

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,  
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY  
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,  
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

## Agricultural.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

#### PREFATORY.

I HAVE started to spend September among the people at the Fairs, on their farms, in their orchards, gardens and homes. I am going to give your readers what I see, hear and think, that may prove profitable and interesting to them. And I commence with the

#### ILLINOIS STATE HORTICULTURAL FAIR

At Rockford, one of the prettiest towns in the West, with the liveliest and most enthusiastic horticultural population I have ever met. I am here early the day before the fair, because I like to see a thing grow from the beginning—and because one has a better opportunity for quiet chats with the working, thinking men, in which more interesting, suggestive and important facts are acquired.

One thing more. No farmer should think horticultural matter of little use to him—nor fail to read it because he may not regard himself a horticulturist. Every farmer is, or should be, a horticulturist; at least he should learn the laws which govern the propagation of plants and their development into flowers and fruit. And I shall write of horticulture, just as I would of any other branch of agriculture, because I believe it of equal importance and interest to every one of your readers. I have learned something to-day—gathered some items which it is proper to make public.

#### ABOUT THE WHITE WILLOW

I've not much to say now, but shall have. There is, evidently, from the ominous sounds I hear, and the gathering clouds I see, when the subject is broached, a storm brewing. The wonderful magic screens and fences that were to grow up so suddenly and change the whole character of the prairie landscape have not appeared. The cuttings have not sprouted. One man said to-day that not one hundredth part of the cuttings planted last spring are alive. And it is leaking out that certain Western (and perhaps Eastern) willow swamps have been cleaned out to supply the enormous demand for white willows. And farmers find that stock will browse them notwithstanding the representations of the peddlers. Ah! I tell you there is a trembling in the boots of some of the parties who have entered into this speculation greedily—litigations to recover enormous damages are rumored, and the end is not yet. Now, I'm giving you only what comes to me on the air. By and by I'll be able to put these things together in the shape of facts. I fear the reaction will commence before some men are prepared for it.

#### THE GOLDEN CHASSÉLAS GRAPE, OUT OF DOORS.

Two days ago my pleasant friend WILLIAMS, gardener, plucked fine specimens of this grape from his vines in his cold grapery, and gave me to taste. They were just ripening. To-day I gathered ripe fruit of this variety from a vine which has been growing out of doors in the garden of Dr. ANDREWS, of this city, (Rockford,) seven years. Just as good fruit precisely—just as ripe as the same varieties in the graperies a quarter of a mile away!

Dr. ANDREWS ordered from an agent of ELLWANGER & BARRY some vines for planting in a cold grapery. By mistake they were sent too soon—in the fall before his grapery was complete.

He put them in the ground, in his garden, covered them in winter and they have grown there since.

This Golden Chassélas fruited the second year after planting and has borne fruit ever since. It was planted seven years ago. He lays it down in winter precisely as he does his Isabellas. The eyes of the latter are sometimes injured by freezing, but he has not discovered a single case of injury to the eyes of the Golden Chassélas. Of sixty varieties this is the earliest on his place. He always has ripe fruit from it in August. He is planting a vineyard of it. Says it is a good bearer, and of course profitable. The fruit from a single vine last year sold (or would have sold, I am not positive which,) for \$5, he asserted. The Concord, Clintons and Dianas growing near by are not ripe yet.

The soil and treatment are not the cause of this peculiarity. The soil is a clayey loam on the west bank of the Rock River. There is no artificial drainage. The vine was tied up to a stake—had been cut severely and layered the past season, and Dr. A. said, thoroughly neglected.

#### HOW TO EAT CLINTONS.

This famous little grape gave the tongue a good deal of acid after tasting the Chassélas. The Doctor remarked that it would be sweeter in a week or two; and added that it was, in its present condition, an excellent table fruit, if people only knew how to use it.

I asked "how?" of course.

He replied, "If you wish to enjoy them, in their present condition, pick them, break the skins, put them in a dish and add sugar, serving them in this condition. You will not soon get tired of Clintons in this way."

#### ABOUT THE CONCORD.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"Oh, it is a good grower, and a good grape about a week in its season, and thereafter it is no better than the commonest fox grape—at least, it is so with me. Perhaps on a different soil and location it may be otherwise."

I have heard growers make a similar statement concerning it before.

#### THE CAROLINA RED JUNE.

"Mr. B., you cannot say too much concerning this apple. It is a beautiful, hardy tree, producing young and bearing abundantly every season." Other gentlemen confirmed this statement. There seemed to be an unanimous enthusiasm about the apple. Let Western men who want an early, productive and profitable fruit, make a note of it.

Since writing the above there has been talk about this apple by gentlemen giving brief verbal reports of the condition of the apple crop in different localities. President MINIER stated that he had learned that this tree is a gross feeder. He gives a large amount of food with wonderful success in the development of a superior fruit, as regards both size and quality. This characteristic was confirmed by both C. R. OVERMAN and H. P. KIMBALL.

#### THE ANT, THE APHIS AND FRUIT TREES.

Mr. COOK, of Whiteside Co., complains that his apple trees have suffered a good deal from the depredations of ants. They destroy foliage. He destroyed them by pouring chamber ley on the body of the tree near its base.

Dr. LONG, of Madison Co., said he had discovered no bad effect from the presence of the ant about apple trees. The mole destroys the ant. He had dissected many, and frequently found them full of ants.

G. W. MINIER, of Tazewell Co., had paid considerable attention to the ants on trees, and had never found them on a tree when they were not following up some bug or insect with a sharp stick. He believes they are useful about trees.

Mr. WOODWARD, of McHenry Co., said the aphis has been numerous on our trees, and the ant seems to follow the aphis, but he could not say that they destroy the latter.

O. B. GALUSHA, of Grundy Co., does not believe that the ant injures trees. They seem to be after the aphis. I have watched them closely. Thought them an injury at first, but now regard them as friends.

C. R. OVERMAN, of McLean Co., says he believes the ant to be neither a benefit nor an injury to the horticulturist. The ancient poets have given us some clue to the relations of the ant and aphis. He believes the ant herds the aphis and milks it. He drives the aphis in herds on the tree to feed, and follows and milks them.

Dr. ANDREWS, of Winnebago Co., has paid a good deal of attention to this subject. He be-

lieves the ant transports the aphis to and from the tree—that the latter are herded by the ants. Kill the ant and you destroy the aphis.

Mr. WOODWARD, of Whiteside Co., asks, why it is, then, if ants are no injury, that after destroying them, as he did, his trees began to thrive, while before they looked as if dying? He believes he has evidence that the ant is an injury to the tree.

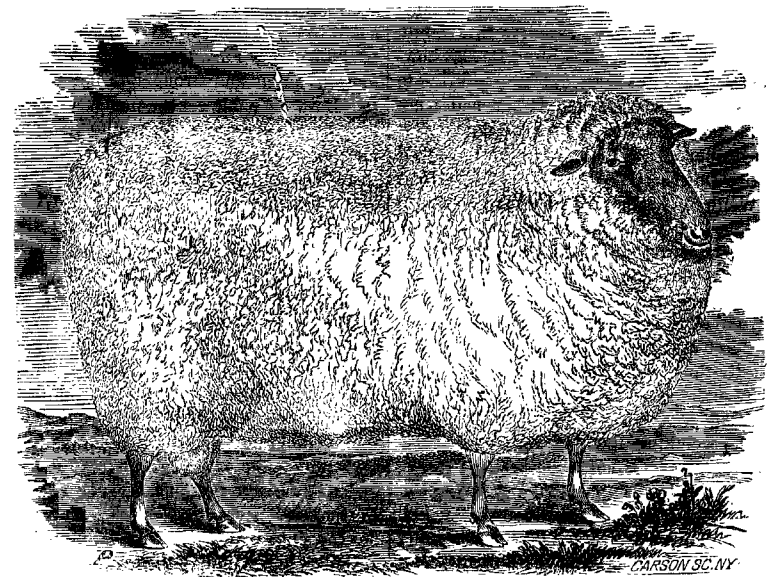
Dr. WARDER, of Cincinnati, said:—Gentlemen, this friend from Whiteside Co. may be right. The ant he refers to is a large one; he says, There is a large ant that preys upon timber. It makes a hill about the tree, and bores and lives upon the timber of the tree. It is not safe to assert that the ant in Whiteside Co. is no injury to the tree.

On this subject of the relations of the ant and the aphis, I remember HARRIS says something. On pages 236 and 237, he says:—"Plant-lice (aphides) seem to love society, and often herd together in dense masses, each one remaining fixed to the plant by means of a long, tubular beak; and they rarely change their places till they have exhausted the part first attacked. The attitudes and manners of these little creatures are exceedingly amusing. When disturbed, like restive horses, they begin to kick and sprawl in the most ludicrous manner. They may be seen at times suspended by their beaks alone, and throwing up their legs as if in high frolic, but too much engaged in sucking to withdraw their beaks. As they take in great quantities of sap, they would soon become gorged if they did not get rid of the superabundant fluid through the two little tubes or pores at the extremity of their bodies. When one of them gets running overfull, it seems to communicate its uneasy sensations, by a kind of animal magnetism, to the whole flock, upon which they all, with one accord, jerk up their bodies, and eject a shower of the honeyed fluid. The leaves and bark of plants much infested by these insects, are often completely sprinkled over with drops of this sticky fluid, which, on drying, become dark colored, and greatly disfigure the foliage. This appearance has been denominated honey-dew; but there is another somewhat similar production observable on plants, after very dry weather, which has received the same name, and consists of an extravasation or oozing of the sap from the leaves.

"We are often apprized of the presence of plant-lice on plants growing in the open air, by the ants ascending and descending the stems. By observing the motions of the latter, we soon ascertain that the sweet fluid discharged by the lice, is the occasion of these visits. The stems swarm with slim and hungry ants running upwards, and others lazily descending with their bellies swelled almost to bursting. When arrived in the immediate vicinity of the plant-lice, they greedily wipe up the sweet fluid which has distilled from them, and when this fails, they station themselves among the lice, and catch the drops as they fall.

"The lice do not seem to be in the least annoyed by the ants, but live on the best possible terms with them; and, on the other hand, the ants, though unsparing of other insects weaker than themselves, upon which they frequently prey, treat the plant-lice with the utmost gentleness, caressing them with their antennae, and apparently inviting them to give out the fluid by patting their sides. Nor are the lice inattentive to these solicitations, when in a state to gratify the ants, for whose sake they not only seem to shorten the periods of discharge, but actually yield the fluid when thus pressed. A single louse has been known to give it drop by drop, successively, to a number of ants that were waiting anxiously to receive it. When the plant-lice cast their skins, the ants instantly remove the latter, nor will they allow any dirt or rubbish to remain upon or about them. They even protect them from their enemies, and run about them in the hot sunshine to drive away the little ichneumon flies that are forever hovering near to deposit their eggs in the bodies of the lice."

HARRIS also describes a species of lice that live in the ground, and derive their nourishment from the roots of plants, and says:—"These little lice are attended by ants which generally make their nests near the roots of the plants, so as to have their milch kine, as the plant lice have been called, within their own habitations; and in consequence of the combined operations of the lice and the ants, the plants wither and prematurely perish."



SHROPSHIRE DOWN RAM, "LION."

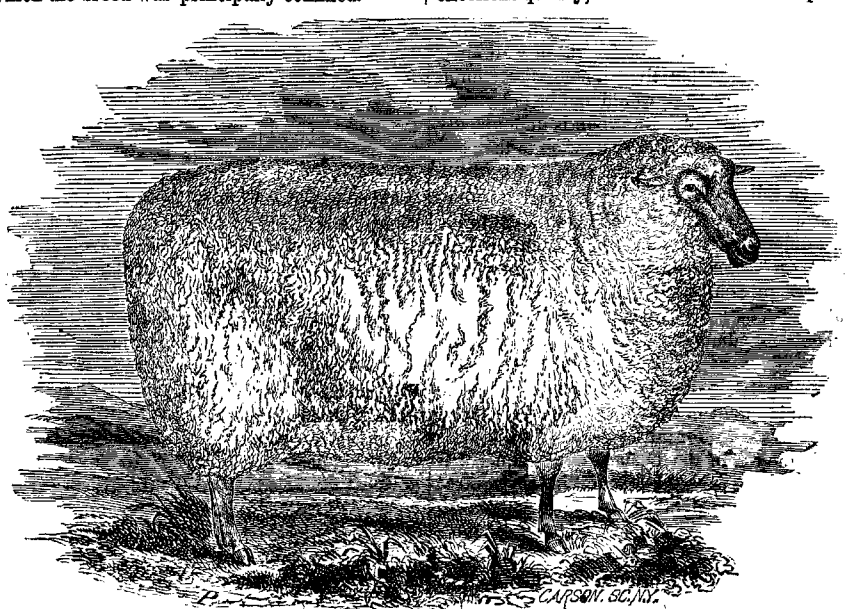
"When these subterranean lice are disturbed, the ants are thrown into the greatest confusion and alarm; they carefully take up the lice which have fallen from the roots, and convey them in their jaws into the deep recesses of their nests; and here the lice still contrive to live upon the fragments of roots left in the soil.

"It is stated that the ants bestow the same care and attention upon the root lice as upon their own offspring; that they defend them from the attacks of other insects, and carry them about in their mouths to change their pasture; and that they pay particular attention to the eggs of the lice, frequently moistening them with their tongues, and, in fine weather, bring them to the surface of the nests to give them the advantage of the sun. On the other hand, the sweet fluid, supplied in abundance by these lice, forms the chief nutriment both of the ants and their young, which is sufficient to account for their solicitude and care for their valuable herds."

#### SHROPSHIRE DOWN SHEEP.

[The annexed account of the Shropshire Down breed of sheep is from advance sheets of *The Practical Shepherd*, by Hon. H. S. RANDALL, now in course of publication and nearly completed. The engravings portray animals belonging to the flock of Judge CHAFFEE, of Ashtabula Co., Ohio.]

THE SHROPSHIRE DOWNS.—Shropshire or Shrops, as they are variously called, are thus described by Prof. WILSON:—"In our early records of sheep farming, Shropshire is described as possessing a peculiar and distinct variety of sheep, to which the name of 'Morfe Common' sheep was given, from the locality to which the breed was principally confined. \* \* \*



SHROPSHIRE DOWN EWES, "NANCY."

In 1792, when the Bristol Wool Society procured as much information as possible regarding sheep in England, they reported as follows in reference to the Morfe Common breed:—"On Morfe Common, near Bridgenorth, which contains about 600,000 acres, there are about 10,000 sheep kept during the summer months, which produce wool of superior quality. They are considered a

native breed—are black-faced or brown, or a spotted faced, horned sheep, little subject to either rot or scab—weighing, the wethers from 11 to 14 lbs, and the ewes from 9 to 11 lbs. per quarter, after being fed with clover and turnips; and clipping nearly 2 lbs. per fleece, exclusive of the breaching, which may be taken at one-seventh or one-eighth part of the whole. \* \* \* This appears to have been the original stock from which the present breed of Shropshire Downs has sprung. As the county advanced, and the breeds became valuable for their carcasses as well as for their wool, the Morfe Common sheep were crossed with other breeds, but more particularly with the long-wooled Leicesters and Cotswolds, or the short-wooled South Downs. The admixture of such different blood has produced a corresponding variation in the characters of the present breed of Shropshire Downs, and has tended materially to sustain the hesitation which still exists to allow them a place as a distinct breed." Where, however, the original cross was with the South Down, and the breed has been continued unmixed with the long-wooled sheep, they present the characteristics of a short-wooled breed, and as such are already recognized in the Yorkshire and other markets. \* \* \* These sheep are without horns, with faces and legs of a gray or spotted gray color; the neck is thick with excellent scrag; the head well shaped, rather small than large, with ears well set on; breast broad and deep; back straight, with good carcass; hind quarters hardly so wide as the South Down, and the legs clean with stronger bone. They are very hardy, thrive well on moderate keep, and are rapidly prepared for market as tegs, [between weaning and shearing,] weighing on the average 80 lbs. to 100 lbs. each. The meat is of excellent quality, and commands the best prices.

Mr. SPOONER says of them that they were first

\* This was written in 1856.

brought into national repute at the Shrewsbury Meeting, in 1845. He remarks:—"At the Chester Meeting they beat the Hampshire Downs as old sheep, but in their turn were conquered by the latter in the younger classes. They present themselves to our notice in a more compact form; though shorter they are wider, broader on the heart and deeper through the heart." Mr. SPOONER quotes Mr. J. MEIRE, as having stated at a meeting of the Farmers' Club in Shropshire, [in 1858 or 1859], that the sheep produced by the cross between the original sheep and South Down "was well adapted for the downs, but for the inclosures of Shropshire something more docile was required, consequently recourse was had to the Leicester." And Mr. SPOONER adds:—"This crossing and crossing at length gave place to the practice of careful selection, and thus uniformity was sought for and attained, and the present superior breed was established. It is now held that no further cross is required."

Mr. CHARLES HOWARD of Biddenham, Bedfordshire, in an address delivered before the London or Central Farmers' Club, in 1860, said:—"This breed has been established by a prudent selection of the breeding animals, and I learn from a gentleman who kindly favored me with information upon the point, that the late Mr. MEIRE was the first to improve upon the original type. This he did in the first place by the use of the Leicester; as their faces became white he would then have recourse to a South Down or other dark-faced sheep. It was, however, left to the son to carry out and to bring to a successful issue what the father had commenced, and Mr. SAMUEL MEIRE no doubt may be looked upon as the founder of the improved Shropshire Downs. We gather from his address to the Wenlock Farmers' Club that he accomplished this, not by resorting to any of the established breeds, but by using the best animals from his own large flock. \* \* \* Lately a very great change has come over the breeders of Shropshire; they have availed themselves of larger sheep of heavier fleece and earlier maturity, so that the only affinity they bear to the original Shrop are dark faces and legs; they now pride themselves in exhibiting some well fatted shearlings [yearlings past] weighing upon times 22 lbs. to 24 lbs. per quarter, but this is not general."

Very fine specimens of this variety have been imported into the United States and Canada. The two animals represented in the foregoing cuts are owned by Hon. N. L. CHAFFEE, of Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio. The ram, "Lion," now three years old, was bred by Lord BERWICK, of Shrewsbury, England, and imported in 1861. His live weight is 334 lbs., and he yielded on the 16th of May, 1863, 17 lbs. 5 oz. of washed wool of 1½ months growth. The ewe "Nancy," was bred by Lord BERWICK, and imported at the same time. She is three years old, and her live weight is 241 lbs. On the 16th of May, 1863, she yielded 9 lbs. 3 oz. of washed wool of 1½ months growth. Six ewes at the same time, and under the same circumstances, yielded 42 lbs. 5 oz. of wool. They were sheared the fifth day after washing in clear brook water.

In answer to my inquiries on the subject, Judge CHAFFEE writes me that these sheep were imported by Mr. GEORGE MILLER, of Markham, Canada West; that they are very hardy, healthy and easily kept; and that they excel in these particulars all of his other sheep, of which he has four kinds. He says:—"They are nearly as large as the long-wooled breed, say Cotswolds or Leicesters, and yielding just about the same quantity of wool, are in my judgment much more hardy and healthy. They have the dark colored legs and face of the South Down; much longer, thicker and more compact fleeces than the South Downs, and much thicker and more compact ones than the long-wooled breeds. They have all the nice, round, compact frame, and even, uniform symmetry of appearance of the South Down, and are about 33 per cent heavier. I have never slaughtered any of this breed, and cannot speak from personal knowledge as to the quality of their mutton, but it is said, by those who do know, to be very superior and hardly to be excelled by the South Down."

#### WESTERN FARMING VS. EASTERN.

No wonder that Eastern farmers are shocked at the audacity of C. D. BRADGON, Western Editor of the RURAL, which suffers him to assert that Western farmers can raise corn at the average rate of labor of three-fourths of a day per acre! Who, that lives among the stumps and stones of the East, would not be indignant? But, nevertheless, Mr. BRADGON is undoubtedly correct, and we are under obligation to the good management of the RURAL, which provides a Western Editor.

Farmers of the East, did you ever think of the great difference in the face of the country East and West? Some of you, perhaps, have had glimpses in your travels of some of our broad prairies. You have looked upon them in astonishment and admiration, and yet you have gone home with a vague feeling that it was all a dream; or, if a reality, that there must be some condemning fault in connection with these broad acres—spread out for miles—which seemed to be wooing the toil of the husbandman. Not so; it is, for the most part, the best soil in the country; a beautiful reward of the patience and endurance of our Pilgrim Fathers, which now their sons enjoy.

Again, take into consideration that all this broad expanse of treeless, shrubless land is free from stone, or, at least, comparatively so. And, hence, every kind of useful machinery that has ever been invented to facilitate the labor of farming, may become of practical utility, in its greatest degree, here on the prairies of the West.

But our soil and our climate differ essentially from yours. The weather-table for this section would contrast widely with that taken in New York. And our soil, though it raises tall corn,

big pumpkins and squashes, the half-shell of which we use to shut down over haystacks as a protection from storm, or perchance use as cowsheds, (?) yet the soil of the East is preferable for many other things. "Whosoever will" is not the individual who raises plums here; neither grapes; gooseberries, &c. Perhaps when we get a little of the good horticultural education which you of the East are producing while we produce the large crops, we may be able, every one of us, to have all the fruit we desire.

Some writer for the RURAL not long ago had an article on the sin of killing birds. If that author will re-publish his name in the RURAL, we will try to discover a *modus operandi* for catching the young innocents alive, and will be happy to send him 10,000 blue-jays to keep on his premises. And we have another bird, a new variety, of beautiful plumage, in great plenty here. I do not know their ornithological name,—we call them all "Jeff Davis." They destroy the nests of all harmless birds, lay their eggs for another bird to hatch, and in short create as much suffering and confusion as the one from whom we gave them a cognomen. They are famous for destroying insects, and on that account I think the gentleman bird fancier would like them; but we do not just exactly agree with them as to their plan of operations, which is to bore into trees with their bills, making holes large enough to admit their entire bodies; and when this is done upon small trees, of course leaves very liable to be blown down by those winds which are far more frequent and stronger in the West than at the East. We have also plenty of robins; at least two to every cherry; add to these an equal number of brown thrush,—the most mischievous and sly of all the bird tribe; and if those who love birds are not yet satisfied, we have also plenty of blackbirds, useful in harvesting corn, and getting it out of the way of the frost.

But we are told that we should be thankful for the music of birds. We are, but if we were deprived of the blue-jays—we would try to effect an arrangement with a concerting band of cats to supply the deficiency, as this would approximate very nearly to this bird music. To speak candidly, we do love birds and appreciate them,—of certain kinds. But what think you of whole trees full of apples being eaten up by birds?—and of cherries, not one is suffered to ripen. Under these circumstances we can't see wherein lies the sin of destroying birds.

Hence, many things very useful and practical at the East fail to reach our necessities. And many plans which may be successfully adopted here, would be a failure there. And on this account we need a Western Editor, and no doubt Mr. BRADGON is the man. We are always interested in his notes, and of course never question their correctness.

For the present our Eastern friends must content themselves with originating new varieties while we grow them, and of putting forth agricultural knowledge while we put it into practice. Crown Point, Ind., 1863. L. G. BRADLE.

#### AGRICULTURE IN MONROE CO., MICH.

If the correspondents of the RURAL would each contribute an article in relation to the agriculture and rural pursuits of their respective districts, it would be very interesting, it seems to me, to many readers. I will try my hand at Monroe county, Michigan.

In 1860, there was a population in this county of 21,648 persons. Subtracting 4,895 as the number of inhabitants of the city of Monroe and the different villages, would leave 16,753 as the number connected with agriculture. These occupied 2,133 farms, comprising 94,537 acres of improved land, and 107,557 acres unimproved. The cash value of the whole, \$4,031,033. They were stocked as follows:—Horses, 6,141; asses and mules, 41; milch cows, 6,611; working oxen, 1,522; other cattle, 9,701; sheep, 27,022; swine, 12,073. The value of the whole estimated at \$784,474. The value of farm implements and machinery, \$156,914.

The produce of the county consists chiefly of wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, hay, wool and fat cattle. Rye, barley, buckwheat, fruit, sorghum and maple sugar and molasses, tobacco and flax, are also raised in various quantities; butter and cheese are also produced in considerable amounts. The farming population are composed of Yankees, Irish, German and French, and the kinds of farming are still more numerous. The average number of acres of improved land to each is 44. What falls to the lot of each is, however, quite different, some farms having four or five hundred acres improved, while others have only four or five. The farming is generally poorly performed, and but a small proportion that we could call good. The soil throughout the entire county is of the first quality, with but trifling exceptions. Wherever in it you find a thoroughgoing, enterprising man, you will find a good, fruitful, and paying farm.

There is much good farming land still unoccupied, which furnishes a fine chance for new settlers. The prices for improved land range from \$20 to \$100 per acre; unimproved, from \$1 to \$15. Unimproved land of the best quality, and adjoining improvements, can be had for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. That part of the county lying adjacent to Toledo, Ohio, is furnished with a good market. The portion depending on the city of Monroe is not so fortunate, that place being justly celebrated for a lack of enterprise in this respect; but as time brings about its changes, we expect to see a favorable alteration here. The town is furnished with ample railroad and navigation facilities.

The pursuits of agriculturists at present are mostly for money making. Good buildings are interspersed here and there, but the beautiful rural aspect given by tastefully cultivated yards and lawns, and other agreeable arrangements, that a little leisure can establish about farmers' homes, are seldom met with. The first fruits of reform are, however, beginning to appear.

When the farmers have cleared themselves of the incubus of debt, which earlier necessities have thrown them into, as they are now rapidly doing, we can expect and doubtless will see the improvements which the exercise of taste and intelligence insures. We predict that Monroe county is destined to rank in the future with the best counties in the State, for improvements, enterprise, and general intelligence. E. W. Ida, Monroe Co., Mich., September, 1863.

#### NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE following article is from the *Utica Morning Herald* of Friday week. It was of course penned before the occurrence of the severe rain storm which prevented the carrying out of the programme for the closing day of the exhibition: "The Fair of the State Agricultural Society will close this evening. It has been on the whole a most gratifying success. When we consider that our State is suffering from the burdens of two years of stupendous war; that our people have become, to a degree hardly surpassed in any land at any time, enured to military avocations; that all influences tend to fix the best thought and effort on warlike plans and acts; the industrial exhibition of the current week becomes impressive in its testimony to the wealth, the developed prosperity, and the latent resources of the Empire State. The attendance has been very large, and the receipts will compare favorably with the best year in the history of the Society. The people have been remarkable in their aspect of thrift, and intelligence and character, and one could wish no better refutation of the slanders of our foreign enemies than is presented in such a gathering of our citizens and their works.

"In horses the display has been large and excellent beyond what is usual. The entries of stock were not as numerous as in some previous years, but the animals exhibited included a high proportion of favorites. In poultry there were several novel varieties, but it is evident the interest of a few years ago has been lost. Our florists are greatly to blame for neglecting to be represented by their best flowers; for although the entries from a distance were generous, floral hall has been, compared with what it should be, a vacant, unattractive spot. In fruits the display has been much better, but yet not as rich and full as it ought to have been. In agricultural implements, on the other hand, in stoves and mechanical productions generally, the Fair has been affluent beyond parallel. The labor-saving inventions for the farmer are numerous, covering most of his most onerous services, and they promise to relieve him more and more each coming year.

"The structures for the Fair have been ample, and the grounds in all respects desirable. That portion of the preparations was well done. The unfortunate failure to finish the City Railroad has been a great annoyance; for conveyances, which otherwise would have come in from a distance, were kept away by the railroad, and thus no adequate means of locomotion were provided. That deficiency, however, cannot occur hereafter. One thing, however, our city greatly needs; and that is hotel accommodations. The hospitality of our citizens was generously extended, but the hotels, which in ordinary times are hardly sufficient, became clogged and flooded on the first day of the Fair. Wanted, a new, modern hotel for Utica. The Fair closes to-day. Our city has been glad to welcome its guests. We trust, after making allowance for the inconveniences inseparable from a crowd, they will have pleasant thoughts for Utica and the State Fair of 1863."

#### SPECULATORS

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I am pleased with the practical, common sense remarks of your correspondent L. F. ALLEN, in RURAL of 12th inst. I think I am regarded by those acquainted with me as a rather successful common farmer; at any rate, I am satisfied with the results of some thirty years' labor. Have occasionally purchased stock with the expectation of deriving profits from its improvement or growth; yet never within my recollection have purchased a dollar's worth of any kind of property with a view of deriving profits from its immediate sale. Buying and selling is not my business, yet I never denounce as speculators those who make it a business to purchase the surplus produce of the country, with a view of selling at a profit; but, on the contrary, am always thankful for a call from such, and so express myself, though I may not at the time have the particular article they wish to purchase. In such case I will not say that I do, but that I should express thanks, invite them to take refreshments, and call again when I may be able to furnish a desired article, &c. A. W. T. Troy, Pa., September, 1863.

#### Rural Spirit of the Press.

##### Prepare for Winter.

MANY farmers too long delay the necessary preparation for winter. In this cold and changeable climate, it shows a great want of proper forethought and economy to neglect such repairs and preventives as will secure shelter and warmth for themselves and their stock, and tend to the preservation of the harvests of every kind which have been secured. A board off, or a pane of glass gone here and there, may prove the loss of young and tender animals, or of a portion of the potatoes, roots or apples which have been stored away. In such case there is a double loss—a loss of property itself and of the labor which produced it, and to which is to be added the inconvenience of supplying a like amount, if it is absolutely required, for wintering out the stock.

But this is not all. If the places where animals are kept are windy and damp, a large amount of the food that would otherwise go to

increase the bulk of the carcass is consumed in making good the waste induced in meeting the large demand for animal heat. It is said by those who have given special attention to this matter, that from one-fourth to one-third more food is required to keep up the proper amount of animal heat, for an animal exposed to the cold, than is required for one that is protected from the elements by proper shelter.

So with regard to the house. A day or two spent in making all tight about the underpinning, in supplying whole, or broken glass, and in making the ledges about the windows so close as to prevent them from rattling, or admitting the wind—and similar attention given to the doors—will save considerable expense in the amount of fuel required during the winter, and greatly promote the comfort and happiness of the family. No barn or house can be kept warm at a moderate cost, where the wind is allowed to pass freely under the floors, as the air which is warmed in the room is made lighter, and is rapidly driven up by the constant current of cold air from below. This condition of things in the room is expensive, uncomfortable and trying, and has a decided effect upon the spirit and manners. No person could long preserve a cheerful equanimity, and be exemplary in tone and manner, under such circumstances. They make a class of trials which no considerate husband should allow his family to contend against.

These are only suggestions. Many other things are to be looked after, which a discreet foresight will place in proper order.—N. E. Farmer.

##### Selection of Seed.

WE cut from the July number of the *Westminster Review* the following passage, as containing a most remarkable experiment upon the effects of carefully selecting seed wheat:

"In passing through the Great Exhibition of last summer, many of our readers may have noticed among the agricultural products of the Eastern Annexe some magnificent ears of corn, bearing the somewhat novel title of 'pedigree wheat,' which excited the admiration of all those interested in such matters—except, indeed, the jurors, who left them unnoticed. This wheat was exhibited by Mr. Hallett, of Brighton, who has given the history in the *Royal Agricultural Society's Journal*, vol. xxii. part 2. It appears that this gentleman having conceived the notion that careful breeding might produce some of the same advantages in cereals which it has been found to do in cattle and horses, commenced some years ago a series of experiments with the view of carrying out his idea. Having selected one ear of wheat of remarkably fine quality, he sowed the grains separately, at a distance of twelve inches apart. The next year he further selected the one finest ear produced from the former, and treated that in a similar way. The following table gives the result at the end of the fifth year from the original sowing:

	Length, Inches	Containing Grains.	Number of Ears on Stalk.
1857—Original ear	4 3/4	45	10
1858—Finest ear	6 1/2	79	10
1859—	7 1/2	91	22
1860—Ears imperfect from wet season			39
1861—Finest ear	8 3/4	123	52

"Thus," says Mr. Hallett, "by means of repeated selection alone, the length of the ears has been doubled, their contents nearly trebled, and the tillering power of the seed increased five-fold." By "tillering," we should perhaps mention, is meant the horizontal growth of the wheat-plant, which takes place before the vertical stems are thrown up, and upon the extent of which, therefore, depends, in a great degree the number of ears which the single plant produces. Now there can be no doubt that a great deal of the marvellous improvement shown in the above table is due to the treatment to which Mr. Hallett subjected his wheat; that is to say, so that each plant has been allowed to develop itself fully; but we cannot attribute it all to this cause."

##### Applying Manure in Autumn.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* thinks the best way for the perfect diffusion of the manure, is to spread the manure in the autumn, so that all the rains of the season may dissolve the soluble portions and carry them down, where they are absorbed and retained for the growing crop. He further says:

"In experiments which we have witnessed, where the manure for the corn was thus applied in autumn, it has afforded a yield of about seventy bushels per acre, when the same amount applied in spring gave only fifty bushels. A thin coating of manure applied to winter wheat at the time of sowing, and well harrowed in, has increased the crop from seven to ten bushels per acre, and in addition to this, by the stronger growth it has caused, as well as by the protection it has afforded to the surface, it has not unfrequently saved the crop from partial or total winter-killing."

**BIG CROP OF ONIONS.**—The editor of the *Ploughman* has been down among the Marblehead farmers. Among other things he made a note of, is a statement of the onion crop of Horace Ware, Jr., which is estimated the present season at *seven thousand bushels!* They are grown upon fourteen acres. He raised a large crop last year, but unlike his neighbors, he did not sell them until spring, and thereby saved in the difference of price the snug little sum of *two thousand dollars!*

**FOOD FOR FATTENING POULTRY.**—The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. These must not be confounded with oat meal, or with ordinary ground oats. The whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder; nothing of any kind is taken from it. When properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed at daybreak.—Ez.

#### Rural Notes and Items.

**THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.**—To our great regret and disappointment we were unable to attend the State Fair, held at Utica last week, and an associate from whom a report was expected, was also unexpectedly prevented from being present. We are therefore without other details than such as have been given in the *Utica* and other daily papers; and as a correct copy of the list of premiums awarded has not yet been received, we shall not this week undertake to give even a compiled report of the exhibition and its results.

One of the editors of the *Rochester Democrat*, who was at Utica during the entire Fair, (and engaged in the business office), thus sums up the result:—"The Annual Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society for 1863, at Utica, closed on Friday last, having been continued the usual length of time. In some respects it was quite successful, and in others quite the reverse. The general testimony is that as an exhibition it was inferior to the Fair held in this city last year. The show of horses was better, perhaps, and the department of agricultural and mechanical implements may have been superior in certain particulars, but in the other departments the Rochester Fair excelled the one at Utica. The receipts at the latter place were about \$13,000, while in Rochester they were some \$2,000 less. It must be remembered, however, that the weather was extremely unpropitious during the Fair held in Rochester—it having rained every day—while the Utica Fair was fortunate in a succession of pleasant, though warm days, up to Friday. Had the weather favored the Fair in Rochester equally with the one in Utica, the receipts of last year would doubtless have run up to \$15,000 or \$18,000—perhaps even more. As it was, the fact that \$11,000 was taken in four rainy, disagreeable days, proves that no place in the State offers better facilities for exhibitions of this character than Rochester. The means provided at Utica for transporting people to and from the Fair Grounds are universally condemned, and according to all accounts, some of the arrangement of the Fair itself were very imperfect and unsatisfactory. This was particularly the case with the departments of Fruits and Flowers. Taking all things into consideration, Rochester has every reason to be content with the results of the Fair of 1863 as compared with that of 1863 at Utica."

**THE COLD SUMMER, OR SUMMERLESS YEAR OF 1816.**—Though this occurred 47 years ago, it is still called the *Cold Summer*. The account recently published in the *RURAL*, and given by an observer of that time, seems rather extravagant; for, though snow and ice and frost were frequent, vegetation was not killed to the extent stated. Turning to my records made at Williams College that year and the following years, I find the mean temperature of several years to have been 45.6°, while the mean of 1816 was 44.3°. At Rochester the annual mean is 47°, and ranges from 44.7° to 48.3°. But in 1816, the winter months were mild, the summer months were cold, and except one half of September the other months were cool. June 10th, 1816, had a hard frost; corn killed to the ground, sprung up again; cucumbers, beans and many garden vegetables destroyed, though some had nearly ripened by the cold winds of the 9th and back to the 6th. On the 5th at noon the heat was 83°; a thunder shower cooled the air rapidly; the 6th had temperature of 44° with some snow and strong N. W. winds, giving very severe weather, much snow on the hills. June 7th, no frost (too windy), but ground frozen so that it could be lifted up around corn left standing. June 8th, still windy, ice as before, wind piercing cold; June 9th, wind ceased, and corn standing; and the 10th and 11th gave the killing frost. By this frost the young leaves, which had just appeared on trees along the lower part of hills or mountains were killed, and in a few days all the forest for miles had the appearance of being scorched by fire, so dead was the foliage. Still the leaves came out anew, and the leafing continued to come forth to the summits. Grass, rye and oats were unharmed; the harvest of rye was good. Indeed the wheat in England gave a good crop, cold as was the summer there. The speculators maintained that a cold or cool summer was more productive of wheat, rye, and oats, than a hot summer, as proved by the lower prices of these cereals in cooler years. We see the extravagance of the statement that "very little vegetation matured in the Eastern and Middle States." Indian corn was generally killed by the frost of August 29th, and only a small portion had matured in the earlier fields, or did mature, unless it was cut up by the roots and set up in stooks on the ground. In this case, to the gratification of the farmer, the corn ripened by the ascent of the sap in the stalk. The frost of August, 1863, though injurious to corn, sorghum, tobacco, &c., over a large tract on the Mississippi, North of the 40th degree of latitude, does not compare with that of the "Cold Summer."—C. D.

**THE RESERVE STRENGTH OF THE FREE STATES.**—A few figures lately obtained from the Department of Agriculture tell a story which the world would do well to consider. Our total agricultural exports, (exclusive of cotton) in 1860—when we were yet at peace—were \$90,549,556, of which Southern ports exported \$19,736,365. In 1861, with half a million of men in arms, and no Southern exports, they amounted to \$137,026,505, and in 1862, with a million of men in the field (one-half of them from the rural districts) and no Southern exports, they reached the sum of \$155,142,075. The amount of wheat and flour alone exported in the year ending September 1, 1863, exceeded that of the previous year by over seven million bushels. Estimating the force of our army (and its employes) in the field at one million of men, as I have done—and I deem it a reasonable estimate—and the rations per diem to each man at twenty-two ounces of flour, it requires for its supply for a year 12,500,000 bushels of wheat. Was there ever a country in the world one-half of which could feed such an army, largely made up from its agricultural population, and yet so wonderfully increase its exports of breadstuffs?

**COST OF CULTIVATING CORN.**—What is the expense of an acre of corn cultivated and shocked? Having raised corn for more than twenty years in the West, I send you my figures for five acres:

Planting	\$2 50
Marking both ways	50
Planting with hand planter	50
Plowing corn first time	2 00
" " " second time	1 00
" " " third	1 00
Cutting up and shocking	2 50
	\$10 00

Which divided by 5 gives \$2 per acre.—GEO. W. SHAW, Linwood, Decatur Co., Iowa.

**WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.**—A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald*, who has been traveling in the West, says:—"It is a very common affair to see a bright-eyed young woman seated on the reaper, driving a four-horse team. But not only thus are women useful, for I have frequently seen them using the hoe. But what I saw a couple of weeks ago in the south part of Madison, Lake county, caps all the scenes in this line within my knowledge. To appearances a rain storm was coming up, and there was one woman in the field dexterously raking up the hay, whilst the double team and hay wagon was being driven into the field by two other women. Raker, pitcher and loader were all women."

Horticultural.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE - ENOOTHERA LAMARCKIANA.

THE Evening Primroses are a very interesting class of flowers, very showy in the garden, especially in the evening and early in the morning. The flowers open suddenly, and for this reason are peculiarly interesting, as like the Sensitive Plant they seem to possess something more than vegetable life. There are two varieties which surpass all others, one of these is *Enoothera Lamarckiana*, and the other *Enoothera Acaulis Alba*. The latter we will describe in a future number, to the former we called the attention of our readers in the spring of the present year, in season for planting, making the following remarks:

"The best variety that we have ever grown is *Enoothera Lamarckiana*, which we flowered for the first time last season. So well pleased were we with its fine, strong habit, and the abundance of very large and beautiful flowers that it produces through the whole season, that we had a drawing taken of the plant in flower which we intended to present our readers; but a few days since we received an engraving of this flower in a French journal which is so truthful and life-like in all respects that we determined to adopt it in preference to our own. *Lamarckiana* is a vigorous growing *Enoothera*, branching very freely, as may be seen by the engraving, and reaches a height of about three feet. The flowers are very abundant, bright yellow, and from three to four inches in diameter, and often more."

The present season this flower has done better than last year, and now we have a large bed that presents every evening, and, at this season of the year, almost until noon, an array of large golden flowers that we have never seen excelled. The plant grows some three feet or more in height, and branches freely as shown in the engraving, each branch having every day three or four flowers. Thus each plant exhibits in blossom from thirty to sixty flowers each day, and when we state that the flowers average four-and-a-half inches in diameter its beauty may well be imagined.

In the *Gardener's Monthly* for August we find the following notes on this flower by a correspondent, with remarks by the editor:

ENOOTHERA LAMARCKIANA.—A "*Philadelphia Reader*" writes:—"Reading in the English journals glowing accounts of this new plant, I imported some seeds last year, and now have it flowering—to my disgust. I find I have it growing by the thousand already on all the waste lots near me, and have been trying to eradicate it for years past from my grounds. Is it not a duty of our Horticultural journals to expose these frauds before we suffer so by them? At any rate allow me to warn your readers against this new humbug."

"Horticultural journals" would have enough to do were they to make a practice of watching the errors of their contemporaries. For our part, we have our hands full with our own deficiencies. So far as *E. Lamarckiana* is concerned, our correspondent is mistaken in considering it the same as the wild one common around Philadelphia, *E. biennis*, although it is near enough to it to divert it of interest to an American. The flowers are a trifle larger, and the plant a little bushier than the common form of Evening Primrose. DeCandolle, who adopts it as a species on the authority of Seringe's manuscript, probably never saw the plant himself. Torrey and Gray, much better authority on American plants than any foreign author, class it as a mere variety of *E. biennis*, and scarcely that."

*Biennis* does not usually flower the first year, *Lamarckiana* always; *Biennis* is hardy, while *Lamarckiana* must be treated as an annual, and will not endure our winters unless well protected; and the flowers of *Biennis* are not half the size of *Lamarckiana*. It seems passing strange that this does not establish sufficient claim to the distinction of a variety at least. There are, however, other points of difference.

MR. HOVEY, in his *Magazine of Horticulture*, expresses far different, and, we believe, more correct views of this flower. We copy from the August number:

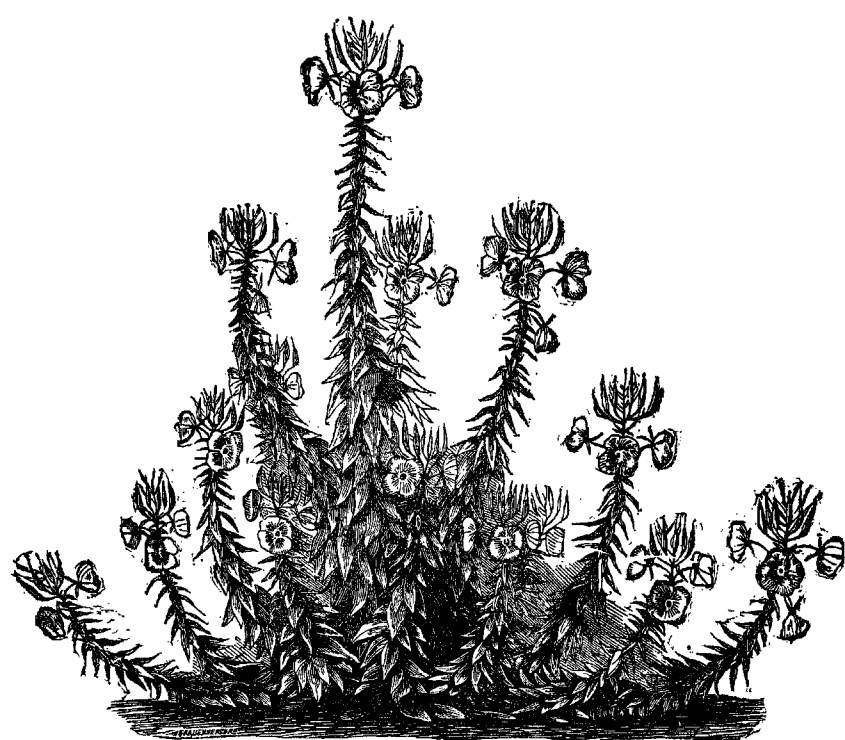
"Many of the *Enootheras* are beautiful flowering plants, and contribute much to the decoration of our gardens. The perennial sorts, several of which we noticed in our last volume, are highly ornamental, and the annual varieties very showy; most of them have yellow flowers, and their stately habit, gay colors, and sweet odor, give additional attractiveness to the flower garden.

"A greater part of the species are natives of North America, and grow abundantly in the Southwest, spangling the prairies with their golden flowers.

"*Enoothera Lamarckiana* is a Texan species, recently introduced to notice, the seeds having been sent to London three or four years ago, where the plants attracted attention, and were supposed to be entirely new; it appears, however, that some French botanist discovered it nearly forty years, but failed to secure seeds or plants.

"Our engraving gives a good idea of the habit of the plant, which is similar to the old Evening Primrose, though more branched and taller in growth. The flowers are so large that our page is not large enough to contain an engraving of the full size; measuring, as they do, more than four inches in diameter. These are of the deepest golden yellow, and are displayed in clusters of six or eight, or more, open at once, on the long spike which terminates each branch.

"It is strictly a biennial plant, but flowers abundantly treated as an annual, sowing the seeds in May, when it blooms all the autumn. Sown later, in June or July, the plants grow luxuriantly, and if protected in a frame in winter, and planted out in spring, form large speci-



ENOOTHERA LAMARCKIANA.

mens, which flower abundantly all the season. It is a rich acquisition, and worthy a place in every collection."

For the benefit of all lovers of beautiful flowers we give an engraving of the plant—a flowering branch with a blossom of the natural size we designed to accompany this article—but not receiving it in time, we must defer its publication until another number.

REJECTED STRAWBERRIES.

VARIETIES HITHERTO DENOUNCED BY THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL AND OTHER SOCIETIES.

It is quite necessary that we should bear in mind which varieties of Strawberries have been fully tested and decided upon as unworthy of culture, as it is noticed that some of these are frequently brought out again as new and valuable. In the American Pomological Transactions, and in the Report of Horticultural Societies, &c., *Rejected Lists* have been published, which it seems indispensable should be placed in condensed form, and the following list has been thus prepared:

Adair, Admiral Dundas, Asa Gray, Alice Maud, Amazone, Athlete, Ajax, Burr's Soloto, Barnard's Early, British Queen, Burr's Pine, Buist's Prize, Bishop's Orange, Blake's Incomparable, Black Prince, Brighton Pine, Britannia, Boyden's Mammoth, Brooks' Prolific, Burr's Columbus, Burr's Seedling, Belvidere, Bartlett's Synonym, Outhill's Princess Royal, Crystal Palace, Climax Scarlet, Cole's Prolific, Charles' Favorite, Captain Cook, Crement Perpetual, Cushing, Comte de Paris, Comtesse de Marne, Crookshank, Crimson Globe, Cuthill's Black Prince, Chester, Comte de Flandres, Charlton's Prolific, Delices d'automne, Dufford Pine, Downton, Duc de Brabant, Durfee's Seedling, Dundee, Dundas, Dutchess, Duchesse de Brabant, Duke of Kent, Eberlein, Excellente, Elton, Early May, Exhibition, English May Queen, Early Scarlet, Fillbasket, Goliath, Glen Albion, Golden Seeded, Gen. Havelock, Genesee, Germantown, Georgia Mammoth, Garden of Eden, Highland Mary, Honneur de Belgique, Harlaem Orange, Hooper's Seedling, Huntsman's Pistillate, Hudson, Iowa, Isabella, Ingram's Prince of Wales, Improved Black Prince, Jenny's Seedling, Kentucky Seedling, Keen's Seedling, La Reine, La Perle, Lizzie Randolph, Lucy Fitch, Marylandic, Macey's Seedling, Myatt's Mammoth, Mary Stuart, Methven Castle, Monstrous Swainstone, Monroe Scarlet, Monroe Pine, Moyamensing, May Queen (Nicholson), Magnum Bonum, Merveille, Madam Louesse, Myatt's Eliza, Myatt's Prolific, Nicholson's May Queen and Superb, Nimrod, Nero, Ne Plus Ultra, Newport, Nicholson's Ajax and Fillbasket, Necked Pine, Nonsuch, Ohio Mammoth, Omar Pasha, Osband's Mammoth, Peabody, Pennsylvania, Prince of Wales, Prince Albert, Pistillate Keen, Prince Royal, Princess Alice, Reine Hortense, Rhode Island, Robinson Crusoe, Rival Queen, Ruby, Read's No. 1, Read's Black Prince, Rival Hudson, Richardson's Late and Cambridge, Robinson's Perfection, Rivers' Eliza Seedling, Scott's Seedling, Scarlet Nonpareil, Schiller, Sir Adair, Sir Harry, Scotch Runner, Schneike's Pistillate, Scarlet Cone, Swainstone Seedling, Surpass Tripombe, Sterling Castle Pine, Tingley's Scarlet, Victoria (Tropole's), Vicomtesse Hericart, Voorhis, Washington, Wardlaw, Walker, Ward's Seedling, Western Queen. AN AMATEUR.

PREPARE FOR SPRING FLOWERS.

NOTHING gives more gratification than the early flowering spring bulbs. These are usually classed under the general term of "Dutch Bulbs," for the reason that they are largely grown in Holland, whose farms being devoted to their culture. This class of plants comprises the Hyacinth, Tulip, Crocus, Narcissus, and numerous others. Dealers are already out with their catalogues for the fall trade, and it will soon be time for our readers, who intend to plant bulbs, to prepare their ground and select their varieties. If we could have but one spring flower it would be the Hyacinth, so charming in both color and fragrance. To those who can procure them, we say, make a bed of Hyacinths this fall. A single one, if no more can be had, will be a charming thing in the garden next spring, but a bed of them is a mass of sweetness and beauty good enough for any poor mortal to possess. This last

spring we saw upon the grounds of Mr. Buchanan, at Astoria, a bed about 8 feet wide and 20 feet long, filled with gorgeous blooms of every shade of color. It was certainly worth going far to see.

Then there are Tulips, less sweet and more gay, and Crocuses which so early in spring lift up their spires of tender green, and then, before we are aware of it, throw out their delicate flowers. Snow Drops, Ixias, the various Lillies, the stately Crown Imperial, and many others, all come under the head of "bulbs," and are to be planted in the Fall. A rather sandy piece of ground does best, which should be enriched by spreading in well-rotted manure. The bulbs should be planted in October, rather deeply, Hyacinths and other large bulbs should be put at least three inches deep, and two inches is little enough for Crocuses and other small bulbs. In planting, if the colors of the flower are known, very pleasing effects may be produced by making contrasts of color. Before the ground is frozen, cover the bed with a good coating of stable manure,—no matter if it is coarse. When spring fairly opens, the manure may be raked off. The bulbs will live year after year, but better flowers will be produced if they are taken up every season after the leaves wither, and allowed to dry until the proper season for setting them out. Most of the bulbs produce a better effect when grown in masses than when scattered through the borders.—*Am. Agriculturist*.

NOTES ON ILLINOIS FRUIT CROP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Please receive herewith a few notes on other fruits and fruit crops the past season, which may be interesting to your readers.

Apples.—Crop medium; of seedlings and early grafted sorts crop excellent; of winter sorts a moderate crop only. Some localities badly troubled with the apple-worm. (What entomologist or benefactor will tell us some good, practical remedy for this great and increasing pest?) Of early apples the Carolina or Red June and Early Harvest commenced ripening together, but the former lasts 4 to 6 weeks longer and is much the better bearer, especially on young trees. Red Astracan but few days later, very showy, a great market sort, though here does not bear so profusely young as the C. June. Pinate bears here early and well, good size and quality, ripening gradually for several weeks, commencing with Red Astracan. After the above the Duchess of Oldenburg, Sops of Wine, Golden Sweet, Early Pennock, Sweet June and Benoni, come in—all valuable staple sorts. Toole's Rarest is large and good with us, but not so great a bearer; so with the Sweet Bough. Cole's Quince is very large, showy yellow, productive, popular—ripening the latter half of August. Hocking, Summer Queen and Jersey Sweet, about the same season—all popular. The Summer Pearmain, best of all in its season, lasts about four weeks, from say August 15, ripening with the Dyer, also a most excellent fruit and most enormous bearer. The Lowell or Orange of the same season is most showy and worthy. These are followed by Maiden's Blush, Fall Strawberry, Fall Orange, Fall Wine, Porter and Haskell Sweet, all most valuable early autumn sorts. For later autumn, we have Rambo, Fameuse, Huribut, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Mother, Bailey Sweet, with more or less of the early winter sorts, as R. I. Greening, Yellow Bellflower, Romanstown, Belmont, Esopus Spitzenburg, Newtown Spitzenburg or N. Y. Vandevere, Peck's Pleasant, Smith's Cider, William, Wagener, Jonathan, White Pippin, Wine or Pa. Red Streak, White Bellflower and Seekno further, to help out.

For winter apples proper after the last named list we have Domine, Newtown Pippin, New York Pippin or Ben Davis, White Winter Pearmain, Prior Red, Golden Russet, Jannet, Wine-sop, Willowtwig, Limbertwig, Carthouse or Small Romanite. The old Pennock, Hoop's Pearmain, Monstrous and Vandervers Pippins, Big Red or Pottinger are common among the older Western orchards and more or less valued for market purposes. The pear crop this year was less than that of last year and more complaint of the blight. The most popular sorts are Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Belle Lucrative, Virgalieu, Seckel, L. B. De Jersey, Duchess and Vicar.

Of peaches, the most popular are Hale's Troth's, Large Early York, Early Crawford,

Early Barnard or Alberge, Bergen's Yellow, George 4th, Old Mixon Free, Stump the World, Crawford's Late, Heath Cling, Smock Free. The crop here good; in "Egypt" a failure. Above Alton and St. Louis very heavy.

Plums bore fairly this year in favorable localities; many sorts are but little known; Imperial Gage, Lombard, Washington, Smith's Orleans and Yellow Egg are among the most popular.

Of Grapes, after Catawba and Isabella, as best known, with perhaps Clinton, rank the Hartford Prolific, Delaware, Concord, Diana, Norton's Virginia, Rebecca. The vines are healthy this year and the crop good.

Currants usually bear well here, but did indifferently this season. The Red and White Dutch are most planted, but the genuine White Grape, Cherry Victoria and Versailles give excellent satisfaction. Except the Cherry, we believe the others as sold are far oftener spurious than genuine.

Strawberries and Raspberries suffered much from the drouth. Of the former, the writer does not know what to name as a staple for this locality after Wilson's Albany. Among Raspberries, Orange and Doolittle—the former much more vigorous on light soil, and so probably the Antwerp's. The Ohio Everbearing on cultivated ground is eminently satisfactory here. The Lawton Blackberry, though a little tender some winters, must be considered a great success here. On the whole, fruit and tree planting has received a great impetus from the crop this year.

The following notes on Hale's Early Peach, from a reliable correspondent in St. Joseph, Mich., may prove interesting:

"The Hale's Early Peach is considered a very great acquisition by growers in this vicinity, but it will be still more valuable to Southern growers, because no matter how early here it will be weeks behind Central and Southern Illinois."

"The Hale's Early is rather above medium size, very handsomely colored, white flesh, free stone. Flavor good, though not equal to Troth's Early and Grosse Mignonne. The tree is a very vigorous grower, producing extraordinarily large crops and bearing very young."

"I know of trees in this vicinity planted three years ago last spring, that have produced, this season, five or six baskets to the tree, and that from a large number of trees. I think it fully ten days earlier than the Large Early York."

The writer will add that the tree in the nursery is of the most vigorous, healthy growth; the leaves with globose glands.

Bloomington, Ill., 1863. F. K. PHOENIX.

Horticultural Notes.

PISTILLATE AND STAMINATE STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—Dr. Lindley, in a late number of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, notices Mr. W. R. Prince's article on the strawberry, which was published in the *Technologist*, and treats Mr. Prince rather contemptuously for his statement that English botanists have ignored the existence of pistillate plants. That Mr. Prince is entirely correct, and the great Doctor entirely wrong, the concluding paragraph of his criticism will show. It is as follows:

"Our reason for noticing all this is not for the sake of Mr. W. R. Prince, or his Scientific Treatise on Horticulture," published in 1828, "but to elicit truth. Is it true that some plants of the American strawberries are absolutely female? Is it true that those females are far more productive than our hermaphrodites? If so, the fact is worth knowing, and we venture to ask the following question:—Can any of our readers on this side of the Atlantic confirm these statements? If they can we shall be only too happy to publish their replies. We trust, however, that these communications may be authenticated by their names."

This proves all that Mr. Prince stated, viz., that the English botanists know nothing of the sexuality of our American strawberries, which every intelligent cultivator in America well knows, and which Dr. Lindley considers "the fact is worth knowing." Is there not commendable merit in Mr. Prince in "thinking," as Dr. Lindley remarks, "more of himself than he does of Englishers," when the above paragraph shows that Dr. Lindley, and undoubtedly many other eminent botanists and cultivators, know as little of what has been contributed to our horticultural literature as if we spoke an unknown language. What American horticultural writer is not familiar with everything that is published in Great Britain? But if the above is a specimen, what English horticultural writer, unless we except Mr. Rivers, could have ever heard of an American horticultural magazine, or work on pomology!

To show further the ignorance of English writers, even the Rev. Mr. Radcliffe, a most eminent cultivator of the strawberry, says, in a subsequent paper, when speaking of American strawberries, that he wrote Mr. Prince that Hovey's Seedling was a *bad seller*, (!!) and he told him to plant "by its side a strong hermaphrodite;" and Mr. Radcliffe says, that "unless I am better instructed I shall not believe that a pistillate requires for fruiting either staminate or hermaphrodite plants!" With such evidence as this from so intelligent a man, we fear Dr. Lindley will never be "only too happy" to find any of his readers on "this side of the Atlantic" confirm Mr. Prince's argument. In fact, Mr. Radcliffe states that the American sorts are discarded. Singular is the fact that Americans discard English strawberries, always poor and watery, and Englishmen discard American sorts, always sour and pesty, (pasty in the strawberry being synonymous with buttery in the pear.) The truth is, the English climate has not sun and clear air enough to ripen an American strawberry, or perfect their own kinds, beyond a cold, watery sloopy, juice. We never saw the first English strawberry that would be eaten when our American varieties could be had.—*Hovey's Magazine*.

ENGLISH OPINIONS OF FRENCH STRAWBERRIES.—If the vegetables were indifferent, I cannot say much for the fruits. There is a M. Ferdinand Gloede, a correspondent of Mr. Radcliffe, who has written prodigious things concerning Strawberries, and I expected, when I saw his name amongst the list of contributors, that one would see a wonderful collection. He had a basket containing 24 varieties—but what a basket! It was divided into compartments about four inches square, and in each of these were placed some half a dozen Strawberries, many of them—most of them, indeed, I should say—English varieties. But oh! could Mr. Smith of Twickenham, or Mr. Turner of Slough, have seen the Sir Charles Napier, Sir Harry, Victoria, &c., they would have wondered that any one calling himself a strawberry-grower could have sent such poor specimens of his skill. It was interesting, however, in one point of view, viz: as showing that there is a probability of the French having something better than the "fraise de quatre saisons," which up to this time has been the sole stay of the lovers of the Strawberry among them.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Autumn Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held in the Court House in the city of Rochester, on Tuesday the 26th day of September. The session will commence at 11 o'clock A. M. Members are invited to bring Specimens of Fruit for exhibition.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Inclosed is a leaf taken from a shrub which came up in the yard, and which I preserved for the purpose of learning what it is. As no one in this part of the country can tell me, will you please give me the name through the RURAL?—CHARLES F. COOK, West Caeco, 1863.

The name is *Rhus copallina*—Mountain Sumac, Dwarf Sumac. Found in various parts of the United States and Canada, growing on dry, rocky places, or sandy hills. It is one of the most beautiful species of the genus, and is frequently cultivated as an ornamental shrub.

GROWING CARNATIONS AND PLOTEES.—I observe that some of the dealers in seeds are advertising Carnation and Plootee seed for sale, and commending the present time as the best for sowing. Is this so? I sowed some at this time last year, and they only just got started when winter set in, and they were so feeble that they could not endure the hard frosts. Give us a little light on this subject.—W.

The present time will answer for sowing Carnation, Plootee and Pink seeds, if you have a conservatory in which to keep them growing all the winter; but it is useless to sow out of doors now with the expectation of getting flowers next season by ordinary out-of-door culture. The seed should have been sown in May, or early in June by this time you would have had good strong plants that would have passed through the winter without injury, and flowered well in the summer.

Domestic Economy.

TOMATO PICKLES.

DEAR RURAL:—Being on a visit to Pine Farm a short time since, and seeing your old familiar face, reminded me of my recipe for tomato pickles, which "our folks" think are excellent, and, as it is almost pickling time, thought I would give your many readers the benefit thereof. Soak and peel as many tomatoes as you please,—the medium-sized red variety are the best,—and not too ripe; sprinkle over them a little salt, and allow them to remain over night, then strain thoroughly and place in a jar, putting between each layer a few slices of horse-radish root, and all kinds of spices ground fine, with a sufficient quantity of both black and red pepper to season properly, or to suit the taste. When your jar is nearly full, add one cup of brown sugar to every four gallons of tomatoes, and fill up with good vinegar. If at any time they show signs of working, add a little more sugar to keep the vinegar good. BESSIE LADLE. Conneautville, Pa., 1863.

MAKING SOAP.

DEAR RURAL:—I think F.'s method of making soap, in a late RURAL, is quite a tedious process, though perhaps shorter than the old method of boiling soap. I wish to give you my mother's mode of manufacture. Have the lye strong enough to bear up an egg and put it in your soap barrel. Put a little in your kettle, and put in your grease and melt it. Have a tin pan with holes punched in the bottom, and strain the grease through this to get out all the lumps, then turn it in the barrel with the lye. It wants about three pails of lye to one of grease. Stir it up once or twice a day for a few days, and you will have a fine barrel of soap. If there is too much lye it will settle to the bottom, and if not enough the grease will rise, and more must be added. E. Strykersville, N. Y., 1863.

CLEAR COFFEE.—As our RURAL admits of the concentration of *utile dulci*, you will please accept an item from my laboratory of experience. There is some difficulty experienced in the manufacture of clear coffee, and there are numerous substitutes in general use, among them, peas, barley, carrots, &c. Some use eggs to settle the sediment, but a method I consider superior, is to tie the barley or peas, after grinding, in a cloth and boil, and you have a decoction far preferable to the muddy compound often prepared by many, even with the use of eggs. A cloth may be formed into a little bag for the purpose. Carrots, cut, dried and browned, added in small quantities, are said to be a great improvement to the flavor.—MONROE.

THE QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One pint of nice fine bread crumbs to one quart of milk; one cup of sugar; the yolks of four eggs beaten; the grated rind of a lemon; a piece of butter the size of an egg. Bake until done, but not watery. Whip the whites of the eggs stiff, and beat in a teaspoonful of sugar in which has been stirred the juice of the lemon. Spread over the pudding a layer of jelly or any sweetmeats you prefer. Pour the whites of the eggs over this, and replace in the oven and bake lightly. To be eaten cold with cream.—*Agriculturist*.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE FOR BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—To three pints warm water add a dessert-spoonful of salt, three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and stir in middlings (coarse flour) to the consistency of thick batter; let it stand over night, and if a little sour in the morning, add a little soda dissolved in warm water, and bake as you would any other pancakes. They are a nice healthy dish for breakfast, and not so injurious as buckwheat. Try them.—Mrs. J. D., Kendallville, N. Y., 1863.

CHAPPED HANDS.—The following is said to be a sure recipe for the cure of chapped hands:—Dissolve three cents' worth of clarified beeswax in three cents' worth of pure sweet oil, by heating over a moderate fire. Apply at night, before retiring.

**Ladies' Department.**

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
**CUPID "OUT."**

BY A. S. HOOKER.

CUPID had been "out" one evening, and as darkness 'round him fell,  
Sought for shelter from the dew-drops in a flower's overhanging bell;  
While the dew set all around him, thousand little shining gems,  
Jeweling the blue-bell's clusters to the down upon its stems;  
And his rainbow wings grew moistened, till they drooped upon his side,  
As he tried his golden arrows from the falling mist to hide.  
Wet at last, and cold, and weary, low he bowed his drooping head,  
Went to sleep within the blue-bell, with a bee to share his bed,  
Which kept humming to the elfin, such a funny sort of tune,  
That he went to dreamland thinking all the year was just like June.  
So he slept, till crept a sunbeam with a crown upon his brow,  
Laughing through the flowers and bushes, waking bees and birds up now;  
Then our Cupid tried his pinions, sook the dew-drops from his hair,  
Rubbed his blue eyes till they glistened, 'round him then began to stare,  
When a footstep sounded near him, for a maiden bright and gay,  
Brushed the dew-drops from the flowers, in her walk at early day;  
And her laugh, as clear as silver, made the laughing birds grow still,  
Just as if her tones grew sweeter, as they floated o'er the hill.  
When she spied the blue-bell's clusters, forward came to pluck them there,  
So that she might twine their flowers, blue and drooping, in her hair.  
As she bent to brush the jewels from the edges of each cup,  
Ere her rosy fingers lifted all the azure goblets up;  
Came the bee, who thus caught napping, vexed to think that he could stand,  
Wasting all the precious morning, stung the blue-eyed maiden's hand;  
While he flew away and left her weeping o'er the aching smart,  
Cupid sent a shining arrow, quick as lightning, to her heart;  
While her cheeks grew red as crimson, and a name dropped from her tongue,  
Which the little elfin hearing, on his gauzy wings up-sprung,  
Wandering forth through all the region, seeking him whose name he knew,  
Hoping, in his mischief-making, may-be he could shoot him too.  
Lima, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
**NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS.**

The sunshine is independent. It needs no help, especially such as the modest stars would bring. Daylight is too bold and strong for their tiny rays; so, when the broad glare of the noonday sun floods the world with its glory, the little stars hide their faces in meekness, and quietly wait the hour when their mission shall begin. We do not feel the need of their gentle rays as long as we have sunshine or moonlight, and we scarcely miss them. But there are times when we are grateful for even star-light. The sun grows hot and weary with his long march, and silently bivouacs for the night beyond the glory-clad hills; the moon even hides her motherly face for a time, and we are left in gloom. Then our little stars come peeping forth from their blue home, and send down to us sweet, beautiful beams of light. We love their rays then, and gladly accept their help, weak and feeble though it may be. They serve to illumine many a dark way, and we learn to appreciate their importance till the dawn approaches, which puts to flight our star-beams, and makes us forget them in a fuller glare. So it is only when the darkness and gloom of night close over the earth that we are blessed with the pure, beautiful stars, for night only can bring them out of their retirement. So, also, in the long and toilsome march of life, into which, howsoever weary and worn they may be, our feet must fall, we find that night brings out the stars.—I mean the night of woe. When the sunshine of beautiful hopes and gay anticipations gilds our present and future; when friends, fond and true, throng around us to assist and encourage our efforts in the attainment of fame, wealth or position; when love and joy fold their bright wings above our heads in blessing, we feel little need of other, higher aid; we forget the sustaining and guiding hand that bestows all these gifts in mercy, and so go about our labors, seldom pausing to say, "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread," for why should we; have we not enough and to spare? "Lead us not into temptation," is rather dim and misty, so strong are we in our own strength, and in the friends around us. But when all these fail; when our hopes of fame and glory fade into realities neither bright nor beautiful; when wealth takes wings and flies away, bearing with it our "dear five hundred friends," we begin to feel like one of old when he cried, "miserable comforters are ye all." Then, and not till then, does the star of heavenly love and faith shine forth in all its beauty and brightness, filling our hearts with a flood of glory that the world can neither give nor take away. The Christian virtues develop under sorrow and trial more perfectly than when our ways are smooth and cloudless. We scarcely know our own wants and weaknesses till tried by fierce temptation, and then our only hope is to flee to One who is ever near in hours of trial. Then come to that fountain of light, whose beams grow brighter and brighter as earthly glories fade away. Wilson, N. Y., 1863. ALICE BROWN NICOLS.

**WOMAN.**

WHILE the newspapers of the day have been filled to overflowing with peans sung over the brave deeds of men on the battle-field and elsewhere, little has been said or sung of woman, her self-sacrifices, her devotion to the Union, and the losses she has been compelled to undergo. Man upon the battle-field dies like the flash of the gun, and is immortalized. Woman remains at home to watch, and wait, and weep. It is a sharp, short pang, and all is over with man. He goes to claim his reward. It is a life-time of mournful remembrance with woman, a ceaseless lament over the fate against which she was helpless. No one ever blamed Venus for loving Mars, and we take it, it comes as natural for a woman to love a soldier as to breathe. Consequently, we hear of women as vivandieres, of women accompanying their husbands, of maids arraying themselves in the rough, masculine garb of war, that they may follow their lovers, of women hovering like ministering angels about the cots of dying soldiers, of Sisters of Charity and Florence Nightingales. Woman has now been tested. The raid against her must forever cease. Cynics no longer question woman's usefulness, regard her as a painted butterfly or pretty toy, mourning the loss of a lap-dog, an ill-fitting dress, or the disappointment of a milliner. It has remained for this goodly year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, inaugurating brave words and deeds, to witness the on-rushing of the legions of liberty, and to ignite in woman's breast the fire and enthusiasm, the brave emotions and generous enthusiasm which have lain dormant since the days of Molly Stark. Fine ladyism, with its ennui, rendering life tedious as a twice-told tale, has developed into an active, patriotic vitality—and woman has now found that "sphere" about which so much senseless twaddle has been expended in this nineteenth century. Woman, soothing the grief she cannot dispel; woman, the good Samaritan, pouring oil into the wounds she cannot heal; woman, enduring the horrors of the battle-field, to save and succor; woman, administering sweet sympathy to men in sickness and sorrow; woman, speaking brave words of hope to the fainting; woman, closing the eyes of the dying to their last sleep; woman, with willing fingers and weary feet, at the sewing machine, preparing the equipments of "grim visaged" war; woman, at home, bidding God-speed to husband, and brother, and son, in the righteous cause of liberty; thus we find her. Woman gives up the only tie which links her to the world. Can she give up more? Thus it is that the days of Cornelia and the Spartan mother are restored.

**CHEERFUL HOUSES.**

WHAT sort of a house do you live in? We do not ask whether it is costly or cheap, wide or narrow, of three stories or one. Whether it is in the city or country we care not. It may command a fair prospect, it may be shut in by sand-banks, or by higher buildings. These things are incidental. But we ask, is your house cheerful? Outsides have very little to do with the question; it is matter of inside care and taste. Other people see the exteriors of our houses; we live inside. They pass along, and look but a moment, we stay in our rooms long hours, days and months. Now we assert that the pleasantness of a house depends almost wholly on the way in which it is "kept." The grandest mansion can be made gloomy and repulsive, contributing to a "splendid misery." Some of the roughest, cheapest houses are cheerful to live in. There is an air of comfort about all the rooms, a home-likeness which gladdens the heart. What makes the difference? We ask chiefly by way of suggestion, but we may be allowed to offer two or three hints to those who can use them. Let there be plenty of sunlight in your house. Don't be afraid of it. God floods the world with light, and it costs you an effort to keep it out. You want it as much as plants, which grow sickly without it. It is necessary to the health, spirits, good nature and happy influence. Let the sunlight stream freely in. Sidney Smith used to say in his cheery tones, "glorify the room," and the shutters were opened wide to the god of day. Flowers and vines are good in their place, but never allow them to keep out the sun.

TRUE HOSPITALITY.—I pray you, O excellent wife, cumber not yourself or me to get a curiously rich dinner for this man or woman who has alighted at our gates; nor a bedchamber made at too great a cost; these things, if they are curious in them, they can get for a few shillings in any village; but rather let the stranger see, if you will, in your looks, accents and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any city and which he may well travel twenty miles, and dine sparsely and sleep hardly to behold. Let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in bed and board, but let truth, and love, and honor, and courtesy flow in all thy deeds.

THE VOCATION OF MOTHERS.—We applaud, says Webster, the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and fairest in all the departments of art in comparison with the great vocation of mothers! They work not upon the canvas that shall fall, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever and which is to bear throughout its duration the impress of a mother's plastic hand!

LITTLE squalls don't upset the lover's boat; they drive it all the faster to port.

**Choice Miscellany.**

**GOOD NIGHT.**

DESTROYER! what do you here—here by my little nest? What have I done that your shadow lies on my brightest and best? If 'twas my sin that smirched the cross on the door, O Death, Blood of mine should efface it, and not this Innocent's passing breath. O cruel to drench the fleece of my little lamb with thy dew! O sightless to quench the light in eyes so guileless and true! O heartless and brainless to still the life in his hand that glows, And the love and the thought that breed in these wide, gray-fading brows! The sweet, unflinching voice—"Papa, do you think I shall die?" "Die, my dear? All's in God's hands, but I think—so think not I, You will live to be a big man; and when I am old and grey, You shall take me by the arm and lead me along the way. "But if it should be death, do you know what it is, little one?" It is a falling sleep, and you wake and the darkness is gone. And mamma and papa will sleep too; and when that day is come, We shall meet together in Heaven—in Heaven instead of at home. "Don't you know that, asleep in your bed, an hour like a moment seems?" Be not afraid of that—it is past in a night without dreams. We are only apart, dear child, 'twixt the evening and morning light!" "Good night, then, papa, and God bless you!" "My darling, my darling, good night!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
**OLD MEMORIES.**

THE present of our lives is always surrounded by difficulties and disappointments. The future is only made bright by the dim, uncertain light of the lamp of hope, casting its cheering rays through the gloomy night of the yet-to-be.

How often, then, does the mind wander from the turmoils of the present and the air castles of the future, back to scenes and associations "long past and gone," and there find pleasures and beauties once passed over regardless of their value. It is now that the mind can fully realize that "blessings brighten as they take their flight," and many a weary wanderer, in moments of melancholy, wishes that his life was to live over again. The thought is predominant that he could enjoy and improve it more than he has done. It is certainly a wise providence which does not always permit man to have fulfilled all his silly wishes. Could that very person be placed once more at the fountain of youth,—his bending form bathed in its limpid waters,—and kindly warned of reefs and sand-bars, of what should be desired and what should be avoided, before many years he would again be encompassed by "clouds of thick darkness." Troubles, which were before unseen, would stand before him in giant proportions and threaten his further progress by their "horrid front;" vexations which were then as "mole-hills," would now assume the size of "mountains;" and scenes of other times, which when viewed through the telescope of "distance" appeared filled with "enchantment," now lose all the enchanter's magic power.

The life of man is lived but once, and 'tis well that it is so. 'Tis sweeter far to be united to the past by the golden links of memory's never-ending chain, aided by the imagination, than to see her again by the dim light of reality.

Fancy gives to the past a thousand pictured beauties which the present never knows. How oft in the dim, poetic hour of twilight, or perhaps sometimes in the still watches of the night, does memory lead you in companionship with a dear associate long since "passed away?" How full of reality seems that meeting! You play together on the green,—roam through meadow and wildwood, over the hill and along the valley in search of the flowers you so much love; or, perhaps, your pattering feet tread that same old winding path that leads to the school house on the hill. Not a single face is absent, not a single one is changed. Time has left no wrinkles there.

Memory returning from a chase like this may cause a sigh to spring unbidden from the breast, or a tear to trickle down the cheek. So lifelike had been the picture memory painted that we could not but believe that it was true. Yet who would not willingly bear the disappointment for the pleasure which preceded it.

Old memories—they make man better, nobler, holier. They lead him away from things of earth and open to his entranced vision the golden gates of Heaven. ARNO. Hopedale, Ohio, 1863.

**OUT OF DEBT.**

"OUT of debt, out of danger," remarks one of our exchanges, is a good rule for individuals and churches. A modern writer says that the Apostle was careful to owe no man anything, and then asks:—"Had he been in debt to Felix, does any one suppose he could have made Felix tremble?"

There is great power in that independence of man which one may feel who is out of debt. "The borrower is servant to the lender." And no church or individual can be free from the trammels of slavery, unless free from the burdens of such an evil and debt. This is the season that many of our churches have improved to deliver themselves from these burdens, and the more rapidly and successfully they push on their work, the better it will be for them and their cause.

**GLACIERS.**

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER writes from Switzerland to the *Independent* concerning his Alpine experiences:

There was a glacier. It was the first I had seen. For years I had read everything that I could lay my hands upon concerning glaciers; had followed Alpine travelers with an interest scarcely less than that excited by Polar regions; had been an invisible and imaginary member of the Alpine Club, and explored with its most adventurous men the "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers of the Alps," and yet had never seen one! There was a kind of mystery hung about them. They were clothed in my mind with an indescribable interest. At length I beheld it. There it lay, of dazzling whiteness, so that I could scarcely look upon it. It seemed to be let down from the sky. The clouds darkened the valley where I stood. But they had opened, far up this valley to the left, and let through a blaze of light that kindled the snow to the most intense and dazzling radiance. I sat down in silence. I do not know why tears should have started. It was not simply the picture that lay before me. It was the stirring within, by that picture, of those subtle yearnings which never fail to rise in the presence of objects that bring near the conception of the Infinite and Eternal God! My inward vision was far beyond any outward seeing. I almost expected to hear an Apocalyptic voice, and to behold angels above it, as if this exceeding whiteness, lifted up against the far sky, could mean nothing less than the opening of the Gate of Heaven!

**THE TOWER OF BABEL.**

AFTER a ride of about eight miles, we were at the foot of the Biers-Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there, through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Bier-Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale high heaven. Here also it was that Nebuchadnezzar built—for bricks bearing his name have been found in the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brick-work pierces the accumulated soil.

With your fingers you touch the very bricks, large, square-shaped and massive, that were "thoroughly" burned; the very mortar—the "slime" now hard as granite—handled more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we could see glistening, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering speck was the tomb of the holy Aly. To pray before this at some period of his life, to kiss the sacred dust of the earth around, there at some time or other to bend his body and count his beads, is the daily desire of every devout Mahomedan.—*A Letter in Blackwood.*

**THE WEALTH OF MEXICO.**

In Mexico there are over one thousand silver mines, yielding between thirty-five and forty millions of dollars a year. The value of these mines is increased by the fact that there are twenty-five mines of quicksilver, which yield from two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand pounds weight annually. Gold is also found in considerable quantities, stated variously at from three millions of dollars upwards. The mines are generally located either on the top or western slope of the Cordilleras, and have been wrought for ages. Gold and silver vases, of great value and beauty of workmanship were sent back to Spain by the first conquerors as spoils of the war. Iron and copper are also produced in abundance. One great hindrance to the realizing of this mineral wealth is the difficulty of transporting it to the seaboard, there being neither railroads nor navigable rivers in the country, and the only means of transportation being the backs of mules. The commercial inertness and want of mechanical enterprise of the people, and the small extent to which the combination and division of labor are carried, have also contributed, with the general insecurity of property, to prevent the various natural riches of the country from their full development.

**WARNING.**

Wind the clock—it striketh ten;  
Heed the alarm—fools and asses!  
Choking out the lives of men—  
Marching down the road of ages.

Soon the "eleventh hour" will chime,  
Stilling all the wheels of men—  
Lay new hold of life and time—  
Wind the clock—it striketh ten.

BREVITY is a commendable quality, especially in orations and contributions to daily newspapers; but it is not always safe to be short. "What do you think of Mr. So-and-so?" was asked about an eminent man. The answer was a striking example of simple justice. "I haven't got time to tell you. The character is too large to be disposed of in a minute. An epigram is long enough for a sarcasm, but it is much too short for a candid opinion. It would take an hour to discuss the faults of the man you mention, and another hour to do justice to his excellencies."

GENIUS AND RELIGION.—We do not speak lightly when we say that all works of intellect which have not in some measure been quickened by religion are doomed to perish or to lose their power; and that genius is preparing for itself a sepulcher when it disjoins itself from the Universal Mind. Religion, justly viewed, surpasses all other principles in giving a free and manifold action to the mind.

**Sabbath Musings.**

**JACOB'S LADDER.**

BY REV. WM. ALEXANDER.

Ah! many a time we look on starlit nights  
Up to the sky, as Jacob did of old,  
Look longing up to the eternal lights,  
To spell their lines of gold.

But never more, as to the Hebrew boy,  
Each on his way the angels walk abroad,  
And never more we hear, with awful joy,  
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes the ladder still is set,  
And angel visitants still come and go,  
Many bright messengers are moving yet  
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-crossed faith's outspreading wings,  
Prayers of the Church, aye keeping time and trust—  
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,  
Their flower the Eucharist—

Spirits elect, through suffering render'd meet  
For those high mansions—from the nursery door  
Bright babes that climb up with their clay-cold feet,  
Unto the golden floor—

These are the messengers, forever wending  
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan,  
These are the angels of our God, ascending  
Upon the Son of Man.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
**"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."**

In the whole language of prayer there are no words more beautifully expressive than the four short lines of which the caption of this piece is the beginning. My soul finds hallowed music in each word of that immortalized prayer; and many times have I felt to render thanks to its originator, whoever it may have been. After the toil and cares of the day are over, and we find our wearied soul and body panting for rest—that peculiar rest that cometh to mortals only by the heaven-sent gift of sleep,—and we prepare to commit ourselves to the keeping of Him "who never slumbers," what more appropriate and satisfying petition can we offer before the majesty of His throne, than

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

In treading each day the intricate path of life, as we find it in this world, the Christian necessarily becomes, by the closing in of night, wearied in mind, body and soul. The mind, especially, seems to have become so taxed as to render it almost incapable of creating a prayer that sufficiently portrays the evening desire of the soul for spiritual rest, bodily protection, and a peaceful meeting with its creator in the event of an unexpected call from God before the morning light shall appear. But in this beautiful little prayer does the soul find all its wants met together in the most beautiful expression possible. It is clearly evident to my mind, that this prayer was composed through the divine influence of special inspiration. None can deny that it has in reality become immortalized; and that which partakes most of immortality, if good in its nature, may come nearest to God. Among the first recollections of the youth of every Christian parent in the land is the lisping of "Now I lay me down to sleep," and here I would express an opinion that lies near my heart. Many seem to think this prayer solely adapted to the wants of children; but the reasons I have given for considering the prayer a beautiful one, I do not find in the least diminished, when considering the wants of any Christian being. Let me live to whatever age I may, these blessed lines shall always be my evening prayer. When we arise in the morning as it were "new creatures," refreshed in our whole being, then are we better prepared to lay before our God the many wants of the soul for the day. YUNO. Monroe Co., Sept., 1863.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When the summer of our youth is slowly wasting into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of the past grow deeper, as if life were on its close, it is pleasant to look back through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of years. If we have a home to shelter us, and friends have been gathered by our fire-sides, then the rough places of wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so touching to the evening of age.

BELIEVING.—To go and venture upon God upon the freedom of His grace, upon the promises of God, upon the commands of God, and to stand at God's arbitrament, and to refer a man's will to His will, and to cast a man's self into those everlasting arms, it is as if a man should leave his own standing, and cast himself into the arms of a mighty giant that stands upon another pinnacle; one whom he has also often wronged and abused; and he himself hath no hands to lay upon him neither, but he must depend upon his catching him; and here is the greatest venture, the greatest self-denial that can be. Thus the heart throws itself out of all possibilities, and submits to the free grace of God in Christ: and this is in believing.—*Goodwin.*

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.—Richard Baxter once said, "I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asks me, 'What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body?' There is one more gone into eternity! What didst thou do to prepare him for it? And what testimony must be given to the Judge concerning thee?"

The Educator.

Various Topics.

CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

In all our country schools, children of both sexes are educated in the same schools. Very few question the expediency, as all admit the necessity of the arrangement. But in the larger villages and in the cities, our usage is divided. The different plans have their advocates and opposers, with an array of arguments upon each side of the question. An opinion has been frequently asked, upon the comparative advantage of the mixed and separate schools. The experience of the writer in schools of all kinds, covers a period of more than twenty years, about equally divided between the two systems. Without spending time in details of argument or opinion, I have no hesitation in saying that economy and other considerations, such as the mutual good influence of the two classes, of pupils, in the way of stimulus to study, improvement of manners, and social culture, are in favor of the union of the sexes in all our ordinary schools, of whatever grade. By ordinary schools, I intend our public schools in town or country, where the pupils reside with their parents, and are under their care and control when not in the school-room. There are objections of aristocracy sometimes felt, — less frequently expressed. These go for nothing, as entirely opposed to the grand principle of the free school, which reckons every man's son or daughter the peer of any other man's son or daughter; and which claims as one of its very excellencies, that it brings the children of all the families in district or town to the common level of merit and attainment, without regard to any artificial rules of social intercourse. And it would seem that the danger that undesirable connections may be formed between young people thus associated in school, is rather imaginary than real, where all the parties reside in the same neighborhood and are well known to each other. In school as elsewhere, of course, the guardians of the young should exercise a parental watchfulness and a proper influence to advise and control. And it is by no means clear that this control is more difficult where the young people are associated in school, than where they are separated. By many it is reckoned less.

But the case is different where young people leave home, and are thrown into families whose chief interest is to make for their boarders an agreeable stopping place, with as little as possible of home influence and home restraints. — E. P. Weston.

REVIEW YOUR WORK.

It would be well for every teacher, at the close of each day's labor, to devote a portion of time to a review of the events of the day. Self-examination is one of the strongest incentives to self-improvement, and no one can profit more by it than the earnest teacher. It is seldom that a day passes in school that does not present some incident that demands careful thought on the part of the teacher, in order that the next day's labor may be an improvement on the last. Nothing will more effectually aid the teacher in his efforts to make the school what he desires it to be, than the habit of daily meditating upon what has transpired in his little realm. This, to be effectual, must be properly done. Vague thought without object or aim, will be useless. Let there be point to the thought, and let the decision be calmly and resolutely carried into action. In this way the teacher may correct errors in his own management, as well as bad habits on the part of the pupils.

In order to make this thought practical, allow me to suggest a method by which it may be made effectual. We will suppose that every careful, thoughtful teacher keeps a record, either in the register or class-book, of the attendance, tardiness, scholarship, deportment, and such other facts in the history of each pupil as he wishes to preserve. This record, together with the observations of the teacher, will afford daily topics for consideration, and it will be useful to reflect upon them frequently. In this way plans may be formed for removing whatever tends to prevent the usefulness of the school. Among other things, it may be well to consider the following: — Have my pupils been punctual to-day? Have I done all in my power to secure punctuality and to prevent tardiness? Am I punctual? Do I endeavor to find out the cause of tardiness? Do I exert myself to remove the cause? Has there been any disorder to-day? Is the discipline as good as I can make it? Do I assign proper lessons? Are they well learned? Do my pupils improve in reading? Do I question them concerning the meaning of what they read? Is spelling properly attended to? Do I take sufficient pains with the writing? Do my pupils read sufficiently loud? Do I teach them to talk properly and use good grammar? Have I learned to use the word why sufficiently? Do I encourage the dull ones? Is there life in the exercises? Do I require all the class to give attention to the recitations? Do I use the black-board enough? Am I firm and yet kind? Do I take an interest in the sports of my pupils? Am I sufficiently interested in their moral welfare? Do I consider the propriety of punishment before inflicting it? Have I a proper idea of the responsibility of the teacher's calling? Do I take sufficient interest in my own improvement? Do I read educational publications? Do I have frequent reviews? These and a variety of similar topics should be daily considered by the earnest teacher. By so doing he will find that his school is more easily managed, and that it daily becomes more useful to the pupils. I would not have the teacher always take school cares with him; but, by devoting a portion of time each day to their consideration, he can the most effectually throw them off, and gain that rest and relaxation that every faithful teacher needs. — Teachers, try it, and give us your experience. — A TEACHER, in Conn. School Journal.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

As far back in the pages of history as we have any account, we find man a being who, possessed of reasoning faculties, was not, like all other animals created at the foundation of the world, destined to forever occupy the same position as regards his intellectual, social, and moral attainments. Ever since man was first placed in the garden of Eden, his course has been onward and upward, and he has been steadily advancing on the road of knowledge and civilization. When the number of inhabitants on the earth was few, and each occupied as much or little territory as he chose, — when there was an unlimited field for every one, — there was, of course, no necessity for political divisions, each could go where he chose, and, if any one pitched his tent in any particular spot, he was entitled, by the law of common consent, to the right to have and to hold as long as he saw fit. This was their only law, and, rude as it was, it was all that was then needed.

But let us pass on and view the condition of the world at the time of the flood. It is said they displeased God, and he was determined to destroy them, yet save a remnant which should again build up the world. To do this, NOAH, who was a just man and one who feared God, was directed to build an ark to save himself and such as He should send him; and it would seem they had attained to quite a high state of perfection in the mechanical arts, to be able to build, even with the assistance of the Almighty to plan it, one capable of carrying two of every description of animals now known on the earth. Here it would seem the progress of man, considered in one light, was checked, and in another it was forwarded. The world had, as it were, to start anew, while on the other hand it was cleared of the iniquity which then existed, and prepared to start one step further along on the road to civilization.

In the progress of time the earth was again replenished, and passing over the intervening years, we next notice the people of the world about five hundred years before CHRIST, among whom the Romans were conspicuous. Here was a nation that carried its arts and arms into all the then known world, and though they were in the dark on many subjects, still there were some a little later who distinguished themselves as orators and poets, and of whose productions we might well be proud at the present day.

Let us next turn our attention to the coming of CHRIST. With him was ushered in a new era, — old things were done away, and a new light shone on the world. Persecuted and trodden down as the gospel of CHRIST was, it finally broke forth in all its power and glory, and accomplished one of the greatest reformations the world ever knew. MARTIN LUTHER, with the Bible, shook all Europe, and guided by the light of truth, made the first step out of that darkness into which the East had settled. Persecuted, as every reformation is and has been, this persecution only added enchantment to it, and thousands embraced the true Christian religion.

We must again pass over a number of years, and view the discovery of our own land by COLUMBUS. Probably no nation in the world ever made more rapid advancement in the arts, sciences, and civilization generally, than the American people. Three hundred and seventy years ago the first white man set foot on American soil, and where there was naught but the grand and impenetrable forests, now stand thickly populated cities, — where the Indian paddled his light canoe, now plows the perfection of FULTON'S first attempt. Over our land, from East to West, flashes the lightning, tamed by FRANKLIN and set at work by MORSE. Where the lumbering stage used to roll, comes thundering the impetuous rail car. Such are the improvements, such the advancement man has made in the arts and sciences. Look, for instance, at the art of printing. Years ago only a few could have books, only a few could acquire an education, — now the doors are open unto all. And yet, with all these advantages, we fail to reach the standard unto which we should attain. Are we civilized? What is civilization? Is it not the eradicating of our savage natures, and implanting in their stead natures which shall more nearly resemble the spirit of the Christian pattern, the Prince of Peace? How far advanced are we on the road of civilization when we join in glorying over the annihilation of thousands of our fellows? How nearly do we fulfill the meaning of the word when we participate in the barbarous work of murdering men by hundreds? And is this as high a state of civilization as we are able to attain unto or hope for? God forbid! I cannot but believe that a brighter day is dawning on the people of America. Civilization, Education and Christianity must move on. I believe they are going forward, and I thank God for it. There is this deep-rooted evil connected with our Government which requires the most powerful agency for its eradication, and I hope and trust we shall come out of the fire we are now passing through, purified and prepared to enter upon a new road toward civilization.

Fellow student, the work of keeping up this nation most assuredly falls upon us. These free institutions, this glorious liberty, — the dear purchase of our fathers, are ours, — ours to enjoy, ours to uphold, ours to transmit. Generations past and generations to come hold us responsible for this sacred trust. Our fathers, from the past, admonish with their paternal voices; posterity calls out to us from the bosom of the future. The blood of our fathers, — let it not have been shed in vain! The great hope of posterity, — let it not be blasted!

But let us unite our energies to uphold this nation and this Union. And let it be our aim to have a nation which shall consecrate their talents to forward the cause of Christianity and promulgate the gospel of peace. Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1863. WM. HATHAWAY.

SELLING OLD THINGS.

SELL that old table? No; I'll not sell it! It's only a pine table, that's true, and it cost but eighteen shillings, twenty-five years ago; but your ten dollar bill is no temptation. And I'll not swap it, either, for the prettiest mahogany or cherry table that you can bring me. If it has plain turned legs, instead of a pillar in the middle, with lion's claws, and if the marble top is only varnished paper, I will not sell or swap it. It has been to me a very profitable investment. From the day it came home it has been earning dividends and increasing its old capital. My children made a play-house and drank tea in their toy cups under it, for which I thank the four legs; and when they got tired of it that way, they turned it upside down, and made a four-post bedstead with curtains, or pulled it round the carpet for a sleigh. Then they climbed on it for an observatory; and I never counted the glorious romps they had round it. And also all along for twenty-five years it has paid its dividends of happiness to my family circle. These dividends could never be separated from it, until its value is not told in money. It had its quiet use, also, for nobody could tell it from a round table of agate and cornelian, with its salmon-bordered green cover.

Nothing lasts forever. The top of the table was loosened by the hard use it got, so I took a punch, drove in the eight-penny nails below the surface, added a few screws, putted them over, and pasted marble-paper checkers over the top. Then it was a really handsome table. It has had hard usage since, but bears it all; and the checkers want renewing, which will make it worth more yet.

My watch is thirty years old. It is one of those thick silver levers which some poor wits call "turnips." It has been several times suggested to me that I might exchange it for a thin modern gold watch, which wears easier in the pocket. When I do, you may set me down for a barbarian. No, — the best gold and jeweled "hunter" in existence would not tempt me to swap. That watch marked the time when our children were born, and the record is set down in the family Bible; it has ticked on their ears when they could only speak by laughing at it, and kicking up their heels. It has marked the hours when the doctor's medicines were to be given, and counted their pulses when they beat low at midnight, and when the hearts ached. It has made many records that are fast sealed up, to be opened when another time comes.

Twenty-seven years have passed since my wife and I went out one evening and bought a tea-kettle. The fitting of the lid was a little imperfect so that the escape of steam shook it, and caused a peculiar noise, nearly enough resembling the chirping of some insect to suggest the name by which it has now been known in the family for a long time — our "cricket on the hearth." Like the table and the watch, the kettle has been adding dividends to its capital every day since its first purchase, and, though nothing but iron, it could not be bought for its weight in silver. It has sung so long, and regularly, and cheerfully, that not only the kitchen, but the whole house would be lonely without it. It has given us its fragrant blessing morning and evening, and come almost to be regarded as a living and talking creature.

It is never a good fortune that sells such old friends of the family, and takes in new ones that have no history and no tongue. In all changes that have so far taken place, I have kept these silver bowls unbroken, and surely no change in the future shall break them. — Century.

DISTRIBUTION OF HEAT IN DRESS.

WHATEVER the material used, the form and arrangement of it should be such as to retain an equal amount of heat over the whole body. Thus, and thus only, is a balanced circulation insured, and the system effectually braced against either extreme of temperature, together with its changes. As an equilibrium of the vital fluid is essential, and it can be secured only by an equal distribution of clothing over the body — together, of course, with its non-compression — it follows that the cut is not of minor importance in the construction of dress. Sufficient clothing may be worn to secure warmth, yet the wearer actually suffer from cold. Instance: — A woman clad in winter in twice the weight of material a man wears, fails to experience anything like the warmth he enjoys. He has a general equable sense of comfort, while she, if warm at all, is so only in spots and at intervals. Such disparity is plainly traceable to the difference in the construction of their costumes. This equilibrium in dress is essential to heat, too. As a balanced circulation is due to the healthy evenness of our sensations, it is in any case a pre-requisite to temperatival protection and bodily comfort. As to the second part of protection, its indications are met in securing the first. If the form is clad with due regard to heat and cold, it is, at the same time, in the best manner secured against improper exposures. I heard a reverend gentleman remark not long since that "women were not dressed; their clothes were hung upon them." We may safely leave it — in view of the oft-recurring "scenes" in the street and in the house, and the constantly reiterated charge little girls receive "to be more careful, and not show themselves" — with an impartial judgment to decide how much ground in truth there is for this assertion. — Dr. Dio Lewis.

ENVY. — Envy, if surrounded on all sides by the brightness of another's prosperity, like the scorpion, confined within a circle of fire, will sting itself to death.

FEDERAL COMMANDERS AT CHARLESTON.

A PEEP AT GENERAL GILLMORE. — We pass the orderly and take a peep. That young man with full beard, bushy hair, square forehead, and black, restless eye, is Gen. Gillmore. He is not very demonstrative, and as he is a man of business, you must not expect an invitation to stay all night. He is rapid in conversation, but chooses words as he does positions for batteries, with deliberation. He comprehends you, however, instantly, and if you are a deserter giving him information, his questions are few but comprehensive, or if you speak of his present operations you will gain no additional knowledge, but inevitably conclude that he is a man who has unbounded confidence in himself and his ability to execute his plans. This self-confidence, however, is far from pride, neither does it manifest itself in a haughty demeanor. He is now smoking a cigar, and tipped leisurely back in his chair, he is reading a novel. "That is cool," you say. Yes, it is very cool for this climate, and more so, for his present position, which is within range of the enemy's guns. He has been up to the front this morning under fire, and, assuring himself that everything is working admirably, he returns to his tent, issues orders, dispatches members of his staff hither and thither, keeps himself posted in regard to every detail, and now he is taking a siesta. We will not disturb him in this moment of peace. And yet we might as well have said, "General, Charleston is bound to fall," and watched the sly twinkle of his eye, for here comes apace Colonel Turner, his Chief of Artillery, a young, sprightly officer, with intelligence from the front. This then, is General Gillmore, who reduced Pulaski by siege when older heads laughed at his plans, and is now prosecuting a similar siege, though one far more gigantic and arduous.

A LOOK AT ADMIRAL DAHLGREN. — We are on board the flag-ship Philadelphia. You seem surprised at the elegance with which it is furnished; yet, considering that it cost the government one hundred and forty thousand dollars, it should be an extra craft. These side-wheel steamers, with guards, tremble very uncomfortably in a heavy sea, when the waves break in under the guards with a tremendous "swash" and "thug." On the upper saloon are the accommodations for his staff. The Admiral is a quiet looking man. You think, perhaps, that an Admiral is a large, burly looking sailor, with eyes flashing continuous broadsides of bristled wrath. Yet see what a quiet, affable Admiral rules the South Atlantic Squadron. He does not look like a fighting man, but rather like the calm theorist more at home in his library than in the lookout of a Monitor. He is a spare built man, with side whiskers, prominent forehead, and small receding eyes. You do not see in him that countenance indicative of fight which Admiral Dupont wore, or as much decision of character.

A SIMPLE COLD.

The theory of a cold is as simple as its practice is general at this time. A chilled surface shrinks and the pores close; the blood, rendered impure by the retention of perspirable matter, chokes and inflames the external organs, which strive to throw off the oppression by desperate and convulsive efforts. If the digestive organs yield first, we have cholera morbus or its kindred affections; if the chest or head, we have labored breathing, cough, expectoration, catarrh. The remedy would be rest if it were always attainable. Our over-wrought digestive powers may lie idle for days, without food or fear, but whatever we do we must still breathe and think. The engorged lungs are like seamen in a sinking ship, they keep all hands at the pumps. The brain throbs and reels, but rests not against the reddened walls that confine it; it labors hard for slight results; it is like a clumsy suicide, strangled in its own blood. Statesmen, orators, preachers speak with difficulty, and the words are not worth the struggle they cost. The editor rubs his heated brow and sheds ink in sheer desperation, but his thoughts breathe heavily like an asthmatic patient, and his words burn only with smothered and feverish fire. This picture of the prevailing malady is no fancy sketch; it is a photograph from life. It can hardly be brilliant or attractive, but it is taken, like the views of our war artist, "on the spot." — Springfield Republican.

HABITS OF THE GREEKS.

The pure Greek race is dry, sinewy and sharp, like the country which maintains it. The draining of a few marshes would suffice to suppress all epidemic fevers, and to make the Greeks the healthiest people in Europe, as they are the most temperate. The consumption of one English laborer would supply, in Greece, a family of six persons. The rich are perfectly satisfied with a dish of vegetables for their repast; the poor, with a handful of olives or a morsel of salt fish. The whole nation eats meat once a year, at Easter. Drunkenness, so common in cold countries, is an extremely rare vice among the Greeks. They are great drinkers, but water drinkers. It would make their conscience uneasy to pass a fountain without drinking at it; but if they do go to the public house, it is to gossip. The cafes of Athens are full of customers, and at all hours; but they consume no strong liquors. They call for a half-penny cup of coffee, a glass of water, fire to light their cigarettes, a newspaper, and a set of dominoes; with that they will amuse themselves the whole day long. — All the Year Round.

LORD PETERBOROUGH, after a visit to Feneion said: — "He was cast in a particular mould that was never used for anybody else; he is a delicious creature! But I was forced to get away from him as fast as I could, else he would have made me pious."]

Reading for the Young.

FIRST-RATES.

"WHAT are you doing, Jacob?" said Mr. Myers to Jacob Stearns, who was hoeing corn in a field adjoining the road. The question was not asked for information, but as the commencement of a conversation. Mr. Myers was fond of conversing with young people, and loved to try to do them good.

"I am hoeing corn," said Jacob. "I see; but have you hoed those rows?" "Yes, sir." "There are a good many weeds left in the hills and between the rows. There should be no weeds left where the hoe has been." "I am not trying to hoe it very well." "Why not?"

"Because — because the corn will grow without it." Jacob hesitated in giving a reason, simply because he had no reason to give.

"You have heard the old proverb — whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. You should either hoe the corn well, or not at all. You should never do anything without trying to do it well."

"I don't mean to be a farmer. If I meant to be a farmer, then there would be a reason for my doing all things relating to farming well."

"What do you mean to be?" "I mean to be a professional man. I mean to get an education. When I begin my education, I will do everything relating to it as well as I possibly can."

"My young friend, you have already begun your education, and you are carrying on the process every day."

"I am not studying now. I am going to begin next fall."

"The process of education is not confined to study. That is only part of the process. Education consists in the formation of character — in the formation of habits. One important habit is the habit of doing things thoroughly — of doing things in the best possible way. You are forming this habit or the opposite one in all that you do. Whenever you do anything carelessly, you are injuring your habits."

"I thought if I studied so as to become a first-rate scholar, I should be an educated man."

"To be a well educated man, one must do whatever he does in a first-rate manner. It is only men who are first-rate that will command any high success in life. The Bible gives the best possible rules for education, as it does for everything else relating to the soul. It says, 'whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might'; that is, do it diligently, and as perfectly as possible. The Book says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do' — that includes hoeing corn, as well as studying. The Bible would have every man a first-rate man in his calling." — S. S. Times.

NOTHING TO DO.

"Oh, just look how it rains! To-day we cannot go out on the lawn to play, neither can we go to school," said two little boys, standing in the door, looking impatiently at the rain. "Oh, I do wish it would not rain so long," said one of them, "for I have nothing to do."

Is that true? Have you nothing to do? If you have nothing to do, perhaps, then, you can find something to think about. But judging from your talk, we would infer that you are not disposed to seek for something to think about; so we will make your work more easy still, and ask you whether you cannot see something to think about. You say it rains. Can you tell me what you mean by that? "Why, I mean there is water coming from the clouds." And can you tell me what clouds are, and how they are formed? "No; I never thought about that." Well, take off your hat and seat yourself as quietly as possible, and I will tell you.

Clouds are formed from the watery vapor of the air, condensed so as to become visible. Atmospheric air is capable of taking up and holding in solution a large amount of vapor. This becomes visible only when the air in which it is dissolved is cooled to a certain point, when it is condensed, and takes the form of small vesicles, or floating bubbles, and appears as a mist or cloud. Now, when these watery bubbles of a cloud unite, and become too heavy to be longer supported by the air, they fall in drops of rain.

Now, my little man, you have learned how rain is formed; and it has ceased raining, so that you can go to school, and, if ever after this you see it rain, and, although you have nothing to do, bear in mind God has given you a mind to think. — Children's Friend.

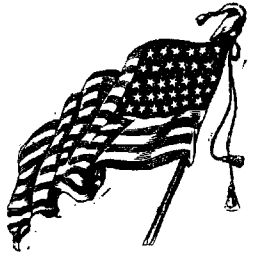
DOING WELL FOR EACH DAY. — Let us see that we do every day what we can. Any little boy or girl, who, in looking back upon a day gone by, can say, "I have done one thing well," may be happy with the thought he has taken one step in the way of wisdom. But remember one thing, dear little friend, — the buried grain of wheat would never start into life if God did not send it help, and it is by the same help that it increases day by day. As the little rain drop — God's beautiful messenger — descends into its tomb, so in the darkness and death of sin the Holy Spirit comes to us. If he breathes upon our hearts we live to do good; without him we do nothing good. Let us obey this Spirit, and all good will be ours a last, though we gain it little by little.

The government of the will is better even than the increase of knowledge. Gratitude is the least of virtues, but ingratitude is the worst of vices.

MODESTY promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Flung 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. Let it float out in triumph, let it wave over head, The noble old ensign, its stripes and its stars; It gave us our freedom, o'ershadows our dead, Gave might to our heroes, made sacred their scars. Let it wave in the sunbeam, unfurl in the storm, Our guardian at morning, our beacon at night, When peace shines in splendor athwart her bright form, Or war's bloody hand holds the standard of might. Unfurl the old banner, its traitors crush down, Let it still be the banner that covers the brave, The star spangled banner, with glory we own, 'Tis too noble a banner for tyrant and slave.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

Movements in the West and South-West. DACOTAH.—There has been a fight with the Indians, and the following official tells the story briefly:

CAMP WHITE HILL, Sept. 4. To Gen. Pope:—Yesterday we surprised over 400 lodges of hostile Indians, fought and dispersed them, killing 100, destroying their camp and all their property. I have in my hands many prisoners.

ARKANSAS.—The capital of this State has recently fallen into the hands of the U. S. forces, as the following official fully attests:

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 10. To Gen. Halleck:—We have just entered Little Rock. The cavalry under Gen. Davidson is pursuing the enemy, who are in full retreat south.

TENNESSEE.—On Sunday week, a rebel force of 10,000 strong, attacked Negley's brigade, 5,300 strong, at Bird's Gap, and drove them back three miles. Negley recovered his ground next morning with 35 killed, wounded and missing. Our men buried 36 rebels found on the ground Monday morning. The number of their killed and wounded which had been removed is unknown, but is supposed to be considerable.

On Wednesday Lieut. Col. Hays, with 300 men of the 100th Ohio, was attacked near Tilford, 23 miles up the railroad, by 1,800 rebels under Gen. Jackson. After fighting gallantly for two hours, our forces losing heavily in killed and wounded, we were compelled to surrender to overpowering numbers.

BATTLE IN GEORGIA.

We have advices from Rosecrans' army to the 22d, (Tuesday, 1.30 A. M.), toward which all eyes will be turned with the most intense anxiety. We give particulars as far as received from the scene of conflict. The battle commenced on the 19th and ended on the 20th. The battle-field is in the north-west part of Georgia, near Chattanooga, Tenn.:

A desperate engagement commenced this morning, the 19th. The rebels made a heavy attack on the corps of Gen. Thomas, forming the left wing of our army, and at the same time they made an attack upon the right wing, which was thought to be a feint. Gen. McCook's and Gen. Crittenden's troops were thrown into the engagement as convenience offered, the main portion being on the march at the time. The fight on the left was of a very severe character. The enemy were repulsed, but on being re-enforced regained their position, from which they were subsequently driven after a severe engagement of an hour and a half. Gen. Thomas' forces then charged the enemy for nearly a mile and a half, punishing them severely.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon the enemy made a fierce dash on our center, composed of the divisions of Gens. Van Cleve and Reynolds. Gen. Van Cleve's forces were attacked on the right flank, and being vigorously pushed by the rebels, fell back until Gen. Carter's line was broken, and the troops became much scattered. Gen. Thomas on the left, and Gen. Davis on the right, then pushed forward their forces vigorously toward the Gap, and after a hard fight recovered the ground which had been lost on the extreme right. The fight disclosed the intention of the rebels, which evidently was to get between us and Chattanooga.

The general engagement which commenced at 11 A. M., ended about 6 P. M. Gen. Palmer had gathered together our scattered forces, and Gen. Negley, who had been sent from the right flank to feel the centre, pushed forward and re-established our line as it had been before the battle began, along the Chickamanga Creek.

The country where the battle was fought is level, but thickly overgrown with small timber and brushwood, and is very unfavorable for the use of artillery, very little of which was used. The casualties in wounded are heavy, but extremely light in killed for so heavy a musketry engagement. The fight on the left flank was one continuous roll of musketry for an hour or more. No general officers were injured. Col. Heg and Colonel Bradley, commanding brigades, were wounded. Col. Jones, of the 36th Ohio regiment, and Col. Carroll and Major Barretta, of the 10th Indiana, were also wounded. Lieut. Jones, of Co. A, 10th Indiana, was killed. Lieut. Col. Hunt, of the 60th Kentucky regiment, and Lieut. Col. Maxwell, of the 2d Ohio regiment, were wounded. Lieut. Ludlow and Lieut. Fessenden, of battery H, 5th artillery, were wounded. Lieut.

Floyd of battery I, 4th artillery, and Captain Brown of the 31st Illinois regiment, were wounded. Capt. Searlis, Assistant Adjutant General of Starkweather's brigade, was killed. Battery H, of the 5th artillery, was lost and afterwards recaptured by the 79th Indiana regiment. Rebel prisoners taken represent that the corps of Gens. Hill, Polk, Johnston and Longstreet were in the engagement.

The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following account of the close of the fight on Saturday near Chattanooga:

The fighting was terrific. Gen. Rosecrans grew anxious. The wounded came pouring in and the rebels kept moving steadily up to his headquarters. New forces were opposed to the rebels, and from this time till dark the battle raged with desperate fury. At dark, when the firing had about ceased, the rebels threw forward fresh troops and engaged our right. The action again became general until long after dark, and raged with the greatest fury. The battle, thus far, has been a bloody one and our losses very heavy. Rebel prisoners say that some of their regiments are almost annihilated. Both armies occupy the same ground as when the action began. We have captured several hundred prisoners, many of whom are from the east. We took 10 guns and lost 7.

Chattanooga advices of the 22d, 1.30 A. M., say that the battle on the 19th resulted well for us, having held our own as established on the left, and concentrated our forces during the day. In the morning we held a handsome line with the right on a ridge of hills, and the left protected with rude works and logs, thrown up during the night. The left rested on the east side of Ross-ville and Lafayette, about four miles south of Rossville. In the fight on the 19th we had a loss of 600 killed and 2,000 wounded, and were ahead three pieces of artillery. The men were in splendid spirits.

The engagement was resumed at 9 A. M. of the 20th by an attempt of the rebels to storm Thomas' left and front several times. They were severely repulsed with heavy loss to them and very little to us.

The enemy finding their assaults in vain, maneuvered to the left with the intention to throw a force in the Rossville road and attacking Thomas on the left flank. At this juncture, Thomas ordered Brannon, who had one brigade in reserve, and two with Reynolds, holding the key of the position, which was Thomas' right, to move to the left of the line and protect Gen. Rosecrans, at the same time sent Davis and Van Cleve from the right and center to support Brannon in an effort to hold the line to Rossville, and protect Thomas' flank.

On perceiving the withdrawal of skirmishers in front of their division moving from right and center, the enemy made a vigorous attack on that part of the line, piercing the centre, cutting off Davis and Sheridan from the left, and driving the centre into the mountains, both right and centre being much scattered without very serious loss in killed and wounded. The right and center gone, Thomas' right became exposed to a most terrific attack, and Reynolds and Brannon and their right of Thomas' line was swung around. His extreme left being as the first, this also fell back a short distance on the Rossville roads. Parts of the centre were gathered up and reported to Thomas, who made several stands, but was unable to check the rebel advance until the arrival of re-enforcements.

At one o'clock, Gen. Granger with one division of reserves, came up, and was at once thrown into the centre, driving the enemy handsomely from his position in Strong Ridge, with heavy loss, the fire from one of Granger's batteries mowing them down.

After this bloody repulse the enemy remained quiet until about four o'clock, persisting, however, in maneuvering on both flanks, their full and correct information regarding the country enabled them to do so with great facility. Having gotten again on our flank, the enemy made a vigorous attack and a fight ensued, which has no parallel in the history of this army. Col. Harker's brigade, of Wood's division, and a remnant of Johnson's division, holding the left, covered themselves with glory, and on the right and center, Brannon, Baird, Reynolds and Palmer, with parts of their divisions, fought most gallantly, while Stedman and Granger with the reserve drove the enemy at every point where they went in.

At five o'clock Gen. Thomas was still triumphant, and on the left held his line of the morning, but with the right the enemy fell back to a line reaching at right angles to that of the morning. Two lines of retreat were open to him to Chattanooga, by one of which he fell back to Rossville during the night. Our losses have necessarily been heavy, but the list of killed will be surprisingly light.

We have not suffered more in men than the enemy. In the charge by Thomas the first day the enemy lost as many as we did in the whole day. What the losses in prisoners and material are we cannot now say. Our killed will reach 1,200. Our wounded will amount to 7,000, most of them slight wounds.

We have captured Gen. Adams, of Texas, and 1,300 of his men.

Several Federal officers of high rank were killed and wounded.

Department of the Gulf.

GEN. BANKS has published the following order removing all military restrictions upon trade on the Mississippi. It does not, however, do away with the difficulty and annoyance caused by the internal revenue, and amounts simply to a transfer from the military to the civil power of authority in matters of trade:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, New Orleans, Sept. 3, 1863.

1. The trade of the city of New Orleans with Cairo, St. Louis, and the cities and towns of the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri and Ohio rivers, is hereby declared free from any military restric-

tion whatever. The trade of the Mississippi at intermediate points within the Department of the Gulf is held subject only to such limitations as may be necessary to prevent the supply of provisions and munitions of war to the enemies of the country.

2. The products of the country intended for general market may be brought into the military posts on the line of the Mississippi within the Department of the Gulf without restraint, viz: at New Orleans, Carrollton, Donaldsonville, Baton Rouge and Port Hudson.

3. Officers and soldiers of the army are hereby directed to transfer to the Hon. B. F. Flanders, Agent of the Treasury Department of the United States, or his deputies, taking receipts therefor, all captured, abandoned or sequestered property not required for military purposes, in accordance with General Orders No. 88 of the Department of War.

4. The Military Court of this Department is hereby invested with exclusive jurisdiction in all cases of extortion, excessive or unreasonable charges, or unjust treatment of officers and soldiers of the Army of the United States by proprietors or agents of steamboats or other vessels in the navigation of the Mississippi or the Gulf; and upon conviction of any of the offences herein described, the offender will be held liable to fine, imprisonment, or confiscation of property. By command of

Major-General BANKS.

G. NORMAN LIEBER, A. A. A. General. The N. Y. World's correspondent from New Orleans of the 11th says a movement is on foot to invade Texas in three columns, under Gens. Franklin, Washburn and Herron.

An expedition, composed of Gen. Grant's forces, sailed from New Orleans on Wednesday, the 9th inst. Its destination is unknown to the public.

The gunboat Clifton, while passing through Sabine Pass, was exposed to a raking fire which reduced her to a total wreck, killing or wounding all on board. The gunboat Sachem, which was in company with the Clifton, was captured.

Department of the South.

A MORRIS ISLAND letter to the Herald, dated 11th, says ever since our occupation of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg the rebels have been exceedingly morose and savage. They fire night and day upon Wagner, but they left us such an admirably constructed work, and so efficacious and safe bombproof, that no one is injured by their missiles. They fire often enough during the night to enable us to sleep soundly.

A refugee from Charleston reports that the line of torpedoes does not run entirely across the channel, and the main obstruction is an immense network of ropes formed somewhat like a ladder, which extends across the channel. When a vessel designs leaving Charleston word is sent to Sumter, and the rope-work is drawn in to one side, to permit the egress of the blockade runner. When a ship comes in she lays to under Sumter until the same process is re-enacted. This obstruction is supported by tar barrels. There are two floating batteries, ribbed with iron, and only two iron-clad rams in the harbor, namely, the Chicora and Palmetto State. Upon these the rebels rely very much in their defence of Charleston.

A Morris Island letter reports that the rebels are extremely busy in repairing Sumter. A deserter says after strengthening Sumter and planting more batteries on James Island, Beauregard intends to assume the offensive to gain possession of Morris Island.

Gen. Gilmore had issued a congratulatory order to his troops on the capture of Morris Island, from which he says the city and harbor of Charleston lie at the mercy of our artillery. Also, an order giving 30 days furlough to privates who have distinguished themselves in the recent siege. They are not to exceed two per cent. of the effective force on the Island, and must be recommended by their Colonel.

Late Newbern (N. C.) dates report that the rebel privateers are running the blockade into Wilmington, N. C.; to a fearful extent. It is estimated that they are carrying in rebel supplies to the amount of a million dollars a day. Peace meetings are being held in nearly every town in North Carolina. The course of Hon. W. W. Holden, of the Raleigh (N. C.) Standard, meets with general approval and support from the people. The conservative peace party are making their nominations with a view of sending representatives to the Federal Congress, in case the army of Gen. Lee should be driven out of Virginia.

The Army in Virginia.

ADVICES from the Army of the Potomac of the 14th is as follows:

Maj. Gen. Pleasanton, whose cavalry force under Gens. Buford, Gregg and Kilpatrick, crossed the Rappahannock yesterday, advanced to the banks of the Rapidan.

Gen. Buford's division came up with Stuart's rebel cavalry and artillery on the heights this side of Brandy Station, and drove them from crest to crest by a series of brilliant and gallant charges. Gen. Kilpatrick's command connected with Buford's on the left at Brandy Station, having crossed at Kelly's Ford. Gen. Gregg left Culpepper Springs at daylight, and joined Pleasanton and Buford at Culpepper, having found Jones' brigade of rebel cavalry at Muddy Run, and scattered them by shells and a charge of cavalry, but not until they had fired the bridge. Gregg's men put it out, however, and replanked the structure in a few moments, so that the whole command crossed upon it. Gen. Gregg continued to drive Jones before him, and reached Culpepper at the same time with the rest of the command. Here the advance arrived just in time to see a train of cars with stores leave for the South. Our men charged through the town with the most splendid gallantry, capturing one hundred and four prisoners and three guns—two 12 and one 6-pounder. These guns were posted on a commanding eminence just beyond the town of Culpepper, and were charged upon by Gen. Custer of Gen. Kilpatrick's division, and taken with nearly all their men. Gen. Buford's division passed on in pursuit of the flying enemy. Col. Chapman, of the 3d Indiana cavalry, com-

manding 1st brigade, having the advance, pursued them, passed Cedar Mountain, and the whole command followed up to the vicinity of the Rapidan, within two miles of which they encamped last night. The fight was opened by Buford who had the centre advance and who knew exactly where to look for the enemy, as he had fought the same ground over several times. Gen. Custer was slightly wounded by a shot which killed his horse and came near killing the General.

Guerrillas still infest the southern side of the Potomac, occasionally capturing sutlers' property, such as was the case on Thursday, the 17th, when 16 horses and 3 full wagons, together with 5 men, fell into the hands of 15 ununiformed guerrillas, commanded by Captain Stringfellow, while on the way from Catlett's Station to Bristol Station. These trains had become separated from the two others in the train when the robbers suddenly approached from the woods, and with pistol in hand seized and drove them beyond the possibility of re-capture.

The N. Y. Post's special from Washington 19th, says:

All the Richmond papers of the 16th and 17th received here mention that Lee's army has been in line of battle for some days between the Rapidan and Orange Court House, but seem to intimate that it will remain on the defensive. This would seem to indicate that Lee is not strong, and this is accepted as confirmatory of the reports that troops have been sent south from Virginia.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

For the first time in the history of our country, the President has exercised his Constitutional prerogative, and also in accordance with a resolution of the last Congress, in suspending, throughout the entire land, the writ of habeas corpus. It will be seen by the subjoined document, the "suspension only applies to military and naval matters."

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The Constitution of the United States has ordained that "the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it;" and whereas, a rebellion was existing on the 3d day of March, 1863, which rebellion is still existing; and whereas, by a statute approved on that day, it was enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, that during the present rebellion the President of the United States, whenever in his judgment the public safety may require it, is authorized to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in any case throughout the United States or any part thereof; and whereas, in the judgment of the President the public safety does require that the privilege of the writ shall now be suspended throughout the United States in cases whereby the authority of the President, military, naval and civil officers of the United States, or any of them, hold persons in their command or in their custody, either as prisoners of war, spies, aiders or abettors of the enemy, or officers, soldiers, or seamen, enrolled, drafted or mustered or enlisted in or belonging to the land or naval forces of the United States, or as deserters therefrom, or otherwise amenable to military law, or to the rules and articles of war, or the rules and regulations prescribed for the military or naval services by the authority of the President of the United States, or for resisting the draft, or for any other offence against the military or naval service. Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and make known to all whom it may concern, that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is suspended throughout the United States in the several cases before mentioned, and that this suspension will continue throughout the duration of said rebellion, or until this proclamation, by a subsequent one to be issued by the President of the United States, be modified or revoked; and I hereby require all magistrates, attorneys, and all officers and others in the military and naval services of the United States, to take distinct notice of this suspension and give it full effect, and all citizens of the United States to conform themselves accordingly, in conformity with the Constitution of the United States and laws of Congress, in such case made and provided.

In testimony whereof, I have set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed, this 15th day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,

WM. H. SEWARD, Sec'y of State.

The Provost-Marshal-General publishes the following instructions in reference to the above important proclamation:

The Secretary of War has ordered that the act of Congress relating to the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus and proclamation of the President, based upon the same, be published for the information of all concerned, and that the following special instructions for persons in the military service of the United States, be strictly observed, namely: The attention of every officer in the military service of the United States is called to the proclamation of the President, issued the 15th of September, 1863, by which the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus is suspended.

If, therefore, a writ of habeas corpus should, in violation of the proclamation be sued out and served upon any military officer of the United States commanding him to produce before any court or judge, any person in his custody, belonging to any one of the classes specified in the proclamation of the President, it shall be the duty of such officer to make known by a certificate under oath, to whomsoever may issue or serve such writ of habeas corpus, that the person named in said writ is detained by him as a prisoner under the authority of the President of the United States. Such return having been made, if any person serving, or attempting to serve such writ, either by command of any court or judge, or otherwise, or without process of law shall attempt to arrest the officer making such return, and holding in custody such person, the said officer is hereby commanded to refuse submission and obedience to such arrest, and if there should be any attempt to take such person from the custody of such officer, or arrest such officer, he shall resist such attempt, calling to his aid any force that may be necessary to maintain the authority of the United States and render such assistance effectual.

J. B. FAX, Provost Marshal General.

Gen. Gilmore has been promoted from a Captain to a Major in the Regular Engineer corps.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Excelsior Vegetable Cuts—Robertson & Co. Country Residence and Farm For Sale—Henry Powis. \$10.00. Agents Wanted—M. E. Burlingame.

The News Condenser.

- The crop of hemp in Kentucky and Missouri it is said will be very short.
- The Canadian Ministry has asked for \$15,199,200 for this year's expenditures.
- Soldiers' families receive about \$30,000 per week from the N. Y. city government.
- The hop crop in Massachusetts this year will be only two-thirds of the average yield.
- The amount of postal currency now in circulation exceeds eighteen million dollars.
- John Taylor, one of Albany's most noted business men, died Sunday evening week.
- The Confederate debt, says the Register of the Treasury at Richmond, is \$840,000,000.
- Cumberland Gap is once more ours. This completes the redemption of East Tennessee.
- The Government has no official information of the occupation of Matamoros by the French.
- Additional naval force has been ordered to re-enforce the blockading fleet off Wilmington, N. C.
- Several 100-pound Parrot guns have arrived at Cairo, intended for some of the gunboats on the Mississippi.
- Intelligence from the West states officially that none of the treasure on the burned steamer Ruth was stolen.
- Gen. Gilmore has been appointed Major General of volunteers, in consideration of his services before Charleston.
- The German Congress has adjourned. The result of its deliberations are said to have been favorable to Austria.
- There are one hundred and seventy-four divorce cases on the docket of the Supreme Court in Suffolk Co., Mass.
- The Invalid Corps now numbers nine thousand men. No higher appointments than Major have yet been made.
- Cars now run from San Francisco to within seventeen miles of San Jose, over the Western Pacific Railroad.
- In the city of New York alone there are over 20,000 girls who get their living by the manufacture of hoop skirts.
- The friends of Gen. Cass will be pleased to learn that his health is improving, and that he is now considered out of danger.
- One thousand conscripts have been sent from New York to Gen. Banks' Department, and more will be sent in a few days.
- A person can live comfortably in Japan for two cents a day, or fourteen cents a week. A first class house costs thirty dollars!
- A "reconstruction" of the Canadian ministry, although the members are hardly warm in their seats, is already talked of.
- It was recently stated in Parliament that 1,887 cases of infantile occurred in England and Wales during the six months past.
- Minister Adams writes that he is still of the opinion that the rebel rams now building in Liverpool, will not be permitted to sail.
- The Chicago Sanitary Commission has made a public appeal for sixty thousand bushels of onions for the soldiers at Vicksburg.
- Mrs. President Lincoln is going to Europe, it is said, with her eldest boy, Robert, who is to complete his education in Germany.
- The season at Saratoga has been severely nipped by the frost, and is regarded as ended. Total arrivals at hotels, &c., over 30,000.
- John Armstrong, of New York, paid \$500 for a plate of ice cream at a fair in Jersey City for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.
- A new Monitor, the Tecumseh, was launched at Jersey City last week. She is 220 feet long, 45 beam, 12 depth of hold, and 7 1/2 draft.
- It is estimated that tourists and summer travelers have left in New Hampshire, the present season, upward of one million dollars.
- Seven out of thirty conscripts drawn from Bedford, N. H., were milkmen. They will, of course, "hurry up" the war with new vigor.
- Havana advices state that fires, robberies and murders are quite common in that city. The rebellion in St. Domingo still continues.
- Nearly a car load of Jeff. Davis' private papers, lately captured near Jackson, Miss., passed through Vincennes on the way to Washington.
- Richmond papers of Sept. 8, announce the arrival of Gen. Pemberton at Atlanta, Ga., so the report of his death must have been premature.
- The women of the North-west are getting up a monster soldiers' fair at Chicago, for the last week of October and first week in November.
- The Gloucester Telegraph says the fishing interest never stood better than at the present time. Fish have been plenty and prices high.
- Certain unusual military demonstrations in St. Louis last week are said to have been occasioned by the discovery of a plot to burn the city.
- Diphtheria is raging fearfully at Stratton, Vt. Some neighborhoods are so afflicted that it is difficult to procure help to take care of the sick.
- It is stated that the wheat crop this season in the Confederate States will foot up 69,639,500 bushels, and has been gathered in good order.
- A proposition has been introduced into the Canadian Parliament to raise \$1,000,000 a year by direct taxation for the support of the militia.
- A number of the Lawrence widows and orphans lately passed through Chicago east, some bringing the ashes of their dead with them.
- The valuation of real and personal estate of the city of New York for the year 1863 has been officially fixed by the Supervisors at \$64,106,813.
- The mortality is said to be three times greater in Grant's army than in the army of the Potomac. The water and the weather, probably.
- Parson Brownlow is with Gen. Burnside's army, on his way to Knoxville to revive the Whig. He says the first number will be worth reading.
- The rebels are said to have six vessels of war at Richmond, some of which are known to be clad with railroad iron and modeled after the Merrimack.
- The London Times, sensible at last in one thing at least, advocates the stopping of the pirate vessels for the rebels now fitting out at British ports.
- The demand for tea in Great Britain is increasing. In nine years the consumption increased from sixty-one million to seventy-eight million pounds.

RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

A GREAT BOOK FOR AGENTS!

DR. RANDALL'S new work on SHEEP HUSBANDRY, recently announced as in preparation, is now in press, and will be published early in October. It is entitled THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, and must prove the BEST and MOST COMPLETE practical work on the subject ever published in America.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD will contain over Four Hundred large duodecimo pages, and embrace numerous fine and costly engravings. The work will be much larger and more comprehensive than originally intended, several chapters and illustrations having been added since it was first announced. Its retail price will be \$1.50.

D. D. T. MOORE, EDITOR RURAL NEW-YORKER, Rochester, N. Y.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

[From the Rochester Daily Democrat & American, Aug. 24.]

We have been favored by the publisher with advance sheets of the PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, a work on Sheep Husbandry, by the Hon. H. S. Randall, of Cortland, New York, now being published by D. D. T. Moore of this city.

The engravings are by Orr and Carson, of New York, from drawings made by Page, of Seneca, N. Y., who is pronounced to be the best artist in the country in the kind in the State.

NEW WORK ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

[From the Rochester Evening Express, Aug. 28.]

A FEW weeks since we announced the preparation of "The Practical Shepherd," a new and sound work on Sheep Husbandry, by Hon. Henry S. Randall, and which was in course of publication by D. D. T. Moore, of this city.

These works have been heretofore the only ones which could be obtained, and the large sale which they have enjoyed in spite of their deficiencies shows the necessity of some complete work of this kind.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, } ROCHESTER, September 26, 1883.

THE market has been dull during the week, and such changes as we are enabled to make are few and unimportant.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various commodities and their prices, including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and various meats.

The Provision Markets.

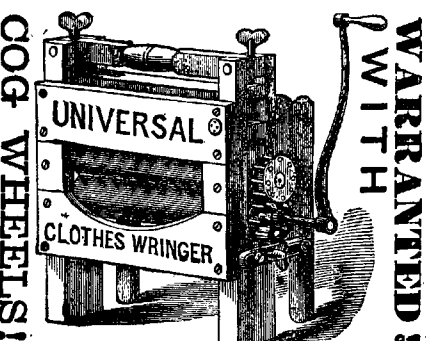
NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—SHEEP.—Quiet. Sales at \$7.00 @ 7.12 1/2 for pot; at \$5.50 @ 5.75 for mutton.

Died

In the city of Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 10th inst. JENNY A., wife of BOWEN H. STONE, in the 28th year of her age.

New Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED.—In every town in the State, \$100 positively made from every \$1 invested.



COG-WHEELS! WITH WARRANTED! This popular machine sells rapidly wherever offered.

Every Family will have one! It is only a question of time. Thousands of families every month are being relieved in that hardest of all household tasks.

"Time is Money." ORANGE JUDD, Esq., of the American Agriculturist, says "A child can readily write out a tubful of clothes in a few minutes."

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.

PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR, and though other wringers are licensed to use our Patent, we have never licensed to use the Cog-wheel.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. On receipt of the price, from places where no one is selling, we will send the U. C. W. free of expense.

CANVASSER in every town. We offer liberal inducements and guarantee the exclusive sale.

THE EUREKA FEED CUTTER. This Cutter is adapted to the wants of Farmers. This Machine has important improvements.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1883. ELLWANGER & BARRY have the pleasure to announce that they are, as usual, prepared to offer for Fall Trade the largest and most complete stock of well-grown fruit and ornamental trees in the United States.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER, A WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL JOURNAL. SHOULD be in every Western man's hands.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Complete System of Hydropathy, embracing the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Body.

FAULKNER NURSERIES, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. We offer for the Fall Trade, 50,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years.

TREES! TREES!! TREES!!! For Fall Sales, a large and unusually fine stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES in complete variety.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS. Patented October 21, 1862. THE CABINET ORGANS are pronounced by artists "the best in the world."

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMER.—This instrument, of such practical importance to all Pork growers, from the fact that its operation entirely prevents the animal from rooting, rate-lifting, etc.

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

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

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1830.—Fire Proof and Water Proof, for roof, inside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Pittsfield, Mass., commences its 45th semi-annual session October 1, 1883.

BUFFALO, Sept. 21.—FLOUR.—The market has ruled steady with good demand for the interior and Eastern shipments.

GRAIN.—The market for the week has ruled quiet, and closed with good demand at an advance of 6 3/4 c in prices of Monday week.

TORONTO, Sept. 16.—FLOUR.—Superfine, \$4.95 @ 10 c; extra, \$4.50 @ 4.60; No. 1, \$4.25 @ 4.40; No. 2, \$4.00 @ 4.15.

THE CATTLE MARKETS. ALBANY, Sept. 21.—BEVES.—The average quality of the Beves is poor, light, thin stock, averaging priced at 1.00 per lb. being in the market.

RECEIPTS.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating sixteen to the car: Cor week. Last week. Last year.

BEVES: 2,960, 3,792, 3,088; SHEEP: 5,800, 8,225, 5,811; HOGS: 000, 000, 130.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—For Beves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drove Yard, corner of Fourth avenue and Forty-fourth street.

BRITISH SHEPHERD, Sept. 16.—Whole number of cattle at market 2108; 1850 Beves, and 1053 Sheep, containing 75,000 lbs. of wool.

MARKET BEVES.—Prices, Extra \$5.25 @ 5.50; first quality \$5.00 @ 5.25; second do \$4.75 @ 5.00.

WORKING OXEN.—\$1 pair \$80. @ \$100. COWS AND CALVES.—\$25.00 @ \$35.00; 2 years old, \$20 @ 24, three years \$20 @ 24.

STOCKS.—Yieldings \$300,000; two years old, \$20 @ 24, three years \$20 @ 24.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—4,000 at market; prices in lots, \$2.00 @ 2.25 @ 76 each; extra, \$3.00 @ 3.75.

Wool.—\$1.00 @ 1.10; 1/2 lb. \$1.00 @ 1.10; 1/4 lb. \$1.00 @ 1.10.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 16.—At market 2,071 Beves; 400 Stores; 470 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,900 Swine.

PRICES.—Market Beef, Extra, \$6.00 @ 6.75; 1st quality, \$5.25 @ 5.50; 2d do, \$5.00 @ 5.25.

Wool.—\$1.00 @ 1.10; 1/2 lb. \$1.00 @ 1.10; 1/4 lb. \$1.00 @ 1.10.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—Wool.—The market opened this week rather languid, but very soon became quite animated, and resulted in the sale of about 4,000 bales, comprising Merino, Cape and African, Javanese, Donkoi, &c.

BOSTON, Sept. 17.—The quotations of this market are as follows: Saxony and Merino, fine, 75 @ 75c.

Do do full blood, 72 @ 73c. Do do half and three fourths, 65 @ 66c.

Do do No. 2, 60 @ 61c. Do do No. 3, 55 @ 56c.

Do do No. 4, 50 @ 51c. Do do No. 5, 45 @ 46c.

Do do No. 6, 40 @ 41c. Do do No. 7, 35 @ 36c.

Do do No. 8, 30 @ 31c. Do do No. 9, 25 @ 26c.

Do do No. 10, 20 @ 21c. Do do No. 11, 15 @ 16c.

Do do No. 12, 10 @ 11c. Do do No. 13, 5 @ 6c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 21.—Wool.—The market here quiet, but with little doing. The movement from the West light as compared with last year. Prices range, nominally, from 60 @ 65c, as to quality.—Courier.

AGENTS WANTED.—In every town in the State, \$100 positively made from every \$1 invested.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE AND FARM FOR SALE.—On West side Cayuga Lake, Seneca Co., N. Y., opposite Cayuga Station, N. Y. C. R. R., containing 140 acres, under a high state of cultivation, choice fruit, valuable timber, house, buildings, &c., all in complete repair.

ROBERTSON'S EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTER.—A FIRST PREMIUM MACHINE! This is the best Vegetable Cutter extant. It was awarded the First Premium at the recent N. Y. State Fair at Utica, and at every previous Fair wherever exhibited.

SOMETHING NEW.—URGENTLY NEEDED IN EVERY FAMILY. AGENTS WANTED. "Improved Indelible Pencil" for marking clothing.

A BIRDHOOP GRAPE.—The earliest and best Native Grape of the most delicate flavor, equal to the best vineyard grapes; without pulp, and ripening two or three weeks earlier than the Delaware.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER, A WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL JOURNAL.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHYSICIAN. THE NEW ILLUSTRATED HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

FAULKNER NURSERIES, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. We offer for the Fall Trade, 50,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years.

TREES! TREES!! TREES!!! For Fall Sales, a large and unusually fine stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES in complete variety.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS. Patented October 21, 1862. THE CABINET ORGANS are pronounced by artists "the best in the world."

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMER.—This instrument, of such practical importance to all Pork growers, from the fact that its operation entirely prevents the animal from rooting, rate-lifting, etc.

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

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

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1830.—Fire Proof and Water Proof, for roof, inside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, Pittsfield, Mass., commences its 45th semi-annual session October 1, 1883.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AUTUMN'S ADDRESS TO SUMMER.

FAREWELL! gentle Summer, thy wing is unfurled, Thou art passing away from this beautiful world, But I,—thy sad sister,—am come in thy stead,

The Story-Teller.

THE VALENTINE TWINS.

PULSIFER DANDILLY was confidential clerk and book-keeper at the Rhodendron paper-mills. Not that he had ever occasion to soil his boots by stepping into the mills or vulgarize his manner by actual contact with the operatives.

Out of business hours, Dandilly's home was three miles away from the heart of the bustling, uneasy town, where the great wheels of the mills turned with a heavy whir throughout the day, making it the centre of noise as well as business.

Thus it was that the town grew up around the village like a circle of ripples around a stone thrown into a pool, and one found after leaving the tumult and stir that made itself felt for a mile each side of Flyaway creek, a series of charming country-seats which owed their beauty and tokens of wealth to the dash and rattle of the mill-wheels in the valley below, as the roots of flowers are fed and refreshed by a brook, though the fair blossoms themselves may grow too far from the brink to catch a single drop of the spray.

The swarm of young Branburghs were, however, as pungent as a glass of soda, and as mischievous as a family of monkeys. They broke dishes, defaced furniture and pilfered pastry; they swung on the gates, climbed the old cherry-trees and played barn-ball against the front door, besides being forever coming down with measles, whooping cough and scarlet-fever.

when he must give up his bed and his dreams for a lonesome ride through the darkness.

Of course it was very desirable to be able to help bear the burdens of the heavily laden father and mother; but after all, it would seem that a man at Dandilly's time of life—for he was well toward forty—might as well be watching and wearing himself in behalf of his own household as that of his sister,—especially as the Branburgh mansion was not his, and he was only a boarder, and not at all obliged to make that his home.

But he was not to be pitied, for among the hundreds of girls within the limits of Rhodendron, not to go outside his own town, there must have been at least one well fitted to make him a pleasant wife, and the cottage a suitable mistress, so if he was disposed to bear the inconveniences and disturbances of his present life, rather than make himself and somebody else happy, he was welcome to, and it was nobody's business; only it is disagreeable to a person of good taste to see a man make such a simpleton of himself.

What if Miss Josephine Carrington did marry a rich New-Yorker, and go to live on Fifth Avenue, in a brown stone front, half a dozen years before? She had been at a marriageable age at least seven years, and if that wasn't long enough for Mr. Dandilly to discover the state of her affections, it is by no means certain that he would have learned it in seven times seven years. At any rate it was too late to think of her now, and that was no reason for sentencing himself to an uncomfortable, forlorn life, especially as he thereby defrauded some other girl, as beautiful, and likely enough far more appropriate than Miss Josephine—who by the laws of society could not elect her own condition, but must accept fate as it came to her—of her natural birthright, the privilege of pouring tea, knitting slippers and otherwise making paper-hangings and senseless furniture into a home.

There had been plenty of time for him to forget Miss Carrington if he had tried in the least, or once considered, in his selfish thoughtlessness, the wrong he was doing society in general, and his predestined wife in particular. But no. Beside a lingering weakness for the memory of the dashing New York matron, he had also a debasing and contemptible impression that he was the centre of thought to every girl whom he chanced to meet; in which weakness he among all mankind undoubtedly stood alone. Being an exemplary man, who would on no account encourage false expectation, he was therefore debarred from feminine society in a measure by his vanity and his conscience, and was not likely to allow himself to fall decidedly in love with any pattern of calico. So the pain in the shut up rooms yellowed for want of sunlight, and the humming-birds darted in and out among the honeysuckles, with nobody to admire them or the flowers. Oh, the conceit of the heart of man! Very likely, with a proper amount of wooing and suing, he might have made any one of quite a large circle of unappropriated damsels willing to become a fragment of him; there is probably no refined, agreeable man, in a respectable station of life, but might. In the meantime the wooing and suing having hitherto been left undone, I beg leave to inform Mr. Dandilly, and all his fellow egotists, that nobody is sighing and dying on their account, or in fact thinks of them with half the interest that attaches to crocheted books and worsted needles.

One charming morning, when the pink azalias were filling the air with their richness, when the grass waved so high and luxuriant that the trees seemed to be wading in it, and the fields of clover were almost as beautiful as a garden of roses, June came to take possession of the earth, and she found, unlike tenants generally, that the last occupants had left everything in perfect order to her hands. A series of thunder showers the evening before, with violent dashes of rain, had washed up and rinsed off everything, and in the holes and corners which untidy housekeepers stow with rubbish and dirt, May had scattered blue violets, lilies of the valley and flowering mosses. Mr. Dandilly, as he often did, rode that morning on horseback to the mills; and as he was trotting over the grass by the roadside, where dame Nature in her profusion had spilled a bushel or so of dandelions, he dropped, accidentally, his riding whip. A girl whom he was just passing picked it up, and as she reached it to him, he caught a glimpse under her hat of a face fresh and radiant as the morning. Bowing and thanking her as gracefully as possible, he passed on, with no premonition that he had at last met his fate, and the bright eyes never came between him and his ledger once that day; though they did many a day afterward, for much enduring destiny was not longer to be thwarted.

The next morning at breakfast, Aunt Holloway announced, in her stately way, that she had been looking over the stores, and found they were getting out of lard, that the saleratus was almost gone, and the molasses keg quite empty. "So I do not see but you will have to ride to town to-day, and bring out the articles, Nephew Pulsifer. You had better procure, also, a few tomato plants; I am of opinion that Mr. Branburgh has not made sufficient provision for the quantity of that excellent and wholesome vegetable which a family of this size requires," said

she, sipping tea with her mits on, and looking so proper and frigid that it seemed as though the hottest dog-day could not thaw her. Mr. Branburgh was traveling agent for the paper company, and was away from home much of the time, so that redressing his short-comings fell often to the lot of his brother-in-law.

"Yes, aunt," replied Pulsifer dutifully, for nobody thought of deviating from her directions. So he went to the mills in a buggy, and on the way overtook the trim little figure in brown gingham he passed on the previous day. Then it came to him that he was a rough bear to be thus riding at ease, when that delicate bit of womanhood was obliged to take so long a walk, only to earn what seemed a scanty pittance to a man who could readily command a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. He felt quite sure she worked in the paper mill, and he wondered if it were not his duty, and the least he could do, to ask her to ride, and thus help her a little over the toilsome road of her life. But he was a long way past while thinking of it, and, once in the office, facts and figures drove all lighter thoughts and fancies from his mind.

The next day was rainy. Of course Mr. Dandilly didn't think of riding to the mills on horse-back, and then, of course, not being a barbarian, he couldn't, in common civility, pass the brown gingham under its waterproof and umbrella. So he drew up beside it. "Will you ride?" he asked. "It is quite too rainy for walking."

His courteous invitation was accepted; indeed, it was quite too rainy to refuse, but the bright face inside the hood of its cloak turned the color of a damask rose, and the owner of it made her brief replies to his questions in such refined, well-turned words, that he thought what a pity this lady-like person, who undoubtedly was capable of so much culture, must spend her time in the noise and litter of a paper mill. And somehow she was so quietly unobtrusive, that Mr. Dandilly forgot to ponder, as usual, on the possible effects of his politeness, and only kept an impression of her graceful ways and pleasant face, which made so great contrast with Aunt Holloway's withered primness and Mrs. Branburgh's slipshod placidity, and seemed like the days when he was living in the cottage with his sister Emily. This gave an unnatural buoyancy to his spirits all day, and at night he carried the young lady home again, with a comfortable feeling of performing a benevolent and highly meritorious act.

Her home was half way to the Branburgh mansion,—a small house, brown with age, and bearing every mark of peaceful poverty. It had been a home for so many years, that comfort and tokens of human life had gradually grown up about it, and were more apparent at a casual glance than the low estate of the occupants. The dingy, decaying walls were hidden by masses of clambering woodbine, and the little yard was filled with clumps of lilac and syringes, with low red roses, peonies and pansies. A tangle of cinnamon rose bushes hedged the grounds in front, and at the sides rows of currant bushes and raspberry briars; while the plot of sloping land behind the house was filled with an orchard, which held up its thrifty branches in witness that somebody in the past had thought of the future. Mr. Dandilly had an indistinct recollection that this house was occupied by Mrs. Valentine, a widow who had met with reverses and suffered afflictions, but of her present circumstances he had no knowledge, as she lived near enough the outskirts of the popular village for individual interest and experience to be lost in the multitude.

As he passed his cottage, a mile further on, he cast a regretful look at it, shut up and lonesome, with a wasp's nest in the front piazza and a nail over the gate latch. That night he dreamed he married Aunt Holloway, who was dressed for the wedding in a brown gingham and waterproof, and woke congratulating himself that by the laws of the land as well as of Moses, a man may not marry his father's sister.

The next day on arriving at the office, of course by the merest accident, he happened to take up the pay roll, and looking through it saw the name of Agnes Isabella Valentine. He wondered he had never noticed it. It was not many days before Mr. Dandilly discovered that the buggy tires needed setting, so he drove into town with it. Being already quite sultry, though so early, he took pity on the slight little figure that was coming through Mrs. Valentine's gate as he passed, and asked her to ride.

"It must be a tiresome walk, Miss Valentine, through all sorts of weather. Let me call for you every morning, and take you back at night," said he, paternally.

"Thank you, I don't mind the walk in fine weather; I care more for the time I am obliged to use on the road," she replied.

Mr. Dandilly was not sure whether she intended to accept his invitation, which made him more anxious that she should do so. On the next morning, however, as he drew near the mass of woodbine where widow Valentine lived, he saw the brown gingham running down the slope to the road.

"Thank you with all my heart, Mr. Dandilly! A good half hour saved by riding, and time, you know is money," said she gaily, as she stepped from the terrace into the buggy.

Miss Valentine had grown wonderfully talkative and sprightly during the night. Instead of confining herself to monosyllables which, although always appropriate, and prettily said, were not conducive to familiarity, she was now social and merry, even making a long silence quite impossible, but withal so full of simplicity as well as mirth, that Mr. Dandilly was drawn out more than he often allowed himself to be in the presence of an impressive woman. He was a little startled, however, as he thought afterward of the peril he might cause the heart of a guileless girl; but seeing that he had, perhaps injudiciously, already made the proffer of a seat in his buggy,

he didn't see that he could do anything excepting to take care to keep himself as dignified and repulsive as possible. He decided on the next day that these precautions were useless, for Miss Valentine came down the walk so quietly, and took the seat beside him with such a look of modest gratitude, and was so silent and shy, that Mr. Dandilly began to feel paternal again, and exerted himself somewhat to make her at ease and in the gay mood of yesterday.

And so it continued. One day she would, by her frank merriment, attract the stiff old bachelor out of his angles and dignity, while at the same time this very boldness repelled him by stirring up his foolish fears. Then she would be a model of retiring gentleness, and so make him forget his scruples, and draw him out yet more. The most practiced and determined coquette could not have better worked upon and moulded the obturate, perverse-hearted bachelor. While thus he was being swayed about, and the depths of his capacity for loving was being sounded and stirred, grass was growing in the walks about the uninhabited cottage, and the forlorn, deserted look about it became more and more a reproach to Mr. Dandilly, as he rode daily past. He also realized more and more the discomforts of his life with the Branburghs, and remembered, with longing and regret, the pleasant, cheerful years when he lived with his sunny, thrifty sister Emily.—[Conclusion next week.

MEETING OF MASTER AND SERVANT.—The Cincinnati Inquirer tells the following:—"There is a quaint old negro to be seen every day in the city building park, who is known and called James Morgan. He acts as a sort of Cerebus of the gates, or kind of major domo of the grounds, sprinkling water upon the grass when needed, and clearing away the dirt that daily accumulates in the paths. Well, James was originally a slave to the father of Morgan, the rebel chief, but some years ago he contrived to make his escape, and found his way to this city, where he has lived ever since. Hearing that his young master—the notorious Morgan—was in the city prison, he made application to the chief of police to see him, and was admitted. The general treated him warmly, shook hands with him, and congratulated him upon his having his freedom. 'Yes, Massa John,' broke in Jim, 'you mount hab yourn too, if you hadn't gone in to broke up de Union; but you is in a tight place now, Massa John; you is in a tight place now! Good by, Massa John!' and Jim swung away at his usual limping gait."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 37 letters. My 12, 23, 27, 4, 34, 16 is a county in New York. My 14, 10, 30, 2, 20 is a river in the Middle States. My 25, 19, 35, 29, 18, 6, 23, 33, 17, 31, 5, 2, 9 is a range of mountains in the Eastern part of the United States. My 8, 7, 36, 28, 1 is an island in Oceania. My 22, 18, 23, 11, 31, 29 is a country in Asia. My 2, 17, 13, 24, 32, 16 is a county in Pennsylvania. My 21, 3, 23, 15, 19 is a cape in Asia. My whole may be found in Scripture. New Haven, Ohio, 1863. AMELIA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 10 letters. My 1, 2, 7, 1, 9 is a word used in chess. My 4, 8, 6 sugar is often made from. My 3, 5 and 10 are all vowels. My whole is a bay in North America. Latonia Springs, Ky., 1863. MISS F. SANFORD.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. DECAPITATIONS. BEHEAD the first name of a paper, and leave some mountains in Europe. Behead a county in the Southern States, and leave a bird. Behead a river in the United States, and leave a boy's nickname. Behead a county in the Middle States, and leave a quadruped. Behead a river in Russia, and leave a girl's name. Porter, Mich., 1863. HATTIE MARKLE.

For the Rural New-Yorker. WAR ANAGRAMS. No low try. Ann is mouth out. I tan meat. Get you rebs gyt. Bill Mig War us. Truest form. Hard Nigars Lin Son. Feed sick bug r. r. r. Orange, N. Y., 1863. T. W. NEWCOMB.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM. STRH oldrw si ot ywasla adn dan erlehoes Gubtoh femtooms akdr nad rerdz, Ethre si imac ort yvev metsept, A eshli rof reyev arte. Iowa City, Iowa, 1863. CARRIE M.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 713. Answer to Geographical Enigma.—Our Liberties we prize, and our Rights we will maintain. Answer to Anagram: I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too, For the human ties that bind me, For the fast my God assigned me, For the bright hopes left behind me, And the good that I can do. Answer to Arithmetical Question.—3 77-100.

The Publisher to the Public.



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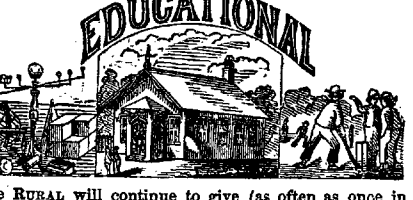


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