

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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[WHOLE NO. 714.]

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.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

Agricultural.

IN AND ABOUT FENCES.

The real "Pandora Box," in my opinion, is a fence. All the depravity of the human, animal and vegetable kingdoms clusters about fences. An oppressive burden, outweighing all governmental taxes—patrons of every noxious thing—charts of deformity, (a complete series,) they have fastened themselves on mankind, and though forever going down, are never gone. Grand Juries cannot "abate" them, and "Reform," so anxious to measure swords with Evil Spirits, prudently lets them alone.

We'll suppose a case. A village of two thousand inhabitants, less or more—streets handsomely graded, and graveled, encroached upon by no bold houses, but lined on either side by trees of diverse varieties, promiscuously placed, and far enough apart to allow of a handsome, healthy development, and the growth of green grass beneath—and NEVER A FENCE IN ALL ITS BORDERS! Such a village, such a city, would be, as I verily think, a degree nearer heaven than the deformed abodes of men generally are.

"All this dread order break—for whom? for thee? Vile 'cow!'—Oh madness! pride! impiety!" Will you do me the favor to calculate the expense of supporting those costly deformities,—deformities, no matter how costly—called "door-yard fences," for a village of two thousand inhabitants? Will you do me the further favor to calculate how much profit the owners realize from the hogs, horses and cattle pastured in the streets, and which render these fences necessary? If you shall find the fences costing ten times as much as the "freedom of the city" is worth to the swine, &c., will you then do what you can to "abate these nuisances"—swine, fences and all?

So much for towns. The case is not so clear in the country. "Soiling," or keeping live stock in yards and stables the year round, while it has not, to be sure, had a fair trial by farmers, is obviously unsuited to our new countries. Were it not for the necessity which exists for adopting a rotation of crops, sufficient land might be inclosed for pasture, and the remainder go unfenced. As it is, farmers who keep stock, and all farmers should keep stock unless close to a town where manure can be bought, will find it necessary to permanently inclose so many of their fields as they may want for grazing purposes, unless they succeed with hurdle fences, which are worthy of a trial.

not pastured, and all weeds utterly exterminated, root and branch. Where there are no obstructions, the labor of mowing is not so serious, and the hay will perhaps pay the labor. In future, no man can "take land" of me, without attempting to the fence corners, as well as the field, in a "good and workmanlike manner." If I can bring myself up to that standard, I shall think myself fortunate.

Let us hope that we may get rid of fences as far as may be, and I think many farms might just as well be fenced into twenty and thirty acre lots as ten; let us make them of durable materials, in a neat and orderly manner, and under any and all circumstances, keep them clean.

H. T. B.

MR. THORNE'S SALE OF SOUTH DOWNS.

MR. SAMUEL THORNE'S first public sale of South Down sheep, took place at his residence, Thorndale, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the 2d instant, as previously announced in the RURAL and other journals. We were unable to attend the sale, but learn from gentlemen who were present, and our exchanges, that the occasion was alike interesting, pleasant and profitable. The sale was attended by a large number of prominent breeders, editors and others, and the reports we have heard or read speak in high terms of the arrangements and result. The most complete report of the sale which we have seen is given in the Country Gentleman, and from that journal we copy the following remarks and enumeration of animals disposed of:

The list of purchasers will show a considerable attendance from a distance, including representatives from Ohio, Kentucky, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey. Col. B. P. JOHNSON bid for Hon. E. CORNELL, whose recent illness rendered him unable to be present; SANFORD HOWARD, of Boston, filled the orders of several purchasers in that State; WILLIAM BREWSTER, manager to R. A. ALEXANDER, Esq., bought for Mr. A. and another Kentucky gentleman, but, with these exceptions, the bidders were all present, we believe, in person. GEO. H. BROWN, Esq., who was the largest purchaser, is laying the foundation for a flock in Mr. THORNE'S immediate neighborhood, and will have samples, we trust, at the State Fair, for exhibition. Among others present, were Hon. WM. KELLY and WM. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq., of Dutchess, GEO. VAIL, Esq., of Rensselaer, Col. MORRIS and Messrs. FAILE and BAILEY of Westchester, Mr. SHELDON of Geneva, JONA. THORNE and JOHN HAYEN of New York, J. C. TAYLOR of New Jersey, Mr. SAXTON of the Stock Journal, Mr. COMSTOCK of the Argus, Mr. CUMING of the Observer, and a goodly list of prominent farmers in the immediate neighborhood might be named, rendering the occasion equally pleasant as a gathering of agriculturists and breeders, and successful in a business point of view.

The arrangements of the Sale, for which Mr. THORNE assigns the credit to THOMAS GALBRAITH, herdsman in charge, we have never seen surpassed, if equaled, for the promptness with which each lot on the Catalogue was in turn brought in for sale, as well as for perfection in other respects. Unfortunately detained by irregularity of trains until about one-fourth the number were disposed of, we cannot tell at exactly what time the operations at the ring—which had been preceded by a substantial lunch for the company, in one of the out-buildings,—were commenced; but we reached the ground at about twenty minutes before three o'clock, and by four the whole list, numbering in all one hundred had been disposed of, the thanks of the auctioneer returned, and the hundred or two of teams in waiting were preparing for departure. Thus the time consumed in the bidding off of each sheep may have been about one minute and a quarter—a degree of expedition which could not have been attained, as those who are in the habit of being present on such occasions will admit, from the slow experiences of the past, without all the machinery in the smoothest working order, a wide-awake auctioneer on the stand, and a wide-awake company of bidders around him.

Mr. PAGE, as auctioneer, is making himself a reputation which will render his services as indispensable to breeders on sale days, as they already are in the exercise of the pencil for sketches and portraits—both requiring a knowledge of the improved breeds, and the former an acquaintance in agricultural circles, in which most artists and auctioneers are deficient.

In regard to the prices at which the sheep were sold we present below a complete list, and may remark that although not extravagantly high, they compare very favorably with any sale of the kind we have any knowledge of in this country. The yearling ewes went low, partly because the lateness of the down train detained some who would have been buyers, and because the auctioneer was instructed not to dwell, and the buyers actually present had not learned that they must speak quick to get their bids in at all. At Mr. TAYLOR'S sale at Holmdel just a year ago, the whole number sold and rented was 50, averaging about \$38; total at Mr. THORNE'S 100, averaging about \$46.

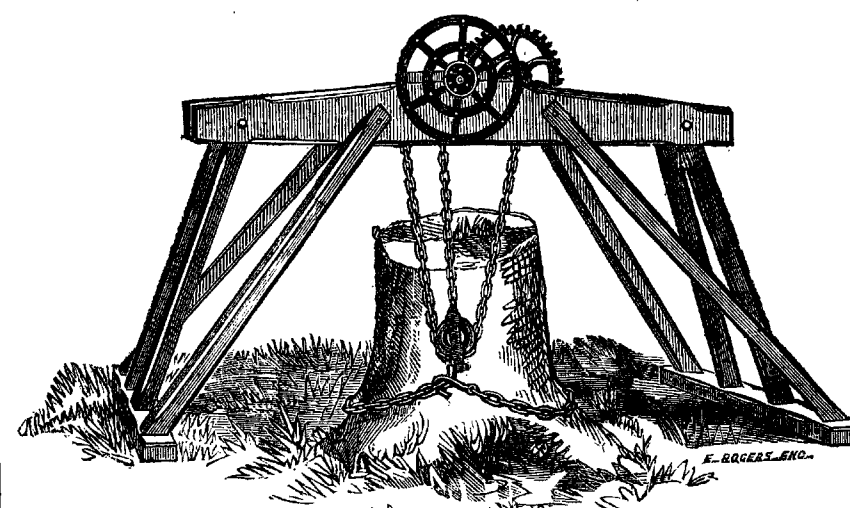
Thus the result speaks well for the interests of the breed, and shows that at no previous time have our farmers been more generally awake to the improvement of their sheep. When "Archbishop" came into the ring, it was pleasant to note the running fire of bids, which kept Mr. PAGE constantly on the alert—starting at \$100 and mounting quickly by successive steps to \$125—150—160—slight pause—175—200—250—260—265—275—280—300—Mr. PAGE tries to catch his breath, but 325—350—355—360—365—come along too quick, and there he hardly ventures a "once—twice," when 375—380—385—390—400—425—450—500 interrupt him, in less time than it takes to write the figures—and then "three times—gone" seals the fate of the Canterbury primate to the meadows of "Millbrook." The rams that followed next were good bargains, all of them; No. 4 was low at \$125, and when No. 9 made his bow to the company, the starting bid was \$50, followed at once by \$75, as if to bluff off competition, and then by \$85 and \$100, and still half a dozen undismayed competitors remained, who quickly ran him up to \$131, the final notch.

As to the quality of the sheep, little need be said. The yearling ewes were rather late lambs, and hence were not as showy in size as would otherwise have been the case, but the two and three-shear ewes were generally admirable, and the rams certainly went below what their merits ought to have brought for them—the only advantage possessed by "Archbishop" over two or three of Mr. THORNE'S own breeding, being apparently his prestige as a prize-winner in England.

Here follow the details of the sale, including pedigree, purchaser and price of each sheep:

YEARLING EWES.			
No.	Sire.	Dam's Sire.	Purchaser. Price.
1.	Archbishop, No. 6		P. U. Jones, Amherst, N. H. \$25.00
2.	do	No. 112	J. C. Tatum, Woodbury, N. J. 22.00
3.	do	No. 6	Hon. H. Cornell, Ithaca, 20.00
4.	do	Young Salisbury	George H. Brown, Millbrook, Wash. Hollow, Dutch Co. 26.00
5.	do	No. 6	Hon. E. Cornell, Ithaca, 21.00
6.	do	No. 6	Hill & Jones, Delaware, Ohio, 37.00
7.	do	No. 6	Geo. H. Brown, 41.00
8.	do	No. 19	E. Cornell, 28.00
9.	do	No. 6	Hill & Jones, 40.00
10.	do	No. 112	R. A. Alexander, Woodford Co., Ky., 41.00
11.	do	No. 6	E. Cornell, 37.00
12.	do	No. 6	Geo. H. Brown, 41.00
13.	do	Young Salisbury	J. S. Homans, New York, 31.00
14.	do	No. 19	E. Cornell, 33.00
15.	do	Young Salisbury	J. C. Tatum, 30.00
16.	do	Reserve	Wm. Hurst, Albany 60.00
17.	do	Young Norwich	R. A. Alexander, 61.00
18.	do	Hen. Webb's Pet.	do 61.00
19.	Imp. No. 14	Young Salisbury	E. Cornell, 38.00
20.	do	No. 6	do 48.00
21.	do	No. 6	do 37.00
\$748.00			

TWO YEAR OLD EWES.			
Sire.	Dam.	Purchaser.	Price.
22.	No. 5 Dam by No. 6	Hon. E. Cornell	\$46.00
23.	Dam imported	R. A. Alexander	60.00
24.	do do	Geo. H. Brown	61.00
25.	do do	E. Cornell	50.00
26.	Dam by No. 6	do	46.00
27.	do do	J. W. Alsop, Middletown, Ct.	40.00
28.	do do	E. Cornell	45.00
29.	Dam by No. 19	Geo. H. Brown	51.00
30.	Dam an Imp. Webb Ewe.	G. G. Hammond, Boston	60.00
31.	do do do	do	53.00
32.	do do do	R. A. Alexander	50.00
33.	do do do	G. G. Hammond	63.00
34.	do Dam by No. 6	E. Cornell	46.00
35.	No. 31 Dam by 112	do	58.00
36.	do do	do	37.00
37.	do do	G. G. Hammond	51.00
38.	do Dam Imp. Webb Ewe.	S. W. Robins, Wethersfield, Ct.	55.00
39.	do Dam by No. 6	Geo. H. Brown	65.00
40.	do Dam by 112,	do	60.00
\$1,027.00			



ENGLISH'S STUMP EXTRACTOR.

THE above cut represents a machine which has long been needed, and is said to meet the wishes of farmers by its superior advantages and value. It is believed by those who have witnessed its operation, to be by far the best Stump Extractor known. Its recommendations are, simplicity of construction, lightness, durability,

cheapness, and great rapidity of execution. It is manufactured by ENGLISH & ALEXANDER, at Corning, Steuben Co., N. Y., of whom particulars may be obtained. We are not informed as to the price of the machine, but presume Messrs. E. & A. will ere long advise the public on that important point.

THREE YEAR OLD EWES.		
41.	Young Salisbury, Imp. Prize Ewe, R. A. Alexander	\$62.50
42.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, Geo. H. Brown	43.00
43.	do By 112, Sanford Howard	45.00
44.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, R. A. Alexander	45.00
45.	do By 112, do	40.00
46.	do By 112, Wm. Hurst	40.00
47.	do Imp. Lugar Ewe, J. C. Tatum	32.60
48.	do By No. 19, Geo. H. Brown	38.00
49.	do Imp. Lugar Ewe, J. C. Tatum	30.00
50.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, Geo. H. Brown	35.00
51.	do By 112, Edwin Thorne, Poughkeepsie	25.00
52.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, J. S. Homans	37.00
53.	do do Geo. H. Brown	37.00
\$539.50		

FOUR YEAR OLD EWES.		
54.	No. 6, Imp. Lugar Ewe, Edwin Thorne	\$35.00
55.	do Imp. Prize Ewe, S. W. Robins	31.00
56.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, F. P. Kincaid, Woodford Co., Ky.	37.00
57.	do do J. S. Homans	37.00
58.	do do Wm. Hurst	31.00
59.	do do do	41.00
60.	do do do	45.00
61.	do do do	40.00
62.	do do do	48.00
63.	[Dead.]	
\$361.00		

FULL-MOUTHED EWES OF OTHER AGES.		
64.	No. 112, Imp. Lugar Ewe, P. R. Close, Greenwich, Ct.	\$36.00
65.	No. 6, Dam by 112, (Dead.)	29.00
66.	do do J. W. Alsop	28.00
67.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, R. A. Alexander	28.00
68.	No. 112, Imp. Lugar Ewe, J. W. Alsop	28.00
69.	No. 6, Dam by 112, do	23.00
70.	do Imp. Prize Ewe, S. T. Angel, Salt Point	25.00
71.	No. 112, Imp. Webb Ewe, Wm. Hurst	42.00
72.	do Imp. prize Ewe, R. A. Alexander	40.00
73.	do do J. W. Alsop	50.00
74.	do Imp. Richmond Ewe, E. Griffin, Clinton Corners	23.00
75.	do Imp. Webb Ewe, J. S. Homans	23.00
76.	A ewe imported from Webb, do	20.00
77.	do do Lugar, J. W. Alsop	22.00
78.	do do do J. H. Allen, Pleasant Valley	20.00
79.	By 112 from Imp. Webb ewe, do do	20.00
80.	do Imp. Lugar ewe, D. Haywood, Copake	20.00
81.	do Imp. prize ewe, J. H. Allen	20.00
82.	An imported prize ewe, Wm. Hurst	13.00
83.	do do J. S. Homans	14.00
\$488.00		

RAMS.		
1.	Imp'd Prize Ram Archbishop, Geo. H. Brown	\$500.00
2.	3 yrs. by Young Salisbury, dam imp. prize ewe, John Bard, Barrytown	20.00
3.	2 yrs. by No. 5, dam by No. 6, Gouverneur Armstrong, Newburgh	25.00
4.	do by No. 88, dam by Reserve, Edw. Thorne	125.00
5.	do do do Josiah Kirk, Sag Harbor	40.00
6.	1 yr. by No. 14, dam by Young Salisbury, J. C. Tatum	30.00
7.	do by Archbishop, dam by Reserve, Thomas George, Newburgh	32.00
8.	do do dam by Young Norwich, P. W. Jones	17.00
9.	do do dam by Reserve, G. G. Hammond	131.00
10.	do do dam by Young Salisbury, J. Robinson, Clinton Cors, dam by No. 6, A. W. Storm, Dutchess Co.	28.00
11.	do do dam by No. 6, Jas. O. Sheldon, Geneva	30.00
12.	do do dam by Y. Salisbury, E. M. Botsford, Newtown, Ct.	55.00
13.	do do dam by 112, Albert Fearing, Boston	28.00
14.	do do	57.00

15. 1 yr. by Archbishop, dam by 112, Edwin Thorne			70.00
16.	do do do F. W. Jones	41.00	
17.	do do dam by No. 6, Wm. Hurst	50.00	
18.	do do do Howard, Sanford	35.00	
19. 6 yrs. by No. 112, F. P. Kincaid, Woodford Co., Kentucky			60.00
\$1,392.00			

AGGREGATE RESULT.		
21 Yearling Ewes.	Average \$36.39	Total \$748.00
19 Two-Year old Ewes,	do 64.95	do 1,027.00
13 Three-Year old Ewes,	do 43.00	do 559.50
9 Four-Year old Ewes,	do 39.00	do 351.00
19 Aged Ewes,	do 25.60	do 485.00
81 Ewes average \$32.00, total		\$3,156.50
19 Rams, different ages, average \$73.52, total		1,392.00
100 Average \$45.57, total, \$4,548.50		

LAYING DOWN GRASS LANDS.

THE following valuable and reasonable suggestions are extracted from an article in the Germantown Telegraph. Though not entirely appropriate to all kinds of soils and locations, the suggestions are in the main good, and will be read with interest if not profit by many of our readers:

"When a farmer wishes to derive profit from his grass lands, the finer the condition in which they are laid down the better. No sapping—no extraordinary demands upon their productive energies—no emasculating manipulations should precede the crop to which it is ultimately devoted, but rather the reverse. In some localities we find that the practice of laying lands to grass immediately after removing a weeded crop, prevails; and this usage is, in our opinion, the only true one. After the potato or turnip crop is drawn, spread on from one to two cords of old, thoroughly decomposed compost or stable manure—care being taken to spread it as evenly as practicable—and work the land with the large cultivator or heavy harrow till it is reduced to a fine tilth, and sow your seed.

"When the grass seed is sown in the spring with small grains, it is perhaps well known to most of your readers who have had any experience in the business, that not more than one-third or one-half ever germinates, even where the seed is good. This results from the seed being so small that it does not get covered to a sufficient depth to insure its germination, or if it grows, to afford a regular and sufficient supply of moisture to sustain the embryo plants.

"By sowing in the fall, this difficulty is wholly obviated. After the seed is sown, cover it with a brush or light harrow, and finish off with the roll. In the spring, immediately after the dissolution of snow, sow on one barrel of poultre, or guano, to the acre. A less quantity will do if the land is very rich. Managed in this way, you are certain of a good crop of grass for several years, or until circumstances may render it expedient to vary the culture. Where corn precedes the sowing of grass seed, it is available, in harvesting the crop, to pull the stalks from the ground. This can easily be accomplished; and the roots, if taken to the hog-yards, will more than pay the expense; and the ground will be

left free from an incumbrance which is felt to be a serious impediment in the way of successful cultivation. Should the land be of an argillaceous or clayey consistency, and heavy badly, the roller may be applied in the spring. This, however, will rarely be necessary, as in most cases it will settle as it dries, and present a perfectly smooth and even surface to the scythe.

"Grass seed sown in the fall, i. e., in October, will vegetate before the advent of severe cold; but as sowing is often deferred till later in the season, it is sometimes not seen till the subsequent spring. If sown on stubble fields, after wheat, rye, oats, barley, millet, or peas, the process is nearly the same, the only modification being the substitution of the plow for the cultivator or harrow in securing the requisite till.

THE VERMONT STATE FAIR AND WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION.

Mr. Moore:—According to promise, I drop you a line in respect to the Vermont State Fair, which commenced at Rutland on the 8th inst. I reached there Monday night. [Mem.—The Barwell House, where I put up, is a fine, clean house, with old-fashioned cookery.] There was already a large gathering of wool growers, to attend the Wool Growers' Convention.

The Fair opened Tuesday. The weather was delightful. The grounds (those of the County Ag. Society) were in fine order, and they are the most beautiful grounds, it is said, in the State. Their surface is undulating and diversified, and on every side tower up chains or spurs of the Green Mountains. A gentleman from New York remarked, it was a beautiful landscape picture, set in a frame of mountains.

The show of animals was not large on the first day, but good. The staple production of Vermont, viz., Merinos, was the chief feature. Mr. HAMMOND, being President of the Society, did not show. W. R. SANFORD and Mr. STOWELL showed some very superior sheep.

At two o'clock the Wool Growers' Convention assembled. There was considerable hesitation whether to have the speech of Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL then, or defer it until the closing day of the Fair; but as it was, by request, specially an address in regard to sheep, and as it was found that many wool growers had assembled from all parts of the State, and from some other States, expressly to hear it—and that a number of these gentlemen could not stay through the Fair—it was decided that it proceed. I looked with some curiosity on the sheep grades. President HAMMOND, the leader of them, is a noble looking man of sixty. Messrs. SANFORD, WRIGHT, SAXTON, STOWELL, ELLIOTHORP, CUTTING, COOK, BOTTUM, CUSHING, &c., &c., and hundreds of them whose names I did not learn—are substantial looking men. They looked more like a legislature than a crowd, when Mr. RANDALL rose to address them. The address lasted an hour, and except when the body broke out, as they frequently did, into loud applause, you might have heard a pin drop. Not a man moved or left the room, or suspended his fixed attention. This is the decorum of Vermont. The speech was purely practical, and was of such a character as must greatly enhance the high reputation of Mr. R.

After Mr. RANDALL sat down, Col. NEEDHAM, the Secretary of the Society, who attended GNO. CAMPBELL to the World's Fair at Hamburg, was called for, and requested to narrate his experiences on that occasion. He spoke an hour in an easy, off-hand way—and being a small man stood on a table. His account of the circumstances under which the American Merinos beat seventeen hundred and odd competitors, taking the first and second prizes on rams, and the first and second on ewes, was most interesting. It seems nearly all the best flocks of Germany were represented, and the competition from France was also strong. The Emperor Napoleon had forty sheep on the ground competing against CAMPBELL'S. The agents of the Emperor were not suited with the pens assigned to them and built splendid ones at the Emperor's expense. "He beat us," said Col. NEEDHAM, "on pens—but we beat him on sheep." After the Fair was over, CAMPBELL sold his twelve sheep to a Prussian Count for \$5,000, while the best other ram sold, brought but \$40, or \$200. Our newspapers have printed it \$4,000 instead of \$40, but Col. NEEDHAM emphatically corrected this statement.

I have written as much as I have time for now, but will try to write something about the other day's Fair if not called to go to B—, as I informed you. Yours truly, R. P. M. Hartford, Sept. 12, 1863.

P. S.—I omitted to say that I saw from your State, on the first day, the Hon. Mr. CONGER, wife and daughter, and several other distinguished persons whose names I did not learn. Several of the gentlemen, I understood, composed a delegation from the N. Y. State Agricultural Society.

DURABILITY OF FENCE POSTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the RURAL of 15th of August, Mr. A. D. C. wishes to know if any person has tested the durability of fence posts when set in the ground with tops down. I will give my experience. In the winter of 1838 I moved to Iowa. In drawing logs to the mill to build my first house, I had a log 15 feet long and 4 feet at the stump, so large I could not draw it. I made lengths of it for fence posts, as timber was very scarce in this part of Iowa. I got it

sawed at the halves. It was sawed 4 by 4 at one end and 4 by 2 at the other, which reversed one-half of the posts, bringing the top ends of one-half down. I used some for the posts in building my door-yard fence, and let a neighbor have some for the same purpose. In ten or twelve years some of the posts rotted off in my fence. My neighbor's place changed hands, and the present owner, four years ago, built a new picket fence in the place of the old one. I was present and examined the posts. About one-half of them were rotted off, and had been for some years; the other half appeared quite sound, so much so that he re-set them in the new fence. The carpenter that was building the fence and I examined the posts to see the cause of the difference, and we found by the notches near the heart that the sound posts were set with the top or upper ends down. I had heard that posts set top end down would last longer, which made me curious to know which end was down. Seeing it spoken of in the RURAL, I went this morning and examined the old posts that are now standing. They appear quite sound and will stand for some years to come. At the surface they are worn about half off. They have been set twenty-four years last April. The log was a Burr Oak. Pleasant Valley, Iowa, 1863. G. W. F.

THE OSAGE ORANGE FOR HEDGING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have just read in your last issue the remarks of "E. P.," regarding the Osage Orange for hedging, in which he says:—"It thrives alike in the cold latitudes of the North and under the scorching heat further South." This assertion seems to me so at variance with facts that it needs correction. "E. P." must be wholly unacquainted with the growth of this plant in "cold latitudes," or he would never have made such an unqualified statement. I cannot speak from observation in other latitudes, but in this vicinity it fails to stand our cold winters, even under the best of care. During the last week I passed a lengthy hedge of ten or more years of age, completely killed in various places. The dry stalks still make a fence, but for the space of ten feet or more in different places not a living sprout was to be seen.

I have seen thousands of these plants on the best of soils and under the best of care, forming a line of fence three or four feet high, completely killed to the ground. These mostly sprouted in the spring, enveloping the dry stubs with green shoots, except in occasional sections which may have been more exposed. This was a young hedge of about four years' growth, with thirty and tender shoots; but each severe winter leaves an indelible mark upon the oldest hedges.

If hedging is not "played out" here, it has so nearly resulted in failure that farmers will generally adhere to the old manner of fencing, unless something is brought to their notice which promises better service than either the Osage Orange or the Hawthorn. M. C. R. Bennett, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

MIXING GRAIN IN SEEDING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I take the liberty to write you a few lines for publication, if you think it worth while. All know that Uncle SAM is in want of help of all kinds just now, so whatever assists the producer will enable him to pay his taxes easier. What I recommend is this:—for the farmer to mix his seed half and half with strange seed of some kind from his neighbor's—wheat, rye, corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, &c. I do not wish to be understood to recommend mixing varieties, except the best white wheat and rye. Then sow a small piece for bread or feed, especially in localities that are troubled with the midge. Put on plenty of seed—nearly as much of each as though the other was not sown.

Several farmers about here who mixed their corn say their crops can't be beat. Two mixed wheat, one white the other red; both got near three-sevenths more than expected, the berry being so large.

At the same time, let farmers change the males of their poultry every year—such as geese, ducks, turkeys, hens, &c., they will have larger kinds, and healthier, better layers. Lorenzo Taylor, Lenaawee Co., Mich., 1863.

The above will be a new idea to many, and hardly be considered orthodox. Who speaks to the question?

Rural Spirit of the Press.

A Prairie House Cellar. A CORRESPONDENT of the Prairie Farmer, writing from Southern Illinois, gives his experience with an independent cellar, which may also be very applicable to cellars in more northern localities, where the nature of the ground does not readily admit of good drainage, so as to secure a dry cellar all below the surface:

"I would dig four feet deep in the ground, and build 2 1/2 feet above the surface, or so as to finish up 6 1/2 feet. If brick is used they should be very hard burned, at least those used under ground. Build the wall 13 inches thick, with common lime mortar, (water-lime is better;) make the cellar two stories high, and join it by a hall or entry to one of the kitchen doors, so as to enter the cellar without going out of doors. The hall should be large enough to have an outside door, also a door to go down a few steps into the lower cellar, and one to go up into the upper room. The reason for building two story, in the first place, is economy—second, a warmer cellar in winter, and cooler in summer. This cellar should have a concrete bottom, about three inches thick, and have a 2x4 piece bedded in the concrete, while it is green or soft, about three inches from the wall; after the bottom has become hard, then plaster the bottom and sides with a good coat of water-lime plaster, up to the upper edge of the joists, so as to leave no place

for rats and mice. You will then set studding on this strip, about two feet apart, all around the wall, two or three inches from it. The upper end of studding will be nailed to joists; then line the inside of the cellar with rough boards, nail laths up and down a foot apart, then lath and plaster with one brown coat. Nail a narrow strip on each side of your joists, one inch from the lower side—lay a double floor of rough siding, fill up to upper edge of joists with saw-dust—then lay your floor of good matched flooring for the upper room. You now have an air chamber of two or three inches between your brick wall, and one that will be air-tight, if the work is done well. You should have two windows, sash double, so as to let the upper sash down and raise the lower one. This will give all the ventilation necessary. You also want a frame with a fine wire-screen fitted to each window-frame neatly, so as to keep out flies. Blinds would be of great value. I would not put a window on the south, if it can be avoided. The upper room should have two windows of large size—no outside door except the one into the hall. I have a cellar built in this way. Nothing ever freezes in it; it is cool, and keeps everything sweet in summer. It cost \$130; size, 14x18 feet. It is built of stone.

Ventilating Cellars.

An unventilated cellar is a reservoir for the seeds of pestilence and death. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are not infrequently the result of miasms accumulated in close underground apartments where vegetable and animal matters are allowed to decay and decompose. Organic matters of any kind should never be kept in any room or place unless free and ample circulation of air is secured. The Working Farmer gives the following plan for ventilating cellars, which we commend to the consideration of our readers: "A stove on the first floor may have a branch from its smoke pipe passing down through the floor so as to receive the top air of the cellar. This pipe should be slightly enlarged at its lower end, and it should be supplied with a valve; when the fire is being lighted this valve may be shut and afterwards opened, so as to leave sufficient draft for the stove. Thousands of cubic feet of damp air and foul gases will pass through the chimney from the cellar daily, and thus render it both clean and dry at all times. Every philosophical mind will see the truth of this statement, and at the same time must admit that where such an arrangement does not exist that, to a degree, at least, these foul gases must leak through the cracks in the floor, to the detriment of the health of the inmates, before it passes through the fire into the chimney. Every chimney should be connected in some way with the cellar, so as to be used as a ventilator when required."

Some Hints about Barns.

WHEN barns are scattered about the farm some thirty yards from each other, and as many more from the house, it pays better to move and arrange them in a more convenient manner—as the time would soon amount to enough to pay all expenses, say nothing of what better care the stock will receive when near the house, than they used to at the "further barn." Also, it pays to put a good stone wall (laid up with mortar) under every frame building—except corn-houses and cheese-houses, which should stand upon posts set solid in the ground, with a large tin pan bottom side up placed upon the top of every post to prevent mice running up. Remember and have the mason leave several small holes at the top of the wall to let air in; for if closed tight it will cause the sill and sleepers to decay. When you build a bridge in front of the large doors of stone and dirt, do not put any dirt near the sill, as the water from the roof will soon cause decay. I believe thousands of dollars are wasted in this way every year. Remedy—Build your bridge of stone or dirt within two feet of the doors, and place a stick of timber four inches from the sill, and four short pieces from sill to embankment, and place two planks upon this foundation and your sill will not decay here before it does anywhere else. Do not nail a board on the front side of the sill where the doors are, as this will cause decay.—Colonial Farmer.

A PLEA FOR MULES.—The editor of the Wisconsin Farmer presents the following excellent reasons why the farmers should encourage the introduction of mules: 1. He is much more easily and cheaply reared than his cousin, the horse. 2. He eats but little more than half as much when matured. 3. He is satisfied with and thrives upon a coarser and less expensive class of provender. 4. It costs less to keep him in harness and shoes. 5. He is proportionally stronger. 6. He is very much tougher. 7. He is less liable to disease. 8. He has more sense and docility. 9. He is better adapted to some important kinds of work. 10. He is a truer puller, and when loaded, a quicker traveler. 11. He sells for a better price. 12. He lives more than twice as long. And the editor might have added as the 13th reason that mules are much better adapted to mountain travel than horses.

THE FUTURE OF HORSES.—The drain upon the serviceable horses of the country has been so great, that the horse interest is bound to go up; and among the best investments of live stock now to be made will be the purchase of likely colts for raising to maturity, the next to this the breeding of good horse stock for the future supply. Now that the practice of government agents has cleared the country of low-priced animals, let us turn over a new leaf in our style of horse-breeding, and go in for something that will do good service and command good prices.—Ohio Farmer.

MANURE may as well be thrown into water, as on land underlaid by water.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE STATE AND COUNTY FAIRS.—Several State Fairs are "in session" this week—including those of New York, Ohio and Kentucky;—also the Provincial Fair of Canada East. The New York State Fair, at Utica, promises to be a success. As we write (Tuesday noon, 15th), the weather is delightful—just the kind to favor large and successful exhibitions.

The Orleans Co. (N. Y.) Fair has been postponed until next week—Sept. 23—24. Liberal premiums are offered, and no expense has been spared in making arrangements for a fine display.—The Ontario Co. Fair is to be held at Canandigua, Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d. "Competition open to all persons in all classes, within or without the County."—The Tompkins Co. Fair takes place at Ithaca, Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1.—Tovawanda Valley Ag. Fair is to be held at Attica on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18—19.—The Dundee Union Fair (Yates Co.) is announced for Sept. 30th and Oct. 1st and 2d; and the Palmyra Union (Wayne Co.) for Oct. 5th, 6th and 7th. The above are all the changes or additions we are advised of since publication of list of Fairs in RURAL of 6th inst.—to which list we refer all interested.

SUBJECTS FOR DISCUSSION AT STATE FAIR. Mr. Secretary JOHNSON has furnished us the following relative to the subjects suggested for discussion at the State Fair, at Utica, this week. Though rather late (it was not received in time for our last number), the item will reach many of our readers before the discussions take place, and will interest others:

- 1. The most economical method of supplying the surface soil with the mineral food of plants, whether by its direct application, by sub-soiling or by the plowing in of deep rooted plants. The question to be restricted to those cases where the surface soil has been subject for a period of at least fifteen years to the ordinary methods of cultivation by a rotation of crops, and when the subsoil, whether of sedimentary or primary formation, is not below the surface of an average distance of over six feet. In all instances of such soil and sub-soil addressed for illustration in the discussion, the same to be accurately described. 2. The best rotation of crops suited to the climatic condition of the middle tier of Counties in the State, on farms having at least eighty acres of good arable land. The question to be considered with the end in view of obtaining a maximum annual revenue in cash, and at the same time the largest amount of manure of the greatest fertilizing value. The amount paid for labor, its proper application, and the capital invested for stock, whether of sheep, cattle, horses, &c., of one or more of these kinds of domestic animals, being the same in all cases, and the condition of the markets for the several products of the farm being an average one. 3. The best method of husbandry. The manures obtained from the methods proposed in the 2d problem (in the rotation of crops, &c.) and the best time of applying them on the several crops, the economy of management in this respect on the farm being the same.

THE "INTERNATIONAL WHEAT SHOW"—held in connection with the Monroe Co. Fair, near this city, last week—was not as successful as we had anticipated. There were but few entries, (under twenty, we believe,) and far less interest manifested in the exhibition than had been expected. But, though limited in quantity, the display was creditable to the competitors, and embraced several fine samples of the leading varieties of wheat cultivated in this State and Canada West. We subjoin a list of the

PREMIUMS AWARDED ON WHEAT:

- One-half of 1st premium to J. H. ANDERSON, of Hamilton, C. W., \$75. "P. S.—FOR STIC STEEL." One-half of 1st do. to E. S. HAYWARD, of Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., \$75—for Soule's Wheat. Second do. to ROBERT EMBURY, of Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., \$75—Soule's Wheat. Second do. on Red Winter, to E. A. HEBARD, of Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., \$50—White Mediterranean. Two bushels White Wheat—One-half of 1st premium to J. H. ANDERSON, of Hamilton, C. W., \$25. One-half of 1st do. to E. S. HAYWARD, of Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., \$25. Second do. to ROBERT EMBURY, of Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., \$25. Two bushels best Red Wheat—First premium to E. A. HEBARD, of Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., \$40. Second do. to HARVEY JERRELLS, of Perinton, Monroe Co., N. Y., \$20.

After making the above awards the Committee (through their Chairman, Prof. GEO. BUCKLAND, of Toronto, C. W.) conclude their report as follows:—"The specimen of twenty bushels exhibited by the Hon. JACOB HINDS, is deserving of special notice and commendation; that gentleman having succeeded, after several years' experiment, in bringing it from a Spring Wheat to a White Winter variety, to its present state of perfection. The Committee cannot but regret that so few competitors appear at this first attempt of an International Wheat Show, and earnestly hope that an object of so much importance will be annually attended by increased support and success." —The Monroe Co. Fair, of which the Wheat Show above noticed was the prominent feature, did not meet the expectations of the public, with the exception of the exhibition of Fruit, which latter was very creditable.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—Nearly thirty-five million lbs. of wool were imported into this country, at New York, during the first seven months of 1863. Our own wool crop, as yet, is chiefly housed by the wool growers.—Much complaint is made in Wayne county, this State, in regard to the ravages of the grasshoppers, which caused great damage to the oat crop, and are now turning their attention to the growing tobacco plants. It is feared that the tobacco crop will be materially injured.—Anson C. Linsley, of the town of Middlesex, Yates county, N. Y., has returned \$3,990 as the net income of his farm of 300 acres, for the year 1862, and consequently pays \$119 70 income tax. His gross receipts were \$6,461, of which \$6,416 were derived from grain.—The heavy gale and storm of the 22d ult. did immense injury to hops throughout Madison county. Complaints are very general—some yards being nearly half destroyed.—It is said that in many parts of Central Ohio the potato crop has proved almost a total failure. Whole acres of the plant have been destroyed by bugs.—The shipment of horses from Detroit for the cavalry arm of the service continues unabated. There have been sent to the seat of war in the past two months no less than seven thousand horses, all of which have been obtained from Michigan and Canada.

THE HOP CROP.—Hop-picking is being rigorously prosecuted in Schoharie, Otsego, Oneida, Madison, and other hop-growing counties. As to the crop of the first named county it is estimated that quantity and quality considered, as compared with the crop of 1862, this year's crop would fall short about 33 1/2 per cent., or one-third. The Cooperstown Journal says:—"The weather has been favorable for picking during the past week, and those who did not commence too early are gathering a better article than they at one time anticipated. The crop in Otsego is somewhat over one-half an ordinary crop; in Schoharie and portions of Montgomery about the same; in Madison and Oneida it is nearer two-thirds an ordinary crop."

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—This new and complete work on Sheep Husbandry, by Hon. H. S. RANDALL, will be published in a few days, and contain about 450 large octavo pages. We subjoin the Table of Contents:

CHAPTER I. Fine-Wooled Breeds of Sheep. The Spanish, French, Saxon, and Silesian Merinos. CHAPTER II. Introduction of Fine-Wooled Sheep into the United States. Early Importations of Spanish, French and Saxon Merinos. CHAPTER III. American Merinos Established as a Variety. The Mixed Leonesa or Jarvis Merinos—The Fanfado or Atwood Merinos—The Paulor or Rich Merinos—Other Merinos. CHAPTER IV. Later Importations of Fine-Wooled Sheep into the United States. French and Silesian Merinos Introduced. CHAPTER V. British and Other Long and Middle-Wooled Sheep in the United States. Leicesters, Cotswolds, Lincoln, New Oxfordshire, Black-Faced Scotch, Cheviot, Fat-Rumped, Broad-Tailed, Persian and Chinese Sheep. CHAPTER VI. British Short-Wooled Sheep, etc., in the United States. The South Downs, Hampshire Downs, Shropshire Downs, and Oxfordshire Downs. CHAPTER VII. The Points to be Regarded in Fine-Wooled Sheep. Carcases—Skin—Folds or Wrinkles—Fleeces—Finesness—Evenness—Treeness and Soundness—Pliancy and Softness—Style—Length of Wool. CHAPTER VIII. The Same Subject Continued. Yolk—Chemical Analysis of Yolk—Its Uses—Proper Amount and Consistency of it—Its Color—Coloring Sheep Artificially—Artificial Propagation and Preservation of Yolk. CHAPTER IX. Adaptation of Breeds to Different Situations. Markets—Climate—Vegetation—Soils—Number of Sheep to be Kept—Associated Branches of Husbandry. CHAPTER X. Prospects and Profits of Wool and Mutton Production in the United States. CHAPTER XI. Principles and Practice of Breeding. CHAPTER XII. Breeding In-and-In. CHAPTER XIII. Cross-Breeding. Cross-Breeding the Merino and Coarse Breeds—Crossing Different Families of Merinos—Crossing Between English Breeds and Families—Recapitulation. CHAPTER XIV. Spring Management. Catching and Handling—Turning Out to Grass—Tagging—Burs—Lambing—Proper Place for Lambing—Mechanical Assistance in Lambing—Inverted Wombs—Management of New-Born Lambs—Artificial Breeding—Child-Lambs—Constipation—Cutting Teeth—Pinning—Diarrhea or Purging. CHAPTER XV. Spring Management—Continued. Congenital Goitre—Imperfectly Developed Lambs—Rheumatism—Treatment of the Ewe after Lambing—Closed Fests—Urengains—Inflamed Udder—Drying Off—Lambs—Foster Lambs—Docking Lambs—Castration. CHAPTER XVI. Summer Management. Mode of Washing Sheep—Utility of Washing considered—Cutting the Hoofs—Time between Washing and Shearing—Shearing—Stable Shearing and Shearing Off—Shearing Lambs and Shearing Sheep semi-annually—Doing up Wool—Fraging in Doing up Wool—Storing Wool—Places for Storing Wool—Wool Depots and Commission Stores—Sacking Wool. CHAPTER XVII. Summer Management—Continued. Drafting and Selection—Registration—Marking and Numbering—Storms after Shearing—Sun-Scald—Ticks—Shortening Horns—Maggot—Confining Rams—Training Rams—Fences—Salt—Tar Sulphur, Alum, &c.—Water in Pastures—Shade in Pastures—Housing Sheep in Summer—Pampering. CHAPTER XVIII. Fall Management. Weaning and Fall Feeding Lambs—Sheltering Lambs in Fall—Fall Feeding and Sheltering Breeding Ewes in Winter—Selecting Ewes for the Winter—Period of Gestation—Management of Rams during Coupling—Dividing Flocks for Winter. CHAPTER XIX. Winter Management. Winter Shelter—Temporary Sheds—Hay Barns with Open Sheds—Sheep Barns or Stables—Cleaning out Stables in Winter—Yards—Littering Yards—Confining Sheep in Yards and to Dry Yards. CHAPTER XX. Winter Management—Continued. Hay Racks—Water for Sheep in Winter—Amount of Food Consumed by Sheep in Winter—Value of Different Feeders—Nutritive Equivalents—Mixed Feeds—Fattening Sheep in Winter—Regularity in Feeding. CHAPTER XXI. Prairie Sheep Husbandry. Prairie Management in Summer—Lambing—Folds and Dogs—Stables—Herding—Washing—Shearing—Storing and Sacking Wool—Flocks—Diseases—Salt—Weaning Lambs—Prairie Management in Winter—Winter Feed—Sheds or Stables—Water—Location of Sheep Establishment. CHAPTER XXII. Anatomy and Diseases of Sheep.—The Head. Comparatively small Number of American Sheep Diseases—Low Type of American Sheep Diseases—Anatomy of the Sheep.—The Skeleton—The Skull—The Horns and their Diseases—The Teeth—Swelled Head—Sore Face—Swelled Lips—Inflammation of the Eye. CHAPTER XXIII. Anatomy and Diseases of the Sheep's Head, Continued. Section of Sheep's Head—Grub in the Head—Hydatid on the Brain—Water on the Brain—Apoplexy—Inflammation of the Brain—Tetanus or Locked Jaw—Epilepsy—Falsy—Babies. CHAPTER XXIV. Diseases of the Digestive Organs. Blain—Obstructions of the Gullet—The Stomachs and their Diseases—External and Internal Appearance of the Stomachs—The Mode of Administering Medicines into the Stomachs of Sheep—Hoove—Poisons—Inflammation of the Rumens, or Fauch—Obstruction of the Maniples—Acute Dropsy, or Red-Water—Enteritis, or Inflammation of the Coecum—The Intestines—Diarrhea—Dysentery—Constipation—Colic, or Stretches—Braxy, or Inflammation of the Bowels—Worms—Pining. CHAPTER XXV. Diseases of the Circulatory and the Respiratory Systems. The Pulse—Place and Mode of Bleeding—Fever—Inflammation—Fever—Malignant Induratory Fever—Typhus Fever—Catarrh—Malignant Epizootic Catarrh—Pneumonia, or Inflammation of the Lungs—Pleuritis or Pleurisy—Consumption. CHAPTER XXVI. Diseases of the Generative and Urinary Organs. Abortion—Inversion of the Womb—Garget—Parturient or Puerperal Fever—Cystitis, or Inflammation of the Bladder. CHAPTER XXVII. Diseases of the Skin. The Scab—Erysipelatous Scab—Wild Fire and Inous Sacre—Other Cutaneous Eruptions—Small Pox, or Variola Orina. CHAPTER XXVIII. Diseases of the Locomotive Organs. Fractures—Rheumatism—Diseases of the Biflex Canal—Gravel—Travel-sore—Lameness from Broken Mud-Fouls—Hoof-rot. CHAPTER XXIX. Other Diseases, Wounds, Etc. The Rot-Scurfula—Hereditary Diseases—Guts—Lacerated and Contused Wounds—Punctured Wounds—Dog Bites—Poisoned Wounds—Sprains—Bruises—Abscess. CHAPTER XXX. List of Medicines. CHAPTER XXXI. The Dog in its Connection with Sheep. The Injuries inflicted by Dogs on Sheep—The Sheep Dog—The Spanish Sheep Dog—The Hungarian Sheep Dog—The French Sheep Dog—The Mexican Sheep Dog—The South American Sheep Dog—The Other Large Races of Sheep Dogs—The English Sheep Dog—The Scotch Sheep Dog or Colley—Accustoming Sheep to Dogs. APPENDIX. INDEX, &c. [The volume comprises Appendices A to G, and a very complete Index—an important and valuable feature. Also many illustrations, which we cannot now enumerate.]

Horticultural.

"TOO MUCH TROUBLE."

As a general rule, when it is too much trouble to do a thing right, it is better not to attempt it, for any work that is worth doing, is worth doing well. These are axioms, the truth of which very few will be disposed to question; and they are the mottoes of every good gardener. And yet, how many, when told of the practice necessary to success in growing fruit and flowers, exclaim, "too much trouble," and try to get along with less labor and care. When giving, as requested, directions for cultivating a certain plant or growing fruit, we often hear the response, "that's too much trouble." A great many cultivators seem to talk and act as though the only object they had in view was to save trouble, regardless of consequences, while the consideration should be, how they can use their labor to the best advantage.

Trees are to be planted to form an orchard. It is too much trouble to plow carefully, set the trees deeply in large holes with the roots nicely spread out and covered with fine, rich earth, and so they are put in a hard soil like posts. Newly planted trees require staking, pruning, and mulching, but this is troublesome, and so they are swayed about with the wind, and parched with the hot sun. The result is, many die, and the owner is saved all further trouble, except grumbling at the nurseryman. Dwarf pear trees require manuring, and a regular pruning every spring; the ground between them should be kept mellow, and all weeds destroyed to raise a large crop, but this, too, is "too much trouble," and they are allowed to take care of themselves, surrounded with weeds, baked in a hard soil, or striving to grow in a clover or Timothy meadow. In consequence of this labor-saving they make but a feeble growth, become ill-looking, bear but little fruit, and perhaps many die; but then the owner saved a little trouble.

A good crop of the finest of our plums—and what can be finer than the large Washingtons, or Jeffersons, or the delicious Green Gage—can be secured by simply jarring the trees every day for a week or so, in early summer; but this is certainly some trouble, altogether too much for our trouble-saving friends, and so not one in a score of cultivators ever tastes a good plum.

The Isabella and most of our hardy grapes will ripen their fruit well in Western New York in ordinary seasons. To be made to do this, however, they must be pruned every winter, and again in the summer, after the fruit is set. Now, this requires some labor, and not a vine in a hundred receives this necessary attention. They are allowed to run at random, forming a dense mass, through which the sun can never penetrate. The consequence is, the fruit is small, much of it mildews, and that which is not destroyed in this way never ripens. The grapes become slightly colored, and are eaten and sold for ripe grapes, but they are no more like ripe grapes than a crab apple is like a good Spitzenburgh. The conclusion very speedily arrived at is that the climate will not ripen grapes, or that they are naturally very sour things. A little trouble at the right time, every year, keeps the vine in good order, but those who make spasmodic attempts to prune the vines once in two or three years are not surprised to complain of the trouble.

The summer and fall pears should be picked off and laid away a week before ripening, and then they can be examined every day and selected for eating, as fast as they arrive at maturity. In this way every one will be saved, and will show their true character, giving the cultivator a delicious feast for his pains. But, this is "too much trouble" for some folks, and so their pears are allowed to hang upon the tree until they drop off from over-ripeness, and never attain their true excellence, while many are bruised, and others destroyed by insects.

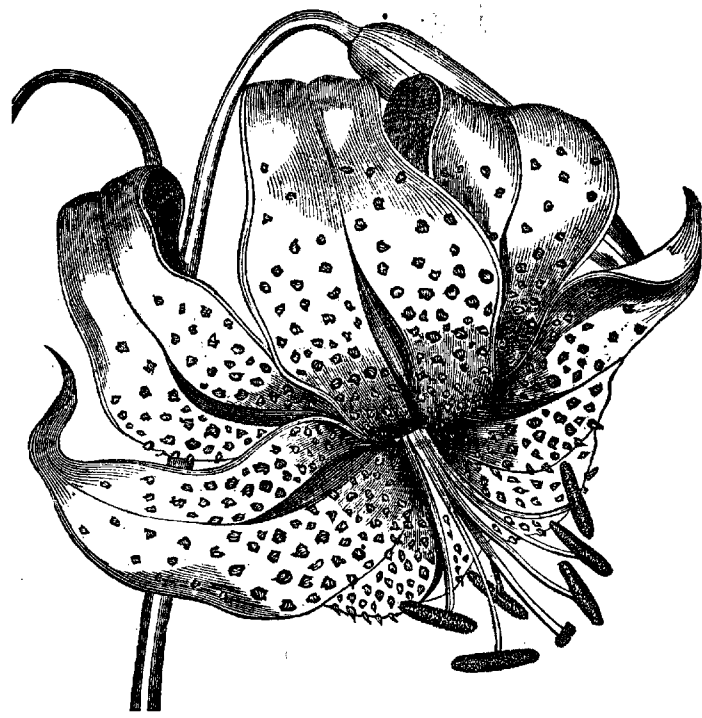
A good lawn or grass-plot, in front of a house, is very beautiful when kept green and closely mown, as all agree. To obtain such a lawn, the soil must be in good condition, and be spaded or pulverized by plowing at least 18 inches deep, and sown with some fine grass, such as red top or blue grass, and white clover, which will form a green carpet pretty quick. But digging or plowing deep is "too much trouble," and so the ground is scratched a few inches down, and of course in the dry summer weather the grass is scorched up, and brown, instead of green. Then it is so much trouble to get good grass and clover seed, and so easy to get a handful of timothy and red clover, or a lot of refuse seed from the bottom of a hay mow, or the mangers, that this is generally used, and consequently the lawn is a patch of weeds and coarse grass, with here and there a bit of red clover. All done with little labor and furnishing as little pleasure.

We need not go further. There are a class of people whose only study seems to be how they can save themselves trouble—how they can do things in the poorest possible way, and obtain the most unsatisfactory results—and they certainly seem to be very successful both in their studies and practice.

PRUNING TREES.

MANY of our readers will soon be purchasing trees for fall planting, many more have young orchards already planted out, that need proper care. We have some inquiries before us, asking advice as to the best mode of pruning. Instead of answering these in detail, we give an excellent article on the subject from one of the best horticulturists of the country, that we think will give all the information needed.

The objects in view in pruning a tree at the time of transplanting are three-fold. First, The removal of all bruised and broken roots and branches. The necessity for this is obvious and indisputable; bruised and broken roots, when



THE JAPAN LILY.

AMONG the flowers that decorate our gardens during the late summer and autumn, we have nothing that for chaste beauty surpasses the Japan Lilies. The bulbs should be obtained in autumn and planted in a good mellow soil, tolerably rich, but where the water will not lie during the winter and spring. Plant full four inches deep and about a foot apart. Before heavy frost, cover the ground with a few leaves, or something that will afford a slight protection. Our engraving gives a fine representation of the Japan Lily. The spots seen are little projections, in most varieties of a different color

planted without being dressed, must decay and interpose very serious obstacles to the formation of new roots; they should therefore always be pruned off closely to the sound wood, and with a sharp knife that will make a smooth, clean cut, the sloping surface of which should invariably be on the under and not on the upper sides of the roots. In making the cut, the knife should be laid to the under side of the root, and drawn upward. The young roots which subsequently spring from the cut end of the root, as from the end of a cutting, strike downward at once, as is natural. The reasons for pruning off broken or bruised branches are equally obvious. A broken branch left on a tree will produce an unsightly and in some cases a dangerous scar; but if it be pruned off close to the body of the tree, or to a sound bud, the wound will soon heal over or a new shoot will be produced. It is very common, in pruning hastily, to leave small portions of branches without eyes. These, instead of producing new shoots, die off, and the new wood growing in around them produces unsoundness that in many cases brings the tree to an untimely end.

The second object in pruning is, to mould the tree to the desired form. Trees coming from the nurseries are seldom in the exact shape that the planter wishes. They have too many side branches, their heads are too low or too high, or they have some other defect which the knife must remedy. Now the question comes up, How far is it judicious to attempt the formation of the tree at the moment of transplanting? Several points must be considered. If the trees are standards for the orchard, and they happen to be somewhat slender in proportion to their height, it would be unwise to prune off closely any side branches they might have, because this would direct the future growth to the top, and urge the tree still further out of balance and proportion. In such cases, the aim should be to increase the growth of the stem; and this can only be done by retaining two or three good eyes or buds of every side shoot, or of the branches at the top. The influence of this is seen in the case of forest trees planted in the street, where the entire head is sawed off at planting, and nothing but a bare pole or pollard left; the growth is thrown into the trunk, which soon becomes covered with new shoots, and increases its diameter rapidly. If the tree has been pruned up too high in the nursery, making the head higher than desired, a new head must be formed lower down by cutting back the tree; but whether it is better to attempt this at the moment of transplanting, or wait until the tree has taken root, and is capable of making a vigorous growth, is a question. This is a point of some importance. We know that newly-planted trees push but feebly at best, in comparison with those well rooted, and that the shoots produced the first season make a very indifferent framework for the tree. We have considerable experience on this very point, and we have come to the conclusion that it is much better to defer the pruning which is to produce the final and permanent form of the tree, until the second year, or until the tree shows unmistakable signs of being well rooted, and in a condition to make vigorous growth. But care must be taken to preserve and encourage, as far as possible, young shoots with active buds on the parts where we intend to produce the new head; because old wood, in which the buds have become in a measure dormant, does not throw out branches with desirable rapidity and vigor.

If, on the other hand, the head be too low, the first impulse would naturally be to prune it up. But this demands some caution. Where branches of considerable size are pruned off, when the tree is transplanted, and consequently unfit to make much growth, the fresh surface of the wounds dry up, and do not heal over quickly, as when the tree is in active and vigorous condi-

tion. Beside, buds are essential to growth; and if too great a proportion of them be removed at once, the power of the cells or sap-vessels is impaired, and they cannot transmit the nutritive fluids from the roots upward. The roots, too, lose their activity, and general stagnation and debility follow. The better way is to reduce the head by thinning out some branches and shortening others, especially the lower ones; and in the season following, or when the tree has fairly recovered from removal, the large branches may be removed and the stem formed higher up; the upper shoots allowed to remain having sufficient power to maintain the functions of the different parts of the tree in full force and vigor.

The third object in pruning at the time of transplanting, is, to restore the balance or proportion between the roots and branches, which has been disturbed in the process of removal. A transplanted tree, no matter how carefully or skillfully it may have been operated upon, has its system materially deranged. The roots may neither be bruised or broken, nor the fibres dried or injured by exposure; and yet the ordinary functions of the various parts, and their reciprocal action and influence upon each other, cannot but be in a measure arrested for a time. The roots cannot abstract nutriment from the soil, and convey it through the trunk and branches, to supply the demand of the leaves, until they have taken to their new position and emitted new rootlets or feeders. Until this takes place, the demand of the leaves must be supplied from the stock of nutriment previously laid up in the cells, just as we see young shoots subsisting for a time on trees that have been cut down or torn up by the roots. As long as any sap remains in the cells, and can find a passage to the leaves, the latter continue green and healthy; but as soon as the sap is expended, and the cells dried up, the leaves wither, and vitality terminates. Transplanted trees are, until re-rooted, in the same situation, nearly as trees cut down or rooted up and left on the surface of the ground—that is, they must rely mainly on the sap existing in the cells before removal.

Now it is plain that the more of buds and leaves there are on a tree, the greater will be the demand upon its stock of sap or nutrition, and vice versa. Hence the reason for recommending to reduce the tops of trees at the time of transplanting. For this reason we cannot transplant deciduous trees safely while in full foliage. Even strawberry plants root better by having a portion of their leaves removed; and hence the use of bell glasses and other contrivances to prevent evaporation from the leaves of newly-inserted cuttings. A tree transplanted with a small number of roots, or damaged roots, and a branchy top, will suffer from the evaporation of the leaves, just as a cutting with leaves would if it were freely exposed to the air, though not to the same extent. Some trees will bear planting with smaller roots and larger tops than others—such, for instance, as the poplar and willow, and all those that root easily and rapidly, and have large sap-vessels through which nutriment absorbed by the roots can pass quickly to the leaves.

But we must remember, too, that leaves are necessary to the growth of roots. It is true that new roots are formed in the absence of leaves. We can see this illustrated in the case of early autumn-planted trees or cuttings; yet these roots would not attain any considerable development, nor survive long, without the action of the leaves; for these may be likened to the animal stomach, in which the indispensable process of digestion takes place. No matter how abundant or healthy may be the roots, or how liberal the supplies of nutriment presented to them, if the leaves be not present to draw it upward and assimilate or digest it, growth cannot continue—the roots will cease to lengthen, and ultimately perish. This is forcibly demonstrated in the

case of trees that have been stripped of their foliage by insects, or some accident,—the roots cease to grow; but as soon as new leaves begin to appear, new roots are formed simultaneously; and if one side of a tree be stripped of its foliage, the roots more directly in connection with that side will cease to grow until new leaves appear. In propagating plants from cuttings, it is necessary, in many cases, and indeed in almost all cases where young wood is used, to leave a certain number of leaves. Cuttings that root without leaves are those of a soft nature, having large cells or sap-vessels full of organized matter or tissue, capable of developing roots and sustaining them until the leaf-action commences.

From all this we see how important are the leaves, and how easy it would be, by excessive pruning, to hinder rather than promote the formation of roots. There is a medium which should be aimed at in pruning, to induce growth after removal. If the roots are much injured, or naturally meagre or defective, a very small number of active buds should be retained, just sufficient to stimulate and sustain circulation of the fluids. In such cases it may be necessary to cut back every young shoot to one or two eyes. Where the roots are abundant and sound, it will suffice to cut out the weak inside shoots, and shorten the stronger ones about one-half. In doing this, a large number of buds are removed, and whatever force there is in the tree is thrown into the remaining shoots, and young wood will be formed where we should have had nothing but leaves if the tree had not been pruned. The growth of young wood always favors the formation of roots. If we examine trees now that were transplanted last spring, we shall find that the roots are in proportion to the number and strength of the young shoots.

The great object in pruning to promote growth is to direct the sap into a smaller number of channels, and thus increase its force. If a tree, for example, has 500 leaf-buds to draw upon its sap, and we cut away 400 of them, the remaining 100 will of course receive a far greater proportion than they would have done, and will consequently be enabled to make new wood; and experience teaches us that young shoots, with their large cells, luxuriant leaves, and great vital activity, act far more powerfully on the roots than the small, lean foliage of trees merely living but not growing. We know how cutting back acts upon stunted trees. A three or four year old apple or pear tree, for example, if cut down nearly to the ground, will, in one season, make a growth equal to that of two or three seasons under ordinary circumstances; and this is simply because its whole vital force is concentrated in one point. The sap rushes there, and large cells are formed immediately, in which a rapid and powerful circulation takes place.

All operations upon trees should be performed cautiously, because whatever produces a sudden or violent change in their condition, cannot fail to be attended with a derangement of their wisely and beautifully adjusted organization, and this derangement must be more or less injurious to their healthy existence. Every man who takes his knife in hand to mutilate a tree, should bear in mind, and weigh carefully, the consequences of every cut. We intended to have referred to the opinions of experienced and skillful arboriculturists on this subject, but we cannot at present devote more space to it. What we have said will, we trust, induce reflection and observation on the part of some who have heretofore been too indifferent.

Horticultural Notes.

LARGE TOMATO.—We have been presented by M. D. ROWLEY, Esq., of this city, with a tomato measuring forty inches in circumference. Also, a branch of a Dahlia, bearing a light blush and very dark red flower on the same stem.

MONROE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The show of fruit at the Fair of this County held last week, was unusually fine. About six hundred plates were filled by farmers and fruit growers alone. It was the best County show we have ever seen, in some respects but little inferior to the exhibition at the State Fair last year.

FRUIT IN UTAH.—A correspondent of the *Farmer's Oracle*, writing from Mandi, says:—"I have a nice patch of strawberry vines that look well and fruit this season. The English gooseberry grows finely here; I have fruit this year 2½ inches in circumference. Many of my newly-planted peach trees are bearing this year as well as plums and apples."

TREE PEONIES.—The variety called *Gloria Belgarum* was raised from seed in Belgium, by a gentleman named Goethals. It is a marvel among marvels, the like of which we have never seen. The flowers are of the deepest rose color, nearly full double, and considerably more than a foot in diameter, that is to say about four feet round.—*Gardener's Chronicle*.

BROCCOLI PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.—A curious Broccoli has been sent to Her Majesty, who has graciously acknowledged its receipt. Its shape was that of a scroll or ribbon, eighteen inches in length, an inch and a half in diameter in the middle, and three inches at either end. The plant was lined in the center by a solid line of the same nature as the flower, and following its form with geometrical precision.—*Builder*.

RE-ROOTING OF PEAR TREES ON QUINCE.—This spring I had occasion to move twenty-five pear trees on quince, which I set five years ago, at two years old, budded low on the stock, so that it was easy to set them two to four inches below the junction. Upon about one-third of these trees I found that there were plenty of quince roots, but none from the pear. About one-third had both pear and quince roots, and in some instances, when the pear roots were vigorous, the quince roots, though still in place were dead or dying. Upon the other third there were no quince roots left, the whole tree being sustained by the new roots formed by the pear. In one case, the tree was budded upon pear, and that had straight roots, reaching downward. On the trees where new pear roots had formed above the quince, they all appeared disposed to spread out horizontally. The trees still retaining quince roots are not as large as the others, and those with both pear and quince roots proved that the latter do not always die as soon as pear roots form.—*Cor. Ohio Farmer*.

FINE GRAPES.—We are indebted to H. S. AINSWORTH, Esq., the President of the Fruit Grower's Society of Western New York, for a fine basket of grapes, among which were Bowwood Muscat, White Frontignac, Canada Chief, Grizzly Frontignac, Diana, Rebecca and Delaware. They were all grown under glass, and well ripened. Mr. A. wished us to give them a fair trial and report which we thought the highest flavored grape. Our taste may be at fault, but we give our decided preference to the Delaware.

AMERICAN STRAWBERRIES IN EUROPE.—A correspondent of the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, says:—"Many kinds have been sent from America, and are grown here, but with two or three exceptions cannot be regarded as fine strawberries, almost all being deficient in flavor. One of the best is Boston Pine, a free cropping variety of medium size, useful for preserving and very early. Wilson's Albany, however, is the best as seen here; a good-sized handsome round fruit, of a dark red color throughout; an excellent preserving sort."

POOR GARDENERS.—At a meeting of the Gardener's Royal Benevolent Society recently held in London, a speaker said that amongst its "pensioners it had 66 poor persons who had held first-class situations as gardeners, or had been nurserymen or seedsmen, or were the widows of such, whom want or distress had overtaken in their old age." We doubt whether one such instance ever occurred in America, and the reflection should be a new inducement for our gardeners to so improve themselves that their profession should not merely afford the safe livelihood it is at present, but by adding to their present intelligence, command still higher rewards.

—So says the *Gardener's Monthly*, and to this we add let us all honor and love and defend this glorious country where intelligent labor brings a sure reward, and where the honest toiler is not consigned to poverty when his hands can no longer labor.

Domestic Economy.

BEING IN SEASON.

FARMERS' WIVES, as well as all other wives, should always be in season about everything. If "fall work" is to be done, do it in the fall, not linger till winter sends his cold, whistling winds to warn you of its near approach.

Be diligent and in season. Never cause your husband to wait a moment, if possible to prevent it, for, although he may have waited an hour when a lover, without complaining, as a husband he will not do it.

Be punctual as clock-work in all things. Have a regular hour for dinner, and supper, and breakfast also, if need be, and have the meal always at the appointed hour, unless some very important event prevents.

Never neglect your work to gossip with a friend. If one calls when your duties are in the kitchen, invite her to take a seat there, or if it be a stranger, politely ask to be excused, but never give to your husband as a reason for a late, or badly prepared dinner or tea, that you had callers and could not attend to it. It will be no excuse to him. Better wait fifteen minutes yourself, than have him wait five, by your tardiness. But your not being punctual, will not only be a disadvantage to your husband, but also to yourself—for by not having your meals all nicely prepared at the appointed time, you will feel nervous, heated and cross—will be more irritable than usual, and if one word of fault is found, it will be a spark fallen upon powder, and you will contrast a great cause of unhappiness from it, and imagine yourself after thinking and weeping a few hours, the most miserable of your sex. If your husband comes home from the field, tired, dull, out of spirits, and almost cross, and finds you ready to meet him with a pleasant smile and a kiss of welcome backed by a nice dinner or tea all ready and waiting, believe me, unless he is love-proof, he will come down from his lofty pinnacle of sternness and meet you with an answering smile, and the meal will pass off pleasantly.

Learn, then, to have everything done in season, and the only way to do so is to commence whatever you have to do, early. Don't sit and read, or even sew till you feel the time is passing wherein you know you ought to be getting dinner. No, no! get the dinner, and then improve the remaining time in reading, writing, playing or sewing, just as suits you best and do so with an easy conscience.

If you attend to these little points, believe me, you will save many sighs and tears, many lamentings and repinings, and will live a far happier life, than in indulging in a dilatory process of living.

It is a woman's duty to make as happy as possible, to remove all just cause of complaint, and to be the bearer, rather than the doer of wrong, and no one thing will tend more to promote domestic harmony than strict punctuality in everything appertaining to household affairs. Try it and see if my words are not true.—*N. E. Farmer*.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Jelly from any other tart apple can be made in the same way as the following—apples, however, should first be sliced. The crab apples have a very delicate flavor—better for jelly than that of other apples. Put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover them, and let them boil four hours, then take them off the fire and rub them through a colander; this will separate the seeds and skin from the pulp; then strain them through a flannel bag. Then to each pint of the juice thus strained, add a pound of white sugar and boil for twenty minutes—meanwhile skim, if necessary; then fill your glasses or molds, and let them stand for two or three days in the sun, till sufficiently hardened.

TOMATO MEAT PIE.—Cover the bottom of the pudding dish with bread crumbs, then make a layer of cold roasted mutton, cut in small pieces, then a layer of tomatoes sliced, then another layer of bread crumbs, another of meat, another of tomatoes, and then cover with bread crumbs and bake till the crust is brown. Season with salt and pepper to your taste. It will bear high seasoning. Serve hot and a better relishing dish is not often met with.

Ladies' Department.

THE TRUE HEART'S LOVE.

BY LIZZIE H.

EDS. RURAL.—The following beautiful lines (which I consider worthy of a niche in your valuable paper), were written by a friend in Ontario Co., N. Y. Though the physical world to her is dark, yet the mental vision is unclouded, and rare gems of thought adorn the inner temple.—F. A. H., Le Roy, N. Y.

WITHIN the heart's deep ocean, Where costly treasures shine, Are waves of pure emotion, That gem the spirit's shrine; And proud, with high thoughts teeming, Drop down their crystal spray Where starry hopes are beaming, And Love's soft breezes play.

Each wave, as thought discloses Her store of sunny scenes, Comes thickly strewn with roses And home-love's evergreens;— And beauty unassuming,— The traces of the true,— With memory all blooming, Their snow-wreaths o'er them strew.

And Friendship's golden vessel Floats on that ocean bright, Fair forms within her nestle, Whose robes are peasty white. And these are voices hymning The sweetest lays of earth, And cups with joy are brimming The joy of modest worth.

Around this tranquil ocean— Along the coasts of Time, Are altars of devotion Most sacred and sublime: Some full of long-lost faces, Still fresh in beauty there— Some rich with holy graces— The fervent glow of prayer:—

And there are fond eyes beaming— The dark eyes and the blue, Some droop with young love's dreaming, Like blossoms bathed in dew. And some like stars at midnight, With ardent lustre deep, Tell how they've watched by moonlight To see affection weep.

These are the true heart's treasures; They tarnish not by care, And Heaven's unending pleasures Are gently moulded there; The SAVIOR stoops to bless them, For they are all His own, The angels pure adore them, And bear them to His throne.

O, is this life a bubble, That love so dear it brings; That wakes 'mid care and trouble The heart's most tender strings?— And gives it tones undying, Which kindred hearts shall thrill When long has ceased its sighing And all its chords are still?

Ah, no! our life, though fleeting, Is not all empty dross; Its hopes though oft-times cheating, Are not to us all loss; For what we gain, by losing The things we hope to gain, Should make us wise in choosing The gems which bright remain.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ABOUT GIRLS.

I COULDN'T help thinking what a grand thing it was that God made man,—and the thought was wholly occasioned by hearing the deep bass of male voices swell out in the singing, making, as it seemed to me, a sort of foundation or basis for the music. Above this rang the soprano, clear, pure and airy like. The minister arose,—one of our Professors, of whom our sweetest poet-singer said, "he has soul enough to supply twelve ordinary Profs. with immortality." A great, massive brow was his, and a strong man-souled face, upon which the razor had performed "sacreligious rites" (as one of the RURAL contributors once wrote to me,) never since he knew how to act sensibly, and it had been a long time, I think. In a word, he is one of the very few men who walk over the earth, and wherever he goes, people say, "there is a king among us," and they all roll up their eyes to see how a man looks. His eyes rested a moment upon his audience, and after a few preliminaries, he read the Declaration of Independence, No. two, which ABRAHAM LINCOLN sent forth January first, eighteen hundred and sixty-three. You know we often read productions, and think them ordinary, but when a fine, soulful reader reads them to you, you at once discover new beauties and power. So, after hearing it read, I was again glad that the LORD made men, just because now and then one knows how to read, and that one of the fraternity had obeyed His command, "Let my people go,"—although I couldn't help thinking but that a woman would have obeyed, at least a year sooner. Speaking of woman, brings me up to my subject, or rather to relate a little of what the preacher said. So, gentlemen of the masculine gender, hang on to your noses, lest they rise to an angle of eighty-nine degrees, as I'm very much afraid they will.

"Man has gone as far as he can go. If there is a greater advancement in the cultivation of humanity, in the spread of religion, in the deep culture of the human heart, women must strike out and take the lead. Her finer sensibilities, her greater elevation of soul, her keener perceptions, her more religious heart, (for those of the human family who have been Christians, two-thirds were women,) endow her with the power and right to do it.

"Men contended that women could not be poets,—not such poets as they gave the world. Humanity waited, and a little bit of a woman, with scarce body enough to cover her soul, sang the world a song at which the universe stood

spell-bound. It lacked neither depth, richness of thought, scope of imagination, nor genius, to place it beside the greatest of men's poems. And yet Mrs. BROWNING was a woman.

"Again the deep bass rolled up, 'woman can not compete with us in the arts.' ROSA BONHEUR gathered up her brushes, and instead of daubing trees, brooks, and yellow dogs, she went out in the pastures and put on canvas, horses, and bulls, and goats. Men looked awhile and yielded her the palm.

"But the art of sculpturing was the highest art. Woman, certainly, could do nothing there. A little, wild romp of a girl up in Boston, who fortunately had a sensible father, and would not let her be bound down by fashions and customs, went to St. Louis, and now, after the lapse of a few years, around what sculptors name do Americans hang more fondly than that of HARRIET HOSMER?"

He said much more on the same subject which I do not now recall. What I have written down is imperfect, and was used for illustrating. But I was astonished, bewildered and delighted. I didn't know but I was in some new country for the first time. So I rolled my eyes over to the other side of humanity, and that in turn rolled its eyes. Some looked mad, but the greater share looked as tho' they wished they were women, and one, indeed, came into dinner with his hair parted in the middle. If the speaker had been an ordinary man, or one that looked as tho' he did just as his wife told him, (and I've seen just such,) I would not have tho't it strange; but coming from whence it did I was quite loth to believe the speaker "out of his head." "To think" such a man dared to proclaim such opinions to such an audience! For it matters not how little and insignificant a man may be, and how great and noble a woman, he had rather lie down in a gutter than follow her to heaven. I wonder if those men, who stick up their noses at grand women, know that a woman tends the entrance door to Paradise? Or have they ever tho't that when man after man has failed to save our country, some Joan of America must arise and lead us up to the mount of victory? I do so dislike this "sphere" talk. Fathers tell their daughters they mustn't do so and so, for 'tis boyish. And their boys mustn't be tender-hearted, for 'tis girlish. And so the boys grow up rough and boorish and the girls soft and silly. 'Twill not hurt girls to know how to harness horses, plant corn, dig potatoes, rake hay, gather fruit, &c., 'twill only give her a fine physical development, different from parlor life and corsets. This everlasting dependence of woman! Why, in this day and age of civilization, 'tis deemed improper for women to travel alone! Men carry revolvers for protectors, but women must carry a man along.

When a slave rises out of his thralldom and shows evidence of genius, we are astonished. And when a woman rises out of her slavery, throwing off the shackles of fashion and conventionalism which have bound her for centuries, and assumes true womanly modesty instead of the false, sham stuff which some pervert into the title of modesty, then the world may well be astonished. Some women say men have placed these chains around them and they of themselves cannot throw them off. 'Tis untrue. Woman enslaves herself. She puts on scores of ridiculous things, which if thrown off, would be heartily rejoiced at by men. Women, generally, think they were destined to be poor silly dolls, upon which men must load silks and jewels, and with the most exquisite sweetness, quietly sink into their fate. 'Tis true that 'tis but recently men have opened college doors for women. But the time is not far off when they will be ashamed of such narrowness of soul. Seeing that the redemption of the world depends upon woman, (as shown in the above very able essay,) it devolves upon fathers and mothers to educate their daughters sensibly, for who knows but the little brown-haired HELEN will make an artist, an evangelist, or a sculptor? Alfred University, N. Y., 1863. MINNIE MINTWOOD.

HYMEN AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

MEN and women now-a-days appear to entertain a great unwillingness to marry, at least if one may judge so from the way in which the nuptial knot is generally tied. Happy couples now appear so loth to be united, that officiating clergymen are forced to be "assisted" when they perform the ceremony. Two-parson power at least is needful for the purpose, and, indeed, an extra clergyman is frequently called in, to help his reverend brethren in their laborious work. From reading the advertisements one might imagine that nine weddings out of ten were solemnized by force; and that to prevent the bride and bridegroom from bolting from the altar, they had each a clergyman appointed to look after them. We can picture the poor bridegroom, held fast by one assistant, while another standing opposite, keeps firm hold of the bride, thus preventing all escape until the service has been read, which is done by a third person—the clergyman-in-chief.

SEEDS.

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed— The one thing deathless forever! The one thing changeless—utterly true— Forever old, and forever new, And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom; Plant hate, and hate will grow; You can sow to-day—to-morrow shall bring The blossom that proves what sort of thing Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

THERE are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is that kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room and all the precincts of home.

Choice Miscellany.

MY DEAD BOY.

My son, thou wast my heart's delight, Thy morn of life was gay and chery; That morn has rushed to sudden night, Thy father's house is sad and dreary.

The staff on which my years should lean Is broken ere those years come o'er me; My funeral rites thou shouldst have seen, But thou art in thy tomb before me.

Thou rear'st to me no filial stone, No parent's grave with tear bedeloid; Thou art my ancestor, my son! And stand'st in Heaven's account the oldest.

On earth my lot was soonest cast, Thy generation after mine, Thou hast thy predecessor passed; Earlier Eternity is thine.

I should have set before thine eyes The road to Heaven, and showed it clear; But thou, untaught, spring'st to the skies, And leav'st thy teacher lingering here.

Sweet Seraph, I would learn of thee, And hasten to partake thy bliss! And oh! to thy world welcome me, As first I welcomed thee to this.

Dear Angel! thou art safe in Heaven; No prayer for thee need more be made, Oh let the prayer for those be given Who oft have blessed thy infant head.

Thy father! I beheld thee born, And led thy tottering feet with care; Behold me risen to Heaven's bright morn, My son! my father! guide me there.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

THE spirit which characterizes the American mind may be said to be that of subjecting instantaneously, thoroughly, and spontaneously, every institution, theory or thing, to the law of utility. It is uncompromising and all-pervading. Every thing, sacred and profane, honorable and humble, has wined under its powerful inspection. College professors have felt its disturbing influence in their sacred cloisters, and have shot forth from their secluded heights a strange sounding missile, "Cui bono," with which to defend their antiquities against their assailants. The clergy have also warned their people against its influence,—that it tends to materialism and sensuality, by undervaluing every thing which does not minister to temporal and physical gratification. While the host of inventors, whose name is legion, have been stimulated by it to multiply the conveniences of life, at the same time, multitudes of the same class have been driven by the same spirit, back into their former obscurity. It is aggressive, familiar, and also introspective.

It is liable to do violence to what it would correct, but it is because of its intense life and vigorous healthfulness, not yet wholly tempered to its legitimate activity by a long experience. It is sometimes ruthless and seemingly profane in the liberties it takes with the creations of the past; but it is the voice of God calling human works into judgment, through the mental activity of a versatile and critical people. It sometimes denounces systems which it does not comprehend, and even turns against wisdom itself when appearing the least haughty and exclusive; but it is simply applying the Gospel rule, "By their works ye shall know them," and asserting the Divine democratic idea against the growth of a selfish, intellectual aristocracy. It is the forerunner of a sort of new reformation, calling upon men who control the fountains of knowledge to repent, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand, in which God's truth, as it exists everywhere in His works and providence, is to be scattered with the reckless profusion of His own sunlight, and to be incorporated into the growth of the race in the same natural manner, developing and ripening man's entire nature for an earlier approach of the golden autumn of the millennium. It is a glorious sign of these times. It characterizes the present age, but peculiarly the American people; and indicates one part of the mission which that people bear as one of the civilizing forces of the present.

It may seem to a partial view to be but a manifestation of the activity of an energetic and enterprising people, who are applying the principles of their industrial arts to the department of learning, but it has a significance profound and noble, deep as man's nature and extensive as the realm of knowledge, and it is to mark a new era. There are two general features of it which are worthy of deep consideration; first, it is a philosophical principle developed by this age, and employed as a criterion for determining the extent and mode of the use of formal truth, and second, it is a necessity of the American mind and culture.

First, the law of utility is a general philosophical principle, and it has required the necessities of the myriad interests of this active age to sharply set it forth. Although it may be viewed and applied superficially, its essential meaning should be recognized, and set into a practical formula, by every mind, in every age; and it is this: To convert all knowledge into power; to disrespect every individual sustained as a public teacher who does not make his resources contribute appreciatively to the improvement of the very classes who are in need, and every profession which does not efficiently supply some vital want of society. It is thus at once a leveler, and also, in the most comprehensive sense, a reformer and elevator. It is the energy of a live people exciting a pressure upon every form of labor, and demanding fruits. It is the spirit of the age, demanding the same toiling and sweating on the part of the brain-labor as on that of the farmer or merchant; that force as

real and effective shall issue from intellectual and moral teachers, to be felt upon society, collectively and individually, as the thirty-pounder which is shot from one of our rifled Dahlgrens; and let us all say amen. It is the relentless sagacity of a democratic people, scrutinizing every creature, human or artificial, which lifts its head, every individual or association that assumes airs, and pronouncing upon it a rapid judgment, according as it replies to the probing question, "What can you do," or "What result have you brought about which can be felt, heard, seen, or tested?" and with an unerring perception it rewards the hero. Whoever can stand this test, let him not complain. It is sometimes, also, in its kinder moods, a sad and complaining spirit, saying to the higher faculties of society, "You doubtless have a wise design in the order of Providence, but why do not you, the educator, prove that you are drawing out the powers of the youth, by the marks of excellence which every thing bears that comes under their touch, and why do not you, the moral teacher, set a more vivid example of discipleship, by habitually and voluntarily sharing the labors and self-sacrifice of your Master." And let every one hide his face who does not show, in this industrious age, that he is at least in earnest.

Thus the vigorous application of this law naturally tends to scorch and clear away the dross and excrescences of every member of society. The wants of our nature are manifold. We desire that Heavenly gift of appreciation of the beautiful administered to through the senses of the eye and ear; we have an ever restless curiosity for knowledge; and we have spiritual wants that clamor for substantial food; but we desire also whosoever comes to us labeled with his profession, shall prove that he has a mission by dispensing to us the things that we need, these things that can not help entering into and becoming part of our nobler nature. All men desire to be elevated in the scale of being, but they also desire whoever professes to bring them the elements adapted to their mental and moral constitution, to bring them. And the above law, in its loftiest significance and evident application, will only have the effect of causing him who is imbued with the true spirit of truth, to cover himself with dust and sweat in the mines of knowledge, until he shall produce a coin bearing God's own image which shall be eagerly sought by all and shall enrich all. Its legitimate influence should be to incite him to make men know that "knowledge is power," and that there is as much objective reality and power in an idea or truth as there is in the ax with which the hardy pioneer prepares the wilderness to become the habitation of civilization. The law of utility is as applicable to the domain of the immaterial as it is that of agriculture.

It will be seen that the terms "law" and "spirit" have been used indifferently; but the former simply means the principle in itself, and the latter the disposition to make use of it.

It would be interesting to study the probable influence of the American spirit upon the future development of the religious, scientific, and literary interests of the world. We doubtless have a great mission yet to fulfill, and are giving the world an illustration of the practical manner in which we dispose of every work that is before us. Rochester, N. Y. C. E. B.

A FEW WORDS TO A FATHER.

TAKE your son for a companion whenever you conveniently can; it will relieve the already overburdened anxious mother of so much care. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be pleasure to you. What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue rattles faster and faster with the idea of "going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary? It will keep him and you out of places, society and temptations into which separately you might enter. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

WHICH IS THE HAPPIEST SEASON?—At a festive party of old and young, the question was asked:—"Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said:—"When the spring comes and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think, *How beautiful is Spring!* And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing-birds are among the branches, I think, *How beautiful is Summer!* When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost, I think, *How beautiful is Autumn!* And when it is *severe winter*, and there is neither foliage or fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until then, and see the stars shine."

Those who have the largest horizon of thought, the most extended vision in regard to the relation of things, are not remarkable for self-reliance and steady judgment. A man who sees limitedly and clearly is more sure of himself and more direct in his dealings with circumstances and with others, than one whose capacity embraces an immense extent of objects and objections—just as a horse with blinkers more surely chooses his path, and is less likely to shy.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BROTHERHOOD.

BY FRANK VOLTS.

Oh, why do not mankind unite In common bonds of love fraternal,— In unison, in Heaven's sight, Pray meekly to the great Eternal?

Why should the base-born passions rage Triumphant o'er life's holiest feelings; And brothers raise the sword to wage Unholy war 'gainst Heaven's dealings?

CHARITY came in lowly guise, and taught The way to peace,—the way to glory— But men with lives ambition fraught, Would fain forget the olden story.

The love of fame,—the love of gold,— Chill every warm and generous feeling; And love of power works woes untold, The holier ways of life concealing.

What though our brother's hands are hard And sinews strong with honest toiling, 'Tis better than a conscience marred With memories peaceful rest despoiling.

What though a dusky hue o'erspread His many cheek, should he, with sighing, The tears of bitter anguish shed, And lift to God in vain his crying?

While wrongs prevail throughout our land, And bondmen groan beneath oppression, Will peace e'er bless, with sunshine bland, Inheritors of such possession?

Let patience reign while sin oppresses, Let justice reign, and naught delaying, The soul of Brotherhood shall bless Our earth, a boon to ceaseless praying.

July, 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BOW OF PROMISE.

LIGHTS and shadows alternately lie upon the pathway of human life, and we very often feel that the shadows predominate, and are inclined to sadly exclaim, "All things are against us." Adverse winds and storms beat upon us with an almost overwhelming force; and at other times, when the tempest touches us less rudely, dark clouds hang threateningly above us, and seem about to burst upon our defenceless heads. The light is obscured, and our souls are oppressed with gloom. But, thanks to our merciful Father, life is not all darkness. There is light beyond the darkest cloud, and we may look up through our tears and catch a glimpse of the heavenly "Bow of Promise." As in the natural world, "The rain cometh down, and the dew from heaven, and watereth the earth, and causeth it to bring forth and bud;" so, after the storms which fall upon our lives, when the design is fully accomplished, the clouds will be lifted and the light dawn, and we shall realize the fruits of our sorrow. The LORD said, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be a token of the covenant." In like manner the "Bow of Promise" is placed in our spiritual sky, to assure us that the storms of adversity shall not overwhelm our souls. "All things shall work together for good to them who love God." Take courage, then, fellow traveler, through the shadowy "vale of tears."

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face."

Oh, listen to the cheering voice saying to you, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee." Let this cheer you through the gloom as the "Bow of Promise" greets your gladdened eyes,—by-and-by the darkness will be all past, and the perfect light of Heaven beam upon your enraptured spirit, to be never dim. Pinckney, Michigan, 1863. HELEN T. C.

BOASTING ONE'S SELF.

If the Lord has beautified us with many graces and gifts above others, we must not exalt ourselves above others; we must look upon ourselves as considered in ourselves, to be the same still. Can the wall say it hath light cast upon it? So, if God hath shined upon thee, and left others in darkness, art thou the better of thyself? Shall the pen boast itself, because it hath written a fair epistle? Who made it? Who put ink in it? Who guided it? The glory belongs not to the pen, but to the writer. What though God hath used thee, and not others, in some great work? The praise is his, not thine; we praise not the trumpet, but him that sounds it. Paul was a better trumpeter than ten thousand others, and yet he saith, "I am nothing." The smoke, a dusty and obscure vapor, climbs up into the light, rising above the pure air around it. May we exalt ourselves above their brethren, for gifts and outward things, which are but the trappings, and make not the difference between man and man; as if a man were the taller because he stood on a hill, or a man had a better body because he had a better suit on; he is the same man still. We are not to be proud even of our graces, much less of outward things.—Preston.

THE BEAUTY OF FAITH.—The world's ideas of beauty are as false as its ideas of heroism. A little roundness of feature and a freshness of color, and many cry out, "How lovely!" But it is the loveliness of a statue or of a painting, not of a being made in the image of God. Within that rounded and painted case there may be a dull pebble or a paste-diamond, instead of a gem-like soul. He who is attracted by the outside show, is disgusted when he sees the poverty within—a golden case for a penny-worth of glass beads! But spiritual beauty will so mirror itself in the plainest features, and flash out from the smallest, the most deeply set gray eye, as to make deformity lovely. It will etherealize a pale, furrowed, irregular face, until it seems angelic.

The Traveler.

BABYLON.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and enshrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire:

"In the distance, high above the plain loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! now not so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom, are now mere useless, sightless mounds. No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce daily-returning sun. The end of her that 'dwelt upon many waters' has been brought about only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours, we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the distance in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top, for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city.

"I believe, from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind, driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skin, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair, of either tracing walls, or, indeed, of looking about us much anywhere. I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding away into distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled—so completely has the name and the remnant been cut off of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls—possibly the palace of Semiramis.

"We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brickwork, piercing the old soil and debris of centuries, angle upward. The bricks were square, of large size, and beautiful make; the angles of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time, with his leaden hand had knocked away all the sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts. The group presents itself to the eye, owing to the wear of old time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into, and then at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest 'abbozzo' of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance, but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark-colored colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of all canopies certainly—high heaven—but never noticed but by the desert wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity."

ART DISCOVERIES IN ROME.

SOME interesting discoveries have been lately made in the environs of Rome, on the spot where Constantine defeated Maxentius—near Cromera, outside the Porto del Popolo. On one of the hills in that locality a villa, believed to have belonged to Calpurnia, Caesar's wife, has this year been entirely exhumed. One of the conduit pipes found on the spot bears the name of that lady. At an insignificant depth below the surface of the soil a suite of rooms has been found which must have been on the ground floor of the villa. The walls of one of these rooms are decorated with painted landscapes, one of which represents a grove of palm and orange trees, with fruits and birds on the branches. The colors are perfectly well preserved, and as vivid as if they had been painted but a few days ago. The ceilings have fallen in, but from the fragments it is easy to perceive that they were decorated with aerial figures similar to those discovered at Pompeii. Glass and pottery have also been found

on the spot; but the great object of attraction is a beautiful marble statue of Augustus, in his triumphal robes, open enough to reveal a richly sculptured breastplate, the subjects of which are Rome with a cornucopia, and the twins by her side; Apollo with his lyre, mounted on a hypocaust; Diana with a harp, Mars sheathing his sword, a trophy, and a triumphal car drawn by four horses and preceded by winged figures of Victory. The feet of the statue are broken off, but not lost. One of them is flanked by a cupid on a dolphin. The statue is two metres and a half in height, and bears evident traces of paint on its surface. The busts of Septimus Severus, his wife and his son Geta have also been found.

A WALK IN THE STREETS OF CANTON.

I HAVE been spending a week at Canton. The city is almost knocked down, thanks to our bombardment. Passing through it was very tiring work, not a single street, if that word can be used, being more than eight feet wide, most of them being about six feet. The streets are paved with granite stones, like our curb-stones, laid across, not along the path, and these are very uneven, and, of course, with the least wet, very slippery. Every minute you meet chairs carried along and then you have to bolt in a shop or make a pancake of yourself against the wall. You can easily imagine that all this, combined with the scarlet and bright colors of the signboards, make a walk in Canton rather fatiguing than otherwise. The city is, however, well worth seeing. In nearly every street you see something about gambling, and there are regular gambling houses where one monotonous game goes on all day. You know the Chinese "cash" with a hole in the centre? Well, a man has a lot of this polished bright, and, taking a handful he counts them off by fours, the spectators laying their stakes whether, when the last four are taken away, there will be one, two, three, or none left. This is the gambling game of China and goes on all day long. At the street stalls you see small boys throwing dice whether they shall have one, two or no cakes for their cash. You see a wheel, with a needle like a compass, for the same purpose. Fortune-tellers are frequent, some of them having a mechanical, others a live canary, that hops out and picks an envelope from a number of others, and that contains your fortune.

Besides these out-door attractions, they have peep-shows and toy-stalls like those in London, selling quills to blow in water to imitate bird's notes, and such small wares. The discipline of the place is very good; at the end of nearly every street they have barricades that close at sunset, and to each district between these barriers a man is appointed who is responsible for any row that may take place, if he can't find the offenders.

There are many curious things to be seen in the shops. In one I saw glass-blowing; small bottles and large cylinders more than seven feet high being made. In another, one of the bake-shops, a narrow building stretching backwards for about a hundred yards, I counted forty bullocks, about twelve at a time, engaged in turning grindstones and grinding the corn. I went into a confectioner's and found everything laid out quite in Pursell's style, two or three rooms, each with cakes and sweetmeats of more or less value, according to the means of the customer. There were also lists of prices hanging up against the walls. The pawn shops are something wonderful. They are tall, square, brick-built towers, higher than any of the neighboring shops, and quite fire-proof from the outside. They are of different classes—some lending money for three months, some for eight months, and others for three years. I went over one, and the arrangement of the articles was very curious, every separate article being carefully done up in paper and labeled.—*London Paper.*

SURGERY IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE Afghans, from their rough and hardy life, acquire by experience very practical, though, to be sure, uncouth methods of righting themselves, their horses and cattle, when they may suffer from accidents. Their operations for the reduction of dislocations in the human subject are most original; and if report speaks at all truly, equally successful.

For a dislocation of the thigh, the unfortunate patient is sweated and starved for three days in a dark room, the atmosphere of which is heated by fires kept burning night and day; and the effects of this high temperature are increased by drenching the patient with copious draughts of warm rice water or thin gruel. During the interval that this treatment is enforced on the patient, a fat bullock is tied up and fed *ad libitum*, with chopped straw flavored with salt, but is rigidly denied a drop of water. On the third day the patient is made to ride the bullock, or buffalo, astride, a felt alone intervening between him and the animal's hide; his feet are next drawn down and fastened tightly under the animal's belly by cords passing round the ankles. All these preliminaries arranged, the animal is then led out to water and drinks so greedily and inordinately that its belly swells to nearly double its former size. The traction produced by this on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring the wandering bone to its socket.

The method of reducing a dislocated shoulder is quite as curious and interesting. It is managed thus: The hand of the dislocated limb is firmly fixed as closely to the opposite shoulder as it can well be, by cords tied round the waist; between the bend of the elbow and the chest is placed an empty "masak," (a goat-skin water-bag, in common use throughout Oriental countries as a means of carrying water,) which is gradually filled with water; the weight of this suffices to overcome the resistance of the muscles before they have borne it a quarter of an hour, and the head of the bone flies back to its socket with the usual sound. Most masaks, when full,

weigh close upon a hundred pounds, and many much more than this.

For a reduction of dislocation of the ankle joint the injured extremity is placed in a hole dug in the ground and covered over with a soft earth, which is firmly pressed down by stamping. The limb is then pulled out by force, with the joint returning to its natural position.

ENCOUNTER WITH A CROCODILE.

The ferryman related to us a feat of gallantry worthy of a better cause, performed here by a Llanero with one of these monsters. The man was on his way to San Jaime on a pressing errand. Being in haste to get there the same day he would not wait for the canoe to be brought to him, but prepared to swim across, assisted by his horse. He had already secured his saddle and clothes upon his head, as is usual on similar occasions, when the ferryman cried out to him to beware of a *caiman cebado*, then lurking near the pass, urging upon him, at the same time, to wait for the canoe. Scorning this advice, the Llanero replied, with characteristic pride, "Let him come; I was never yet afraid of man or beast." Then, laying aside part of his ponderous equipment, he placed his two-edged dagger between his teeth and plunged fearlessly into the river. He had not proceeded far when the monster arose, and made quickly toward him. The ferryman crossed himself devoutly, and muttered the holy invocation of *Jesus, Maria y Jose!* fearing for the life, and, above all, for the toll of the imprudent traveler. In the meantime the swimmer continued gliding through the water toward the approaching crocodile. Aware of the impossibility of striking his adversary a mortal blow unless he could reach the armpit, he waited the moment when the reptile should attack him to throw his saddle at him. This he accomplished so successfully, that the crocodile, doubtless imagining it to be some sort of good eating, jumped partly out of the water to catch it. Instantly the Llanero plunged his dagger up to the very hilt into the fatal spot. A hoarse grunt and a tremendous splash showed that the blow was mortal, for the ferocious monster sunk beneath the waves to rise no more. Proud of this achievement, and scorning the tardy assistance of the ferryman, who offered to pick him up in his canoe, he waved his bloody dagger in the air, exclaiming, as he did so, "Is there no other about here?" and then turning, he swam leisurely back to take his horse across.—*Wild Scenes in South America.*

Scientific, Useful, &c.

THE COLD SUMMER OF 1816.

THE summer of 1816 is frequently referred to as the coldest ever known throughout America and Europe. The subjoined facts will revive the recollection of those who remember the year *without a summer*, also to furnish correct information for such as feel any interest in matters of the sort. The following facts are extracted in part, from "Pierce on the Weather."

January was mild, so much so that fires were almost needless in sitting-rooms. December, the month immediately preceding this, was very cold.

February was not very cold; with the exception of a few days it was mild like its predecessor.

March was cold and boisterous, the first half of it, the remainder was milder. A great freshet on the Ohio and Kentucky rivers, causing great destruction of property.

April began warm, and grew colder as the month advanced, and ended with snow and ice, with a temperature more like winter than spring. An inundation on the Mississippi, laying the suburbs of New Orleans under water, rendering the roads passable only by boats.

May was more remarkable for frowns than smiles. Buds and fruits were frozen, ice formed half an inch in thickness, corn was killed, and the fields again and again replanted until deemed too late.

June was the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost and ice, and snow were common. Almost every green herb killed, fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, several inches in Maine, and it fell to the depth of three inches in the interior of New York; it also fell in Massachusetts.

July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the morning after the fourth, ice formed of the thickness of window glass throughout New England. New York and in some parts of Pennsylvania Indian corn all killed, some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms of Massachusetts.

August was more cheerless, if possible, than the summer months already passed. Ice was found half an inch in thickness. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part of it was cut down and used for fodder. Almost every green herb was destroyed both in this country and in Europe. Papers received from England, stated—"It will be remembered by the present generation, that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer." Very little corn in New England and Middle States ripened. Farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for seed in the spring of 1817. It sold from four to five dollars per bushel.

September furnished about two weeks of the mildest weather of the season. Soon after the middle it became very cold and frosty, ice forming a quarter of an inch in thickness.

October produced more than its usual share of cold weather; frost and ice very common. November was cold and blustering. Snow fell so as to make sleighing.

December was mild and comfortable. Such is a brief summary of the "cold summer of 1816," as it was called, in order to distinguish

it from the cold seasons. The winter was mild, frost and ice were common in every month in the year. Very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States. The sun's rays, seemed destitute of heat throughout the summer; all nature was clad in a sable hue, and men exhibited no little anxiety concerning the future of their life.—*Portland Price Current.*

ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

IN color and embossed work, the German and the Anglo-Cingalese Ceylon, are particularly beautiful; but in steel engraving, the American, Canadian, New Brunswick and Nova Scotian, (all engraved in the United States by the American Bank Note Company,) go far beyond anything of the kind produced in Europe. Indeed, it is well known that bank note engraving has reached a degree of perfection in this country that is unrivaled by anything from the burins of England, France, or Germany. The homeliest of the postage stamps are those of the Pope's dominions, the so-called Confederate States, Mexico, and of the Sandwich Islands. The simplest are the Brazilian. The greatest number are, of course, to be found under the head of Great Britain and her colonies and dependencies. It is by this that we know of her power, and the stamps teach us an important lesson concerning England's widely-scattered possessions. Most of these stamps have the head of Queen Victoria, front, sideways, left face, right face, &c., though some of the colonies have had the good sense to adopt something characteristic, as, for instance, West Australia has the black, wild swan of that country. The Cape of Good Hope stamp is triangular in shape, with a female figure reclining upon an anchor; British Guiana is represented by a ship; Trinidad, Barbadoes and Mauritius have a stout, Minerva-like figure, seated on a bale of cotton; Liberia has commerce, in the form of a woman. Many countries have the heads of their monarchs—others the national coat of arms. Sweden has the armorial bearing of the country, while her dependency, Norway, has the medallion head of the Swedish king. Russia puts on her double-headed eagle for herself and Poland, but allows Finland her crowned lion rampant. A few years ago there were no postage stamps, while now all civilized countries, and some not entitled to that name, have adopted them. Turkey is the last government that has entered the lists, but as the Koran forbids making the image of any living thing, the Turkish postage stamp is merely the fac simile of the Sultan's signature. In England a magazine is regularly devoted to postage stamps, and there are several manuals published in Europe and America.

GREEK FIRE.

THIS fire, to which Beauregard so vehemently objects, is of ancient origin. It is thus described:

Greek fire has been known to warfare for twelve hundred years. It was first employed in the defense of Constantinople, in the sieges of 668-75 and 716-18, an Egyptian inventor having sold the secret of its manufacture, from a peculiar chemical compound of bitumen, sulphur and pitch, to the Emperor. The secret was held for four hundred years, during which the fire was mostly used in naval warfare, and vomited from tubes upon assailed ships. Afterwards the Mohammedans became possessed of the art, and turned against the Christians. DeQuinville, an Oriental campaigner, describes a fire which the Eastern warriors shot through the sky, which was about the size of a hog'shead, and lighted up all the camps. The Greek fire now in use is a different material, embracing all the elements of destruction in a far more compact form. It was originally the invention of a Prussian chemist of the fourteenth century, since very much improved and elaborated. The principal materials used are benzene and sulphuretted carbon, or chloride of sulphur with phosphorus. When wood is to be ignited, benzene and petroleum are united, because of burning slower. The compound ignites from concussion and friction immediately upon the bursting of the shell which contains it, and is spread in every direction, burning fiercely, wherever it falls. It can neither be extinguished by water nor stamped out, while it is dangerous for human beings to approach it, on account of its dense smoke and abominable, suffocating odor.

FISH CHANGING COLOR.—Put a living black burn trout into a white basin of water, and it becomes, in half an hour, of a light color. Keep the fish living in a white jar for some days, and it becomes absolutely white; but put it into a dark-colored or black vessel, and although, on first being placed there, the white-colored fish shows most conspicuously on the black ground, in a quarter of an hour it becomes as dark-colored as the bottom of the jar, and consequently difficult to be seen. No doubt this faculty of adapting its color to the bottom of the water in which it lives is of the greatest service to the fish in protecting it from its numerous enemies. All anglers must have observed that in every stream the trout are very much of the same color as the gravel or sand on which they live.—*A Naturalist in the Highlands.*

NEXT GENERATION TO BE SHORT!—It is the effect of war on human nature. Dr. Bell says: "That if the curse of war be long entailed on a nation, the physical energies of the people may suffer by the loss of its finest population to such a degree, that the succeeding generation will fall short of its former standard stature, as was the case with the French youth drafted for the army after the general peace. Thus, in 1826, out of 1,033,422 young men drafted to serve in the army, 380,213 were sent back because they fell short of even the diminutive stature of four feet ten inches French."

FAITH, WIFE OF ROBERT GAINES.

[Concluded from page 308.]

There was a glow on the farmer's cheek, and a sparkle in his tones, that told of sympathy with these two young hearts. In all the time they had lived in the same house, FAITH and he had not come so near together as in the past few days.

"No, I want a quiet wedding, now, in this room, within the hour; I lying here, and FAITH by my side. I shall never leave this bed, sir,—never, until there is another grave made out there in the churchyard, and some friend has prepared for me a narrower resting-place. Have I your consent? Will you call the minister, sir? You think I am selfish, I know you do, and I am. I have neither mother nor sister to watch beside my bed. Wouldn't you like some one that loved you close by at the last?"

"It won't matter much," answered the farmer, in his strong, cheery voice; "only don't talk of dying. I haven't any children, you know, and I think FAY, here, will make a nice little daughter for me, and I'm not sure that I have any very serious objections to you for a son,—none but that might be overcome, at least."

"Thank you, sir; and now will you call the minister?"

Mr. OSBORNE stepped to the door and called to a boy in the hall. "Run over to the parsonage, and ask 'the Elder' to come up here. There is a sick man wants to see him."

The minister came in noiselessly, as we involuntarily hush our footsteps in the presence of the death-angel, shook hands cordially, but silently, with the farmer, and, with a passing nod of recognition to FAITH, advanced to the bedside of the sick man and took his hand.

"You are not so low as I feared to find you, my friend," and then, turning to Mr. OSBORNE, "You surely do not apprehend any immediate danger?"

"No; oh, no! not in the least!" was the answer; "but Mr. GAINES, you see, sir,—young people will be guilty of such foolish things sometimes,—has had the presumption to fall in love with my little girl, FAITH. That was before he went to the war, and now he wants her to stay with him and take care of him, and nurse him up to health; and, sir, he wishes you to tie the tongues of scandal and their hands in the same hymeneal knot. That's it!"

"Ah! and so you wish me to perform a marriage ceremony?" looking first at the sick man and then at FAITH.

"Yes, sir, if you please," spoke the low, modest tones of the soldier, and FAITH nodded, in token of assent.

The room was being rapidly filled with spectators, who, thinking that a crisis in the disease had arrived, had stepped in to see their sick friend. FAITH stood by the bedside, still holding his hand, while the man of God knelt by them to implore Heaven's benediction. After the brief service was ended, he arose and repeated the simple but impressive words that made the young, strong-hearted girl, and the man who had risked his life in the holy cause of freedom, "husband and wife." A few words of congratulation spoken by those who were acquainted with them, a blessing from the minister upon the pale-browed soldier and his fair-haired bride, and they were alone again, while their friends departed to talk of the strange bridal in the sick room at the tavern.

Have we any need to tell of those few last weeks that FAITH watched and waited by the side of the sick and dying,—how in that time the deep love in her heart became sanctified,—how from his pure unselfishness, she learned faith, and patience, and holy trust? Hardly a single heart up here in the Northland but can tell how it all ended, though comparatively few have had the blessed privilege that fell to her,—that of soothing, by the ministry of love, the pathway to the tomb.

Perhaps you can think of a bright spring morning, when the sun shone clear and golden over the purple hills, and a soft, vernal bloom covered the meadows,—just such an April day as that when ROBERT GAINES, holding the fair white hands of FAITH in his cold embrace, whispered, with falling breath,

"God save the dear country, and bless my dear, brave-hearted little wife. You have been good and gentle to me, darling, and I had nothing but my great love to give you, and you did not despise the offering. I pray my Father in Heaven to bless you, FAITH, my wife! Come to me 'over the river,' FAY."

Why is it that the spring melodies sound so solemnly sad to our ears this spring of 1863? Why can we not see, as heretofore, in the bursting buds unfolding their pale green leaves, a promise of joy? Why is it in vain for us that the spring flowers blush beneath our feet, and the

"Dandelions and daffodils
Shake out their yellow skirts along the hills,"
and the cowslips sprinkle with golden dust the valleys?

Take courage! Of the dark night is born the glorious morn, shining and bright with promise. If to some it can never come,—I pity you, my sisters,—it will come, the bright morning,—even though the sun rise on the "Other side of the River."

Columbus, April 21st, 1863.

The following advertisement appears in the columns of a Paris paper:—"A student of three years' standing at a German University wishes to marry, after taking his degree. He is desirous of finding a young lady who will advance him money to pay the sum necessary to finish his university career. Thus bound to his fate, she would, after two or three years, become his wife."

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



FLING out the old banner, let fold after fold, Enshrine a new glory as each is unfurled; Let it speak to our hearts still as sweet as of old, The herald of Freedom all over the world.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 19, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

INFORMATION from the Army of the Potomac to the 13th shows that we still guard the fords between Falmouth and Rappahannock Station. Rebel pickets continue in front.

A note from the Upper Potomac states that White's guerrillas were recently near Purcellsville, Loudon county, Va., and that Moseby's forces were south of the mountains near the river.

Cavalry skirmishes across the Rappahannock on our extreme right flank are becoming quite frequent. On the 11th a scouting party of the 6th Ohio, while returning to our lines, were ambuscaded, some thirty of them killed, wounded and captured.

On the 12th, owing to the carelessness of a vidette who left his position, the enemy made a rush on our line and wounded and captured five men, twenty horses and three mules.

The N. Y. Times dispatch of the 11th says: There is scarcely a doubt that Lee's army is being depleted to re-enforce Beauregard and Bragg. Up to within a week there was no positive evidence that this was so, but it is now reduced to a certainty.

The Wheeling Intelligencer of Tuesday has the following notice of the recent expedition under General Averill, and the fight at Rocky Gap: "Private dispatches received in the city last evening announce the return to Huntersville, Randolph county, of the expedition under Gen. Averill, recently sent out by Gen. Kelley.

"A later dispatch states that during the late action between Gen. Averill's forces at Rocky Gap, Capt. Baron Von Koenig, Aid-de-Camp on Gen. Averill's staff, was killed while leading an attack on the enemy's right, and Capt. Ewing, of Ewing's battery, and Major McNally, of the Second Virginia regiment, were both badly wounded."

The following report has been made by Gen. Averill to Gen. Kelly:

HUTTONSVILLE, Va., Aug. 30.—General J. H. Thomas reports the safe return of my command to this place, after an expedition through the counties of Hardy, Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Greenbrier and Pocahontas.

"We fought a severe engagement with a superior force under command of Major Gen. Samuel Jones and Col. Patton, at Rocky Gap, near the White Sulphur Springs. The battle lasted two days. We drove the enemy from his first position, but want of ammunition and the arrival on the second day of three regiments to re-enforce the enemy, and not receiving the co-operation of General Sannon, which had been promised, decided to withdraw my command.

"Our loss in the battle is probably over 100 officers and men killed and wounded, among whom are Capt. Falls and Baron Von Koenig, killed, while leading an assault upon the enemy's right, and Major McNally of the 2d Virginia, and Capt. Ewing of the artillery, dangerously wounded. I have reason to believe the enemy's loss is greater

than our own. One Parrott gun burst the first day, and becoming worthless, was abandoned. Great efforts up to noon to-day have been made by the combined forces of Imboden and Jackson to prevent our return, but without success.

I am, General, very respectfully yours, W. W. AVERILL, Brig. Gen.

Department of the South.

The following dispatch was received in Washington on the 10th inst. from Gen. Gilmore:

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH, HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, Sept. 7. } To Maj. Gen. Halleck:—I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg are ours. Last night our sappers crowned the crest of the counter scarp of Fort Wagner on its sea front, masking its guns, and an order was issued to carry the place by assault at 9 o'clock this morning, that being the hour of low tide.

The correspondent of the N. Y. Evening Post, gives the following description of Fort Wagner and Battery B after they came into our possession:

As the light dawned, what a spectacle was presented by the interior of Fort Wagner! There were splintered timbers, dismantled and exploded guns, walls and traverses torn and furrowed by shot and shell, here a mangled fragment of a body, a leg, an arm, half of a head, there four bodies lying in a pile, on which the heat and sun had produced the frightful marks of decomposition.

Probably a number of causes combined to produce this abrupt flight of the rebels. The destruction of their commissary store-house threatened them with starvation; the murderous effects of our shells (attested by the ghastly relics strewn through the fort) showed that their bomb-proofs and splinter-proofs were by no means impenetrable.

The progress of our sap and its extension past the angle of the fort, showed them that they would soon be taken in the rear, where they had made little or no provision for defence.

During the day I visited both of the forts. Hardly less worthy of attentive curiosity than these is the extended system of parallels and saps by which we made our approaches to the fort. A very epitome of the war and a transcript of the character of the Yankee nation are those approaches.

As one approaches the fort, he sees its front thick with pikes and pointed stakes, intended to impale a storming party. Passing around and entering it from the rear, he is struck with the immense labor the fort has cost, and the strength which labor and art have given it. The rampart at its base cannot be much less than forty feet thick. A perfect mountain of earth has been thrown up in the erection of the entire work.

I did not count the pieces myself, but an intelligent friend who counted them carefully, tells me that there were sixteen guns, besides three mortars. Of these mortars one was a Cohorn of about twenty-four pound calibre, whose legend of "G. R." surmounting a crown, marked it as a revolutionary trophy.

A walk of about twelve hundred yards brought me to Fort Gregg, a small but very strong work, mounting three eight and ten-inch guns, and furnished with two howitzers. The inducements for staying long in Fort Gregg, or to rambling much between it and Fort Wagner, are quite limited.

On the 8th and 9th insts. our land batteries, in conjunction with the fleet, bombarded Fort Moultrie, and the injuries to the front were of a character to indicate that the reduction of the fortress would be effected with comparative ease.

A shell from one of the Monitors exploded in the magazine of the fort, and the south-western parapet was seriously damaged by the explosion. Though the facts were not particularly known, there is no doubt in the minds of persons who witnessed the explosion, that if the magazine was not the main one of the fort, which is by no means clear, the havoc created inside was such as to materially lessen its capacity for resistance.

The Ironsides sent a shell into Moultrieville, setting it on fire and destroying half of the town. The firing from all the rebel forts and batteries which were in range of Morris Island and our forces there, and which began on the morning after the evacuation of Beauregard's troops, has since been severe and continuous.

At 11 P. M. of the 8th inst., a boat expedition left the squadron to storm Fort Sumter, and were repulsed with a loss of a number killed and wounded and prisoners. The following naval officers were captured on the walls of Fort Sumter:—Lieut. E. P. Williams, Lieut. S. W. Preston, Lieut. G. C. Reamey, Lieut. Tracy Brower, Lieut. B. L. Meade, Lieut. Bradford, and Ensign B. H. Patten. The latter was wounded.

Gen. Gilmore employs the rebel prisoners in removing the buried torpedoes. It is supposed that the rebels know quite as well, if not better, how to handle their own infernal machines than do the Union men, and their risks may possibly be less.

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Movements in the West and South-West.

ARKANSAS.—A special to the Cincinnati Commercial from Duvall's Bluff, Aug. 29th, states that Gen. Davidson moved on the rebel works at Bayou Metairs on the 27th, and after an engagement of one hour and a quarter he succeeded in driving the rebels from their entrenchments. The rebels had 3,000 men and three pieces of artillery.

Official intelligence of the capture of Fort Smith, reached Leavenworth on the 10th inst. On the 31st ult. Gen. Blunt encamped within two miles of Cooper and Cabell, who had a force of 4,000 rebels west of the fort. The next morning he marched to attack them, but they had fled. Col. Cloud chased Cabell twenty miles south, and had a brief engagement, but after a few rounds Cabell's men fled in all directions.

The following was received at headquarters of the army on the 13th inst.:

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12. To Major General Halleck:—Col. Cloud routed the enemy near Fort Smith on the 1st inst., and now holds that place. West Arkansas and the Indian country are now in our possession.

TENNESSEE.—The following official report from Gen. Burnside, concerning the capture of Cumberland Gap, has been received at headquarters:

CUMBERLAND GAP, Sept. 9. To Major General Halleck, General-in-Chief:—I have telegraphed you our movements up to the occupation of Knoxville by our forces. Since then a cavalry force has been sent up the railroad to within a few miles of Bristol, capturing some three locomotives and about twenty cars.

A dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette, dated Knoxville 6th, says:—The great campaign of the war is over. We are in full possession of East Tennessee. A great and bloodless victory. The campaign was skillfully planned and energetically executed. Such was the rapidity of our movements that the rebels, taken unawares, fled before us without destroying property.

The whole march of our army was a perfect ovation, and our entry into Knoxville an event long to be remembered. Thousands of people, of every age, color and condition, lined the way—their shouts and tears intermingled with martial music, and joy reigned supreme.

Our right wing is within easy range of Gen. Rosecrans' left. The rebels regarded our expedition as a raid, until the last moment. The march of 250 miles was a hard one, but was conducted in good order.

The Memphis Bulletin of the 9th announces the arrival of the steamer Groesbeck from Vicksburg. The Washita river expedition, consisting of the greater part of Gen. Logan's division, a battery of artillery and a regiment of cavalry, had returned.

A dispatch dated at Lookout Valley, 12 miles south of Trenton, Georgia, Sept. 7th, says:—The army has crossed the first ridge of mountains south of the Tennessee River. The valley just west of the Lookout range is in view, and as far south as Winston, which is 45 miles south of the river.

The following dispatch from Gen. Rosecrans has been received at headquarters: CAMP NEAR TRENTON, Sept. 9th, 1863—6.30 P. M. } To Major Gen. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief:—Chattanooga is ours without a struggle, and East Tennessee is free. Our march on the enemy's flank and rear progresses, while the tail of his retreating column will not escape unmolested.

A special dispatch to the Cincinnati Gazette, from Trenton, the 9th, says:

At 12 o'clock to-day Gen. Crittenden took possession of Chattanooga. Gen. Wood was put in possession of the place. The principal portion of the rebel infantry left Chattanooga yesterday morning, their cavalry remaining till this morning. The headquarters of the Department will probably be at Chattanooga to-morrow. The rebels are in rapid retreat, but our combinations are such that they can hardly get off with all their forces.

Dispatch from Chattanooga on the 12th says: No details of Gen. Negley's engagement at Dug Gap have come in. From all that can be gathered the casualties were light. Gen. Negley retired three miles to the foot of Lookout Mountain. Gen. Baird's division was also engaged. Dug Gap is four miles north of Lafayette, where Gen. Bragg was at the time of the engagement. It is thought that Bragg feared to lose control over his line of retreat to Rome, and was retreating slowly to avoid the scenes of the Tullahoma retreat, and prevent straggling.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A FRIEND writing to a Boston editor from Nebraska, says of prices:—"Think of flour being \$5 per bbl., butter 10c. per lb., chickens \$1 per dozen, eggs 5c. per dozen, the best of beef 6c. per lb., and wood \$1.50 per cord.

THERE died the other day, at Metz, (France,) a "gentleman connected with the press," who deserves a word of respectful memory from all the guild. His name was Collignon, printer in that town, and son of a printer in that town who was a son of another printing Collignon of the same ilk, who was ditto to ditto, and so on up the unbroken, honorable, and ancient inky name family line to a primary Pierre Collignon, printer at Metz in the year 1646.

CUMMINGS' POINT, the extreme westerly point of Morris Island, which is now in possession of our troops, is within three miles and three-quarters of the wharves at Charleston. It is distant one mile and a half from Fort Sumter, and one mile and three-quarters from Fort Johnson, the next important defensive position of the rebels.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Great Work—Fowler & Wells. Trees! Trees! Trees! T. C. Maxwell & Bros. Faulkner Nurseries—John C. Williams & Co. Something New—Rice & Co. Auburn Publishing Co.—E. G. Storke. Adirondack Grapes—John W. Bailey. The Prairie Farmer—Emery & Co. Brokers Sale—Andrews & Co. \$50 a Month—Shaw & Clark. Special Notices. Dictionaries in England.

The News Condenser.

— Gen. Cass is so feeble that he cannot live long. He is in his 81st year.

— Scoury is reported to prevail to some extent in the Army of the Potomac.

— The city authorities of New York advertise for 10,000 substitutes at \$300 each.

— Out of the 116,000 deserters from the U. S. army, about 16,000 have returned.

— Maj. Gen. Hunter has been assigned to active duty, and will leave for the West soon.

— The Provost-Marshal General at Washington thinks the draft will bring in 100,000 men.

— The new projectiles thrown into Charleston are the invention of a son of James G. Birney.

— Notes of various denominations in imitation of the Government greenbacks are in circulation.

— Robert Jernison, Jr., has been elected to fill the unexpired term of Yancey in the rebel Senate.

— Well executed 5c on the New England Bank, of Boston, were put in circulation in that city Sept. 5th.

— The article of petroleum, or coal oil, is assuming a great importance in the commerce of the country.

— The commander of the De Soto, on blockading service, has already \$100,000 prize money assigned to him.

— Nathan Daboll, the author of "Daboll's Arithmetic," recently died at Croton Conn., at an advanced age.

— The order of the War Department refusing passes to women to visit the Army of the Potomac is imperative.

— Madame de Ligones, sister of M. de Lamartine, is dead. She was distinguished by her unbounded charity.

— Twenty-four young soldiers from our armies now in the field have just been appointed to cadetships at West Point.

— Col. Bowman, Military Superintendent of West Point has been relieved, and Brig. Gen. H. G. Wright put in his place.

— Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, has written a letter in favor of organizing colored companies in that State.

— Hon. Luther Bradish, formerly Lieutenant Governor of New York, died at Newport Sunday week. His age was 88 years.

— There are ten thousand rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware and three thousand five hundred at Camp Douglas, Chicago.

— The President has given permission for colored missionaries to enter the army lines and minister to their brethren.

— Brigadier Gen. Robert Anderson, U. S. A., has been assigned to the command of the depot for volunteers at Newport.

— The Kentucky tobacco-growers are about to hold a convention to talk over the excise tax, which they regard as onerous.

— Ice is in such demand in New York that the steamers plying between Maine and that place take it as part of their cargo.

— Eighty National Banks, with an aggregate capital of \$10,340,000, have already been authorized to commence operations.

— The first snow squall in August occurred on the top of Mt. Washington. The weather there is as cold as Greenland.

— The rebel cavalry in Virginia are active. During the past five days they have gobbled up several small squads of our men.

— Rev. Dr. Breckinridge is named as the probable successor of (recent) Senator Fowler in the U. S. Senate from loyal Kentucky.

— Mr. Bayard Taylor, late Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg, arrived in New York last week in the Scotia with his family.

— The cranberry crop in Massachusetts is said to be in splendid condition, and the prospect of an abundant crop was never better.

— Persons arrived from Florida report that a majority of the people are tired of the rebellion, and want to come back to the Union.

— A servant girl was so beaten with a broomstick by her N. Y. city mistress because she proposed to leave, that her life is despaired of.

— The rebel debt is now upward of \$1,000,000,000, and from the awful depreciation of "Seceesh" currency, is increasing fearfully.

— Rumor assigns Gen. Heintzelman to a large command in Texas, which still stifles the contraband trade up the Rio Grande, &c.

— Bands of guerrillas from 100 to 200 strong have recently appeared in Clinton, Monroe, and Cumberland counties, Kentucky.

— The pursuit of the murderers of the people of Lawrence, Kansas, has thus far resulted in the killing of over one hundred of the miscreants.

— During a thunder storm at Eatontown, N. J., recently, a flash of lightning ran around the hoops of Miss Larina Edwards, injuring her severely.

— The steamer Gertrude, on her passage from N. York to New Orleans, captured a rebel steamer from Havana for Mobile with a valuable cargo.

— The bushwhackers of Callaway, Mo., say there shall be no enrollment in that county, and that no man who pays \$300 shall live in the county.

— Fifty-three men were drafted from Enfield Ct., and 62 of them paid their \$300, the remaining one, a black, expressed his determination to go.

— Advices from Hungary state that there is absolute famine in one-third of the country, great want in the second third, and sufficiency in the rest.

— There are nearly 3,000 miles of railway in India—all laid by the British within the last ten years. Last year these roads carried 6,000,000 passengers.

— There are now about seven thousand sick and wounded in the Washington hospitals, many of whom are convalescent, and nearly all draw full rations.

— Maj. Gen. Withers of the rebel army has resigned. He is a graduate of West Point, and has commanded the Alabama troops since the commencement of the war.

— Among the exempted in Reading, as published in the Woburn Journal is one man for the "loss of teeth and rheumatic affection of the tendon Achilles of both eyes."

— Emancipation in Russia proceeds peaceably and successfully. Schools are opened for the children of the peasants, and Russia will soon have an educated population.

Special Notices.

DICTIONARIES IN ENGLAND. There are at the room of the agent for Webster's Dictionaries, at Mason & Hamlin's, 274 Washington St., specimen copies of six different editions of WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, published in England, and also specimens of "Noah Webster's British and American Spelling Book," and "The Illustrated Webster Reader," also from the English press. No person can examine these volumes without realizing how very great a popularity the name of Noah Webster has attained in Great Britain.—Boston Journal, July 23, 1863.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, September 15, 1863. A few changes in rates are apparent, although we do not note any material increase in business. The alterations are as follows: Rye is 50 higher per bushel; Barley 10c lower; Butter is steadily advancing, and choice brings 19c 10c; Eggs are up to 12c 14c.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table of market prices for various goods including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and other commodities. Columns list item names and their corresponding prices.

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—Wool—Steady. Sales at \$7.00 for pots, and \$9.00 for pearls. FLOUR—Market less active and scarcely so firm. Sales at \$4.00 for superfine Western; \$4.45 for extra State; \$4.00 for extra Western; \$4.15 for shipping brands extra round hooped Oats; \$4.00 for extra. Sales choice extra State were made at \$4.00, \$5.10, Canadian Flour may be quoted dull and heavy. Sales at \$4.00 for common; \$4.50 for extra; \$5.00 for superior. Rye flour steady at \$3.00 for inferior to choice. Corn meal in fair request. Sales at \$4.10 for white Western, \$4.50 for Brandywine, and \$4.30 for Atlantic Mills and choice.

ALBANY, Sept. 14.—Flour and Meal—There is no important change to note in flour, and the demand is fair. The supply of the market is about the same as at unchanged prices. Corn Meal is steady. GRAIN—There is only a limited amount of wheat offering, and the market is quiet. The demand is unchanged. Sales about 10c lower with a fair supply, and an improved demand at the reduced price. Sales at 7c for Western Mixed, and 7c for flat yellow, closing firm with moderate quantities and in small lots. The sales embrace mixed State at \$1.25, four-rowed Genesee at \$1.25 and prime four-rowed Ontario county at \$1.25. Michigan and Indiana are selling at \$1.25, Ohio at \$1.25 and Canada East at \$1.25. State is held at \$1.25. HOPS—Market quiet and steady, with small sales at 16c 22c for common to prime.

TORONTO, Sept. 9.—Flour—Michigan, \$4.00 (4, 10) barrel; extra, \$4.50 (4, 10) barrel; \$4.00 (4, 10) barrel; \$4.00 (4, 10) barrel; \$4.00 (4, 10) barrel. Sprung wheat at \$1.00 per bushel. Superior at \$1.00 per bushel. Oats in limited demand at \$0.35 per bushel.—Globe.

THE CATTLE MARKETS. ALBANY, Sept. 14.—BEVES—The supply is again above the average, but there is a falling off in quality and weight as compared with the offerings last week. Towards the close prices dropped \$1 1/2 live weight, and the trade was dull at that.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA: A Complete System of Hydropathy, embracing the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body, Hygienic Hygiene, and the Preservation of Health; Dietetics and Cookery; Surgery and Practice of Treatment; Special Pathology and Hydropathy; Therapeutics, including the Nature, Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of all known Diseases; Application to Surgical Diseases, Midwifery, and the Nursery. With 300 Engravings, nearly one thousand Pages, including a Glossary and Index, complete. By R. T. TRALL, M. D. Sent prepaid by FIRST MAIL, for \$5.00. Address: FOWLER & WELLS, No. 93 Broadway, N. Y.

FAULKNER NURSERIES, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. We offer for the Fall trade, 50,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years. 50,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years. 50,000 Plum Trees, extra fine, best in the State. 100,000 Apple Trees, 3 and 4 years. Cherry Trees, Orange Quince, and a general assortment of the small fruits.

WEAVER'S IMPROVED ORCHARD WHIFFLETREE—Frequenting among Fruit Trees increases their growth and their production of fruit. By using Weaver's Orchard Whiffletree this can be accomplished without danger of barking or injuring either Nursery or Orchard Trees. Every man owning a Nursery or Orchard should have one of these Whiffletrees. Catalogues furnished to applicants.

THE WOOL MARKETS. NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—Wool—As far as we can ascertain prices remain unchanged. Saxony Fleece, 3 lb. 70c 72c. American full blood Merino do 67c 69c. Do half and three quarter do 64c 66c.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50c per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded), 60 cents a line.

Auburn Publishing Co's BOOK AGENT'S HEAD-QUARTERS. THEY HAVE THE LATEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST SELLING HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, and every other popular book for which they are good agents in all parts of the country. Money is plenty, and we guarantee a daily profit of from six to ten dollars. For full particulars, write soon to E. G. FORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER, A WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL JOURNAL, SHOULD be in every Western man's hands. It is now in its twenty-third year. Its information is the most reliable on all matters relating to AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, and HOME INTERESTS. Reports markets fully each week. Terms, in advance—copy, \$2.00; 2 copies, \$3.00; 10 copies and 1 to Agent, \$15.00. Samples free by addressing, EMERY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

SOMETHING NEW—URGENTLY NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY. AGENTS WANTED. "Improved Indelible Pencil," for marking clothing, "Hammer and Shield," combined for hand sewing. "Bird Napkin and Work Holder," for the lap. "Kerosene Cracker" used on lamp chimneys for heating purposes. "Improved Kerosene Burners." "Flexible Shawl and Nursery Pins." "Woolcut's Pain Annihilator," cures Headache and Toothache in 3 minutes. JOHN W. BAILEY, 714-21 Plattburgh, Clinton Co., N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1863. ELLWANGER & BARRY have the pleasure to announce that they are, as usual, prepared to offer for the Fall Trade the largest and most complete stock of well-grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees in the United States.

PLANTERS, NURSERYMEN AND DEALERS Are invited to inspect the stock, and consult the Catalogues which give prices and terms. The following Catalogues will be sent to applicants, prepaid, upon the receipt of postage stamps, as follows, viz: For Nos. 1 and 2, ten cents each; for No. 3, five cents, and for No. 4, three cents.

WEAVER'S IMPROVED ORCHARD WHIFFLETREE—Frequenting among Fruit Trees increases their growth and their production of fruit. By using Weaver's Orchard Whiffletree this can be accomplished without danger of barking or injuring either Nursery or Orchard Trees.

MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS WANTED. Wholesale and large profits. CHALLENGE, Philadelphia, Pa. COG WHEELS! It is only a question of time. Thousands of families every where are being benefited by the use of the COG WHEEL.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. This popular machine sells rapidly wherever offered. Every Family will have one! It is only a question of time. Thousands of families every where are being benefited by the use of the COG WHEEL.

COG WHEELS, and are WARRANTED in every particular. This means especially, that after a few months use, the lower roll WILL NOT TWIST ON THE SHAFT, and tear the clothing, as is the case with our No. 3 (\$5) and No. 4 (\$7) rollers.

BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED CLOVER THRASHER & HULLER, Patented May 18th, 1858; Dec. 13th, 1859; April 8th, 1862, and May 13th, 1862. MANUFACTURED BY John C. Birdsell, WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

JOHN C. BIRDSELL, WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y. This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one operation, without re-handling the chaff. In 10 to 15 minutes a day without waste of seed. The undersigned is manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes and hulls clover at the same operation, and machines that do the whole work, not marked BIRDSELL'S PATENT, are infringements.

DISOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP. THE partnership heretofore existing between JOHN C. BIRDSELL and ISAAC H. BROOK has expired by limitation. The business of the firm will be continued by the undersigned. 712-31 JOHN C. BIRDSELL.

EMPLOYMENT at a Liberal Salary. The Franklin Sewing Machine Company want a limited number of agents to travel and solicit orders for machines, at a salary of \$40 per month and expenses paid. Permanent employment given to the right kind of Agents. Local Agents allowed a very liberal commission. Samples sent to any person purchasing and using such will be held liable for damages. All communications directed to the subscriber, at West Henrietta, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.—Notice is hereby given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the appended Act of the Legislature of this State, that the GENERAL ELECTION will be held in this County on the THURSDAY SUCCEEDING THE FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, (30) 1863, at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. JAMES H. WARREN, Sheriff of the County of Monroe. Dated Rochester, August 31, 1863.

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, Albany, August 1st, 1863. Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit: A Secretary of State, in the place of Horatio Ballard; A Comptroller, in the place of Lucius Robinson; A Treasurer, in the place of William B. Lewis; An Attorney General, in the place of Daniel S. Dickinson; A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of William B. Taylor; A Canal Commissioner, in the place of William W. Wright; An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of James K. Bates.

MAGNOLIA ACUMINATA.—Having been found in raising a very large stock of this noble and beautiful tree—the finest of all American forest trees—we are able to offer it at very low rates, by the dozen, hundred or thousand, from four to eight feet in height. Prices given on application. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. MY ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE BULB CATALOGUE for the Autumn of 1863, is now published and will be sent free to all who will send a list of the best HYACINTHS, CROCUSES, TULIPS, CROWN IMPERIALS, SNOW BALLS, LILIES, &c., with prices. JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

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 to announce to the people of the North-west that the general arrangements for holding the Annual Exhibition have never been more entirely complete and satisfactory than at present. The exhibition is held at the Fair Grounds, and is open to the public from 10 o'clock in the morning to 6 o'clock in the evening.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR FOR 1863, 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 arrangements for holding the Annual Exhibition have never been more entirely complete and satisfactory than at present.

Wool Growers' Convention. It is thought best by many friends that a WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION be held during the Fair—the precise time to be announced in the papers and programme of the Fair, in consultation among those representing this particular interest. 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.

OSAGE ORANGE PLANTS.—For this Fall only at \$6 per 1,000. The usual discount to the trade. THOMAS MECHAN, Nurseryman, Germantown, Pa.

THE CHAMPION HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL. 10,000 IN USE AND APPROVED. This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1863. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and will work the attention of all farmers wanting such machines. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that properly grind grapes. For sale by all respectable dealers.

100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 10 feet high, at \$8 per hundred. 20,000 Standard Fruit Trees, 3 to 4 feet high, at \$12 1/2 per 100. 20,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years. 20,000 Dwarf Grape and Cherry Currents; 6,000 Diana Grape Vines. A large stock of Peach Trees, Cherry Trees, Plum Trees, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, &c., as well as innumerable varieties of Native Grasses, &c., &c. All of the best Western varieties grown extensively. Local and Traveling Agents Wanted. Wholesale and Descriptive Catalogues sent to all applicants who inclose stamps to pre-pay postage. Address: E. MOODY & SON, Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES.—For sale by the Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y. Circular sent free. Specimen Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents.

CANCERS CURED!—All persons afflicted with Cancer, Tumors, Swellings, or old sores, no matter of how long standing, can receive FREE OF CHARGE, a Circular, describing the mode of treatment used for many years by the subscribers at their Cancer Hospital, in New York City. Cancers are removed without pain, and without the use of the knife. Send for a Circular. Address: DANIEL H. TORIN, No. 27 Bond Street, New York, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, TO DAIRYMEN, TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS. ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE Sorghum Sugar and Syrup, Furs and Skins, Fruits, dry and green, Butter, Cheese, Pork, Beef, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Vegetables, Flour, Grain, Seeds, Hops, Cotton, Wool, Petroleum, Tallow, Starch, &c., &c.

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

ORIG MICROSCOPE! This is the best and cheapest Microscope in the world. It is so simple that a child can use it. It will be sent by mail, postage paid, on the receipt of Two Dollars and Twenty-five cents, or with six beautiful mounted objects for Three Dollars. Address: HENRY CRAIG, 180 Centre Street, New York.

J. E. CHENEY, Agt., MANUFACTURER OF FILTERS, FOR PURIFYING Lake, Rain and River Water, NO. 69 BUFFALO STREET, Rochester, N. Y.

100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 10 feet high, at \$8 per hundred. 20,000 Standard Fruit Trees, 3 to 4 feet high, at \$12 1/2 per 100. 20,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years. 20,000 Dwarf Grape and Cherry Currents; 6,000 Diana Grape Vines. A large stock of Peach Trees, Cherry Trees, Plum Trees, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, &c., as well as innumerable varieties of Native Grasses, &c., &c. All of the best Western varieties grown extensively. Local and Traveling Agents Wanted. Wholesale and Descriptive Catalogues sent to all applicants who inclose stamps to pre-pay postage. Address: E. MOODY & SON, Niagara Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

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

ALL kinds of new, rare, and Seedling Plants, Fruits, Flowers, Trees, Vines, Elms, &c.; Iron Wire and Rustic Work; French, English and American Glass; Patent Hoses; Foreign and American Pocket Knives, Paper Pens, &c., as well as innumerable varieties of Native Grasses, &c., &c. All orders, &c., will receive the personal attention of the Proprietor.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY EMILY LEWIS.

The nurse with noiseless step has gone; 'Tis still as Death were here, I listen to the solemn hush, And tremble as with fear. The fever's burning hot Through every quivering vein, Oh! could I hear some voice I love, 'Twould charm away my pain. There's no soft hand upon my brow, No word of hope to cheer, Oh God! to be so—so alone, And yet with Death so near. The sunlight faded from the wall An hour ago— From off the walls at home, I know It faded so. It flung a gleam of glory O'er the casement shadows dim, And o'er my sister's brow, while soft She sung our vesper hymn, It flickered o'er my mother's hair And lit the silver-threading there, And smiled upon her features As she knelt, with faith, to pray For her boy who has been fighting For his Country's flag to day. Dear Mother! may thy prayer All availing at His throne Woo some peace, some angel gladness For thy boy who dies alone. Oh! one may fearless meet his fate Amidst the rush and sway Of thousands doomed alike to die In battle's dread array; But to lie through all the stillness And the shadows night will bring, Through the silence catch the echoes Of sweet songs you used to sing— Seem to meet the glad young faces, You have loved so well before, Then to start, while you remember, You may never see them more. Oh! to lie and listen sadly To your heart-beat weak and slow, And to feel a faintness coming, And your pulse is getting low,— And to pine for love's consolings, Pining vainly, still, you know— Oh! pen, nor voice, may ne'er make known The grief of him who dies alone. Hark! 'tis a voice from yonder star— In love it speaks to me, Peace, peace, poor weary, wounded one, There's rest beyond for thee. And I think I hear glad music, Anthems, swelling grand and free, Bravely, bravely, sinking spirit— There is victory there for thee.— And the burden of this anthem, Of this angel's glad refrain, "He who dies for Home and Country, Freedom's own; shall live again." And I see our starry banner, From those battlefields out-flung, And Peace flags from every tower Of the Heavenly city hung.— So my heart, though faint, is thrilling To a music not its own, God has sent his Spirit, breathing Peace to him who dies alone. Hillsdale, Mich., 1863.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. FAITH, WIFE OF ROBERT GAINES.

NOTE.—While tarrying last week in the rural village of A—, I was informed by my hostess that there was to be a burial in a little retired churchyard attached to the only house of public worship in the place, on that morning. The funeral services had been performed further back in the community, where the person resided, and the remains were brought here for interment. Donning my hat and cloak I fell in with the funeral procession as it wound up the green-carpeted aisle of the burying-ground, and stood with others beside the bier to look for the last time upon her who rested there. The entire cover was removed, and I saw the face of a young girl,—a face wondrously fair, though the features were by no means regular. Hair of a dusky golden hue, clustering in waves that careful hands had failed to dissipate, about the low, white brow. Her form was slight—very slight,—and over the pulseless breast the pale hands were clasping a simple cluster of spring violets. A peace note of earth had settled upon that still, calm face, circled as it was in a wreath of myrtle, the sweet flowers of pale blue resting gently against her snowy cheek. As I was turning away I felt a hand upon my shoulder, and a low, subdued voice, stifling a sob, said "Could anything of earth look more like the angels?" "She is very, very beautiful," I replied involuntarily; "who is she?" "FAITH GAINES, wife of ROBERT GAINES," was the reply,—"and this was a moment," and she drew me aside from the group around the open grave, and told me this story of FAITH GAINES, which I have written down. It was a short story, and simply told, and when it was finished a dull, heavy sound struck upon my ear. I looked up to see that we were left alone, and that the first spade of dirt had fallen in upon the coffin. There was another grave, longer by many inches, beside this, newly made I knew, for it was lifeless. I left them resting side by side, "Lovely in life, and in death not long divided." SUE BROWN.

"I was foolish enough to think that perhaps you might—remember me sometimes." He spoke hesitatingly, while a wave of rich blood swept across his bearded cheek. "And if I did?" "The assurance would be a greater blessing to me than any I have yet received from friends. When the country no longer needs my services may I come back for your sake, FAY?" His head was bending close to her's, else he could not have heard the two short words scarcely above a breath, "Come back." "Heaven bless you, FAY. I will take your answer as a prophecy of good." He held the little hand for a moment in a close embrace, pressed the bloom of his lips upon the snow of her forehead, and without another word they parted. Perhaps some one of you, who within the past year has parted with the dearest friends you ever knew, and watched them go away to what was almost certain death,—or so it seemed to you—perhaps you know how all the light seemed gone from heaven, the joy from existence, as FAITH MARTYN stood there in the shadow of the great elms, the dying leaves drifting about her feet in a shower of crimson and golden bloom. True, she had known him but a short time, and they were from the humble walks of life, but in the heart of each was a living and true appreciation of the grand and sublime, the beautiful and good throughout all the world, and to them all that is lovely in the life by which we are surrounded was but the visible token of an inner and spiritual realm of thought and feeling. FAITH, orphaned while a child, had been taken into the family of a wealthy farmer, where, as is too often the case, she had grown up to her young maidenhood in a loveless home. There were none to listen to or appreciate the pure, innocent thoughts of her childhood, so she shut them up in her own soul, growing more and more shy as she grew older, her gentle heart aching so sadly for sympathy and love, and nothing—nothing in all the wide world to satisfy its longings. Some one has said that "great men are born, not made." Culture cannot train a currant to an apricot, though it may make a large, juicy currant. ROBERT GAINES was the apricot, "not blighted by the east wind and trodden under foot, but expanded in tender pride and sweet brightness of golden velvet." He had been employed on the farm during the season, and his coming had been to FAY the awakening of a new life. To her the heavens and earth put on a new beauty and all that is in them became glorified. Before, she had lived because it was given her to live, she hardly knew wherefore, henceforth her's should not be a purposeless existence; there was an object, something for which to labor, some one to love,—one to love her. Perhaps there had been a lingering hope in her heart that he would write to her, but in this she was disappointed. Weeks lengthened into months. She saw by the papers that his regiment was immediately placed in active service. Once she noticed his advancement to the post of color-sergeant—a short note in the daily paper, accompanied by a graceful little compliment to his fidelity and gallantry, signed by his captain and colonel, and as she read it there was a quick, proud flash of color on her cheek, a kindling of light in her eye. From him she received no tidings; yet she did not doubt him,—her soul reposed in perfect faith and confidence on his truth and honor. Then there was a time when we all waited so anxiously, hour by hour, to hear how the battle went upon the bloody field of Fredericksburg. God pity all those who, with whitening cheek and anguished heart, read in the fatal list of "killed and wounded" the name of some dearly loved one! Alas, for the broken circles around the home fire! Alas, for the stricken hearts made desolate that must go sorrowing to the grave! Well, it passed. What need have we to tell of the agony, oh! the bitter, heart-breaking agony, that came to thousands of homes in our dear Northland. It is enough for those to know who have sat through the long, dim night-watches, alone with the great grief that was stifling them,—crushing out their life. But this time our little FAY was scatheless. The holidays followed close upon this. All New-Year's day she had been busy making preparations for the evening, for they were to have a little convivial party at the farm-house. At four o'clock everything was done; the last finishing touches bestowed upon gracefully looped curtains and tastefully arranged parlors; the table in the large dining-room was spread with care and liberal hospitality. FAY's nimble fingers had placed the side dishes, and re-arranged, to note the most pleasing effect, the white cakes gleaming like miniature Arctic icebergs in their frosty splendor. A fragrance as of summer was breathed into the room from the large rose geranium she had placed by the window. A closely-fitting robe of dark gray stuff, edged with fringes of crimson, had replaced the coarse printed cotton of the morning. She was bending over the geranium crushing the fragrance from a half-withered leaf between her fingers. She heard a step cross the threshold. It paused just inside the room. It was the farmer who had stood to her in place of father. For the first time he was noticing how tall she had grown, what a graceful form she had, what fairy-like fingers, what a nameless charm in the calm, thoughtful, almost plain face. He approached her side and laid his hand with something like tenderness on her head, and said in gentler tones than she had heard for months, "You have grown quite a young lady FAITH; I had not thought of it before, though others have, it seems," and with a half smile he handed her a little square package. She took it with eager, trembling hands. To you it would have been nothing, but to her, who had never known a friend except the farmer and his wife,—and their sympathies had never been wakened by the sweet voices of childhood calling them by the endearing names

"father," "mother,"—to her it was much. She ran up to her little room over the kitchen. The air was keen and frosty, but she did not feel it so. With nervous haste she undid the fastenings. A little ivory box inlaid with mosaics in bright colors,—a leaf-shaded cottage embowered in climbing roses. She removed the cover, and at once the wintry atmosphere was laden with the perfume of the spring. An aromatic cluster of simple wild flowers resting upon a bed of soft green moss. No name,—not a word,—but she knew who had been thus mindful of her, indeed who could it have been if not ROBERT GAINES, the brave soldier, in his far away tented home of the South. This was the renewal of her joy,—a proof that it had not been only a blissful dream. The bleak winter's day bloomed as luxuriously as the glowing summer-time. The air was redolent of delicious incense from swelling buds and fairy petals bursting in beauty in the vernal freshness of her soul's garden. Every faculty of her existence was consecrated by love to this imperial spirit, superior, to circumstance, or position, or accident of birth or fortune. You remember how the spring violets faded and died; and yet when the years had glided by, you walked again by the low moss-bed, and you saw from the same root another flower as perfect in form, as delicate in coloring, as fragrant of perfume; so you must not tremble for FAITH resting so securely on this certainty of happiness. Heart and soul take courage! what has once been ours can never pass from our possession as the annual bloom can never pass from the flower-root; and thus this flower of love that had blossomed upon her life was her's forever, though it might become purified from every earthly element. Again weeks passed. She lived in the memory of the days gone, and in anticipation of the joyous future, more than fear and trembling for the gloomy present. It was near the close of the short winter days, the last of February, that a gentleman called at the door and inquired for FAITH MARTYN. She had opened the door for him. "I am FAITH MARTYN," she said. "There is a sick soldier down to A—. He came in last night. The journey aggravated his disease, and I doubt if he be living now. He wished me to call here and give you this." He handed her a scrap of paper torn from an old yellow envelop. "I cannot 'come back' to you, FAY,—come to me." FAITH neither turned pale nor fainted, though her heart stood still and her brain reeled. For a moment, every object, trees, shrubs, houses, railing, and the white glittering snow, seemed blended and whirling about her, but only for a moment. She had asked no questions,—what need of that? The man she loved was sick and dying within three miles of her. Farmer OSBORNE was sitting in his easy chair, looking over the daily paper. "Uncle,"—she always called him uncle,— "will you harness the horses and take me down to A— now?" Something in her face and manner awed him. He went out like a child accustomed to obey, and by the time FAITH had donned her shawl and wound the long white cloud edged with bright crimson about her head, the horses were at the door, the bright silver mountings of the harness flashing in the departing sun-rays, and the bells tinkling, with every proud arching of their gracefully curved necks. "ROBERT GAINES has come back from the war sick,—he is down to A—, and sent for me," was the explanation she vouchsafed to him as they glided over the smooth road. "Is he, child? We'll bring him right back with us," answered the foster parent, drawing his arm a little closer about her, as it lay on the back of the cutter. Oh, it is sickening, sorrowful, soul-saddening, while the blood boils furiously in our veins, to see how indifferently these sick and wounded soldiers are treated by some,—by some absolutely neglected. At first they were heroes; but the heroes of every day grow, to some, common men after a while. They forget that these wounds are for us,—for the common inheritance,—that these men bleed and die for us,—and they go as peacefully to the work-shop, the counter, the farm labor, the lecture, the concert, the pulpit, even, with as untroubled heart as though a few hundred miles distant men were not dying by scores, and hundreds, and thousands, in their stead. To some,—those who in the home circle have counted one, two, three, perhaps, more vacant seats within a year or two,—to them they can never be other than heroes and martyrs. They found ROBERT GAINES in a small upper room, damp and chilly, with no fire and no means of warming the apartment, and with no attendant. Early in the afternoon the landlady had gone up and arranged the clothes about him, given him his food, and then hastened away to attend to her pressing household cares. When her father had inquired for him, FAITH had listened with beating heart to the answer. "He didn't seem so very sick when he came in last night, though he was bad enough then, to be sure. He got hurt several weeks ago. There was a little skirmishing party sent out from Suffolk to the Blackwater. A piece of shell struck him in the side,—he is hurt internally. The doctor says he could not have recovered, but this journey has hastened the end." "Why, FAITH, how pale you are growing,—lean on me," exclaimed the farmer, all at once. This, then, was the end of all her hopes,—the burial place of every joy. He did not look much emaciated,—hope revived when she saw him. She went to the bedside and bent low over it; he drew one arm about her neck, and her face drew close to his. "God bless you, FAY! I knew you would come." He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her hands, her forehead. "Did you know I had

only come back to say good-bye, FAY, before I go again?" "You must not leave me, ROBERT; we will both go home together." "Not together, FAITH; though at the last I hope we'll both go home. I'll wait for you 'over the river.'" It was touching, the childlike simplicity of his tones, the trust and confidence he reposed in every one. I have noticed it in many of these invalid soldiers. "When we parted, I did not ask you to be my wife. I feared,—I know not what it would soften the pain of dying if I might call you mine; if for one short hour I might know that you were my wife, that no one had the right to take you from me. Pardon the selfish thought, FAY,—it was only for a moment." "I am yours, ROBERT,—your bride in heart." "It will only be for a day, love,—if you would allow God's minister to bless our 'union of hearts.'" "You will not die, ROBERT." Even while she spoke, there was a sinking at her heart as if to falsify her assertion, and she raised the heavy, damp locks from his forehead and kissed his pale brow; "but if any gift that I can bestow will give you pleasure or joy, it is my happiness to grant it." "Again, God bless you, FAY, my wife. Oh, FAITH! must we part now? We might have been so happy,—there was a faltering in the voice of the brave volunteer. "No, no, don't say that; we must not part. I cannot give you up. In all the wide world I have nothing but you. God will not take you from me." She wound her arms about his neck, as if their feeble embrace defied the "king of terrors," while the fast falling tears rained over her face. He lay perfectly still for a moment, with closed eyes. After a while he looked up. "It is over now,—the bitterness of parting. You said your father came down with you?" "Yes, I will call him;" and leaving his side she called to her father, in the hall below. He came up, and after the first salutations were over, ROBERT said to him, "Mr. OSBORNE, before I went away, I loved your little girl, FAY,—I love her now. With her consent, and yours, I always meant to make her my wife. I thought we might live many years in the peace and prosperity that I would toil and battle for. That dream is past. I know that my days are numbered. I do not regret that I have given my life to the dear country, but in the little while that remains, I would like to have her by me. It would be a pleasure to know that it was her hand that held the cup to my lips, that ministered to my wants, that wiped the death moisture from my brow and closed the frozen lids down over my glazing eyes. Shall it be so, Mr. OSBORNE? Will you give me little FAITH to be my wife?" The farmer looked from ROBERT to FAITH, and from FAITH to ROBERT, in dire perplexity. At length he spoke. "And FAITH,—what does FAY say?" "That her place is by the bedside of the man she loves." The womanly voice was firm and clear, what though the tones were low, and her face crimsoned with burning blushes. "Then let it be so, my children," answered the farmer, holding a hand of each. "We'll take you home with us and doctor you up, and when you're well, we'll have a merry wedding, and the old farm-house walls shall echo to the same mirthful sounds that filled the rooms in the long ago." [Concluded on page 305, this No.]

Corner for the Young.

For the Rural New-Yorker. MUSICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 36 letters. My 2, 8, 34, 28, 11, 31 is the queen of orchestral music. My 7, 13, 19, 15, 27, 35, 5 is an instrument similar to the clarinet. My 27, 21, 1, 6, 7, 26, 2, 29, 9 is the name of a celebrated musical composer. My 10, 22, 2, 34, 15 is the name of an ancient dance. My 7, 30, 4, 18 is an instrument of many strings. My 6, 8, 12, 34, 14 is one of the middle voices. My 15, 7, 16, 20, 24 is, next to the fundamental sound, the most important in a chord. My 38, 28, 25, 10 is a Chinese instrument. My 7, 34, 28, 32 is a sign that you may stop as long as you please. My 14, 26, 19, 23, 36, 17 is what most children love to sing. My whole is what all true artists feel. Paint Lick, Ky., 1863. L. R. S. Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 12 letters. My 5, 9, 3, 4, 7, 12 is a boy's name. My 11, 2, 8, 4 is a wild animal. My 10, 1, 12 means any period of time. My 3, 6, 10, 11 is a kind of drink. My whole is the name of a General in the Federal army. Cold Brook, N.Y., 1863. Answer in two weeks. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM. ONE NEW SYEE RAG GHIRETBT N1 TEL LOYUJ RUM, TON NEW TARCH ES HAHETGHR, OD EW LEFTE RUTE DRIFUMS'OP WRE, TUB WEN HASES EER WRONGED, DNOUR THE RESIDIE AETHRI, NAD PEEF IFREG ROU 'AHOEM DIMENGEOR, HETA WE NOW RE THROW. Wethersfield, Conn., 1863. T. A. M. Answer in two weeks. ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 712. Answer to Chemical Enigma.—Wisdom and conceit, like oil and water, never combine. Answer to Poetical Enigma.—The letter M. Answer to Anagram: June, to-day, has been unbinding All the beauty of her hair; The pure fragrance of her tresses Flows through all the golden air, And the presence of her garment Lies about us everywhere.

Advertisements. A YOUNG LADY of experience wishes a situation, in a family, to teach Music, Latin and Higher English. FARM FOR SALE—Containing 156 acres, one mile from Seneca Falls, N. Y. FIVE QUIRES (120 sheets), nice commercial note paper... PEMBERTON SQUARE ENGLISH AND FRENCH BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES... THE EUREKA FEED CUTTER. A Cutter Adapted to the Wants of Farmers. This Machine has important improvements. It CRUSHES and CUTS the heaviest corn stalks and hay and straw with great rapidity, by hand or horse power... THE BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO. PIANO FORTES. The subscriber, late a member of this firm, has located his office at 726 Broadway, New York City... PIANO STOOLS. ABBOTT'S IRON COLUMN AND FEET STOOLS.—The best, neatest and cheapest stools made. Also, ROSEWOOD STOOLS, all kinds. Sole agency, The Trade Supply Address all orders, 726 Broadway, New York. PIANO-FORTE TUNING SCALES. SOMETHING NEW. 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