

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 who 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.

THE SEASON.—PREPARE FOR WINTER.

THAT season of the year has arrived when poets and other sentimental people talk of "the sere and yellow leaf," etc., and politicians have and express alternate hopes and fears concerning "the ides of November." Leaving these classes to their poetry and politics, let us take a more practical view of the season, its labors and duties—talking of matters and things of immediate interest and importance to every intelligent and industrious Ruralist on the Continent.

The season upon which we have entered is a busy one with most farmers in all parts of the country. In many and widely separated sections the amount of fall work yet to be done is great, while those who must do it are few in numbers and often feeble in strength. This is particularly the case in regard to the States from which large numbers of the "bone and sinew" have nobly and gallantly volunteered to serve their Country in defence of the Union and to preserve our National existence, and in those border States which have been overrun by the vandal hordes of Secession. But the hearts of the people remaining at home are brave and true. The old men, and those too young or feeble to fight in the army, are manfully winning battles and reaping plentiful harvests in other than gory fields—while the women and children are nobly assisting in out-door avocations. There is work to do on every hand, and it is being performed with a cheerfulness and alacrity which proves that the productiveness and prosperity of the country will be maintained while so many are struggling to perpetuate the Republic. With bravery in the field of strife, on the farm and at the fireside, there can be no failure of the cause in behalf of which so many are fighting, working and praying.

But how is it at home—on the farms? The earth has yielded abundantly, and the products of the field, orchard and garden are advancing in price. It behooves every producer to gather and save all that is possible. We have often urged the great advantage and economy of the use of labor-saving implements and machinery, and this is especially important (and in many sections indispensable,) while laborers are so scarce as at present. Use every real improvement in securing crops and preparing them for market. Better pay a large price for a good potato digger or corn cutter than to lose portions of those valuable crops for want of sufficient help and time to secure them in proper condition. And so of other crops, and in regard to preparing feed for stock don't forget the hay, stalk and vegetable cutters, nor proper apparatus for cooking and steaming feed for fattening animals. They are important and economical at this season, and their adoption will in many cases prove both convenient and profitable.

And how about your stock? Your main crops being secured, the care and thrift of domestic animals, and their protection and feeding during winter, should be amply provided for. Have you barns, sheds, racks, troughs, etc., and are they in order for the inclement season now rapidly approaching? If not, the matter should receive early attention. It is folly to neglect an item so essential to your own interest and the comfort of animals which afford you both pleasure and profit when well cared for. Need we

cite the Scriptures, "The merciful man," &c., or refer to the adage, "A word," &c., in this connection?

There are other preparations for winter which every prudent farmer will make in season, and not the least important are those pertaining to the comfort of his family. Though some farmers pay more attention to the training, care and comfort of colts and calves and pigs and poultry than they bestow upon their children, we must such is not the style or practice of readers of the RURAL—and if it is, we adjure them to "reform it altogether" and without delay. The means of physical comfort and mental improvement should not be wanting in any well regulated family. The house being in order for the hibernating season—well protected from Borean blasts and piercing frosts, and an abundance of good fuel provided in a proper shape and convenient place—other things demand attention. The social enjoyment and intellectual improvement of wife, sons and daughters should not be overlooked. They cannot consistently indulge in evening discussions at "the store" on politics and national affairs, but may and should receive pleasant entertainment and instruction from other sources. Among other items good books and periodicals should be provided, and a few dollars expended in such articles is always a profitable investment at this season. The schools of your neighborhood should be looked after, particularly. Good teachers make good pupils, but when parents neglect both teachers and pupils, there is often little discipline and less improvement. Parents are in a great degree responsible for the poor schools of which they often complain, and ought to be held accountable for the injury caused (to their children) by their sins of omission in the premises.

Various other things require thought and action at the present season, but are they not remembered and heeded by all prudent farmers and heads of families? Such will not forget or neglect to stand by and sustain their Country in its hour of peril, nor omit other duties incumbent upon them as good citizens.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE WHITE WILLOW.—Saltz alba.

I HAVE received the following article from SAMUEL EDWARDS, of La Moille, Illinois, under date of September 26th:

"In this week's RURAL I notice some remarks prejudicial to the White Willow. The season has been one of the driest known in the twenty-two which have passed since I first came to the Prairie State. My success has always been good in getting cuttings to grow. I last year set several acres for timber, which stands well. In sixty rods set for hedge, not a single cutting failed to grow. A neighbor set one this year and lost one-eighth only, tho' many planters have not saved that proportion.

"Probably a superficial observer, from present inspection of Willow cuttings set and corn planted last spring, in this region of country, would pronounce statements made by the advocates for planting and growing either of them extensively and cheaply here, erroneous.

"Some ten years since, the Osage Orange was generally decided as a 'humbug' on the prairies; whilst, if all the seed in Texas could be planted in Illinois next spring, a ready market would be found for the plants.

"There is no doubt in my mind but that in ten years from this time the White Willow will form a much greater feature in prairie landscapes than does the Osage Orange at present; nor that the advocates of their being extensively planted, or of the superior advantages of prairie for growing cheap corn will be at all delicate when these subjects are broached."

"As to the mis-representations of peddlers, they are all necessary to learn people to use the same discretion in buying such articles as they do in buying goods for the household. Who thinks of purchasing his supplies for the family of itinerants? Yet it is far better to do this than to buy trees and plants; for where one person is found incompetent to purchase, judiciously, miscellaneous goods, there are several who know very little in regard to trees and plants."

The foregoing, from a man for whose judgment and integrity I have the greatest respect, deserves attention.

1. There is no doubt at all that the season has been extremely unfavorable in many parts of the West, and that a large per centum of cuttings planted have failed from this cause alone. It is true, too, that the cuttings of almost any willow, or other soft-wooded tree, if in the right condition when planted, and if planted at the right season, in a favorable position, will grow with small loss. But it is equally probable that a large per centum of cuttings sold and planted were worthless when delivered. Of this I have evidence. And it is important that those who purchase should be careful to buy only of men of reliability, like Mr. EDWARDS, who have permanent interests in

the West, or a business reputation they cannot afford to lose.

2. It is hardly probable that any one, however superficial, will soon denounce the culture of Indian corn in the West. And I have yet to learn that any one has denounced the planting of the White Willow, for timber or for a fence, where "shelter, timber, and a fence combined, is desired." There seems to be abundant testimony that a wooded screen may be quickly realized by planting the White Willow. The Illinois State Horticultural Society so recommended it. But it was not recommended for a fence unless this combination was desired. The Osage Orange was rejected because it was supposed it would not stand in our climate—not because there was anything in its character that rendered it unfit for hedges. It was believed impracticable for the same reasons that orchards were supposed impossible in Illinois. But there is no such objection urged against the White Willow. Its character as a tree is not suited to hedging unless it is desired as a shelter, and there is no objection to its shading a large area. And that it will grow closely planted, and make a reliable, permanent fence, is doubted, analogically, by some of the best horticulturists in the West. But on this point there is no experience either way. It is significant, however, that those who have known it best and longest distrust it most.

3. Mr. EDWARDS does not doubt that it will become an imposing feature in prairie landscapes. Neither do I, if one-tenth of the cuttings planted grow. But that it will be a fence feature I doubt. That it will be the most desirable feature, I honestly doubt. Plant the Lombardy Poplar as extensively as the White Willow was planted last year, and it will become in ten years "a much greater feature in prairie landscapes" than the White Willow or Osage. But it does not follow that it would be either so useful or beautiful a feature as the Osage, or Norway Spruce, or White Pine, Ash-leaved Maple, Silver Maple, or a dozen other trees that might be named. A "great feature" is not always a harmonious one. There are few men of taste who want the eye to rest against willows as the only relief to our "monotonous" prairies. Groves of elm, maples, birch, the different evergreens, and fruit trees, are certainly more desirable. And it does not follow, by any means, that because "the people" are willing to "swallow" the White Willow as a panacea for all diseases, that it is best to cram it down their throats as an article of diet.

4. Now one word about peddlers. Where almost all nurserymen distribute their wares through the agency of the much abused "peddlers," otherwise called "agents," it is little less than folly to denounce them. But it is probably true that these peddlers, or "agents," many of them, lie vigorously "on their own hook" and without the countenance or sanction of their employers. That a heap of this professional story-telling has been done the past year, there is abundant evidence. And here at the close I wish to make some negative assertions which will aid those who have been visited by White Willow peddlers' in determining their reliability:

1. The White Willow is not a hedge plant.
2. It does not grow as well on high, dry ground, as on low, moist, rich soils.
3. It is not true that stock will not eat or browse it.
4. The large samples exhibited as specimens of growth are not samples of its average growth in closely planted hedges.
5. It is not superior to all other willows as a timber tree.
6. It does not make wood faster than the Lombardy Poplar, Golden Willow, Silver Leaf Poplar, Weeping Willow, Cottonwood and Peach, planted on dry soils. And there are sundry other negatives which may be given to the affirmations of these "itinerants."

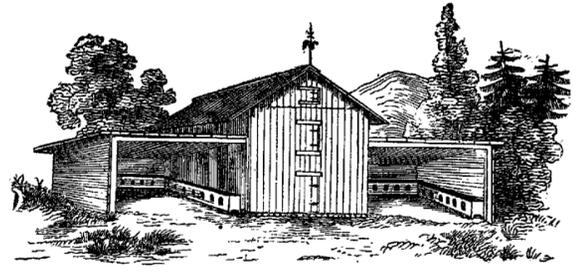
It is not my object to prevent the planting of this willow for timber for high screens where desired, but it is my aim to prevent disappointment—to let the RURAL public know precisely how far it is desirable. I will not lend my pen nor influence to men who are seeking to fleece farmers by glorifying and magnifying this willow far beyond its merits and value, and by false representations lay a permanent foundation for disappointment and distrust. And it is proper to say here that this effort is not confined to misrepresentations. I have seen plantations of willow, in rows for hedges, in which I seriously doubt if there was a White Willow cutting; but the man bought them for White Willows.

BARN, SHEDS, &c. FOR SHEEP.

[The following extracts are from one of the chapters on Winter Management in "RANDALL'S Practical Shepherd:"]

WINTER SHELTER.—It has already been assumed that a degree of winter shelter is requisite for the most profitable management of sheep in all parts of the United States. The Merino can withstand far greater exposures to extremes and to rapid fluctuations of weather, than any

hedges on the west and north, even a small clump of such trees would form a far better stall than many of those which are used on the bleak and storm-swept highlands of Scotland,—which consist of walls alone. Larger clumps would answer without the walls; but they should be sufficient to protect sheep from the fury of the wind, which renders cold vastly less endurable by them—particularly when it follows a rain which has penetrated to their skins. For this object, and indeed for all objects, naked stells



SHEEP BARN.

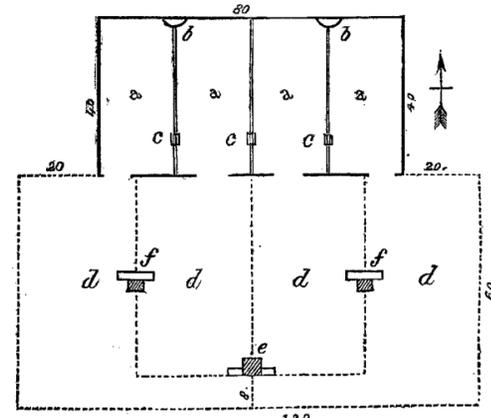
other improved or really valuable breed. In Spain it was unsheltered. In Western Texas—in that magnificent sheep-growing region which lies immediately north of San Antonio—it has been claimed that it requires no shelter; but facts which I shall allude to hereafter incontestably prove the contrary.

TEMPORARY SHEDS.—Adequate shelter in warm regions like Western Texas demands no arrangements which would be at all expensive in a well-wooded region, or where sawed timber could be obtained at moderate prices—for the cheapest form of open shed (i. e., open on one

composed merely of high stone walls, board fences, or double lines of poles with straw, sods or earth filled in between them, are far better than no protection.

HAY BARN WITH OPEN SHEDS.—In all the States lying south of 40 deg., open sheds are sufficient winter protection for Merino sheep, and probably so for the English mutton varieties,—though perhaps the high-bred New Leicester would, in many situations, find more protection profitable at some periods of the year.

Hay barns and sheep sheds like the above, or of some analogous construction, were much



PLAN OF SHEEP BARN AND YARDS.

a, a, a, a, Apartments or stables in sheep barn, 20 by 40 feet. The central partition a close one, with single racks on each side. The other two partitions composed of double racks. Single racks round all the outside walls except at doors.

b, b, Watering tubs, when water is brought into barn in pipes.

c, c, c, A door in central partition and gates in the other two partitions.

d, d, d, d, Sheep yards, 30 feet wide; the two outside ones 60 feet long; the two inside ones 82 feet long; thus arranged to allow the four flocks of sheep to drink from the troughs of one pump-house at e.

e, Pump-houses and troughs for four yards, if water is not carried into the barn at b, b.

f, f, Pump-houses and troughs, each accommodating two yards, provided neither of preceding plans of watering are available or desirable.

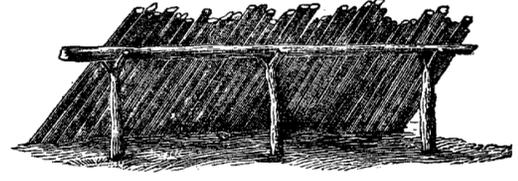
side,) would answer the purpose. Or, excellent sheds might be constructed with logs or poles. The pole shed is made as shown below. This is covered with straw, reeds, sods, brush, clay, or anything else which will prevent the wind and rain from driving through it. It is decidedly improved by raising the lower ends of the poles two feet by means of a log, stone-wall, or a bank of earth or sods.

CLUMPS OF TREES AND STELLS.—If one generation would be persuaded to make arrangements for another generation, good sheep shelters could be cheaply formed, and on the most comprehensive scale, by planting clumps or

in vogue in the Northern and Eastern States, a few years since.

But there were many difficulties about them in the climates of those States. Snow often blew under the sheds when the wind was in front; and in severe gales, even when the wind was in their rear, it drifted over from behind—piling up large banks immediately in front, which gradually encroached on the sheltered space, and filled its bottom with water whenever there was a thaw.

If a cold storm, or a very freezing temperature occurred at lambing time, these open sheds did not sufficiently exclude the cold; and they did



SHED OF POLES.

belts of woodland, for that purpose, on the vast timberless plains of the Southwest. Evergreen trees would be far preferable, if they could be obtained, and would flourish in the situations where they are required. With stone walls or

providence in protecting it from any danger, except by setting it an example of running from those which terrify and demand flight.* If the ewe needed assistance in lambing, or if the lamb required to be helped to the teat, it was difficult to catch her conveniently in an open shed.

SHEEP BARN OR STABLES.—For all the preceding reasons, barns or stables for the winter shelter of sheep, now receive universal preference in the Northern and Eastern States. These are generally constructed—and always should be—so that they can be closed as tightly as ordinary horse or cow-barns. But they require doors sufficient for ventilation and exposure to the sun in fine weather, and for the ingress of a farm wagon to haul out manure. And by means of movable windows, or slides covering apertures in the walls, they should be capable of being thoroughly ventilated at any time, with the doors closed.

When these closed sheep barns first came into use, each was generally made large enough for seventy-five or one hundred sheep; and they were scattered about the farm so as to be contiguous to the meadows from which they were to be filled with hay, and so the manure made in and about them would only require hauling a short distance. There was another argument in their favor. If a contagious or infectious disease broke out in one of the divisions of the flock, it did not necessarily extend to all; and, theoretically speaking at least, the fewer the sheep which inhale the same local atmosphere the freer from impurities it must remain.

But serious inconveniences were found to attend this system. It required almost a double outlay of materials and expense to build separate barns and prepare separate yards, arrangements for watering, etc., for each flock. These scattered barns required the farmer or his shepherd to wade wearily two or three times a day, mounted on foot, for long distances through sheets of snow which the winds generally rendered pathless; and oftentimes, and even for days together, to do this amidst blinding snow-storms or the most terrible extremes of cold. Much shoveling was constantly necessary to give the sheep access to water, etc. If the supply of hay happened to fall at one of these distant barns, it was often more trouble to get it there, than it would have been to cart all the hay consumed in the barn to a central one near the farm-house, and haul all the manure made from it back. These barns were inconvenient at lambing time, because the constant attention which one man could give to all the breeding ewes at once, if in the same or contiguous buildings, was necessarily divided up between the several scattered parcels of them, leaving but little time, comparatively, for each. And, finally, the farmer was not so apt, under such circumstances, to see all his sheep daily with his own eyes; nor was either he or his shepherd half so prone to turn out in the night to take care of the sheep or the lambs, provided a change of weather, the rising of a gale, or any other circumstance rendered it expedient.

It is now usual to construct the sheep, like the horse and cow-barns, near the farm-house. When the farm flock does not exceed about three hundred, it is often wintered in a single barn which has separate apartments, holding from seventy-five to one hundred sheep each; and each apartment has a separate outside yard. The upper story of these barns is devoted to hay for the sheep: the under one is eight feet high, and floored on the bottom if it is necessary to insure perfect dryness.

It is common to take advantage of a slope in the ground, and by means of a small amount of excavation, so to place the sheep barn that while the doors of the basement story open on a lower level, those of the second story open upon a higher level, or on the surface of an ascent, on the opposite side—so that hay can be drawn on wagons into the upper story. This is something of a convenience, and was a great one before the invention of the horse pitch-fork. The side of the lower story which supports the bank of earth resting against it, is generally composed of stone wall—this being necessary both for strength and durability. In various states of the atmosphere this wall exudes moisture, or, as it is termed, "sweats,"—diffusing dampness through the apartment. Unless that apartment is far higher, more spacious and better ventilated than would otherwise be necessary, this dampness is unquestionably prejudicial to the health of sheep. The better course would be, where such a barn is thought desirable, to build it entirely independent of the bank-wall and connect them with a short bridge.

The usual way of dividing the lower story of the sheep barn into apartments for different parcels of sheep, is simply by placing feeding racks across them—so that in reality the sheep are all in one room. This mode is a material saving both of space and expense; and it is highly convenient, inasmuch as the partitions can be

* Even then, if seriously frightened, she generally runs directly away from the danger without stopping for her lamb if it cannot keep up. She has not the remotest idea of sheltering it from cold by the warmth of her own person, or any apparent consciousness that anywhere, or under any circumstances, it is weaker or tenderer or more exposed to danger than herself. We read anecdotes of a very contrary tenor among sentimental writers, and naturalists who wish to enliven their narrations, or sustain some favorite theory. These anecdotes are very pretty—sometimes affecting; but unfortunately in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, untrue!

† For example, I remember some twenty or twenty-five years since to have had several hundred ewes with young lambs left out on a warm and beautiful night in early May, in four adjoining fields. A little after midnight I was awakened by the first howl of a north-easter, which was accompanied by a blinding snow-storm. This was a case to say come instead of go. In fifteen minutes three of us, with our lanterns, had started for the fields about half a mile off; and we worked on until 9 o'clock the next morning in getting in the sheep, and half frozen lambs, and in resuscitating the latter. We probably saved a hundred lambs which would have perished before morning. Had these sheep been out in the same number of parcels half a mile from each other—some of them a mile and a half from my house—what chance would there have been to save the great body of the younger lambs?

changed in a moment to adapt them to any change which it is desirable to make in the relative number of sheep in the different apartments. But it must be obvious that any considerable number of sheep when thus kept breathing the same indoor atmosphere, require that the means of ventilation be abundant and most thoroughly kept in operation. Indeed, I should prefer, as a matter of prudence, not to place more than one hundred and fifty sheep in the same room, though divided into smaller flocks on the same floor. With different rooms, and with independent means of communicating with the external air, four hundred or six hundred could be kept, perhaps, just as safely, under the same roof, unless during the prevalence of infectious or epizootic diseases. But who can be certain that these will remain absent? On the whole, such large and close aggregations of sheep are inexpedient.

The room required for a given number of Merino breeding ewes in a barn is, for Paulars, about ten and two-thirds square feet of an area on the floor each; in other words, an apartment twenty by forty feet in the clear will accommodate seventy-five, so that they can all eat at the same time at single or wall racks placed round the entire walls, except before the doors. A room forty feet square will accommodate one hundred and fifty, but it requires forty feet of double rack* to be placed in the area inside of the wall racks. Larger Merino, or English ewes, require more room in proportion to their size. Some of the last would probably require nearly twice as much room per head.

A sheep barn should open on the side least exposed to the prevailing winter winds; and its yards should be placed as much as practicable under its shelter. Some persons build these barns in the form of an L, to break off the winds from different quarters; others make a high stone wall or board fence a substitute for one of the limbs of the L. The yards are inconveniently narrow if restricted to the breadth of the inside apartments; and should, therefore, be widened according to circumstances.

The ground plan given is intentionally confined to a mere outline of a very simple and compact sheep barn, which is under a single roof, has no waste space, and makes the utmost use of all its materials. Three different modes of watering are presented, either of which is sufficient, and the choice between them should depend upon circumstances.

* I here use the word single or wall-rack to signify one made to set against a wall, which can only be eaten from one side—the word double rack, to signify one which can be eaten from on both sides, so that forty feet of one is equivalent to eighty feet of the other.

KEEPING SHEEP FOR PROFIT.

FRIEND MOORE.—Sometime last of summer there were inquiries in the RURAL as to what breed of sheep were the most profitable to keep. I think it is best that all have their choice as to what kind of sheep there is the most money in. Those who have a rich soil can keep the large breeds, as they can be fattened to weigh very heavy. Those that keep Merinos can keep them on poorer soil; but do not think that they cannot be kept on a rich soil. I can keep the Merino in a dry time on a poor soil in a good living condition, when the large sheep on the same feed would get poor. The fine-wooled sheep will live on coarser feed in summer. They will eat sprouts and briars, even when they have plenty of grass.

Their fleeces protect them in summer and winter against rains. The rain cannot go directly to the skin; whereas open wooled sheep take cold very easy when they have a wet fleece on their backs for four or more days, and soon run at the nose.

The close wools have the advantage in winter, as their heavy fleeces keep them warm; and do not need as much hay, as they do not have to eat hay to keep up the animal heat. I said that the Merino did not get wet as soon as the other. Do not suppose that they can do well without shelter, as that will pay the interest in hay and wool, and if they get wet in cold weather it will take them a week to dry. You cannot afford to have your sheep get wet in winter.

I hear my friends who keep the mutton sheep say that the Merinos are not good to eat. We know that the New York butchers buy Merino sheep and lambs and never make any difference only as to size and fatness. I do not want to sell them for mutton, as they are so valuable to keep for wool. Merinos that will shear 54 pounds washed wool, (lambs by their side,) and wethers that will shear 7 pounds washed—if any one wants to know where he can purchase a hundred or two of this quality, I can inform him that he cannot buy them. You will have to breed them yourself.

When I was breeding my flock a friend of mine that keeps a large flock said to me that it would not pay to raise the lambs—that he could sell the lambs for a high price and buy store ewes for less money than they could raise a lamb. This seemed to be a strong argument to look at at the present time, but we have to calculate longer than one year. He did not say anything about buying a lot, and in four weeks find that they have the foot-rot, and could not tell me how many pounds they would shear. But he has altered his mind, as he wants to buy my ewe lambs that he once thought it would not pay to winter. I do not think that you will find many farmers who raise sheep for the profit of wool that will sell their best ewes. If there ever was such a case the owner was selling out his flock at a very high price. The wether lambs will pay to keep for their wool until they are three or four years old. I saw some three-fourths Merino wethers that were sheared in March, and sold 1st of April in New York market for eight dollars apiece. Had no grain, but were fed beets once a day. The old ewes you can keep until they get ten years old. If they are not good mutton, we take the skins, as we

calculate that they have paid well. We cannot sell old ewes as long as they will give us good lambs.

I would advise all those who have not sheep barns to put up sheds with rough boards, as they cannot do well without shelter. I hope we shall hear from your sheep men.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

G. S.

EASTERN RURAL NOTES.

PRODUCE PRICES.

THE farmers are asking, and not only asking, but receiving, the following pretty round prices, for this county, at this season of the year:—Apples, by the bushel, eating, 70 cents to 80 cents—by the barrel, \$1.50@2.25; hay, loose or unpressed, \$1.10@1.13; oats, per bushel, 50 cents for new and 62 cents for old; corn, \$1.17@1.25; butter, 18@21 cents per pound, by the tub; cheese, 12@14 cents; eggs, 17@19 cents per dozen, and mostly taken at their houses. The berries, wild and cultivated, were, in their season, correspondingly high, and found ready buyers for all which were brought to market, as well as the delicious cherries and plums, the last two very scarce.

FALL FEED—STOCK.

This important article to us in Maine, is unusually abundant this season. It is on a scale of ten, full fifteen, compared with 1862, in luxuriance of growth, but not so much in richness of milk-producing qualities, and probably not in fat-forming materials. The milkmen say the oats do not seem to "give out" as they ought when the feed is so abundant.

Stock, both beeves and store, command a higher price than last fall—are in better condition—and so it is of sheep, but as to horses there is not yet so much call for them, nor are they as high in the market. They are picking up a few army horses in Franklin county, and some for the Boston market, as usual, at fair prices, yet no great stir among horsemen in these matters. But I see it is just decided to raise a cavalry regiment in Maine, and if so there will be something of a new impetus to the horse demand in the back counties.

CROPS.

The crops in Franklin county, Me., are here alluded to unless otherwise designated, and so of the produce prices reported above.

Wheat is not near as good as for 1860-1 or '62; that is, it will not yield near as well, though the quality will be near an average. Thinned out in the spring, wet weather in July and August, mildew, rust, and mildew are the principal causes.

Corn is more than an average and was injured but very little by frost. There was not so much as usual planted, or rather not so much as for a few years past, but in extra yield the deficiency will in great part be canceled. The crop throughout the State is a good one, as far as I have been able to learn.

Beans are well represented, judging from the number of stacks to have been seen by any one who went out among the farmers in the month of September, and are they well cured, will be a profitable crop, no doubt.

Oats will fall much below the crop for the last three years, because less area was devoted to them, and beside it has not been a good oat year.

Barley did well, and much of the wheat and some of the corn land was put into this grain, because it brought an unusually high price last winter, and for the want of farm laborers the wheat and corn could not be put in in due season.

Hay—an unusually heavy crop and of fair quality, taken altogether. A portion of the first cut was injured some. O. W. TRUE. Farmington, Me., Oct. 19, 1863.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Our Best Cattle and Sheep.

ONE of the serious evils of the day, so far as agricultural improvement is involved, is the almost universal practice of disposing of the best and most perfectly developed animals to the butcher, and retaining the poorest and most insignificant to propagate from. Our herds and flocks are annually "picked" in this way, and of course, annually diminished in value by it. If a farmer has a good lamb or calf, he is, usually, as certain to dispose of it as he is to receive an offer for it, and to supply its place—often by purchase—by a poorer and "less expensive" one.

The analogy between the vegetable and animal kingdom is very close and obvious, so far as the laws of propagation are involved; yet very few appear to consider this fact as they ought. No farmer plants poor corn or sows poor wheat if he can avoid it; and no one should think of breeding good and well-developed animals from parents which are unhealthy, or physically deformed. If you have a well-formed colt, calf or lamb, let no price induce you to part with it. It is often well in agriculture, as in commerce, to disregard present profit for the sake of future gain. The "points" of animals, whether good or bad, are hereditary, and we are often enabled to trace the progeny of a good or indifferent animal through many generations.

Witness our horses, where the several breeds are recognizable at once, and by marks which become more perfectly and strikingly developed with the lapse of every year. A breeder, in whose sheep-fold we stood, was offered six hundred dollars each for two of the lambs before us, and yet he declined the offer, and most wisely, too. He has since taken many high prizes for his pure and excellent stock, and it is just reported that he has taken one or two prizes on his sheep at the great agricultural fair in Germany!

He went to Spain in the first instance, and selected his flock from the best he could find in that country. If the offer had been \$1,000 each for the lambs he would, probably, have refused it. His knowledge and practice are in harmony.—N. E. Farmer.

Procure Good Breeds of Swine.

CONSIDERING the number of hogs that are raised annually in the United States, and especially as so many depend almost exclusively on the hog crop for the money they need, is it not wonderful that so few persons take pains to obtain the best varieties? Suppose you have to give \$20, or even \$50, for a pair of pigs to begin with. Is this an insufferable obstacle? I answer no. Doubtless you may procure a good breed for less money, but let us look at the practical proof, on the score of economy, and see how long it would take to pay at these figures. Suppose you have one hundred hogs of the alligator or land pike breed, which you will sell at five dollars per hundred; 150 pounds at twelve months old, will be about all that you can make them weigh. Here you have \$750.

Again, take one hundred hogs of a good breed, which will weigh at the same age and with less feed 250 lbs. Here you have \$1250, making a clear profit of \$50, without taking into account the save of feeding, which would no doubt swell the profits to a much larger amount. A hog that has to be kept more than one winter before fattening, will eat his head off in all cases. Hence, the most profitable kind will be found in those hogs which attain the greatest weight (without extra attention) in from twelve to eighteen months.

Pick for a hog a small, clean head, rather small bone, body low to the ground and square; hams full and round, disposition quiet and pleasant. Such a hog will always insure a good return. If you can come across such hogs, whether called Berkshire, Woburn, Suffolk, Grazier, or what not, get some and try them. They will not disappoint you. A word to the wise is sufficient.—Valley Farmer.

Cramp or Spasm in Horses.

I was requested a short time ago to visit a horse, said to be the subject of "stiff lameness." The patient, a gray gelding, aged eight years, was put up at the stable on the evening preceding my visit apparently in perfect health. Early in the morning ere I was called, the "feeder" observed that the horse was incapable of moving the near limb, and it appeared to be, as I was informed, "as stiff as a crowbar."

On making an examination of the body of the animal, he appeared to be in perfect health; yet he was unable to raise the limb in the slightest degree from the stable floor. The case was accordingly diagnosed as a cramp of the flexors.

Treatment.—The body and lower parts of the limb were clothed with blankets and flannel bandages, and the affected limb was diligently rubbed for half an hour with a portion of the following liniment:—Oil of Cedar, 1 oz; Sulphuric Ether, 2 ozs.; Proof Spirit, 1 pint. In the course of a few hours after the first application, the difficulty had entirely disappeared.

The owner informed me that the horse had, the day prior to the attack, been exposed to the cold and continuous rain storm, and probably this operated as the exciting cause of the spasm.—Amer. Stock Journal.

BIG CROP OF ONIONS.—The editor of the *Ploughman* has been down among the Marblehead (Mass.) farmers. Among other things he made a note of, is a statement of the onion crop of Horace Ware, Jr., which is estimated the present season at seven thousand bushels! They are grown upon fourteen acres. He raised a large crop last year; but, unlike his neighbors, he did not sell them until spring, and thereby saved, in the difference of price, the snug little sum of \$2,000.

RUSTY STRAW UNFIT FOR FEEDING.—R. McClure, in the *Farmer and Gardener*, gives an account of the injurious effects of rusty straw fed to horses, causing almost immediate sickness and death to a large number of animals belonging to a cavalry regiment. A decoction made from rusty straw, given as an experiment, caused loss of appetite, and sickness.

Inquiries and Answers.

DRAINING BARN YARDS.—I wish to inquire through the columns of the RURAL for the best drain to put in a barn yard. My yard is a level plot, and it is almost impossible to keep it dry with straw. As it is very important that cattle should have a dry yard to eat and lie down in, I hope some knowing brother farmer will give me the desired information without delay; as the time is drawing nigh when stock will have to be sheltered.—NEWFANE.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Do you or any of your numerous correspondents or readers know of any fair held this fall, either Town, County or State, that have been commenced, carried on or ended without a horse race? Or do you or they know of any of said fairs that have not been mainly managed and controlled by fast men, horse-jockeys and landlords? Any information through the RURAL will be thankfully received.—PURITAN, Oct., 1863.

TUMORS ON CATTLE.—(A. Hull.)—The disease of your cow is probably an indurated tumor, and if allowed to remain, frequently matures and becomes a very troublesome affair of a cancerous nature. The only remedy is the knife and thorough extirpation of all its parts—care being taken not to wound the submaxillary and thyroid glands, which they frequently envelop, nor any important artery. If the animal is valuable, have a veterinary or other surgeon to perform the operation.

ABOUT SHEEP'S EAR-RINGS.—Do you or any of your numerous readers know any thing about copper rivets to insert in sheep's ears for the purpose of marking them—the initials on the washer and the number on the head of the rivet? If so please inform one unaccustomed to them of the size and the mode of engraving the letters and figures on them.—J. E., Orleans Co., N. Y.

The whole subject of marking and numbering sheep is fully discussed in RANDALL'S Practical Shepherd. It states that JAS. MARTIN, 20 Beaver St., Albany, N. Y., manufactures instruments for marking sheep's ears, to order.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1864.—For the information of all who have written us on the subject, we would state that the Fifteenth Volume of the RURAL, for 1864, will be furnished on the same terms as the present. Agents and other kind and earnest friends of the paper are requested to note this announcement and make their arrangements accordingly. Those who are prepared to commence the campaign need not wait for documents, but commence taking subscriptions for the new year and volume at once. Our inducements for effort will be liberal, though not proclaimed early or in extravagant phraseology. We shall, however, as heretofore, depend mainly upon the friends of the paper and the cause it advocates, to maintain its circulation—promising, on our part, that the RURAL for 1864, shall, if our life and health are spared us, be as worthy of confidence and support as it has been in former years. Indeed, we purpose making the volume for 1864 much superior to the present in several particulars, and think our arrangements are so matured and complete that we can safely promise a decided improvement. Now that the season for such efforts is at hand, we invite Agents, Contributors and Correspondents to favor us so far as consistent with their views and engagements—thus increasing the circulation of the paper and augmenting the interest and usefulness of its pages. We need not add that any and every effort in either direction will be most gratefully appreciated.

THE ENGLISH GRAIN CROPS.—The London *Daily News* states that owing to the large increase in the yield, the harvest is estimated to be worth £20,000,000 to £30,000,000 more than that of last year, and there will consequently be no necessity for the importation of large supplies of breadstuffs from abroad.

The *Mark Lane Express* says on the same topic:—A return of fall weather during the harvest season checked the tendency to sprout which endangered the unhusbed wheat, much of which was left in the fields after cutting, owing to the scarcity of labor; and the year's harvest is undoubtedly excellent, and beyond the average of seasons throughout the kingdom. The late potatoes, too, have been protected from disease by the return of dry weather.

GREAT SUCCESS OF A ROOSTER BOOK.—We learn that the Practical Shepherd, published less than two weeks ago by Mr. MOORE, of the *Rural New-Yorker*, has already reached a third edition! The demand for the work is much greater than anticipated, and the publisher finds it impossible to keep pace with the orders received—his supply being over a thousand copies short on Saturday. We are not surprised at the great success of this capital and timely volume, as we predicted an immense sale in our notice of it a week ago. It is sold only by canvassing agents and the publisher. Mr. MOORE is constantly receiving orders from book-sellers which he cannot fill without conflicting with his arrangements.—*Rock. Daily Democrat & American*, Oct. 26.

COTTON IN KENTUCKY.—Notwithstanding the very unfavorable season, the Louisville *Democrat* learns that cotton has matured nearly as well as usual in the Southern counties of Kentucky. The gins are now in operation, several new ones having been sent there this season. It has been customary, ever since the country has been settled, to grow cotton in the Southern and Western counties of the State for domestic manufacture only. The *Democrat* adds:—"Hand-cards, for carding cotton, have long been an article of considerable importance in this market, but this year the trade has largely increased, as the quantity of land put into cotton has been greater than usual."

ILLINOIS 'WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—It is stated by Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, that at the recent meeting of Illinois Wool Growers, an account of which was given in our last number, over one quarter of a million of sheep were represented. The flocks of the President (A. B. McCONNELL, Esq.) and Secretary (Mr. BROWN, number over twenty-five thousand. "We are in earnest," remarks Mr. WENTWORTH, "and it seemed to be the unanimous opinion that 75 cents was little enough for a pound of wool washed, and our farmers mean to stand out until they get that sum." They will not have to stand out long according to present appearances.

THE FLAX COTTON EXPERIMENTS.—The Providence (R. I.) *Press*, alluding to the \$20,000 appropriated by Congress to make experiments with flax cotton, and intrusted to the Commissioner of Agriculture, censures that officer for not co-operating with the Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement of Industry. It would seem that the appropriation was made at the solicitation of members of this society after they had made experiments and devoted considerable attention to the subject. Much useful information had thus been acquired by them, which would have been valuable in conducting the new experiments.

THE GRAIN APHIS.—An Orleans Co., N. Y., correspondent writes:—"I saw in your paper, a short time ago, that it was a great mystery where the bug of this insect came from. I think that I know where some of them came from. In the fall of 1861, when I was pulling beans where there was plenty of barn grass in head, I saw for the first time the bug, for he was in the barn grass. It was as full as it could hold, and they got all over me. The next season, as we all know, they were on the spring wheat and oats. So much for the bug. This is for your own benefit, and that of the public if you choose."

NEW MODE OF PRESERVING PROVISIONS.—A patent has been applied for by A. H. REMOND, of London, for preserving provisions by passing a current of electricity through the cans or cases containing what are called "preserved provisions," after they are sealed up. The electric fluid is made to pass through the case on a fine iron wire; the wire is caused to become red hot by the intensity of the current, and thus the oxygen in the can is said to be consumed, because it will unite with the hot iron wire and form an oxide.

FALL WHEAT IN OHIO.—The *Ohio Farmer* says:—"There is a vast difference between this fall and last in the breadth and appearance of the wheat crop. Last year the drouth put an effectual veto upon all fall plowing in many places, and many fields which could be plowed were so dry that the grain could not sprout. This fall we saw very many fields of wheat in and up early in September, and everywhere we go we are greeted with large and numerous fields, all showing signs of vigorous growth."

WOOLEN MANUFACTORIES.—During the summer and fall many new and extensive manufactories of woollen fabrics have been opened in this and the Eastern States, and the capacity of many old ones largely increased. The men who are putting their capital into these recognize the fact that woollen fabrics must, for perhaps years to come, supply the place of cotton, and they are preparing to reap the harvest that this field will yield.

GROWTH OF HEMP.—A subscriber in Salem, Ohio, writes:—"Thinking it might be interesting to the readers of the RURAL to know to what extent the common hemp will grow, I will inform them of one I have growing. It measures 16½ feet in height, and is six inches in circumference at or near the root, and is very full of seed, which will not ripen, however, on account of early frost."

Horticultural.

PLANTS FOR HEDGING.

It would give us great pleasure to meet the wishes of a correspondent, and state what plant is best adapted for a protective hedge, but we must wait patiently for more experience.

We are all well aware of the fact that not one hedge in a hundred receives proper care and the necessary pruning, and this no doubt is the cause of failure in very many cases, and we have no doubt the Osage suffers more from neglect of culture and bad treatment, want of pruning, and crowding near fences, choked with weeds, than from the effects of winter.

The Barberry has been highly recommended by some persons, especially by our friend, Col. Frost, of Schuyler county, and we hope it will have a fair trial. It is perfectly hardy, grows under adverse circumstances, does not sucker, and we hope will make just the hedge needed by American farmers.

Very much rejoiced would we be to know that the English Hawthorn, the Quickset of the farmer, and the sweet May-Flower of the merry children,—with its beautiful green, glossy foliage, its fragrant flowers, its bright red winter berries, its dense, living wall, could be grown as well in this country as in England, but for this we cannot hope.

The Honey Locust has been tried to some extent, and we know of some who, after years of trial, are prepared to say that it is better adapted for a farm fence than any other plant in our possession.

INFLUENCE OF STOCK UPON GRAFT.

Whether or not the stock exerts an influence upon the graft, and if so how great the influence is, and its effects, are questions that have somewhat puzzled pomologists.

There are certain fruit trees which, do what you will, do not increase in diameter below the scion at the same rate as the scion itself. The consequence of this is the formation of ugly rings where the scion joins the stock.

There are changes that sometimes take place in other parts of the flower. In the Rose Plantain, the bractes, or divisions of the spike, become preternaturally enlarged, and are converted into leaves.

FLORISTS' FLOWERS.

There is a good deal of desire among the people for more information respecting the production of double flowers—the way they are produced—the running back to the original state, &c.

It requires at least a knowledge of the elementary principles of botany to understand the difference between a wild flower and a florist's flower. The most obvious distinction is that which is founded upon the multiplication of the petals.

We do not altogether approve the term which was formerly applied to double flowers, when they were called "vegetable monsters." The change which has taken place in them does not warrant the application of this term to them.

The changes that take place in the formation of double flowers are various. In some cases they are formed by the multiplication of the petals and the exclusion of the nectaries, as in the larkspur. In other instances we find the reverse of this, where the nectaries are multiplied to the exclusion of the petals, as in the columbine.

The calyx or perianth is not changed in double flowers. Hence the genus, or family, may often be discovered by the calyx, as in hepatica, ranunculus, alcea, &c.

When we come to the hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, and other bulbous flowers, very few persons would prefer the double to the single varieties. The art of the florist, in these cases, has, therefore, been chiefly directed to the improvement of the size and coloring, rather than to the multiplication of the petals.

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There are changes that sometimes take place in other parts of the flower. In the Rose Plantain, the bractes, or divisions of the spike, become preternaturally enlarged, and are converted into leaves.

There are abnormal changes. In the Bellis proifera, Hen and Chicken Daisy, not only the multiplication of the petals takes place, but a numerous circle of minute flowers, on peduncles or footstalks, rise from the sides of the calyx and surround the principal flower.

It is worthy of remark, with respect both to flowers and fruits, that those which have become most valuable in their improved state, were for the most part comparatively deficient in these valuable properties in their wild or natural state.

The question is often asked concerning the means by which double varieties of flowers are produced. The means by which such effects are produced are not very definite, and cannot be very precisely stated.

"The first appearance," he says, "of the double Scotch roses, was in the nursery of Messrs. Dickson & Brown, of Perth. I am indebted to Mr. Robert Brown, one of the partners of the firm, for the following account of their origin.

In some cases the double character of the flower, of a species which is single in its normal state, seems to be the production of nature unassisted by art. Thus the Provins rose, (Rosa centifolia,) was discovered by Bickerstein, with double flowers, growing on the eastern side of Mount Caucasus.

Mrs. London says, "The principal florists' flowers are the hyacinth, the tulip, the dahlia, the auricula, the polyanthus, the carnation, and the pink. But to these may be added the ranunculus and the anemone, and of late years the geranium, or pelargonium, the heartsease, the calceolarias, and the chrysanthemums.

An English writer, speaking of the art of obtaining double flowers, does not admit the truth of the notion that they are the effect of soil. He says, "Did soil exhibit such striking effects in producing sorts as is particularly and erroneously imagined, it would be more readily seen perhaps in the instance of double flowers, most absurdly termed monsters by Linnaean botanists, than in any other circumstances.

Almost all twining and creeping plants will answer if sufficiently supplied with moisture, such as the greenhouse Passifloras, and the stronger grower of the Kennedias, and Gompholobiums.

The fact, however, that a mean soil will reduce a double flower back again to its single state, (as is the case when the seeds originally of double poppies are planted for two or three successive generations in a mean soil,) affords very good reason for concluding that the nature of the soil must be one of the conditions requisite for the production of double flowers.

The flowers that most readily admit of that modification, which is commonly termed double, or at least those which form the most beautiful specimens of double flowers, belong either to the compound flowers of the Linnaean system, or to the family of Rosaceae, excepting the anemone and ranunculus, which are nearly allied to the latter.

Horticultural Notes.

A SUCCESSION OF FLOWERS.—In order to have a handsome succession of flowers through the season, bulbous flowers must be selected for the earliest bloomers; other herbaceous perennials for their successors; and some particular bulbous plants, annuals, and green-house plants, for late summer and autumnal flowering.

The earliest bulbous flowers are Snowdrop, single and double; Bulbocodium verum; Crocus, several colors; and Siberian Squill, all of which appear in bloom as soon as the snow disappears from the ground.

Among the most interesting summer flowering bulbous plants, are the Gladiolus communis, or common purple sword lily, which is perfectly hardy; the Gladiolus floribundus or profuse-flowering sword-lily, remarkable for its beautiful flesh colored flowers, but being tender, requires taking up before winter, and preservation from frost; and Gladiolus gandavensis, or Ghent sword lily, with flowers of a rich orange scarlet, and also tender like the last.

CANNAS.—While referring to cannas, let us say one word in their behalf as noble summer plants for the flower garden, to which their foliage, when well developed, imparts an almost tropical aspect.

FALL WORK IN THE GARDEN.—Could trees or plants be removed from the nursery or the woods to the garden or lawn in early summer, when the leaves are so brilliantly green and the flowers so beautiful and fragrant, then everybody with a rod or two of ground would find planters. But, trees must be planted when destitute of their summer robes, when they have no beauty to recommend them.

PELVIOUS PLANTS FOR BASKETS IN GREENHOUSES.—Almost all twining and creeping plants will answer if sufficiently supplied with moisture, such as the greenhouse Passifloras, and the stronger grower of the Kennedias, and Gompholobiums.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Half a peck tomatoes, three onions, two bell peppers, (green,) white mustard seed, salt to each layer; scald vinegar and turn over it.

Among free-growing, herbaceous and succulent in their stems—Tropaeolum Lobbianum elegans, Triumphant de Hyris, and the beautiful tricolorum and pentaphyllum. Of small herbaceous evergreen trailers, we would in-tance—Lobelia gracilis and begonia (blue), and Hibbertia grossularifolia (yellow.) Saxifraga saxatilis, and Tradescantia procumbens, leaves green, white, and purple.

PRICES OF FRUIT, &c., IN NEW YORK MARKET.—The following are the prices of Fruit and Vegetables in New York market, as given in the Tribune of the 24th inst.:

APPLES.—The receipts have been liberal, and prices have declined 25¢ per bushel. The demand is not fair. We quote: Mixed Western, per bushel, \$2.25@2.50; Common, per bushel, 1.25@1.50; Selected fruit, 3.00@3.50.

PEARS.—It is quite difficult to quote Pears, on account of the great diversity in size and quality of even the same kind of fruit. Suffice it to say that our quotations do not include fancy qualities, and that many more pears are sold at our lower than at our higher rates. We quote: Duchesse d'Angouleme, per bushel, \$1.25@1.50; Duchesse d'Angouleme, fair to good, 80¢@1.20; Beurre d'Espagnole, 10.00@12.00; Beurre Bosca, 10.00@12.00; Virgile, choice, 12.00@15.00; Virgile, fair to good, 8.00@11.00; Seckel, 11.00@13.00; Cooking Pears, 4.00@6.00.

GRAPES.—Grapes have been in good demand, and prices are higher. Choix isobellas in fancy paper boxes bring 12¢. We quote: Isabella, good to choice, per bushel, 9¢@12¢; Catawba, good to choice, 10¢@12¢; Concord, good to choice, 10¢@12¢.

DRY FRUIT.—Pines and Peaches have been in demand, and higher prices have been obtained. We quote: Dried Apples, 10¢@12¢; Dried Apples, good to choice, 7¢@10¢; Apples, inferior and old, 3¢@5¢; Peaches, dried, 17¢@19¢; Peaches, unpeeled, 16¢@18¢; Pines, new, 16¢@18¢; Pines, old, 12¢@14¢; Cherries, with pits, 10¢@12¢; Raspberries, black, new, 11¢@13¢; Blackberries, new, 11¢@14¢; Currants, come, 8¢@10¢.

POTATOES.—There has been a fair demand and prices have been advanced. We quote: Buckeye, per bushel, \$1.37@1.50; Pineapple, 1.37@1.50; Rough and Ready, 1.37@1.50; Mercer, 2.00@2.10; Peachblows, 1.50@1.75. Turnips are decidedly lower, under very heavy receipts. Sales are slow. We quote: Ruta Bagas, per bushel, \$1.00@1.10; Onions.—We quote: Red and Yellow, per 100 strings, \$4.75@5.25; Red and Yellow, per bushel, 3.00@3.25; CABBAGES are lower; per 100, 87¢@90¢.

VEGETABLES.—We quote: Boston Marrow, per bushel, 2.00@2.25; Jersey Marrow, 2.00@2.25.

Domestic Economy.

NEW RECIPE FOR MAKING SOAP.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Germantown Telegraph says:

"We lately tried a new recipe for making soap—new to us at least—and as we had such good success, I thought it would be well to send the modus operandi for the housekeeper's department of your paper.

"Pour four gallons of boiling water over six pounds of washing soda and three pounds of unslaked lime; stir the mixture well and let it settle until it is perfectly clear. It is better to let it set all night, as it takes some time for the sediment to settle. When clear, drain the water off, put six pounds of fat with it, and boil for two hours, stirring it most of the time. If it does not seem thin enough, put another bucket of water on the grounds, stir and drain off, and add as is wanted to the boiling mixture. Its thickness can be tried by putting a little on a plate to cool occasionally. Stir in a handful of salt just before taking off the fire. Have a tub ready soaked to prevent the soap from sticking, pour it in and let it set till solid, when you will have from the above quantity of ingredients about forty pounds of nice white soap, at a cost of about two cents per pound. Housekeepers, try it!"

QUINCE PRESERVE.—The Working Farmer

has the following:—Pare your quinces and cut them into quarters. Put them on to boil in sufficient water to keep them whole; let them cook until you can easily pierce them with a straw; then take them out of the water, and to one pound of the quince put one pound of white sugar. Let them stand with the sugar on them over night, and the next day you will find they have made their own sirup, which will be as light and clear as amber. Now put them on the fire in your preserving kettle, and cook for ten or fifteen minutes. Quinces cooked in this way retain their flavor, have a beautiful, light color, and never grow hard. You can use the water they were cooked in, and all your good parings, for the jelly, which you can make by boiling the quinces, parings, etc., down until the water is quite rich. Then to a pint of juice put a pound of white sugar, and boil until it jellies, which will be in about twenty minutes.

CLEANING PALM-LEAF AND LEGHORN HATS.

I would like to inquire through the Domestic Economy department of the RURAL, how Palm-Leaf and Leghorn hats can be cleaned, that have become brown and greasy by age.—JULIUS RING, Southwick, Mass.

We know nothing practically on the subject, but suppose the article must be thoroughly divested of all greasy substances derived from sweat and handling, by some alkaline material, as a white lye, and perfectly washed by macerating and fresh water, and when dry exposed to the fumes of burning sulphur, which produce the sulphurous or bleaching gas.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES.—Half a peck tomatoes, three onions, two bell peppers, (green,) white mustard seed, salt to each layer; scald vinegar and turn over it.

Ladies' Department.

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

EULALIE! EULALIE! Ever throbbing heartily, Sighs my lonely heart for thee, Sleeping 'neath the weeping tree,— Long lost EULALIE!

Etas, N. Y., 1863. A. F. B.

GOOD NIGHT.

DOWNWARD sinks the setting sun, Soft the evening shadows fall; Light is flying, Day is dying, Darkness stealth over all, Good night!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BROKEN DREAMS.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

It was a quiet, pleasant afternoon, and in the boughs of the tall trees that stood in front of Glen Cottage, the robins all were singing their merriest songs to each other, while just inside the cottage door LUCY DEAN sat listening to a tenderer song than that of the robins, and tenfold sweeter; for there, on a cushion beside her, was her baby, cooing and laughing as prettily as baby could.

Oh! a rare song of bliss her heart was singing that sunny summer day, and her face in its youthful loveliness reflected the deepest joy, for was not she a wife and a mother, and did she not believe herself the happiest woman in America?

The robins hushed their songs as the dusky shadows of the twilight began to close around them, but still she sat there looking down the road as far as her eye could reach. The scent of many sweet blossoms stole in through the open door and window and seemed trying to lure her out among them, but her thoughts had wandered far away to sadder fields; where, instead of hedge-flowers and roses, the red stains of battle covered the ground, and her heart beat faster, even though she held close to it the welcome missive, telling her that her brave soldier would be with her before another week should have fled.

Many a weary day had she waited and prayed God to bring him back in safety, and at last he was coming. He had fought his last battle and the reward should be his; happy, peaceful days in their quiet home, with the tender, clinging love of wife and child to bring him rest and happiness. She had every word by heart of that joyful letter that only yesterday brought her the glad news. So it ran:

MY PRECIOUS WIFE:—Although the din of conflict is yet ringing in my ears, and the smoke is still almost blinding my eyes, I must try to write you a line. Thank God, my LUCY, for before five more suns rise and set I shall be with you; once more hold you and our dear baby boy to my loving heart. Do not grow too lonely in these few days that remain, nor let your thoughts go out into the broad fields reddened with carnage, to see war and its desolations; but think, with a brave, cheerful heart, of the victories we have won, and the glorious hope that is before us. Ah! I would that my cry might reach all the burdened souls on this broad earth that mourn to-day and lead them to gaze with me at that glorious hope that seems nearer and yet nearer its fulfillment, even though they must look through eyes wet with tears.

Here she dropped her hands in her lap again, while a happy smile stole across her face and rested upon her lips, and so she sat dreaming bright dreams of a speedy re-union, until the solemn night had led her train of gentle stars to tread their path across the misty blue.

The same still twilight waned and faded in the camp on the river-bank, and the stars looked down as lovingly as they did on the vine-covered porch in that far-away home, but HARRY DEAN heeded not the beauty around him, for his eyes were gazing, through falling tears, on the little cottage half way up the road, and in the dusk the song of birds broke the stillness, and he heard the noise of the foaming waterfall just back in the glen, and could almost see its spray turned to a shower of gold in the sunlight. His thoughts were turned to tenderness as he remembered the dear ones who awaited him there, and remembered, too, that on the morrow his footsteps would be turned homeward, and, sooner than they imagined perhaps, would tread the greenward before their cottage door, and he should see the old, sweet smile break over his wife's face, and hear the innocent prattle of their boy.

The smoke curled up in mimic wreaths from the tent-fire, and he saw faint shadows in it of the house, and the trees, and the shaded walk; but

the bright flames died away, the embers fell apart, and the smoke-wreaths faded into thin air, as his reverie was rudely broken in upon by the call from without. Surely—it was his turn to be on duty, but in those sweet dreams of home and rest, he had forgotten. He sprang to his feet, and, drawing his cap on, went forth, into peril it might be, but with a brave heart still. Beat—beat—on the damp ground sounded the soldier's footsteps; throb, throb, in the stillness sounded the strong heart, and they kept time together through the long hours, as the wakeful comrades nearest listened.

But the others slept finally, and the sharp shot that echoed through the silent night-air failed to waken them. The work was done, and when daylight streamed over the earth, they found him there, with a happy smile still lingering on his face; and there they buried him, where, but the night before, he had dreamed such rare dreams and courted such joyous visions. Many a tear fell as the earth rattled down on the pine box, for HARRY DEAN had been a kind comrade, and each man mourned him as a brother.

Many days LUCY waited and watched for his return, and kept thinking the next day she should see him, but the days rolled away and the saddest of them all came at last, when the news was brought her that he had indeed fought his last battle, and

Slept alone in a soldier's grave, By the quiet, gleaming river.

The anguish her heart knew has been repeated a hundred times ere now in other waiting hearts, and some have yielded to the tide of sorrow and given up their young lives, an added sacrifice to their country, while others, even like gentle LUCY DEAN, have strengthened their burdened hearts with the strong love and devotion their country called forth, and gone on their way, still hoping for a glad re-union when the wars and the strifes of this world are ended.

The autumn leaves fall on the lonely graves far away, and on the paths through the orchards and home-swards where the feet that of old used to tread must be silent for evermore; but oh! courage! faint hearts; as your loss has been a bitter one, so shall your reward be a glorious one, for you shall meet your loved and lost on the farther shore, wearing brighter crowns and striking sweeter harp-strings for the lives so cheerfully given up here.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1863.

PUERILITY OF GOSSIP.

It is humiliating to think on what a thin intellectual diet many people live in so-called society. We have listened sometimes to an hour's conversation between young or older ladies, and have wondered that the intellect did not die from simple starvation. E. P. WHIPPLE, in one of his essays, has some good hints on this point:

But of all the expedients to make the head weak, the brain gauzy, and to bring life down into the consistency of a cambric handkerchief, the most successful is the little talk and tattle which, in some charmed circles, is courteously styled conversation. How human beings can live on such meagre fare—how continue existence in such a famine of topics, and on such short allowance of sense—is a great question, if philosophy could only search it out. All we know is, that such men and women there are, who will go on dawdling in this way, from fifteen to four-score, and never a hint on their tomb-stones that they died at last of consumption of the head and marasmus of the heart! The whole universe of God spreading out its splendors and terrors, pleading for their attention, and they wondering "where Mrs. Somebody got that divine ribbon to her bonnet!" The whole world of literature, through its thousand trumps of fame, adjuring them to regard its garnered stores, both of emotion and thought, and they thinking, "It's high time, if John intends to marry our Sarah, for him to pop the question!" When, to be sure, this frippery is spiced with a little envy and malice, and prepares its small dishes of scandal with nice bits of detraction, it becomes endowed with a slight venomous vitality, which does pretty well, in the absence of soul, to carry on the machinery of living, if not the reality of life.

ODDITIES OF FEMALE COSTUME.

THESE abounded in the reign of Edward III. We read that at public shows the ladies rode in parti-colored tunics, one half being of one color and the other half of another, with short hoods and *trippes* (the long tails of tippets of the hoods) wrapped about their heads like cords. Their girdles were handsomely ornamented with gold and silver, and they wore small swords, "commonly called daggers," before them in pouches, and thus habited they were mounted on the finest horses that could be procured, and ornamented with the richest furniture. In full dress the appearance of the ladies was as gorgeous as it was warlike. In a work by Pierce Ploughman, written, it is supposed, about 1350, the poet speaks of a woman richly clothed, her garments purple, faec, or trimmed with fine furs, her robe of scarlet color in grain, and splendidly adorned with ribbons of red gold, interspersed with precious stones of great value. Her head-tie, he says, he has not time to describe, but she wore a crown that even the king had no better. Her fingers were all embellished with rings of gold, set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, and also with oriental stones or amulets to prevent any venomous infection.

THE foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of all political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; and the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal—reliance on the goodness of God.

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR.

BY BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

I HAVE fancied sometimes, the old Bethel-bent beam That trembled to earth in the Patriarch's dream Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest, From the pillow of stone to the Blue of the Best, And the angels descending to dwell with us here, "Old Hundred" and "Corinth" and "China" and "Mear."

All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod, That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and God! Ah, "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden road,—Oh, not to the HYNES that in harmony flowed,—But those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir, To the girl that sang alto—the girl that sang air!

"Let us sing in His praise," the Minister said, All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York;" Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read, While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead, And politely picked up the key-note with a fork, And the vicious old viol went growling along At the heels of the girl, in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genit come, With a wonderful web from Arabian loom, To bear me again up the river of Time, When the world was in rhythm and life was its rhyme; When the stream of the years flowed so noiseless and narrow,

That across it there floated the song of a sparrow; For a sprig of green caraway carries me there, To the old village church and the old village choir, When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung And timed the sweet pulse of the praise as they sung, Till the glory ascent from the afternoon sun Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasal of old Deacon Brown, Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down—And dear sister GREEN, with more goodness than grace, Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place, And where "Coronation" exultantly flows, Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes! To the land of the leaf they went with their song, Where the choir and the chorus together belong. Oh, be lifted ye Gates! Let me hear them again—Blessed Song, Blessed Sabbath, forever, amen!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN MEMORIES.

INTO the woof of our gliding years, life's loom very mysteriously weaves mingled sunshine and shadow. And as it takes up thread upon thread of every day's history, while the restless heart-shuttle so busily backward and forward flies, it behoves us to gather very carefully, pruning very closely our thoughts, words and deeds, that they may brighten and not darken the frail fabric. All this long year has the wondrous piece been lengthening and widening, strangely blending gay and sombre colors, till now, the autumn-time has brought his tribute to be woven in.

Brown October has come to us; put his robe about every child of nature; pressed his lips upon every leaf and leaflet, till they quivered, half with fear, half with gladness, and blushed rosily at his warm greeting. But in his hurried breath must have been pestilence, for death and desolation followed his footsteps everywhere; the flowers faded; the fruit fell, and the leaves, the glad, gay-hearted leaves, withering, one by one severed from the parent tree, and went rudely down to earth, as if wearied with battling so long against pitiless rain-drops and tireless wind-voices. O, these dead and dying leaves! How they make the heart ache sometimes; how they talk to us of joyous days in the by-gone, of loved ones lost, that faded like them; some in all the loveliness of a glad gay youth, flushed with health and happiness; some ripe for the harvest, like the "sear and yellow leaf," seemed "Only waiting till the shadows were a little longer grown."

And as the glimmer of this leaden-skied autumn day dies out in the gloaming, memory comes to me; places her fair hand in mine, and gently whispers of a sweet girl-friend, who lived and loved with me, only four autumns ago.

"In the cold moist earth we laid her, When the forest cast the leaf; And we wept that one so beautiful, Should have a life so brief."

And there was another; nearer and dearer; winter's snows had frosted his once dark hair, and summer's toil had hardened his hand, but it always rested very gently with a father's blessing upon my head. It was in the bleak November, that we gathered around for the last farewell. The foliage was just as bright, the sunshine just as beautiful as in these days, but our hearts throbbed with an untold suffering, and the loveliness without seemed but a mocking of the darkness within.

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf, Sad thoughts and sunny weather; Ah, me! this glory and this grief Accord not well together."

Wilson, N. Y., 1863. ALICE BROWN NICHOLS.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EXTREMISTS.

THERE are a certain class of individuals that form a part of the great checkered whole of human existence, who, whether consciously or no, exercise a very pernicious influence upon portions of the society in which they move, by acting to extremes in things which they undertake to do and be. That this peculiar trait is attributable, in part, to the "making up" of the individual possessing it, none can doubt; yet a person is surely culpable for not endeavoring to overcome a weakness of this kind, in exact proportion to their consciousness of its existence in their character. A few unfortunate possessors of this attribute may be found in every society, seemingly so constituted that it becomes a necessity for them to carry to extremes that which their hands and minds find to do. In matters of business, pleasure or religion, it is always the same. Into business they plunge with a desperation that has, to a person of moderate desires,

more the appearance of insanity, than a natural desire for action and business pursuits. Others seem to carry a very moderate nature in all matters except those of pleasure. They are not over anxious in the pursuit of business, gain and labor, but open to them the broad avenues of pleasure, and they will plunge into its revelries with the same mad desperation that characterized the extremist in business, consuming, perhaps, in one round of pleasure, the savings of a whole year of toil and economy. But either or both of the two classes of "extremists" mentioned, may exert no worse an influence than do those who are accustomed to acting to extremes in what they style religion. Now it is not for one instant to be asserted, or supposed, that one can be too good, or too religious, as true religion admits of no boundary; but when weak and erring children of humanity attempt to make themselves a perfect example of piety, they will fall so far short of attaining the goal of their ambition as to render doubtful to others the genuineness of their endeavors. Ever since the day on which poor, erring PETER said to his LORD, "Though I should die with Thee, yet will I not deny Thee," there have been those who have said, "I will go, and went not," because they started with a determination to be better than all their fellow creatures; or, in their own words, to be "perfect," forgetting they were but poor, fallen creatures, that must needs stumble and fall many times before their course should be run. They do fall, and great is their fall; while some poor, faint-hearted, doubting saint looks on and says, "They have tried to be Christians, and after having attained to greater heights of excellence than I had ever hoped to reach, have fallen way down to the world again. Need I try to go further?" Others, of the world, look upon these silly fanatics, shouthing their perfections in the very ear of the Almighty, as lunatics and madmen, rendering their insane conduct an excuse for keeping themselves from the path of duty. Oh! when will humanity learn the truth of that wise saying uttered so long ago, but which grows stronger and brighter with its age, "There is none good, no, not one."

H. P. Brockport, N. Y.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN has come, and the days which the poet calls "the melancholy days," have joined the procession of the seasons. Yet it seemed on Sunday the first day of autumn, as we sat at our window, which overlooks the city just behind us, and broad expanse of hill and forest in the distance, as if the bloom and beauty of June and July, and the golden luxury of August had culminated again into the paradise of midsummer. Nature gave no heed to the poet. There was no melancholy on earth or in the air, but everywhere an illumination and an expressive joy, which glorified street, and tree, and sky, and floating cloud, and the face of man, and filled the heart with a heavenly rapture.

But the summer has gone, and the sunshine and the blossom are waning and fading. The days will soon be gray and cool and vapory. We are stepping out of the land of flowers into a land of harvest, out of the bloom and dazzle of the ripening year into the soberer and fairest light of its maturity and its hastening end. We are passing from the promise to the fruition, from hope to memory, from noontide into the shadows of evening, from the fullness and brightness of life into decay and death.

Yet as we sat at our window on Sunday, and looked out upon the first day of Autumn, it was not a melancholy day. It was a day full of glory and joy. As the sweet notes of Sabbath bells stole upon the air, voices of thanksgiving, and canticles of praise, and the music of trumpets, and shawms, seemed to rise from the earth on every side and to float down the arches of the sky. It was a day to delight the soul of saintly Herbert, sweet singer of the Temple—for its outward seeming was akin to its inward spirit.

* * * Most calm, most bright, The fruit of this the next world's bud.

The mood of nature fell upon the heart like dew and balm, and the varied picture of creation became a dream of beauty. White clouds and great woodlands, and the purple crests of far-off hills floated into the golden atmosphere of the enchantment, and the voluptuous earth brimming with ecstasy, as with new wine, poured out songs and odors from a thousand lips. Leaves and blades of grass grew tremulous with joy, the lingering robin and the locust sang in the trees for joy, the joyful cricket chirped in the sunshine, and the crested cock, exhilarated like all things around him, arched his mottled neck and crowed with a lusty will, exalting his beak like a silver horn.

There was no melancholy in the first day of autumn. The beauty of the departing summer still shone in street and garden, on the meadow, on the river, and on the hill. It seemed like a pleasant harbinger of pleasant days still to come. It cheered the prospect of windy and stormy months, and irradiated the gloomy visage of the impending winter, breaking its clouds with rifts of sunshine, and changing its frowns to beaming smiles.—Providence Journal.

NOT UNHEALTHY.—It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. We see that studious men live as long as persons of any other profession. History will confirm the truth of this observation. In fact, the regular, calm and uniform life of a student conduces to health, and removes many inconveniences and dangers which might otherwise assail it, provided that the superfluous heart of the constitution be assuaged by moderate exercise, and the habit of the body be not overcharged with a quantity of aliment incompatible with a sedentary life.

The readiest way of finding access to a man's heart is to go into his house.—Chalmers.

Sabbath Musings.

EARLY AT THE DAWNING.

BY MRS. AOTON FINDAL.

"WITH MY SPIRIT WITHIN ME I SEEK THEE EARLY"—Isaiah, C. XLVI. V. 9.

EARLY at the dawning, When a misty sea Floats o'er vale and lowland, I have long'd for Thee: In the hush of twilight, As the stars decline, I have sought and found Thee With this heart of mine, With its want and sorrow, Jesu—Friend divine! Early I would meet Thee When this world is still, Weary—e'en with pleasure, Resting—e'en from ill; When the lark springs upward Off her dwey nest, Pouring the sweet tumult Trilling in her breast, On the fragrant silence Of earth's waking rest.

Early at the dawning— Praise! for shade and light, For repose and labor, Fruit and blossom bright, For the green world's fullness— Praise! when rosy day Lights, among the rushes, All the waves at play, Wakes the choral thrushes, Charms the night away!

Early at the dawning, Jesu! thanks for all, For each dreadful warning, For each gentle call, For the pleasant places Where thy pilgrim past, For what joy or sorrow, In my lot is cast— So 'tis well for ever, So 'tis peace at last.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE STILL, SMALL VOICE.

How often do we see illustrated the fact that God, though infinite in power, reveals some of the loveliest attributes of His nature and economy in the most beautifully quiet manner imaginable. It is to be seen as well in the natural world as in Spiritual things. The most beautiful and useful things of earth come to us, as it were, borne upon the wings of angels, who, emanating from the great Father's presence, come floating silently down through the ethereal atmosphere of His love, leaving their rich blessings, and as silently departing to their heavenly home. In the softness of the evening hours, how silently descends the tiny drop of sparkling dew to moisten the parched verdure of earth's surface. None see it come, none can reveal the precise time in which it becomes invisible to our gaze. It silently came, and was as silently received by grateful Mother Earth.

Who has not gazed with silent wonder and admiration upon the feathery flakes of snow, as they fell noiselessly to the earth, enveloping it in the purest of draperies. Cast your eyes upward to the heavens, upon a clear and cloudless night, and gaze upon the countless millions of planetary worlds revolving in their destined course through space; no noise, no clash, but supreme quiet reigneth throughout the universe of moving worlds. It almost seems at times to my heart, that the peculiar beauty of silence manifested in the natural world may be intended for a type, as it were, of the same design in the Spiritual world. How especially do we see this attribute of divinity in the still, small voice of God to the unconverted soul. Amid the noisy whirl of discord, contention, and inharmony of sin, when the soul of man becomes almost deaf with its harsh gratings, does there come to it that still and beautiful voice, silently convicting of sin, and promising, if repentance follows, the quiet peace of God which passeth all understanding.

How verily beautiful are the dealings of God, and how great the contrast between them and the inharmonious and noisy acts of sinful humanity. To be sure, God does not always act silently—else he would not be God; but through man's wilful disobedience it becomes necessary for Him to sometimes awaken the sinner to a sense of the infinite power of His justice—or man would fall asleep to die his sins. The natural world is not always quiet. Hurricanes and terrific earthquakes are sometimes necessary, perhaps that we may appreciate the goodness of God in more peaceful times. So God oftentimes speaks loud to the soul in his judgments; by sickness, death, and war, doth remind us that the world is not our home; warning the sinner to listen to the still, small voice before he shall perish in his sins, and inviting the Christian to a closer walk with God, that heaven may be the happier. YUNO. Brockport, N. Y., 1863.

HOLINESS.—Holiness is that which God supremely requires in all his commands. If there were anything more noble, or morally excellent than holiness, we might have expected that God would have required us to pursue that supremely, and holiness subordinately. But He had expressly commanded us to purchase holiness supremely, and everything else in subordination to it.—Dr. Emmons.

THE CHRISTIAN.—No man is so happy as a real Christian; none so rational, so virtuous, so amiable. How little vanity does he feel, though he believes himself united to God! How far he is from abjectness when he ranks himself with the worms of the earth!—Pascal.

Your work is to save souls.—Gems for Christian Ministers.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
BOOKS AND BOOK-MAKING.

A NEW BOOK is a "thing of life" (when of the right kind,) which may well be regarded with no little satisfaction by all lovers of truth and progressive industry. When viewed by the enlightened eye, and considered by mature judgment, a new book is something more than a mere production of the muscle and mind of the maker. Unlike the wares of the producer which are meant and designed for the outward man, the product of the author lasts a lifetime, and is not then decomposed like compounds of elementary substances, but transmitted from one generation to another throughout all coming time.

Observing the notice of the "Practical Shepherd," which you had in course of publication, I set at work my thinking machinery, contrasting the present time with the primitive, and comparatively recent state of the world in efforts at book-making. When, at last, my eyes beheld the work "in all its glory," my poor human nature almost envied the author and publishers the proud eminence on which they stood before the world as dispensers of truth (scientific truth) and new light upon one of the most important branches of American economy.

Mankind, up to a recent period in the world's history, have been deprived of a ray of light only equaled by divine inspiration. But few of the primitive inhabitants of our sphere ever received the enlightening influence of education, and vague and unsatisfactory must have been all attempts to instruct a people moping and groveling in the chaos of intellectual darkness. While now and then a mind soared into the atmosphere of literature, or studied the sciences, the great mass walked out their existence in the sink of ignorance, or wallowed in the quagmires of sloth, superstition, and other pools characteristic of the leading traits of the human mind when uncultivated and left to roam throughout the entire space allotted to it by the laws pertaining to its nature.

Had learning made any perceptible progress in the antediluvian and pre-Assyrian periods, even hieroglyphically, the "Confusion of Tongues" at Babel must have "confused" all ideas for centuries in efforts to penetrate the heathen mind with loftier thoughts than war and rapine. But brighter eras were to succeed the rise and overthrow of mighty empires enshrouded with canopies of wickedness joined to ignorance. The "Star of Bethlehem" piloted the shepherds to the manger wherein beamed the glory of a MESSIAH. But that "glory" needed a medium beside the "Appointed" and "Anointed" to send its effulgent beams to the "utmost parts of the earth." The Gospel was to be preached to all people; but something more than the word of mouth would seem to have been necessary to expedite the work. The slow and expensive manner in which the Scriptures were promulgated would render a "world without end" none too long to even give a glimpse of them to "every creature." Long and dreary, however, were the centuries which must intervene ere the world was to be electrified a second time by a most remarkable event. Dark ages must supervene—must take the place of the benign influence of Christian enlightenment in that part of the world where it originated. Both Christian and Mahometan had deluged the earth with blood to establish and maintain their own cherished tenets. For more than five hundred years preceding the fifteenth century, the world appears to have been sunk deeper, four-fold, than at any time previous. Superstition stalked with ghostly tread throughout the entire length and breadth of what was called civilized community, as well as among those who were denominated barbarians.

While the earth was thus surrounded with strife, misery and ignorance, the cities of Haarlem and Mentz, in Germany, became distinguished as being the birth-places of an Art destined to overthrow the prevailing absurdities, become the main-spring in dispensing the Word of Life, and usher into being a revolution against which all the armies of Christendom would be unable to cope successfully.

Previous to this time the people were dependent for what little knowledge they might receive upon those who taught as suited their own fancies or interests; and few were the number blessed with instruction of any kind beyond that afforded by Nature. The Bible, and some other books, were in existence, but being in manuscript, and necessarily very expensive, not one in a million of the common people, it is very probable, ever beheld their contents, much more, became an owner. Much time was necessary to write the entire Bible, and but few ever were completed. A manuscript Bible, finished in 1294, and sold in England a long time afterward, is recorded in history to have been 50 years in process of construction. It was written on vellum, and beautifully illuminated with illustrations. The ordinary people, of course, could never own, or even see, such a work, or any other book of consequence, in those days. It is not supposed that all Bibles manufactured before printing was discovered, required as much time to complete them; but the most ordinary ones must have been rarely seen by the great mass of people, as they cost from \$600 up to many thousands. Pope NICHOLAS V., at a sale of manuscript books in Rome, bid as high as five thousand ducats, (\$5,000,) for the Gospel of St. Matthew in Hebrew.

Books, we read, were first PRINTED on blocks of wood. The Roman letter was not used, but letters bearing a close similitude to written characters; thus, a printed book bore a strong resemblance to a written one. Soon, enterprising men found means to take an important step in this infantile, yet most important, discovery.

First, movable type of wood, and then of metal, (the letter or character being cut,) were made. Shortly after this advance, they discovered the mode of making type as they are made at the present day, by casting. [Type-metal is usually a compound of lead and antimony, to which a small portion of copper is sometimes ordered to be added by master-printers to give it still greater durability.]

But little had been accomplished in the art of printing before 1450, during which year the first Bible was completed after eight years' labor. FAUST, GUTTENBERG, COSTAR, SCHÖNBER, and others, had experimented in Haarlem and Mentz for a number of years before bringing the art to that state of perfection which was likely to become remunerative. Like inventions and discoveries of the present time, it had its enemies; and while the founders of the system were straining every nerve to make it available, competition was unhampered by lawful enactments, and efforts were made to filch this dear-bought treasure from its rightful owners.

FAUST, we are told, visited France in 1462, and sold Bibles in Paris, first at 600 crowns each, and afterward at much smaller prices. The people, ignorant of the new art, believed FAUST to be an evil genius, (his books, in considerable numbers, all appearing to be written alike,) and arrested him and put him in prison. The persecuted book-maker, to relieve himself from the odium of a knowledge of the "black art" of Old Nick, and to regain his liberty, was obliged to divulge the secret.

The Roman letter was first used in 1474, about the time printing was introduced into England. At present, few languages spoken by any considerable number of people, are ungraced by this noble art. No part of heathendom has been unremembered by the Missionary, and the translator can point with inward satisfaction to the Wild Men of America as they turn to the Sacred Scriptures printed in their own guttural dialects.

An important auxiliary in the manufacture of books, as many may not be aware, is the Art of Stereotyping. Standard works, as the *Practical Shepherd* is destined to be, require, sometimes, a number of editions. To obviate the great expense of re-setting the type for each edition, as the wants of the public and the popularity of the work require, the pages are stereotyped separately, fastened upon blocks of wood of proper dimensions, the number of books printed to meet the present demand, and the plates packed away for future use.

But, in the first place, a man must have brains or he can never write a book which will be acceptable to the public and remunerating to himself. To be a favorite companion of the reader, it must contain value, and that value placed within its folds by the most intense application of the author, publisher, printer, stereotyper, book-binder, and all concerned. Of the anxieties attendant upon the publication of an extensive work, few can comprehend. Perplexities the most dire, sometimes rack the intellectual faculties of the author and publisher, while the humble personage (the compositor) may not always be considered the wisest of the trio, when he gives vent to his pent-up feelings in language not the most refined. While deciphering and bringing into proper shape the profoundest thoughts, not unfrequently mystified into "quail-tracks," the PRINTER may be forgiven if he feels his importance in placing in the hands of hundreds of thousands of admiring readers a work calculated to bring still more distinction upon a great and worthy man. L. W.

SEEING AN AVALANCHE PASS.

MR. FRANCIS GALTON, a well known English traveler and member of the "Alpine Club," has this summer made a singular experience. He discovered a spot on the Jungfrau range where he might stand in safety and watch the avalanches sweeping past him, within thirty feet of his person. In one half day he saw three descents. The avalanches slid two thousand feet, then leaped two great bounds of a thousand feet more to the channel, close to which he was standing; and then burst out at the foot of the channel "like a storm of shrapnel." Mr. Galton describes the general appearance of the avalanche, when seen at so short a distance, as that of "an orderly mob filling the street, and hastening, not hurrying to the same object." Something of the same impression is made upon one who looks attentively at the great sheet of water which rolls slowly down on the Canadian side of the falls at Niagara. The motion is majestically deliberate, and though swift, not hurried. The noise of the avalanche in motion Mr. Galton likens to "the sound of a rapid tide rushing up many channels." The avalanche is described as consisting of a mass of ice-balls, usually from a foot to a yard in diameter, which produce "the fearful rattle of the ice-cascade."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE LARGEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in regard to the largest city in the world—many confidently asserting that London, or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jedo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains the vast number of one million dwellings, and five million human souls. Many of the streets are nine Japanese seris in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

A DISCOVERY, it is said, has been made in Russia, whereby the mercury used in the manufacture of looking-glasses may be so hardened as to bid defiance to humidity, friction, or blows. The plate-glass thus prepared may be transported without fear of damage.

Various Topics.

PERSIAN HOUSE-KEEPING.

THE usual mode of living in one house seemed pretty nearly the same in all that fell under the range of Mr. Burton's observation. They get up at sunrise, when they have a cup of coffee. The few hours in the day which the Persians concede to labor in any way, are from sunrise until 8 o'clock in the morning. After that the heat becomes so intense (frequently 108 or 109 degrees in the shade) that all keep within doors, lying about on mats in passages or rooms. At 10 they have their first substantial meal, which consists of mutton and rice, stewed together in a rude saucapan, over a charcoal fire built out of doors. Sometimes, in addition to this dish, they have a kind of soup, or "water-meat" (which is the literal translation of the Persian name,) made of water, mutton, onions, parsley, fowls, rice, dried fruits, apricots, almonds, and walnuts stewed together. But this, as we may guess from the multiplicity of the ingredients, was a dainty dish. At four o'clock, the panting Persians, nearly worn out by the heat of the day, take a cup of strongly perfumed tea, with a little bitter orange juice squeezed into it; and after this tonic they recover strength enough to smoke and lounge. Dinner was the grand meal of the day, to which they invited friends. It was not unlike breakfast, but was preceded by a dessert, at which wine was occasionally introduced, but which always consisted of melons and dried fruits. The dinner was brought in on a pewter tray; but Mr. Burton remarked that the pewter dishes were very dingy. A piece of common print was spread on the ground, and cakes of bread put on it. They had no spoons for the soup, "water-meat," but soaked their bread in it, or curled it round into a hollow shape, and finished up what they could out of the abyss. At the Mirza's they had spoons for the sour goat's milk which seemed to be one of their delicacies. The ice is brought down from the mountains, and sold pretty cheaply in the bazaars. Sugar and salt are eaten together with this iced sour goat's milk. Smoking narghilahs beguiles the evening hours very pleasantly. They pluck a quantity of rose-blossoms, and put them into the water, through which the smoke passes; but the roses last in season only a month. Mirza Oosan Koola had a few chairs in the house, for the use of the gentlemen of the embassy.

SPIRIT OF THE WESTERN SOLDIERS.

THE army correspondent writes to the *New York Times*, from the Mississippi river, as follows, respecting the earnest spirit of the Western soldiers:

It would amuse you to watch the Western soldiers as they return to their regiments. I asked one of them if he would not like to have staid longer, and he answered that "he was homesick to get back to his regiment." "Yes," said another, who had overheard him, "your best friends are there." "You're right there," he replied; and then followed such a torrent of invective, curses, contempt and bitterest hatred against the copperheads, as would do credit to an abolition King Lear. It was refreshing to me to travel from Indianapolis to Memphis, in company with returning soldiers, and not hear a single curse for the administration, the Secretary of War, the negroes or the abolitionist.

I believe John A. Logan is the exponent,—the representative man—of this army. His creed consists of a single idea—to support the administration. Nothing more. Give all your energies, time, talents, property and influence to the support of the measures adopted by the government. You cannot change them. There is no time to discuss them. We must fight—not talk. Let the next Presidency take care of itself. It is our business to support and encourage the present administration. Its members, standing at the head sources of information, must necessarily be better judges what to do than we are. By energetic and implicit obedience we may accomplish much; by lukewarmness, and discussion, and temporizing, nothing. *The rebellion must be crushed*, and there is only one way in which it can be done, while there are forty ways in which it may not be done.

TELEGRAMS FROM REMOTE PLACES.

Two congratulatory telegraphic messages passed through the Chicago office on the 23d ult., which, coming as they did from points but a brief period ago deemed beyond each by any of the rapid means of communication this age has brought out, deserve a passing notice. One was from Omsk, Eastern Siberia, and the other from Alexandria, Egypt, and each were directed to San Francisco, California. The Russian Telegraph Company expect in the next two years to complete the connection between St. Petersburg and San Francisco. Under the Russian charter, the wires have now reached Omsk, and are rapidly progressing; while the California State Telegraph Company are moving on the American end of the great line with all possible speed. These messages were severally dated September 13th, and were delivered in San Francisco on the night of the 23d, making ten days' time between these remote local cities, including the conveyance across by steamers. Thus one more link is added to the chain which will ere long circumvent the world.

TO DESTROY INFECTIOUS AIR.—At a late meeting of the British Scientific Association at Newcastle, Dr. Richardson said the best way to destroy organic poison in rooms was to place iodine in a small box with a perforated lid. During the epidemic of the small-pox in London, he had seen this used with great benefit. Dr. Murray Thomson said charcoal was now used in India with beneficial effect. It was hung up in bags from the rafters.

INSTINCTS OF SPIDERS.

SPIDERS are greatly influenced by atmospheric changes; and on that account they have been termed "living barometers." If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, spiders fix the terminating filaments, on which the whole web is suspended, unusually short. If, on the other hand, the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, the weather will be serene, and continue so at least for ten or twelve days. If spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds; though their activity during rain is certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed by fair and constant weather. Spiders usually make some alterations in their webs every twenty-four hours; if these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night. Sailors assert that when gossamer alights on the rigging of a ship, fine weather will prevail.

They do not proceed by a blind impulse, but they accommodate themselves to varying circumstances. Mr. T. A. Knight, in his "Treatise on the Culture of the Apple and Pear," introduces this anecdote:—"I have frequently placed," he writes, "a spider on a small, upright stick, whose base was surrounded by water, to observe its most singular mode of escape. After having discovered that the ordinary means of retreat are out of it, it ascends the point of the stick, and standing nearly on its head, ejects its web, which the wind rapidly carries to some contiguous object. Along this the sagacious insect effects his escape; not, however, till it has previously ascertained, by several exertions of its whole strength, that its web is properly attached at the opposite end."

It has been said that man is the only animal that makes war on his own species; but insects, who outdo us in so many things, vie with us in that species of policy too. Spiders seem peculiarly gifted with this human propensity. M. Reaumur, who distributed about five thousand of these creatures in different cells, discovered that although they were well fed upon flies and other dainties, the stronger and more ferocious soon devoured the weaker; and they kept on at this kind of cannibalism until they had almost literally destroyed each other, for only one or two were found in each cell.

COFFEE SHOPS IN BEYROUT.

THEY have a lawn outside where small stools like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fire-place is in the corner, whereupon the coffee pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the nargheles are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening, and either entertains the audience with a story from the "Arabian Nights," or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story the speaker does not stand on a platform, as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins the story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "ladies and gentlemen" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My honored sirs." He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of narghele from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the narghele of another customer, and so on until he is done.

PERMANENCY OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Photographic (London) News* states that, at a late meeting of the Paris Photographic Society, M. Davadne presented two photographic pictures on paper which had been submitted to the test of exposure in two exhibitions, (1861 and 1862,) and which showed no signs of fading or alteration whatever. This, then, may be accepted as satisfactory proof that photographs, when carefully prepared, are permanent; for the pictures in question were submitted to the severest test to which photographs are ever likely to be exposed, the condition being every variation of light, heat, moisture, &c., and they remained as fresh and pure as at first. It was also remarked that photographs are more liable to change when kept in a portfolio than under glass, exposed to luminous action. A sulphurized proof, if kept in a perfectly dry place, remains for a very long time without exhibiting any signs of alteration, while in a damp place change is immediately evident. Thus, a photograph carefully framed is much better sheltered from humidity than when kept in a portfolio.

ANOTHER USE FOR LEATHER.—In the stores is now offered trimming for ladies' dresses and cloaks, made of leather. It is of all widths, cut from the prepared calfskin into patterns like those with which pastry cooks embellish the margins of their pies. The leather is cut in its natural color. A law library might then be disposed of to advantage. The trimming is novel, and immensely durable. For its beauty we haven't much to say. For anything that can be called odd, however, our crinoline will go to its entire length. Leather belts, dyed in all colors, and ornamented with steel in the similitude of screw heads, and other devices, with bright steel buckles and mounting, are much in vogue. They are not durable, and unless in the russet soon part with their bloom. Bonnets of leather will be shown at the next milliners' opening. The material is precisely like that used by book-binders. This use for sheep skin must increase the demand and cause the sheep to take an increased importance.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

Reading for the Young.

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

SOME persons are so sensitive about the harmonious adaptation of things to each other that any departure therefrom which comes under their notice, gives them pain. They would rather see a coarse, loud-voiced woman standing in the door of a tumble-down house, eyeing, with a contented expression, the door-yard usefully devoted to raising cabbages and turnips, while rickety farm implements occupy the corners of the fences, and a general look of disorder prevailing, marking the home of an indolent or shiftless farmer, than to see a refined and cultivated woman in her place who must necessarily long for neat and attractive surroundings, and to whom order and beauty are necessary to enjoyment, but who is forced to suffer from the unthriftiness of those about her, because she would be so little adapted to her place.

Many people, owing to some mischance, follow the wrong pursuit in life, one to which their talents are not adapted, but by the aid of perseverance achieve considerable success. Some writers could be mentioned who are favorites with the reading public who are not yet adapted by nature to their profession. Their dry, hard style tells at once that nature never gave them language, that their achievements are all acquired, and not the result of a natural gift. Some men set up for farmers who are not fitted for that employment. They may be good, prudent, industrious men who spend no idle moments, and yet, from the lack of a certain faculty, well called among practical men "calculation," they will come out in the end far behind the man who, perhaps, does not labor half of the time, yet who watches the weather and the markets, and works at that which will pay the best and makes every movement tell. Some men are better calculated to work for a salary than to plan business of their own. Happy is it for them when they follow the line of life for which nature intended them. Observation and self-knowledge are both requisite in order to know in what pursuit our talents will be best employed. B. C. D.

Elkhorn, Wis., 1863.

FINISHING.

"WHAT is that?" said Mrs. Haines to her daughter Edith, as they came to some earth thrown up in one corner of the garden, where nothing but grass had previously been seen. "Oh, it is one of Peter's beginnings," said Edith. "He was going to have flower beds to make bouquets for the market; he worked here a part of one afternoon, and then quit it, as usual, for something else. I do wish he would stick to something."

Mrs. Haines said nothing. She was sorry to see another indication of the unfortunate habit of her son, of beginning things, and then abandoning them. There were a great many illustrations of this habit about the place. There were boxes, and wagons, and wooden guns begun, and left in that state. It was said that Peter was never known to finish anything.

His beginnings were not confined to material objects. He was desirous of mental improvement, and formed a great many plans of mental improvement, and entered upon them, but never finished them. Now he marked out a plan of reading, and entered upon it with great zeal; but in a day or two his zeal would flag, and he would leave the plan for another. Then, perhaps, he would form a plan for improvement in composition. He would write a composition every week. Among his papers there could be found a composition begun; it was never finished; nor would he proceed any further in the execution of his plan.

His prospects for success in life were very poor. Men succeed by energy and perseverance. If habits of energy and perseverance are not formed in youth, they will never be formed.

Young persons should not hastily form plans of any kind. Think about a thing before you resolve to do it. Having resolved to do a thing, do it, unless you discover that it is wrong. Form the habit of finishing whatever you begin. The habit cannot be formed; unless you always finish what you begin. Do not say, I will finish all important things I begin; finish everything. Do not leave a thing because you get tired of it. Finish it for the sake of the habit.

By this means you will establish a reputation for reliability. When you undertake a thing, men will have confidence that it will be done. This gives one a great weight of character and influence. Think well before you undertake a thing, but having undertaken it, persevere till it is done.

THE TRULY USEFUL.—No one has a right to trifle even with the slightest opportunity of being useful. Few can work out splendid achievements; but that individual who unobtrusively pursues his way, and feels a quiet joy in dropping an appropriate word of rational instruction, who judiciously expresses sympathy, or utters his convictions in tones of virtuous persuasion, may do more in the course of his humble life than another who endows hospitals, patronizes popular institutions, and blazes out into sudden acts of brilliant munificence.

PRACTICAL wisdom acts in the mind as gravitation does in the material world; combining, keeping things in their places, and maintaining a mutual dependence amongst the various parts of our system. It is forever reminding us where we are, and what we can do, not in fancy, but in real life. It does not permit us to wait for dainties, pleasant to the imagination; but insists upon our doing those which are before us.—*Helps.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 31, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

On the 19th White and Moseby's guerrillas, numbering about 1,000 men, came down from Albee, near Chantilly, and taking the Frying Pan road, succeeded in getting between the army and the defences.

Gen. Custar reports that on the 20th he drove the rebel cavalry from Gainesville to beyond Buckland Mills, five miles westward. At this point Gen. Custar's forces encountered a rebel line of battle, of infantry and artillery, at least a mile long.

The Orange and Alexandria Railroad has been already repaired one mile beyond Bristoe Station. Forces are engaged day and night in repairing the damages done by the enemy.

On the 22d a brisk fight was had with Moseby's guerrillas in Fairfax county, in which two were killed and a number taken prisoners.

It is now positively ascertained that a portion of Ewell's corps has been dispatched from Gordonsville by rail, to resist the advance of Burnside toward Lynchburg.

Among the camp rumors bearing resemblance of truth are these:—That Gen. Lee's headquarters are now at Culpepper; that Ewell's and Hill's corps are between Culpepper and Warrenton; that Lee is greatly disappointed at the failure of his plan to occupy Centerville and the Bull Run field before Gen. Meade could march his troops and send his supplies back to that point.

Maj.-Gen. Meade, after a brief visit to Washington, returned to his headquarters on the 23d. Cavalry reconnaissances are continued on our part as far as the Rappahannock.

Reports from the army say the discipline and morale of the army were never better than at the present time, and both officers and men have great confidence in the ability of Gen. Meade.

Department of the Gulf.

The Port Royal New South of the 17th contains the following:

The United States steamer Bienville, commander Mallory, of the Western Gulf Squadron, touched in this harbor on her way to Philadelphia for repairs. She brings important intelligence, which had been received at New Orleans just before her departure, that a grand expedition under Gen. Banks in person had effected a landing at Port Isabel, Texas, a small place at the mouth of the Rio Grande.

In one other matter the occupation of Texas will have an important bearing. It will enable

the Government to keep a powerful corps of observation on the border of the theater of French operations in Mexico, which may be made quickly available in case our complicated situation with Napoleon should result in war with that potentate.

Gen. Banks will soon be in possession of all important points in Texas, and practically of the entire State. It is understood that another corps of his army is co-operating with him from the Red River country.

Dates from Vermillionville up to 10 o'clock the 16th, state that there has been skirmishing nearly every day for a week, without any casualties on our side. To-day we lost six men, and the enemy about the same. The enemy's force in the vicinity is estimated at about 2,000.

The rebel salt works in the vicinity of Point Clear, Mississippi Sound, have been destroyed by the steamer Commodore and the yacht Corypheus.

The U. S. steamer Tennessee destroyed four schooners off the Texan coast. They were heavily loaded with ammunition and stores for the rebels.

Rear Admiral Porter has advised the Navy Department under date of October 7th, on board the flag-ship Black Hawk, that on the 7th inst., acting Vol. Lient Jas. R. Anthony, having received information that a rebel steamer was tied up in the Red River, took 20 men under charge of acting Chief Engineer Thos. Dougherty, and Mr. Hobbs, and crossed over the Mississippi to Red River. After great labor in getting through the entanglements of the bushes and other undergrowth, Mr. Dougherty's party got a sight of the steamer lying at the bank. He managed to get up to her and capture her. A few moments afterward he was enabled to capture another, and found himself in possession of two steamers and nine prisoners.

Movements in the West and South-West. KENTUCKY.—Gov. Bramlette was to speak in this State the present week, but he will be unable so to do for the reasons in the following dispatch:

FRANKFORT, Ky., Oct. 24. Dear Richmond, Esq.:—We have now a formidable raid upon us. Our banks are robbed, and towns sacked within forty miles of the capital. No man can think of quitting his post while this continues. T. E. BRAMLETTE.

A small party of guerrilla cavalry entered Danville at daybreak on the 23d, destroyed the Government stores, and decamped. Simultaneously, another party entered Harrodsburg, and stole all the horses they could find.

MISSOURI.—Advices from Gen. Ewing's expedition, in pursuit of Shelby's guerrillas, are received. After marching seventy-six miles in twenty-four hours, Ewing reached Carthage on the morning of the 18th inst., where he expected to encounter Shelby's whole command, but the latter had passed there the previous night for Neosho. In the evening a company of thirty were sent out to collect stragglers, and they were captured, with all their horses, arms and equipments. Among the prisoners captured are Major Pitzer and other officers and men of seven different Missouri regiments.

ARKANSAS.—Little Rock advices to the 14th state that the rebel army is scattered in every direction, and an extraordinary revival of Union sentiment has taken place among the people. Over 1,000 men joined the Federal army at Little Rock, and the people are coming in daily and taking the oath of allegiance.

TENNESSEE.—The Government has official advices from Gen. Burnside that his marches and victories in East Tennessee and Southern Virginia are eminently satisfactory, and that in almost every case the rebels have been whipped and routed. Gen. Burnside declares that there is not a more loyal people living than is found in East Tennessee. The following is Gen. B.'s dispatch:

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 17. To Maj.-Gen. Halleck:—On the 8th inst. the enemy held down as far as Blue Springs, and a cavalry brigade of ours held Bull Gap, supported by a small body of infantry at Morristown. I accordingly dispatched a brigade of cavalry around to Rogersville to intercept the enemy's retreat, and with a considerable body of infantry and artillery moved to Bull Gap.

On Saturday, the 19th inst., I advanced a cavalry brigade to Blue Springs, where they found the enemy strongly posted and offering a stubborn resistance. Skirmishing continued until about five o'clock in the morning, when I sent a division of infantry, who charged and cleared the woods gallantly, driving the enemy in confusion until dark. During the night the enemy retreated precipitately, leaving the dead on the field and most of the wounded in our hands.

We pursued in the morning with infantry and cavalry. The intercepting force met them at Henderson, but owing to a misunderstanding, withdrew and allowed them to pass with only a slight check. The pursuit was continued till evening, when I withdrew most of my infantry and retired to this place.

burned the long railroad bridge there and five other bridges, and destroyed three locomotives and thirty-five cars. His advance is now ten miles below Bristol.

Our loss at Blue Springs and in pursuit was about 100 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was considerably greater. About 150 prisoners were taken. E. A. BURNSIDE, Major-General.

Gen. Rosecrans has issued the following congratulatory order to his men:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE CUMBERLAND, Chattanooga, Oct. 2, 1863.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—You have made a grand and successful campaign; you have driven the rebels from Middle Tennessee. You crossed a great mountain range, placed yourselves on the banks of a broad river, crossed it in the face of a powerful opposing army, and crossed two other great mountain ranges at the only practicable passes, some forty miles between extremes. You concentrated in the face of superior numbers; fought the combined armies of Bragg, which you drove from Shelbyville to Tullahoma, of Johnston's army from Mississippi, and the tried veterans of Longstreet's corps, and for two days held them at bay, giving them blow for blow, with heavy intrenchment. When the day closed you held the field, from which you withdrew in the face of overpowering numbers, to occupy the point for which you set out, Chattanooga.

You have accomplished the great work of the campaign; you hold the key of East Tennessee, of Northern Georgia, and of the enemy's mines of coal and nitre. Let these achievements console you for the regret you experience that arriving on the field to renew the battle; for the right of burying your gallant dead, and caring for your brave companions who lay wounded on the field. The losses you have sustained, though heavy, are slight considering the odds against you, and the stake you have won.

You hold in your hands the substantial fruits of a victory, and deserve, and will receive, the honors and plaudits of a grateful nation, which asks nothing of even those who have been fighting, but obedience to the constitution, and laws established for our own common benefit.

The General commanding earnestly begs every officer and soldier of this army to unite with him in thanking Almighty God for His favors to us. He presents his heartfelt thanks and congratulations to all the officers and soldiers of this command for their energy, patience and perseverance, and the undaunted courage displayed by those who fought with such unflinching resolution.

Neither the history of this war, nor probably the annals of any battle, furnish a loftier example of obstinate bravery and enduring resistance to superior numbers—when troops, having exhausted their ammunition, resorted to the bayonet, many times, to hold their position against such odds—as did our left and center, comprising troops from all the corps, on the afternoon of the 20th of September, at the battle of "Chickamauga." W. S. ROSECRANS, Major-General Commanding.

On the 21st inst. Gen. Rosecrans received the order relieving him from command, and left for Cincinnati, where he is directed to report. He is accompanied by only two personal aids. Gen. Thomas has assumed the command.

Maj.-Gen. Grant has assumed the command of the Army of the Ohio, the Cumberland, and of Kentucky, with plenary powers. He has gone to assume the direction of affairs at Chattanooga.

During the pursuit of the rebel Chalmers by Col. Hatch, the latter came up with the former at Ingraham's Mills, three miles south of Bahalia, where, after a two hours' fight, the rebels were dislodged from a very strong position, where their guns were advantageously posted, and their infantry well covered. The position was carried by Col. Phillips' brigade, the 7th Illinois and 7th Kentucky leading the charge. The enemy lost upwards of 50 killed and wounded, and then retreated three miles south to Tallahatchie, where they took a strong position at the town of Wyatt. The enemy occupied the river side with 3,500 to 4,000 men and 9 pieces of artillery. Col. Hatch had about 2,200 men, two brigades under Col. Phillips and Col. Merriens, and 8 pieces of artillery in the center. The enemy made two desperate charges on our right and left, which were repulsed with considerable loss, they leaving the dead in our hands. Night coming on, the battle ceased, but at about 9 o'clock Col. Hatch charged on the town and drove the rebels panic stricken over the river and across the bridge, leaving in our hands 300 rifles and 75 prisoners. The town was then burned. During the six days' fighting and skirmishing, from the battle of Colliersville to this last affair, about 600 rebels were killed, a large number taken prisoners, and a considerable quantity of arms captured.

MISSISSIPPI.—Corinth has again assumed a lively martial appearance, the street being filled with columns of troops.

Gen. Sherman and staff had left for the front. Indications of active operations are apparent.

A skirmish took place about the 13th inst., on Big Black river, 18 miles below Vicksburg, with West Adams' rebel cavalry, numbering about 200. Our loss was one killed. The rebel loss was fifteen killed and wounded. The rebels were driven beyond Port Gibson.

A Vicksburg letter, dated the 15th instant, says:—We shall, in all probability, have a provisional government established in Mississippi in two or three weeks. Col. Markland, of Kentucky, is spoken of as most likely to fill the Governor's chair.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

The State Department has been officially informed, from and after Nov. 6th an effective blockade will be established, to be maintained by the French naval forces, of all the various ports, harbors, roads, creeks and colonies, on the coasts of Mexico, which are now occupied by the French troops, and which still acknowledge the authority of Juarez, from the Lagoon, ten leagues south of Matamoros, to Campeachy, between 25° 22' North, 99° 64' West, 19° 52' North, 92° 50' West of the Meridian of Paris, and that friendly and neutral vessels will be allowed the period of twenty-five days to complete their loading and leave the blockaded ports. The places excepted from the blockade are Tampico, Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Coahuacalcos, Tabaco

and Carmen. All vessels attempting to violate said blockade will be proceeded against in conformity with International law and with the treaties with neutral Powers.

Information has been officially communicated to the State Department, that by a decree of the government of Venezuela, on the 5th of September last, duties on imports to that country have been increased 25 per cent.

It is stated that the rebels at Richmond have robbed our prisoners of upwards of \$60,000! But little credit is attached to a recent rebel statement, that hereafter all monies sent to prisoners would be handed to them, and until some official announcement is made to that effect, friends of those imprisoned would do well not to remit money or send clothing.

The facts in regard to changes at the West as now officially ascertained, are as follows:—Gen. Rosecrans is relieved; Gen. Thomas assumes his command of the Army of the Cumberland. The Department of the Ohio, Burnside; Cumberland, Thomas; Tennessee, Hurlburt; and Vicksburg, McPherson, are consolidated into one Grand Military Division of the Mississippi, under the command of Generals Grant, Hooker and Sherman. The latter, now at Iuka, will command a corps in the field.

An amended circular has been sent out from the Provost Marshal-General's office, by which it appears that to every recruit who is a veteran volunteer, a bounty and premium amounting to \$402 will be paid, and to all other recruits not veterans, \$302. These are for the old organizations. The object is to encourage volunteering, as those who are drafted receive only \$100 bounty. Men enlisted under this order will be permitted to select their regiments, which, however, must be one of the old regiments in the field.

NEW YORK'S RESPONSE.

In the last issue of the RURAL we gave the Proclamation of the President calling upon the Governors of the Loyal States for 300,000 men and herewith publish the response of the Executive of New York. It is to be hoped that the Empire State will promptly and fully meet the requirements of the hour:

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, Albany, October 20th, 1863.

The President of the United States has called upon me as Governor of the State of New York to furnish its quota of 300,000 men, to recruit the volunteer forces of the United States which will be largely reduced during the coming year by the expiration of the terms of enlistment.

At this time the defenders of the National Capital are menaced by superior force. The Army of the Cumberland is in an imperiled condition, and the military operations of the Government are delayed and hindered by the want of adequate military power, and are threatened with serious disasters. In this emergency it is the duty of all citizens to listen to the appeal put forth by the President, and to give efficient and cordial aid in filling up the thin ranks of our armies. It is due to our brethren in the field who have battled so heroically for the flag of our country, the Union and the States, and to uphold the Constitution, that prompt and voluntary assistance should be sent to them in this moment of their peril. They went forth in the full confidence that they would at all times receive from their fellow citizens at home a generous and efficient support. Every motive of pride and patriotism should impel us to give this by voluntary and cheerful contributions of men and money, and not by a forced conscription or coercive action on the part of the Government. The President also advises the citizens of the several States that in the event of the failure to raise the quotas assigned to them, a draft shall be made for the deficiency, to commence on the 5th day of January next. Not only does duty to our soldiers in the field and honor of the nation demand that we shall continue to fill our armies by voluntary enlistments, but the interests of all classes in society will be promoted by the success of this system.

The unequal burthens which conscription unavoidably inflicts on a portion of society, not only cause great distress and injury to individuals, but are more hurtful to the whole community than the equalized distribution of the cost and sacrifices of volunteering, which more perfectly adjusts itself to the condition of all classes. The bounties which will be paid by the General Government, and in this State by the Government of New York, are extremely liberal, and much larger than those heretofore given. They will aid the volunteers who shall enter the service to make immediate and ample provision for those dependent upon them.

I exhort all classes of our citizens to assist in recruiting the volunteers called for from this State by their influence and by liberal contributions, and I call upon all State officials to give every assistance in their power to promote enlistments into our armies, and thus save our citizens from the inequalities, the irritations and sufferings of the draft, and at the same time animate our soldiers by an exhibition of sympathy and patriotic devotion, and give strength to our armies in their battles for the preservation of the Union. HORATIO SEYMOUR.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

BETWEEN the 24th of August and the 21st of August last, the gunboat De Soto captured five steamers and eight schooners, bound to and from Mobile, having on board nearly 3,000 bales of cotton.

FREDERICK F. LOW, just elected Governor of California by the Union party, by a majority of 20,000, is a native of Waterport, Maine. He emigrated to California in 1849, and has been in the banking business. He is about thirty-five years of age.

A DRAFTED man presented himself at the Provost Marshal's office, Norwich, Connecticut, having the forefinger of his right hand freshly cut off at the joint. The Board thought the finger was not amputated close enough, and that a trigger might be pulled by it when it healed up.

A LAW was passed at the last session of Congress by which all patents were forfeited if the final fees were not paid within six months from the date of the issue. The law has just taken effect, and under it some four hundred patents, which had been granted previous to March 2, but the fees on which are unpaid, become void. Among them are some really valuable ones.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bees—R. M. Roe. Short-Horns for Sale—G. K. Ward. The Free Grapes—John W. Bailey. A New Religious Work—Roberts Brothers. Steel Compression Bells—American Bell Company. The Post-Office—Sam. & Co. Rochester Democrat and American—A. Strong & Co. \$55,000 Worth of Furs—Geo. Clark. Special Notices. Offer Mill in Exchange for Grapes—W. O. Hickok. The Right Kind of Education for Boys—H. G. Eastman.

The News Condenser.

- The N. Y. city banks have \$10,000,000 less specie than they had the 1st of July.
—Maj. Gen. Bishop Polk of Tennessee has resigned his commission in the rebel service.
—The Spaniards in St. Domingo are in a bad way. The insurgents are everywhere successful.
—Cotton has matured well in the Southern counties of Kentucky, and there is a first rate crop.
—The quota of this State under the President's last call for 300,000 has been fixed at 38,268.
—Sixteen years ago there were scarcely any railways in Ireland; now there are about 1,500 miles.
—Up to the end of last year there were 11,000 miles of telegraph lines and 144 telegraph stations in India.
—The Portuguese Government has built a gunboat. It has one gun, and is named The Terror of the Sea.
—Six blockade runner's cargoes brought the net little pile of \$600,000 at auction, in Brooklyn N. Y., lately.
—Biscuits from wheat that was standing in the field four hours before have been accomplished in England.
—The Russian fleet now in New York harbor will probably be re-enforced with twelve additional vessels of war.
—Valuable lead mines have been discovered at Newport, N. H., and immediate steps are to be taken to work them.
—Gen. Blunt, who is doing such good service in the South-west, is a Maine man, born in Trenton, Hancock county.
—The Maine batteries in the field are to be filled up to their full complement by drafted men who prefer this service.
—Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, is dead. He was one of the most eminent prelates of the Church of England.
—The Berlin Faculty of Medicine has condemned Bavarian lager beer as the cause of innumerable cases of apoplexy.
—Mr. Beecher has been talking in England and stirring up the wrath of the London Times by his criticisms of John Bull.
—The Emperor of Russia proposes to grant a constitution to nine of the great provinces of his empire, including Poland.
—The Standard (C. W.) Journal says gold has been found in large quantities on a small stream in the township of Ascut.
—The rebel conscript officers report that about 30,000 conscripts from Virginia have been put into the field during the year.
—A Washington report says Chief Justice Taney will resign before spring. Sec. Chase is said to be spoken of as his successor.
—William Sturgis, aged 81 years, one of the most distinguished and influential citizens of Boston, died at his residence last week.
—A Maryland paper contains an advertisement offering \$5 reward for a stray steer, and another offering five cents for a runaway slave.
—The Wesleyan Methodists in England number 629,704 members, and have been increasing at the rate of 4,400 a year for eleven years.
—In Smyrna the Sultan has, at the instance of the Protestant population of the place, changed the markets from Sunday to a week day.
—The Liverpool Mercury boasts of its recent purchase of one of Hoe's rotary six cylinder printing machines, American though it be.
—One of the best farmers of South Deerfield, Mass., sold his tobacco crop for 30 cents per pound, it netting him the sum of \$5,000.
—Never were so many diamonds imported as during the present war. A single stone worth \$15,000 has just paid duty in New York.
—The Richmond correspondent of the N. Y. News says Bragg's loss at Chattanooga will reach 30,000, and that he is in bad odor at Richmond.
—No movement from Vicksburg will be made very soon. Gen. Logan has taken command of the city, and closed all places of business.
—There are at this time eight hundred and twenty-one students at Cambridge, of whom five hundred and thirteen are from Massachusetts.
—Letters from Egypt state the murrain still continues, and will cause an immense loss to that country. It is already estimated at \$5,000,000.
—There were nearly 600 more hogheads of tobacco sold in St. Louis this year than during the twelve months ending with September, 1862.
—The rebel government refuse to release captured newspaper correspondents until our government will agree to set free all political prisoners.
—A newspaper has lately been started in Berne, Switzerland, in the German language, advocating the cause of the Northern States of America.
—A newspaper has been established at Galway called the United Irishman and American. It displays at its head the Irish and American flags.
—Brigham Young's new temple at Salt Lake is nearly completed. It is built of granite, and the most splendid structure of the kind in the country.
—Over 1,500 people are employed in gun shops and foundries in Providence, making Springfield muskets and Dahlgren guns for the Government.
—The custom of smoking by women has lately been introduced in England, and, according to the Court Journal, is likely to "become very prevalent."
—At the Winsted, Ct., fair an ox race was one of the features. A pair owned by Thos. Williams took the first premium, going a mile in 10 1/2 minutes.
—The British steamer Phantom was destroyed the 26d ult. in the attempt to run the blockade at Wilmington. She was a formidable steel-plated vessel.
—The area of the new State of West Virginia is 23,000 square miles, which is greater than New Jersey, Maryland, or any of the Eastern States except Maine.
—There is a town in the rear of Arkansas line, and exactly on the Texas border line, called Ultima Thula. This is where the "last ditch" is probably located.
—South Carolina papers are discussing as to how slaves are to be fed next winter, especially as slaves from Mississippi and Alabama are pouring in, and corn crop small.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. FOR OUR COUNTRY.

BY ANNIE ELVIRA HUBBARD.

Rise! brothers, rise at your country's call! Hark! the reveille sounds for all! Over the hills and along the shore...

The Story-Teller.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

THE BLACK EXCHANGE.

AN ATTORNEY'S STORY.

[Concluded from page 348, last number.]

I HAD heard nothing from the Hall, and kept well out of it for three weeks, when Mr. Fosbrook once more called. I'll do him the justice to say he looked more worried than ever, and, throwing himself into a chair, said:

"It's of no use, Clarkson—that business must be done. I have no peace at home day or night, and I'll stand it no longer. No doubt Mrs. Fosbrook knows better than I do all about girls, black or white. Letty must go; I know it is the best thing for her, too, Clarkson. They wouldn't be kind to her if I held out; and her mother don't care about the girl. She cares for nobody, as far as I see, but Mrs. Fosbrook, though it was she that made me part Elva from her husband. That always went against my mind, yet you see it has turned out well; and so may this. She is a very observant woman. You'll do the best you can, Clarkson. I don't care about the price—it may go to buy the girl clothes—but find some good, honest, kindly home for her, where she will be well taken care of, and get into no mischief or hard work. After bringing her up so with my own girl, and she so pretty and good-tempered—whatever they may say of her now—I couldn't rest in my house if Letty were not well provided for; but you'll do the best you can."

I promised to do so, being by this time aware of the necessity. Since Letty had become a cause of family disquiet, her immediate removal was the best thing for all parties; but I had some difficulty in finding the sort of purchaser which Mr. Fosbrook's instructions and my own inclinations urged me to seek. At length, however, as price was no object, I hit upon a member of the before-mentioned land company, whom his business had brought to Charleston from the borders of the Dismal Swamp, in North Carolina, where he had reclaimed and brought into cultivation an extensive farm, which, with the help of three maiden sisters, he was making a small Mount Harmony of his own. Whether they were Dunkers, Shakers, or New Jerusalemites, I never ascertained; but he and his managing sisters I knew to be just, conscientious and kindly. Letty would be safe and well among them, once she got reconciled to the new life, and far enough out of Mrs. Fosbrook's way. I thought it would be terrible work breaking the news to her; but the lady of high principles made no ceremony about that, and poor Letty seemed to have expected something of the kind. Fosbrook told me she never said a word, but bowed her head and stole away with tears in her eyes. A strange and hopeless resignation seemed to come over the girl; she did not cry, or lament, but packed up her clothes as she was told, took a quiet, kindly leave of all the negroes—there was not a dry eye among them but her own—bade Mrs. Fosbrook good-bye with the same gentle sadness, and, going up to her former play-fellow, said:

"Farewell, Miss Letitia. I hope you will get a better maid, and be always happy; but I did not think you would see me sold and sent away." On hearing that, the heiress began to cry violently, and at last went into hysterics, for which Mrs. Fosbrook scolded Letty. The master of the Hall had gone off on a shooting excursion—I charitably believe to spare himself the scene—and I saw her safe off, little trunk and all, in the good farmer's traveling wagon, and went back to my office with a relieved mind. Elva had made no demonstrations at her daughter's departure. The footman told me afterwards, that she had gone privately to Mrs. Fosbrook, when the matter was first guessed at, and begged of her, earnestly but calmly, not to send her child from her; but that excellent lady heard her with the same unmoved composure to which I had been treated, and made the woman understand that her intentions had been acquiesced in, and should be carried out. Elva subsided into resignation at once, parted quietly with her daughter, and continued to stitch away in her own room or on the back verandah, as if nothing

had happened. If the woman had any repinings or regrets, the Fosbrooks were too much occupied to notice them, for the Colonel had come back the week after Letty's departure.

If he missed her, nobody was allowed to be aware of it; he must have heard of the transaction from some one about the house, and that visit was not a long one. But the Fosbrooks paid him every attention, wrote, invited, sent tokens of their remembrance, and in a couple of months more the Colonel came back again—by that time having probably made up his mind that there was no more prudent course for him, the heir-at-law, than to marry the heiress-apparent, as the family were willing, and the young lady nothing loth. He came, and paid attentions accordingly. All the Fosbrooks' circle knew it would be a match; and a match it was. Having fairly commenced his suit, the Colonel would lose no time; he must rejoin his regiment, which might be ordered to Florida, where the Indians were then giving trouble. Of course he was an impatient lover, as all men are at forty years. So the Fosbrooks gave their consent. It was early for Miss Letitia to enter on the responsibilities of married life; but girls marry young in South Carolina, and the dark complexion and large growth made her look beyond her years.

The wedding was celebrated, with great pomp, in the most fashionable church in Charleston; there were half a score of bridesmaids, and finery enough to keep the ladies talking for a fortnight. I forget the number of dresses and the amount of bridal presents provided for the heiress; they were sufficient to have turned the head of a wiser girl. Everybody agreed that Miss Letitia had the surest prospect of happiness. She certainly quenched it wonderfully for the middle of her sixteenth year. The Colonel was her own choice, as well as that of her parents, notwithstanding the disparity of their age. On his account she had parted with her early play-fellow, and in the fuss, the grandeur, and the novelty, seemed to have forgotten that Letty ever existed. I suppose Mrs. Fosbrook forgot, too, she was so engaged with the glory of her house, and preaching about their overflowing cup and the duty of thankfulness.

But the master of the Hall did not forget, though he had gone to shoot, for fear of the scene which did not take place at her going away; he spoke of the poor girl often in my office, and made me write to the good people in North Carolina, inquiring about her. Their reports were all favorable as regarded Letty's conduct—her patience, her gentleness, her good nature, were subjects of continual praise from the farmer and his managing sisters; but they wrote only in reply to my letters. I had not written for some time, till Fosbrook reminded me of it a few days before the wedding; and their answer grieved us both, for it stated that poor Letty, though she took kindly to the place and people, seemed to pine away latterly, and had caught the swamp fever, from which she had no strength to recover, and died on the very day of Miss Letitia's marriage. Fosbrook could not keep the news to himself, though he at first promised to do so; but, in the general excitement, it seemed to affect nobody in the Hall—not even Elva—which Mrs. Fosbrook thought an additional proof of her sense. She had undertaken the breaking of the news to the bereaved mother, and performed it to her own satisfaction. I believe she also broke it to the Colonel and his bride, when they returned from that indispensable excursion which people must take after the ceremony of white veils and orange blossoms, the half-score of bridesmaids, and elegant dejeuner. They do these things in style in South Carolina; and Miss Letitia had come through them so creditably, and had so much more to do in the way of receiving visits, and attending bridal parties, that there was no time for regret or repentance.

I never heard what she said or did on the occasion; but, while the visits were going on, and the parties pending, poor Elva slipped on the stair while running up with a tucker, ordered in great haste, that Mrs. Colonel Fosbrook might see how it would suit with her cream-colored tacket, fell to the bottom, and broke her leg. She had the best medical attendance, of course; a woman who could work such sleeves and collars was not to be neglected, though, as her excellent mistress remarked, "She could work just as well without the limb; what a mercy it was not one of her arms."

But, from some constitutional cause, the accident could not be remedied—the broken bone would not adhere—the wound would not heal; and the doctor at length announced his dread of mortification. He added—I presume it was to settle Mrs. Fosbrook—that there was no use in attempting to amputate the limb; the patient's system had been so vitiated by her sedentary life, that she had no chance of recovery. His opinion was confirmed in a few days; mortification set in, and poor Elva's death-warrant was sealed.

The doctor had been seeing her for the last time, and gone away saying he could do nothing more—the woman would not hold out till sunset—when I called to pay my congratulatory visit to the new-married pair. The ceremony had been postponed on account of business; but all the world was visiting, and so must I. It was a glorious day, in the early spring-time of the South, before the fierce heat set in, and everything looked bright and beautiful about Fosbrook Hall. The abode of pleasantness and peace, it seemed, and I was admiring the prospect from the bay-windows of the drawing-room; while Mrs. Fosbrook, having no other listeners, just then was going on about the overflowing cup, and how thankful they should be, when her own maid came in with a whispered message.

"It is poor Elva," said the excellent lady, breaking off her strain; "she has taken a strange fancy to see us all in her room. The maid said she spoke of having something to tell; but of course it is only a fancy of the poor crea-

ture—still I think we should go. What do you say, Mr. Clarkson—it will remind us of our latter end, and no doubt encourage poor Elva."

We all rose—the two couples and myself; for Mr. Fosbrook said, "Come along Clarkson," and proceeded to Elva's room. It was neat and orderly, as she had always kept it; the morning sun was shimmering through the white-curtained window, and the scent of flowers came in from the garden beyond. The woman, who was to be encouraged on her last journey, sat up in bed, wan and worn with sickness, but looking more lively and energetic than ever she had seemed in her stitching-days, and with a keener light in her deep black eyes.

"How are you, Elva?" said Fosbrook, coming kindly forward.

"Not very well, master; but I am going home," said Elva, "to the long home prepared for black and white; and there is something I want to tell you all before I go—particularly the mistress here; and Elva fixed her eyes on the mistress she was said to have been so much attached to, with a look of such piercing power as for once in her life struck that lady speechless. "Did not you buy me away from husband sixteen years ago, when he was sold far west, and I never saw him more? Did not you sell my only child away from me, till she died of fever on the edge of the Dismal Swamp? and wasn't it all in the order of Providence, or it never could have happened? You told me so; and I was to believe it, and not repine. Now, I'll tell you something that must also have been in the order of Providence—for it happened, too. It was not my daughter that died on the edge of the Dismal Swamp, but your own! It was not your daughter that went in the carriage and the finery to be married in Charleston church, but mine!"

"What do you say, woman?" cried Mr. Fosbrook, losing all command of himself.

"I say the truth; and I'll tell you how it happened. The children were born on the same day, and the mistress sent me word that they should get the same name, and be brought up together; but I knew that my child could be bought and sold as its father and mother had been. The poor slave was not used to be cared for, like the rich lady, and could get up sooner; so, in the dead of the second night, when the monthly nurse had taken too much peach-brandy, and slept soundly, I crept into the room, and made a fair exchange—a black one, may be you'll call it; but colors don't show much at that time of life. I left my own child in the fine, satin-covered cradle, and took Mrs. Fosbrook's baby to the basket beside my bed. The one was mine, and the other was hers, ever after. There is my daughter, the heiress of Fosbrook Hall," she continued, addressing her mistress; "and yonder lies yours, in the churchyard by the Dismal Swamp. That is how the whites can make out blood and race; but it was all in the order of Providence, or it couldn't have happened, you know;" and Elva flung herself back with a burst of vengeful and triumphant laughter, that made the roof ring.

"You wretch, it is all a falsehood! Where do you expect to go to?" cried Mrs. Fosbrook.

"Madam, it is most probably true," said the Colonel, who had stood silently listening at the foot of the bed, like a man heart-stricken and admonished—"It is most probably true. Let the dying woman alone; the past can neither be recalled nor altered; and she has followed our example, in calling our own sins and selfishness the works of Providence. Come away."

We all walked back to the drawing-room, and the ladies did not faint. As for myself, and every soul that heard Elva's confession, we felt convinced that it was true. Of course, in law, the testimony of a revengeful slave would count for nothing; but we had all eyes and memories, and their evidence was not to be set aside as regarded poor sold Letty, and the fair face which had been such a cause of jealousy and spite. Moreover, the revelation could not be kept a secret—it was too publicly made; many of the servants had been within hearing, and nobody doubted it, though Elva could not be induced to give any further particulars. Perhaps the woman had none to give; at any rate, she spoke little after that wild laugh, but gradually sank, and died, as the doctor had predicted, an hour before sunset.

Her tale made no apparent difference to the Fosbrooks; all things and all people remained in their places—there were the senior and the junior couples, the father and his son-in-law, the mother and her daughter; but it went abroad, was canvassed in every drawing-room and on every plantation, in Charleston clubs and coffee-houses, and wherever the Fosbrooks were known. It touched nothing visible, yet their lives were changed, and the different effects were curious. Mr. Fosbrook's steady and domestic habits gradually forsook him; he took to the clubs, the gaming tables—it was said to all manner of dissipation—was never at home, and believed to be virtually separated from Mrs. Fosbrook. She continued to preach; I suppose nothing could alter the woman; but she was left very much in the background, for Fosbrook Hall became a lonely mansion, shorn of its splendor and retinue, between her husband's extravagance and a step to which the Colonel urged him—namely, the gradual emancipation of all his negroes. The fact could be accomplished more easily at that time than in these unhappy days of ferment and civil war. It was managed by Mr. Fosbrook's son-in-law, on the estate which he had married for. How much he regretted the real heiress, and the misfortunes which had fallen upon her for his sake, people could only conjecture; but certain it was, that from being gay and careless, he became a serious man, resigned his commission in the army, took to the emancipation business—but prudently and with forethought; and when it was fairly accomplished, and the negroes put in ways of getting their own living, he removed with his wife to Pennsylvania, where he entered the society of Friends, and

continued to the end of his days to be a moderate and rational abolitionist.

He returned only once to South Carolina, and that was at the time of Mr. Fosbrook's death, which happened ten years after the Colonel's marriage. Then he settled the old lady in a first-rate boarding house, and sold the Hall and plantation. I understand it passed through many hands afterwards, and got the reputation of being unlucky; for the populace, and especially the negroes, gave the place a new title, from some memory of Elva's confession, and called it the Black Exchange.

Wit and Humor.

LITTLE JOKERS.

A DUTCHMAN was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when thirteen of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. "And how did you escape their fate?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in to pots," was the Dutchman's placid reply.

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick O'Flynn!" called out the captain. "Here, yer honor!" promptly responded Patrick, with his hand to his cap. "How long do you wear a shirt?" thundered the officer. "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

Very lately a somewhat rigid specimen of the English governess, primly dressed as became her years, and by no means attractive in corkscrew curls and well pinched lips, addressed a Dublin carman in an authoritative manner, with the obnoxious stipulation—"I take you for an hour." Cabby (in an insinuating manner,) "Ah ma'am, won't ye take me for life?"

A DECLAMATORY counsel, who despised all technicalities, and tried to storm the court of the East India Company by the force of eloquence, was once uttering these words, "In the book of nature, my lords, it is written—" when he was stopped by this question from the chief justice, Lord Ellenborough:—"Will you have the goodness to mention the page, sir, if you please."

SAID an Irishman to the telegraph operator:—"Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer. "No, sir." "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following:—"To John M'Flinn—at New York.—(signed) Patrick M'Flinn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 43 letters. My 22, 11, 34, 42, 8 is a division of the British Empire. My 36, 21, 6, 15 is a well known river of Europe. My 43, 20, 32, 9, 12 is a city of France. My 41, 17, 25, 38, 30, 24 is a town of the Austrian Empire. My 30, 40, 16, 26, 11, 25, 30, 17 is a town in Switzerland. My 7, 36, 25, 7, 38, 8 is a river in Asia. My 9, 31, 30, 36, 10, 28, 11 is a town in Greece. My 26, 5, 7, 37, 23, 39 is a river of Persia. My 8, 36, 31, 13, 33, 25, 23, 11 is an island in the Mediterranean. My 14, 40, 5, 37, 24, is a river in France. My 4, 8, 21, 29, 38, 9 is an Asiatic kingdom. My 30, 28, 28, 12, 38 is a political division of the globe. My 5, 31, 11, 35, 36, 10, 13, 19 is a river of India. My 16, 38, 1, 7, 32, 38, 25, 17, 9 is an island in Australia. My 30, 36, 17, 37, 12, 1, 19, 29 is a town in Wales. My 26, 21, 35, 4, 49, 34, 25 is a division of Africa. My 41, 36, 14, 34, 9, 13, 20, 18, 23, 10 is a town in Spain. My 9, 16, 20, 1, 3, 37, 4 is a city in Holland. My 30, 9, 4, 24, 23, 40, 31, 25 is a celebrated Cape. My 29, 11, 23, 16, 26, 27, 42, 14, 17, 25, 11 is an island famous in History.

My first half is an unpleasant situation, my latter an event much to be desired, and my whole is the title of a popular song. JEAN.

Genesee Co., N. Y., 1863.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Elit niatv ornd etid ebarim btuo Tihw siphrot mhyest nad hituocessne fo awoner, Ni eth pides endagne fo rosee oghtit mode, Rhwee hing das olenodstaf rvese wornf— Emin be hetarebye lilll atthi kisteh teh nowd; Herwe a eegrn gaysrs furf si lal I evarc, Htwi erad rehet a luveto newrebst, Tafet yb a kboro, ro unonastif nigmmunrv vaev, Nad yman na genivne usenl ytelow no ym vgera. UMBAGO.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

THE sum of two numbers are 50. If 20 be subtracted from the greater, the remainder will be equal to twice the less. What are the numbers? CHARLES C. Fowlerville, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1863.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 718.

- Answer to Biblical Enigma:—As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.
- Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A rolling stone gathers no moss.
- Answer to Anagram: O many a shaft at random sent, Finds a mark the archer never meant; And many a word at random spoken, May soothe or wound the heart that's broken. Answer to Arithmetical Question:—9% solid feet. Answer to Riddle:—Noah's Ark.

Advertisements.

GRAY DORKINGS, CAYUGA BLACK DUCKS, and B'uzzee Turkeys, for sale by subscriber. 719-64 JOHN R. PAIGE, Sennett, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—My Premium AYRESHIRE BULL, bred from stock imported by Capt. Nye. Age 3 years, perfect form and gentle, handsomely marked. Price, \$75. BRASSTUS W. SMITH, Bacon's Hotel, New London, Ct.

SOMETHING TO DO.—PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE.—Good Books, ready sales, and good profits.—Agents wanted. Address with stamp. 719-44 FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

STOCKS WANTED.—We want to pay cash for Plumb, S. Pear, Quince and Cherry Stocks, from 20.00 to 30.00 each. Those having a good article for sale will please address us. H. SOUTHWICK & SON, Danville, Livingston Co., N. Y. 719-21

ARNETT'S PATENT STONE BEEHIVE is moth-proof. This patent moth-proof, properly attached to any hive, will secure it from the moth. For Territory in New York, send stamp and address. 718-7 JOSEPH WOODROFFE, St. Clairsville, Ohio.

THE RURAL SINGER, A NEW SCHOOL SONG BOOK. Containing the rudiments of music in a simple, concise form; also a pleasing variety of juvenile pieces, songs for physical exercises, &c., mostly new, and designed expressly for use in Common Schools. Retail price 15 cts.; \$12 per hundred. Sent by mail for 15 cts. Already adopted unanimously by several Teachers' Institutes. Published by ABBEY & ARBON, 121 Nassau Street, New York. 719-25

Auburn Publishing Co.'s BOOK AGENT'S HEAD-QUARTERS. THEY HAVE THE LATEST, LARGEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST SELLING HISTORY OF THE REBEL- LION, and other very popular books, for which they want good agents in all parts of the country. Money is plenty, and we guarantee a daily profit of from six to ten dollars. For full particulars, write soon to 714-cowit E. G. STORKE, Auburn, N. Y.

BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED



CLOVER THRASHER & HULLER, Patented May 18th, 1863; Dec. 15th, 1869; April 8th, 1872, and May 13th, 1882. MANUFACTURED BY

John C. Birdsell, WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one operation, without re-handling the chaff. In the hands of good operators it will thrash, hull, and clean from 10 to 20 bushels a day without waste of seed. The undersigned is manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes, hulls and cleans, all at the same operation. All machines that do the whole work, not marked BIRDSELL'S, are infringing. The public are hereby cautioned not to purchase those that are infringers of said patent, as any person purchasing and using such will be held liable for damages. All communications directed to the subscriber, at West Henrietta, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine. This Machine has always taken the First Premium at State Fairs where allowed to compete, and saves more than half the expense of the old way of getting out clover seed, in time and labor. 712-cot-1f JOHN C. BIRDSELL, Manufacturer, West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y.

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMEL.—This instrument, of such practical importance to all Pork growers,—from the fact that its operation entirely prevents the annual loss from rooting, gate-lifting, &c.,—may be had by remitting \$3 to the subscriber. County rights also for sale. (711-154) L. STEPHAN, AGENT, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

GREAT DISCOVERY USEFUL and VALUABLE DISCOVERY!

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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. A new thing. Its Combination. Best and Shoe Manufacturers. Jewelers. Families. It is a Liquid. Remember. Fink. 701-26[ee]

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