leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives us of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable to the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.—Addison.

Reading for the Young.

WORDS FOR POOR BOYS.

WHEN I was a boy of twelve years, I was working for twenty-five cents a week for an old lady, and I will tell you I had my hands full; but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, and scrub and scour mornings for the old lady, before the real work of the day commenced; my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes, so was often barefooted. One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or was specially ill-humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle, and had not worked. I said I had; she called me a "liar." I felt my spirit rise indignantly against this, and, standing erect, I told her that she should never have the chance of applying this word to me again. I walked out of the house to re-enter it no more. I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped out into the world. What do you think I did then, boys? I met a countryman with a team; I addressed him boldly and earnestly, and offered to drive the leader, if he would only take me on. He looked at me in surprise, but said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. "O, yes I will," said I; "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you, if you will only let me try." He no longer objected. I got on the horse's back. It was hard traveling, for the roads were deep, and we could only get on at the rate of twelve miles a day. This was, however, my starting point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit, and a steady, honest conduct, with what capacity God has given me—as he has given you—have carried me successfully through the world.

Don't be down-hearted at being poor or having no friends. Try, and try again. You can out your way through if you live, so please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You often are hungry and wet with the rain or snow, and it seems dreary to have no one in the city to care for you. But trust in Christ and he will be your friend. Keep up good heart and be determined to make your own way, honestly and truly thro' the world. As I said, I feel for you, because I have gone through it all—I know what it is. God bless you!—Gen. Mitchell.

THE MOUSE THAT WAS A RAT.

A LADY sat alone in her chamber. There was a nibbling sound behind the fire-board, which was not a board, but only a frame covered with cloth. The lady had some funny notions; mice seemed to her like little plump children; she liked them. "There," said she, "is a mouse;" and she dropped some crumbs behind the fire-board. This she did every day when she heard a movement in the fireplace. "Mice," said she, "are innocent. I never fear them. But rats! Ah! they are dreadful!"

The lady hoped, by-and-by, to coax her mouse out into her room. She lived alone, and was fond of pets.

Once or twice there came against the frame of the fire-screen a gnawing so strong and loud that the lady was startled. "What if a rat were there where I think is but a harmless mouse?" was the quick thought that made her flesh creep with terror. But she would not allow herself to believe such a thing possible; neither would she remove it. "Pshaw," she said; "I am certain 'tis but a harmless mouse." And she continued to pamper it with dainties.

At last one evening as she sat by her table writing, she heard a strange noise, and turning towards it saw, with great affright, a monstrous rat sitting on her hearth-stone and gazing with bold and wicked eyes upon her. The poor, nervous lady was made quite sick by the disgust and terror which this revelation caused her.

Children, there is a moral to my story. Can you think what? I am thinking of it, ah! my blood runs cold as I consider that of which this story is a figure. How many of you are cherishing sins which you consider only as innocent mice; but which are really as strong and dangerous rats, waiting their time to spring out upon you and have you in their power? How many such mice am I cherishing? Let us all examine carefully and in good time the true characters of our pets.—AUGUSTA MOORE, Springfield Rep.

GOOD LUCK.—Some young men talk about luck. Good luck is to get up at six o'clock in the morning; good luck, if you have only a shilling a week, is to live upon eleven pence and save a penny; good luck is to trouble your head with your own business, and let your neighbors alone; good luck is to fulfill the commandments, and to do unto other people as we wish them to do unto us. They must not only work, but wait. They must plod and persevere. Pence must be taken care of, because they are the seeds of guineas. To get on in the world, they must take care of home, sweep their own doorways clean, try and help other people, avoid temptations, and have faith in truth and God.—DeFraime's Lectures.

SPEECH is too often, not as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought, but of stifling and suspending it so that there is none to conceal.

KEEN satirists are usually men of talent, who, thinking and feeling more correctly than they live, wreak on their neighbors the bitterness of their own remorse.

LOWLINESS is the base of every virtue. And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest. God keeps all his pity for the proud.

GOD gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

WHATSOEVER we love becomes thereby above self, and we pay unconscious homage to it.

\* See W. B. P.'s article in RURAL of July 11, and E. A. W.'s reply in that of July 25.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Beneath its folds we fear no foe,  
Our hearts shall never quail,  
With bosoms bare the storm we'll dare,  
And have the battle gale.  
And though the cannon plow our decks,  
The planks with gore run red,  
Still through the fray our flag always  
Shall gleam from overhead.  
Then dip it, lads, in ocean's brine,  
And give it three times three,  
And fling it out, 'mid song and shout,  
The Banner of the Free.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 29, 1863.

Department of the South.

The United States supply steamer Arkansas arrived at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, on the 23d, from the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, with one hundred and seventy passengers, prisoners and invalids. She left Charleston on Wednesday morning, the 19th, and reports that the army and navy shore batteries have caused tremendous destruction to Fort Sumter. The south-east face looks like honeycombs, and a complete demolition of the walls is looked for in a week.

The following account is from the pen of Chas. S. C. Fulton, editor of the Baltimore American:

The attack on Sumter commenced on Monday morning at daybreak by the siege batteries of Gen. Gilmore, and the naval batteries on shore. At 6 o'clock Admiral Dahlgren proceeded on board the Weehawken, and with the Ironsides and entire monitor fleet attacked batteries Wagner and Gregg with great fury, completely silencing Gregg, and almost silencing Wagner. The wooden gunboats, seven in number, also joined in the assault, and enabled all the shore batteries to pour their shot and shell into Sumter. At ten o'clock the Admiral changed his flag to the Passaic, and with the Patapsco proceeded to within 1,400 yards of Wagner, and shelled the sea wall with the rifle guns of these vessels for about an hour with marked effect. Sumter fired about 50 return shots, doing no damage to the vessels, whilst the walls of Sumter were badly scarred.

Fleet Captain George W. Rogers, took command of his old vessel, the Monitor Catskill, went up into the fight, going within 150 yards of the beach front of battery Wagner. After firing a number of shots, a shot from Fort Wagner broke a piece of the Monitor's lining, which struck on the head of Commander Rogers, instantly killing him, as well as Paymaster Woodbury, who was standing at his side. These were the only persons injured on land or water during the 6 hour's engagement.

The damage done to Sumter by the siege batteries of Gen. Gilmore is visible without the aid of a glass. The rebels had erected a false wall against the wall exposed to our batteries. It extended to within ten feet of the top of the wall over twenty feet high and ten feet thick, and this wall is now a mass of ruins whilst the old wall is bored full of deep holes, the parapet crushed and ragged, and the north-west corner gashed and cracked down almost to the water's edge.

The harbor and Stono river are filled with torpedoes. About a dozen of them have been picked up in the Stono, and one was exploded under the Patapsco, raising her foot out of the water, but doing her no particular harm. None of the vessels were injured in the least, and the Admiral and his officers are confident in the ability of the monitors to batter down Fort Sumter. However, he is anxious to save the vessels for the heavy work required of them after Fort Sumter is taken, and let the army reduce that fort if possible.

The fleet, except the Weehawken and Nahant, retired before 2 o'clock, but they remained to keep Wagner silent during the afternoon, and to prevent the remounting of guns. The shore batteries continued firing all the afternoon and night on the walls of Fort Sumter with good effect.

Gen. Gilmore announces that the work thus far has been entirely satisfactory, that the fort is greatly damaged, and the work progressing finely.

Admiral Dahlgren is much depressed by the loss of Fleet Captain Rogers, but is highly gratified with the operations of the fleet and army, and very hopeful of ultimate success.

Up to the moment of mailing, at noon, the siege guns since morning have been hurling about five shells per minute at Sumter.

The Arkansas left the fleet at seven o'clock Wednesday morning, and at that time huge volumes of smoke were seen rising from Sumter as if from the burning of cotton, and the officers of the Arkansas believe that the fort would be captured or entirely destroyed by noon. Her guns were replying feebly to our shot.

Fort Gregg had been entirely silenced. Wagner still held out. The bombardment continued without cessation during Tuesday night and was renewed Wednesday morning, and when the Arkansas left the firing was furious; the Ironsides, five monitors and the shore batteries being all engaged.

Two refugees from Savannah, named Joseph H. Califf and John C. Collum, are passengers on

the Arkansas. They report that there is nearly a famine in Savannah.

Dr. Robert Gibbs, surgeon of the rebel ram Fingal, is a prisoner on board the Arkansas and will be sent to Fort Delaware.

The Richmond Whig of the 21st contains the following:

CHARLESTON, Aug. 20.—The enemy's operations during the last 24 hours have been mainly confined to a steady and continuous bombardment of Fort Sumter from their Parrott guns on Morris Island. Their fire begins to tell on Fort Sumter, which replies only at long intervals. The defense of the harbor does not depend mainly on Sumter. Even if that fortress should be battered down the harbor may still be held.

Gov. Bonham has issued a proclamation urging the removal of all non-combatants from Charleston as soon as possible.

The 200-pound Parrott guns of the enemy are too much for the walls of Sumter, and the fort only replies at intervals.

It has been determined to defend the city street by street and house by house as long as a foot of earth is left.

The Port Royal New South contains the following items:

The rebels call upon the authorities to sequester certain Yankee property in Brunswick, Georgia.

The rebel steamer Robert Haversham, which has been watching our advance movement in the Savannah river, exploded, destroying the vessel and killing all of the crew.

Gen. Mercer, commanding at Savannah, is impressing one-fifth of the able-bodied slaves of Georgia for work on the fortifications. All the negroes in Savannah have been seized and put to work on fortifications.

Several contrabands have reached Fort Pulaski, having escaped from Savannah.

A new rebel ram is building at Savannah. Several heavy guns have been sent from Savannah to Charleston.

The ram Savannah came down the river on the 10th, intending to run out to sea, but she broke one of her engines and had to put back. She is the mate to the Atlanta.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—The Southern Bank of Kentucky, in Carroll county, was robbed at half-past 1 o'clock on the 20th, by about sixteen men in uniform, who represented themselves as belonging to Cott's rebel cavalry. They were first discovered by Mr. Crawford, Cashier, who lives in the rear of the bank, upon whom they fired, driving him back into his house. After removing all the money in the vaults, and burning the papers therein, they mounted their horses and started off in the direction of Owen county. The amount of money taken was \$100,000 in gold and silver, and \$30,000 in paper money. Every effort is being made to capture the robbers.

KANSAS.—About 6 o'clock on the evening of the 20th, the rebel guerrilla chief Quantrell, with a force of 400 strong, crossed the Missouri river into Kansas, near the town of Gardner, and immediately started for Lawrence, arriving before that town at 4 o'clock in the morning. Quantrell posted a guard around the town so the citizens could not escape, and with the remainder of his men commenced pillaging stores, shooting citizens and firing houses.

The list of killed and wounded, as far as ascertained, number 130, a majority of whom were killed instantly. The houses that remained standing were filled with killed and wounded, who belong to all classes of society. From the burned houses the charred remains of bodies are constantly being found.

Only one hotel was left standing, and Quantrell spared this because he had made his home there once without expense.

The murderers planted pistols to the breasts of their victims and shot them down. In one instance the guerrillas drove twelve men into a house, shot them, and then burned the building; and the friends of these murdered men, while standing on the river bank, were fired into, and a number of them were killed and wounded. Twenty-five negro recruits were shot dead. The guerrillas took all the money found in houses, and stole all the jewelry of the ladies, even to the rings on their fingers—sparing nothing at all movable.

Quantrell is retreating toward Missouri, burning everything on his route. It is not expected that he will be intercepted, and will probably get away without loss. No resistance was made at Lawrence to the guerrillas.

The people of Lawrence had been expecting this raid for some time, from threats made by Quantrell, and had been organizing military companies for the defence of the place, and they were for some time kept under arms; but from assurances that Quantrell would never invade Kansas again, their military organizations were abandoned, and Quantrell and his band hearing this, made the raid when the people were entirely defenceless.

The men comprising Quantrell's band are the kind of guerrillas who have been robbing and killing along the borders for six months, with little opposition. They have had ample time to prepare for everything to insure success.

The loss at Lawrence is not less than \$2,000,000, and will fall heavily on New York and Leavenworth merchants. Two banks were robbed of every dollar, and the third escaped a similar fate only because the heat was so great from the burning buildings that the rebels could not stop long enough to get the safes open.

The telegraph this (Tuesday) morning furnishes the following highly interesting intelligence from Gen. Rosecrans, dated in front of Chattanooga August 22d:

Rosecrans' army was in front of Chattanooga on the 21st inst., and opened fire on that city.

Gen. Joe Johnston is in command of the rebels at Chattanooga.

The advance of the army of the Cumberland approached in front of Chattanooga and opened fire on the city at 10 A. M. The enemy replied from nineteen guns, mostly small ones, which did little damage, and also with one 32-pounder, which swept the opposite shore, one shot of which killed a horse and took off a leg of A. B. McCook, of Lillie's Battery. Our fire was very destructive, and every gun opened upon us was disabled.

The works of the enemy on the river are reported to be very strong, the parapets of which are no less than 15 feet wide. Several water batteries, on a level with the river, have also been discovered.

Moored at the wharf are two steamers, and opposite the city is a pontoon bridge of forty-four boats. The largest of the steamers was sunk by our fire, and the smaller one disabled. An attempt to destroy the pontoon bridge was defeated by the sharp fire of the sharpshooters. Forty prisoners were taken, two killed and four wounded. A train of wagons and mules belonging to the rebels, grazing on this side of the river, was captured.

Our advance reports that there are two rebel divisions at Chattanooga, and Hill's late corps is along the railroad in the direction of Bridgeport. A detachment sent opposite to Harrison discovered no enemy.

Contrabands report that Joe Johnston arrived with two trains of troops, on the 3d inst., superseding Gen. Bragg, who has retired to Atlanta. This statement is corroborated by the citizens.

Eleven deserters from the 1st Louisiana Regt. came into Negley's lines last night. They were detached lately as the crew for the rebel steamer Point Rock. They abandoned the steamer on Tuesday, twenty miles below Chattanooga. They report that A. P. Hill's and Pplk's corps are at Chattanooga, and say that the demoralization of the rebel army is complete, and that there are 3,000 rebel deserters in Lookout Mountain awaiting our advance. These men report that there are hundreds of loyal mountaineers engaged in piloting deserters through the mountains.

The 1st Louisiana Guards, at Bragg's headquarters, is reduced by desertion to less than 100 men.

Paroled men from Pemberton's army are coming within our lines. They say that his army can never be got together again.

Seven deserters from a Mississippi company came into our lines in a body on the 20th. They say that Bragg's army will go to pieces if attacked.

Gen. Wilder crossed the Tennessee last night and burnt a railroad bridge near Shell Mound, thus severing communication between the right and left wings of the rebel army. In view of the impracticability of the common roads in this section this is an important step.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

THE act to provide a national currency, &c., authorizes the employment of the national banking association created under it as depositories of the Internal Revenue, and such employment involves the duty of requiring adequate security for the amounts deposited. The Secretary of the Treasury has come to the conclusion to ask the national banks desiring to receive such deposits to place in the Treasury of the United States 6 per cent. bonds to the amount equal to 10 per cent. of their capital stock as a security for the punctual payment of all lawful checks for deposit. Inasmuch, however, as a number of banks have been organized, and as yet are without circulation, Secretary Chase proposes to direct deposits to be made with such on receiving from them a consent of their respective Board of Directors, that the bonds already deposited as security for circulation may be held as security for deposits, leaving the additional bonds, as well as the bonds of the directors and others, to be given afterward at any time before the furnishing of circulation. Should the associations prefer instead of giving a joint bond equal to the capital stock, to give separate bonds of directors of stockholders each for not less than one-tenth of the capital stock, and equal to it in the aggregate amount, there can be no objection to such separate bonds being accepted instead of a joint bond. If good reasons shall appear the conclusion of the Secretary will be modified.

W. P. Mellon, supervising special agent of the Treasury Department for the Valley of the Mississippi, arrived in Washington on the 19th. After consultation between him and Secretary Chase such amended regulations concerning trade in the Southwest will be published as the condition of affairs in that section will admit of.

Instructions have been issued by the Post-Office Department that all mail matter deposited in any post-office and addressed to any executive department, or to any officer therein, on which the postage is unpaid and which is not franked, must be forwarded to the Dead Letter Office.

Count Nicholas George was introduced to the President by the acting Secretary of State on the 19th, delivered his credentials, and was received as Minister resident of his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

It has just been decided by the Second Comptroller that when a pensioner re-enlists he forfeits pay in that capacity, and can not be again put upon the pension rolls, except by a surgical re-examination, and a certificate of his disability.

The Marshal of the District of Columbia advertises for public sale the life estate of sixteen owners in various numbers, and pieces, and parcels of ground in Washington City, under the Confiscation Act.

A lady reached Washington from Richmond on the 21st who states that the utmost destitution exists among the soldiers and lower classes of

the people. She had a pass from the rebels on account of her being the wife of an Englishman, who had been protected from the draft by the British Consul.

Gov. Pierpont is in Washington making arrangements for putting the government of the State of Virginia into operation. The first Legislature will be convened in extra session, probably in September, when they will elect a Treasurer and Auditor, for without them no salaries can be paid nor the taxes collected in the several counties.

The new term of Gov. Pierpont will commence in January, the election having taken place on the 28th of May in those parts of Virginia not under rebel control. Thus there are three Governors in what was one State, including the rebel functionary at Richmond.

The Treasury Department has heard nothing of the courier reported to have been sent by Gen. Grant, nor of any modification of his views in respect to trade.

The following is the language of Major-General Halleck to the agent for the exchange of prisoners:—It is directed that immediately on receiving official or other authoritative information of the execution of Capt. Sawyer and Capt. Flynn, you will proceed to hang W. H. Lee and the other rebel officer designated as herein above directed; and that you notify Robert Ould, Esq., of such proceeding, and assure him that the Government of the United States will retaliate for every similar barbarous violation of the laws of civilized war.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Richmond Whig contains an advertisement in which "a farm of two hundred and thirty acres, in Hanover, Va., or the highest price in Confederate money," is offered for a substitute.

PROF. AIRY, a celebrated English astronomer, has discovered that we are several million miles nearer the sun than has been supposed. This may account for the heat of the past two weeks!

STATISTICS of the Pennsylvania coal trade for the present season show an aggregate production of nearly 5,000,000 tons, against less than three and three-quarter million to the same time last year.

THREE States hold their Annual Elections in September, as follows:—Vermont—Tuesday, 1st September. California—Thursday, September 3rd. Maine—Monday, September 14th. Each of them elects a Governor and Legislature; Vermont and California elect Members of Congress also.

NEITHER of the Richmond papers refer to the execution of Capt. Sawyer and Flynn, which was to have taken place on Friday, the 14th, and it is probable their execution has been quietly postponed. There is not much danger of its being carried out so long as W. H. Lee and Capt. Wilder are held as hostages for them.

THE Government is about sending out to Europe, as special agent, Prof. Ruggles, of New York, for the purpose of making the people abroad familiar with the country west of the Mississippi, its extent and vast resources. To this end the General Land Office has furnished specimens of minerals, ores, maps and statistics. It is now believed that the mission will prove of great benefit for the development of the Great West.

THE New York Evening Post says that nearly a thousand deaths occurred in that city during the week ending last Monday, of which more than five hundred were caused or accelerated by the effects of heat. Of the deaths five hundred and eleven were among children.

WITHIN the last month there have arrived at Wilmington, N. C., 17 large steamers having run the blockade, loaded with stores for the rebel army, among which are 96,000 English rifles, 160,000 army blankets, 131,000 ready-made uniforms, 25,000 cases ready-made army shoes, 11 locomotives, 9 rifled cannon, heavy calibre, five cargoes of railroad iron, and skillful men accompanying them.

VICKSBURG was laid out in 1822 by Nevitt Vick, and incorporated in 1825. It has always been celebrated for its fine fruits and vegetables, and for its short-lived editors. Seventeen of this unfortunate class have come to an untimely end by the duello, street fights, or suicide, since the establishment of the Vicksburg Whig, the first newspaper published there.

THE other day a telegram came to George H. Stuart, Esq., (staying at Congress Hall, Saratoga,) as Chairman of the Christian Commission, announcing a sad scarcity of ice, and consequent suffering among the men in front of Charleston. The fact was announced at the dinner tables of the three principal hotels—the Congress, States and Union—and the result was, that by the next day over three thousand dollars had been subscribed and paid by the guests for this purpose. An order for a cargo of ice, to be sent to South Carolina, was forthwith dispatched to Boston, and by this time is en route there by the steamer. Other vessels, laden with ice and refreshments, will soon follow, as the result of the Saratoga contributions.

THE following is a statement of captures in Gen. Grant's Department from May first to July fourth:

Whole number of rebels killed, wounded and captured up to the time of arriving at Vicksburg,.....	40,000
Prisoners of war at Vicksburg,.....	31,220
Citizen prisoners,.....	5,500
Prisoners fit for duty,.....	18,000
Prisoners sick and wounded,.....	13,220
Tents,.....	4,000
Mules,.....	1,500
Horses,.....	1,000
Freight cars,.....	200
Locomotives,.....	8
Large siege guns,.....	88
Field pieces,.....	151
Boxes of ammunition for siege guns,.....	300
Stand of small arms, good,.....	25,000
Shot-guns and rifles,.....	30,000
Total number of rebels either killed, wounded, or captured,.....	71,220
Value of public property captured, from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000,.....	

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Flax and Hemp Dresser—Mallory & Sanford.  
Cabinet Organs—Mason & Hamilton.  
Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, &c.—E. Taylor.  
Bulbs for Fall Planting—James Vick.  
The American Hog Tamer—L. Stedman.  
Maplewood Young Ladies' Institute—C. V. Spear.  
Patents—J. Fraser & Co.

The News Condenser.

- The rebel Gen. Holmes is reported dead of delirium tremens.
- It is asserted that from 600 to 1,000 lives were lost in the N. Y. riot.
- A Confederate dollar is now worth only 6 cents on the gold dollar.
- Gen. Grant recommends the opening of the cotton trade in the South-west.
- A party of Bedouin Arabs arrived in New York by the steamer Hecla last week.
- Prairie chickens were never known to be so abundant in Iowa as the present season.
- The Canadian Parliament is in session. The ministerial candidate was elected Speaker.
- Our forces have occupied Huntsville, Ala., with the intention of holding it permanently.
- Thirteen divorcees were granted at the August term of the Supreme Court for Washington Co., Va.
- Forty meteors were observed simultaneously on Hartford and New Haven on Monday night week.
- It is estimated that the value of confiscated property in Vicksburg will repay all the expenses of the siege.
- Five hundred and fifty of Morgan's horse-thieves and highway robbers are now at Camp Douglas, Chicago.
- It is noted by the English papers that the prize-winners in recent militia rifle matches were all blue-eyed men.
- About one hundred and fifty refugee Contrabands, from Helena, Arkansas, reached Cincinnati on Saturday week.
- A party of Washington diplomatists are on a tour of pleasure among the lakes and rivers of Northern New York.
- One of the rioters in New York got thirty-five cents by robbing a negro, and went to State prison ten years for it.
- A Japanese silk-worm, which feeds upon oak leaves, has been introduced successfully it is said at Vincennes, France.
- The London Morning Herald understands that a force of Englishmen is organizing to assist the insurrection in Poland.
- The people of St. Louis have cured the ice-dealers of extortion. Rather than pay 3 cts. a pound for it they do without it.
- Gen. Wright has just received orders and funds from Washington to construct new harbor defenses for San Francisco.
- The actual pay of the rebel soldiery, on account of the depreciation of Confederate currency, is but one dollar per month.
- Peaches are getting very plenty in New York. The Camden and Amboy railroad brought in on Friday week 4,500 baskets.
- Jas. Gates, of Chelsea, was 99 years of age on the 5th of July; and is the only surviving revolutionary pensioner in Vermont.
- Among the visitors at a late camp meeting at Yarmouth, Mass., was a colored woman from Nantucket, who is 105 years old.
- A sprightly youth in East Gloucester, Mass., 3 years old, went fishing the other day for the first time and caught 22 perch.
- The American Print Works at Fall River, Mass., which have been stopped for several months, have just started up again.
- Nevada sends a handsome contribution to the New York Christian Commission, in the form of a bar of silver valued at \$1,800.
- The claim of the Managers of the New York Colored Orphan Asylum, for damage to property during the riot, is nearly \$74,000.
- Thirty thousand letters were distributed at the Nashville, Tenn., Post Office in eight hours and thirty minutes on the 30th of July.
- It is reported that very rich and extensive gold mines have been discovered east of the Colorado river on the San Francisco mountains.
- It is said three million dollars worth of merchandise has been run into Wilmington, N. C., by blockaders during the present month.
- Thomas Addis Emmet, nephew of the distinguished patriot, Robert Emmet, died at his residence in Astoria Aug. 12th, aged 66 years.
- Mason Village, N. H., is ahead in the production of large blueberries. One was picked lately which measured 2 3/4 inches in circumference.
- One thousand muskets a day are turned out at the Springfield armory, and 100,000 of the best model are now subject to Government orders.
- Among the claims for damages by the N. Y. mob is one of Sarah Matson for \$10,000 for death of her husband, also \$1,000 for loss of left eye.
- "Bounty Jumpers" is the term applied to those who make a business of enlisting as substitutes, and running away when they get the money.
- Summer life on board the iron-clads is more than tropical. In those unventilated hulks the temperature for days has marked 112° Fahrenheit.
- The story that Sterling Price had applied for permission to return home and renew his allegiance to Federal authority turns out to be a canard.
- E. O. Haven, D. D., late editor of Zion's Herald, has accepted the office of President of Michigan University, and will soon enter upon his duties.
- Three of the guard on the steamer Ruth, recently burned on the Mississippi, perished because they would not leave their posts without orders.
- The depleted regiments in the army of the Potomac will be first filled from the conscript camps; then Grant's, Rosecrans' and the army of the South.
- The lack of horses in the rebel army is demonstrated by an order recently promulgated dismounting all of the Quartermaster and Commissary attaches.
- The Confederate loan meets with no sympathy from the Rothschilds, and in Frankfurt it is not allowed to be quoted on the stock exchange by that firm.
- An enrollment of contrabands employed in the army and in different duties has been commenced with a view of making a draft for the colored regiments.
- A considerable number of rebel conscripts have recently reported at Corinth for duty in the National Army. A cheap way of recruiting Uncle Sam's forces.
- In the St. Louis papers of Wednesday week nineteen steamboats were advertised for the Lower Mississippi, including Memphis, Helena, Vicksburg and New Orleans.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, August 29, 1883. Business still rules dull, transactions are altogether confined to the retail trade. We are unable to note any change in prices.

Table of market prices for various commodities including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and other goods.

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, August 22. - AMERS - Firm. Sales at \$7.00 for pots, and \$9.00 for barrels. Flour - The market for Western and State flour is less active, and most descriptions are lower under large orders.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20. - Wool - Has met with a decided improvement in the demand during the week, especially the heavy and medium grades of California and foreign wools.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4. - For Beaves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drive Yard, corner of Third Avenue and Fourth Street.

REEF CATTLE.

Table of prices for Reef Cattle, including First quality, Ordinary quality, and Inferior quality.

COWS AND CALVES.

Table of prices for Cows and Calves, including First quality, Ordinary quality, and Inferior quality.

VEAL CALVES.

Table of prices for Veal Calves, including First quality, Ordinary quality, and Inferior quality.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Table of prices for Sheep and Lambs, including Corn-fed, Do Light and Medium, and Still Hogs.

ALBANY, Aug. 24. - GRAIN - The weather during the past week has been all that could be desired for agricultural purposes.

PROVISIONS - The market steady, with moderately fair demand for city use and interior, chiefly confined to retail lots.

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SHEEP AND LAMBS - The receipts are very much lighter than they were last week, but there is scarcely any improvement in the demand, although holders have been less urgent to realize they find it difficult to secure higher prices.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 19. - Whole number of cattle at market 1,172; 900 Beaves, and 273 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, two and three year olds, not suitable for beef.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT. - ESTABLISHED 1850. - Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c.

1863-4. RUSSELL'S STRAWBERRY. 1863-4. This Great Strawberry combines all the properties to make it the best Strawberry yet known - after seven years' trial, being the largest and most prolific bearer - color, fine varnished scarlet, with an exceeding rich aroma, full of vinous juice, and for deliciousness unsurpassed - fruit firm, and does not injure by remaining on the vines - very hardy in its growth, enduring severe frost.

THE CHAMPION. HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL. 10,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

ELECTION NOTICE. - SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE. - Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the GENERAL ELECTION will be held in this county on the TUESDAY SUCCEEDING THE FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, (30) 1883, at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR FOR 1883, WILL BE HELD AT DECATUR, MACON COUNTY, COMMENCING ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th, AND CONTINUING ONE WEEK.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE are gratified in being able to announce to the people of the Northwest that the general arrangement for holding the Annual Exhibition has never been more entirely complete and satisfactory than at present.

THE FIELD TRIAL OF Flows, Cultivators, Harrows, Ditching Machines, &c.

Evening Meetings. The Society's Tent will be erected on the Public Square in the city for the accommodation of such Convention, and Farmers' Meetings for discussion.

Time for Entries. Entries for the Fair may be made at any time on or before Tuesday, Sept. 29th.

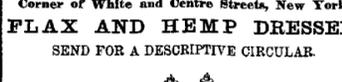
SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT, AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS, TO JOSIAH CARPENTER, No. 32 Jay Street, New York.

PRODUCE BOUGHT. FARM FOR SALE - One of the best in Western New York. Location beautiful and near RR. and market. Address Box 383, Batavia, N. Y.

RULES FOR FALL PLANTING.

BY ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE BILLS CATALOGUE FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1883, IS NOW PUBLISHED, AND WILL BE SENT FREE TO ALL WHO APPLY BY MAIL. It contains a list of the best HYACINTHS, CROCUSES, TULIPS, CROWN IMPERIALS, SNOW BALLS, &c., &c., with full directions for planting.

MAILLORY & SANFORD, Corner of White and Centre Streets, New York. FLAX AND HEMP DRESSER. SEND FOR A DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.



MALTA, Saratoga Co., N. Y., Aug. 10, 1883.

Messrs. MAILLORY & SANFORD: Gentlemen - On the 17th day of March we drew to the mill of M. G. Akin, thirty-nine hundred and thirty (39) pounds of flax straw, which he dressed through the Old Brake, and we received four hundred and eighty-one (481) pounds dressed flax.

WE about the 1st of June, drew to the mill of Wm. H. Buckley forty-four hundred and ten (440) pounds of flax straw, which was dressed through one of your Patent Flax Brakes for Strips.

THE flax was grown on the same piece of land, and there was no perceptible difference in the quality of the flax, except that the portion drawn to Akin's mill was rotted in the fall of 1882, and that drawn to Mr. Buckley's mill was spring rotted, which is considered not as good, from the fact that it loses part of the oily matter from the fibre, and does not yield as much per ton of straw as the fall rotted.

YOU will perceive by the above statement that we received from Mr. Akin's mill 145 pounds, nearly, of dressed flax per ton of straw, and from Mr. Buckley's mill 225 pounds of dressed flax per ton, which makes a difference of 80 pounds per ton in favor of your Brake.

WE are recomending you to take their flax to one of your Brakes to have it dressed, although it is fifteen miles to the nearest one at present.

I certify that the above statement is correct, as I saw the Weigher's receipts for both lots of straw, and weighed the dressed flax myself that was dressed at my mill. The flax is of the highest quality, and no doubt, as the above gentlemen are perfectly reliable.

WM. H. BUCKLEY.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS - For this Fall only at \$6 per 1,000. The usual discount to the trade.

CIDER MILL SCREWS - We are making the CHEAPEST AND BEST CIDER MILL SCREWS IN THE WORLD. Whole length, 4 feet. Length of thread, 3 1/2 feet. Diameter of screw, 4 inches. Weight, including nut, 125 pounds. Price, \$3.00 each. Address, COWING & CO., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE. 10,000 STANDARD PEARS, approved varieties. 10,000 PLUMS, prominent varieties. 2,000 PEACHES. 10,000 Apples, 4 years. 10,000 small Fruit.

JUST PUBLISHED. BEYOND THE LINES; OR A YANKEE PRISONER LOOSE IN DLIE. A NEW BOOK, OF LARILLING INTEREST.

BY REV. CAPT. J. J. GREW, Formerly Pastor of George Street M. P. Church, Cincinnati, and late assistant adjutant-general on the staff of General Buckland. With an introduction by REV. ALEXANDER CLARKE, Editor of the School Review.

THIS is one of the most thrilling accounts of adventure and suffering that has ever been produced. Captain Grew was wounded and captured at the great battle of Shiloh; among whom were Hardee, Bragg, and Beauregard, incarcerated in four jails, four penitentiaries, and twelve military prisons; escaped from Macon, Georgia, and travelled in barefoot through swamps and woods, by night, for two hundred and fifty miles; was fed by negroes in part subsisted for days at a time on frogs, roots, and berries, and was recaptured and washed within thirty-five miles of our gunboats, on the Southern river.

THE particulars of his subsequent sufferings, as a chained captive, are told with a graphic truthfulness that surpasses fiction.

THE work contains a fine steel portrait of the author, besides numerous wood engravings illustrative of striking incidents of his experience among the rebels. Every Unionist, every lover of his country, every man, woman and child should read this.

BOOK OF FACTS, AS THEY ACTUALLY OCCURRED. The author has not only succeeded in making a narrative of exciting interest, but has ingeniously interwoven in his book many original and eloquent arguments in favor of a prompt prosecution of the war against rebellion.

Just published, on fine white paper, and handsomely bound in cloth, 25 pages.

Agents wanted in every county and township in the West, to whom extraordinary inducements will be offered. Specimen copies will be sent to any person for \$1, post paid, with particular directions.

Now late time to engage in this work. Whoever has a friend in the army - and who has not - will be glad to procure a great work, and make the Army exhibit something but death for his country. Agents wanted. Address all orders to W. DAUGHADAY, Publisher, 1302 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO FARMERS, TO DAIRYMEN, TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS. ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE Sorghum Sugar and Sirap, Furs and Skins, Cheese, Hams, Beef, Poultry, Game, Flour, Seeds, Cotton, Tallow, Petroleum, &c., &c.

Can have them sold at the highest prices in New York, with full cash returns promptly after their reaching the city, by forwarding them to the Commission House for Country Produce, of JOSIAH CARPENTER, 82 Jay Street, New York.

N. B. - The advertiser has had abundant experience in this business, and trusts that he will continue to merit patronage by the most careful attention to the interests of his patrons. The articles are taken charge of on their arrival, and carefully disposed of, promptly, to good cash customers, and cash returns made immediately to the owner. (The highest charge made for receiving and selling is 5 per cent.)

A New York Weekly Price Current is issued by J. Carpenter, which is sent free to all his patrons. A specimen copy sent free to any desiring it. A trial will prove the above facts. For abundant references as to responsibility, integrity, &c., see the "Price Current."

Cash advanced on consignments of Produce. SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT, AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS, TO JOSIAH CARPENTER, No. 32 Jay Street, New York.

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MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS. Patented October 21, 1862. THE CABINET ORGANS are pronounced by artists "the best of their kind in the world;" and "very admirable for both private and public use." [See written testimony from more than ONE HUNDRED of the most eminent organists of the leading cities. MASON & HAMLIN'S instruments have received the ONLY GOLD MEDAL ever awarded in this country, - also ELEVEN SILVER MEDALS, and fourteen Diplomas, - all in twenty-six First Premiums, - over all competitors.] Prices of Cabinet Organs, [manufactured solely] by MASON & HAMLIN, \$70 to \$300. Soloists \$80 to \$100. All of which are in fine order. Also, 10,000 2 year old Delaware Grape Vines; 20,000 1 year old do. Russell's Strawberry plants, 25 for \$2.50; 50 for \$4.00; 100 for \$6.00. Put up in good order and sent as directed. I have a good assortment of Trees, Grape Vines and Flowers, such as are usually kept by Nurseries, which I would invite those wishing to purchase to call and examine for themselves. Located a short distance north of the Depot, in Watino, N. Y. E. TAYLOR, Proprietor.

DIED. In East Bloomfield N. Y., on the 12th inst. BRADDEE, only son of WILLIAM and ANN BOSTWICK, aged 2 years and 2 months.

Also, on the 13th inst. BESSIE, daughter of WILLIAM and ANN BOSTWICK, aged 8 years and 2 months.

On Sunday, the 9th inst., near Avon, N. Y., LANSFORD STUART, son of George and Maria, a member of the "Class of '62," Hamilton College, and student in the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, aged 26 years.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance - THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 62 1/2 cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded), 60 cents a line.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Pithersfield, Mass., commences its 46th semi-annual session October 1, 1883. Address Rev. C. V. SPEAR, the Principal, for Circulars.

PATENTS - IN THE UNITED STATES, ENGLAND, AND FOREIGN, obtained on the most favorable terms, at the Western N. Y. Patent Agency at Rochester, N. Y. J. FRASER & CO. [711-51]

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMEL - This instrument, from the fact that its operation entirely prevents the animal from rooting, grubbing, &c., - may be had by remitting \$3 to the subscriber. County rights also for sale. L. S. BATES, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y. [711-134]

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THE CONSCRIPT'S PRAYER.

BY GRACE FLEETWOOD.

O HEAR us, Father Abraham, As at the call we come; We leave our wives and little ones; We leave our hearth at home; We leave our blooming valleys, We leave our granite hills; We rush to freedom's rescue With firm, determined will. Then hear us, Father Abraham, One earnest prayer we make, Both for our future happiness And for our country's sake. O send us not to garrison The islands of the sea, Far from the reach of danger And human sympathy. O send us not to prison In any dismal fort, For no high-minded citizen Would such confinement court. O send us not to labor Beneath a southern sun; We're coming, Father Abraham, That victories may be won. We're coming, Father Abraham, To meet our country's foe, And deal on southern chivalry A last and fatal blow, Then grant us our petition And hurry us along; We're coming for our liberties, With willing hearts and strong. We're coming from the mountains, We're coming from the plains, To fight our country's battles Till right o'er treason reigns. The conscripts now are ready All orders to obey, We're waiting, Father Abraham, To win a glorious day. [Springfield Republican.]

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVE VS. SHOULDER STRAPS.

"WHY do I treat ELLIS BENEDICT so cavalierly, and devote my time to petting Lieut. MORGAN, did you ask, Lou? That's rather a saucy question, ma belle, but as you have constituted yourself my 'father confessor,' I suppose I must answer it, though I wonder that you ask such a simple thing. Didn't you know that a soldier's uniform was, and ought to be, an irresistible attraction to a sensible and patriotic girl, such as your friend is supposed to be?" "Yes, GRACIE, when the uniform covers a true heart, but as brave a one may beat under a citizen's coat. You know it is not ELLIS BENEDICT's fault that he is not a soldier. He was 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow,' but now she has at last gone to her rest, I think ELLIS will not remain long away from the post he has so often wished to fill." GRACIE HUESTON absently turned the leaves of the book she had been reading for a few moments, and then drawing her friend's head down into her lap, she said: "Well, Lou, I'll just tell you all about it. I always liked ELLIS, from the time we went to District School together and learned our letters from the same spelling-book, and I know he loves me. He is a good and noble boy,—but—Lieutenant MORGAN has asked me to be his wife. I told him I would consider the matter, and—on the whole—I think I'll take him!" Lou's eyes filled with tears as she drew her friend lovingly to her, and said: "God bless you, GRACIE, whoever you may choose, and make your life-path as pleasant an one as you deserve;" and thereupon the two commenced a confidential girlish chat into which we will not intrude. But little introduction is needed to bring the characters of this little sketch before the eyes of the reader. GRACIE HUESTON was a gay, warm-hearted girl, full of generous impulses, and with a dash of romance in her disposition, and patriotic almost to a fault, if such a thing were possible. LOU OSBORN needs no other mention than simply that she was GRACIE'S dearest friend. Lieutenant MORGAN was a member of the "Grand Army" who had seen a campaign or two,—received a slight wound in one of them, just sufficient to throw a halo of heroism around him quite irresistible to one of GRACIE'S enthusiastic temperament. As for the rest, he was gay, fascinating,—but supremely selfish, which little fault had not become apparent to GRACIE, whose fancy was captivated by MORGAN, but certainly not her heart, which, after all, was more nearly in ELLIS BENEDICT'S keeping than the Lieutenant's, but GRACIE never mistrusted that fact. As for the former, it is only necessary to say that he was one of those noble, self-sacrificing souls of whom one meets so few in this cold world, and fully worthy of any true woman's love. That evening, in GRACIE'S home, a little group was gathered, composed of all the individuals connected with our story. Of the four, LOU was thoughtful,—GRACIE full of her usual gay spirits, with a brighter light in her eyes, if possible, than generally shone there, and a deeper rose-tint on her cheeks,—ELLIS was very grave and sad, and the Lieutenant appeared at perfect peace with himself and the rest of mankind. "Three hundred thousand more troops called for," said Lou, taking up a daily paper that lay near her, and glancing over its columns in a pause that occurred in the conversation; "I suppose we shall lose you again soon, MORGAN. Your patriotism will never resist a call like that, of course?" "Yes," he replied, carelessly, "I shall go as soon as I can get a commission." "And not before?" said GRACIE, turning quickly toward him.

"Not I." "And why not, pray?" questioned she, with a rising flush on her cheeks. "Why?" said he, with a little shrug of his shoulders; "that's not a hard question to answer. When one has his choice of positions, that of an officer is vastly more agreeable than that of 'high private,'—to say nothing of the low associations connected with the latter position." "And you?" said she, turning to ELLIS, who sat with compressed lips, listening to the conversation, "when do you think of volunteering for glory?" "I join my regiment at D—to-morrow," was his simple reply. "You!" exclaimed GRACIE, while her heart gave a great bound that sent the blood from her face, and her voice trembled slightly as she asked, "And what rank have we to assign to you?" "High private," he answered, somewhat bitterly. "My country needs the help of my arm in her hour of trouble more than I any honor she can bestow upon me, and now that the last tie that bound me to my home is broken, I shall go to her aid, as I should have gone long ago, had not a higher duty detained me at home," and hastily rising, he said the good-byes he had come to speak, and, notwithstanding the efforts made to detain him, took his departure. LOU soon afterward left the room, and what took place between GRACIE and the Lieutenant that military individual never told, but he followed in the footsteps of ELLIS before an hour had passed, his general appearance being anything but that of an accepted lover,—looking, in fact, considerably astonished, and not a little crest-fallen. GRACIE entered Lou's room shortly after, and throwing herself down by her friend's side, exclaimed, "There's patriotism for you. How blind I was to imagine him superior to ELLIS BENEDICT," and Lou, for answer, only kissed her lovingly, and whispered in her ear, "I'm so glad, GRACIE!" The great Central Railroad depot in the city from which the 11th Regiment took its departure from the State, was filled to overflowing with a busy crowd on a certain autumn evening in that year of 1862. Officers, sashed and plumed, promenade up and down the length of the building, with their swords clanging martially at their heels among the crowds of blue-uniformed privates who swarmed everywhere. Wives clung to their husbands' arms for the last time,—mothers, with tearful eyes, bade farewell to their sons,—and all those sad scenes were enacted which have been repeated and re-repeated so many times in these terrible years of war which have come upon us. Amid the mingled tones of many voices, and the heavy tramp of feet, that wild chorus of "Glory—Hallelujah!" rang out from a hundred throats, and floated up to the arched roof in strange, wild harmony. It was a time and scene to thrill the dullest heart. Apart from the restless, surging crowd, with his military cap drawn down over sad eyes, and a brow contracted by some deep and sorrowful emotion, stood a soldier closely muffled in his blue overcoat. It was our old friend, ELLIS BENEDICT, and as he gazed on the scenes around him, wild, despairing thoughts rushed through his heart. He was alone,—all alone,—no eyes grew dim at meeting his farewell glance,—there was no hand to hold his own in a long, lingering clasp, which might be the last,—in all this broad earth no one cared for his going, and no heart would leap for joy to greet him should he ever return,—though he thought not of return, and a gleam of fierce joy shone in his eyes as he thought how soon he might lie at rest in some nameless grave, on some bloody battlefield to which he was hastening. He had visited his mother's grave for the last time,—it was the only link which bound him to his home—how mad he had once been to dream of another,—and as a vision of that fair young face he had so loved to gaze upon rose up before his mind's eye, his lips grew white, and hot tears, none the less bitter that his manhood would forbid them to fall, filled his eyes. Just then a light touch on his arm startled him, and he turned to meet the laughing face and blue eyes of—GRACIE HUESTON! Everything grew dim before him for a moment, and he almost doubted the evidence of his senses. But it was her own gay voice that exclaimed, "That's a desperate look for a soldier boy just off to the wars! Was it put on for the occasion? Why are you not circulating around, saying good-bye to your friends, instead of hiding yourself in this dark corner?" "Friends!" repeated he, bitterly, "who cares for my going or coming?" "Who? Very many,—GRACIE HUESTON, for one." "You would better go and console Lieutenant MORGAN. He will appreciate your parting words,—I am astonished at your leaving him at such a time." Lieutenant MORGAN has a Captain's commission," returned GRACIE carelessly, "which is doubtless sufficient for any griefs he may suffer,—but you are rude to me, ELLIS," she continued, while her face grew sad and tears crept into her eyes, "I did not think to hear such words from you." "Forgive me, GRACIE," he exclaimed, seizing her hand and drawing it within his arm,— "I am mad—wild—and I do not know what I say. Do you not know how I love you, GRACIE, and that it is killing me?" "How should I know?" said she, demurely, with her eyes on the ground. "You never told me!" "You seemed to scorn me, GRACIE, and I could not. But now you do know, what do you say to me? Answer me quickly, if you have any pity for me." GRACIE said never a word, but raised her eyes to his for a second, then dropped them quickly as

she met his intent, eager gaze fixed upon her face. What he read there this deponent sayeth not, but it seemed very satisfactory to him, judging from the look of happiness that swept over his face, and the little hand that lay on his arm was clasped more tightly in his, but it was under the heavy cape of his overcoat, and no one was any the wiser for it. A few moments were spent in conversation, but very much was said in those short moments, and when the whistle blew, and the cry of "All aboard" rang through the depot, GRACIE was folded tightly in his arms for a moment, and then he sprang upon the car steps with a radiant face, not very much like the one with which he entered the depot. A year has passed since then, and Captain BENEDICT'S name has been honorably mentioned many times for gallant conduct, and he has a fair prospect of further promotion. A pair of blue eyes grow brighter as the tidings come back to his home, and earnest prayers for his safe return arise to heaven from a loving heart,—a heart won by love, not shoulder straps. Traverse City, Mich., 1863. M. E. C.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

In the vast steppes of southeastern Russia, on the shores of the Caspian and Black Sea, marriage ceremonies recall patriarchal customs of the earliest stages of society. The evening before the day when the affianced bride is given to her husband, she pays visits to her master and the inhabitants of the village, in the simple dress of a peasant, consisting of a red cloth jacket, descending as low as the knees, a very short white petticoat, fastened at the waist with a red woolen scarf, above which is an embroidered chamois. The legs, which are always bare above the ankle, are sometimes protected by red or yellow morocco boots. The girls of the village who accompany her are, on the contrary, attired in their best, recalling the old paintings of Byzantine art, where the Virgin is adorned with a coronal. They know how to arrange with great art the leaves and scarlet berries of various kinds of trees in their hair, the tresses of which are plaited as a crown, or hang down on the shoulders. A necklace of pearls or coral is wound at least a dozen times round the neck, on which they hang religious medals, with enamel paintings imitating mosaic. At each house the betrothed throws herself on her knees before the head of it, and kisses his feet as she begs his pardon; the fair penitent is immediately raised and kissed, receiving some small present, whilst she in return gives a small roll of bread, of a symbolic form. On her return home all her beautiful hair is cut off as henceforth she must wear the *platoke*, or turban, a woolen or linen shawl which is rolled the head—the only distinction between the married and unmarried. It is invariably presented by the husband, as the Indian shawl among ourselves; which, however, we have withdrawn from its original destination, which ought only to be a head-dress. The despoiled bride expresses her regrets with touching grace, in one of their simple songs: "Oh, my curls, my fair golden hair! Not for one only, not for two years only, have I arranged you—every Saturday you were bathed, every Sunday you were ornamented, and to-day, in a single hour, I must loose you!" The old woman whose duty it is to roll the turban round the brow, wishing her happiness, says: "I cover your head with the *platoke*, my sister, and I wish you health and happiness. Be pure as water, and fruitful as the earth." When the marriage is over the husband takes his wife to the inhabitants of the village, and shows them the change of dress effected the night before.

ANGLO-SAXON WEDDINGS.

Not till the ninth or tenth century did women obtain the privilege of choosing or refusing their husbands. Often they were betrothed as children, the bridegroom's pledge of marriage being accompanied by a "security," or "wed," whence comes the word. Part of the wed always consisted of a ring, placed on the maiden's right hand, and there religiously kept until transferred to the other hand at the later nuptials. Then, also, were repeated the marriage vows and other ceremonies, out of which those now prevailing have grown. The bride was taken "for fairer for fouler, for better for worse, for richer for poorer," and promised "to be buxom and bonny" to her future husband. At the final ceremony the bridegroom put the ring on each of the bride's left-hand fingers in turn, saying at the first, "in the name of the Father," at the second, "in the name of the Son," at the third, "in the name of the Holy Ghost," and at the fourth, "Amen." Then also the father gave to his new son one of his daughter's shoes, in token of the transfer of authority which he effected, and the bride was at once made to feel the change by a tap or a blow on the head given with the shoe. The husband on his part took an oath to use his wife well. If he failed to do so she might leave him, but by the law he was allowed considerable license. He was bound in honor "to bestow on his wife and his apprentices moderate castigation." We have nothing to show the exact amount of castigation held moderate by the Anglo-Saxons, but one old Welsh law decides that three blows with a broomstick on any "part of the person except the head" is a fair allowance, and another provides that the stick be no longer than the husband's arm, nor thicker than his middle finger. Prior to the seventh century a wife might at any time be repudiated on proof of her being either barren, deformed, silly, passionate, luxurious, rude, habitually drunk, gluttonous, very garrulous, quarrelsome, or abusive.—*Thurbb's Anglo-Saxon House.*

Wit and Humor.

GO—ASK MY MOTHER.

You've told me many a time and oft That I was fair and comely; My eyes were bright—my tresses soft, While other girls were homely. "She's quite too young to know her will," The folks say to each other; But—I you truly love me still— Why—go and ask my mother. I've seen you dance with city girls, And flirt with country cousins; Praise Julia and her raven curls, And glances throw by dozens, I thought it very strange, and vowed I'd look out for another; But when you smiled, my snger bow'd— So—go and ask my mother. I'm told there's care in married life, That all the joy's in courting; When young men have secured a wife, They say their vows are sporting. I won't believe what old maids say, If you won't choose another; You've bother'd me so much to-day, Do—go and ask my mother.

AMUSING CIRCUMSTANCES.—During the draft of the Fourteenth ward, a little incident gave rise to much merriment, and contributed to the good feeling everywhere manifested about the conscription. In the crowd there stood a pale-faced Irishman, with his hands crossed and his arms behind his back. He gazed intently as each name was drawn from the wheel of destiny. He had not been heard to speak a word to anybody. Presently he appeared to be operated upon by some unseen galvanic battery. During his spasm he exclaimed in an F sharp tone: "Whirl it round! whirl it round! rouse it, will ye?" shouted the man. He was evidently full of dread suspense. "What's the matter with you?" shouted the Provost Marshal. "O, be jabers, turn it round a dozen o' times, for that man you drew last is my next door neighbor." At this point the universal laugh set in.—*Philadelphia North American.*

A NEW MEASURE FOR LAGER.—Not long since the keeper of a lager beer saloon was arrested upon a charge of selling intoxicating liquor without license, when he attempted to prove that the Teutonic beverage was not an intoxicating drink. A number of witnesses who had amply tested its qualities, were called one after another, until finally an old German named W—, took the stand, and the question was propounded to him: "Do you consider lager beer intoxicating?" "Vell," replied W—, "ash for dat I gant zay; I drinksh feefy or seexty glasses a day, and it never hursh me; but I don't know how it woult pe if a man vash to make a hog of hisself."

Corner for the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters. My 6, 9, 17, 10 is found in a very warm day. My 19, 14, 20, 4 is what lazy boys hate. My 16, 17, 3, 18 is what every dwelling house should have. My 5, 11, 13 is sometimes a word of exclamation. My 7, 16, 8 is what many men do in life. My 1, 2, 12, 18 is what all are subject to. My whole is what all should do in these times of trouble. Penfield, N. Y., 1863. Answer in two weeks.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

SEVENTY-SEVEN dollars are divided among three persons, A, B, and C, so that A receives nine-thirtieths as much as B and C, and one-third the difference between B's money and C's, plus one-half of B's money equals C's: how much does each receive? Newark, N. Y., 1863. Answer in two weeks.

ANAGRAMS OF CITIES.

Kolnbery, Rosneath, Ohegoac, Wilmeseak, Sntboo, Merobtail, Tincocadin, Ahlnsvael, Fuboaif, Nahvaanaa. Jarvis, Ind., 1863. L. W. RUDR. Answer in two weeks.

LOGOGRAPHS.

1. What animal beheaded becomes a part of your head? 2. What animal beheaded becomes an ancient King? 3. What animal beheaded becomes a very useful liquid? 4. What animal beheaded becomes a preposition? Cold Brook, N. Y., 1863. JOHN G. BRINSON. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 709.

Answer to Historical Enigma.—For I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec. Answer to Geographical Enigma.—A burnt child dreads fire. Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.— Volunteer and avoid the draft. Answer to Mathematical Problem.—25.98074 lbs. Answer to Anagram.— One fatal remembrance— one sorrow that throws its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes— To which life nothing darker nor brighter can bring, For which joy hath no bid— and affliction no sting.

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AUCTION SALE OF SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.

On Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1863, I will offer at PUBLIC SALE, at Thorndale, without any reserve, One Hundred South-Down Ewes and Rams. They are all either imported or directly descended from recent importations from the flocks of the late JONAS WEBB, Duke of Richmond, and HENRY LEGG. It can hardly be necessary to refer to the superior quality and wool-producing qualities of this breed. At the present time their wool is the most sought after, and commands as high a price as any other kind. Thorndale is 14 miles from Foughkeeps Station, on the Hudson River R.R., and 9 miles from Dover Plains Station, on the Harlem R.R. Further particulars can be learned by reference to the Catalogue of sale, which may be had upon application to the auctioneer, Mr. J. W. PAGE, Seneca, Cayuga Co., N. Y., or of SAM'L THORNDAL, Thorndale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess Co., N. Y. [708-17]

CANCERS CURED!

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