

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.

BUYING AND SELLING.

I AM much pleased with a seasonable and sensible article (RURAL, Sept. 12) on "Selling Produce," from the accomplished pen of that veteran in Agricultural literature, LEWIS F. ALLEN. To be sure it affords little "aid and comfort" to those of us who would like to get out a "patent" for always securing the highest price of the season, whether anybody can afford to pay it or not—but it does the next best thing, by comforting us with the assurance that in a vast majority of cases we get all the dealer has, in the end. However it may be with politicians, commercial men are expected to look after their own interests, and we cannot complain of this, unless they tell lies, cheat, or do things "contraband" of trade; the fact that they generally fall behind at last, would seem to show that on an average they pay all they can afford to—more than they can afford to, unless we assume that trade, like government, is for "the greatest good of the greatest number," and should be administered upon principles of disinterested benevolence—a doctrine that would leave few in the market, I fear.

Mr. ALLEN is quite right in saying that "Farmers' Stores," and other arrangements for the purchase and sale of commodities through an "associate agent," soon terminate in an assessment to make up losses, and a quarrel. I am tempted to add that it is a great shame that it should be so. What sense is there in our being so angular that we can't come together without snubbing and rubbing each other like a parcel of man-cats. The mutual assistance that we could render, were we docile, well behaved, and should prove to be honest, is lost through jealousy, selfishness, and distrust. Reasoning upon abstract principles, it would really seem as though a neighborhood might send for a few chests of tea, a few barrels of fish, sugar and molasses, a few pieces of cotton cloth, calico and cambric—getting them at wholesale, and dividing them among the brethren, with little advance from the original cost—no; in the room of that, the goods above mentioned must be doled out at very occasional and irregular intervals, by a dozen clerks, who spend their precious time in tying up (strange that mankind never count the cost of brown paper and twine) three cent packages when the fields are short of hands, and the army lacks men.

Grant there are objections to an "associate agent," there are also objections to the ordinary processes of trade. A commercial system that ruins nineteen out of every twenty that engage in it, cannot be eminently healthy—its friction must wear upon outsiders as well as operators—its losses are not confined to professional dealers. The commercial ruins that we see everywhere, in the shape of defunct stores, warehouses, ships, and "assets" of every kind, are mainly in the end paid for by the hard toil of farmers and mechanics;—the "competition" that we fondly rely upon to cheapen the goods we buy, is often a ruinous war at our expense.

I have no "sovereign remedy" to propose. As far as in us lies, let us abolish the "credit system," deal with honest, "one price" men; not encourage too many of a trade; and get into

a way of buying in larger quantities of dealers who can purchase to advantage, and will be content with a reasonable advance from "first cost." Whether anybody can ever be found fit to carry, as agent, the butter and cheese of a township to market, is still a problem;—if such a man is in the "womb of the future," here's hoping that he may have a safe and speedy deliverance. Past all doubt, it is desirable that the producer should be brought as near to the consumer as possible, and so avoid all unnecessary circumlocutions with profits, losses, or commissions. All innovations, however, upon the established order—or disorder—should be cautiously and carefully made.

Mr. ALLEN administers a very proper rebuke to farmers who can "never get enough for their stuff," but "when prices are fabulously high, still hold on for higher." This infirmity is easily accounted for, and the public at large are in a good degree responsible for it; inasmuch as when prices run high, everybody is talking about the marvelous drouths, frosts, insects, wars, rumors of wars, and all manner of four-footed beasts and creeping things which are conspiring to starve mankind off from the face of the earth. Human nature is wonderfully susceptible, and the ebb and flow of passion, sentiment and opinion, affect business, as well as social, political and religious interests. Strongly disposed to believe anything that we hear in our favor, we can readily see that the causes that have brought wheat up to two dollars a bushel will enable us to get three, if we only "hold on,"—and you may trust us for that.

Just now I am laboring under one of these hallucinations touching wool, which Mr. ALLEN's protest has not dispelled. He claims that wool is about 100 per cent higher than the average of the last ten years, and that it will inevitably go lower with the suppression of the rebellion—ordered in the due course of events. On the contrary, I claim that wool is absurdly low,—I mean the farmer's wool,—though I am by no means sure but it will stay so. I think 40 cents per lb. would be about the average that Western New York farmers have received for their wool in past time. Whenever it has taken a plunge down, as it often has, it was owing to a sudden contraction of our currency. A short supply of bank favors has very frequently tumbled wool down 10 and 20 cents per lb., and now that there is no limit to money that can be had for "good paper," I know not why wool should not tumble up at least 10 cents per lb.—in fact, the depreciation of our currency is such that 50 cents now is not more than equal to 40 cents in the average of years; so we will call it 50 cents. The army demand may reasonably raise it five cents, by reason of the greater consumption and destruction of garments, so we will call it 55 cents. We must import a part of our supply, the price of which determines, by a law of trade, the value of the remainder; and as we virtually pay for it in gold, worth about 31 per cent premium, this should advance wool about 12 cents, from which we are to deduct the five cents already allowed for inflation, making seven cents, which leaves wool at 62 cents per lb. The absence of cotton, (and it can't come again in a month at the wave of any magician's wand,) creates a very great additional consumption of wool, and ought at the least to advance wool eight cents, which leaves it at seventy.

Now it is well known that as cloth advanced, we hung to our old garments till they would not hang to us; and there is now a necessity for more than an average purchase of clothing through the length and breadth of the land, and the universal employment given to labor, and the abundance of cash, will insure these purchases to be made, securing a fall and winter trade never better in the history of the country, and this should advance wool at least five cents, making 75 cents per lb., which is all that I ask for my clip! I don't say that wool will bring this, but I do say, that if it don't, farmers are cheated out of their just dues. We must take the 25 cents a pound that is vouchsafed when our miserable currency system takes a tumble; but when propitious gales blow we are denied the benefit, through preposterous fears and unscrupulous combinations! One of my workmen has just bought a coarse gray coat for \$9—that could have been bought for five before the war, and since the price of making it has by no means doubled, the material in the coat costs the consumer twice what it once did, and yet wool is selling hereabouts for 55 and 60 cents a pound. I advise nobody—I protest, as in duty bound.—H. T. B.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

A NEW SUGAR TREE.

THOSE of your readers who have read the discussions of the Illinois State Horticultural Society at its last meeting, will remember that O. B. GALUSHA called the attention of the Society to the Box Elder or Ash-Leaved Maple—*Acer negundo*—as a sugar-producing tree, stating that, added to its other desirable qualities as a tree for prairie planting, its sugar-producing qualities had been discovered. Gentlemen present were slightly incredulous, but determined to test the matter and agreed to report. I have received verbal reports from some of these gentlemen today, all going to establish the following facts:

1. This tree, tapped as we tap the Sugar Maple—*Acer saccharinum*—yields a large amount of sap, rich in saccharine matter.
2. It yields, when evaporated, quite as much sugar from the same quantity of sap, of quite as good and of very similar quality, as that obtained from the Sugar Maple.
3. It crystallizes as readily—some assert "more readily"—as that from the Sugar Maple.

I might, were it necessary, give here the names of some of the most reliable men in the State, as indorsing the above propositions or assertions.

Added to this newly discovered quality, this tree will commend itself to Western planters, because it is a hardy, vigorous, rapid growing tree here. It is a beautiful ornamental shade tree. The Sugar Maple is beautiful, but a very slow grower here. Our sugar Chestnuts may be made much sooner by planting the *Acer negundo*. I have no doubt it will make wood with the same care, nearly or quite as fast as the White Willow, make quite as good a "fence," and produce more sugar! It is certainly preferable in all respects, except, possibly, in the matter of timber. Its timber is not valuable except for wooden-ware. Mr. GALUSHA says, "The cheapest way to get a Sugar Orchard is to plant with corn and potatoes, allowing the trees to occupy the space of a hill in the rows where they stand. At fifteen feet apart, an acre will contain 194 trees; at 20 feet, 109 trees."

WHEN TO CUT TIMBER.

My good and venerable friend, SMILEY SHEPHERD, of Hennepin, Ill., has been talking to me to-day of the importance of a better knowledge of the best time to cut trees for wood and timber. He says the loss in consequence of ignorance in this matter is enormous. Two-thirds of the wood used is depreciated in value one-half or more, because of this want of knowledge; and much of the timber put into buildings is rendered little better than rotten wood from the same cause. To-night, at a meeting of the Society, he offered the following resolution, which was adopted and referred to a committee:

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to provide for the offering of a liberal premium by this Society, in conjunction with the State Agricultural Society, for the best and most comprehensive essay upon the proper season for cutting forest trees and preparing timber for various economic purposes—the essay to be based upon practical observations and experiments; also to embrace scientific investigations as to the ravages of insects, the chemical elements of woody fiber at different seasons, and to be correct in the botanical nomenclature of trees mentioned in the essay.

THE LATE DR. JOHN A. KENNICOTT.

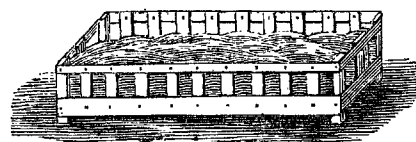
A committee, of which Dr. JOHN A. WARDER was Chairman, was appointed to report resolutions expressive of the feelings of the members of the Society relative to the death of Dr. JOHN A. KENNICOTT. Dr. WARDER said, introducing the report, that the committee had unanimously agreed that worthy resolutions would illly express their sorrow because of their loss by the death of the "Old Doctor," and their regard and respect for his life and character. They had therefore the following report to make:

1. Death has taken from among us Dr. JOHN A. KENNICOTT, one of the truest friends of Agriculture and the pioneer of Horticulture in the West. His death is a personal bereavement to each of us, a great public loss, and makes a grievous and irreparable vacancy in our membership.
2. It is fitting, therefore, while we give expression to our sorrow because of our loss, and assurances of sorrowful sympathy to his bereaved family, that we pay a more formal tribute to his life and character, to his worth and usefulness, to his genial and upright influence as a man, a friend, and a co-worker in all that elevates rural pursuits and ennobles those engaged in them.

HAY RACKS FOR SHEEP.

As the season is rapidly approaching when hay racks for sheep will be in order, we anticipate the wants of many of our readers by presenting the following illustrations and descriptions from Dr. RANDALL'S "Practical Shepherd." We copy the following from one of the chapters on Winter Management:

A great variety of racks for sheep have been introduced into use, but for double and portable ones for ordinary purposes, those of the form exhibited in the annexed cut are generally preferred. The corner posts are 2 by 2½ or 3 inches



SLATTED BOX RACK.

in size, and are 2 feet 8 or 10 inches long—sometimes 3 feet, where the racks are to be used as partitions. The side and end boards are an inch thick, the upper ones six and the lower ones nine inches wide. The perpendicular slats are three-fourths of an inch thick, seven inches wide and seven inches apart, fastened to their places by wrought and well clenched nails. Each slat requires four nails, instead of two, as represented in cut. The slats are highly useful in keeping hay, but their principal object is to prevent the sheep from crowding. They give every sheep fourteen inches at the rack while eating. This is a liberal allowance for the Merino; but the English sheep requires more room. The ordinary breadth of the rack is two and a half feet, and the length depends upon circumstances. Those intended to be used often are usually made ten feet long. They should be so light

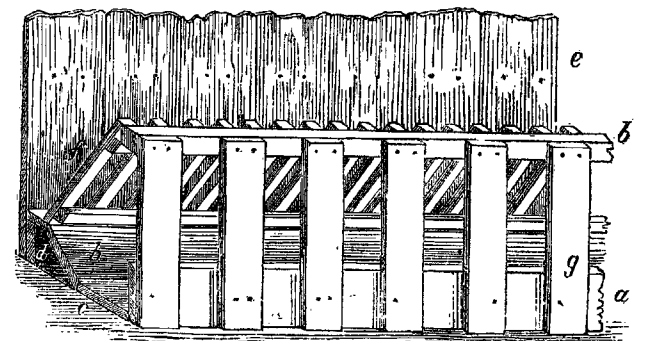
that a man standing inside of one of them can readily carry it about.

Single or wall racks, to be used against the walls of stables and other places where the sheep can approach them but on one side, are often constructed like one side of the box rack, and attached to the walls by stay-laths. Some arrange them so that they can be raised as the manure accumulates; but there is no need of this if they are made with the bottom boards a foot instead of nine inches wide, and if the manure is cleaned out as often as it should be.

But a far neater and more convenient wall rack, having troughs also connected with it, was invented by Mr. Virtulan Rich, of Richville, Vermont. The following cut, from a drawing kindly furnished by that gentleman, gives an easily understood general view of it:

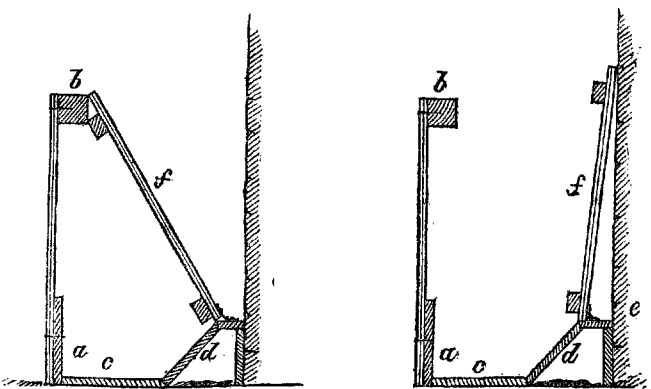
The end-views of the same rack render the details of its construction a little more apparent. The left hand cut shows the inside rack (f,) in its place as when filled with hay. In the right hand cut, it is turned up or thrown back on its hinges as when grain or roots are being put in the trough (c), or the trough is being cleaned out.

The advantages of this rack are, 1, That it prevents crowding as well as the slatted box-rack; 2, That it prevents sheep from thrusting their heads and necks into the hay, as they can do to some extent in the slatted box-rack, thereby getting dust, hay-seeds and chaff into their wool; 3, That it entirely prevents the hay which is pulled from the inside rack from being dropped under foot and wasted; 4, That it combines the advantages of a good stationary feeding-trough with the rack; 5, That the trough, apart from its ordinary uses, is found very convenient to keep hay-seed out of the manure when it is desirable to do so, and to catch and save hay-seed for use.



WALL RACK AND TROUGH.

a, Plank 2 inches thick and 9 inches wide, placed 20 inches from wall (e) to form bottom rail of outside rack.
b, Scantling 3 by 3 inches, forming top rail of outside rack.
c, Bottom of trough, being a board placed on floor, or if there is no floor, on scantling to raise it sufficiently from ground.
d, Board 5 inches wide, to support the board 4 inches wide, which forms bottom of the inside rack (f.) These would be better made of plank. Bottom of inside rack should be 6 inches above bottom of trough.
e, Outside wall of barn or stable.
f, Inside rack, hung with hinges to bottom board. It is made by nailing slats 1½ inches wide, 3 inches apart, on upper and lower rails, which are about 1½ by 2 inches in diameter.
g, Slats to outside rack 7 inches wide and 7 inches apart.
h, Slanting board, from bottom of inside rack to bottom of trough and forming back side of trough.



END VIEW OF WALL RACK.

3. We accordingly recommend that the Society select one (or more) of its members to prepare a biography of our lamented friend, for publication in our next Volume of Transactions, and to pronounce an appropriate eulogy at our next annual meeting.

This report was unanimously adopted by a standing vote. It was decided, by vote, to appoint one member to prepare the biography and another to prepare and pronounce the eulogy. ARTHUR BRYANT, Sen., of Princeton, was elected to pronounce the eulogy, and CHAS. D. BRADGON, biographer.

[Allow me to say here, in parenthesis, that I will be greatly obliged to any of your readers, East or West, who may be in the possession of facts or letters illustrating the life and character

of the late Dr. K., if they will communicate the same to me at Chicago. To perpetuate the memory of such a man, is to build up and honor the profession of the Horticulturist; and any work done in this direction is legitimate—hence I hope to use such facts as may come to me in a way that shall benefit all engaged in Horticulture.]

THE ITALIAN BEE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As all bee-keepers are interested in all the truth that may be spoken about the new variety of bee—the Italian—I am inclined to give you my experience. Last fall I obtained a beautiful, golden Italian Queen from Rev. L. L. LANGSTROTH & Son, of Oxford, O., perhaps in September. I in-

roduced her into a colony of common bees, having previously removed the queen. This season has been one of the poorest on record for bees in this region; it has been so dry that the white clover has hardly showed itself in my neighborhood. My common bees have scarcely done anything at all; not one has filled the store-combs; and none filled any of the boxes for spare honey, though a few did commence doing a little, but had to give it up. But my Italian bees have done something. They have filled the ten frames of the LANGSTROTHER'S Movable Comb Hive, scarcely reserving space for any new brood; frame after frame filled solid and sealed from top to bottom, with the exception in some of the central ones of places for brood twice the size of my hand. They have ascended into the receptacles for spare honey above and filled one and sealed it, and have nearly filled two or three more. I feel entirely safe in saying they have laid up twice the quantity of any stand I have of over twenty of the common kind of bees. I have one Italian queen of a darker color which has done as well, so far as I can see, as the more highly colored one. I consider the Italian bee as far superior to the common black bee. I wish to state, further, that this day one week ago, while walking by a red clover field, within a half mile of Mr. LANGSTROTHER'S splendid apiary of Italian bees, I saw a golden-colored bee visiting bloom after bloom of the common red clover, as intently as ever I saw a bee go from flower to flower of the white clover. I, as others, had some doubts about the Italian bees sipping honey from the red clover—now I have none. I suppose they were blooms of the second or shorter-cup crop. I have no queens or bees to sell, but say what I know for others, that all may have more light about the improved bee. My Italian bees have exhibited no signs of the robber tendency which the variety is sometimes charged with. J. H. Lockland, Hamilton Co., Ohio, 1883.

ANTS AND BEES.

"I wish I could keep the ants out of my hives," said a bee-keeper to me not long since. "That is a very easy matter," I replied. "Well, if you know the 'secret,' please do tell me, for I am out of all patience with the little rascals." "Certainly, I will let you into the 'secret.'" It is as follows:

In the first place you must get the ants out of the hives. You can do this in a few minutes by blowing some smoke among them. Wood smoke is as good as any. It is amusing to see the ants shoulder their young and "skeddaddle." When they have left the hive put some spirits of turpentine wherever they have been harboring. The turpentine can be put where desired very nicely with the feather part of a quill. A small quantity is sufficient. The ants will not return to the hive so long as they can smell the turpentine. They seem to have a great dislike for the article. One or two applications, at intervals, each season, is enough generally. I presume Kerosene oil would answer as well. You had better try it. But the best plan to keep ants away is to make the hives so that they can find no harboring places in them. St. Charles, Ill., 1883. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

In other columns we publish the list of premiums awarded on Stock at the State Fair, and below give the remarks of the Country Gentleman on the Stock Department of the exhibition:

THE STOCK DEPARTMENT

Was not as full as on former occasions. Some of our most celebrated breeders did not exhibit. One of them informed us that the demand for his stock had been so large that he had little left to bring to the Fair. Still the exhibition of stock was good, though not large.

Among the cattle the Short-Horns, as usual, were most numerous. There were some splendid animals of this valuable breed. In the class of three-year old bulls and upwards, "Hotspur," bred and owned by T. L. Harrison of Morley, St. Lawrence county, was well worthy of the first prize and diploma awarded him by the committee. "Iron Duke," owned by Messrs. Brodie, Campbell & Co., of New York Mills, Oneida county, which took the second prize in this class, is also a large well-grown bull. Among the two-year old bulls, that shown by T. G. Ayerling, of Passaic, N. J., though somewhat low in condition, has many good points, and is well worthy the honor of the first prize which it received. Of yearling bulls there was but one shown—a very fine one, "Lord Mayor of Oxford," owned by Elihu Griffin, of Clinton Corners, Dutchess county. The red bull calf, owned by T. L. Harrison, of St. Lawrence county, and which took the first prize, is a very fine animal of great promise; as is also the red calf of George Butts of Manlius, which took the second prize. The competition was very close.

Of Short-Horn cows, three years old and upwards, there was a very fine ring. "Blooming Heather," bred by Samuel Thorne, and owned by George H. Brown, of Washington Hollow, Dutchess county, took the first prize, and Mr. Cornell's "Lilly Languish" the second. The red cow, "Cyprus," owned by E. Griffin, and which was awarded the third prize, is also worthy of mention. The heifer calves shown by E. Cornell of Ithaca, and Geo. Butts of Manlius, were two as good calves as were ever exhibited at our State Fair.

Of Herefords the show was not large, but the animals were of superior quality. Mr. E. Corning, Jr., of Albany, carried off all the prizes. Among the Devons were some excellent animals, but none that need be specially alluded to. The Ayrshires were well represented. This excellent milking breed is steadily gaining a foothold in the dairy districts of the State. The cows shown by Messrs. Brodie, Campbell & Co., are models of beauty.

Of Alderneys the show was in no way remarkable either in numbers or quality.

SHEEP.

We have heard much of the prevalence of the "sheep fever," and had expected a large show, but in this we were disappointed. All the various Merino breeds were this year included in one class, and some of the breeders of Spanish sheep complained that it was not fair to make them compete with the Silesian, which is a larger breed of sheep. Be this as it may, the Spanish sheep were but meagerly represented. Of Silesians, Mr. W. Chamberlain, of Red Hook, N. Y., showed 42 head, and carried off nearly all the prizes. We have so frequently alluded to these sheep that it is unnecessary to say more than that they fully maintain the high character so generally accorded to them. We noticed one pen of Spanish Merino ewes shown by Chester Baker of Lafayette, Onondaga Co., N. Y., which were very handsome.

Of Grade Merinos there was a good display, principally from the flock of Mr. Chamberlain. They were from the ordinary Merino sheep of the country crossed with a Silesian buck, and certainly possessed many excellent qualities.

Of South-Down sheep the show was not large, but there were some excellent specimens exhibited by Jacob Lorillard, of Fordham, and E. Cornell of Ithaca.

The Shropshire-Down ram exhibited by Mr. Lorillard was a remarkably fine sheep, and we regret that Mr. L. was not a larger exhibitor.

Of Cotswolds and Leicesters there were some noble looking specimens. We class them together because we cannot but believe that the modern Leicesters owe much of their great size to the infusion of Cotswold blood at a more or less remote period. We deem this no objection to them. The breed has undoubtedly become established, but it would be well to give them some other name. The genuine, pure bred Leicester is a much smaller sheep than those now shown in Canada and in this State, and we believe in Scotland, under that name.

Jurian Winne, of Albany, showed some splendid specimens of this breed, which attracted much attention from their great size. Brodie, Campbell & Co., as usual, were large exhibitors in this class, and carried off many of the prizes. James F. Converse, of Woodville, Jefferson Co., showed some very fair Cotswolds, and we were much pleased with some splendid Cotswolds and Leicesters shown by Luther Lawyer, of Perch River, Jefferson Co.

PIGS.

The show of swine was confined almost exclusively to the large breeds. Where are the Suffolk and Essex breeders? It cannot be that the large breeds have driven them out of the State!

The Yorkshires and Cheshires were well represented. In fact we have rarely seen a finer show of these large breeds of pigs. John F. Converse of Ellensburg, Jefferson Co., exhibited a Yorkshire boar that is the best we have seen for some time—long, square bodied, entirely white, with a good head and remarkably fine upright ears. Several of the Yorkshires shown were narrow on the shoulders. The Cheshire hogs first attracted our attention at the State Fair at Watertown in 1861. This breed seems to be confined almost entirely to Jefferson Co. One of the pigs attracted much attention at the State Fair at Watertown in 1861, on account of his great size. He was then sixteen months old, and was said to weigh 700 pounds. He was owned by T. T. Cavanagh. Mr. C. exhibits a hog this year (we presume the same one) that weighs 1,100 pounds. He is 6 feet 10 inches around the shoulders, and 6 feet 8 inches long! We do not mention this as any evidence of superiority in the breed, for it certainly is not; but these Cheshire hogs have qualities that would seem to recommend them. They are large, square, well-formed, handsome white pigs, but have the appearance of fattening easily. Nearly all the swine were of this breed. S. P. Huffstater and T. T. Cavanagh of Watertown exhibited several pens. Mr. A. C. Clark of Henderson, Jefferson Co., also showed one or two pens of this breed. One pen of five, only 5 months old, were of great size for their age, and very handsome. He also showed a breeding sow, 4 years old, that has raised eighty pigs. On remarking that she was too fat to breed, Mr. C. replied, "Perhaps so, but it is difficult to keep her poor; everything she eats turns to fat." The New York State Utica Asylum showed some very fine Yorkshire pigs, and G. C. Palmer of New Hartford, exhibited a Leicester and Yorkshire sow, with 10 pigs, that was very good; but the Cheshires were unmistakably the favorite breed at the Fair. W. B. Dinsmore of Staatsburgh, Dutchess Co., showed a fine white Suffolk boar, and there were one or two other exhibitors, but the show of small breeds was small indeed.

CASHMERE GOATS.

Mr. Dinsmore also exhibited six Cashmere goats, which attracted very general attention. Mr. D. has some 40 or 50 head of these animals. They shear between three and four pounds of wool per head. It is said to sell for \$6 or \$6 per pound, but at present there is no market for it in this country. Doubtless there soon will be if it is shown that we can raise it—and there would seem to be no reason why we cannot.

POULTRY.

There was the finest show of the feathered tribes that we have had since the decline of the "chicken fever." E. N. Bissell, of Shoreham, Vt., showed 15 coops, and Heffron & Barnes, of Utica, 30 coops. Among the latter was a pair of two-year old Toulon geese that weighed 50 pounds. A pair of White China or White Swan geese, attracted much attention. They were very graceful and beautiful. Of chickens nearly all the breeds were well represented—from a large Shanghai to a diminutive Bantam. Dorkings, Spanish, Polands, Bolton Grays, &c., were out in full force. So of the ducks—Muscovy, Black Cayugas, Rouen, Aylesbury and

other breeds, were well represented. The Muscovy ducks were almost as large as an ordinary goose. Guinea and Pea Fowls were also there, and the beautiful little Pigeons—forming one of the most interesting features of the exhibition.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Treatment of Wounds on Horses.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Am. Stock Journal recommends the following remedy for the healing of wounds upon horses—"Saltpetre should be dissolved in warm water in such proportions as to be moderately strong to the taste, and blue stone added, until the solution is slightly tinged. This, and nothing else, is to be used as a wash two or three times a day. It purifies the wound, destroys proud flesh, produces granulations immediately, and heals the wounds in a surprisingly short time. I have had horses badly kicked and otherwise hurt, in mid-winter, and mid-summer; their cure was equally rapid, and afterward no scar was visible. The wound requires no covering—flies will not approach it, and dressing it with a small mop of rags, tied to a stick, is very little trouble. Wounds do not require to be sewed up under this treatment, at least I never saw any advantage from it, as the stitches uniformly have torn out."

Harvesting Corn.

As the saving of the crop of corn depends a great deal on the manner it is harvested, it is important that the farmer should see that it is well secured against the wind and rain while standing in the stook. The following is my method: Cut six rows of corn in each row of stooks, commence by cutting up the two middle rows, until you have a large armful, which set up between the two rows cut; tie the tops with a stalk, and set it down as you would a sheaf in setting up a shock of wheat. This is the center of the stook, and is not to be tied around a hill. Now cut up the other four rows, and as far ahead of the stook as is necessary to make a good size stook, taking care to set the stalks up straight, and to keep the stook round. When sufficiently large, tie snugly around the top, (not too near,) with a good band of rye or flax straw, and you have a stook that will stand the wind, dry out well, and when pulled down to husk, will leave no stalks standing, as is the case when set up around a hill, or four hills, as some recommend.—E. S. BARTLETT, in Country Gentleman.

PREMIUMS AWARDED ON STOCK

At the N. Y. State Fair, Utica, September, 1883

Table listing premiums awarded on stock, including categories like CATTLE-SHORT-HORNS, DEVONS, ALDERNEYS OR JERSEYS, GALLOWAYS, GRADE CATTLE, WORKING CATTLE, STEERS, and HORSES OR MORGAN OR BLACK HAWK BREED. Lists names of breeders and prize amounts.

Table listing various horse breeds and their owners, including Stallions, Draft Horses, Matched Teams, and other categories. Lists names and prize amounts.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE RURAL'S FALL CAMPAIGN—the closing quarter of the year and volume—commences with the present number. Those whose subscriptions expired last week should renew at once if they desire an uninterrupted continuance of the paper, or to secure all its issues without a break in their files. We are unable to fill orders for the back numbers of this volume, and may not long be able to supply the issues from this date, though we will add several hundred copies to our former edition. The 13 numbers of this quarter (Oct. to Jan.) will be furnished to non-subscribers, on trial, at the club rate—38 cts [for three months]—as announced last week. Those who wish to become acquainted with the character of the RURAL can best do so by taking it during the Fall Campaign. Agents and other friends of the paper will please announce our offer among their neighbors and acquaintances, and receive and forward subscriptions.

DR. RANDALL'S WORKS ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—Our correspondent, B. J., of Flint, Mich., who writes us to know if RANDALL'S "Practical Shepherd" is the same work as RANDALL'S "Fine-Wool Husbandry," or RANDALL'S "Sheep Husbandry," is informed that it is not. RANDALL'S "Sheep Husbandry" was published fifteen years since under the title of "Sheep Husbandry in the South." The "Fine-Wool Husbandry" is a published Report on the subject by the same gentleman, read before the New York State Agricultural Society at its Winter Meeting in 1861-2, and comprising 112 pages as published in the Society's Transactions for 1861, though lately issued in a volume of 189 pages. "The Practical Shepherd," now about to be published, comprises 456 large duodecimo pages, and is a vastly fuller and more complete work on Sheep Husbandry than either of the preceding. It embraces, in a condensed form, all the valuable matter contained in the author's former works, together with a large amount of important and recent information on the various branches of the general subject discussed.

THE OHIO STATE FAIR.—This was held the same week as our own State Fair, and is reported to have been very successful. The Ohio Farmer says it was one of the most successful Fairs ever held under the auspices of the State Board—that it was so pecuniarily, in attendance, and so far as articles on exhibition were concerned. It was visited not only by upwards of sixty thousand residents of Ohio, but largely from adjoining States and Canada. "The Fair was a success in its utilitarian aspect. Never, perhaps, in the history of Fairs were such thousands and tens of thousands of anxious searchers after labor-saving machines as at the one just closed. Hence the Fair was successful in introducing to those thousands who perhaps never before attended a State Fair—each one anxiously intent on securing some implement or machine which should relieve the necessity of employing human muscles for manual labor. The display of stock was much better than last year—but the Cattle department was not equal to that of Dayton in 1880. The display of sheep was fully equal to that of last year. The minor departments were well represented and reflected great credit on the exhibitors and the good taste of the superintendents in the proper arrangements of the articles in their respective halls."

THE AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—Our acknowledgments are due and tendered to the officers of various State, County and Local Ag. Societies for cordial invitations to attend their annual exhibitions. We exceedingly regret that our engagements have been and are such as to preclude us from responding in person. For the first time in many years we are constrained—compelled—to remain at home during the entire season of Fairs, and forego the pleasure anticipated from attending several in this and other States. But though unable to attend, we are rejoiced to learn that most of the exhibitions already held have been very successful—much more so than anticipated during these "troubled times" in our national affairs—demonstrate that the industrial population of the Loyal States is neither crushed nor disheartened. The crowded state of our columns precludes the publication of several reports with which we have been favored.

THE "UNIVERSAL CLOTHES-WRINGER."—This favorite domestic "institution" has again been awarded the first premium by our State Agricultural Society. At the recent State Fair, in Utica, there was a fine exhibition of the several sizes, from the cheap "no cog" wringers up to the large factory size for woollen mills, &c. It must have been very gratifying to the proprietors to meet at the Fair the many ladies of our rural towns who have for two or three years past used their wringers, and we learn that none of them hesitated to speak in the highest terms of the satisfaction they have received from their use, and to recommend their friends to give them a trial. Although there were several other kinds on exhibition, the judges, as well as the ladies, seem to have united in giving Messrs. IVINS the preference. We learn that the U. C. W. was also at the World's Fair in London last year, and pronounced the best in the exhibition. It is said to have become very popular throughout England, and a Company has been started in London with a capital of £50,000, (a quarter million dollars,) and the wringers for the foreign market will hereafter be made there, it being impossible to supply them from here. Thus while the English furnish our enemies with materials for war, we send them articles of peace.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—In the RURAL of August 8th a Nebraska correspondent asks—"How can I keep sweet potatoes?" Sweet potatoes should be dug before frost, and have sunshine until the surface is perfectly dry. They should then be spread on the kitchen floor or loft, and allowed to remain as long as will be safe from freezing. Then pack them up in boxes, mixing dry, fine dirt or sand in to keep them from touching each other. The boxes of potatoes should be put under the house or barn floor, or some other dry place, and covered with dry dirt to keep them from freezing.—JAMES P. ALLEY, Metamora, Ind.

EASTMAN'S MERCANTILE COLLEGE.—Young men desirous of obtaining the rudiments of a mercantile education, and especially such as purpose attending a mercantile academy the ensuing winter, are referred to the seasonal announcement of Prof. EASTMAN. We have heretofore spoken of the high character and facilities of the Institution over which Prof. E. presides, and need only to ask a perusal of his advertisement.

PUBLIC SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of FREDERICK LOEBLIEB, Esq., offering at public sale his choice South Down and Shropshire Down Sheep, and a number of Short-Horn Cattle. Breeders and others wishing to procure stock of known excellence should note and heed the announcement.

THE TOBACCO CROP.—The effect of the late frost has been such as to advance the market prices of tobacco from \$3 to \$4 per 100 lbs. Letters from Tennessee and the southern counties in Kentucky state that the tobacco is totally destroyed, with the exception of the little that has been cut—about one-fourth.

Horticultural.

PLANTING BULBS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan wishes directions for planting hardy bulbs, "sufficiently explicit to enable an amateur to do or superintend his own work, where a gardener cannot be obtained."

Any good, mellow soil, if well drained, will grow bulbous flowers, but most soils designed for this purpose would be benefited by being enriched with stable manure thoroughly rotted, which should be well mixed with the soil or with surface earth from the woods.

The mechanical condition of the soil may be improved very easily. If naturally very stiff, an addition of sand and leaf mold from the forest will be of great benefit.

SNOW DROP.—The bulbs are quite small; the leaves and flowers about six inches in height. Plant in the fall, in beds or masses, two inches apart, and about the same in depth.

CROCI.—The proper time for planting is about the first of October, though a week or two earlier or later will make no material difference.

Set the bulbs about three inches apart and cover with two inches of earth. Rake off the bed nicely, and before winter sets in cover it with a little straw, coarse hay, or other litter which may be convenient.

HYACINTHS.—Set the bulbs six inches apart and four inches deep. Before winter sets in cover the beds with leaves, or if these are not to be had, with a coarse manure in which is considerable straw.

In about five or six weeks after flowering, when the leaves are dead, the bulbs may be taken up, dried, and packed away in paper for fall planting. If the bed is wanted for other flowers, they may be removed in three weeks after flowering, the flower stem cut off, and the bulbs laid on a dry bed and covered with a little earth until the leaves have ripened, when they should be packed away as before recommended.

Many persons ordering Hyacinths from the seedsmen and nurserymen entertain the idea that none but double ones are desirable. This is not the case. The value of this flower depends principally upon the form of the spike and the arrangement of the single flowers or bells upon the flower stem.

TULIPS.—Tulips are divided into two general classes, Early and Late. The early Tulips flower in this latitude about the first of May.

The latter class are larger, more stately, of better form and more brilliant colors. Tulips may be grown in any rich, garden soil. It should be well drained, and if a little sandy, all the better; if inclined to clay, add a little sandy loam, and if poor, add rotted turf, or soil from an old pasture, with any thoroughly rotted manure.

The time of planting is in October. Make the bed prepared for them fine and mellow, and plant the bulbs in rows from six to eight inches apart each way. Unless the ground is quite light, it is well to surround the bulb with sand at the time of planting. This is for beds entirely devoted to the Tulip, but they look well if placed in the border or on the lawn, half a dozen or more in a cluster.

LILIES.—Should not be removed as early as those already mentioned, but may be transplanted the latter part of October or in November any time before winter sets in.

THE HONEY LOCUST AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The saying of COWPER that "the growth of all that's excellent is slow," will be as likely to prove true perhaps with the Honey Locust as a hedge-plant, as with other productions of merit that have come to be recognized as indispensable to the "people."

The Osage Orange being a native of Texas must necessarily be (as it is) a tender plant; not tender in the full sense of the term, but tender to stand our Northern winters without injury. It is "rapid in growth," in fact too rapid for a good



OENOTHERA LAMARCKIANA.

LAST week we gave a description of the new Oenothera, or Evening Primrose, Lamarckiana, and also promised our readers an engraving of a single flower of natural size. This promise we now redeem, and our readers can imagine the effect produced by a bed of these plants in the evening and morning, when hundreds of their monstrous golden blossoms are fully expanded.

Our native perennial variety is so good and so common that this class of flowers has not received much attention from amateurs or florists, but we can with confidence recommend Lamarckiana, and a beautiful low-growing snowy white variety, Acaulis Alba. For a full description we refer our readers to page 311, last number.

hedge plant, as it throws up long, straggling shoots in all directions in an incredible short space of time, giving it anything but a neat and hedge-like appearance. As for the cultivation of the hedges spoken of, we have seen them in all stages of growth and under all forms of treatment, and have yet to see one that comes up to our idea of what a live-fence should be, and to what we have seen of Honey Locust.

The Honey Locust is of a solid and compact growth, enduring the winters of our Northern and Eastern States without injury, furnished with the most defensive thorns of any of our plants, covered during the season with beautiful and delicate foliage, and bearing pruning as well as any deciduous plant with which we are acquainted, it presents itself to the needs of the American people as the best hedge plant in cultivation. Had the Athenians been seeking after a hedge-plant adapted to the wants and needs of the "public" they would certainly have been justifiable in looking beyond the Osage Orange for that great desideratum.

THE STRAWBERRY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As there are each succeeding year many new varieties of strawberries presented by the different growers, and each one claiming a preference for his favorite, those who do not have the opportunity of tasting the fruit before purchase must often be disappointed. The characteristics of the several species of families of the Fragaria, are so widely distinct, that for want of a familiarity with the distinguishing points which attach to each, the uninitiated often look for qualities in one or another, which never appertain to them, or only in a few exceptional instances.

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Wood Strawberry of the European mountains, F. vesca and the Alpine Everbearing varieties, produce the smallest berries of any species, and they possess but moderate sweetness and flavor. The F. Collina, or Green Alpine, is scarcely known in our American gardens, whereas in France and Germany they possess a number of varieties, the three finest of which are grown in the gardens here. The berries are small up to medium, of a dull brown and greenish hue, possessing the most exquisite pine-apple or bergamot musky flavor.

It will be seen by the present cursory review, that for a family garden which shall give us the most lengthened enjoyment of this, the most healthful of all fruits, it is requisite that it should combine a few varieties of each class, and I will in a continuous article present a moderate number of each with descriptions, as a guide to those not familiarized with the subject. I will now conclude this by some remarks on transplanting.

There seems to exist a great misconception as to the period for successful fall planting. Many suppose that this must be performed in August or September, but all the growers of strawberries on this Island, and in the region forming an extensive circuit around New York, make their most extensive plantings from the 20th of September to the 20th of November.

We continue planting new beds until the ground is closed by frost, and always with success, and do not lose five plants in a thousand. Prof. HUNTSMAN says his most successful plantings are those that are made latest. Such as are planted the latter half of November we cover with a layer of sedge, straw or hay, not, however, for the purpose of keeping the frost out, but for the purpose of keeping it in when the ground is frozen, as by thus shutting out the sun's rays, we cause the ground to remain permanently frozen during the winter. We find that it is not the permanent cold that injures the plants, but the thawing by which the plants are drawn out and their roots exposed, which are thereby subject to be winter-killed. WM. R. PRINCE.

Flushing, Sept. 24, 1863.

DWARF AND STANDARD PEARS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A correspondent inquires the best plan to adopt as to distances apart and the arranging of dwarf and standard pears. After many years trial of my own pear orchard I have not found any plan I like better than my own, and on the plan of which I have set an orchard of 4,000 trees. I set my standards 24 feet apart, and put one row of dwarfs between—one way—and two rows the other—making the trees eight feet one way and twelve the other. This, of course, would give as many trees to the acre as if they were ten feet apart; but making them further one way than the other gives more room to work among them than if they were in squares. Land set with trees after this plan should be highly manured and cultivated in order to get proper growth, but if properly cared for this distance will be found sufficient, and any shorter space will be found very inconvenient in working among them.

In regard to the best varieties for the New York market, for Standards you cannot have too many Bartlett's and Seckels, but the Flemish Beauty, Lawrence and Swan's Orange will be found very profitable, yet none, all things considered, equal to the Bartlett. For Dwarfs, the Louis Bonne de Jersey, in my opinion, stands at the head next the Duchess d'Angouleme, and for winter pears the Easter Beurre and Vicar of Winkfield.

If your correspondent does not run into the plan of wanting too many varieties, which almost all new beginners do, and which will never be found profitable for market purposes, these named will be sufficient, and he cannot do better than set these varieties. Your correspondent says he intends to plant the same land with strawberries. My advice to him is, by no means; put his strawberries on some other land and keep nothing but hoed crops among his pear trees, if he has any crop whatever, and unless he does he will never be successful in raising fine trees and fruit. F. W. L. Greece, N. Y., Sept. 14, 1863.

VARIEGATED-LEAVED TREES AND SHRUBS.

We have received a set of specimens, with the following note, from Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, of Rochester, N. Y.:

- "We send you by express Variegated Foliage of the following, viz: Ash, three varieties. Bird Cherry (Prunus padus) two varieties. Horse Chestnut, a seedling of ours. Maple, two varieties. Mountain Ash, two varieties, both our seedlings—both beautifully marked. Magnolia acuminata, one variety, our seedling—which we think will prove the finest Variegated-leaved deciduous tree. Oak, two varieties—Turkey and English. Salisburia, one variety. Thorn, variegated weeping. Willow (Cupressa tricolor), very good. Cornus mascula, variegated. St. Peter's Wort, finely marbled with gold and yellow. Cissus quinquefolia, a good old plant. Among these the Variegated Sycamore and Magnolia, having large foliage and clear well defined permanent variegation, deserves particular notice. The Mountain Ash is a great novelty, and will, we feel sure, be permanent and desirable. Many of the foreign novelties of this class are worthless, being either too delicate to bear our sun, or inconstant."

This is a very interesting collection. The great fault with most of our variegated-leaved trees and shrubs, is that the white or yellow portions soon become brown, and the effect is of a tree scorched, rather than the pleasing one of a beautifully variegated tree. Of these before us, the Variegated-leaved Turkey Oak, the Variegated British Oak, and the Salisburia, look as if they would not give way to this failing; and we should judge them to be among the very best of the beauties. Fraxinus acuminata "punctata," is equal to the real aucuba, and better than the F. acuminata aucubifolia, which is also with these specimens. Another Variegated Ash, having the appearance of being a variety of the F. lentiscifolia, is of the prettiest shade of combined green and white we have seen, but appears very tender, and we should judge would easily scorch.

The Narrow-leaved variety of Prunus padus is very peculiar in every respect. The one Broad-leaved is spotted like the Aucuba-leaved Ash.—Gardener's Monthly.

PLAN OF AN APPLE HOUSE WANTED.—I have been requested by a subscriber to your most valuable paper to write to you for a plan, or rather for the best plan for a Family Apple House above ground, as in some places cellars cannot be made handy on account of wet ground.—J. G. MOSEMAN, Carmel, Ind.

Will some reader who can speak advisedly please answer above?

Inquiries and Answers.

AFRICAN WELWITSCHIA.—This is the wonderful plant which has attracted so much attention the last year or two, and the discovery of which has excited so deep an interest among European botanists, an interest which Sir Wm. Hooker states has never been exceeded or equaled since the discovery of the Rafflesia. Dr. Frederic Welwitsch, a talented naturalist, was the discoverer, and the account he sent to Dr. Hooker was published in the Transactions of the Linnean Society, with superb plates by Mr. Fitch.

Though, from the character of the plant, and the peculiarities of its native climate, cultivators will never be likely to grow it, and it will remain simply a botanical curiosity, yet a brief account of it cannot fail to be interesting, and we copy from Dr. Hooker's extended notice the following letter from the eminent African traveler, C. J. Anderson, Esq., while resident at Damara Land, Feb. 12, 1862:

"The plant you inquire about, and which has so much awakened your curiosity, is well known to me. Indeed, it is so peculiar as scarcely to be mistaken, even from the rudest description. It is only found in one single locality, that is as regards Damara Land, which locality is exceedingly circumscribed. It grows, moreover, in sandy places, and luxuriates when it can find a few stones where to fix its extraordinary tap root, penetrating often several feet deep, so that it is indeed a work of labor and patience to extract a single plant. I have been thus occupied more than an hour, and even then I have come away with only a portion of the root. The leaves attain a length of several feet, a small portion at the point only being withered; in other respects they are evergreen; they are straight-grained, and you can tear them from top to bottom without deviating a single line from a straight course. Rain rarely or never falls where this plant exists. I have crossed and recrossed Damara Land, throughout its entire length and breadth, but only found the plant growing on that desperately arid flat, stretching far and wide, about Waalvisch Bay, or between the 22d and 23d degrees of south latitude. It is most common about the lower course of the river Swakop. But I feel my description is very inadequate to the subject, and shall endeavor therefore to procure the plant itself, and forward it at an early date to England. Indeed, I would have sent plants years ago had I not been under the impression that you had already specimens of it, for I assisted Mr. Wollaston once to excavate a couple, which I thought he purposed presenting to the Kew Gardens. I know that the specimens were received at the Botanical Gardens at Cape Town, for I saw them there only the other day, pitched away among some rubbish. No one seemed to take the slightest notice of

Horticultural Notes.

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them, which rather surprised me, since the plant cannot well escape even the dull eye, it is so singular." It is difficult to convey a correct idea of the plant from a description; but we endeavor to do so from that supplied by Dr. Hooker. It is a woody trunk, said to attain the age of a hundred years, with an obconic trunk about two feet long, of which only a few inches are above the soil, presenting a flat two lobed dense mass, sometimes attaining the size of five feet in diameter, and looking like a round table. The surface, when full grown, is hard and cracked over the whole surface, much like a crust of brown bread. The lower part forms a stout tap root, buried in the soil. From deep grooves in the circumference of the top two enormous leaves are given off, each six feet long when full grown, one corresponding to each lobe of the trunk; these are stout, very leathery, and split to the base into innumerable thongs, that lie upon the soil. They are present from the earliest condition of the plants, are persistent and replaced by no others. From the base of these leaves spring stout, much branched cymes, nearly a foot high, bearing small erect scarlet cones, which eventually become oblong, and attain the size of the common spruce fir. The scales of the cones are very closely imbricated, and contain solitary flowers, and mature a seed in each scale. Every part of the plant exudes a transparent gum.

Dr. Hooker pronounces the Welwitschia a dycolydonous plant, belonging to the gymnospermous group of that class, and having a close affinity with Ephedra and Gnetum. The scarlet cones have a magnificent effect, and if there was any hope of bringing it under cultivation it would be a superb thing.—Botanical Magazine.

FLORAL HALL AT N. Y. STATE FAIR.—We have received several communications, one from a lady exhibitor—complaining of the management of the Floral Hall at the State Fair at Utica. The arrangements it seems were imperfect, and not sufficiently extensive, and the managers evidently lacked experience. Our correspondents will please excuse us for refusing to publish their communications, as we think no good would result from such a course. Those who cut flowers early on Monday and had to wait until nearly noon on Wednesday before they could give them water or place them on the tables for exhibition have our sympathies. Next week we will give an article on the subject that we hope will be of benefit to Superintendents, Exhibitors and Societies, with an engraving of Floral Hall, as arranged at the State Society's show when held in Rochester last year.

Advertisements.

ONE MILLION APPLE SEEDLINGS FOR SALE at the Erie Nurseries, at \$1.50 and \$3.00 per 1,000. Also a large stock and good assortment of healthy and well grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, &c., at exceedingly low prices. Orders respectfully solicited. Address, E. J. PETIBONE & SON, 716-137 E. 4th St., Erie, Genesee Co., N. Y.

BULBS FOR FALL PLANTING. MY ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE BULB CATALOGUE for the Autumn of 1863, is now published and will be sent free to all who apply by mail. It contains lists of the best HYACINTHS, CROCUSES, TULIPS, CROWN IMPERIALS, SNOW BALLS, LILIES, &c., with prices. Orders respectfully solicited. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

GREAT DISCOVERY USEFUL AND VALUABLE DISCOVERY!

HILTON'S INSOLUBLE CEMENT! Is of more general practical utility than any invention now before the public. It has been thoroughly tested during the last two years by practical men, and pronounced by all to be SUPERIOR TO ANY Adhesive Preparation known. Hilton's Insoluble Cement is a new thing, and the result of years of study; its combination is on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES and under no circumstances change of temperature will become corrupt or emit any offensive smell. BOOT AND SHOE Manufacturers, using Machines, will find it the best known for cementing the Channels, as it works without delay, is not affected by any change of temperature. JEWELERS Will find it sufficiently adhesive for their use, as has been proved. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO LEATHER, and we claim an especial merit, that it sticks Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes sufficiently strong without stitching. IT IS THE ONLY LIQUID CEMENT EXTANT That is a sure thing for mending Furniture, Crochery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of Household use. Remember Hilton's Insoluble Cement is in a liquid form and as easily applied as paste. Hilton's Insoluble Cement is insoluble in water or oil. Hilton's Insoluble Cement adheres oily substances. Supplied in Family or Manufacturers' Packages from 2 ounces to 100 lbs. HILTON BROS. & CO. Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

Remember. It is a Liquid. Families. Jewellers. Boot and Shoe Manufacturers. Its Combination. A new thing. Applicable to the useful Arts.

TO FARMERS, TO DAIRYMEN, TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS, ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE

Sorghum Sugar and Sirap, Furs and Skins, Fruits, dry and green, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Hams, Pork, Beef, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Vegetables, Flour, Grain, Seeds, Hops, Cotton, Wool, Tallow, Petroleum, Starch, &c., &c. Can have them well sold at the highest prices in New York, with full cash returns promptly after their reaching the city, by forwarding them to the Commission House for Country Produce, of JOSIAH CARPENTER, 59 Jay Street, New York. N. B.—The advertiser has had abundant experience in this business, and trusts that he will continue to merit patronage by the most careful attention to the interests of his patrons. The articles are taken charge of on their arrival, and carefully disposed of, promptly, to good cash customers, and cash returns made immediately to the owner. (The highest charge made for receiving and selling is 5 percent.) A New York Weekly Price Current is issued by J. Carpenter, which is sent free to all his patrons. A specimen copy sent free to any desiring it. A trial will prove the above facts. For abundant references as to responsibility, integrity, &c., see the "Price Current." Cash advanced on consignments of Produce. SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT, AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS, TO JOSIAH CARPENTER, No. 59 Jay Street, New York. Produce Bought. 703-17

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEAD.

SLEEPING, with withered flowers upon their breasts
By their white waxen taper fingers lightly pressed:
Sleeping a long, a quiet, dreamless sleep,
Where birds and flowers and stars their vigils keep.
At rest. The moonlight slanting through the cypress
boughs,
Toys with the flowers but kisses not the brows,
The pure white brows, where wavy gleams of gold
Brightened at its caress in days of old.

At rest. The sea with sob and moan kneels on the shore,
The autumn winds take up their chant once more,
But while to earth they tell of winter wild,
To them 'tis but a mother singing to her child;
The yellow leaves shall drift above their tomb,
The pallid splendor of the winter bloom,
Earth's bells shall toll telling of wild despair,
But the sad sound can never enter there.

For at each grave an unseen angel stands
And as a mother, when sleep's silken bands
Have bound the senses of her wearied child,
Shuts down the casement that the wind's song wild
May not disturb, and with uplifted hand
Shills the glad voices of the household band,
Bids all who enter come with noiseless tread,
So this good angel guards the sleeping dead.

This world is fair, and life to me is dear,
Yet still I often come and wander here,
And dreaming almost envy them their sleep,
For they shall never wake again to weep.
The pallid hands are crossed, the heart is still,
No more its throbbings mock a conquered will,
For sin and sorrow, sunshine bright and gloom,
Pass all unheeded by the silent tomb.
Jamestown N. Y., 1863. NETTIE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEA-DRINKING.

THE dark, murky night of war that is shrouding our beautiful land in gloom, death and desolation, has brought to our mind many painful, and, we trust, useful suggestions. We have witnessed a growing tendency in "Young America" to luxuriate and dissipate; and out of the long list of unnecessary evils and injurious habits indulged in, we have chosen "tea-drinking" as the subject of our cogitations. We did not choose it because we thought it the worst and most pernicious in the category, but for the reason that we had made it more especially a subject of marked attention and observation. We are not inflated with the egotistical idea that we can take by force of argument and power of reasoning the confirmed opinions of inveterate tea-drinkers who have been so long garrisoned in the old and impregnable forts of Custom and Habit. We shall merely discuss the subject in the most simple, practical manner, it not being in our "line of business" to convince by profundity of thought. It is happily true we are a radical anti-tea-ist, always having been, and always intend to be; therefore our tea-drinking friends will put us down as very amiable, of course, if we take a "conservative" view of the matter. We shall not let fall on their unoffending hearts an avalanche of bitter invectives, for, we believe Love and Charity ought to be the pervading elements of Christianity.

We were taught by our honored parents to love and venerate the aged, and when we revolve in our mind how indelibly engraven on the heart are its first impressions, and how tenaciously cling its early memories, we feel a sort of leniency and sympathy, a tenderness of compassion for these weary, departing sojourners. We have watched the fond mother feed this stimulating potion to her innocent babe, and we did not doubt she was prompted by motherly love and kindness, but we questioned the propriety and benefit of such a course.

It may become constitutional to the human system by habitual use, but we are inclined to believe that total abstinence from the bitter drug would not lessen "life's short span." Nature is fruitful in all her ministrations, and would soon repair the exhaustion of the nervous system which has been so long kept up and overstimulated by tea. Just as eagerly and promptly as the inebriate's appetite calls for his alcoholic stimulant, so does the tea-drinkers call for the exciting beverage. The nature of the effect is the same, though not in the same degree. Why are they so weak and low-spirited without it? Why does time drag so heavily, and their minds become so unusually restless and excitable when the usual "dram" time has passed by? There is an increased demand for stimulus, and sooner or later some of our "nervous women" will find that their delicate health is partly owing to intemperate tea-drinking.

Silliness and repose follows all the commotions and convulsions of the elements, and rest is what Nature prescribes for toiling, weary mortals. We would suggest the reading of the RURAL as one of the best antidotes for physical exhaustion, for it cultivates the mental and elevates the moral powers, thus giving the bodily powers the true method of recuperation. Nature will do more without tea, than she can possibly do with tea. It is not so fearfully unsafe, as many suppose, to cross the bridge of self-denial that lies over the broad, beautiful river of Temperance. You may totter and tremble, feel faint and cheerless the first few footsteps, but ere long your step grows firmer, your hopes brighter, your faith stronger, and you feel a sweet consciousness stealing over your soul and proudly realize you are victorious over self.

I am truly fortunate in being able to bring in the testimonies of a kind mother and mother-in-law. They depended for years on strong decoctions of green tea for strength, energy and good feelings, and thought it an infallible cure for all nervous affections. They yielded to the sober conviction that "tea" was not all of life, and resolved to abandon the use of it. They both now say they can do more work in a day with-

out than they could with tea, and do not have any desire to fall into the habit again, as they do not feel the need of the popular infusion. We would note down here as a special compliment, that they are women of energy and decision, not having broken the resolution up to this time.

We have sometimes thought, when we have been one of a social tea party, that after the tea the locomotion of the "unruly member" was slightly increased. It may have been our imagination, however, as we always persisted in holding a strong prejudice against the useless practice. All the show and paraphernalia of tea-drinking can not vie in beauty with a goblet of pure, sparkling water,—emblem of purity! We thank and love God for the life-sustaining gift! How many consider it financially? It is but a selfish show of patriotism to argue that we ought to be willing to pay the advance price on tea to help support the war. Many live all the days of their life without a home, driven from "pillar to post" by the adverse winds of fortune and circumstances, and never realizing the self-reliant independence and satisfaction arising from the possession of home, be it ever so "homely." They work and toil year after year without laying anything by for the stormy days of life. Mental and moral culture are seemingly neglected at home, where they should receive encouragement,—all the avenues of intelligence closed by the mistaken idea that tea, snuff and tobacco are positive wants and must be met. If all the money expended for tea alone, was devoted to buying useful and scientific reading, our homes would be more attractive, the influences of the family circle enlarged and elevated, and the young, who will soon act a part in the great Drama of Life, would feel this home power working in their souls against the strong tide of Sin and Death. Our sons would not seek for amusement in the wicked haunts of sinful and soul-debasing pleasure. This is but one of the many ways which might be suggested for promoting good, by the wise expenditure of our time and money.

While this scourging rebellion is upon us, let us learn and abide by the stern lessons it is teaching us. Labor, temperance, education and Christianity are the levers that will move our country on to greatness and glory.
Smiley, Pa., 1863. H. EVELINE BENNETT.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

A LADY who signs herself "A Martyr to Late Hours," offers the following sensible suggestions to young men:

Dear gentlemen between the ages of "eighteen and forty-five," listen to a few words of gratuitous remarks. When you make a social call on an evening, on a young lady, go away at a reasonable hour. Say you come at eight o'clock, an hour and a half is certainly as long as the most fascinating of you in conversation can, or rather ought, to desire to use his charms. Two hours, indeed, can be very pleasantly spent, with music, chess, or other games, to lend variety; but kind sirs, by no means stay longer. Make shorter calls, and come oftener. A girl—that is, a sensible, true-hearted girl—will enjoy it better, and really value your acquaintance more. Just conceive the agony of a girl who, well knowing the feelings of father and mother upon the subject, hears the clock strike ten, and yet must sit on the edge of her chair, in mortal terror lest papa should put his oft repeated threat in execution—that of coming down and inviting the gentleman to breakfast. And we girls understand it all by experience, and know what it is to dread the prognostic of displeasure. In such cases a sigh of relief generally accompanies the closing of the door behind the gallant, and one don't get over the feeling of trouble till safe in the arms of Morpheus. Even then sometimes the dreams are troubled with some phantom of an angry father and distressed (for all parties) mother; and all because a young man will make a longer call than he ought to. Now, young gentleman friends, I'll tell you what we girls will do. For an hour and a half we will be most irresistibly charming and fascinating; then, beware, monosyllabic responses will be all you need expect. And if, when the limits shall have been passed, a startling query shall be heard coming down stairs, "Isn't it time to close up?" you must consider it a righteous punishment, and, taking your hat, meekly depart—a sadder, and, it is to be hoped, a wiser man. Do not get angry; but the next time you come be careful to keep within just bounds. We want to rise early these pleasant mornings, and improve the "shining hours;" but when forced to be up at such unreasonable hours at night, exhausted nature will speak, and, as a natural consequence, with the utmost speed in dressing, we can barely get down to breakfast in time to escape a reprimand from papa, who don't believe in beaux—as though he never was young—and a mild, reproving glance from mamma, who understands a little better poor daughter's feelings, but must still disapprove outwardly, to keep up appearances. And, now, young men, think about these things, and don't—for pity's sake don't—throw down your paper with a "pahaw!" but remember the safe side of ten.

DAILY DUTIES.—My morning haunts are where they should be, at home: not sleeping, or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring—in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awake men to labor, or to devotion; in summer, as oft with the bird that first rises, or not much tardier—to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full freight. Then with useful and generous labors preserving the body's health and hardness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpy obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion and our country's liberty.—Millon.

COMPLAISANCE renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, an inferior acceptable.

Choice Miscellany.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

BY LAURA E. WELD.

(Translated from the German of JUSTINUS KERNER.)

PRaising, in their pride and fondness,
Each his own beloved land,
Sat at Worms, four German princes,
In the imperial hall so grand.

"Glorious," spoke the Saxon monarch,
"Is my land, its power and might;
Many a deep shaft in its mountains
Shines with silver, hard and bright."

"See my land in wanton richness,"
Spoke the Elector of the Rhine,
"Golden cornfields in the valleys,
On the mountains flowing wine!"

"Mighty cities, wealthy cloisters,"
Ludwig of Bavaria cried,
"Are the treasures of my kingdom,—
Are my people's boast and pride."

EBERHARD, the bearded sovereign,
Wirttemberg's beloved lord
Spoke:—"Few are my country's cities,
Small its glittering silver hoard,
"But one jewel holds it hidden—
In its forests e'er so deep,
In the arms of any subject
I can freely sink to sleep!"

Then exclaimed the princely Saxon,
And the Elector of the Rhine,
"Bearded Count, thou art the richest,
And the fairest land is thine!"
Cohocton, N. Y., Sept., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

APPLICATION.

JEAN PAUL said, "I have fire-proof, perennial enjoyments, called employments," and surpassingly beautiful in its manifestation is that life whose purest enjoyment is found in the cheerful application of some useful employment.

We all of us have our blocks with which to build, and by careful, patient toil, we may each of us rear structures that shall speak with tongues of fire when our lips shall be forever silent, and our hearts pulseless. There is no trade, no profession, no task, in which application, if faithfully tried, will not bring us a rich harvest of reward. In the well-trodden ways of life, among the humbler classes, we find this especially true; for there are very many, who, with their hands embrowned and hardened with daily labor, have by their own exertions, raised up noble structures, mighty in strength and beautiful in finish. These are the busy ones in the great workshop of Life, who will not suffer hand or heart to remain idle. The arm may grow weary and the sight dim, but still they toil onward, remembering that "whatsoever" their "hands find to do," they must do with their might. The names of earth's great men would never have come down to us, unless by steady application they had won for themselves the name and the honor.

And so may we all make our lives glorious,—glorious in deed as in principle,—if we will but build wisely with the materials which God has given us. Now, while we are standing thus in the portal of life, with the foot-prints of the truly great and good leading from our humble elevations up to the mountains; now, while we are looking out far beyond our own day into the day and life of some other one, is the time when, with untiring energy and unwearied will, we may learn what are the fruits of application.

In the golden harvests which have been garnered we can trace the abundant zeal of the husbandman,—his persevering toil through days and months that have gone by, through the storm and through the sunshine; it will be well for him if he remember that there is yet another seed-time and harvest, and that in that, too, he must learn to labor while the gracious daylight lasts.

In the many domes and spires pointing heavenward; in the grand cathedrals with their sounding galleries and dim aisles; in each form of sculpture where the artist carves his own ideals into delicate and beautiful shapes; in the hundred manufactories that proclaim the skill of the artificer; in the great bells that swing and the wheels that turn; in each and all of these may be seen the enduring reward of stern application.

Its effects in all the pursuits of our daily lives must be apparent in our characters; it will give us energy of thought and purpose, and fit us to move in whatever station we may be placed. In the problem of Life we each have our question to solve, and oh, let us not do it idly! Our lives are filled with shadows of things that might be, forever flitting on the threshold of eternity; let us grasp them and change them into fair realities. They come to us even in the still night-watches, and rest upon our waiting hearts in holy visions of desire and aspiration. Let us treasure them and recognize their presence in our daily actions, that, finally, by great industry and unwavering reliance on the aid of the Master Builder, we may win the plaudit:—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."
OLIO STANLEY.
Philadelphia, Aug. 1863.

THE TWO TOGETHER.—Affectionate intercourse with the young is a considerable help against the too rapid invasion of old age. A gentleman of my acquaintance is accustomed to repeat the saying of a distinguished man,—"If you would avoid growing old associate with the young," assigning as a reason that the old are so apt to increase their own and each other's infirmities by talking them over; while the cheerfulness of the young will do something to enliven the falling spirits of our declining years. There is sense and wisdom in the rule thus suggested.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ESTRANGEMENT.

No stream flows so smoothly but that somewhere on its surface a ripple appears, and no married life but has here and there moments of disagreement. Two human beings who have not yet become perfect, can not be perpetually together without sometimes thinking differently and willing in opposition to one another. I know that there are here and there a husband and wife who are conscious of no such opposition, who can look over possibly years of uninterrupted communings and undivided purposes, and who might easily suppose that it is because they evermore are the same in thought and purpose. But, I take it, it is rather that, impelled by a mutual affection and a keen-sighted wisdom, they have unconsciously learned to allow nothing for a moment to stand between their hearts. To accomplish this, a husband and wife must guard against the beginning of estrangements. The last-mentioned alienations, the separations, the divorces do not spring at once out of some great violation of conjugal duty, but are the perfected fruit of little estrangements. A word or even a look sometimes like a small break in a dike, becomes a vast crevasse, through which pours a flood of unhappiness. Nay, it may be a positive nothing, only a neglect which may be the foundation-stone of untold misery. It is noticed and felt, but pride forbids any questioning. Each notices the other's coldness, but neither can come to the point of asking whist in the way. Meanwhile the peaceful consciousness of mutual agreement is broken up and each is unhappy, and I may add, each conscious of wrong. In this state of mind, a new offence is easily taken, given and more easily taken, and the breach is wider and wider. The process may go on till wife or husband, perhaps both begin to seek in the society of others, what they have lost in their own, and, at last, embarked on a troubled and rapid stream, in some dark hour they are hurried into crime and are lost to each other forever.

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Of love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder winds will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin!
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness 'round all they said;
'Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet ere it reached the plain below,
Breaks into floods and parts forever."

I may speak to some one understanding me fully, and have known too many days of misery not to appreciate what I say. If you are conscious, and as soon as you are conscious that there is anything of alienation or estrangement, lose not an hour before you seek re-union of your hearts. If conscience tells you that you have been in the wrong, do not be too proud to acknowledge it; if you are sure that you have been unkindly or unjustly treated, do not stand on your dignity or sense of justice, but be the first to seek a reconciliation. Let the magnanimity of love move on. Do not wait till your husband or your wife approaches you, but do you hasten to love's work. You will find perhaps another heart reaching out after yours in the dark, and it will not be long before you, both are walking side by side, and hand in hand.—Rev. W. Aikman.

THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY.

PRESIDENT FISHER, in his address before the State Agricultural Society, at the late Fair in Utica, speaks thus eloquently and encouragingly of the future of our country:

With such a country, possessed by intelligent, religious, sturdy freemen, with such institutions of religion and science and government, who can doubt that a glorious future is before us? A country so varied in climate, so rich in mineral treasures, so productive in its soil, with its valleys and hills and mountains, its forests and prairies, its lakes and rivers, its shores washed by two oceans, where men of every temperament may develop their energies, and where all things stimulate them to progress, dotted over with colleges and schools and churches, and filled with all the elements of social progress,—where in this world, if not here, should man assert his true nobility, and rise to the loftiest height of greatness, and send forth his influence to civilize, evangelize and exalt the world?

I anticipate the future. I see this black cloud of war uplift and roll away, and the sun shine down upon a land impressed with the foot of neither slave nor traitor. I see this young giant, conscious of his strength, move forward in the work of civilization and humanity, with irresistible power. And as he advances I see the hills and valleys of the North, the plains of the Great Valley, the savannahs of the South, the slopes washed by the Western main, filled with an intelligent, a religious, a rejoicing people, one in language, one in sympathy, one in government, the inheritors and possessors of the same institutions, the noblest development of humanity.

NEVER SULK.—Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than to wire it down to turn sour and acrid within you. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and the soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

LOVE, in a tiny form, may enter into the heart through a small aperture, and, after it gets in, grow so big on what it feeds that it can never squeeze out again.

Sabbath Musings.

"MY HAND IN CHRIST'S!"

"My hand in Christ's!" He leadeth where He lists,
Through flowery fields, or, neth a starry sky;
My faith is strong, He'll bring me safely through
The hills of life, till I am called to die.

"My hand in Christ's!" I fear not what may come,
If He is mine I cannot yield to sin;
His everlasting arms are round me here,
And I can safely trust my all to Him.

"My hand in Christ's!" I care not how death comes,
Whether by pestilence, or in the fight;
I shall be safe beneath His gentle care,
Should the sun smite by day, or moon by night.

"My hand in Christ's!" who bore up Calvary's height
The cross, and gave His precious life up there;
To save a wretch like me I can I'er doubt?
Or give myself a victim to despair?

No! let me cling the closer to His side,
And with a child's devotion hold Him fast;
"My hand in His!" I'll safely pass along,
Though storms may howl, my home I'll gain at last.

"My hand in Christ's!" e'en down to death's cold fold,
He'll bear me conqueror through the dying strife;
And safe with those who've only gone before,
I shall have entered on that higher life.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

LIKE the leaf, life has its fading. We speak and think of it with sadness, just as we think of the autumn season. But there should be no sadness at the fading of a life that has done well its work. If we rejoice at the advent of a new life, if we welcome the coming of a new pilgrim to the uncertainties of this world's way, why should there be so much gloom when all these uncertainties are past, and life at its waning wears the glory of a completed task? Beautiful as is childhood in its freshness and innocence, its beauty is that of untried life. It is the beauty of promise, of spring of the bud. A holier and rarer beauty is the beauty which the waning life of faith and duty wears.

It is the beauty of a thing completed; and as men come together to congratulate each other when some great work has been achieved, and see in its concluding nothing but gladness, so ought we to feel when the setting sun flings back its beams upon a life that has answered well life's purpose. When the bud drops blighted, and the mildew blasts the early grain, and there goes all hope of the harvest, one may well be sad; but when the ripened year sinks amid garniture of autumn flowers and leaves, why should we regret or murmur? And so a life that is ready and waiting for the "well done" of God, whose latest virtues and charities are its noblest, should be given back to God in uncomplaining reverence, we rejoicing that earth is capable of so much goodness, and is permitted such virtue.

"THERE'S LIGHT BEYOND."

"When in Maderia," writes a traveler, "I set off one morning to reach the summit of a mountain, to gaze upon the distant scene and enjoy the balmy air. I had a guide with me, and we had with difficulty ascended some two thousand feet, when a thick mist was seen descending upon us, quite obscuring the whole face of the heavens. I thought I had no hope left but at once to retrace our steps or be lost; but as the cloud came nearer, darkness overshadowed me, my guide ran on before me, penetrating the mist, and calling to me ever and anon, saying, 'Press on, master, press on, there's light beyond!' I did press on. In a few minutes the mist was passed, and I gazed upon a scene of transcendent beauty. All was bright and cloudless above, and beneath was the almost level mist, concealing the world below me and glistening in the rays of the sun like a field of untrodden snow. There was nothing at that moment between me and the heavens." O ye over whom the clouds are gathering, or who have sat beneath the shadow, be not dismayed if they rise before you. Press on—THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND.

ACTION.—The surest way, alike to confirm and to strengthen any holy principle, is to carry it into practice. The very element and breath of life is action. Every gift and endowment whatsoever, whether of body or soul, whether natural or spiritual, improves by exercise, while by guilty neglect it is enervated and impaired. Talents are increased by trading; and "to him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken, even that which he seemeth to have." The sword undrawn rusts in the scabbard; the limb unused shrinks away; the fire smolders into ashes; standing waters stagnate and breed corruption and malignant miasma; the languid blood of the sluggard, which no healthy impulse quickens, becomes thick and gross, creeps drowsily through his veins, and carries no strong pulsation of life to the limbs and to the brain. So the idle Christian is a feeble, drooping, pining Christian.

TRUTH AND REPOSE.—God offers to every mind its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please; you can never have both. Between these, as a pendulum, man oscillates. He in whom the love of repose predominates will accept the first creed, the first philosophy, the first political party he meets, most likely his father's. He gets rest, commodity and reputation; but he shuts the door of truth. He in whom the love of truth predominates will keep himself aloof from all moorings, and aloof. He will abstain from dogmatism, and recognize all the opposite negations, between which, as walls, his being is swung. He submits to the inconvenience of suspense and imperfect opinion, but he is a candidate for truth, as the other is not, and respects the highest law of his being.—Emerson.

A WISE man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

THE PARROTT GUN.

The "Veteran Observer" of the N. Y. Times favors the readers of that journal with a long description of the Parrott gun, which has caused so great a revolution in the science of war, from which we extract the following:

When you hear of shells falling in Charleston, with destructive effect, at the distance of five miles from Gillmore's batteries, you are startled, and begin to realize that a new element has appeared on the stage, or, at least, a mode of action. You are probably under the impression that those shells were thrown from 300-pounders. This is not so. They were thrown from 200-pounders, whose shell is really about 150 pounds weight. I may say, however, that the distance at which the 100-pound and the 200-pound shell may be thrown is about the same with that of the 300-pounder. The difference is in the momentum, or crushing effect, which must be the greatest in the 300-pounder.

I shall confine myself here chiefly to siege guns, because, if they are made perfect, the field artillery can be made to conform to its immediate objects, on the same plan. The object desired by a siege piece is, first, momentum, by which the crushing effect on artificial structures is obtained; secondly, the greatest distance possible, and, thirdly, directness. In regard to momentum the chief element is the weight of the ball thrown, (other things being equal,) hence a heavy ball is always desirable. As to distance, we have, I believe, no previous record of effective balls thrown at the distance Gillmore threw them at Charleston. In regard to directness the same remark may be made. I am not familiar with sieges; but doubt whether the history of the world furnishes any example of the accuracy of the fire from cannon, at a great distance, which has been exhibited in our present war. This is due to rifled cannon, which gives to large pieces of artillery nearly the same accuracy as our common rifle. All these objects have been attained in our American artillery, till we see Fort Sumter battered down at the distance of a mile and a half, three-fourths of all the shot taking effect within ten feet of the point intended. Charleston shelled so that persons are killed, and shells burst in warehouses at the distance of five miles, and an embrasure, at the distance of 1,000 yards, struck with such accuracy that the gun is dismounted at a single shot aimed for that purpose. When we see such results, we are startled at the results of practical science and the tremendous energy of war.

The Parrott Gun is manufactured at the West Point Foundry, where at this time nearly a thousand men and an immense quantity of material are employed in turning out these cannon for the use of the Government. The West Point Foundry was originally established by a company, and till very recently was managed by Gouverneur Kimble. Mr. Parrott, has, however, been connected with the establishment many years, and exercised his ingenuity as well as industry in improving the machinery, and is now the manager. Robert Parrott is from New Hampshire, graduating at West Point in 1824, very high in his class. In 1836 he was Captain of Ordnance, but resigned to become Superintendent of the Iron and Cannon Foundry at Cold Springs—now called the West Point Foundry. Let us go to the Foundry.

There are now made at this Foundry six classes of guns, viz.: 10-pound, 20-pound, 30-pound, 100-pound, 200-pound and 300-pound. The 60-pound has not yet been made, but is ordered. The 100-pounder can be made at the rate of one per day; and the 200-pounder two per week, and the smaller ones much more frequently. At this moment the large yards of this establishment contain numbers of these cannon of all sizes, as well as shell for their use, which are manufactured at the rate of about 10,000 per week.

In order to give some idea of the range of these guns, I add the following brief table of the diameter, elevation and range of some of them—disregarding the charge:

Calibre.	Diameter of Bore.	Elevation.	Range.
10-Pounder.	2.7 inches	1 deg.	600 yards.
10-Pounder.	2.9 inches	20 "	5,000 yards.
20-Pounder.	3.67 inches	1 "	820 yards.
20-Pounder.	3.67 inches	15 "	4,400 yards.
30-Pounder.	4.2 inches	25 "	1,900 yards.
30-Pounder.	4.2 inches	34 "	6,700 yards.
100-Pounder.	6.2 inches	34 "	1,450 yards.
100-Pounder.	6.2 inches	35 "	5,830 yards.
100-Pounder.	6.2 inches	35 "	8,463 yards.

The last distance, it will be observed, is within a fraction of five miles, and is attained with a 16-pound charge of powder, with an 80-pound hollow shot, at an elevation of 35 degrees. The 200-pounder is an 8-inch bore, and the 300-pounder a 10-inch bore. A little more powder, in a 200-pounder, would obviously reach a distance of over five miles, which is the result attained at Charleston.

I ought now to notice some of the peculiarities of the Parrott gun. It is obvious that if we give a big ball and heavy charges, the ordinary gun will not be strong enough. Here was a difficulty, hence the resort to hooping or banding cannon. This idea is not original in this day. On the contrary, we hear of it hundreds of years ago. But the mode and kind of hooping adopted by Mr. Parrott is peculiar. It was found, by experiment, that the reactive force of a heavy charge on a heavy ball, when exploded, was wholly within two feet of the breech end of the bore. Mr. Parrott took this fact, and adapted to the piece his re-enforcement of that part. This consists in welding on to this two feet of the cannon a coil of wrought iron. I shall not go into the manufacture of this re-enforcement, but merely say that heavy bars of iron are heated and rolled into coils, whose interior space is the diameter of the cannon, beaten till it is compacted to-

gether, then heated and put on the cannon, till this wrought iron coil becomes a compact piece with the breech end of the cannon. Such a piece cannot be burst by any ordinary charge, and I may here say the 300-pounder at Charleston was not injured by the charge of the cannon, but by the bursting of the shell in the gun by some defect in the fuse.

THE DEPTH OF SPACE.

IN 1837, Professor Bessel of Germany commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance of the fixed stars, a thing that had never been done. The instrument which he used in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was a heliometer (sun-measurer.) After three years hard labor he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials and working out the result, he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni! But who can comprehend this immense distance? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance, by the fact, that light, which travels 12,000,000 miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us! Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 miles; one year, then—8,760 hours—this gives 6,307,200,000,000, and this multiplied by ten, gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. All astronomers confirm the correctness of Prof Bessel's calculations. But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschel says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way are so very remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. And he says there are stars, or rather nebulae, five hundred times more remote! Now make your calculation—120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the produce by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; he can't realize it; it is too vast even for comprehension. David says, Psalm ciii. 19. "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom (or government) ruleth over all."

HOW TO TAKE LEAF IMPRESSIONS.

HOLD oiled paper in the smoke of a lamp, or of pitch, until it becomes coated with the smoke; to this paper apply the leaf of which you wish an impression, having previously warmed it between your hands, that it may be pliable; place the lower surface of the leaf upon the blackened surface of the oiled paper, that the numerous veins that are so prominent on this side may receive from the paper a portion of the smoke; lay a paper over the leaf, and then press it gently upon the smoked paper; with the finger or a small roller, (covered with woolen cloth, or some like soft material,) so that every part of the leaf may come in contact with the sooted oil paper. A coating of the smoke will adhere to the leaf. Then remove the leaf carefully, and place the blackened surface on a piece of white paper, not ruled, or in a book prepared for the purpose, covering the leaf with a clean slip of paper, and pressing upon it with the fingers or roller as before. Thus may be obtained the impression of a leaf, showing the perfect outlines, together with an accurate exhibition of the veins which extend in every direction through it, more correctly than the finest drawing. And this process is so simple that any person, with a little practice to enable him to apply the right quantity of smoke to the oil paper and give the leaf a proper pressure, can prepare beautiful leaf impressions, such as a naturalist would be proud to possess. Specimens thus prepared can be neatly preserved in book form, interleaving the impressions with tissue paper.—*Art Recreations.*

RULES FOR DETECTING COUNTERFEITS.

EXAMINE the vignette or picture in the middle of the top; see if the sky or back-ground looks clear and transparent, or soft and even, and not scratchy.

EXAMINE well the faces; see if the expression is distinct and easy, natural and life-like—particularly the eyes.

See if the drapery or dress fits well—looks natural and easy, and shows the folds distinctly.

EXAMINE the medallion ruling and heads and circular ornaments around the figures, etc.; see if they are regular, smooth and uniform—not scratchy. This work, in the genuine, looks as if raised on the paper, and is very seldom successfully imitated.

EXAMINE the principal line of letters or name of the bank; see if they are all upright, perfectly true and even; or, if sloping, of a uniform slope.

Carefully examine the shading or parallel ruling on the face or outside of the letters, etc.; see if it is clear, or looks as if colored with a brush. The fine and parallel lines, in the genuine, are of equal size, smooth and even.

THINK FOR YOURSELVES.—It is always best to think first for ourselves on any subject, and then have recourse to others for the correction or improvement of our own sentiments. Thus we may reach truth which we should never have observed had we caught a particular mode of thinking from an author. No principle should be received from education or habit merely. Let me observe before perusing the opinions of others. We check original thought by first learning how and what to think from others. The strength of others should be called to assist our weakness, not to prevent the exertion of our powers. By means of this dependence upon books, error as well as truth descends in hereditary succession.

The Traveler.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

A VERY interesting and valuable work, entitled "The Capital of the Tycoon; a Narrative of Three Years' Residence in Japan," by Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, has just made its appearance from the press of HARPER BROS. We make the following extracts from its pages:

JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE.

As to the size and value of private or of public buildings, it would go hard with the Japanese if their civilization, either mental or moral, were to be judged by such a test. They have no architecture. They live on a volcanic soil, the surface of which is affected with a tertian ague, thus denying the first conditions of the builder, a stable foundation, and imposing a law of construction fatal to all architectural pretensions or excellence. Houses for dwelling in seldom consist of more than one story, those of the wealthy never, I fancy, and those of the busy and commercial classes in large cities where land is valuable—more valuable than life in Japan—consists of a ground floor and garret above.

These are all constructed of solid wooden frames strongly knit together, the walls being merely a thin layer of mud and laths to keep out the cold and heat, the whole surmounted in the better class by rather ponderous and overhanging roofs. These, as may easily be understood, are not very easily shaken down; nevertheless, once in about every seven years, according to Japanese report, the inhabitants of Yeddo must lay their account for seeing their wooden city reduced to a heap of ruins by an earthquake too violent, even, for such constructions to resist, and completed by fire, which inevitably follows. We need not look for architecture, then, here; and nothing, accordingly, can be more mean or miserable-looking than the streets of Yeddo, one of the largest cities in the world. The Daimios' Yashiki are merely a low line of barracks of the same construction, rather higher in the roofs, and occasionally they venture upon a modest attempt at a three-storied pagoda. The temples are more ambitious, and, moreover, afford safer ground for architectural pretensions, as people do not usually live under their roofs. These furnish the only specimens of Japanese architecture.

JAPANESE SHOPS.

These shops are all filled with goods entirely selected to suit a foreigner's wants and tastes. Let my readers figure in their mind all they have ever heard or fancied of Japanese ingenuity and perfection of work—in lacker, basket-work, porcelain, and bronze, fancy silks and embroideries, spread out before them in every tempting form, the very shopkeepers having learned enough English to tell you "all vely cheap," "vely good," (for the *r* is seldom heard from a Japanese tongue,) and if you ask he will tell you the prices also tolerably intelligibly, and then judge how few button up their pockets and walk away, like wise people.

But I came with deliberate intention to look, to examine and to buy—my friends had so persecuted me to spend their money for them, some \$100, some \$500, or "any amount," only to send them "beautiful things from Japan," where, to their sorrow, they could not go in person. "Beautiful things!" It is easily said, my friends, but it is distressingly vague. Pretty, cheap and dear are all relative terms, and subject to infinite diversity of opinion. However, since I cannot help myself, I must needs take the plunge; my friends' money to spend, and my own taste to guide me, in this most trying voyage of discovery. And first, I am to find a pair of well-bred Japanese dogs, "with eyes like saucers, no nose, the tongue hanging out at the side, too large for the mouth, and white and tan if possible, and two years old." My friend, you see, is a dog fancier, and so my first visit is to the poultry street—some twenty establishments, with the most extraordinary, and, it must also be said, the most rare and beautiful collection of birds and beasts—the former especially—that can well be seen out of a zoological garden. We turn into the first of them by a large court yard which runs behind the shop, and all round are pens for the different occupants below, with cages above for the smaller birds.

Our first acquaintance is with a long-bearded goat, trying in vain to get over his prison bars; for goats are only objects of curiosity in this part of Japan, although they do exist as an indigenous race, I believe; and next to him a grizzled black bear, small, but wild and vicious-looking—the sort of animal one likes to meet in a cage much better than "at home" in the woods. Then a red fallow deer, and a very fine one. A great stork beyond is gobbling up, as usual, his live food, and with his usual gusto and disregard of his feelings; and then come various kinds of web-footed birds, apparently of the duck species, one twice the size of a common duck, and quite unknown to me. The beautiful colored drake of the mandarin species and his homely mate are there; and such a collection of pheasants! The gold bird with its gorgeous plumes, the silver pheasant of almost greater beauty, with its silvery silky feathers and long sweeping tail; the copper pheasant, never seen alive in Europe, unless two pair which I sent from Japan to the Zoological Society may have arrived; then a species akin to our own—and to think that a pair of each could be bought for some thirty shillings, and yet to have to leave them behind, was very sad!

Strange freak of nature that in all these it is the male bird that has a monopoly of the gay plumage, tufts and other personal advantages, and the poor lady birds are shorn of all ornaments—sober, sad-colored matrons, with nothing whatever to attract admiration! This seems a most unequal and hard distribution of nature's

gifts. What a change there would be in this world of ours, if, with the human race, the same law prevailed. I think man should be especially grateful that it is quite otherwise ordered! We pass on to a long line of cages containing doves and pigeons of most rare plumage and colors, pink and blue, some tinted with gold and green of the softest hue. Bantam fowls, indigenous, or originally from Java, I cannot discover; but in their miniature proportions and perfect forms they are great beauties. We cannot stay here all day, however. The red-faced monkey, (the only species in Japan,) fowls of all sizes and color, swans, and geese, and ducks, (some very captivating,) we pass without note. An aquarium, with all sorts of strange looking eels—gold, and silver, and spotted purple fishes, with undeniably tails dividing into three large sweeps of diaphanous texture, beguile us on the way out. One much admired just emerges from the shadow of the artificial rock, with its tufts of water-grass and marine creepers, the most prized of the lot, with a body like a barrel, to which a golden head and tail seem to have been set on in the most capricious way.

As we pass into the shop, we come upon a number of toy cages occupied by mice with pink eyes, turning a wheel which sets in motion half a dozen of the primitive machines with which they separate the rice from its husk here as in China. Poor little workmen! they are happily unconscious—happier than many higher placed in the scale—that it is a life-slavery of bootless labor, to which a hard fortune has consigned them? In the shop is the dried body of a mermaid most ingeniously put together, as natural and life-like as any dried mummy! But I must not take you over the lacker, and silk, and porcelain shops, or where should I stop? A broad sheet of the *Times* would not suffice; and, besides, it would be a sort of Tantalus cup, for I am positive, were I to describe some of the things, the desire to possess them would haunt my readers like a dream of unattainable bliss.

CHATTANOOGA.

THE city of Chattanooga used to contain about 5,000 inhabitants, four or five churches, five hotels, two printing offices, a bank, a number of very fine residences, &c. It is in Hamilton county, Tennessee, just north of the dividing line between that State and Georgia, situated on the left bank of the Tennessee River, and is the northern terminus of the Western and Atlantic Railway, the southern terminus of which is Atlanta, Georgia. It is also the eastern terminus of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad, and forms an angular connection with the line of railroad from Charleston, South Carolina, to Memphis, Tennessee. It is 151 miles from Nashville, 432 miles from Savannah, and 447 miles from Charleston. The city is situated on a high bluff overlooking the rushing waters of the Tennessee river, which at this point spreads out to a greater extent than at many other points in the vicinity. Being the terminus of two important roads, and the most prominent point on another, (the Charleston and Memphis,) it became the most available place where the rolling stock of all could be repaired and new stock manufactured. Hence were established here numerous machine-shops, foundries, &c., which, up to the outbreak of the rebellion, were doing a thriving business and contributing, in a great measure, to the advancement and prosperity of the place.

The Tennessee river is navigable for steam-boats from the Muscle Shoals, twenty miles in extent, above Florence, Alabama, up to Knoxville, Tennessee, which is one hundred and ten miles by railroad northeast of Chattanooga, and of course much further by the windings of the river. The upper waters of the Tennessee river are extremely beautiful, varied as the landscape is in wild mountain scenes and pastoral lands. The Lookout Mountains, immediately around Chattanooga, and in which so many deserters from the rebel army are said to have been waiting Rosecrans' coming, form one of the boldest and most romantic objects to be seen.

Reading for the Young.

IS IT YOU?

There is a child—a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true—
Who doesn't mind when spoken to;
Is it you? It can't be you!

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I'm loth to say I do—
Who struck a little playmate child;
I hope that wasn't you.

I know a child—a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few—
Who told a lie—yes, told a lie!
It cannot be 'twas you!

There is a boy—I know a boy,
I cannot love him though—
Who robs the little bird's nest:
That bad boy can't be you!

A girl there is—a girl I know,
And I could love her, too,
But that she is so proud and vain:
That surely isn't you!

THE SHINGLE BOAT.

It is not necessary to say how the father died, and how the poor widow had to go into a single room, and work out almost every day to support Johnny and his little sister. Johnny did all he could to help his mother; and he did a great deal, for when his mother was absent he took care of little Sis, and when she was asleep one day, he took the jackknife that belonged to his father, and made what he called a boat out of a shingle, and then stood at the door and asked every one that came along to buy it.

"Do you want to buy a boat?" said he to a large boy, who was passing.

"You get out!" said the boy, as he knocked the boat into Johnny's face, and broke the mast. The poor boy's heart was almost broken, too, but he made another mast, and stood at the door again. Two little girls came along, and Johnny asked if they wished to buy a boat.

"What do you call it? a boat?" said one of the girls. "It is a funny-looking boat." "We don't sail boats," said the other girl.

"Well, you don't know what fun it is," said the little boat-builder.

"We have no wish to know," said they, as they went off, laughing at poor Johnny.

Presently an officer of the frigate that was lying in the harbor passed. "Please buy my ship!" said Johnny, very imploringly.

"Did you make it?" said the officer.

"Yes, I did, all myself," said Johnny.

"What put it into your head to make a ship?" said the good-natured man.

"Why, you see," said the little fellow, "Sis hasn't any bread to eat, and I thought I'd work and earn some money, and buy some."

"Who is Sis?" said the captain.

"Why, don't you know, Sis?" said Johnny; "just look in here." So the officer entered, and saw Sis asleep on the bed.

"Whom do you belong to?" said the captain.

"To mother now," said Johnny, "for father is dead and gone away." Just then little Sis opened her eyes, and, seeing the uniform of the officer, she began to laugh.

"What do you ask for your ship?" said the captain.

"One cent, if you can't give any more," said Johnny.

The captain gave him a pat on the cheek and said, "Wait a few minutes, and I'll come back and buy your ship."

He went out and bought two large loaves of bread, and carried them back and gave them to Johnny.

"Are you God," said the little fellow, with his eyes as large as saucers.

"No," said the officer, "I am only one of his servants." He then patted Johnny's head, and told him to be a good boy, and he would come again and see his mother. He did call again, and after learning all about the family, he promised to take care of them; and when Johnny was a great boy he took him on board his ship, and in time made an officer of him, and adopted him; and after a battle, when he was dying of a wound he had received, he asked Johnny, who was now Lieut. Cole, to hand him that casket on the desk.

"Open it," said the captain, giving him a key.

"What do you find there?" said the captain.

"Nothing but my shingle boat," said Johnny.

"When you made that boat, you made your fortune," said the captain. "Under the boat is my last will, and all the property I have is yours."

John became a rich man, and he deserved it! Now, what is the object of this story? Merely to teach you that, if you are good, and do all you can, God will in some way help you. The shingle boat was a small affair to the unfeeling boy who broke it, and to the thoughtless girls who laughed at it, but to the officer and to God it was above all price.

VISIT TO THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY.

COME, my young friends, let us look into this house. This was but lately the home of one of our thousands of brave soldiers who have died in camp and field for the sake of our beloved country. The wife is now a mourning widow; and the little son, the only child, is left a poor, helpless orphan. But the means of living, once furnished by the industrious soldier to his family being now no longer received, the sorrowing mother labors very hard to keep herself and dear little child from suffering and want.

There are, however, kind-hearted neighbors around her, who do not forget her condition. A gentleman has just called to speak words of comfort, and to afford such help as may appear proper. His little daughter asked to come along and bring a basket-full of cakes and other good things for their worthy neighbors. The lady, in very touching words, expressed much thankfulness for the kindness shown toward herself and her dear little child.

On the way toward this house, the father tried to make his daughter understand the duty of every one to the soldiers and their families. He said the noble men were suffering and laying down their lives for what is dear, not only to themselves, but to all of us. He said that all should, therefore, feel it a duty and a privilege to attend to the comfort of our soldiers and their families, and that it would be disgraceful and sinful if the people allowed them unnecessarily to suffer.—*Lutheran S. S. Herald.*

HE THAT WORKS GETS THE PAY.—"How do you like arithmetic?" said a friend of the family to John, as he came home from school with his slate under his arm. "Not very well." "How do you get on with it?" "Well enough. Samuel does my sums for me." "Why don't you get him to eat your dinner for you?" "I couldn't live without eating. I shouldn't grow any if I didn't eat." "Your mind won't grow any if you don't use it. It would be just as reasonable for you to get Samuel to eat your dinner for you, as to ask him to do your studying for you."—*Early Days.*

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother?

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 3, 1863.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—A dispatch was received in Louisville on the 23d ult., from Quartermaster General Meigs, a passenger on the morning train to Nashville, announcing the burning of a railroad bridge at Nolin, Kentucky, by the rebels. The down train went back to Elizabethtown and was detained there some four hours. A special train with Adams & Co.'s train coming north put out the fire, which enabled the upward trains to arrive nearly on their regular time. The damage to the bridge was very slight. The number of guerrillas causing this disturbance is estimated at from four to fourteen.

KANSAS.—A special dispatch contains advices from Gen. Blunt's army to the tenth. General Blunt was in very poor health, and would leave for Fort Scott soon. All was quiet in the vicinity of Fort Smith, except that a few bushwhackers were restless; but by the continual reconnoitering of our cavalry, the guerrillas were kept at a respectful distance. The rebels were falling back on Shreveport, Louisiana. Kirby Smith was in command.

About 100 soldiers were daily recruited at Smith. The enlistment of negroes was also brisk. Gen. Blunt has issued an address to the people of Arkansas, in which he assures them that the Federal occupation was permanent, the whole of the Indian Territory being under his control, and all the rebel troops being driven beyond the Red River, followed by the most anxious rebel citizens. He feels assured that love and attachment for the Union is now evinced in Western Arkansas. The joy manifested at the appearance of his troops, the reports of the delegations which have visited from the interior of Southern Arkansas, and the arrival of hundreds of refugees to enlist in the army, give assurance to the fact. He feelingly alludes to the persecution of Union men, and closes his address as follows:

"Many applications have been made by citizens for safeguards; none will be issued. The best safeguard you can have will be the American flag unfurled over your premises, and if you deport yourselves as becomes good and loyal citizens, your conduct will be your safeguard. If it be your desire to disenfranchise yourselves from the tyranny and oppression to which you have been subjected, organize a civil government under the authority of the United States. Every facility will be afforded you to accomplish that purpose. I leave the matter with you, trusting that wise counsel may prevail."

A dispatch from Little Rock, Ark., dated the 21st, to the St. Louis Republican, says:—Colonel Cloud, with 100 of the 2d Kansas cavalry, had arrived at Little Rock on the 19th. Between Perryville, in the Indian Territory, where Gen. Blunt defeated the rebels under Steele and Cooper, and Fort Smith, Col. Cloud, with 500 of the 2d Kansas cavalry and Robb's battery, attacked 2,000 rebels under General Cabell in a strongly fortified position, and routed them with considerable loss. The rebels retreated towards Arkadelphia. At Dardanelle, on the 9th, Cloud attacked 1,000 rebels under Col. Storman, and defeated them, capturing their camp and a large amount of commissary stores. Over 2,000 Unionists had joined Cloud's command, anxious to serve in the defence of their homes. The first train of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad, started on the 23d. From ten to fifty deserters reach Little Rock daily to take the oath of allegiance, and are then released.

TENNESSEE.—Gen. Burnside was at Knoxville on the 25th ult. The military authorities in Louisville say that Burnside did not know of the impending battle between Rosecrans and Bragg, and could not have re-enforced Rosecrans if he had. The battle had been long concluded before the news reached Burnside.

Gen. Hartsuff is at Knoxville. There is no rebels this side of Greenville. Burnside is entirely safe in his present position, and by concentrating at Cumberland Gap can repel any force. His supplies are abundant and not liable to be cut off.

The Washington Republican says the government has received glorious news from General Rosecrans, but the details cannot be stated. The rebel army, from the latest telegrams, has not, it appears, molested Gen. Rosecrans in his present position.

A telegram from Gen. Rosecrans, dated the 24th ult., says he made a reconnoissance in force along the enemy's lines the day previous, and

found him in force. The enemy did not resist the advance of our reconnoitering column, which returned to its quarters after having accomplished the object of the movement, which proved to be of considerable importance.

The Richmond (Rebel) *Whig* of the 23d, received, reports three days of hard fighting in Northern Georgia, with heavy loss on both sides. The *Whig* states the rebel loss at 5,000, including many valuable officers. Among the killed are Brig. Gens. Preston, of Tennessee; Wolford, of Georgia; Walkem, of Miss.; Helm and Descher. Among the wounded are Brig. Gens. Adams, Brown, Gregg, Bunn, Preston, Cleburn and Beming. Maj. Gen. Hood who was wounded, has since died.

The Southern papers are not at all elated over the result of the recent contests between Bragg and Rosecrans. The *Whig*, while claiming a victory for the secession forces, says:

"We suppress exultation at the thought of what yet remains to be done, and the possibility of losing all that has been gained by failing to complete the work. Situated as Rosecrans is, the victory that does not disperse or capture his whole army is a lost opportunity. If he is permitted to hold Chattanooga, then our victory will be without profit, and we have only to mourn that so many brave men have died in vain, and chiefly that the gallant Hood has sealed his faith with his blood. Rosecrans must not only be beaten in battle, but he must be destroyed or driven from East Tennessee, otherwise the battle had as well not been fought. If this stronghold is not wrenched from him now, it will hardly be hereafter. If he holds it, he holds a point d'appui from which he may at any moment strike at the very vitals of the Confederacy. He holds a region pestilential with disaffection that needs only the presence of the Yankee army to ripen into full blown treason. He holds the country that must supply meat for our army, nitre for our powder mills, and coal and iron for many of our manufacturing establishments. The possession of this country is of indispensable necessity to us. It is the prize for which Bragg is contending until he has won it. We can but rejoice with fear and trembling over what he has done. Should he win, it will be the super best achievement of the war."

A Nashville dispatch of the 26th, gives reports of rebel prisoners, that Maj. Gen. Joe Johnson was killed in the late battles.

Department of the Gulf.

We have files from New Orleans as late as the 17th, via Cairo on the 27th. From these we gather the following items of interest:

General Grant has recovered sufficiently to be removed to Vicksburg, and leaves for that place to-day, accompanied by Adjutant Gen. Thomas. It will be some time before he can resume active duty. The General was injured by his horse falling upon him.

Several steamboats from St. Louis have arrived within a few days, laden with produce, and have greatly relieved the markets.

Military matters are active. The expedition of General Heron has been heard from. He has cleared the country between Red River and Port Hudson of the guerrillas who have been firing on our transports, and driven Gen. Green west of the Atchafalaya with considerable loss. Among the prisoners captured was a gentleman from the rebel government with important papers. The officer in command states that General Heron is quite sick and will be brought to New Orleans.

Gen. Banks' order removing restrictions on trade is received with great satisfaction. The health of the city is good.

A formidable expedition against Mobile is being inaugurated, and the fleet against Texas will not interfere with it. The iron-clads of the Mississippi are to co-operate with the land force, under command of Farragut.

Advices by the Cahawba from New Orleans, reports the capture of Ship Island of the rebel blockade runner steamer Alabama from Havana to Mobile, and the rebel blockade runner steamer Montyoneus; also the destruction by the guns of our fleet, of the rebel steamer Fox. This all occurred in one day, the 12th inst.

The following was received at the War Department on the 21st ult.:

U. S. STEAM SLOOP PENSACOLA, }
NEW ORLEANS, Sep. 4. }

SIR:—I have the honor to inform the Department that Major General Banks having organized a force of 4,000 men, under Maj. Gen. Franklin, to effect a landing at Sabine Pass for military occupation, requested the co-operation of the navy, which I most gladly acceded to. I assigned the command of the navy force to Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Fred. Crocker, commanding the U. S. steamer Clifton, accompanied by the steamer Sackem, Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Amos Johnson, U. S. steamer Arizona, Acting Master John Tibbets, and U. S. steamer —, Acting Master C. W. Cloan, these being the only available vessels of sufficient light draft at my disposal for that service, and as they have good pilots, I have no doubt the force is sufficient for the object.

The defenses ashore and afloat are believed to consist of two 32-pounder Barbette and a battery of field pieces, and two bag batteries converted into rams.

A squadron of four gunboats, under command of Acting Volunteer Lieutenant Crocker, was to make the attack alone, assisted by about 180 sharpshooters from the army divided among the vessels, and having driven the enemy from his defenses or driven off the rams, the transports are then to advance and land their troops.

I regret exceedingly that the officers and crews who have been on blockade cannot participate in the attack, in consequence of the excessive draft of water drawn by their vessels. The New London, drawing 94 feet, is the lightest of all the blockaders and has made repeated attempts to go in alone without success.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
H. H. BELL,
Commanding W. G. Squadron, pro tem.

To the Hon. Gideon Wells.—U. S. STEAMSHIP PENSACOLA, Sept. 13th.—Sir:—My dispatch No. 41, informed you of the repulse of the expedition to Sabine Pass, the capture of the Clifton and the Sackem by the rebels, and the safe return of the troops and transports to the river, without loss. Lieuts. Johnson and Crocker are reported

to have fought their vessels gallantly, and are unhurt. The rebel steamer took the Clifton and Sackem in tow within twenty minutes after their surrender. The extent of their damage is unknown. The arrival of the Owasco this morning, has given me the only reports from the rebel officers that I have received. The attack, which was to be a surprise and to be made on the morning of the 27th, was not made till 3 P. M. on the 28th. A reconnoissance had been made on the morning of the 28th, by Gens. Franklin and Weitzel and Lieut. Crocker, when they decided on a form of attack different from that recommended by myself.

I have the honor to be your ob't serv't,
H. H. BELL,
Commanding W. G. Squadron, pro tem.

STR.—At 6 A. M. on the 8th the Clifton stood in the bay and opened fire on the fort, to which no reply was made. At 9 A. M. the Sackem, Arizona and Granite City, followed by the transports, stood over the bar, and with much difficulty, owing to the shallowness of the water, reached anchorage two miles from the fort at 11 A. M., the gunboats covering the transports. At 3:30 P. M., the Sackem, followed by the Arizona, advanced up the eastern channel to draw the fire of the forts, while the Clifton advanced up the western channel, followed by the Granite City, to cover the landing of a division of troops under Gen. Weitzel. No reply to the fire of the gunboats was made until we were abreast of the forts, when they opened with eight guns, three of which were rifled. Almost at the same moment the Clifton and Sackem were struck in their boilers, enveloping themselves in steam. There not being room to pass the Sackem, this vessel was backed down the channel and a boat was sent to the Sackem, which returned with the engineer and a fireman, badly scalded—since dead.

The Arizona had now grounded by the stern, the ebb tide catching her bow and swinging her across the channel. She was with much difficulty extricated from this position, owing to the engine becoming beaded by the collection of mud in the boilers.

The flags of the Clifton and Sackem were run down, and white flags were flying at the fore.

The transports were now moving out of the bay. This vessel remained covering their movement until she grounded. She remained until midnight, when she keeled off, as no assistance could be had from any of the tugs.

There are now on board this vessel Wm. Low, Peter Benson, George W. Maker, John Howells, Samuel Smith and Geo. Horton, of the crew of the Sackem.

Very respectfully, your ob't serv't,
H. TIBBETS,
Commanding Steamer Arizona.

To Commander H. H. Bell.

The arrival of the steamship Cahawba from New Orleans brings intelligence that the troops which were engaged in the Sabine Pass expedition have not disembarked, and are to comprise part of an expedition overland to Texas. The troops were, on the departure of the steamer, moving towards Brashear City and Berwick Bay as rapidly as by railroad transportation. The force which originally was to go by that route will thus be so much strengthened as to render the expedition formidable. It is said that our forces were crossing Berwick Bay with their trains, and that a part of the troops are already on the march westward. The occupation of Texas by our troops is regarded in New Orleans as a fixed fact.

The Army in Virginia.

THERE is but little news of importance that we are at liberty to publish from this Department. Certain movements have occurred within the past few days (and these will probably be fully developed within a week,) which it is thought will have a decided bearing upon the conflict in Virginia, but the military authorities have forbidden their publication. We present below the transactions of the week past:

The advance of Gen. Meade had been nearly on the same line as that of Gen. Pope last year. Gen. Buford with his division of cavalry and that of Gen. Kilpatrick occupied Madison Court House. Gen. Kilpatrick in person led the advance and charged and drove the enemy through the streets, capturing nine pickets and killing one. The village was found to be deserted by nearly all its male inhabitants. But a few gray-haired old men were found. The force which Gen. Kilpatrick had compelled to fall back precipitately to the south side of the Rapidan, was found to be the old brigade of Gen. Tombs, now under the command of Col. W. B. Lee. The prisoners taken confirm the reports of the southern march of Gen. Longstreet's corps, but say that he will return in time for the approaching battle with Gen. Lee.

On the 24th, three miles beyond Madison C. H., Gen. Buford encountered a strong body of the enemy's cavalry. After a spirited fight he forced them across the Rapidan at a point where the Gordonsville pike reaches the river. This action reflects the highest credit on all our troops engaged. Our casualties were one killed and about twenty wounded. We took 45 prisoners, among them Lieut. Col. Delong, of Cobb's Georgia Legion, Lieut. Bryce and two privates of a North Carolina regiment, who were wounded.

On Tuesday a body of rebel cavalry crossed into Upper Maryland, about four miles from Rockville, and had not proceeded far before they were met by a portion of Scott's 900 and some infantry. A fight ensued, and thirty-four rebels were killed and wounded. Among the killed was Capt. Frank Kilger, commanding the rebels, who retreated on discovering that they were contending with superior numbers. The guerrilla chief, Kinoholee, and fifteen of his men were captured on the southern side of the Potomac, and have been sent to the Old Capitol.

Col. Chapman, whose command consisted of the 8th Ill., 3d Ind., and 8th N. Y., moved down the Gordonsville road on the 24th, and when within four miles of the Rapidan suddenly came in contact with the old brigades of Gens. Jones and Hampton. Col. Chapman determined to risk an engagement, trusting that Gen. Buford would come to his aid. A series of brilliant charges were then made, which lasted from 2 o'clock until sunset. Col. Chapman whipped three old rebel brigades, killed between forty and fifty, captured 700 prisoners, among them several officers, one Lieutenant Colonel, one Major, and several Captains, and sent the rest

flying at the highest speed to the south bank of the Rapidan. Gen. Kilpatrick, who came up in the rear of this flying force, is said to have captured about 50 men before they reached the river. On the left Gen. Devens was equally successful. He met the old brigade of Gen. Lee. The object for which the reconnoissance was made having been successfully accomplished, Gen. Buford retired.

On the 25th, 119 prisoners captured recently south of the Rapidan, reached Washington from the Army of the Potomac. Some were captured at Madison Court House, but the most of them were captured at a point within seven miles of Gordonsville. Among them are Col. R. H. Lee, Inspector of the 2d Army Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia; Capt. P. A. Quin, 2d N. C. cavalry; Lieut. J. B. Moore, one of Moseby's gang; Lieut. H. Morman, 28th N. C.; H. B. Bradley, Assistant Surgeon of Cobb's Legion, and U. B. Shalde, Ass't Surgeon.

The N. Y. *Tribune's* Norfolk letter says:—Lee has been to Charleston within a few days, and the probabilities are that he will superintend the final struggle for Chattanooga. Ewell's corps is alone in front of Meade, and Richmond depends upon him and such a new force as can be hastily raised for its protection. Rebel sympathizers here admit that the capital is in imminent danger should Meade move against it. Longstreet and Hill's corps were in the late fight, and further re-enforcements have been sent Bragg from Richmond.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

THE President has considered and approved the revised trade regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury for commercial intercourse between the citizens of the loyal States and inhabitants of States or parts of States heretofore declared to be in insurrection. The Secretary has given the most careful consideration to the subject. Agents, now five in number, are required, after conference with the Generals commanding Departments, when possible with their sanction, unless unavoidable circumstances prevent the obtaining of it, to designate by known geographical boundaries, or by the enumeration of counties, that portion of the territory included in their agencies respectively with which trade may be safely permitted and report such designation to the Secretary.

The part of territory so designated shall be called the Trade District, and no transportation of goods, except especially provided for, shall be permitted beyond the lines of such District. If it shall appear that beyond the lines of National military occupation, there is some territory within which the supply of necessities is required by humanity and sound policy, while trade cannot yet be safely re-established there, the supervising Special Agent, with the sanction of the General commanding the Department, but in no case without his sanction, and subject to revocation and modification by the Secretary, may, in like manner, designate the portion of territory in their respective agencies to which goods may be properly permitted for individual and family supply, but for no other purpose. The territory so designated shall be called the Supply District, and no goods shall be transported thereto for sale, except as provided by the regulation, by authorized traders, except in the cities of Memphis and Nashville, and such cities or towns as may be hereafter designated by the Secretary, with the concurrence and approval of the General commanding the Department, shall not sell goods to others to be re-sold by them, but shall sell only to persons for their own individual family or plantation use. In Memphis, Nashville, and other cities after designation, authorized traders may sell goods to other traders for the purpose of re-sale, upon the certificate of the proper local special agent. Persons and families residing in those cities may purchase supplies for their own consumption at any trade store therein, without any certificate or permit, but goods so sold shall not be transported out of the said cities without the permit of the proper officer. Upon the request of the General commanding the Department, the establishment of one or more trade stores in any city or town of a supply district may be authorized under the same regulations as the trade stores are established in the trade districts, and subject to military orders, but the authority to establish such stores may be revoked and such stores discontinued whenever the public interests may require it. All proper and loyal persons may apply in the prescribed form for the authority to purchase for money, other than gold or silver coin, of the products of the country within the lines of the national military occupation in the agency, except when prohibited by the General commanding the Department or other special military order, and to transport the same to market on executing a proper bond. Every permit to purchase or sell cotton, tobacco, or other merchandise within any place or section of the State heretofore declared in insurrection after commercial intercourse therewith shall have been permitted by the Secretary of the Treasury, and every permit to transport the same thereto, therein or therefrom, shall clearly define the character and quantity of the merchandise. Boats and vessels may be cleared, and merchandise not prohibited may be permitted from any part which has been blockaded, but opened by proclamation, upon the payment of such fees only as were chargeable therefor before the blockade was declared, but subject to prescribed regulations, and upon giving bonds not to land or discharge any of such merchandise at any intermediate point, except under permit authorized by the regulations; but no goods, wares or merchandise shall be shipped or transported from and out of such open port, except under permits granted upon compliance with the regulations and local rules and the payment of prescribed fees.

Gen. Graham, who commanded one of our brigades at Gettysburg, and was taken prisoner and conveyed to Richmond, has recently been exchanged, and reached Washington on the 22d ult. Gen. Graham communicated important information to the Government. He is satisfied that only two divisions of General Longstreet's corps, with all his artillery, have been sent to Bragg. In addition to that two brigades of Gen. Pickett and the Wise Legion were also detailed to re-enforce Bragg. Gen. Graham says he saw 81 pieces of cannon moving across the bridge at Richmond, said to be going to Bragg. The news of the battle which was fought between Bragg and Rosecrans, was a disappointment to the rebel authorities at Richmond. They expected to hear that Rosecrans had been annihilated, and that Bragg had re-taken East Tennessee. Instead of that, Richmond was in a state of mourning for the heavy losses that Rosecrans had inflicted on Bragg.

There has already been received as commutation under the enrollment act, \$5,000,000, and all monies hereafter realized from this source, are to be expended in bounties for enlistments.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Eastman's Model Mercantile College—A. R. Eastman. Auction Sale of Stock—James M. Miller. Great Success in treating Cancer. Farm for Sale—J. & J. D. Smith. To Poultry Fanciers. One Million Apple Seedlings—E. J. Pettibone & Son. Cancer Hospital—Babcock & Tobin. Hop and Dairy Farm—S. H. Hendrick. Apple Stock—Bragg, Curtis & Co.

Special Notices.

The Best Magazine—Ticknor & Fields.

The News Condenser.

- Gen. Scott is writing, a history of his campaigns.
- New cotton raised by free labor, is arriving at New Orleans.
- Scurvy is reported to prevail to some extent in the Army of the Potomac.
- Thus far 2,100 soldiers have been received by the draft in New York city.
- Crammond Kennedy, the "boy preacher," has been elected Chaplain of the 79th Regiment.
- The price of coal being now so high, many railroads have again commenced the use of wood.
- The English have not got Nena Sahib after all. It's another man they've been exulting over.
- The Rebels had six Generals killed and seven wounded in the late battles before Chattanooga.
- Connecticut has \$46,000,000 invested in manufacturing, giving employment to 60,000 persons.
- A man in Rockland, Maine, died lately from the bite of a cat, combined with fear lest he should die.
- The twenty-one hundred prisoners recently taken at Cumberland Gap arrived at Louisville last week.
- There are 857 public schools in Philadelphia, and the cost of maintaining them last year was \$804,100.
- Civil courts are being re-established in New Orleans, and the old order of things is being inaugurated.
- Hon. Archibald Williams, a prominent Judge of the Illinois Courts, died at Quincy on Monday week.
- There has already been received at the Treasury as commutation under the enrollment act \$5,000,000.
- Four (out of seven) candidates for office in Virginia City, Nevada Territory, are natives of New England.
- The whole number of houses engaged in the dry-goods trade of Cincinnati is 57 wholesale and 129 retail.
- It is suggested that all thieves in the country ought to wear crape thirty days for the death of John B. Floyd.
- The black stampede is worse and worse in the South. Slaves have now begun to skeddaddle from Texas to Mexico.
- The amount of land under flax cultivation in Ireland exceeds that of last year by more than sixty thousand acres.
- Emancipation movements are very lively in Missouri. Slaves go into Kansas at the rate of one hundred and fifty a day.
- A man in Jersey City insists upon it that he has invented a flying machine. The affair is now on exhibition.
- The *Picton* (N. S.) Chronicle says the potato blight has made rapid progress during the past few days in that country.
- It appears that Gen. Morgan, the king of the rebel guerrillas, and his thieving band, stole 2,073 horses in Indiana.
- The total number of deaths in Brooklyn last week was 206; of which 26 were men, 34 women, and 146 children.
- During the year ending on the 1st of September, the State debt of Pennsylvania was reduced by payments \$854,720.
- The Maine Wesleyan Seminary has sent 400 of its students to the war. One hundred and fifteen went during one term.
- The total number of bodies buried of the killed at Lawrence is 140; the number of persons made widows, 85; orphans, 200.
- Efforts will be made to raise the U. S. iron clad gunboat Keokuk, which was sunk at Charleston during Dupont's attack.
- The American Bible Society it is said has recently sent twenty-five thousand Bibles gratis to the Southern Sabbath Schools.
- The President refuses to accept the resignation of Gen. Burnside, and desires him to remain in command in East Tennessee.
- David L. Gray advertises in the Richmond papers that he has a bush load of ice, which he will retail at eight dollars a bushel.
- The *Windsor* (Vt.) Journal says that potatoes are rotting to quite an extent in that vicinity and in some other parts of the State.
- Five million acres in France are devoted to the cultivation of the vine. The product is said to be but two gallons of wine per acre.
- An unofficial estimate of the number of colored seamen in the Navy shows that there are now about 5,000 in that branch of the public service.
- Mrs. Clem. White, of Selma, a sister of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, recently presented a Confederate Jack to the gunboat *Huntsville*, at Mobile.
- Planters who bring cotton to Memphis, to obtain family supplies, are required to pay the rebels one hundred dollars a bale for the privilege.
- A female spy was arrested within Gen. Meade's lines recently. A memorandum of the strength and position of our forces was found on her person.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
FREEDOM.

DEDICATED TO "OUR BOYS."

BY MARY PRICE.

Brave Brothers! hear ye not the northland greeting?
Feel ye not the pulse of your home fireside?
Is not the joy of perfect freedom beating
Within your soldier hearts, so glad with pride?

"Fear to shout forth our song of Independence?"
Our harp of Freedom's tuned by God's right hand,
His left holds certain vengeance in attendance,

Brave ones, the "light at home" is brightly shining;
Our faith is settled in our hearts for you;
We trust in God with joy; not with repining,

The Story-Teller.

THE VALENTINE TWINS.

[Concluded from Page 316, last Number.]

ONE night at midsummer, Mr. Dandilly sat up
to watch one of the younger Banburghs. The
child during the day had some little difficulty
relative to an undigested green apple, and Aunt
Halloway solemnly averred she should not be
able to close her eyes unless some one sat up
during the night.

"I don't want you should permit yourself to
fall into a drowse, nephew Pulsifer. A little
care and nursing may prevent a fever, and one
night of watching now may prevent a month of
sleeplessness. I will myself look in during the
night and observe what is required."

"I am glad you are not sleeping, nephew
Pulsifer; I could not think of trusting Mr. Ban-
burgh to sit up, he is so apt to fall asleep; but
you inherit my qualities as a watcher," said the
tall figure in yellow and black, advancing to the
crib. Oh dear! If she had only been content
with waking one sleeper. But no, she must
rouse the other also.

"Billy is very warm. I fear fever," said she,
putting her hand under the pile of blankets the
poor fellow had been loaded with.
"I think not, Aunt. His skin is quite moist,"
returned Mr. Dandilly.

"You have very little acquaintance with
febrile symptoms, nephew. Some fevers com-
mence with profuse night perspirations," she
said in a learned and crushing tone, "and it is
evident to me no time is to be lost in treating
this case. How fortunate I arose thus early;
the delay of an hour might cost a severe illness!"

However it was decreed that he should no
longer continue the selfish, incomplete existence
he was living, so the morning after when Miss
Valentine appeared, showing her gentle, softer
nature, she was irresistible, and Dandilly yielded
to destiny and his feelings, and asked her to
marry him. She did not refuse, only hesitated
till Mr. Danally was afraid she was going to,
which gave him a wholesome fright; and when
he realized they were quite engaged he became
unexpectedly happy, while, his eyes being at last
opened, he was astonished he had hugged his
solitude so long. When he left her again at the
gate he said, "Remember, you are not to go again
to the mill; I will arrange about the settlement."

So he was somewhat surprised to see, as usual,
the brown gingham coming down the walk on the
following morning, the wearer of it saucier and
merrier than ever. It was as though one had
laid down a dove, and on returning found it
transformed to a biting, playful kitten. He was
almost displeased, both with the change in her
manner and with the disregard she had shown to
his expressed wishes.

"I did not expect you to-day," said he, very
gravely.

"Me! why not?" she asked, in surprise.

"Did you not understand my wishes about
yesterday?" he asked.

"Why, do you mistake me for my sister, Agnes?"
returned Miss Valentine quickly.

Mr. Dandilly looked bewildered. "Agnes?"
he echoed.

"Do you not know there are two of us, Agnes
Isabella and Isabella Agnes, and that we go on
alternate days to the mill?" Miss Valentine
asked.

Dandilly looked yet more bewildered.

"Who went yesterday?" he asked.

"Agnes," she replied.

The mystery of Miss Valentine's varying mood
was explained, and thus it was two girls had
succeeded in awaking in a sleeping heart what
one had failed to do in a long series of years.

Which of us did you do the honor of wishing
to marry?" asked Isabella presently.

"Agnes, I believe," returned Mr. Dandilly,
doubtfully. He was sure she would not have
spoken in that forward way.

"That is fortunate, else I should have the pain
of refusing you, because I am already engaged
to a soldier in the army of the Rappahannock.
He is coming home on furlough next week and
we are to be married before he returns, so I may
have his name in case he never comes again,"
said she, the bright look fading from her face.

Mr. Dandilly suddenly reassured and deeper
in love with his Miss Valentine than ever, grew
brotherly at once, and listened with much sym-
pathy. When they came back at evening, Mr.
Dandilly tied his horse. "I may go in, may I
not?" he asked.

"Certainly, we would like you to very much,
but please don't mention to mother where I have
been. She would be distressed to know we work
in the mill, so we let her suppose we are giving
lessons in embroidery, while we are doing what
gets us more money, and doesn't hurt us, for we
are really much stronger than she thinks."

Agnes opened the door for them, and Mr. Dan-
dilly wondered he had ever mistaken one twin
sister for the other, for though they had the same
shade of wavy brown hair, the same large, dark
eyes, clear skins and faintly colored cheeks, the
expression of the two faces was very unlike, and
one who knew them well hardly saw a resem-
blance. Isabella perceived by Mr. Dandilly's
look of admiring satisfaction, that he was no
longer confused and uncertain concerning the
object of his affection, but the memory of her
soldier quite consoled her vanity.

"Come and see mother," said Agnes, leading
the way.

Dandilly followed, and in the obscurity of a
darkened room presently made out an upright
figure in an easy chair. By degrees, becoming
accustomed to the dimness, he saw the figure
was dressed in black satin, with a white under
handkerchief and a jaunty cap, and was occupied
in knitting.

"Here is a gentleman, Mr. Dandilly, come to
see you, mother," said Agnes.

"Oh, I'm sure I'm very happy!" replied the
mother, putting out her hand. I am obliged to
receive you almost in darkness on account of my
eyes. Pray excuse it and be seated. You are,
I presume, a son of Judge Dandilly. I knew
your parents very well, years ago," said Mrs.
Valentine with a little sigh.

But she smiled again immediately, for in so
nearly losing her eyes she had fortunately not
lost her cheerful heart.

"I am not forgetting my blessings, Agnes,
dear, only I can't help thinking what I should
have said in those old times if I had known my
daughters must be reduced to giving lessons to
support their blind old mother. I could have
received you differently once, and my daughters
were educated for quite another sort of life, I
assure you, sir," said she, with a little vanity, as
she brushed and smoothed the folds of her satin
gown.

"Oh, mother, Mr. Dandilly doesn't mind, I am
sure," said Agnes, turning from a damask to a
red rose.

"I hold your daughters in high esteem for
their readiness to help you any way in their
power; so high that I beg you may take me for a
son and let me work with them for you," said
Mr. Dandilly.

Mrs. Valentine by no means withheld her con-
sent to this filial request; nay, more, she even
shed tears of joy that her Agnes was to be a lady
again; and Aunt Halloway not objecting, every-
body was satisfied. And as Isabella was to be
married the next week, Mr. Dandilly thought,
on the whole, it was a pity to make two weddings,
and so the cottage had speedily a mistress again.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories;
they are strongest for things a long way off.

A STORY ABOUT THE CZAR.

A BERLIN paper relates another of those cu-
rious incidents which occurred to a personage of
much higher importance than even the Amba-
sador of a great Queen. The present Emperor
of Russia, during the last year was traveling in
the interior of his Empire, when he arrived at a
little village almost exclusively inhabited by
Jews, who received him with great respect. An
old man, with a white beard reaching nearly to
his waist, and wearing a military decoration,
struck the Emperor's attention. The Czar in-
quired the name of the man, and found he was an
old soldier named Elblatt, who was considered
among his people as almost a saint. He never
touched animal food, and for fifty years had
eaten nothing but bread and onions, using tea as
his usual drink. The Emperor had him called
and asked him how he had obtained his decora-
tion. Elblatt replied that Souwarrow had given
it to him.

"Have you ever been wounded?" asked the
Czar.

"The Spirit of Evil has no power over me,"
said the old man. "I have been often at the
very points of the battle-field on which the bul-
lets rained, and no hair of my head has ever
been touched."

The Emperor smiled, and said, "They tell me
that you can look into futurity. Shall I reign a
long time? Will it be fortunate?"

"You will not reign as long as your father;
but you will die happier than he did. Your
father was always happy until a great blow
broke his heart. You will have much trouble in
your life, but your end will not be so full of sor-
row."

The Emperor grew serious, and said, "Explain
yourself more clearly."

"Before the end of one year," continued the
soothsayer, "your Empire will be a sea of fire,
and you will struggle in vain to extinguish it.
Three powers will make war against you, but
that will not depress you. What will still be
worse than that, your people will rise against
you."

After remaining for some time absorbed in re-
flection, the Emperor added, "If you speak
truly, give me a proof of the reality of your pre-
diction."

"Man has no right to put God to the test; but
that you may know the truth of my words, listen.
In one hour a messenger will come to you in
haste to announce that an attempt has been
made to assassinate one of the most zealous of
your servants, but the fatal blow has been hap-
pily turned aside. Do not put any faith in this
tale; it is only invented to excite you against
your subjects."

The Czar dismissed the old man. It was then
11 o'clock in the morning. At 12 precisely a
messenger arrived, bringing the news of the
attempt against the life of the Marquis Wiel-
opolski.

"How am I to know the truth of this?" cried
the Emperor. "Let the old Jew be brought to
me again."

He commanded in vain. During the hour
which had just passed the old man had been
struck with apoplexy, and the messenger of the
Czar found only his dead body.

Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS.

"BEAUTIFUL weather!" as the gentleman said
when he chanced to get a tender piece of mutton
on his plate one day at dinner.

The Richmond Examiner says it has been
expected that Sumter would fall for a week
back. Not more for a week back than a broken
front, we fancy.

"I SAY, John, where did you get that loafer's
hat?" "Please yer honor," said John, "it's an
old one of yours that misses gave me yesterday,
when you were to town."

A DANISH writer speaks of a hut so miserable
that it didn't know which way to fall and so kept
standing. This is like the man that had such a
complication of diseases that he did not know
what to die of, and so lived on.

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by
endeavoring to draw on a pair of new boots ex-
claimed:—"By St. Patrick! I believe I shall
never get them on until I wear thim a day or
two."

"I NEVER did see such a wind and such a
storm," said aman in a coffee-room. "And pray,
Sir," inquired a world be wit, "since you saw
the wind and the storm, what might their color
be?" "The wind blew, and the storm rose," was
the ready rejoinder.

A METHODIST minister in Kansas, living on a
small salary, was greatly troubled to get his
quarterly instalment. He at last told the non-
paying trustees that he must have his money, as
he was suffering for the necessities of life.
"Money!" replied the trustees, "you preach for
money? We thought you preached for the good
of souls?" "Souls!" responded the reverend,
"I can't eat souls—and if I could, it would take
a thousand such as yours to make a meal!"

NOT SO DEAF.—A good story is told of Dr. Wil-
burt, of the Board of Enrollment in the Third Dis-
trict of Maine. A conscript presented himself for
examination who was so deaf that it required the
utmost power of the Doctor's lungs to make
him hear. The Doctor stooped down and com-
menced a critical examination of the man's knee,
remarking in a low tone "that is sufficient to ex-
empt any man." "Glad to hear you say so," said
the deaf man, who had suddenly recovered his
hearing; "what did you say was the trouble with
my knee, Dr. Wilburt?" "It is perfectly sound,"
said the Doctor; "I was only examining your
ears. The man paid his \$300 and was exempted."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 120 letters.

My 13, 20, 23, 5, 84, 90, 43, 88, 71, 62 was a name given to
my 115, 78, 37, 33, 91, 101 by my 4, 97, 9, 78, 69, 124
in one of his 112, 75, 106, 56, 95, 68, 13, 49, 129, 85.

My 6, 25, 110, 122, 19 was the friend of the son of my 34,
90, 98, 7, who was once king of my 15, 97, 81, 125,
119, 45.

My 42, 96, 13, 29, 2, 126 was one of the wives of the father
of my 65, 114, 6, and my 19, 63, 70, 117, 40.

My 11, 69, 86, 72, 102 is a necessary requisite to my 115,
51, 75, 99, 88, 14, 109, 125, 64 before he enters my 3,
76, 50, 65, 6, 54, 92.

The sons of my 9, 92, 69, 89, 113, 3 troubled the descend-
ants of my 125, 1, 55, 90, 85, 25, 128 when on their
121, 96, 8 from 12, 65, 105, 82, 123 to my 94, 90, 130,
117, 9, 17.

The Jews attended my 10, 43, 25, 84, 79 of my 112, 18, 21,
23, 30, 115, 16, 97, 100 in great numbers, when under
the Old Testament dispensation.

The mother of him who was called my 36, 25, 82, 39, 103,
84, 123 was the cousin of my 92, 69, 81, 44, the mother
of our 127, 83, 42, 6 and 97, 125, 47, 4, 24, 107, 61.

My 77, 114, 28, 51, 22, 37 is a name given to my 65, 27, 6,
My 97, 41, 55, 112, 89, 26, 34 beguiled my 32, 52, 92, 117,
63, and caused us all to have my 1, 107, 31, 19, 58, 67
of sin upon our 91, 29, 46, 83, 108, 9, 74, 42, 84, but
which can be removed if we only put our 123, 57,
107, 97, 34 in my 85, 38, 104, 66, 69, 65, 106, 19, who
is able to save us from our sins.

My 74, 120, 81 is a part of God's handiwork in the creation
of my 92, 116, 130, and my 121, 108, 92, 111, 70.

Suffer little 80, 25, 97, 109, 85 to come unto Christ, for of
such is the kingdom of heaven.

My 114, 118, 111, 108 was the son of 48, 110, 41.

My whole consists of two verses in Romans, which, if
they had been faithfully adhered to before this war com-
menced, would have prevented it.

Cross Creek Village, Pa., 1863. J. MORROW.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Lful nyma a egnf to esturp ayy reense
Eth rdak medhtnuafio savef to nacco erab,
Flu anuq a wolfes si norb of slubb nsene
Dan Taswe sit ragnerac no het rested ral.

Riga, N. Y., 1863. MABEL.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 714.

Answer to Musical Enigma:—Everything in art is pure,
and noble, and good.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—George G. Meade.

Answer to Anagram:
Not when eyes are brightest,
In the joyful hour,
Not when hearts are lightest
Do we feel true friendship's power.
But when shades are crowding
Round the fireside hearth,
And deep grief our home's enshrouding,
Then we own her worth.

Advertisements.

PAULKNER NURSERIES,
Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y.
We offer for the Fall trade,
50,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years.
50,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 2 and 3 years.
50,000 Small extra fine, best in the State.
100,000 Apple Trees, 3 and 4 years.
Cherry Trees, Orange Quince, and a general assortment
of the small fruits.
Also, a large stock of Evergreens, comprising American
Arbor Vite, Hemlock Spruce, Balsam of Fir, &c.
Pear Seedlings, Apple Seedlings and Angers Quince
Stocks. Perennial and Climbing Roses.
Catalogues furnished to applicants.
714-4t JOHN C. WILLIAMS & CO.,
Sept. 1863. Late Williams, Ramsden & Co.

TREES! TREES!! TREES!!!
For Fall Sales, a large and unusually fine stock of
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
in complete variety.
SHRUBS, ROSES, BEDDING PLANTS, BULBS, &c.
A SPLENDID LOT OF THREE AND FOUR YEARS OLD
EXTRA STANDARD PEAR TREES.
Dealers and Planters supplied on liberal terms.
Send three cent stamp for Catalogues, as follows:
No. 1, Descriptive Fruit Catalogue.
No. 2, Descriptive Ornamental Catalogue.
No. 3, Wholesale Trade List.
714-4t H. & PARSONS, AGT.
Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., Sept. 1863.

FOR SALE.—Containing 155 acres, one mile from
Seneca Falls. Address,
713 Box 316, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

EVERY NEWLY-URGENTLY NEEDED IN
SOMETHING FINE. AGENTS WANTED.
"Improved Indelible Pen," for marking clothing.
"Hammer and Sledge," combined for hand sewing. "Bird
Naphin and Work Holder," for the lap. "Kerosene Cird,"
used on lamp chimneys for heating purposes. "Im-
proved Kerosene Burner," flexible Shawl and Nur-
sery Pins. "Wolcott's Pain Annihilator," cures Head-
ache and Toothache in 5 minutes.
Samples by mail 25 cents each. For Catalogues and Terms
enclose stamp.
713-4t RICE & CO.,
87 Park Row, N. Y.

WEAVER'S IMPROVED ORCHARD WHIFFLE-
TREES.—Frequent killing among Fruit Trees increases
their growth and their production of fruit. By using
Weaver's Orchard Whiffletrees this can be accomplished
without danger of barking or injuring either Nursery or
Orchard Trees. Every man owning a Nursery or Orchard
should use them. Sold by WICKENDLEY & POLLOCK, No. 17
Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.
See Recommendations as below:
We have used Weaver's Improved Orchard Whiffletree,
and can recommend it fully for the merits claimed.
ELLIWANGER & BARRY, FROST & CO.
GOULD & BECKWITH, T. B. YALE & CO.
See description and engraving in RURAL Sept. 5th.

THE EUREKA FEED CUTTER.
A Cutter adapted to the Wants of Farmers.
This Machie has important improvements. It crushes
and cuts the heaviest corn stalks and hay and straw with
great rapidity, by hand or horse power. Knives are cylin-
drical with shear cut, and one can be easily ground and
set to cut the coarsest or the finest. It is well made,
strong, easily operated, simple, durable and effective.
Hundreds are in operation to the perfect satisfaction of
the owners. Orders promptly attended to. Send for a Circular.
Manufactured only by
H. & PARSONS, AGT.
Novelty Works, Harrisburg, Pa.
712-5t

MASON & HAMLIN'S
CABINET ORGANS.
Patented October 21, 1862.
THE CABINET ORGANS are pronounced by artists "the
best of their kind in the world," and "very admirable
for both private and public use." [See written testimony
from more than one hundred of the most eminent organ-
ists of the leading cities of MASON & HAMLIN'S instruments
have received the only GOLD MEDAL ever awarded in this
country.—also ELLIOTT SILVER MEDALS, and fourteen Di-
plomas, in all twenty-six First Premiums.—over all com-
petitors.
Prices of Cabinet Organs, manufactured solely by MASON
& HAMLIN, \$70 to \$200. Melodions \$60 to \$170.
N. B. Instructions for the Cabinet Organ.—also arrange-
ments of music for the same, are published by M. & H.
Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.
Address "MASON & HAMLIN, Boston," or "MASON BRO-
THERS, New York." [711-17t]

To Business Men.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM OF ITS CLASS, IS
MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the leading and largest
circulated Agricultural, Business and Family News-
paper in America. Business Men who wish to reach, at
once, THOUSANDS of the most enterprising Farm-
ers, Horticulturists, &c., and thousands of Merchants,
Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professional Men, thro-
ughout the loyal States, should give the RURAL a trial. As
the business season is at hand, NOW IS THE TIME for all
who wish to advertise widely and profitably, to select the best
medium—and that the above is first of its class, many
prominent Manufacturers, Nurserymen, Seedsmen, Deal-
ers in Agricultural Implements, Machinery, &c., Wholesale
Merchants, Educational Institutions, Publishers, Land and
Insurance Companies, Agencies, &c., &c., in various parts
of the country, can attest.

THE RURAL circulates most extensively in New
York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois,
Wisconsin, Iowa, and Canada West. In the States named
there are scores of post-offices, at each of which it has
from fifty to over two hundred subscribers. It also has
a very respectable subscription in the Eastern and most
northern of the Southern States—having lists of from
twenty to fifty subscribers in numerous places throughout
New England and large portions of the Border States. In-
deed, the RURAL'S circulation is at least TWENTY THOU-
SAND greater than that of any other paper published in this
State or section of the Union (out of New York City.)

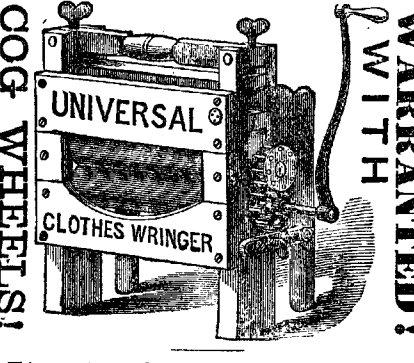
[From the Buffalo Daily Courier.]
MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—It is hardly necessary to
inform our readers that this is a Weekly Agricultural and
Family Paper, published at Rochester. It has a circulation
in Western New York, Pennsylvania, and in all the West-
ern States, of over fifty thousand copies. It is read by a
greater number of Farmers and residents of villages, than
any paper of its class, and is unquestionably one of the
best advertising mediums in the State. Buffaloians will
find it for their interest to avail themselves of its columns.
MR. MOORE is an enterprising publisher, and the RURAL is
invaluable to those interested in agricultural affairs,
and is not excelled as a family paper.

[From the New York Daily Times.]
MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester,
has a very large circulation, especially among the agricul-
tural population of the Northern, Western and Middle
States, and offers a very excellent medium for advertis-
ing to business men of this city who desire to reach those sec-
tions. It is an able and well-managed paper, and deserves
the success it has achieved.

[From the New York Daily Tribune.]
We don't care what a publisher charges, so long as he gives
us the worth of our money. MR. MOORE charges 35 cents
a line, and his circulation makes it cheap advertising. We
don't know the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER,
but we know that it pays us to advertise in it.

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMEL.—This instrument,
of great practical importance to all Pork growers,—
from the fact that its operation will prevent the an-
nual loss from rooting, cage-lifting, &c.,—may be had by remit-
ting \$3 to the subscriber. Country rights also for sale.
[711-15t]
Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best in Western New
York. Location beautiful and near RR. and market.
Address Box 388, Batavia, N. Y. 703-7



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
worries. Thousands of dollars are daily saved by press-
ing the water and dirt out of the clothes, instead of twist-
ing and wrenching the fabric and destroying the garments.

Cotton is Expensive,
Save it by using the Universal Clothes Wringer.
"Time is Money."

ORANGE JUDD, Esq., of the American Agriculturist, says:
"A child can readily wring out a tubful of clothes in a few
minutes." Therefore use the U. C. W. and save time and
money.
Ladies who have long used them and know their value
speak in the highest terms in their praise. One says—"I
would as soon be without my cow as without my wringer."
Another—"I can now go to bed and sleep after washing."

And another—"I had to pay fifty cents for a washwoman
before and now we do it ourselves." Another—"The rich
may afford to do without them, but I could not," &c. &c.
These are but a few among thousands. Every one using them
will report likewise.
We have seven sizes, from \$5 to \$20. Those suitable for
ordinary family use are No. 1, \$10, and No. 2, \$7. These
have

COG-WHEELS,
and are WARRANTED in every particular. This means
especially, that after a few months use, the lower roll
WILL NOT TWIST ON THE SHAFT,

and tear the clothing, as is the case with our No. 3 (\$8) and
other wringers without Cog-Wheels.
In April's sales of over 5,000, only 27 were of the No. 3,
\$8 size, without Cogs. In our retail sales we have not sold
one over a year." This shows which style is appreciated
by the public. This is the only wringer with

PATENT COG-WHEEL REGULATOR,
and though other wringer makers are licensed to use our
rubber rolls, yet none are ever licensed to use the Cog-
Wheels. Therefore, for cheapness and durability, buy
only the

Universal Clothes Wringer.
On receipt of the price, from places where no one is sell-
ing, we will send the U. C. W. free of expense. What we
especially want is a good

CANVASSE
in every town. We offer liberal inducements and guar-
antee the exclusive sale. Apply at once to
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847 Broadway, New York.

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they are disposed to pay for at club rate, but we do not wish
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sion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER, will please direct
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Albany, Buffalo, &c. Money Letters intended for us are
frequently directed and mailed to the above places.