

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.]

“PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT.”

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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. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it seasonably 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.

### WINTER FEEDING.

A FARMER with a good supply of stock, and plenty of fodder well stored away at this season of the year, without any other evidence, would be pronounced by everybody an intelligent, enterprising and successful farmer. This verdict, in almost every case, would be found correct. The result in the spring would be cattle in good health and condition, having passed a comfortable winter, every day adding to their own weight and that of their owner's purse. But this is not the end—look at the great pile of manure that has been accumulating during the winter, rich and solid, well loaded with the elements of nutrition—the food on which plants must live, and deprived of which they dwarf or starve. That lot of manure is not one-half uncured corn-stalks and wasted straw, that will have a slovenly look when spread upon the ground, and can only with difficulty be plowed under, but genuine manure. The material from which this was manufactured had partly been used up to make beef and mutton, and perhaps butter and cheese, and what remains is as valuable as either, and is to play an important part in the production of food.

Follow this enterprising farmer through the summer season, and see the effects of the care he bestowed upon his stock the previous winter. How surely care and forethought, like virtue, brings its own reward. What splendid, well-fed corn and grain, and roots. How very lucky he is—planted just at the right stage of the moon—hit it exactly, and by the merest accident, too, for he didn't consult the almanac. He gets as much from an acre as some of his neighbors do from three, and don't seem to work half as hard, and never frets or grumbles at the seasons or prices. Whoever thought there was as much virtue in that great pile of manure as to give its owner good crops, good temper, and even propitiate the favor of the fickle, ever-changing moon, that plays the mischief with so many poor farmers, and seems to delight in their vexation.

Of course, with plenty of corn, hay, &c., anybody can keep cattle thriving, though some farmers seem to act as though they thought it a great sin to give animals enough to eat, yet such men never get the idea that it is any crime to keep their own stomachs well filled. The question is, how can we keep animals thriving through the winter most economically, and while we give a few hints on the subject, we will suggest that this is a matter of far more importance than many suppose, and correspondents could doubtless give us the results of experience that would be of great benefit to many of our readers. The winter which is about to commence also affords another opportunity for observation and experiment, which we hope will be improved.

Almost every farmer keeps as much stock as, with his system of culture, he can furnish with feed in a fair season, and some make a little calculation upon pinching at that. The hay crop is the principal reliance, and when this partially fails, as is not uncommon, on account of drouth, there is great difficulty in supplying the deficiency, and those who have hay to sell, hold it a very high figure. About one season out of every four we hear sad complaints of the scarcity of fodder, and of the anxiety of farmers as

to how they can get through the winter. Corn-stalks is one of the substitutes relied upon to make up the deficiency, and when well cured, cut and fed in the best manner, they are a great aid; but it is easy to waste a crop of corn-stalks by bad curing and wasteful feeding. Then, many farmers do not grow corn in sufficient quantity to supply the lack of hay, even with the best of care. Some of the Western varieties, drilled in, or sown broadcast on a rich soil, will make an enormous amount of fodder, of the best kind, if only well cured. An acre of such feed would well pay any farmer who keeps considerable stock.

A good deal may be done in growing roots to keep the farmer somewhat independent of the hay crop. The Carrot furnishes a large amount of good food, if sown on a good, mellow, clean soil. Its culture is not difficult, if properly managed, and the crop certain. Horses and cattle eat them with a keen relish.

The Parsnip, we have long thought, is the most valuable of all the roots. No root is better, and we think none as good, for fattening hogs or cattle, and for feeding milch cows. It gives no unpleasant flavor to the milk, and many think the butter from cows fed with parsnips peculiarly rich and high-flavored. Butter made in the winter, where cows receive a good ration of parsnips, is said to be as of fine a color and as excellent flavor as when the animals are feeding on the best of pastures. If this is the case, as we can prove on good authority, those who have been troubled with poor-flavored, lard-like winter-made butter, will unite with us in urging farmers to grow parsnips for the use of their milch cows, at least. In Europe, many thousands of hogs are fattened every year entirely on this vegetable, particularly on the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. Another advantage for this country is, that any portion of the crop not wanted for winter use may be allowed to remain in the ground during the winter, as they are not in the least injured by the frost. When dug, they should be stored in a cool place, and be covered with earth.

The White Sugar Beet and the Mangel Wurzel are valuable roots for the farmer, and will be more prized as we study more the economical feeding of cattle.

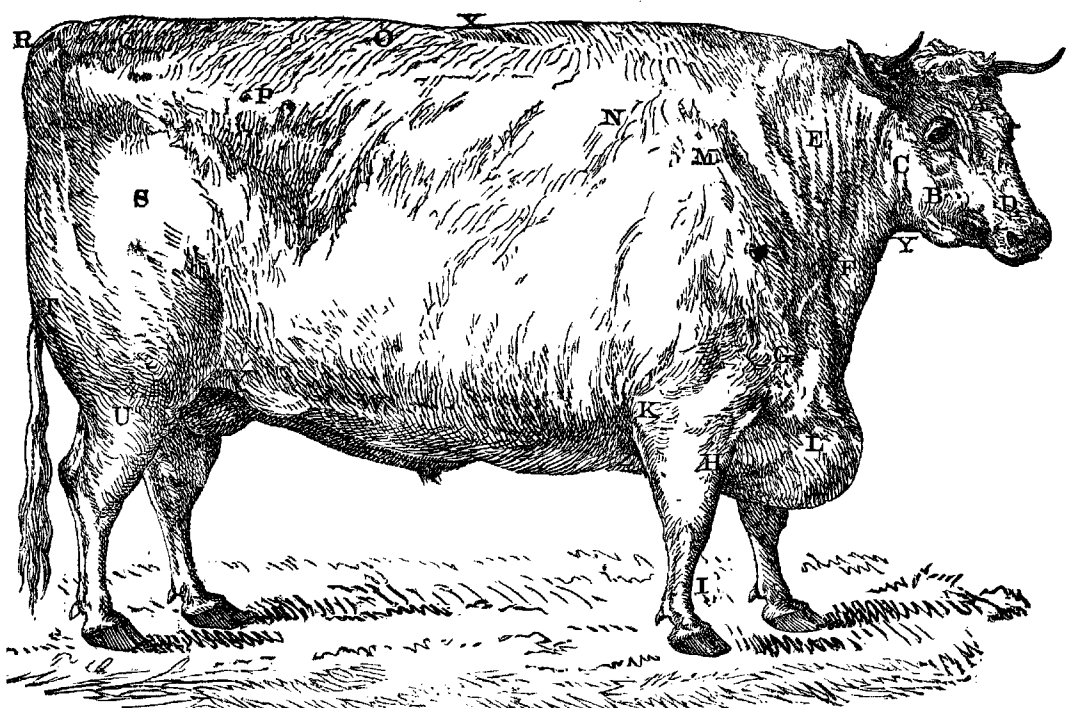
Wheat Straw possesses far more value for feeding than most farmers suppose, judging from the manner in which it is usually treated. Mr. MECHI, the celebrated English experimental farmer, declares that one hundred pounds of straw, cut, steamed, and fed warm, is of more value than the same weight of Timothy hay, and gives several experiments to prove the truth of the statement. If this is so, how much valuable food we are wasting, when hay is now worth, in this city, nineteen dollars per ton. This opinion, which was formed from the results of trials at feeding, seems to be sustained by theory, for the Chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England gives the following table of the relative value of wheat straw, hay, and several other kinds of food:

COMPOSITION OF THE PRINCIPAL ARTICLES USED AS FOOD.

	Dry Organic Matter, or Real Food.		The portions subtracted as useless are	
	Ibs.	Per Cent.	Ibs.	Per Cent.
100 lbs. wheat straw, combed	79	18	3	7
100 lbs. lined case	75 1/2	17	7 1/2	18
" Peas	80 1/2	16	3 1/2	8
" Beans	82 1/2	14	3 1/2	8
" Ordinary hay	76 1/2	16	7 1/2	19
" Barley meal	82 1/2	15 1/2	2	5
" Oatmeal	89	9	2	5
" Bran	81	14	5	12
" Oats	79	18	3	8
" Potatoes	27	72	1	1
" Red beet	10	89	1	1
" Turnips	10	89	1	1
" Swedes	14	85	1	1
" White carrot	12	87	1	1
" M'l. wurtzel	10	89	1	1

By this it will be seen that one hundred pounds of wheat straw contain more real food than one hundred pounds of hay, nearly as much as one hundred pounds of bran, and the same as one hundred pounds of oats. Perhaps experiments may not prove this true in practice, but it is sufficient to arouse attention to the subject. But, reduce the estimate one-half, and then one hundred pounds of straw is equal to fifty pounds of oats, hay, or wheat bran, for which many farmers willingly pay the cash, while they waste tons of straw. Who will cut and scald their straw, and feed it warm and moist, with a little meal or bran, and report the result? We hope our readers will not only take care of their straw this season, but institute such experiments as will enable them to form a reliable estimate of its value as food.

In concluding these brief remarks on an im-



PRIZE SHORT-HORN OX.

We have before us several requests for an illustration with references designating the principal terms used in describing cattle, and in compliance therewith, we republish from an early volume of the RURAL the above portrait of Earl SPENCER'S Prize Short-Horn Ox, together with the following explanation:

A, Forehead; B, Face; C, Cheek; D, Muzzle; E, Neck; F, Neck vein; G, Shoulder point; H, Arm; I, Shank; J, Gambrel or hock; K, Elbow; L, Brisket, bosom or breast; M, Shoulder; N, Crops; O, Loin; P, Hip; Q, Rump; R, Pin bone; S, Round bone, thurl or whirl; T, Buttock; U, Thigh, or gaskit; V, Flank; W, Plates; X, Back, or chine; Y, Throat; Z, Chest.

portant subject, we think we may safely urge upon all the importance of keeping as much stock as possible, for manure, as well as for other considerations, keeping them well, particularly in the winter season, and giving all possible thought and time to studying the art, and practicing the most economical modes of feeding.

### WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE ILLINOIS WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION. I AM glad to see that such an organization has been effected. The wants of the wool growers of Illinois, expressed in the resolutions published in a late RURAL, are common to the wool growers of all the States—to wit:

1. Protection against dogs and wolves.
2. Compensation for sheep destroyed by dogs.
3. That duties be levied on foreign wool as well as foreign manufactures—that the wool grower be protected by government as well as the wool manufacturer.
4. An independent, thorough-going, reliable commercial press, which shall not labor for one interest to the injury of another—but one which shall state facts and give figures demonstrating the same.
5. That combination must meet combination.

That there must be united, concerted action among men whose interests are identical. Now, these are very suggestive wants. I am glad to see them expressed. It will do no harm to write a few words which are suggested by the five foregoing paragraphs.

### LEGISLATION.

But a few days prior to the State Fair I was talking with a member of the State Senate of Illinois. He was sent to the Senate from a Rural District. He went thither with a knowledge of some of the wants of his constituents. Among other bills affecting farmers, he had one in his pocket providing for the taxing of dogs, and compensating the sheep owner from the fund so obtained, for his losses by dogs. The Senator was making an effort to meet a demand existing among his constituents for Legislation of this sort. He had spent considerable time thinking of and perfecting his bill. He presented it to the honorable, the Senate of Illinois, and urged its passage. He had scarcely mentioned it before leading members of this dignified body began to ridicule it. One made an hour's speech against it, which embraced little else than sarcastic ridicule. These legislators could not comprehend that anything affecting the interests of owners of dogs could be of less importance than that affecting the interests of owners of sheep. Some of them believed dogs of quite as much value as sheep, and as harmless. And some of these sage Senators represented an agricultural constituency!

The fact is, farmers have got to do something

beside pass resolutions, if they want their interests protected by legislation. They have got to work. They must send men from their own ranks to the legislature—men who are equally interested in securing such legislation. Politicians do not comprehend nor care for the grave questions of policy affecting the producing interests of the country. They conspire to legislate for the interests of classes and corporations which pay them for their work. They seek the office for the profit it yields—not for the honor conferred, nor the paltry pay they get from the State. They go to the legislature to promote private, not public interests. They create corporations and monopolies. They are not interested in protecting the public from these cormorants. The producer may be of some consequence, and his interests may be important; but the mere politician will not discover it until he is made to see it—not until the same power is used which is so potent in the hands of thorough-going business men who represent business interests and corporations. The interests of the producer demand legislation limiting the tariff railroads shall levy on their products for the transportation of the same. But with a legislature of professional politicians there is no hope that the producer will be protected and enabled to profit by the appreciation of prices in foreign markets. Certainly not, unless farmers combine to fight other classes and combinations with their own weapons—either by electing men who are identified with themselves in interest and sympathy, or by providing money to buy such as are in the market for purchasers. There must be combination among the industrial classes if they hope to become integers in the body politic. Combinations should be created both for offensive and defensive purposes, but not solely so. Their object should be progressive. If there are evils affecting the progress of the producer, which should be removed, remove them—combine to remove them; or if their removal affects disastrously, other interests proper to promote, confer, conciliate and compromise with the class or classes affected.

### "PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

This is a specious, dangerous rallying cry on which scores of demagogues ride into place and power—this motto of "Principles, not men." It is a subterfuge with which the politician covers his designs and conceals his want of capacity. We want MEN in office. There is a terrible desert of manhood in our legislative bodies. We need men with capacity and integrity—intelligent enough to comprehend the plainest principles of political economy, and with patience and principle enough to investigate and analyze measures demanding legislative action. But we shall get no such men to submit to be the targets of political abuse and vilification, without especial effort is made by honest men to rebuke

these revilers. No man who respects himself will consent to do the dirty work expected of a candidate for office; nor sanction means to secure an election, which, if employed by any business man in pursuit of his legitimate business would insure his exclusion from business circles.

The fact is, the people must take this matter in their own hands. The best men must be elected without their own agency. They must be honored by the unanimous and voluntary voice and vote of the people—of all good true men. We must learn politicians that eminent ability, integrity and moral worth must be combined in the men who receive our suffrages.

"Principles, not men!" See here! No man can possibly represent a principle whose life has been in constant antagonism with it. The man is as important as the principle. If his life has not run parallel with the principle he professes, he is, in himself, a powerful argument against it. He puts arguments in the mouths of those who oppose it. The devil could as well claim our homage because of his sanctimonious professions. Politicians make the issues upon which they are to appear before the people. They make such as can best be used to promote their schemes for speculation and plunder. Some abstract principle which they profess to represent, and which they strive to convince the people that the opposite party opposes, is the hobby horse on which they ride into office. The business interests of the country are overlooked. The grave questions of policy, to master and comprehend which require thoroughly disciplined, dispassionate and comprehensive minds in legislative councils, are unprovided for—are unthought of and uncared for by the legislator; and his constituents wake up from the excitement of the canvass to find that, instead of laboring to establish a principle, they have tugged at the tackle which has lifted a selfish, scheming and corrupt demagogue into a place where he can pluck and plunder the people.

I tell you, brother farmers, it is all vile cant—the merest cant—this hypocritical talk about "principles, not men." Let it be principles and men, every time,—and see that they are true men, too,—full grown men. If you say such men are scarce, I answer that the greater effort should be made to secure them, and a higher value placed upon their services. And this has got to be done before you may expect much attention to your specific interests, or a reform in the use of your money.

### COMBINATION.

As above written, combination must be met with combination. The organization of this Wool Grower's Association is a recognition of this necessity. And it is hoped that other classes of husbandry, engaged in other departments of husbandry, will organize to protect and promote their specific interests. The corn growers of the



country, properly organized, need not be compelled to take less than the cost of production for their staple, as in former years. They need not be powerless to resist the taxation of railroad monopolies, in the shape of exorbitant freight tariffs. By a concentration of power, an inferior force may whip the detachments of a large army in detail. Disorganization is ruin. The power of political organizations is found in their unity, discipline, and the system with which they operate. The best organized, other things being equal, is the most successful. A single man cannot resist the blows of a legion. And yet each farmer acts independently of his neighbor in the sale of his produce. There is no mutual understanding and argument as to the prices they will demand. They do not wait till the buyer comes to see them; nor wait for him to ask the price of their products. The farmer anxiously inquires of the jobbing purchaser what he will give, and demurely takes what he offers—not always, but too often. One reason why this is done is because he does not actually know the cost of the article produced; and another is that there is no power of sufficient strength to compel the purchaser to pay what is asked. There is no combination to aid the farmer. He is treated like the detachments of the large army—whipped in detail. He has only individual strength with which to resist combined power.

Commercial men do differently. They are everywhere organized. They have their Boards of Trade, Corn Exchanges, Chambers of Commerce, &c. The merchants are organized into Mercantile Associations. Butchers combine to regulate the price of beef—baltors to fix the price of their work; and other trades and interests are united in organization, if not for the purpose of fixing the minimum of prices, at least for the purposes of protection, and to secure influence in legislative bodies when necessary. This farmers must do. And each specific interest should have its specific organization. And such unity will be not only protective, if controlled by the right spirit, but progressive. It may the better develop a spirit of progress, of inquiry, and investigation. The minds of men interested in the same pursuit cannot be brought in contact without profit. The friction of mind against mind always kindles a progressive fire. And this is

WHAT WILL BECOME OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

The mission of these societies is ended. Their work is done. They have been pioneers of progress. The wilderness has been cleared of its rank growth of heavy timber. Nothing remains but the stumps in the way of the progress of each class of husbandmen. These must be cleaned out by a different process. The way must be cleared for the use of the reaper. The age of machinery is at hand. And the stimulus necessary ten years ago is no longer needed. Miscellaneous exhibitions do not do the work which needs to be done. They do not yield the nutriment required. The field is too large. Each class must concentrate its power to remove the peculiar obstacles in its path. Agricultural societies and their exhibitions do not do this. They stimulate skill and labor, and show the results of their application. But they control nothing; do not dictate to anybody; have no positive influence in politics and in shaping public policy. The time has arrived when the relations of the different industrial classes in this country, to each other, and to other classes, demand a different condition of things—demand combination. And, while I do not profess to be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I believe that the days of the usefulness of these State and County organizations are numbered—that the seeds of disorganization are sown in them—that from their dissolution will spring up new combinations and powers of a character indicated above.

ABOUT STOCK.—NATIVE BREEDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Has the country received a fair equivalent for the large expenditures of money sent to Europe in exchange for neat stock? It may seem passing strange at this late day that such a question should be seriously considered; much more, that there should be found those daring enough to ventilate it. Public sentiment is doubtless very strongly favoring importations, — and gentlemen of large intelligence and varied experiences are not wanting, who believe the native stock of this country is scarcely worthy the attention and care of the husbandman. If the ox is valuable mostly for size or beauty, the Short-Horn or the Devon would, as the case now stands, be the more highly prized,—and where these qualities can be had, in combination with strength, endurance, economy of keeping, and without paying too extravagantly for them, it is, most certainly, desirable to possess them. And yet there is a growing opinion that the native bred ox is not only quite equal in working qualities, as readily subdued to the yoke, and more enduring than the average of Durham and Devon steers,—but by a little attention to the selection of stock for breeding, they will not fall very far below these in size and smoothness of build. If a tithe,—if even a hundredth part of the care and attention had been bestowed upon our native breeds that there has been upon the imported, there can scarcely be a doubt that a very perceptible change for the better would be manifest. Instances can be pointed out where farmers have added more than twenty-five per cent. to the size of their herds, (breeding from their old stock,) within the space of five years. This, too, has been accomplished without much extra care or expense beyond that of providing warm stabling in winter, occasionally changing and varying the food, and by a due regard to the cleanliness of the stalls, and of the animals themselves.

It must, however, be remembered that great care is necessary in selecting animals from

which to breed, if such favorable results are to be anticipated. And this, too, requires good judgment. There is no branch of the calling of the husbandman requiring more study, careful investigation, and thoughtful attention, than in the selection of his breeding animals. But this being properly done, and with the careful management as above described, farmers may so improve their herds in a few years as to present favorable comparisons with the average imported stock. It is not supposed that such attempts will at once raise up samples that will rival THEORNE'S, or ALEXANDER'S, or CONGEE'S Durhams,—and for this very reason, these have not only had the advantage of being taken from the very best herds in Europe and in this country, where the most careful attention has, for a century past, been given to all the above details, together with extra feeding and grooming, that finds its compensation only in the extravagant prices which breeders alone can obtain, when they finally succeed in maturing what they conceive to be a perfect animal. Then it is only for reproduction that such animals can possibly be made to compensate for the expense of raising.

But the agriculturists want more than this. They want the ox for his working qualities as well as for the slaughter, and they want the cow for the dairy as well as for re-production, and the question returns, may not these be found of the native breeds quite as good in any respect as from among the imported herds, and at one-half the cost? If the native ox will perform the same amount of labor as the Devon, at the same expense of keeping, and, finally, when no longer profitable for the yoke, will bring equal returns when slaughtered, then is he not the more valuable? Other things being equal, the first cost is largely in favor of the native ox. And this is more apparent as between the two breeds for the dairy. The native cow is not surpassed in this particular. Some possibly may produce a larger flow of milk,—others may produce that of a richer quality,—but for all the purposes of the dairy, it is not generally conceded that the native cow excels. If this be so, then why is she not the more valuable of the two. The cow is desirable mostly for this purpose, and as she excels in this particular, just in that proportion is her value enhanced to the husbandman, and thus represents the value of her breed. A cow may retain her milking properties for at least six years, and during these years the product is worth at least one hundred dollars. At the expiration of this period she is worth twenty dollars. Deducting first cost at three years old—forty dollars—and we have two hundred and eighty dollars as the result. Now, allowing a pure-blooded Durham cow to be in every respect as good in quality, as cheaply fed, and as little subject to accident and disease, (which is not true in most cases,) and the result must show a large balance in favor of the native cow, or at least a difference equal to the difference of the purchase price—which, (taking the breeders' terms,) would be not less than sixty dollars, and more nearly one hundred dollars than the former sum.

Why, then, brother farmers, do you continue thus to deplete your hard-earned purses, for that which in reality is not so valuable for the purposes you require? It is said that it is not our own eyes that so much tax our resources, but that it is the eyes of those around us that force us into our many follies. In this we would encourage no penny, or relaxation in raising the standard of our herds. On the contrary, I would say go on improving. But improve upon that which is capable of being so much improved, and when so increased, will be more permanently valuable.

Rockland Lake, N. Y., 1863.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Culture of Millet.

THERE are probably but few of the cultivated grains that possess higher claims upon the attention of farmers engaged in stock-raising, than millet. It would be extremely difficult, indeed, to assign a satisfactory reason for the general neglect it has experienced at the hands of our agriculturists, and equally difficult is it for us to conceive why, when all our other available resources are tasked to the uttermost, so little should be said in its favor, and no more vigorous efforts put forth to secure its more general introduction. Light sandy soil, in which there is a mixture of clayey matter, and which has been well manured under previous cropping, will almost invariably produce good millet. The proper time for sowing the seed is about the time Indian corn receives the first hoisting; or, if the season be forward, a little before that period. The soil should be carefully prepared by thorough plowing and harrowing, and if very light, by the application of the roller. It should then receive the seed, from a common seed-sower, which furrows, drops the seed, covers and rolls the soil, all at one operation. The rows may be graduated as to distance by the character and condition of the soil; if very fertile, they may be fifteen inches apart; if not so rich, twenty or twenty-four inches should be allowed between the rows. Broadcasting is a practice, which, though not destitute of its peculiar merits, has, nevertheless, gone mostly into disuse of late. It requires a much larger quantity of seed, does not insure the same uniformity of appearance and produce, and acts much less favorably upon the character of the soil.—OX-HEART, in *German Town Telegraph*.

Temperature of the Soil.

If no other argument could be deduced in favor of underdraining, the fact that it equalizes the temperature during the season of growth would be enough to recommend it. The temperature of water issuing from underdrains, as compared with the temperature of the soil at the

same level, shows that during its passage it parts with heat which must rise upward. During the entire month of April the soil is much warmer at night than the air, although perhaps somewhat colder during the day. The average of its temperature, however, is much higher in a drained than an undrained field, but it is the same at night as in the day; no loss of heat occurs from the surface of the soil by evaporation, or at least a much less loss than with undrained fields, and thus we see that the temperature of the soil, from the extremes of winter and summer, is materially modified. Water falling through the atmosphere and partaking of its temperature, sinks readily in undrained soils, while in others it runs from the surface, becomes cold by evaporation of a portion, dissolves large amounts of the more soluble, and therefore more progressed and valuable inorganic constituents of the surface, and carries them to the nearest ditch or brook.

The same truths apply in degree to subsoil plowing, and, when the two are combined, a longer season is the consequence. The continued downward evaporation in well-prepared soils renders the feeding of the plants continuous and not unequal, as with soils badly prepared, which supply the necessary amount of moisture for the solution of surface fertilizers only during rains and at moments of heavy dews, leaving the soil incapable of permitting the free access of atmosphere and the accompanying humid condition.—*Working Farmer*.

Curing Bad Habits in Horses.

I HAVE heard that there is no remedy for a runaway horse so effective as a flogging. He must needs gallop; well, my friends, then gallop. I have a good pair of spurs on—in they go. I have a whip, hard, plant, heavy—lay on thick. Here is a nice, steep hill—up we go. Here is a deep-plowed field—oh, yes, keep up your pace, and how do you like it? I remember a horse-dealer who always cured a fault by indulging it. He had once a brute sent him which occasionally stood still. Farmer Waistcoat had flogged him, and he would not move for an hour. Well, this man took the beast, put him in his break, and drove off. In ten minutes, he came to a dead stand. Breaker said nothing, did nothing. Horse didn't quite know what to reply, tried to look back with his ears, waited half an hour, and then began to move on. No, my friend, said the breaker, you stay here all day. The farmers passed him going to market with uncomplimentary greetings. What, can't you make him move? Breaker doesn't look put out, though. Farmers drive on, show their samples, dine at the ordinary, and jog home a trifle merrier, late in the afternoon. Breaker still there master of the position. The horse never stopped again.—*Ex.*

Stones for Carriage Roads.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Gardener's Monthly* asks:—"What is the best size for stone to be broken for the surface of carriage-roads? I supposed that pieces about the size of walnuts was the best, as if broken smaller it will soon crush, and the size I have will be small enough in time; but it is so rough driving over it, I would like to know whether any covering can be put on without materially spoiling the stone. I have been to some expense to get a dry, hard road, and would not like to have it spoiled now."

To which the editor replies:—"You should have had the stones broken near where you want to use them, and then have them screened—using three sizes. The first or coarsest size putting at the bottom; the smallest size at the top. The stones do not crush as fast when the upper surface is filled with small stones, as when the wheels pass over the larger ones. It is the displacement which crushes stone, as much as the actual weight of the wheel. The small stones keep the large ones in place, and a road lasts much longer than without this thin covering."

Petroleum for Preserving Wood.

THE oil wells near Prome, in Burmah, have been in use from time immemorial. Wood, both for ship building and house building, is invariably saturated or coated with the product of those wells. The result is entire immunity from decay by the ravages of the white ants, that in that country are so generally destructive. M. Crepin, a Belgian Government engineer, who has tried experiments upon the relative advantages of creosote and sulphate of copper for the preservation of timber in marine constructions from the attacks of worms, has found that creosoting is the only process he has said to succeed for this purpose. He states that sulphate of copper affords no protection whatever against the action of salt water and marine insects. The Belgian Government now requires that all the wood sleepers used in the State railroads should be creosoted; and the Government of Holland have also made the same resolution, and upwards of 300,000 sleepers per annum are now being creosoted by the Dutch Government, and more by the Belgian Government.

Vitality of Seeds.

In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper:

"James Banks, in the *North British Agriculturist*, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm, near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for sixty-four years, and forthwith among his barley there sown arose some seventy-four varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to have been an old cavalry camp, and that the

oats had lain covered with debris for 1,500 years, and now being exposed to the action of the sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown."

How to Set Gate Posts.

TAKE equal quantities of water lime and quick lime, and mix with sand as usual; put two or three inches of mortar and coarse gravel in the bottom of the hole, so the end of the post will not come to the ground; then set your post in, top end down; fill in several inches of the mortar, then several inches of coarse gravel; pound it down, then more mortar and more gravel, and so on, until the cement is raised above the ground several inches around the post. Slant it away from the post in every direction, so as to turn off the water; then take coal tar and a brush, paint around the bottom of the post, and fill the interspace between the post and cement with the coal tar. [N. B.—Only mix enough mortar for one hole at a time.] Your post will be as solid as if set in stone; it don't heave out with the frost, and sag around and pull the boards off, as the water and air cannot get to it.—*C. W. C., in Ohio Farmer*.

The Depth of Drains.

ON this subject, the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* gives the result of experiments on one of the largest estates in Ireland:

"The case we allude to is the draining of Mount Stewart demesne, in the county of Down, Mr. Andrews, Lord Londonderry's agent, having found drains 30 to 32 inches deep, and 20 feet apart, most effective in draining the stiff soils of his own farms near Comber, even after a period of thirty years had elapsed since those drains were made, resisted the Board's regulations regarding the depth and distance apart. The result was a compromise between the views entertained by Mr. Andrews and those held by the Board, ending in the drains at Mount Stewart being cut 36 inches deep and 21 feet apart, filled with 9 inches of stones, the largest of which do not exceed 2½ inches, over which is laid a sod, having the grassy side under. That drainage is perfectly effective."

Salting Hay.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says he abandoned the old practice of putting salt on hay, as it adds to its moisture instead of lessening. This opinion is backed with a will, by a writer for the *Boston Cultivator*, who lays down the law, as he understands it, in the following unequivocal manner:—"It is time this absurd custom was done away. It is beyond conception how so transparent a humbug ever got so wide-spread. Every particle of salt used on hay is a positive injury to it. The practice of salting hay ought to be almost as much discontinued and discouraged as though it were actual poison. Men will make almost superhuman exertions to get their hay up dry, and then immediately wet it with salt."

The Profits of Sheep Husbandry.

In sheep growing there are three distinct sources of profit sought, viz:—Increase of number by actual propagation, growth of increase in size and weight, and the annual product of wool. The ewes used in breeding should possess as nearly as possible the points of excellence desired in the offspring; they should at least be two years old, of good strong constitution, well fed and well sheltered. Such ewes, with such management, will generally realize the fond hopes of the shepherd for increase. Growth afterward is natural, easy and rapid. The product of wool depends much upon the health of the sheep, both for strength and beauty of fiber, and weight of fleeces.—*Working Farmer*.

Inquiries and Answers.

TELESCOPES.—(S. C. M., Medina.)—Telescopes may be had in this city from \$4 to \$50, the price depending upon their powers and finish.

CHEESE CRACKING.—Allow me to inquire through the *RURAL* of experienced cheese-makers why my cheeses sometimes crack directly after taking them from the press. I do not leave them at all after coming from the press until they are greased, so that they have no time to get very dry and therefore crack. Is there anything that can be outwardly applied which will prevent them from troubling them? I should be pleased if some person of experience would give their method of making first-rate cheese.—*INQUIRER, Burlington, Wis.*

SPRING-HALT—WARTS ON HORSES.—Will you, or some of the readers of the *RURAL*, please give me through its columns a remedy for spring-halt in horses, and how to apply it? I have also a fine young horse that has a large wart just back of the stifle. I have had it cut off two or three times, but it still continues to grow. Any information concerning either or how to cure them, will be thankfully received by—*A SUBSCRIBER, Cats, N. Y.*

As a general thing, this peculiar spasmodic affection of the muscles in the hind extremities, is one over which the veterinarian, with all the assistance of the whole *materia medica*, has little power, for the disease first originates in the nervous system. Where it is the result of minor derangement of the system, it may be relieved by removing the morbid habit by which it is induced. Regarding the treatment, Dr. DADD remarks it will be proper, when the attack is sudden, to let the horse rest; for in a sudden attack we might naturally suspect that some injury, either by blow or strain, had been done to the nerves of voluntary motion; in that case, cold water bandages, (around the body,) rest, light diet, nauseating medicines, with an occasional light dose of cathartic medicine to clear out the bowels, will be indicated. Fomentations, light frictions with antispasmodic liniment and the vapor bath, may assist materially in the recovery of the patient.

In chronic cases of long standing, all hopes of recovery must be abandoned. Should the subject, however, be in a state of debility, the general health may be improved, and the spine should be daily rubbed with embrocations calculated to restore nervous energy; in this view we recommend the following embrocation for spring-halt:—Lined oil, 1 pint; spirits of hartshorn, 2 ounces; fine mustard, 1-2 ounce. The medicine to consist of powdered goldenseal, powdered gentian, cream of tartar, charcoal, each 1 ounce; assafoetida, 1-2 ounce. Mix; divide into eight parts; one to be given morning and evening, in the food.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE CROPS FOR 1862-'63.—The following is a summary statement of the amount of the crops of 1862 and 1863, both summer and fall, of the loyal States, as returned and estimated by the Agricultural Department. The totals of wheat, rye, barley and oats for 1862 and 1863:

	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.
1862	191,068,229	20,798,287	16,780,697	174,358,197
1863	189,938,500	21,254,956	17,731,464	172,520,997
	*1,074,730	†468,669	†1,020,867	*2,338,170

\*Increase. †Decrease.

The fall crops of corn, buckwheat and potatoes for 1862 and 1863 were as follows:

	Corn.	Buckwheat.	Potatoes.
Total bush. 1862	588,704,474	18,722,995	113,638,116
" " 1863	449,183,894	17,198,223	97,870,636
Decrease	137,520,580	1,624,772	15,667,680

The monthly report of the Department for September, shows that the amount of wheat and flour exported to all countries for the year ending Sept. 1, 1863, is 40,886,308 bushels, and of corn, 11,680,843 bushels. The domestic consumption then is as follows:

Wheat, 1862	189,938,500	Corn, 1862	587,704,474
Exported	40,886,308	Exported	11,680,843
Domestic con.	149,051,992	Domestic con.	576,023,139

THE PORK MARKET.—The slaughtering houses of the West have begun operations. We clip the following statement of the Cincinnati markets from the *Gazette* of the 29th ult:—"Prices have improved. Slaughtering commenced in Cincinnati to-day—one house killing a thousand head. The receipts during the coming week it is expected will be very heavy. Packers have been very anxious to buy for several days past, but there were no hogs on the market. Prices have advanced about 50c., and we quote at \$4.50 for packing, and \$4.25@4.75 for butchering. There have been no real No. 1 hogs received as yet this season."

The *Prattie Farmer* says the receipts of the Chicago market during the week foot up to 39,558 head, considerably more than the previous week. The market during the week has been tolerably active, but at a decline on last week's prices of 10c @ 100 lbs on medium and good stock, and 15c @ 25c on common and inferior grades. As usual, there was no demand for inferior stock. On Saturday, 121 hogs, averaging 81 lbs, were sold at \$5 @ 100 lbs., whereas inferior grades will not bring more than half the amount. The weather has been favorable to packers, and some of them have already bought freely. The following are the closing prices for the week:

Prime to extra qualities	4.50@5.00
Medium to good	4.00@4.30
Common	2.75@3.50

WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF OHIO.—We observe that the Wool Growers of Ohio are soon to have a Convention in that State. A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* proposes Columbus as the place of meeting; the time, during the first week of January, and that the Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL be invited to deliver the address. Upon these propositions the editor of the *Farmer* remarks:—"Our voice is for Columbus—for the first week in January—for Dr. RANDALL." As the subject is extensively agitated, we predict a large gathering, and one destined to exert a powerful influence among wool growing Buckeyes.

MINOR RURAL ITEMS.—The Steubenville (Ohio) *Herald* says:—"One of the most singular results of the failure of the hay crop in Ohio, is that over 50,000 head of sheep have already been shipped from Harrison, Jefferson, and other counties, to the West, to be pastured on the great prairies of Illinois and Iowa.—The celebrated stallion 'Old Green Mountain Morgan' is dead. He was very aged, but has been one of the best stock horses in New England, and has won a wide reputation.—A pack of ferocious dogs a few days ago got into an inclosure near Hartford, Conn., containing 34 sheep belonging to Messrs. Stetson, and killed 27 of them beside a large and powerful watch-dog."

STOCK-RAISING IN SOUTH AMERICA.—An exchange says:—"In Uruguay, from January 1 to May 15, 1863, 519,600 heaves were slaughtered; in Buenos Ayres, 205,900; in Entre Rios, 190,000; in Rio Grande, 300,000. Total, 1,215,500, an increase of 213,300 over the corresponding period for 1862. This mass of beef is disguised and discolored, and sold for a song, as jerked beef in Brazil and Cuba. This is a loss to the world; and efforts are being made to discover new forms in which to export the beef of those vast regions. The farms vary from nine to one hundred and forty square miles, and the animals are reared without taming them."

DELAWARE CO. FAIR.—Mr. P. RICH FERGUSON, Secretary, writes us relative to this Fair as follows:—"The 22d Annual Fair of the Delaware County Agricultural Society was held at Delhi Sept. 29th, 30th and Oct. 1st. The weather was all that could be wished for. The exhibition was not large, but of good quality, and financially the Fair was a success. The Address, by Rev. SILAS FITCH, Principal of the Delaware Academy, was a masterly one, a great one. Delaware County is improving."

LOSS OF HORSES.—During the past year the government has lost 11,000 horses by battle and disease. The average number daily received at the veterinary hospitals at Washington alone was over 100, of which not more than one-half are returned for duty. It was claimed that a large proportion of this mortality might be saved by the employment of regularly trained veterinary surgeons in the army.

DEATH OF GEN. JOHN J. VIELE.—On the 18th ult., at Eagle Bridge, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., Gen. JOHN J. VIELE, at one time Vice-President of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, departed this life. Gen. V. was one of the best known men in the county, a lawyer, politician and speaker, ever since he attained to manhood. His death was unexpected, and causes deep sorrow to a wide circle of friends.

SUGAR FROM BEET-ROOT IN FRANCE.—According to an official return, the quantity of beet-root sugar made from the beginning of the "campaign" up to the end of August, was 178,677 tons, which was 27,262 tons more than last year; and the quantity remaining in bond at the end of the month was 9,118 tons—5,241 more than at the same date of 1862.

WHEAT AND SEEDS.—The Agricultural Department at Washington has a quantity of Black Sea wheat from Odessa, and also wheat from the South of France, for distribution. The Royal Agricultural Society of Russia has sent the Department a collection of seeds for propagation.

LARGE HAY CROP.—The Windsor (Vt.) *Journal* says that Col. L. B. DUDLEY, of Royton, has cut the present season, from two acres and twenty-three rods and a quarter, by measurement, thirteen tons and two hundred and forty pounds of hay, being more than six tons to the acre.



Horticultural.

RULES FOR TREE PLANTERS.

The following important rules to Tree Planters are given by JOHN J. THOMAS, and if heeded, would save thousands of trees from destruction, and make many people richer and happier:

- 1. If the roots of a tree are frozen out of the ground, and thawed again in contact with air, the tree is killed.
2. If the frozen roots are well buried, filling all cavities before thawing any at all, the tree is uninjured.
3. Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots of a tree, in setting it out, but old finely pulverized earthy compost answers well.
4. Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood before digging up.
5. A small or moderate sized tree at the time of transplanting will usually be a large bearing tree, sooner than a larger tree set out at the same time, and which is checked necessarily in growth by removal.
6. Constant, clean, and mellow cultivation is absolutely necessary at all times for the successful growth of the peach tree, at any age; it is as necessary for a young plum tree, but not quite so much so for an old one; it is nearly as essential for a young apple tree, but much less so for an old orchard; and still less necessary for a middle aged cherry tree.
7. To guard against mice in winter with perfect success, make a small, compact, smooth earth mound, nearly a foot high, around the stem of each young orchard tree.
8. Warm valleys, with a rich soil, are more liable to cause destruction to trees or their crops by cold, than moderate hills of more exposure, and with less fertile soil—the cold air settling at the bottom of valleys during the sharpest frosts, and the rich soil making the trees grow too late in autumn, without ripening and hardening their wood.
9. The roots of a tree extend nearly as far on each side as the height of the tree; and hence to dig it up by cutting a circle with a spade half a foot in diameter, cuts off more than nine-tenths of the roots; and to spade a little circle about a young tree not one-quarter as far as the roots extend, and call it "cultivation," is like Falstaff's men claiming spurs and shirt collar for a complete suit.
10. Watering a tree in dry weather affords but temporary relief, and often does more harm than good, by crusting the surface. Keeping the surface constantly mellow is much more valuable and important—or if this cannot be done, mulch well. If watering is ever done from necessity, remove the top earth, pour in the water, and then replace the earth—then mulch, or keep the surface very mellow.
11. Shrivelled trees may be made plump before planting, by covering tops and all with earth for several days.
12. Watering trees before they expand their leaves should not be done by pouring water at the roots, but by keeping the bark of the stem and branches frequently or constantly moist. Trees in leaf and in rapid growth, may be watered at the roots, if done properly.
13. Young trees may be manured to great advantage by spreading manure over the roots as far as they extend, or over a circle whose radius is equal to the height of the tree, in autumn or early winter, and spading this manure in, in spring.
14. Never set young trees in a grass field, or among wheat, or other sowed grain. Clover is still worse, as the roots go deep, and rob the tree roots. The whole surface should be clean and mellow; or if any crops are suffered, they should be potatoes, carrots, turnips, or other low, hoed crops.

NATURALIZATION OF PLANTS.

Few who enjoy delicious fruits and beautiful flowers realize, even for a moment, how much of time, toil and skill it has cost to introduce these choice inhabitants of the garden, and bring them to their present state of perfection. It is difficult to believe that in these fruits and flowers which seem so much at home, we have representatives of all quarters of the globe, and that what is now so gay and rich, is indebted to the skill and patience of persevering cultivators for all the qualities we admire. In the Gardeners' Monthly we find an interesting article on the Naturalization and Improvement of plants, a part of which we copy:
"Taming—all of our readers will admit—is delightful. It is the exercise of power in its most fascinating aspect; coaxing, cunning, ingenuity, perseverance, and a host of virtues are called into play, and we never knew of our abilities till we began to practice them. How pleased is the babe with its first toddle across the floor.
"As the result of this taming we see the tobacco plant, our American weed, grow in Asia Minor. If not as the 'delicious' Havana cigar, still as its worthy sister, the Turkish smoking stuff. Cotton seed wandered all the way from Asia to enrich our American continent—the seed, alas! of riches and of woe!
" There has been a continual interchange between the two hemispheres in the way of plants; an interchange fostered mostly by the prospect of gain, which the enterprising individual had in view, but none the less enriching to all mankind.
" In this way many plants, that 'Dame Nature' denied to this country or that, have become universal, in a sense. In our own favored country we have made a home for the vegetation of Japan, Northern China and Mexico; and in spite of latitude or longitude, we make bold to impress under culture one way or another the richer delicacies of the world, and still we pursue the taming process.
" The attempt to acclimatize plants is constantly

made. Scientific traveling has, in our days, become the scientific fashion. Lives are risked and often lost in the service of science. How much—horticulturally—we are indebted to this noble race of travelers every reader knows. As all nations have furnished their quota to their ranks, it would be invidious to single out names. Perhaps the Germans have done the most, our countrymen least. Russia, that rising star, getting into the civilized brotherhood of nations, assumes her share, and Mr. Maximowicz, traveling in Japan, is the newest name among the botanical locomotionists. The Amoor Country, and the whole Pacific Coast of Russia, are at the same time actively explored in the interest of botany, and will probably enrich this and other countries with a good many novelties.

"Innumerable also are the instances where a perfect colonization was not obtained—where the shrew could not be fully tamed—but only made a slight concession. Our grape men know this. Hardly a grape grown anywhere in the world but has been tried on American soil. And among the countless failures, there have been some instances where the grape, crossed by the native, or influenced by circumstances, reluctantly bade adieu to its native shrewishness, changing here the greater part of its nature, and under a new name living on, just as did many an emigrant here, whom his mother abroad would neither know nor own any more.

"Per contra, the immigrating plant has often been improved as in the case of the cotton, corn, the blackberry, grape, &c., and from a poor king a fat and jolly subject has been made. Seeming almost as if nature had missed the right spot in locating it originally.

"But while men have gone to all the points of the compass to collect new plants, those staying at home have been as arduous as they in the work of taming the shrew. Look at our apple, the representative of northern worth and northern character. Brought into as many varieties as there are trades,—into as many forms as there are shapes,—into as many noieties of flavor as there are persons among men, and as useful and thrifty a fruit as any industrious American can be. Yet Mrs. Apple comes from that shabby, crabby, crab-apple of an apple—the pro-apple and proto-apple of all apples. And human perseverance and study alone has brought that crab to its present position. Think of it, how many hands have worked on the apple. Think also of the intense delight following each success.

"Our peach, glorious, rosy-cheeked, luscious peach, what was its great, great grandmother? A miserable almond, the envelope of which has by the tamers of nature been perfected into that delightful flesh, and the fruits altogether so changed in looks that the people—excepting the priests of the people, the botanists—changed its name also. No bear-mother could lick her bear-baby more assiduously into shape, than the world's gardeners have the peach. Still less has been done for the peach than for the rose, look at the list of roses and think they all sprang from one poor rose, and that a dog-rose!

"How much to be accomplished yet is hard to tell. Experimenting goes on incessantly,—its fascination is felt alike by him who is a disinterested dilettante, and by him who looks to gain. There is no limit to perfecting trees, or flowers, or fruits, or vegetables, or grasses, or anything in the empire of vegetation."

THE CLINTON GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I was not a little surprised, on seeing the relation of the History of the Clinton Grape, by Prof. NORTH, of Clinton College, in your issue of October 24th. Although I have never claimed to be the originator of this variety, yet I have always supposed myself its putative father, or at least its god-father, and as such have published its history in two or more widely circulated agricultural papers, and never before heard its nativity controverted, and I wonder that a learned Professor is not better advised, at this late date, as to his being the first annunciator of its paternal origin.

My first knowledge of this grape was derived from my friend Dr. SAMUEL FREEMAN, of Saratoga Springs, who, having lost his Isabella vines several times by the severe winters, hearing of a grape that was prolific and hardy on the farm of the late HUGH PERBLES, in the town of Waterford, near the Hudson river, procured cuttings, from which he propagated enough to test its value, and was so pleased with the result that he forwarded me a box of the fruit and a lot of cuttings, one of which I grafted about the year 1830 on an old natural stock, which came early into bearing, the fruit of which I exhibited at our horticultural shows and named it Clinton, in honor of and in testimony of my admiration of that great man. It immediately became popular and was freely disseminated, and all the vines of the West and South came from that source.

From the Professor's description, I think this is a different production from the one he describes; as it has not the remotest "foxiness" or musky perfume—has no relation in pulpiness, flavor, or size of clusters, or likeness of leaf, to the foxy grape, (which is the Vitis vulpina,) but is a true and greatly improved Frost Grape (Vitis sylvestris) of our Northern alluvial bottoms; its pungent and biting acidity when not fully ripe—its hardness—shape of cluster—size of berry, and the wild form and thinness of leaf; all proclaim it to be a descendant from the Frost Grape, from which there is no appeal, as relates to the character of my grape.

This grape has been subjected to the test of the best analytical chemists of the country, and is shown to contain more tartaric acid and grape sugar, (up to the advent of the late new varieties,) than any other except the Catawba, and makes a wine excoelling any of the old kinds.

It has never been esteemed as a favorite table grape, yet after enduring a few frosts, it becomes

very palatable, which it endures nearly as well as its wild progenitor.

It being esteemed of some importance among fruit culturists to get rid of synonyms, if Prof. NORTH will send a few clusters to JOHN J. THOMAS, of Cayuga, editor of the Country Gentleman; or to PATRICK BARRY, of this city, I will reciprocate, and have the question settled. Rochester, N. Y., 1863. L. B. LANGWORTHY.

LATE AUTUMN FLOWERS.

ALL lovers of flowers feel a little sad when the untimely frosts of autumn destroy the blossoms that have afforded so much pleasure during the summer; and all frosts are untimely to the florist who has to depend upon out-door culture. Those who can resort to the conservatory for new pleasures during the winter will feel less annoyance, and perhaps some gratification at the change.

Quite dear to the amateur are those flowers that survive the early frosts uninjured, and prolong the season of flowers quite through the "Indian Summer" time, and often until almost the commencement of the new year. On taking a look through our garden this morning (Nov. 2) to see what had escaped the severe frosts of the past week, we were delighted with the Pansies, more gay, flowers larger, more abundant and better colored than at any time during the season. Those who feel a little disappointed when their Pansies first flower in the heat of summer, will feel disappointment no longer.

The Clarkias, like the Pansies, are beautiful in the autumn and receive no injury from the frosts of October. If the plants are preserved from scorching up in the heat of summer, by a little mulching, or by being planted a little in the shade, like the north side of a fence or building, in October and November, they will repay the cultivator a hundred-fold for all his care.

Some of the Penstemons grown from the seed the present summer are very hardy and quite pretty.



CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The Chrysanthemum has always been a favorite fall flower. In favorable situations and seasons it flowers well in the garden, but as it bears transplanting well, it is a great favorite for the parlor and conservatory. Plants should be taken from the garden before hard frosts, which can be done safely even after the buds are formed, but it is better to place the plants in pots, and sink the pots in the earth, on some end border. Then they can be removed to the house in the autumn without disturbing the roots, where they will furnish abundance of charming flowers until after Christmas.

THE FLAVOR OF FRUIT IMPROVED BY THINNING.

In the Journal of Horticulture are the following very judicious remarks on the propriety of thinning fruit:—"I am quite well aware that I need not tell such men as Mr. Weaver that the flavor of fruit, barring extreme sunless seasons, is entirely under the control of the gardener. A clever man can command flavor; a dull man, when he finds his fruit flavorless, makes idle excuses, which should never be listened to. If a tree trained to a wall be allowed to ripen, say ten dozen of fruit, when five or six dozen only should have been left, they, although they may be of a fair size and color, suffer in flavor to an extent scarcely credible. How often has the gardener had occasion to complain of his pears not being good, although produced on fine trees trained against walls? He complains of the season; but it is in most cases owing to the trees being allowed to bear just double the number they ought to have done. The following ought to be inscribed on every wall, and in every fruit and orchard house:—By thinning you make different fruit good. By crowding you make good fruit bad. If very fine and high-flavored fruit is wished for, a tree capable of bearing three dozen of medium-sized peaches should be allowed to bear only twelve or fifteen. This thinning is terrible work for the amateur. It is like drawing a tooth, and every fruit that falls to the ground creates a pang; but it must be done. A small, sharp penknife is the best implement to employ, and is much better than tearing off the fruit with the finger and thumb. A well-formed peach or nectarine tree, be it bush or pyramid, with its fruit properly thinned and nearly ripe, is one of the most beautiful objects the skill of the cultivator can produce. No camelia, or orchid, or rose tree can be more so. Yet this is an object for which some [too many] gardeners feel contempt."

GARDENING BY LADIES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Cottage Gardener, describing the residence of Mr. Justice Haliburton, the "Sam Slick" of literary notoriety, says:

"I paid a visit to these gardens about a year since, on the occasion of a fancy fair given for some charitable purpose, and never do I remember to have seen bedding done so well, or so choice a collection of plants brought together, in a place of so limited an extent. I was given to understand by a florist of some celebrity who was present, that the arrangement of the beds and the selection of the plants were in the hands of the lady occupier herself.

"Their taste for the harmonizing of colors I consider natural in all women of refined education, only unfortunately many of them display their taste in decorating themselves more than in ornamenting their gardens.

"But if ladies were to follow gardening more usually than they are apt to do, how much oftener we should see the cheek resemble the rose in place of the lily; and how soon also we should perceive the lighter tints made use of in decorating the inside of the bonnets. They would soon be aware that glaring coloring was not suited to their complexions so well as the more subdued shades.

"Moreover, God has given us health that we may enjoy the blessings he sends, and depend upon it, that where a lady gardener resides, it is there the physician's carriage seldom stops."

Horticultural Notes.

AUTUMN AND SPRING TRANSPLANTING.—Autumn and spring each have their peculiar advantages for setting out fruit trees. The advantages of autumn transplanting are, the soil becomes well settled about the roots, and the trees are prepared to make an early start in the spring. The disadvantages are that trees are always made more tender by removal for the endurance of the first winter; and the soil hardens on the top to a crust, and the trees will not then grow so well as when the soil has been lately stirred in setting out, as in spring. Hence, tender trees in severe climates should not be transplanted in fall, unless they can be protected by a shelter from the winds or by a screen of evergreens, and unless the ground is dry and well drained, naturally or artificially, so as to avoid the injurious results of freezing about the roots. Hence, also, that numerous class of cultivators who never cultivate their young trees at all, should always set in spring, for in doing so the trees will be more apt to have a mellow soil about them during the early part of the season, than if the soil has become hardened by setting all winter.

Unless the locality exposes them much to cold wintry winds, and late fall rains which cannot drain off, we prefer setting so hardy a tree as the apple in autumn—intending, of course, to keep the soil mellow by cultivation the following summer. Far more depends on after-culture, than on any time or mode of setting out. Ten times as many trees die of subsequent neglect, as from any want of care and skill in transplanting.

As for the best crops to plant among young trees, we should prefer to leave the earth entirely bare, and kept always mellow, for a distance from each tree as far on each side as the height of the tree; but those who cannot be persuaded to do this, should plant only low, hoed crops, such as beets, potatoes, turnips, &c., and avoid everything that is sown, whether grain or grass.—Annual Register.

BLUE GLASS FOR SEED BEDS.—R. Hunt, Secretary of the Royal Polytechnic Society, says that—"The light which permeates colored glass partakes to some considerable extent of the character of the ray, which corresponds with the glass in color. Thus blue glass admits the chemical rays, to the exclusion, or nearly so, of all others. Yellow glass admits only the permeation of the luminous rays, while red glass cuts off all but the heating rays—while pass it freely. This affords us a very easy method of growing plants under the influence of any particular light which may be desired. The fact to which I would particularly call attention is, that the yellow and red rays are destructive to germination, whereas, under the influence of violet, indigo or blue, the process is quickened in a most extraordinary manner. The plants will grow most luxuriantly beneath glass of a blue character, but beneath the yellow and red glasses the natural process is entirely checked. Indeed, it will be found that at any period during the early life of a plant, its growth may be checked by exposing it to the action of red or yellow light."

THE JAPAN LILY FOR THE HOUSE.—As to the Japan lilies particularly I do most strongly advise all whom it may concern no longer to delay getting in these plants. My favorite mode is to have about five roots in one large pot, giving thorough drainage; first an oyster shell, or better, a zinc cap (to exclude the worms,) then a layer two inches deep of pounded charcoal, a handful of moss, the pot filled up with good soil—leaf-mold and sand—the bulbs planted almost on the top, and a good thick layer of cocoanut refuse covering them well over and packed in amongst them. The little surface roots perfectly fill the fibry stuff which covers up the bulbs; and my plants thus treated have been very beautiful. They may stand anywhere clear of frost till they begin to come up, then a window is suitable till the end of May, keeping them nice and moist, and after the flower-stems rise, a pan of water to stand in, or a box of damp sand, is the proper treatment.—Gardener's Chronicle.

CRANBERRIES.—Three or four years ago I transplanted cranberry vines from my meadow to one of my gardens, which is pine plain land. They have grown well, and they are now loaded with fruit. I had compromised with them; that if they would come and live with me on my light land, I would bring them their native soil, so that they should not suffer by emigration. I dug channels two feet wide, twenty inches deep, and three feet apart. I removed the gravel, and filled the channels with muck from whence they were to be taken. I took up the cranberry plants, in small clusters, and set them deep in their natural element. They appeared to be perfectly contented with their new locality. They now occupy one square rod of ground, and they are beginning to enlarge their borders. I keep this patch clear of weeds. The expense of this cranberry square rod was about two days' labor of one man, and one day's labor of one horse. The prospect now is that the cranberries will yearly pay expenses of their new settlement. Muck, and experiments well directed will prove successful.—Journal of Agriculture.

PLANTS FOR NAME.—We have received the following plants for name: From G. A. G., Cassadaga, Adiantum cirrhosum—climbing Fernitory. From "A Subscriber," Sciopiville, Adiantum cirrhosum and a Potentilla. From "An Inquirer," five specimens. No. 1 is the double variety of Achillea ptarmica—Sneeze wort. No. 2 is a Sedum. No. 5 is Oritia tricolor—Tricolor Gilia. The others we cannot name from the specimens received.

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 31st Oct.:

Table listing prices for various fruits and vegetables. Includes categories like Apples (Winter, Mixed Western, Common), Peaches (Duchess d'Angouleme, Beurre Bosco, Virgileu, etc.), Quinces, Dried Fruit, Potatoes (Prince Albert, Buckeyes, etc.), Squashes, Turnips, Onions, and Carrots.

APPLE CROP.—The apple crop in Western New York is not only large this year, but the fruit so far as we have observed is unusually fine. The price, too, is better than for many past years, and highly remunerative. The fruit growers of the country are receiving a liberal reward for their toil and energy. Those who have prophesied a surplus of fruit, and prices so low as hardly to pay for picking, will have to wait a little longer for the bad time coming.

Domestic Economy.

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.

AFTER the apples are crushed, press out the juice, put in a clean cask, and leave out the bung. It will work without anything being put in. In four or five days draw off, and put into another clean cask. Do this three or four times, allowing as many days between each changing. It does not work well in cloudy weather, and so must be left longer. If it does not fine well, it will not keep sweet. To assist the fining, dissolve six ounces of gelatine for each hogshead, and mix; do this previous to the last change of cask.

The quality of cider depends upon the sort of apples used. Two parts sour apples and one part sweet will make good cider.

Now observe, let there be no time lost in the whole process, but allow sufficient time to do it well. It is particles of pulp left in the cider that causes it to turn sour. To effect the proper clarifying and working, it will require four changes of cask, that is if you want first-rate cider. Do not put any water in any part of the process—having all juice.

After the last change, the cider may remain in the cask, bunged up two or three months. You can then bottle off—lay the bottles down in a cold, dark cellar—some will burst, but then you must put up with it. It will be fit for use during the summer, when all parts of the work have been well done. The bottled cider will be equal to champagne, and will keep sweet.

Some put brandy, rum, gin, or other spirits in—it does not preserve it, but only makes it intoxicating.

MACAROONS.—These little cakes are much admired, and are a very agreeable addition to the dessert. The following is a recipe for preparing them:—To a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, take four teaspoonfuls of orange-flower water, the whites of six eggs; and one pound of sifted white sugar. Blanch the almonds, (remove the brown skin,) and pound them with the orange-flower water, or some of the white of an egg; then whisk the whites of the eggs, and add them gently to the almonds. It is important that these two ingredients should be carefully added, or they will "oil," or separate. Sift the sugar into the mixture until the whole forms a paste, not too stiff to drop upon white paper, which should be placed in a tin, or on a plate, and the whole baked in a slow oven till done.

HOW TO COOK SALISFY.—Will some of the Rural ladies please send a good method of cooking Salisfy or Vegetable Oyster, and much oblige, NELLIE.

One of our lady friends says Salisfy may be boiled, cut or sliced, and stewed a few minutes in milk with salt and butter, or they may be jammed up and mixed with a flour batter, salt, eggs and milk, and dropped in spoonfuls into hot fat and fried till brown. A very small quantity of dry codfish picked fine and mixed in increases the oyster flavor.

BROWNED POTATOES.—Boil potatoes of a nearly uniform size till about two-thirds done; pour off the water; remove the skins; place them in a hot oven, and bake till done. When baked potatoes are wanted in haste, this is a very quick and excellent method.



Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. TWILIGHT VISIONS.

How I love the hour of twilight, Twilight dusky, dim and grey, When the night with moon and starlight, Gently clasps the hand of day.

As I sit here in the silence, With the shadows 'round me falling; From a land far, far behind me, Memory's voice is sweetly calling.

And she gives unto my glad sight One I loved when free and gay; Oh! she is forever faithful, Bringing back the "passed away."

And the hand whose clasp I loved best Takes mine as in olden time, And the eyes, just as they used to, Earnestly gaze into mine.

Halcyon days and blessed moments, Thrilling all my sad heart through, Flit before my dreamy vision, And are gone like morning dew.

Now I see a narrow coffin, Let down in a narrow cave, And they heap the sod above it, And earth numbers one more grave.

With the white face turned toward heaven, And the breathless bosom pressed By the cold hands Death has folded, Sleeping ones are laid to rest.

Now the shades are deepening faster, Night's great banner is unfurled, And the stars look from their station— Guardians of the upper world.

When I cross Death's darkling river, When my Father's voice shall call, May the golden life-cords sever When the twilight shadows fall.

Canandaigua, Mich., 1863.

MAUDE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. "WHY IS IT?"

A YOUTHFUL writer in a late RURAL complains that her life,—as she had mapped it out,—has been thwarted; and that she, with a gifted intellect, and high aspirations for a brilliant career as scholar and author, is, against her will, tied down to the necessity of attending to household cares, and nursing an invalid mother.

We answer, not as a philosopher alone, but as a Christian,—because God requires it of her. The future life may perhaps reveal its wisdom and necessity to her spirit made purer and stronger for a higher soul life by-and-by, if she cheerfully and lovingly meet the task appointed her now.

Nor does her heart respond less heartily than her intellect to this high duty. Filial affection prompts the true daughter to do for a sick mother, as near as possible, all that mother has done, or would do, for her.

Has she not sacrificed her life's highest capabilities by starting on a false basis, constructed out of romantic dreams of ambition, in which the essential condition of "What wilt Thou, O God?" did not enter? Then, with the philosophical infidelity of the day, she attributes her failure to the unjust decrees of fate.

We do not write as a critic, and pass over whatever else challenges remark. If we have been too severe in our strictures, it is because we fear lest the young daughters who read the RURAL all over the land, and are given more or less to romantic visions of "heroes and heroines," and, the might be, should imbibe wrong ideas of life and duty from the heedless perusal of the article before us; and we appeal from the authors to herself for pardon.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. FALLEN LEAVES.

ONLY one of the countless leaves that are whirled by the autumn wind—only one little, colored, dried leaf,—yet my heart feels a love for this forsaken relic of the beautiful summer-time, and I hold it almost reverently while I remember how one little grave will be covered with leaves from the over-hanging boughs.

I remember one day in the summer-time, I twined the young green leaves around your brow,—your baby brow,—and thought how one day it might be wreathed with laurel, but to-day a head-stone marks the spot where my darling lies,—a marble slab with only this, "Buried Hope," graven upon it and I am like this faded leaf,—my summer is gone.

Fallen leaves!—they are falling—falling still. As I walk among them each one seems to me an

emblem of some hope, some joy; for all along the path-way of my life the over-hanging boughs are clustered close with freshness and beauty—with leaves upon which was written a prophecy of future good,—an omen of bliss—the name of one I loved. Over them has the wind of autumn passed, and the frost has touched their beauty—they have faded, and are falling.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1863.

EMILY LEWIS.

DOMESTIC INFELICITIES.

A LADY who has ever lived in New York city or vicinity, and been obliged to depend on the intelligence offices for servants, will appreciate the following narration:—It is well known that the servants of the present day have learned to value luxury and ease in the kitchen, as much as the mistress in the parlor, and have carried their ideas beyond the bounds of propriety in many cases, expecting the kitchen to be filled with machines for saving labor, which they are to propel, by the smallest possible amount of an outlay of strength on their part.

A lady from Flatbush, L. I., was visiting a friend of mine in A—, Massachusetts, and it chanced the conversation one day turned upon the trials of housekeeping—not the least of which is the care of the servants.

She said that she once, not long since, engaged a cook in New York, and, in due time, the damsel presented herself with her newspaper parcel, containing her wardrobe, for the week of trial. Before proceeding to lay off her bonnet, she turned to the lady and said, "Now, Miss Bradford, I always like to have a good old-fashioned talk with the lady I lives with, before I begins. I am awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgiving. Have you Hecker's flour, Beebe's range—hot and cold water, stationary tubs, oil-cloth on the floor, and dumb waiter?"

"Monday I washes. I se to be let alone that day. Tuesday I irons. Nobody's to come near me that day. Wednesday I bakes. I se to be let alone that day. Thursday I picks up the house. Nobody's to come near me that day. Friday I goes to the city. Nobody's to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my bean comes to see me. Nobody's to come near me that day. Sunday I has to myself!"

Rising, she ask for a look into her sub-parlor. One hasty glance— "No oil cloth on the kitchen floor! I can't work here."

"You had better go," said Mrs. B., "for you can't work here." And she closed the door on the indignant female with a hearty feeling of relief.

It is high time there was a radical change in the management of servants, for they demand so much, and expect to render so small an equivalent in service. As strange truths as these could be told every day, for almost every housekeeper has some bitter experiences to pass through. The first question a servant asks now-a-days, is, not "What can I do for you, ma'am?" but "What privileges do you give ma'am?"

The matter rests in the hands of the ladies themselves to effect a change in this matter. Let them pay a little more attention personally to their domestic arrangements, and there will soon be less cause of complaint about waste, untidiness and imprudence, and many a temper will be saved to happier households.

THE STYLE.

THE New York Sunday Times, speaking of the gay cloaks which now prevail to such an alarming extent in that city, says:

It is not too much to say that the pretty peripatetics of Broadway present a dazzling spectacle. Bright yellow cloaks with scarlet hoods, scarlet cloaks with yellow hoods, blue cloaks with white hoods, purple cloaks with orange hoods, and striped and checkered cloaks with crimson hoods, moving continually in prismatic procession through that great exhibition thoroughfare, threaten with "color blindness" the man of weak vision who ventures into the flare. It is not "a sight for sore eyes," but is calculated, like the glare of an Egyptian desert, to produce ophthalmia and inflammation of the optic nerve. The saffron, bright red, green, azure, and white and cream-colored feathers, wherewith the ladies in conflagration decorate their vivandiere hats—planting the flaming tufts, like torches, in the fore fronts of the same—add much to their incendiary auto da fe-ish aspect, and deepen the unpleasant impression produced upon feeble retinas by the blaze of their garments.

The surest way to improve one's condition is to improve one's self.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE MUSIC OF RAINY DAYS.

DEAR RURAL:—Nearly all the day long have the rain-drops been steadily beating their soft, dreamy tattoo upon the window pane and leaf; floweret and shrub, and I've been thinking how much music there is even in the rainy days of life. I do not wonder that people shut in between city walls should pronounce rainy days dreary, but out in the country the epithet seems misapplied. Why, there's more music in a rainy day than ever was crowded into an oratorio or an opera.

How pleasant, when the rain murmurs on the lattice, to yield ourselves to the narcotic influence surrounding us, close our eyes to outward objects, and view the scenes that memory paints for us with her magic pencil. How many faces we see that have ceased to be known here upon earth; how many voices reach our ear that will never again greet us until we go over the river. How many hands do we clasp that are now beckoning to us from the "Evergreen Hills;" how many friendships are revived that were severed "when the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken!"

But while I have been ruminating, dear RURAL, the music without has been increasing in power. The rain now comes in strong gusts against my window, and the tree-tops wave to and fro, yet it is music still. The chorus from the trees is now in the midst of an agitato, doloroso, crescendo movement; while the cradle-song from roof and window pane has modulated into a wild, wierd strain, that seems very like that of a witch's dance.

A RAIN-DREAM.

Soft and gentle is the music, As upon the window pane Comes the low and gentle tapping Of the softly driving rain.

On the broad, green leaves of maple That so near my window cling, Myriad little drops are striving Airy little tunes to sing!

And their soft, Aeolian music, Charms me as none other can, Charms me as it did in boyhood— Charms me back there from a man!

Now the soft and dreamy murmurs Wake bright fancies in my brain; Fancies bright as youth, and pleasant As the sky before the rain.

Once again, as when in boyhood, In the cosy chamber bed, Do I feel a sacred thrilling— Mother's hand is on my head!

And as now I hear the rain-drops— Fancy works on memory's woof— Sing they to me, as of olden Sang they on the cottage roof!

And as by the dreamy murmurs These bright fancies come and go, Childhood's years seem doubly precious, Long I for my boyhood so!

Is the boyhood gone forever? Will the mother come no more? Must Life's barque keep onward sailing "Till it reach the other shore?"

Are the child-years past recalling, Can we ne'er again go back? Must the years keep onward rolling, Does Time have no backward track?

Soothing sweetly, still the rain-drops Murmur on the window pane; List I to their gentle hushing, Close my eyes to dream again!

Penfield, N. Y., 1863. GULIELMUM.

THE RHYTHM OF PROSE.

In every good prose writer there will be found a certain harmony of sentence, which cannot be displaced without injury to his meaning. His own ear has accustomed itself to regular measurements of time to which his thoughts learn mechanically to regulate their march. And in prose, as in verse, it is the pause, be it long or short, which the mind is compelled to make, in order to accommodate its utterance to the ear, that serves to the completer formation of the ideas conveyed; for words, like waters, would run off to their own waste, were it not for the checks that compress them. Water-pipes can only convey their stream so long as they resist its pressure, and every skilled workman knows that he cannot expect them to last, unless he smooth, with care, the material with which they are composed. For reasons of its own, prose has, therefore, a rhythm of its own. But by rhythm is not necessarily meant the monotonous rise and fall of balanced periods, nor amplification of needless epithets, in order to close the cadence with a Johnsonian chime. Every style has its appropriate music; but without a music of some kind it is not style—it is scribbling.

SOMETHING BESIDE MONEY-MAKING.

BUT,—let us say it plainly,—it will not hurt our people to be taught that there are other things to be cared for besides money-making and money-spending; that the time has come when manhood must assert itself by brave deeds and noble thoughts; when womanhood must assume its most sacred office, "to warn, to comfort," and, if need be, "to command" those whose services their country calls for. This Northern section of the land has become a great variety-shop, of which the Atlantic cities are the long-extended counter. We have grown rich for what? To put gilt bands on coachmen's hats? To sweep the foot sidewalks with the heaviest silks that the touting artisans of France can send us? To look through plate-glass windows, and the pity the brown soldiers,—or sneer at the black ones?—to reduce the speed of trotting horses a second or two below its old minimum?—to color meerschaums?—to flaunt in lazes, and sparkle in diamonds?—to dredge our maidens' hair with gold-dust?—to float through life, the passive shuttlecocks of fashion, from the avenues to the beaches, and back again from the beaches to the avenues? Was it for this that the broad domain of the Western hemisphere was kept so long unvisited by civilization?—for this, that Time, the father of empires, unbound the virgin zone of this youngest of his daughters, and gave her, beautiful in the long veil of her forests, to the rude embrace of the adventurous Colonist? All this is what we see around us, now,—now, while we are actually fighting this great battle, and supporting this great load of indebtedness. Wait till the diamonds go back to the Jews of Amsterdam; till the plate-glass window bears the fatal announcement, For Sale or To Let; till the voice of our Miriam is obeyed, as she sings

"Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms!"

Till the gold-dust is combed from the golden locks, and hoarded to buy bread; till the fast-driving youth smokes his clay-pipe on the platform of the horse-car; till the music grinders cease because none will pay them; till there are no peaches in the windows at twenty-four dollars a dozen, and no heaps of bananas and pine-apples selling at the street-corners; till the ten-founced dress has but three founces, and it is felony to drink champagne; wait till these changes show themselves, the signs of deeper wants, the preludes of exhaustion and bankruptcy; then let us talk of the Maelstrom; but, till then, let us not be cowards with our purses, while brave men are emptying their hearts upon the earth for us; let us not whine over our imaginary ruin, while the reversed current of circling events is carrying us farther and farther, every hour, beyond the influence of the great failing which was born of our wealth, and of the deadly sin which was our fatal inheritance!—O. W. Holmes.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF LITTLENESS.

EVERYTHING is beautiful when it is little—little souls, little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is for little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said:—Veni, Vidi, Vici—I came—saw—conquered; but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of. Everybody calls that little they love best on earth. We once heard a good sort of a man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect bijou of a wife. We saw her; she weighed 210 pounds; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things besides; and what was she but precious, and what could she be but little? We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in little, almost altogether. Life is made up of little; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars. Mulum in parvo—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.—Chicago Journal.

WHAT THE HEART REQUIRES.—But love demands an object of infinite worth, and dies of very inexplicable and clearly-recognized failure; it projects out of all and above all, and requires a reciprocal love without limits, without any selfishness, without division, without pause, without end. Such an object is, verily, the divine being—not fleeting, sinful, changeable man. Therefore must the heart sink into the giver himself of all love, into the fullness of good and the beautiful, into the disinterested, unlimited, and universal lover.—Jean Paul Richter.

DEAD.

A sorrowful woman said to me, "Come in and look at our child!" I saw an angel at shut of day, And it never spoke—it smiled.

I think of it in the city's streets, I dream of it when I rest— The violet eyes, the waxen hands, And the one white rose on the breast.

T. B. Aldrich.

Sabbath Musings.

OUR REST.

"Thy sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed to us." My feet are worn and weary with the march, Over rough roads, and up the steep hill-side; O, city of our God, I fain would see Thy pastures green, where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, tolling on, Day after day, for perishable meat; O, city of our God, I fain would rest; I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy-seat.

My garments, travel-worn, and stained with dust, Oft rent by briars and thorns that crowd my way, Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness, Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My eyes are weary looking at the sin, Impiety and scorn upon the earth; O, city of our God, within thy walls, All, all are clothed upon with the new birth.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin— Sinning, repenting, sinning still away; When shall my soul thy glorious presence feel, And find its guilt, dear Savior, washed away?

Patience, poor soul; the Savior's feet were worn; The Savior's heart and hands were weary, too; His garments stained, and travel-worn, and old, His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that he trod; Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest; O, city of our God, we soon shall see Thy glorious walls, home of the loved and blest.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

May I take this occasion of speaking of the importance of this one solemn ordinance of religion, never to be forgotten wherever we are—morning and evening prayer? It is the best means of reminding ourselves of the presence of God. To place ourselves in His hands before we go forth on our journey, on our pleasure, on our work; to commit ourselves again to Him before we retire to rest; this is the best security for keeping up our faith and trust in Him in whom we profess to believe, whom we all expect to meet after we leave this world. It is also the best security for our leading a good and happy life. We shall find it thrice as difficult to fall into sin if we have prayed against it that very morning, or if we thank God for having kept it from us that very evening. It is the best means of gaining strength, and refreshment, and courage, and self-denial for the day. It is the best means of gaining content, and tranquillity, and rest for the night; it brings us, as nothing else can bring us, into the presence of Him who is the source of all these things, and who gives them freely to those who truly and sincerely ask for them. We may "ask" for them without caring to have them; but that is not really "asking." We may "seek," but without lifting up our little finger to get what we seek; but that is not really "seeking." We may "knock," but so feebly and irresolutely, that no sound can be heard within or without; that is not really to "knock." But "ask" distinctly and with understanding; "seek" earnestly and deliberately; "knock" eagerly and pertinaciously; and in some way or other, depend upon it, we shall be answered.—Stanley's Sermons in the East.

BLESSED IS THAT SERVANT.

A LADY in a new portion of the country, after much labor, and passing through many difficulties and discouragements, succeeded in starting a little Sunday School. By her diligent effort it was kept alive, and it grew in strength and influence, till out of it there sprang up a flourishing, prosperous church, to stand perhaps for ages, as a tree of life, sending far and wide through the community around moral healing from its leaves. This pious heart made a vase and filled it with water, placing it where the thirsty might drink. And when at length it shall be reckoned up, how much influence for good has flowed from these humble efforts, a great multitude will rise up to call blessed, that self-denying, though humble co-worker with God. "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh shall find so doing."—Presbyterian.

POWER OF GOD'S PRESENCE.—Consider what God is—in His nature love, possessed of joy, crowned with peace perpetual. Transfer all this into a human soul, into your soul, let them abide among the sensitive receptivities of your better nature, every faculty lovingly open to His influence, and it shall be no wonder if you show forth His spirit, be a living epistle; no wonder if you be changed into His likeness, nay, His very image, and the blessed attributes of God become the blessing attributes of man. Stocks cannot bind those feelings, then; they fly abroad in song. Dungeons cannot darken them; they make that dungeon flame with light. Their genial warmth dawns fierce furnace heat to pleasant coolness. They joy in angel company when lions stand around. They are never more exultant and triumphant than when man's last enemy, drawing near, cowers to see the indwelling presence and power of Him who alone has conquered death.—Christian Advocate and Journal.

SPEAKING THROUGH TEARS.—An old writer has truthfully remarked that we may say what we please, if we speak through tears. Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending. Hence, when we are most tender at heart, our words are most powerful. Hence, one great reason why our words have so much more power during a revival than at other times. Our hearts are more tender then than they usually are—we feel more, and it is easy for the impenitent to see and feel that our hearts are interested in their behalf. They feel that our words are not mere lip-words, but heart-words.



Various Topics.

A GREAT ARMY ON THE MARCH.

MARCH! What is comprehended in the march of a great army under the burning suns of July? Will our rugged farmers, who sweat in the harvest field, or tradesmen, who daily put forth strong muscular effort at their ordinary business, believe me when assuring them that were the strongest from among their number for the first time to be arrayed with what each soldier daily and for many long hours and many miles carries—knapsack, haversack, gun, ammunition box, canteen, tin cup, coffee boiler, with various other et ceteras, weighing in all about as much as a bushel of wheat—and he, thus accoutred, started, at the middle of a hot July day, on a dusty road, amid a thick and smothering crowd of men, horses, mules and wagons; in less than a mile he would fall prostrate to the earth, and perhaps never to be able to rise again. It has, however, taken two years of terrible war to inure these iron men, to undergo this wonderful physical endurance. Nor must it be forgotten, that in the hardening process, two out of three have sunk under the toil and exposure, and have disappeared from the army.

Our mode of marching for many days, during the late campaign, has been after the following fashion. Stretched out in a single road, and in close marching order, the Army of the Potomac, with its infantry, cavalry, artillery, ambulances and wagon trains, would extend a distance of forty miles; so where the front may now be, it would, in ordinary marches, take several days for the rear to reach. In order to facilitate matters, keep the army more compact, and to be able to act more speedily in concert, as lately at Gettysburg, several columns usually start together on different roads, leading in the same general direction. Not only this, but of late it has been usual for the artillery, ambulances and wagons, to take the road, and in a turnpike or wide thoroughfare, wagons and artillery go abreast, and the infantry column take a course in the vicinity, and parallel with the road—through field and woods, down into deep glens and hollows, up steep bluffs and over high hills, through unbridged marshes, ponds and creeks. Along such a course, it is quite as easy for the footman as for us who are on horseback.

The eye never wearies in its interest with ever-varying scenes constantly presenting themselves on these marches. Long miles of artillery—a cannon with its six horses, followed by its caissons and its six horses, and others and others—strings of neat two-horse ambulances reaching out of sight, and army wagons without number or end—with those on foot; great streams of living men, with those remaining stationary, sometimes imagining will never all pass. A strange fascination has it at least to the writer, often on the march, when getting on some eminence and looking forward for miles at that dark column four abreast, winding down into valleys, up over hills, across fields, orchards or meadows—away, away, and hiding itself in some dense woods afar off. Looking back, the same curious, bewitching vision meets the eye. A vast, living, moving ananconda, encircling and seemingly about to crush the earth within its folds. At a mile's distance the motion of a column cannot readily be discerned; but fixing the eye on a stationary object in close proximity, you at once discern that it actually lives and moves.

THE JAPANESE PEASANTRY.

THE Japanese authorities have endeavored to persuade foreign officials that wages are high and produce dear. Such can hardly be the case. The evidence of plenty, or a sufficiency at least, everywhere meets the eye; cottages and farm-houses are rarely seen out of repair—in pleasant contrast to China, where everything is going to decay—public buildings and private dwellings alike, but more especially the former. The men and women, now they take to their clothing, are well and comfortably clad, even the children, though there are two or three rejoicing in nature's garb, having just rushed out of a vapor bath, and, Russian-like, facing the cold with impunity. In passing the door may be seen a black-mouthed matron, the mother, no doubt, of all these disreputable-looking little Cupids and Psyches (without their wings), in precisely the same garb, nursing as she looks unconcernedly round at the *toyins*. One would think they must needs be a cleanly people, and that is a great virtue, whatever we may say or think of their free and easy mode of arriving at the result. There is no sign of starvation or penury in the midst of the population, if little room for the indulgence of luxury or the display of wealth. Their habits of life are evidently simple in the highest degree. A bare matted room, not over large, but generally clean; a few lacker cups and saucers, or porcelain, with as many trays on stands—behold the whole furniture of a well furnished house, from the Daimio whose revenue is estimated at a million measures of rice, to the little shopkeeper or peasant who lives from hand to mouth. This is all the richest have, and more than the poorest want. In the kitchen a few buckets, two or three copper or iron pans, and a movable stove or two, with a large pan for the daily rice and hot water, supply all the means of cooking. Feather and bamboo brooms, with plenty of water and air, afford the means of cleanliness. In the inner rooms, behind those sliding panels, are a few cotton-stuffed wrappers, and they are bed and blanket, while a lacker or wooden pillow completes the couch.

There is something to admire in this Spartan simplicity of habits, which seems to extend through all their life, and they pride themselves upon it. Fish and rice are the chief articles of food, with tea and saki for beverages. The peasant, the labor of the day over, can always

look forward to the luxury of a hot bath, and a still more luxurious shampooing, if not by his barber or the blind professors of the art, who go about all the evening, with a whistle for their cry, seeking customers, he can always make sure of it by his wife's aid.—*Three Years in Japan.*

A VISIT TO THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Springfield *Republican* describes "Govin's Dome," in the Mammoth Cave:

One of the most sublime and fearful sights witnessed by us was "Govin's Dome." Passing down steep declivities, through a narrow, winding way, on the brink of deep pits, and up ledges, we come to a natural window through which we gaze upon one of the grandest scenes of nature. Far, far above was the dome, and far, far below could be dimly seen the rocky pavement, while the pillars, corridors and pilasters, cut by a divine artist, showed his wondrous, infinite power: In every direction, on every side, the indications of an Almighty hand are so palpably evident in the adornment and enrichment of this vast domain, that we are filled with awe, as if in the immediate presence of the great Creator. Here are high hills, but instead of being clad with waving forests, they are crowned with stalactite formations, giving a vivid appearance of the "post oaks" of the upper world; there are deep ravines, but instead of flowing streams and beautiful verdure, are the dry water-courses of ages past, winding through the solid rock in wild, fantastic shape.

There are vineyards here and flower gardens, but the grapes and flowers are only representations in limestone on the rocky ceiling, perfect in their life-like appearance and beauty. This is the region of eternal Spring, its temperature never changing, though in "Snowball chamber" we buttoned overcoats, and it seemed as though winter was upon us. There is no hum of bees, no song of birds, no light of day, but eternal, endless silence and darkness. Yet in "Fly chamber" the ceiling seems covered with flies, apparently waiting for a morning that will never come. There are representations of birds and beasts, and a starry chamber; whose dome, stretching up into the darkness, reveals in its black sky countless stars, almost perfect representations of the external world. There is no life here, consequently no death; yet the "Giant's Coffin" lies in grand proportions, as if waiting for a new race to people this wonderful world. One forgets the sad sights and scenes of the upper world till startled by "breastworks" and "rifle pits," he is reminded of armed men and of fearful war.

There are immense palaces here with domes, arches, corridors, pillars, sculptured facades, grander, more majestic than ever was formed by man; for they are "temples not built with hands," and the proudest works of art fade away into insignificance in comparison. But as it is impossible to convey to a blind man an idea of the beauty of a summer landscape, so it is utterly impossible to describe or give a correct idea of this marvelous specimen of nature's handiwork. Before the war it was resorted to by thousands yearly, but now few find their way to this place. Yet Mr. Owley, the gentlemanly proprietor of the hotel, and a staunch Union man, bides his time and waits in patience for the day when his house, capable of accommodating four hundred guests, shall again be filled with lovers of the grand and beautiful. John Morgan has left "his mark" on this place, and the despoiling it of furniture to the amount of some \$15,000, does not beget on the part of the proprietor a very great sympathy with troubles that have come upon this guerrilla.

WASHINGTON'S FARM MANAGEMENT.

THE very interesting review of the life and doings of the "Father of his Country," in Appleton's New American Encyclopedia, from the pen of Edward Everett, gives the following account of the minute supervision which Washington constantly maintained over the management of his plantation:

The estate at Mount Vernon, as it was in the latter years of his life, consisted of about eight thousand acres. One-half of this was in wood or uncultivated lawns, but about four thousand acres were in tillage, and managed directly by Washington himself. The cultivated land lay in five farms, each with its appropriate set of laborers, directed by an overseer, the whole, during his long absence from home, under a general superintendent. During his absence each of the overseers was required to make a weekly written report to the superintendent, containing a minute account of everything done on the farm in the course of the week, including the condition of the stock, and the number of days work performed by each laborer. These reports were recorded in a book by the superintendent, who then sent the originals in a weekly letter to Gen. Washington. A weekly letter was returned—usually a letter of four pages, sometimes of twice that length, carefully prepared from a rough draft, then neatly transcribed by the writer; after which a press copy was taken. The rotation of crops in his numerous fields was arranged by himself for years beforehand. The culture of tobacco was given up in the latter part of his life, as exhausting to the soil and unfavorable to the health of the laborers. Not content with general results, nor relying exclusively on the discretion of his superintendents, he gave instructions from the Seat of Government, while President of the United States, as to the smallest details in the management of his farms. Even when he was on the march to suppress the insurrection in Western Pennsylvania in 1794, his correspondence with his superintendent was continued. A short letter was written by him from Reading, and another from Carlisle, on his way to the rendezvous of the army. In these letters he mentions the appearance of buckwheat and

the potatoes which he saw in the fields by the roadside, and gives a general direction for the care of his stock at the approach of cold weather. On December 10th, 1799, four days before his death, he addressed a long letter to the superintendent of his farms, the last elaborate production of his pen, inclosing a plan drawn up on thirty folio pages, containing directions for their cultivation for several years to come.

CURIOSITY ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.—Dr. LATHAM, in his grammar, gives some curious instances of the misspelling of words, arising from their sound, which error has led to the production not only of a form, but of a meaning, very different from the original. Thus *Dent de lion*, originally referring to the root, has been corrupted into *dandelion*, having reference to the flaunting aspect of the flower. *Contre-dance* has become *country dance*. *Shamefastness*, originally referring to the attire, has become *shamefacedness*, and applied to the countenance. *Cap-a-pie* has produced *apple-pie order*. *Fofo capo*, Italian for the first sized sheet, has produced *fofo cap*, *Asparagus*, *sparrowgrass*; *Girasole* *artichoke*, *Jerusalem artichoke*. *Massaniello*, the name of a famous Neapolitan rebel and the hero of the opera, is nothing but *Mas-Aniello*, a corruption of the true name, *Thomas Aniello*. *Hogoumont*, famous in the annals of Waterloo, is properly *Chateau Goumont*.

Scientific, Useful, &c.

PHILOSOPHY OF EXERCISE.

ALL know that the less we exercise the less health we have, and the more certain are we to die before our time. But comparatively few persons are able to explain how exercise does promote health. Both beast and bird, in a state of nature, are exempt from disease, except in rare cases; it is because the unappeasable instinct of searching for their necessary food impels them to ceaseless activities. Children, when left to themselves, eat a great deal and have excellent health, because they will be doing something all the time, until they become so tired they fall asleep; and as soon as they wake, they begin right away to run about again; thus, their whole existence is spent in alternate eating, and sleeping, and exercise, which is interesting and pleasurable. The health of childhood would be enjoyed by those of maturer years, if, like children, they would eat only when they are hungry, stop when they have done, take rest in sleep as soon as they are tired, and when not eating or resting, would spend the time diligently in such muscular activities as would be interesting, agreeable and profitable. Exercise without mental elasticity, without an enlivenment of the feelings and the mind, is of comparatively little value.

1. Exercise is health-producing, because it works off and out of the system its waste, dead, and effete matters; these are all converted into a liquid form, called by some "humors" which have exit from the body through the "pores" of the skin, in the shape of perspiration, which all have seen, and which all know is the result of exercise, when the body is in a state of health. Thus it is, that persons who do not perspire, who have a dry skin, are always either feverish or chilly, and never can be as long as that condition exists. So exercise, by working out of the system its waste, decayed, and useless matters, keeps the human machine "free;" otherwise it would soon clog up, and the wheels of life would stop forever!

2. Exercise improves the health, because every step a man takes tends to impart motion to the bowels; a proper amount of exercise keeps them acting once in twenty-four hours; if they have not motion, there is constipation, which brings on very many fatal diseases; hence exercise, especially that of walking, wards off innumerable diseases, when it is kept up to an extent equal to one action of the bowels daily.

3. Exercise is healthful, because the more we exercise the faster we breathe. If we breathe faster, we take much more air into the lungs; but it is the air we breathe which purifies the blood, and the more air we take in, the more perfectly is that process performed; the purer the blood is, as everybody knows, the better the health must be. Hence, when a person's lungs are impaired, he does not take in enough air for the want of the system; that being the case, the air he does breathe should be the purest possible, which is out-door air. Hence, the more a consumptive stays in the house, the more certain and speedy is his death.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE SERVICES OF MOISTURE IN AIR.

ONE of the most curious and interesting of the recent discoveries of science is, that it is to the presence of a very small proportion of watery vapor in our atmosphere—less than one-half of one per cent.—that much of the beneficent effect of heat is due. The rays of heat sent forth from the earth after it has been warmed by the sun would soon be lost in space, but for the wonderful absorbent properties of these molecules of aqueous vapor, which act with many thousand times the power of the atoms of oxygen and nitrogen of which the air is composed. By this means the heat, instead of being transmitted into infinitude as fast as produced, is stopped or dammed up and held back on its rapid course to furnish the necessary conditions of life and growth. Let the moisture be taken from the air but for a single summer night, and the sun would rise next morning upon a "world held fast in the iron grip of frost." But the power of absorption and radiation in the same body are always equal, so that at length it is poured forth into space; else our atmosphere would become a vast reservoir of fire, and all organic life be burned up.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

AMONG the slight causes of impaired digestion, is to be reckoned the very general habit of eating between meals. The powerful digestion of the growing boy makes light of all such irregularities, but to see adults, and often those by no means in robust health, eating muffins, buttered toast, or bread and butter, a couple of hours after a heavy dinner, is a distressing spectacle to the physiologist. It takes at least four hours to digest a dinner; during that period the stomach should be allowed repose. A little tea, or any other liquid, is beneficial rather than otherwise, but solid food is a mere incumbrance. There is no gastric juice ready to digest it; and if any reader, having at all a delicate digestion, will attend to his sensations after eating muffins or toast at tea, unless his dinner has had time to digest, he will need no sentence of explanation to convince him of the serious error prevalent in English families, of making tea a light meal, quickly succeeding a substantial dinner. Regularity in the hours of eating is far from necessary; but regularity of intervals is of primary importance. It matters little at what hour you lunch or dine, provided you allow the proper intervals to elapse between breakfast and luncheon, and between luncheon and dinner. What are those intervals? This is a question each must settle for himself. Much depends on the amount eaten at each meal, much also on the rapidity with which each person digests. Less than four hours should never be allowed after a heavy meal of meat. Five hours is about the average for men in active work. But those who dine late—at six or seven—should never take food again till breakfast next day, unless they have been at the theater, or dancing, or exerting themselves in Parliament, in which case a slight supper is requisite.—*Lewis' Physiology of Common Life.*

HOW NEAR WE ARE TO DEATH.

A WRITER in the *Independent* thus discourses on our nearness to death:—When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one single misstep and those mighty engines would tear us to ribbons with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So, when we are thundering across the land in a rail car, and there is nothing but half an inch of flange iron to hold us upon the track. So, when we are at sea in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice. But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or land, the partition which divides us from eternity is something thinner than an oak plank or half an inch of flange iron. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold these beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition were pierced or ruptured it would be just the same with us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he will to widen the space, no man can at any time go further from death than the thickness of a sheet of paper.

MODERN ECONOMY OF TIME.

THE *Scientific American* thus shows how time has been economized by the application of machinery:

*Cotton*.—One man can spin more cotton yarn now than four hundred men could have done in the same time in 1700, when Arkwright the best cotton spinner took out his first patent.

*Flour*.—One man can make as much flour in a day now as one hundred and fifty could a century ago.

*Lace*.—One woman can now make as much lace in a day as a hundred women could a hundred years ago.

*Sugar*.—It now requires only as many days to refine sugar as it did months thirty years ago.

*Looking-glasses*.—It once required six months to put quicksilver on a glass; now it needs only forty minutes.

*Engines*.—The engine of a first rate iron-clad frigate will perform as much work in a day as forty thousand horses.

This list might be extended indefinitely, for there is scarcely an article of industry produced which has not been increased in quantity to the same extent, by the employment of improved mechanical means for its production. There is probably no class of people who have more added to the wealth of the country than inventors, whose business it is to economize time, by devising the best methods of accomplishing labor.

DECLIVITY OF RIVERS.

A VERY slight declivity suffices to give the running motion to water. Three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight channel, gives a velocity of about three miles an hour. The Ganges, which gathers the waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the loftiest in the world, is, at 1,800 miles from its mouth, only about 800 feet above the level of the sea; and to fall these 800 feet in the long course requires more than a month. The great river Magdalena, in South America, running for 1,000 miles between two ridges of the Andes, falls only 500 feet in all that distance; above the commencement of the 1,000 miles, it is seen descending in rapids and cataracts from the mountains. The gigantic Rio de la Plata has so gentle a descent to the ocean that, in Paraguay, 1,500 miles from its mouth, large ships are seen which have sailed against the current, all the way by the force of the wind alone—that is to say, which on the beautiful inclined plane of the stream, have been gradually lifted by the south wind, and even against the current, to elevation greater than that of our loftiest spires.

Reading for the Young.

CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST.

MANY years ago, a poor boy was walking one of the many crooked streets of Boston, on his way to the printing office. He was an apprentice in that office, without friends or home, or any one to care for him. He had met with some rebuff that day, and felt discouraged. There was no one to cheer him when he tried to do well, and many to blame him when he did not try. As he slowly moved toward his place of work, an old gentleman met him and spoke to him.

"Is your name Samuel?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"And your father's name was John —, was it not?"

"It was, sir; but he is dead."  
"Is your mother not living?"  
"No, sir."

"Well, are you alone in the world, without friends or property?"  
"Have neither, sir."

"Nor have I many or much. But let me say, Samuel, that you can do well without either. You have a young heart, strong limbs, good health, and you have only to earn a good character, and you will be a man. It is all in your own power. You can make yourself just what you choose to be. I have watched you and noticed that you are sober, and industrious, and have too much self-respect to go in bad company. Continue to do so and you will be all that you want to be. Remember, my boy, that your character is in your own keeping. God bless you!"

The old man passed on, and so did the apprentice. They never met again. But those words of kindness, and approbation, and cheer, sank down deep into the heart of the boy. They gave him new hope and courage. And from that day he began to develop more character, and more that was manly. Faithfully he served out the time of his apprenticeship, though often he had not a whole shirt to his back.

I met him years after this, when he was in business for himself, printing and a book-store. He was then very diligent in business, careful and frugal of expenses. He had an industry that never tired, and would often publish great works that no other man dared touch.

Years passed away, and he had become a man—had risen in wealth and influence till he was mayor of the city in which he resided, and was the acting governor of the proud state that gave him birth. And on these high places he was not giddy, but was the same painstaking man that he had ever been, universally respected and greatly honored.

One day he met a young man who qualified for a valuable office under the United States government, but he had no friends to aid him.

"Whose son are you?" asked the mayor.  
"The son of —," was the answer.  
"Was old Mr. — your grandfather?"  
"Yes, sir."

"I remember him well. He it was who gave me kind words of encouragement when I needed them most! I attribute most of my success in life to those few words that dropped from his lips! Young man! if in my power, you shall have the office, out of gratitude to your grandfather!"

Away posted the mayor to Washington, and soon returned with the appointment in his pocket.—*REV. JOHN TODD, in S. S. Times.*

THE BEST YOU CAN.

NEVER faint, halt or despair because you cannot realize your ideal and do the thing you would. Only do the best you can, and no authoritative judgment shall condemn you. Your will may be equal to your ideal, while circumstances may raise an insuperable bar, for the time being, at least. How many persons make wreck of talent in sighing for opportunities to do other and more than their circumstances warrant. They disdain the low rounds of the ladder which most surely lead to the high. They have a notion of what is perfect accomplishment, and are unwilling to take any half-way, preliminary steps. They have no faith in the proverb, "half a loaf is better than no bread." If they would study the record, they would soon learn that the most famous winners of whole loaves were at the start willing and ready to take any slice they could get. Our true business in life is to make the most of the means and opportunities we have—not to neglect small advantages because we cannot have large ones. By cultivating the little, we make it easier to compress the greatest.

DON'T TATTLE.—Children, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is mean. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry the sins in your own heart, or else tell them to God, and ask Him to pardon them. That will be Christ-like. If any body says to you, "O, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake, learn to make this a habit.

IMPATIENCE.—In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.



## Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

## The Army in Virginia.

The enemy continues to be demonstrative in our front. On the 29th, as the 6th and 9th cavalry were going out near Bealton Station to relieve the 4th N. Y. and a Pennsylvania cavalry regiment, on picket, they were opened upon by the rebels with artillery. A brisk skirmish ensued, lasting several hours, our forces falling back within one mile of Germantown, upon our infantry line. The enemy showed nothing but infantry. There were few casualties on either side.

Guerrillas and bushwhackers are exceedingly active, and their operations extend in every direction.

Every day they make some demonstration on our line of communication, and it is even unsafe for our men to venture out of camp. On Sunday evening a gang of bushwhackers dashed upon one of our trains between Warrenton and New Baltimore, and captured an ambulance wagon belonging to the Provost Marshal's Department.

From other sources, we learn that the smoke of the enemy's camp fires can be seen beyond the Rappahannock, indicating that they are in force there, prepared to dispute the passage of the river, or of the construction of the railroad bridge. A body of their infantry has been discovered this side of the river, at Sulphur Springs.

Their cavalry pickets are thrown out this side of the Rappahannock, and are in sight of our advanced pickets.

There are no indications of any immediate advance movement.

The work on the railroad is being prosecuted vigorously, the advance of the army being dependent on its completion.

Gen. Meade's headquarters are still at Warrenton.

To briefly report the skirmishing operations on the 29th, it may be stated that the 4th Illinois regiment of Buford's cavalry tried their skill with dismounted rebels, either infantry or cavalry, on the Bealton and Sulphur Springs road, and was repulsed. Buford then put in the remainder of that brigade, but they were unequal to the task of forcing the enemy to fall back. Another brigade of his cavalry enabled Buford to see the backs of the rebels, and witness their discomfiture. The losses on either side I am unable to give at present.

Last night a supply train of twenty or thirty wagons is said to have been attacked and captured, or destroyed by the rebels between Warrenton and New Baltimore, on the Gainesville road.

Several deserters from the enemy have recently come into our lines, and they relate startling stories of the sufferings of the rebel troops for clothes, and even food. They also add that Gen. Hill is under arrest for failing to carry out his instructions in the advance of his corps on Gen. Meade.

## Department of the South.

A LETTER from Morris Island to the Boston Herald says:

Three men, two belonging to New York and the other to New Jersey, escaped from Charleston to the gunboat Housatonic. They gave sad and gloomy accounts of the condition of affairs in Charleston and Savannah. In the latter city the poor are almost starving.

These men say the torpedoes in the harbor will not work; that when the Ironsides was last in she was over one that contained 200 pounds of powder, which failed to explode. The rebels have two more infernal machines intended to destroy that vessel, similar to the one that was used for that purpose on the 5th ult.

The rebels are in a bad fix with some of their harbor obstructions. Some which had been constructed of ropes, barrels, boards, &c., forming a sort of network, have become rotten, and parts are seen every day floating out to sea. Not long ago a torpedo containing 300 pounds broke adrift from its moorings and went to sea on its own hook.

We are also assured that the city government of Charleston are anxious to surrender the city to Gen. Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren, but Beauregard and the military leaders will not allow them to do so. They say the city shall be burned before surrendered.

The rebel army on James Island, at Charleston, and in the various forts, is reported about

13,000 strong. Most of Beauregard's force has gone to re-enforce Bragg.

A new sand battery has been erected within the ruins of Sumter.

In Charleston, on the public green, two heavy square batteries have been erected, which are to be mounted with heavy hundred-pound rifle guns, to come by way of Wilmington from England.

The N. Y. Times has the following from Morris Island, on the 25th ult.:

Three heavy guns have been turned upon the city of Charleston, and each has thrown one shell containing Greek fire into the very heart of that place. Other guns are to open upon the city in the afternoon. It was not intended at first to make the commencement of such vigorous operations, but circumstances have changed the programme entirely. Our batteries are also at work on Johnson, Sumter and Moultrie. The enemy replies reservedly to-day. He is evidently taken with surprise, so far as the shelling of Charleston is concerned, although he has had sufficient warning. Four monitors are in position off Sullivan's Island. It is understood they will engage the rebel works this afternoon.

At the present moment of writing not a casualty has occurred on our side, and no perceptible damage to our works has been sustained. The artillery is in charge of the 3d R. I. regiment, they having been ordered to the pieces on Sunday. The land batteries alone are engaged. The object of the fire was to get perfect range of the rebel works, and to prevent the construction of any interior batteries and the mounting of guns on Sumter.

## Movements in the West and South-West.

MISSOURI.—A part of Col. Street's command made another raid into Brownsville, Mo., on the 16th inst., plundering many stores and committing many other outrages.

A party of guerrillas, under Campbell, entered Charleston, Mo., on the 30th, robbing the stores and citizens. They took Col. Deal prisoner, who shot two of the party. Campbell was captured and brought to St. Louis in irons.

The prohibition on private shipments to ports below have been removed, provided the freight is shipped by boats coming from St. Louis.

ARKANSAS.—Advices from Little Rock of the 19th inst., state that volunteering for the Union army continues very active. The military organizations in the north-west part of the State already number two thousand volunteers. Capt. Ryan, of Gen. Steele's staff, is appointed superintendent for organizing loyal troops in defense of the State.

Deserters from Price's army are daily arriving at Little Rock and Pine Bluff, and taking the oath of allegiance.

Gen. Marmaduke, at last accounts, was at Archadelpia, with the cavalry of Gen. Holmes' command.

Advices from Fort Scott to the 26th, say the rebels under Coffee have been re-enforced from Price's army and threaten Gens. Blunt and Fort Smith. Price's forces are represented to be 9,000 strong, with 18 pieces of artillery. Quantrell is with him. Gen. Blunt goes to Fort Smith with a train, where he will turn the army of the Frontier over to Gen. McNeil, and proceed to Leavenworth.

Gen. McNeil and Ewing are in the vicinity of Bentonville, Arkansas.

Brooks with 3,000 rebels is marching on White River, near Huntsville, and has been joined by Shelby.

Blunt's train was escorted by a force of infantry, cavalry and artillery sufficiently strong to insure its safety, and Gen. Blunt will offer Cooper battle if the opportunity occurs.

TENNESSEE.—The Knoxville dispatch of the 25th to the Cincinnati Gazette says:—The engagement to-day was a hand to hand affair, lasting over four hours. The rebel force is estimated at about 5,000. They lost in killed, wounded and prisoners over 800. Gen. Walford re-captured his wagon train, but lost his battery. Our loss is nearly 300.

Gen. Saunders advanced yesterday and drove the rebels below Philadelphia. A running fight was kept up until dark.

Col. Crawford has returned from his expedition to distribute arms through Virginia and North Carolina, and to receive recruits. The people are rising everywhere against the rebels.

Parson Brownlow and Representative Maynard were addressing the people of East Tennessee. At Knoxville they spoke to 20,000 people, and were received with enthusiasm.

Lieut. Col. Shirley, of the 1st Middle Tennessee infantry, attacked Hawkins and other guerrilla chiefs near Pinney Factory, and routed and pursued them to Centerville, where Hawkins made another stand, attacking the Federals while crossing the river. He was again repulsed with a loss of 66 prisoners. Our loss is trifling.

A Chattanooga letter to the Herald says:—Deserters continue to come into our lines notwithstanding the extraordinary measures taken to prevent them. Nine men and one commissioned officer, Tennesseans, came in yesterday. The officer, who is an intelligent and apparently honest man, tells a tale which is cheering and surprising to all good Union men, and which corroborates previous information. He says a full brigade of Tennesseans attempted to come through to our lines in a body one day last week, and that a division of staunch rebels was called out to prevent them. A fight of the most sanguinary character ensued, in which artillery, musketry and bayonets were used for three or four hours, resulting in the overpowering of the disaffected Tennesseans after some 800 men had been slaughtered on both sides. The sound of the cannon was distinctly heard in our line at the time, but nobody could explain the phenomena of the brisk artillery fire so close to the enemy's rear. The officers say the matter was washed up, and has since been kept so quiet that

the extremes of the army know nothing about it. Bragg's distrust of the Tennessee and Georgia corps is perhaps an explanation of his delay in attacking the place.

Lookout Mountain was taken on the 28th by our troops, under Gen. Hooker, with the 11th Corps and the assistance of the 12th and Palmer's division of the 14th Corps. There was no serious opposition. The river is now open to Chattanooga, and the Army of the Cumberland is relieved from any danger threatened by interrupted communication. Our loss was only five killed and fifteen wounded of General Hazen's brigade.

The Gazette has a dispatch from Chattanooga the 27th ult., which says a detachment under Col. Stanley, of the 11th Ohio regiment, floated fifty pontoons down the river in face of the rebel sharpshooters, landed at Brown's Ferry and surprised and drove the rebels from the ridge on the south side, opening communication with Bridgeport.

The enemy's actions seem to indicate that Bragg is moving in large force upon Cleveland, Tenn., with the evident purpose of breaking through our lines in that direction. It is generally believed here that this movement is co-operated in by a portion of Lee's forces from Virginia moving down by way of Lynchburg and Bristol, Va., with the purpose of driving Burnside from East Tennessee and turning the flank of this army, and thus compelling its retirement from Chattanooga.

Upon retiring from the command of the Army of the Cumberland, Gen. Rosecrans issued the following "Farewell" to his officers and soldiers:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF THE CUMBERLAND, }  
CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Oct. 16, 1863.

General Order No. 242.—The General commanding announces to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, that he leaves them under orders from the President.

Major-General George H. Thomas, in compliance with orders, will assume the command of this army and department. The chiefs of all the staff departments will report to him for orders.

In taking leave of you, his brothers in arms, officers and soldiers, he congratulates you that your new commander comes to you not as a stranger. Gen. Thomas has been identified with this army from its first organization, and has led you often in battles. To his renown, precedents, dauntless courage and true patriotism, you may look with confidence that, under God, he will lead you to victory. The General Commanding doubts not you will be as true to yourselves and your country in the future, as you have been in the past.

To the division and brigade commanders, he tenders his cordial thanks for their valuable aid and hearty co-operation in all he has undertaken.

To the chiefs of his staff departments and their subordinates, whom he leaves behind, he owes a debt of gratitude for their fidelity and untiring devotion to duty.

Companions in arms, officers and soldiers, farewell, and may God bless you.

W. S. ROSECRANS, Maj.-Gen.

B. GODDARD, A. A. G.

The following was received at the headquarters of the Army:

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 29.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief.—In the light of last night the enemy attacked Gen. Geary's division, posted at Wauhatchie, on three sides, and broke his camp at one point, but was driven back in a most gallant style by a part of his force, the remainder being held in reserve. Howard, while marching to Geary's relief, was attacked in the flank, the enemy occupying in force two commanding hills on the left of the road. He immediately threw forward two of his regiments and took both at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy from his breastworks and across Lookout Creek. In this brilliant success over their old adversary, the conduct of the officers and men of the 11th and 12th Corps is entitled to the highest praise.

GEO. H. THOMAS, Maj.-Gen.

MISSISSIPPI.—A gentleman recently from Vicksburg informs the N. Y. Tribune that the Mississippi has been and is unusually low, and only gunboats of light draught can navigate the stream. The dangers to navigation from snags are increased, and by the presence of guerrillas almost every vessel passing receives volleys at several points. A number of boats have been destroyed, the guerrillas' plan being to pick off the pilots, when the boats becoming unmanageable run ashore and are there attacked, robbed and destroyed, the passengers being left on the bank to go whithersoever they please. The navigation of the river is likely to be seriously affected in this manner, as no convoys can be sent with the boats. The work of strengthening and increasing the fortifications of Vicksburg is steadily progressing, and this place, once thought impregnable, is likely to become really so.

Gen. McPherson's expedition to Canton, Miss., resulted in destroying a large number of rebel mills and factories, the defeat and dispersion of the rebels, and the general discomfiture of the guerrillas infesting that section.

## Department of the Gulf.

The steamer George Washington, from New Orleans the 24th ult., arrived in New York on the 31st. We gather the following items of interest from her files:

The latest news from the Army of the Gulf is up to the 21st, and is of the most cheering character. The army of Gen. Franklin entered Opelousas on that day. The enemy made a stand in front of the town with infantry, cavalry and artillery, but were quickly driven from the field. This result has followed every attempt the enemy has made at a stand during the present campaign. On the Teche, at Vermillion Bayou, where they had a strong position, an ugly engagement might have been expected, but the threats on their rear by Gen. Dana's column compelled the rebel General to divide his troops and so weaken his force on the bayou that it was easily turned by our cavalry, and forced to fall back from their strong position. Our troops are reported well supplied and in fine health and spirits. The advance camp is now beyond Opelousas. There is much speculation in camp as to whether the line of march is to be north or west, but nothing definite is known.

Another expedition composed of veteran troops is being fitted out, and will doubtless sail within the next forty-eight hours. Its destination has not been publicly announced, but it is doubtless bound for some point on the Texas coast. Brownsville is supposed to be the point aimed at, from whence it will operate as the onward progress of the main column may decide best. Part of the corps de Afrique accompanies expedition.

The enlistment of colored soldiers is progressing rapidly. Two white regiments are also filling up.

So much of the Mississippi as is in this Department is now entirely free from guerrilla depredations, and traffick along its branches is now as uninterrupted in this respect as before the war. Business steadily increasing.

Several small expeditions have recently been sent across Lake Ponchartrain into Mississippi, which destroyed several rebel tanneries, salt-works and other valuable property. They met several parties of rebel soldiers, and in the skirmishes which ensued the Union troops were ever victorious.

The Gulf blockading squadron have made several captures recently. Blockade running on this part of the coast is ruining all who engage in it.

Advices from the 13th army corps, via New Orleans, 24th, 7 A. M., state that that corps was at Vermillion at that date. The 19th army corps had made a reconnaissance in force from Opelousas without much resistance, and a large part of the corps was still at Opelousas. The enemy are reported to be rapidly retreating towards Alexandria.

Major-General Ord has returned to New Orleans, and Gen. Washburn is in command of the 13th army corps.

A new expedition under Gen. Dana is to leave New Orleans in a few days for some point not known to any one except Gen. Banks himself, who will accompany the expedition; but it is known that this force will act in conjunction with the 13th and 19th army corps, and will meet them at some point on the march.

## AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

It has been determined by President Lincoln not to take any official notice of the French invasion of Mexico until our own domestic difficulties shall have been adjusted.

A mutual exchange of records of deceased prisoners had been agreed upon by the proper authorities of the United States and Confederate Governments, and Surgeon-General Rawes has issued the necessary orders to surgeons of hospitals where rebel prisoners are confined. Col. Hoffman, commanding General of prisoners, has already received one list from Richmond.

By the last declaration of exchange issued by rebel Commissioner Ould, the difference between the two Governments in respect to numbers is 10,000 greater than before, and the probabilities of a speedy adjustment are so much further removed.

The Governor of Colorado, who is also Indian Superintendent of that Territory, has informed the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, that, in conjunction with the Commissioner heretofore appointed, and with the assistance of Mr. Nicolay, the President's private secretary, he has concluded a treaty with the Tabeguache band of Indians. Although they failed to secure their settlement on a reservation, there is a provision that such a settlement may be inaugurated for a gradual consummation. The lands ceded, the Governor says, are probably the most available ever purchased by the Government from a single Indian tribe, including, as they do, nearly all the mining land yet discovered in Colorado, and in addition a large amount of agricultural and grazing land. The lands lie between the 37th and 41st degrees of north latitude.

Information has been received at the Indian Bureau from the Omaha Superintendency, stating that the Poncos and Winnebagoes have arrived there and are begging for food. The Indians from the Northern Superintendency, sent from the upper country, are working their way down the Missouri river, and it is added unless some action be taken they will be scattered all along that river, greatly to the injury and annoyance of the whites. It is proper to say as soon as the sufferings of the Indians became known the Government at once made provision for the required relief.

Senor Don Romero on the 31st ult., presented to the President, by the Secretary of State, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, his credentials as Minister of the Mexican Republic.

The following order has just been issued in relation to evidence of military service:

PENSION OFFICE, Oct. 28, 1863.

No volunteer or drafted man is deemed to have been in the United States service unless duly mustered therein. When mustered, his service is regarded as having commenced at the date of his enrollment. Evidence of such service must be sought at the office of the Adjutant General of the United States army, and the rolls of that office when complete are of the highest authority and cannot be contradicted by parole evidence. If there is believed to be an error therein in any case, evidence intended to correct such error must be filed in that office. When the Adjutant General reports that the proper returns of muster are wanting in any case, the evidence will be sought at the Paymaster's office, and if not there found, at the office of the Adjutant General of the State in which the regiment in question was raised.

Evidence of muster obtained from either of the latter sources when furnished in request of this office will be accepted in default of evidence from the Adjutant General.

Evidence of muster out will be regarded as sufficient in any case if the date of enrollment is ascertained.

If an officer or soldier is found on the pay rolls after the date of muster, any further evidence of muster will not be required.

Any officer duly mustered in and afterward promoted will be regarded as holding the rank at which he is placed on the pay rolls.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, Com.

## LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Eastman's Model Commercial College—A. R. Eastman, Sodus Academy—Alzo M. Winchester, President.  
Large Sale of Valuable Horses—S. R. Bowne.  
Horse Feeder—Geo. T. Dalben.  
The Printer's Devil.  
Agents Wanted—Baldwin & Co.  
Fancy Poultry for Sale—G. H. Bacheller.  
Employment—O. Huggins & Co.  
Osier Willows Wanted—C. Van Der Brugh.  
Apple Seeds for Sale—Jas. A. Root.  
Peach Stones Wanted—O. Wanemacher.  
Special Notices.  
The Right Kind of Education for Boys—H. G. Eastman.  
The Rural New-Yorker for 1864.

## The News Condenser.

- Wood is \$40 a cord in the South.
- Diphtheria still prevails in Maine.
- The rebels stole \$20,000 in Boonville, Mo.
- The New Jersey lilac shrubs are in bloom.
- The 9th Vt. regiment numbers only 79 men.
- The Prussian army are to have Colt's revolvers.
- Horace Greeley is writing a History of the war.
- A silk bonnet in Richmond costs \$200—gloves \$10 a pair.
- The Sultan of Turkey has made a bid for Laird's rams.
- Brigham Young has sixty children, and a prospect of more.
- Calais, Me., does \$75,000 worth of business in herring oil.
- A Maryland sportsman recently killed 32 wild ducks at a shot.
- There are no sutlers now permitted in the Army of the Potomac.
- Mrs. Trollope, well known as an authoress, has just died at Florence.
- Gov. Tod announces no present draft in Ohio, her quota being full.
- The French trans-Atlantic Company have purchased the privateer Florida.
- Her Majesty, the Queen of Portugal, gave birth to a Prince on the 28th ult.
- It has been decided to raise a colored artillery regiment in Rhode Island.
- Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, has been made a Confederate Brigadier General.
- The New York hotels are about to raise their charges to \$3 and \$3.50 per day.
- Loyal papers are published at Vicksburg, Natchez, Knoxville and Little Rock.
- The September recruits for Salt Lake City amount to 4,000, mostly from Europe.
- The Virginia farmers refuse to sell their wheat for worthless Confederate paper.
- Russia has in its regular and irregular armies 36,614 officers and 1,161,968 privates.
- Brig. Gen. Rufus King has resigned his commission to accept the mission to Rome.
- Sec. Stanton has dismissed all the lady copyists in the Provost Marshal General's office.
- The death of 1,500 squirrels was the result of a recent hunt in Ashtabula county, Ohio.
- Lord Brougham completed his 85th year the 19th of Sept., and is still in good health.
- The last British census shows that there were 201 persons 100 years of age in England.
- The Richmond papers speak of Lee's recent advance toward Washington as "a failure."
- This year's silk crop in Europe is better than last year's, both in quantity and quality.
- The rebels are going to hold Neal Dow a prisoner until the guerrilla Morgan is released.
- A new kind of iron-clad, named bull-dogs, are to be put on the stocks immediately in France.
- New York city drinks 250,000 quarts of pure milk daily, besides a great deal that isn't pure.
- The cost of the Metropolitan Police of New York for the current year is estimated at \$1,814,620.
- There is a project on foot for erecting a monument to Robert Fulton in Trinity church-yard, N. Y.
- A congress of German dentists have declared that sugar and tobacco are not injurious to the teeth.
- Five sailors, accused of having served on the pirate Florida, were arrested in New York Tuesday week.
- Archbishop Whately, the distinguished English scholar and theologian, died in Dublin on the 8th ult.
- Denmark is massing troops on the Southern frontier of Schleswig, and Sweden still intends to support her.
- The London Times thinks a great deal of this country. One-ninth of its leaders in 1862 related to our affairs.
- Oil is selling at the Pennsylvania wells at seven dollars per barrel, and the average daily yield is 7,000 barrels.
- Valuable lead mines have been discovered at Newport, N. H., and immediate steps are to be taken to work them.
- The rebels now confess to a loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, in the late battles near Chattanooga, of 17,969.
- The Toronto Leader says it has authority for stating that the Atlantic submarine telegraph will be commenced at once.
- The Montauk nation of Indians, once one of the most powerful in America, has dwindled down to five persons.
- The Richmond Examiner of the 14th ult. says the number of prisoners of war held in Richmond at this time is 10,250.
- The Indianapolis (Ind.) Common Council has appropriated five thousand dollars for the purchase of wood for the poor.
- There are 25,000 noblemen in the Austrian States, of whom 163,000 are in Hungary, Galicia 24,900, and Bohemia 2,260.
- On Monday week 1,088 boxes of cheese were received and shipped from Little Falls. The aggregate weight was 91,967 pounds.
- The annual clear profit from the Benzet family from their contract for the gambling houses at Baden is 1,200,000 francs a year.
- A Chippewa squaw, who was the belle of her people a hundred years ago, still lives on the shores of Red Lake. She is 120 years old.
- Gen. Rosecrans, it is stated from Washington, had no fault imported to him except that he did not agree with the War Department.
- Mrs. S. B. Chittenden of Brooklyn offers to contribute \$10,000 towards raising two hundred men for the Brooklyn Fourteenth.
- From January 1 to Sept. 10, this year, there were imported in Great Britain 2,624,950 gallons of petroleum from the port of New York.



Special Notices.

THE RIGHT KIND OF EDUCATION FOR



AND BOYS.

IMPORTANT to those who can devote a few weeks or months to study, to parents who have sons to educate...

Eastman's State and National Business College.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the Hudson River.

A MODEL COMMERCIAL COLLEGE. Founded on the great motto of Agesilaus, King of Sparta...

Prosperity of the Institution and Eminent Success of the Original and Pre-eminent Mode of Instruction...

Full information of this Institution, view of buildings, offices, banks, and different departments for actual business...

Full information of this Institution, view of buildings, offices, banks, and different departments for actual business...

President Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

NOTE—A page notice of this Institution, containing Views of Buildings, Letters and Reports of the Course of Study, Plan of Operation, etc., may be found in the Rural New-Yorker of October 17th.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1864.

In answer to many recent inquiries on the subject, we would state that the Terms of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1864 will be the same as at present...

Some wish to know how many subscribers they must obtain to entitle them to a post-paid copy of THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD...

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, November 3, 1863.

Flour—An advance equal to 50 cents per barrel is noticeable for the week.

Wheat—Wheat is much higher, Genesee ranging from \$1.30 to \$1.60 and best white Canadian selling at \$1.70.

Meats—Old mess Pork is \$1.00 better per barrel; Mutton is a little lower by the carcass; Shoulders are \$1.00 higher per 100 pounds.

Dairy &c.—Butter is moving upward, and so is new Cheese.

Hides and Skins—Here, as in all other articles of traffic, a decided advance has been taken.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Flour, Grain, Meats, Dairy, and other commodities.

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Wheat—Steady. Sales at \$1.23 1/2 for reds, and \$1.20 1/2 for whites. Flour—An advance equal to 50 cents per barrel is noticeable for the week.

For Western Cumberland cut middles and 8 1/2 c for Western long clear middles. Lard market rules at 20 1/2 c for 11 1/2 c for No. 1 to choice. Butter selling at 20 1/2 c for Ohio, and 20 1/2 c for State. Cheese firm at 12 1/2 c for common and 13 1/2 c for choice.

ALBANY, Nov. 2.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened quiet, and throughout the morning only a limited business was done in Flour, at the closing prices of Saturday.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—For Bees, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drove Yard corner of Fourth Avenue and Forty-Ninth Street...

Table titled 'The Cattle Markets' showing prices for various types of cattle, sheep, and hogs.

ALBANY, Nov. 2.—BEES.—There is a marked falling off in the supply of Bees this week, and for the sake of consumers, we regret to add, no improvement in quality.

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

Table showing weekly receipts and sales for various commodities like Bees, Hogs, Sheep, etc.

MARKET BEEF.—Prices, Extra \$3.25 @ \$3.50; first quality \$2.75 @ \$3.00; second do \$2.25 @ \$2.50; third do \$1.75 @ \$2.00.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 28.—Whole stores of cattle at market 1863; 1860 Bees, and 427 Stores, consisting of 17,000 Oxen, Cows and Calves, two and three year olds, not suitable for beef.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 28.—At market 2,898 Bees & Sheep and Lambs 6,800; Swine 3,900. Number of Western Cattle 570; Eastern Cattle 885; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle 670.

NEW YORK, Nov. 2.—Wool—Market firm, and may be quoted without decided change.

Table titled 'The Wool Markets' listing prices for various types of wool, such as Saxony, American, and others.

From the New York Argus. A MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE. The work on flax culture, announced some weeks ago in our columns as about to be issued by Mr. MOORE, of the Rural New-Yorker, at Rochester, has made its appearance...

Married. At the residence of the bride's father in Gates, Oct. 21st, by Rev. W. H. Moore, Mr. MORELL SOUTHWICK, of Junius, and Miss MARY LU FANNIE ANGELL.

Died. While bravely charging the enemy at Collinville, Tennessee, on the 11th of Oct., Lieut. CHARLES F. LEE, of the 7th Illinois Cavalry, youngest son of ELON LEE, of Clarkson, Monroe Co., N. Y.

New Advertisements. ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 62 1/2 cents per line of space.

25 BUSHEL FRESH PEACH STONES WANTED. O. WANEMACHER, East Aurora, Erie Co. N. Y.

100 TONS OILER WILLOWS WANTED, ready for market. Farmers having any quantity, small or large, can find sale for them, at C. VAN DER BRUGH'S, 35 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT.—\$75 A MONTH.—Agents Wanted to sell Sewing Machines.—We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid.

FANCY POULTRY FOR SALE.—Dark South American Poultry and Black-Crested Dutch Muscovy (old birds imported), a splendid poultry for early market, being early and rapid growers.

\$10 PER DAY CAN BE MADE SELLING THE "STAR" No. 1000. Butter for Keroseene Oil Lamps, patented Aug. 11, 1863, gives a brilliant light without smoke or smell, and can be handled freely without heat or noise.

"THE PRINTER'S DEVIL," a handsome illustrated Literary and Miscellaneous Family Paper will be sent six months, on trial, for the nominal price of 25 cents.

HORSE FEEDER! This valuable article, made of heavy Russia Duck, and so constructed that the horse cannot throw out his feed, is now offered to the public.

SODUS ACADEMY, WAYNE CO., N. Y. LEWIS H. CLARK, Principal. EDWIN W. DAWSON, Prof. of Mathematics and Teacher of the sciences of Prof. E. W. Danford.

MISS E. A. ODELL, Precipient and Teacher of Modern Languages, Drawing and Painting.

TUTION.—Common English Branches, \$6.75; Higher English and Languages, \$3.00. EXTRA CHARGES.—Book-keeping, \$1.00; Drawing, \$3.00; Oil Painting, \$10.00; Music, (24 lessons), \$2.00; Use of Instrument for practice, \$3.00.

MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE.—We are pleased to learn that this timely work is selling rapidly and widely. The publisher is daily receiving orders from various parts of the United States and the Canada.

MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE.—We have received from the publisher, D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., Rural Manual of Flax Culture, a conductor of valuable information on the culture and manufacture of flax and hemp, with illustrations.

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LARGE SALE OF VALUABLE HORSES. The most valuable collection of TROTTER STOCK ever offered to breeders will be sold at public auction on Thursday, November 19th, 1863, at the farm of S. R. Samuel Thorne, Esq., of Dutchess county, N. Y.

NEW FRUITS.—PHILADELPHIA, is the best hardy STRAWBERRY. For Descriptive Circulars address: 715-3 WILLIAM PARRY, Cincinnati, N. J.

APPLE STOCKS.—200,000 Apple Seedlings for sale. Address, BRAGG, CURTIS & CO., Paw Paw, Michigan.

THE AMERICAN HOG TAMER.—This instrument, of such practical importance to all Pork growers, from the fact that its operation entirely prevents the annoying and dangerous disease known as the "REBELLION," now is the time to order it.

IMPROVED SHORT HORNS FOR SALE.—I have 2 yearling Bulls, 3 Heifers, and 2 Bull Calves, for sale. Address, BRAGG, CURTIS & CO., Paw Paw, Michigan.

ALL ABOUT FLAX AND HEMP CULTURE. A New Edition of A GOOD, USEFUL AND TIMELY WORK ON FLAX CULTURE, &c., has just been issued, containing all requisite information relative to Preparing the Ground, Sowing the Seed, Culture, Harvesting, &c., &c.

Such a work will enable new beginners to grow Flax successfully, on the first trial. It contains Essays from Practical Men of much experience—the opening one by a gentleman who has cultivated Flax over thirty years, and understands the modus operandi thoroughly.

From the Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser. MANUAL OF FLAX AND HEMP CULTURE.—We are pleased to learn that this timely work is selling rapidly and widely.

From the Prairie Farmer. MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE.—We have received from the publisher, D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., Rural Manual of Flax Culture, a conductor of valuable information on the culture and manufacture of flax and hemp, with illustrations.

From the Utica Morning Herald and Daily Gazette. A MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE. Rochester: D. D. T. MOORE, the enterprising publisher of the Rural New-Yorker has done the farming public an important service by the issue of this timely pamphlet, which gives, in condensed form, full and explicit directions for flax-growing, harvesting, and preparation for market, from the best information and most reliable sources.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UNREST.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

This rapid stream with, clouded wave, Flows ever idly by, The laden winds bring sweetest scents To greet me where I lie; To greet me where I lie, While bright-eyed daisies gleam From out their beds of tangled grass, Beside the clouded stream.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1863.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WATCH AND PRAY."

BY BARBARA G. MOORE.

A CLEAR, cold autumn evening, but a very pleasant one, notwithstanding. There was a fair round moon overhead; hosts of merry, twinkling, bright-eyed little stars came trooping out in the blue ether, and the modest West was still blushing like a maiden at the recollection of the ardent farewell kisses of the jolly King of Day.

Captain CHENEY, broad-shouldered, blue-eyed and bearded, evidently enjoyed it as he strutted leisurely down the quiet country road, smoking his evening cigar; thinking how long a time would probably elapse ere he should tread that road again, for the morrow would see him on his way to the "tented field;" and wondering how a dear, little, brown-haired fairy would respond to a certain question he meant to ask her that night.

"O, would she give me vow for vow, Sweet ALICE, if I told her all?"

He threw away his cigar as he opened a little red gate, and entered the narrow walk that led to a low-roofed, old-fashioned farm-house, humming, as he went, those unequalled lines of BURNS:

"Altho' thou mann never be mine, Altho' even hope is denied; 'Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than sought in the world beside—JESSY!"

Little NED answered his knock at the door, and gleefully ushered him into the great kitchen, where the family were assembled. A bright fire crackled on the hearth; the floor and walls were spotless, and against the latter hung rows of shining tins, that glistened like silver in the crimson glow of the firelight. And there was grandma JEWEL, in her big arm-chair, in the warmest corner of the room, as usual. A very antique jewel was grandma, in rather a faded setting; and despite all JESSY's endeavors to keep her looking trim, she would get tumbled up, and always had her snowy cap pitched on her head in such a warlike style, her collars so terribly awry, and the rest of her garments in such a disorderly manner, that she generally presented the appearance of having been engaged in a series of lively skirmishes.

Little NED and five-year old AGGY danced around the captain in a transport of delight, for he was a favorite with all the wee folk, and grandma, who was much addicted to chanting stray fragments of old songs, in a very cracked voice, struck up, quite vivaciously, "The captain with the whiskers took a sly glance at me!" which made the children laugh very much, and called forth a smile upon the frank, handsome face of the captain.

JESSY welcomed him with such shy grace, and looked so pretty in her simple gray delaine, a dainty white collar fastened with a peach-colored knot, her shining brown hair smoothly banded away from her low white brow, a faint bloom on her cheeks, and her brown eyes with "looks like birds, flying straightway to the light," that Captain CHENEY could scarcely forbear "presenting arms" then and there. But he smothered his feelings, or disposed of them in some other comfortable way, and sat down, with AGGY on his knee and NED hovering near him, and listened to their childish prattle, while grandma, feeling excessively musical, every now and then put in a note; but the captain's dark-blue eyes ever followed the little figure that fitted in and out of the kitchen, intent on household cares. At last she brought her low chair and sat down to her knitting; and a very pretty picture she made, so he thought, with the fire-light shining on the bowed head, that was only raised when he addressed her—she was so shy, said JESSY JEWEL—and the little fingers deftly plying the needles.

And, by-and-by, when NED asked him "when he was going down there to shoot the rebels?" and the captain said "To-morrow," the little head drooped lower still, and he thought he saw something like a dew-drop fall on the dainty work, but he might have been mistaken.

The great kitchen clock finally tolled out eight—the children's bed-time; the bed-time of that old child, grandma, as well as of the two young children, NED and AGGY, so JESSY, the best of sisters and the best of grand-daughters, laid aside her work and prepared to marshal them to their respective couches. Grandma, being unusually wide awake, was determined to stay in her warm corner, and informed her friends, in a shrill treble, that "she wouldn't go home till morning, till daylight did appear."

But at last she was coaxed by the sweet voice of her grand-daughter to leave her arm-chair, and, tilling and quavering, was conducted to rest. After sister JESSY had directed the childish prayers, and laid the little white-robed forms in their cribs, tucked them up so gently and pressed kisses tender and sweet on the dimpled faces—after she had patiently disrobed grandma and left her to her slumbers, JESSY fell on her knees by the side of her own little bed, and sobbed out a prayer from the depths of her aching heart. And she arose calm and comforted. She was absent but a few moments, but the time seemed long to the captain, who waited below. At last her light foot-fall was heard on the stairs, and in another moment she was in her low seat before the fire again.

Then, somehow, the captain's chair moved close to JESSY's, and taking a little hand in his, he whispered, softly, "May I have it, JESSY?" But JESSY said nothing, and looking into her blushing, downcast face he found the answer he sought, probably; for, with a low "Bless you, darling!" he passed his arm around her trim little waist, and drew the pretty head down on his shoulder. And the fire crackled and snapped on the hearth, and the old clock ticked away as steadily in the corner as if there were no such thing as "Love's young dream," and no such thing as parting in this funny old world of ours. It might have been fifteen minutes that had passed away, or it might have been two hours—most like the latter, for who, when by a loved one's side, ever takes thought of time?—when a heavy step sounded on the walk, and the voice of TIM, the hired man, was heard whistling gaily of "The girl he left behind him." As he was just returning from spending the evening with farmer JONES' rosy-cheeked MOLLY, probably she was the young female to whom he referred.

At the sound of approaching footsteps, JESSY started and tried to release herself, but the captain held her fast.

"One moment, JESSY. To-morrow I start for the battle-field, whether I shall ever return or not, God only knows. But if my life is spared, when the war is over, will this little hand be my reward? Tell me, JESSY, dearest and best, will you be my wife? Do you love me?"

"You know I do," she whispered. "I have loved you this long time."

"A thousand thanks, my darling," and he took his pay from the sweet lips. "In the day of battle, JESSY's love shall be to me as an armor."

"And my prayers, too," she sobbed, hiding her tear-stained face on his shoulder. "I shall always pray God to bless and protect you. Oh, if you were only His soldier, dear WILL, I could gladly bid you go forth, though it were to death; but I cannot bear to think that if you were to die we should never meet again," and her slight form shook with her vain efforts to subdue her emotion. He drew her tenderly to his bosom, and pressed his lips reverently to the bowed head.

"Pray for me ever, my JESSY," he whispered. "I feel sure that God will answer your prayers." "He will, He will," she rejoined, eagerly, "if you only seek Him yourself. See what He says, WILLIS," and going to her work-stand took from thence her little well-worn Bible. She opened it, pointing out with her finger—not a lily-white one like yours, fair lady reader, but browned with daily toil in that most unromantic part of the house, the kitchen—pointing out with her little brown finger the following passages for him to read:

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Somehow his eyes grew dim, and he read the holy words through a mist, and saw JESSY standing over him with a look on her face half-tender, half-sorrowful, and altogether sweet, such as he supposed angels wear when they sorrow over fallen man.

"Keep the book, dear WILL," she said, smiling faintly; "it is all I have to give you, and read it for my sake, and" here her voice grew lower, "and for the dear SAVIOR's sake."

The whistling came nearer, and TIM's hand was on the latch of the back-door. The captain, half-playfully, drew her arm within his own and led her out by another door into the garden, down the walk to the old red gate. Then followed a tender, solemn parting, and the captain went forth crowned with a woman's undying love, and followed by her prayers. And she, she returned to her quiet, homely duties, to write cheerful, loving letters; to look anxiously for the daily telegrams, and to "watch and pray." Sweet privilege! when those we love are far from friends and home-influences, to bear them tenderly upon our prayers to the throne of Him who never disregards His children's petitions, and whose loving care has numbered even the hairs of our heads.

Winter's royal ermine had been replaced by the festive green of Spring, and that in turn by Summer's flowery robes, since JESSY parted from her captain at the little red gate; and every week there had come to the old farm-house a letter telling of the dear one's safety, and filled with words of love for her. Those, and how many there are, who receive from dear ones in the army letters filled with words of love can tell how highly JESSY prized the sweet missives. But one thing grieved her. He never wrote a word upon the subject which lay nearest her heart, and of which her own letters were full.

But this, with everything else that either gladdened or saddened her, she carried to the mercy seat, never ceasing to "watch and pray," being comforted greatly by these words:—"Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the LORD, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the LORD."

But there came a week when a letter came not, and it was then that the tidings of the battle at Gettysburg thrilled the great Northern heart, and in thousands of houses mothers were weeping like RACHEL of old, refusing to be comforted because their children were not. It came at last, the blow that was to widow her heart for the rest of her life. In a daily paper, in the terrible list of the killed and wounded, she read the name that was never omitted in her prayers:—"Captain WILLIS CHENEY, shot through the heart."

A few days after that came a letter in a strange hand-writing, telling her of the glorious death he met while bravely urging his men to press onward, and of the lowly grave where, "with his martial cloak around him," her beloved lay sleeping his last long sleep. Inclosed in the letter was the following note:

"MY DARLING!—We are on the eve of a great battle, and something tells me it will be my last. Have you forgotten what you said to me the night we parted, JESSY? 'If you were only His soldier, dear WILL?' How those words have haunted me! I have heard them above the roar of cannon on the battle-field, and in the solemn stillness of my tent at midnight.

"God bless you for them, dearest, and for your prayers, for they have been the means, blessed of Him, in leading me to enlist under the glorious banner of the Captain of our Salvation. I am His soldier now JESSY, and will never lay my armor off till He calls me to Him; and I think my marching orders will come soon. I have had bright dreams, darling, of a happy fireside, a peaceful home and the dearest little wife in the world; but they are all gone now.

"Poor little JESSY! you will be left alone to bear your burden through life, and I meant to have shielded you from all care with my strong right arm; yet not alone, for the God we both love will strengthen and sustain you. May He ever keep you under the shadow of His wings, and re-unite us in that happy home where partings never come.

"Good-bye, my dearest, a long good-bye till we meet in heaven! Do not sorrow for me—I am content and happy—but think of that blessed time when with your soldier and His soldier you shall stand before the Throne of God! "A thousand kisses for my dear love from her

"WILL."

That last letter from her soldier! What a precious balm it was to JESSY's wounded heart in those first dark days of her sorrow, almost turning her wall of mourning into songs of rejoicing. Her prayers were answered—he was safe; and looking with renewed confidence unto God, her strength, watchfully and prayerfully journeyed on toward her heavenly home.

"All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," saith our Captain. Therefore, ye who are His, and who have loved ones exposed to the many dangers, both bodily and spiritual, of a soldier's life, never cease to "watch and pray" that they may enlist in CHRIST'S glorious army, and fight manfully under His banner unto their lives' end. Oh, that Soldiers of the Cross were more faithful in recollecting their LORD!

WIT AND WISDOM.

It is never easy to work hard.

If an allegation is made against you, consider the character of the allegator.

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

WHEN men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

PRENTICE says:—"A rebel lady threatens anonymously to write us a terrible letter. Echo—let her."

A MAN'S wife often gives him all the moral strength he has. She is at once his rib and his backbone.

Or all the Percy family the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere), and the most cruel Percy Cute (persecute).

WHEN the wind whistles through your keyhole, it expects you to whistle with it. It is sounding the key-note.

"The pride of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so: the labor of the poor makes the pride of the rich.

WILL there never be a being to combine a man's mind and a woman's heart, and who yet finds life too rich to weep over? Never!

In vain we chisel, as best we can, the mysterious block of which our life is made, the black vein of destiny continually re-appears.

SORROW for the dead has a sacred efficacy. There may be some truth in the old superstition that no touch is so healing as that of a dead man's hand.

You need not make mouths at the public because it has not accepted you at your own fancy valuation. Do the prettiest thing you can and wait your time.

GLORIOUS, very glorious, were the achievements of our armies in June and July. Our boys, instead of going into summer quarters, went everywhere into the rebel quarters.

THE false gentleman almost bows the true-out of the world. He contrives so to address his companions as civilly to exclude all others from his discourse and make them feel excluded.

"HEROINE" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman.

THE very best and cleverest men have a hobby of some sort, which the rules of society forbid their mounting outside their families. Every man would bore you to death if you would only let him.

Corner for the Young.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I AM composed of 56 letters. My 11, 14, 20, 4, 12 is a river in Maine. My 9, 15, 14, 52 is a town in Vermont. My 16, 17, 15, 32, 22, 15 is a county in Pennsylvania. My 44, 27, 11, 33, 50 is a town in New York. My 11, 41, 34, 30, 49 is an Island in the Mediterranean Sea. My 26, 27 is a river in Sardinia. My 28, 24, 23 is a river in France. My 41, 34, 64, 45, 36, 50, 5 is a city of Barbary. My 55, 17, 8, 50, 54 is an Island in the Indian Ocean. My 21, 10, 2, 14, 7 is a river in Independent Tartary. My 32, 20, 43, 40, 5, 18 is a town in Hindostan. My 56, 8, 43, 24, 1, 15, 33 is an Island in the Arabian Sea. My 3, 46, 25 is a river in Bavaria. My 19, 29, 36, 38, 27 is a river in Europe. My 47, 15, 41, 35, 42 is a county in Kentucky. My 32, 41, 37, 39 is a county in Michigan. My 13, 15, 12, 17, 48, 14, 50, 1 is a town in Illinois. My 48, 28, 49, 51, 23 is a county in Illinois. My whole is an extract from a speech of Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson. Eagle, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1863. E. E. MARCHANT.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 7 letters. My 3, 4, 5, 6 is found in the fields. My 1, 4, 5 is a mischievous but useful creature. My 6, 4, 5, 6 is a trial. My 5, 2, 3 is what Napoleon most desired. My 3, 2, 6, 4 is used among honest men, but only necessarily with knives. My 5, 6, 2, 3, 4, 6 are found in the fields. My 5, 6, 7 is a small inclosure. My whole is a rare virtue. Lincoln, N. Y., 1863. NEWTON COBE.

AN ANAGRAM.

Yx ohmre crooi i own nftso sperec Sli needca no ym lenloy husro, Klei gnidhe nte no insgw fo lepes, Ro wde ponu he nuseonicon sreowif. I hgumi gtrofe rbe litemgn yprad Ihwel lesareup suples ymalid lyf, Tbu ni hto Itali bnouwek rai Rhe telngse seont moce telangis yb— Nda sreya fo nsi dan ohdoamn eife Adn vresle em ta ym mhserot eime. Ontario, N. Y., 1863. KATIE.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 719.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Pride goeth before a fall. Answer to Enigmatical Names of Places:—Eastport, Lewiston, Woodstock, Waterbury, Petersham, Pine Bluff, Frankfort, Rockford, Ann Arbor, Holly Springs. Answer to Anagrams:—Amendment, Revolution, Volatile, Ravage, Remission, Desert, Quantity, Ludicrous.

Advertisements.

SHORT-HORNS FOR SALE—Fifteen or Twenty Short-Horn Cows and Heifers for sale, mostly roan and in calf. Also Bull Calves. Price very low. 720-41. Le Roy, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1863. C. K. WARD.

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DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY.

1864. PROSPECTUS. 1864.

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