

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. BRADGON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

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Agricultural.

FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS.

“What will I do with money?” Well, that is a question. What had I better do with it? The fact is, I've no debts to pay; if I had, I should pay them. I do not want any more land; if I did, I should buy it. My name isn't on anybody's note as an indorser; if it was, I would get that note in my possession. I cannot feed any more stock profitably; if I could, and it would pay, I should purchase it. There is some stock that might be sold, and better bought. And it is a good time to sell, but a poor time to buy. So while I may sell, I should not purchase except an excellent opportunity should offer. But if I sell and do not purchase, what shall I do with my money? I've been thinking. I do not need any more buildings. But some of them need repairing; and if I can get the help to do it, I shall make these repairs, and rearrange these buildings, so as to render them more convenient. There is one thing, especially, that I've thought I should do, JOHN. And I've wondered that I had not thought more carefully about it before. I am going to purchase machinery to do work wherever it can be applied to save labor or time, whether in the field, barn, cellar, or kitchen. It has been working in my head sometime that I had not yet got my eyes open, quite, on this subject.

Now take that piece of corn stubble yonder—twenty-five acres. I am going to put it in wheat in the spring. It ought to be plowed this fall—must be. And it ought to be subsoiled—must be. Now I have heard of plows with subsoil attachments—a mole and lifter attached to the beam of the plow, and between the landside and moleboard, which will lift the subsoil any required depth, with team enough. Now with three good horses, JOHN, you can plow and subsoil, twelve or eighteen inches deep, as much land in a day as two men with two ordinary teams would be likely to do, the subsoil following the surface plow. Then there is a saving of one man, even if we could get one. But these days the men are not so easily secured; and even if it takes a little longer to do the same work, it is still economical to do it in this way. But the difficulty is, if the work is not done in this way, it cannot be done at all. If one man undertakes to do this plowing and subsoiling, it more than doubles the time required to fit a piece of ground for a crop, compared with the three-horse double-plow system.

You know STRUGIMPROVE bought him a subsoil plow a long time ago. He used it some. But he could not afford, he thought, to keep an extra team, could not hire, and now, for want of help, where his fields most need such treatment, he says he cannot spend the time necessary to subsoil his fields. So you see we must have this plow and subsoil fitted combined. Then we can put that land in condition to get on to it early in the spring with some pulverizing implement or other, and put in the wheat early. This fall work is very important. It advances the spring work. And the wheat should be put in early. I have the best crops where it is put in as soon as I can get on to the ground.

Then we want something to prepare this seed-bed in the spring. The action of the frost will prove beneficial. But the fall and spring rains, and the burthen of snow, will have packed the

soil. Now I have been thinking about one of those spaders or forkers for doing this work. If they do not cost too much, they are just the thing. They fork the land up lightly, pulverizing it completely, and leaving the soil in condition to germinate seed. On these a man or woman may ride, and do more work with a team than he can with a plow, and do it better. And, JOHN, these seed-beds are what make our crops. If the seed-bed is in good condition when it receives the seed, a good crop is generally insured. But the packing plows and scraping cultivators are about as much injury as benefit.

The bed ready, the seed must be sown; and a drill or a broadcast sower that may be propelled by a band on the wheel of the wagon, will save both time and labor, and do the work as well as the most careful farmer could desire.

I would adopt that Western man's mode of harrowing—hitch two, three, four or more harrows to a long pole, double up the teams and let one man drive them, instead of requiring as many men as there are harrows and teams. That is economy, JOHN. Next the roller. He is either a poor farmer who does without a roller, or he is so far in advance as to have learned a substitute for it. On this light seed-bed, left by the forker or spader, there must be some packing done. The roller must do it; and then sunshine will start the seed sure. Then the self-raking reaper, thrasher, separator and cleaner, will finish the work.

But that is not all. I've got tired of mowing. It is pleasant work when one feels well, but then it requires more labor and time. I have got to do with less manual labor. The mowing machine will do it. And a good horse pitchfork must do the lifting over the big-beam hereafter—saving time and labor. These forks are cheap and can be handled easily, and do the work quickly and in good style. Horse muscle has got to do the lifting hereafter. I am tired of tugging.

But I can see that the roof to that cow-stable leaks a little. It must be stopped, now, that these rains are coming on. And, JOHN, I've no time now to talk about machinery for women. But there is a big field for improvement in the arrangement of household matters, so as to save labor and time. When I feel like it, and have nothing else to do, I will give you some hints about saving steps, and scrubbing for women.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

It has been well said that the world moves in a circle. If a person can only “wait and watch,” and, perhaps, live long enough, he will see the hobbies that he rode at one time with so much gratification and hope, and which caused so much ridicule from the thoughtless crowd of “know nothings” that looked on, come cantering by, all gaily caparisoned, and everybody trying to catch and ride them, though, albeit, no one now recognizes them as his,—and if they did, would not allow that he was the owner, or ever saw them before. So we pay off the world for his neglect by calling it ungrateful, when, peradventure, it was only stupid and ignorant. The only mistake was that we undertook to ride before a road was made for us. And herein is the profitable difference between Genius and Tact. Genius mounts his hobby all booted and spurred, and starts on his journey, making little or no progress because there is no road opened up for him to travel. On the other hand Tact waits till somebody has made a good road, and then mounts the discarded and useless hobbies of Genius, and finds them first-rate animals to bear him on to wealth and distinction.

These ideas came up in my mind to-day, and took shape, as I was looking up some facts for an article on the subject of increasing the supply of sugar hereafter in the non-cane growing regions of the Union. For it is quite certain that many years must elapse before cane sugar will be as cheap as it has been—I think at least a generation. This paying from 12 to 20 cents per pound for such sugar as we used to get at from 6 to 10 cents, with wheat and pork and the other articles of farm produce bringing but little if any higher prices, is becoming rather a serious matter to the consumers of sugar. Yet it is the fault of the farmers that they pay such prices, for it is within the reach of every one to make not only his own sugar, but to have a surplus for his neighbor who has no farm.

In the spring of 1850 I obtained from an intelligent German, who had been largely engaged in the manufacture of beet-root sugar in Germany, a statement of the process, so simple that any

person who ever saw maple sugar made could employ it with success; or any person of ordinary intelligence could carry it out with the greatest ease. I caused it to be published, but I very much doubt if there be ten persons in the Union who saw the article that now remember anything about it.

In Vol. 6 of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1855,) a very plain and condensed article was published, which I do not believe is remembered by a dozen people. In the 13th Vol. of the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society was published a very elaborate article by Prof. JOHN WILSON, of England; but I do not believe that one in a hundred of the members or others who have that volume, have ever read the article, or remember it. I judge so from recent doings of the Executive Committee of the Society.

The time has come when we may unblanket one of our hobbies and let him loose, and be quite sure everybody will pet him, and only wonder they never noticed his fine points before. Beet-root sugar can be made cheaper than maple sugar, even where the farmer has a good sugar orchard, for the cake left after the juice has been expressed from the beet will pay all the expense of raising the beet and making the sugar. An acre of sugar beets will produce not less than fifteen tons of roots. The very lowest yield of sugar is 7 per cent, and of molasses, or syrup, 3 per cent. more. An acre would yield of

Sugar.....	1,050 lbs
Syrup.....	45 gals.
Cake.....	3 tons.
The money value would be	
1050 lbs. Sugar at 10c per pound.....	\$105 00
45 gallons Syrup at 60c per gal.....	22 50
3 tons Cake at \$10 per ton.....	30 00
Gross receipts.....	\$157 50
Suppose we put the cost at.....	57 50
We have a profit of.....	\$100 00

per acre, without in any wise interfering with the regular business of the farm, or affecting its productiveness in any other branch.

So well manured in the fall, turned over in the spring, and planted to corn and kept clean, would be an excellent preparation for the roots, and flax should follow the roots, and the ground might be seeded with the flax, so that two new and profitable crops will be added to the resources of the farmers.—P.

RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

HERE is a book which comes up to the mark of its subject—which can be said of few of the vaunted “treatises” so rapidly worked off of the various presses of the day, on pretty much every subject that concerns the affairs of our wonderfully active and thoughtful people. When it is said that this book is from the accurate and experienced pen of Col. RANDALL, and the ripe production of his own well arranged and disciplined mind, on a subject to which he has devoted the discriminating taste, and well-directed labors of thirty years, that of itself is enough to attract the attention of every breeder and grower of sheep in the United States. Nor is this the first essay of an author in this department of literature. His “Sheep Husbandry in the South,” published several years ago, and his “Fine-Wool Sheep Husbandry” of later date, had already familiarized his name with the various flock-masters of the country as a diligent observer and an accomplished master in and over this most important branch of agricultural production.

For this, he appears to have crystallized the results of both those labors into new form, and added largely to the information gathered from sources not material to the particular objects for which those books were intended. They were books written for particular purposes—this is for general use, and the more important, therefore, for every one who owns, breeds, or rears a sheep to possess, and study as a hand-book in that department.

A comprehensive sketch, or review of this work, would require pages, and we can only glance at its chief and more important features, trusting that the good sense of every one wanting information will at once treat themselves to the book itself, presuming they will be abundantly recompensed in the sprightly style and agreeable manner of the author, as well as in the valuable matter of its pages. Two hundred and forty-eight of these are devoted to the history, breeds, purposes, and management of sheep, and their wools; a hundred and thirty-two to their diseases, treatment and medicines; and the

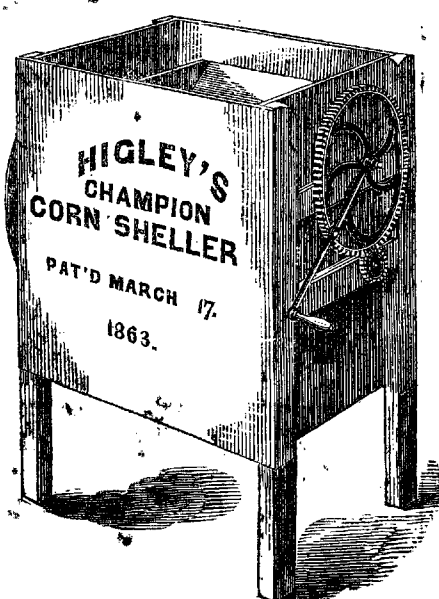


FIG. 1.

THE CHAMPION CORN-SHELLER.

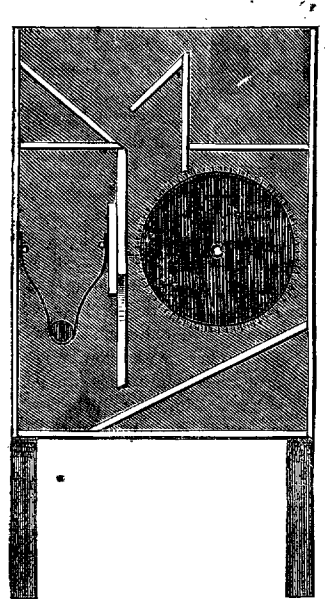


FIG. 2.

ABOVE we give illustrations of a Corn-Shell, invented by A. HIGLEY, of Ohio, for which letters patent were issued in March last. Figure 1 is simply a perspective view of the machine; figure 2 shows its internal arrangement and construction. The improvement consists in a concave cylinder, (as represented in the cut,) with bands or springs which press the corn to the cylinder, so that ears of any size or shape are perfectly shelled in passing through the machine. The operation is easy, rapid and simple—the

hand-power machine (the one illustrated) shelling twenty bushels an hour. It not only shells corn perfectly, but also separates it entirely. This Sheller has received the hearty approval of practical men, and was awarded the first premium at the recent New York and Ohio State Fairs, and at other State and County exhibitions. We have seen this machine tested, and were pleased and surprised at its apparent superiority over other shellers in use. For further particulars, price, &c., see advertisement in this paper.

remainder of the total, four hundred and thirty-nine pages, to miscellaneous matter—quite as important as the preceding—connected with the subject in general.

The true origin, or history, so far as is known, of the most useful and popular races and breeds of sheep are here given, which has rarely, or imperfectly been done by any previous author. This is important in determining the course of the intelligent flock-master in the application of particular breeds to his soil, climate, and locality. Another thing, for which Col. RANDALL has our special thanks, is, he has not hesitated to treat the subject of properly breeding sheep, as well as other domestic farm stock, in its true character. A most absurd and inveterate prejudice has long been entertained by our farmers and stock breeders, that in-and-in breeding—or the close connection of related animals in the propagation of their kind—is deteriorating to the quality, health, constitution and general welfare of the progeny, and to such extent has this idea prevailed that no real improvement in the GENERAL farm stock of our country has taken place, unless by the introduction and use of foreign breeds. Never did a more mistaken idea prevail! Every breed of domestic animal which has arrived at perfection in all the desirable qualities which belong to its race, has been obtained by the most intense and persistent course of in-and-in breeding; and we rejoice that our author has laid it down as the beginning and ending of thorough excellence in sheep. Nor has he left the subject to vague theory, or guesswork. He gives us histories, experiences, facts, and results, through which no one can be mistaken in drawing accurate conclusions. For this, if for nothing else, our author deserves the thanks of the agricultural public.

Did time and space permit we could discourse almost indefinitely on a subject so suggestive and agreeable, noting each department of the book by itself and pointing out its various topics of instruction, superior, as we think, to any other work which has come under our notice—and this is saying a great deal, for we have several excellent and valuable works standing before us in our agricultural library, on the same, but not so thoroughly treated subject. The publication of this work is singularly opportune in time, when the attention of our farmers is extraordinarily attracted to sheep culture by the growing demand, and high prices of wool, and the more permanent—as we hope—establishment of sheep husbandry, and woolsen manufacture in the United States. In this item, at least, our long-time friend, the author, may be ranked as a benefactor. LEWIS F. ALLEN. Black Rock, N. Y., 1863.

THE ENGLISH MODE OF KEEPING SHEEP.

AMERICAN Agriculturists attach too little importance to the beneficial effects on the soil by keeping great quantities of live stock on their farms; and strange as it may appear to stock farmers in the North, it is often a subject of remark that “so and so” has too much of his grass and clover eaten off, the plowing it under being thought to have a much more striking issue than if consumed on the surface and the dung and urine left thereon. As wool has caused sheep to be much more thought of than formerly, it is a pity that some prominent breeders do not introduce the use of the common, simple “sheep hurdle,” which is universally seen in England, without which no farmer there could keep his land in condition to bear the constant drain upon it by the rapid succession of crops taken therefrom. What a change might be produced on the exhausted light land by a good system of sheep husbandry, keeping the animals a great portion of the year in pens on the land; first rye, then clover, roots, &c.—adopting a course of rotation with crops which would not only allow of supporting a large flock on every farm, but by bringing a fourth or fifth of it in turn each year for roots a much more numerous herd might be wintered, in addition to the sheep, than was ever thought possible to be fed alone.

The great drawback to the adoption of this enriching style of farming is the expense of producing the Swedish turnips, which no common farmer has the heart to encounter, and also the difficulty for want of hurdles in eating most of them where grown, as well as the severe weather of the Northern winter preventing the sheep from remaining in the field without inventing movable shelter for them. But these difficulties might be easily surmounted if some of the wealthy, enterprising land-owners would make a trip to England in January or February and see the way in which the tenant farmers there lay mutton on their flocks, beef on their cattle, and make manure to lay the foundation for heavy successive crops, thus proving that if they, as tenants, paying enormous rents, can live prosperously, and keep up the stamina of their landlord's soil, certainly the farmer in America might find the same method of saving land from becoming impoverished so profitable as to incur the trouble of making the changes in the manner of consuming the roots which the difference of climate demands. Many a poor, worn-out farm might be renovated and brought round to produce double the quantity of corn and grain it ever did before by the means of a good flock of sheep, and admitting of the sale of corn and grain, besides having cattle to consume the fodder and eat some

of the roots with the straw; but the planting of the turnip seed must be done by drilling, and the hoeing by horse-power between the rows, and then good, sound roots can be grown at a cost of less than five cents per bushel, and at very much under if the unexhausted manure employed, and which is left in the land, is taken into account. Baltimore Co., Md., 1863. J. B. C.

SHALL WE RAISE TOBACCO?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In your paper of August 29th, 1863, the above question is asked, and from the tenor of the reasoning it would seem that Mr. G., of fifty years, stands up for the defence of raising tobacco. Now I am somewhat his junior; but if it would not be disrespectful to his age and experience, I would like to examine his reasoning.

First—he admits he has acquired many bad habits, thereby admitting it to be an evil. Mr. G. says his father died at the age of eighty-two, and he had smoked and chewed about sixty years, and he thinks him none the less pure. In the second place, it is not his object to combat the prejudices of those reformers who are opposed to its use, for he well knows that prejudice is a weed that flourishes by opposition. Mr. G. here admits he does not wish to combat with reformers, because their prejudices flourish by opposition—seeming to choose darkness rather than light—for whatsoever maketh manifest is light.

With regard to the profits of the tobacco crop, in a financial point of view I have nothing to say. I come now to his summing up. Mr. G. says—"one more view of the tobacco question, and that appeals to your patriotism. Tobacco is now an important source of public revenue, through the heavy taxes imposed by Government, and he who uses tobacco thereby sustains the Government, supports the flag of our country on the battlefield of rebellion, feeds and clothes the soldiers in arms, and gives bread to his famishing wife and children." I would ask Mr. G., of fifty, to bear with what he may please to call my prejudices while I ask him if he could not continue his patriotism a little further, and organize companies, regiments and brigades of patriotic men to stand on every four corners of the road and sell whisky? Whisky is now an important source of public revenue through the heavy taxes imposed by Government, and he who uses the most whisky, thereby most sustains the Government, supports the flag of our country on the battlefield of rebellion, feeds and clothes the soldiers in arms and gives bread to his famishing wife and children. O, what inconsistency. Well may we ask, what evils have not their defenders?

In conclusion, Mr. G., allow me to state the question, Is it right to raise tobacco? It is morally right or it is morally wrong—if it is morally right, show up its good qualities; truth will bear the light. Tell us who has been morally benefited, so that by looking in the Gospel glass he finds he has improved by tobacco. If it is morally wrong (a fact which Mr. G. admits in his first proposition,) he has no right to advance it, since no one has a right to advance what he knows to be wrong. Red Creek, N. Y., 1863. S. F. JONES.

A GOOD SHEEP BREEDER.—DR. RANDALL'S BOOK.

MR. MOORE.—In the RURAL of last week, in connection with a notice of some Merino sheep I had on exhibition at the Ontario Co. Fair, the question is asked, "Who is this ARNOLD that can breed such sheep?" Also, in speaking of Mr. A.'s sheep it says, "Of whom many interesting things are said respecting the size and quality of his flocks." In briefly answering the question of your correspondent, "Ontario," allow me, if you please, to state some facts that may be of general interest to your readers.

The "Sheep Breeder" referred to above is Mr. ALEX. ARNOLD, of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., a gentleman of wealth, intelligence and large experience in the breeding of Merino sheep. Many place him at the head of the list. His flocks number something over five hundred, most of which are "pure bred." I learn that some years since he purchased the entire flock that Mr. CALVIN WARD, of Ontario Co., bought of Mr. R. SANFORD, of Vermont, at what was then considered ruinously high prices. This flock, together with large and judicious selections from the best flocks in Vermont, constitute, I believe, the foundation of his success; and that he has been successful in his "crosses" will be evident to all who examine his sheep. The whole secret of his success, given in a nut-shell, I think to be the same as the man who gave as the reason for his large crops—that he manured his land with brains. It may seem invidious to speak in this manner of Mr. ARNOLD, but I think his success justifies it, and I am sure that any one who may visit his flocks will feel amply repaid for their time and trouble.

I take this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of, and thank you for, my copy of the "Practical Shepherd." It is absorbing in interest, and will honor Dr. RANDALL, and do much credit to yourself as "book-maker." It certainly is the great desideratum of the wool-grower. H. M. BOARDMAN. Rushville, Ontario Co., N. Y., Oct. 28, 1863.

HOW I MADE CHEESE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—A few useful hints on cheese-making may not be entirely out of place at this season. Having for my birth-place the good old Bay State, and inheriting, as a matter of course, a good degree of Yankee-ism from my Pilgrim Fathers, I have often found this peculiarity very useful in fitting me for the emergencies of my eventful life. I left the bleak shores of New England in early life, and passing through various changing scenes, found myself at last in Western Pennsylv-

ania, the wife of a good, substantial, honest farmer, in moderate circumstances, whose native characteristic was thoughtfulness and sobriety, whose never varying creed was, "Be content with such things as ye have."

I endeavored (as every good wife should) to conform as much as possible to the manners and customs of those around me. But how to reconcile this trait of character with the restless, go-ahead-iveness which I had inherited from my ancestors, was a problem yet to be solved. We kept four or five cows, of course made plenty of butter, which my husband thought good enough; but I wanted to make some cheese, and so my Yankee spirit, which was ever reaching after something it did not yet possess, began to awaken thoughts and plans of how it could be accomplished. We had the milk and rennet, all the ingredients necessary for the compound, but how to condense them into a cheese so that it could be placed on the pantry shelf, was the query. I thought of my mother's linen strainers, cheese tub, hoop basket, ladder, and the press standing in one corner of the wood-house, at the old homestead. All these I fancied indispensable articles, but entirely out of my reach, and I was almost tempted to relinquish the enterprise. But gathering together what knowledge I could from the recollections of my childhood, I set about the work in earnest. I found that thin factory cloth, a wash-tub with two sticks laid across the top, the clothes basket, the peck measure with the bottom out, would answer as substitutes for everything but the press; and for this I turned the wood-box bottom-side up, and placing it in the wood-house, by the side of two upright scantling which supported the frame-work of the building, and nailing two narrow strips of board across them, at a proper distance above the box, leaving a space between the boards for the lever, which was a piece of timber two or three yards in length. This, with an old rusty kettle hung at the end, completed the implements for cheese-making. Suffice it to say, I have supplied our family with cheese for the last four years. Should this meet the eye of any one in like circumstances, I hope they may be benefited by the disclosure. A FARMER'S WIFE.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Increase of Mutton Eating.

THERE are circumstances which must give a prevailing direction, from time to time, to every species of progress or culture in husbandry. In early days, while a lamb from the flock was always acceptable food, the sheep was mainly propagated for its wool, which furnished, with skins, the entire clothing of mankind. In thinly settled districts in modern times, especially in places remote from such markets as may exist, the fine woolled or Merino varieties are more profitable, the expense of carriage being light with wool, in comparison with the cost of driving the animals great distances to poor markets. Such breeds are, therefore, found prevailing in our Territories, in the extreme northwest, the sparsely settled plains of Texas, among the pine-wood pastures of the Atlantic and Gulf coast belt of sandy soils, through the mountain ranges of Virginia, the Carolinas, Northern Georgia, Tennessee, and the hills of South-eastern Kentucky. In Vermont they prevailed, in former years, from inland position; at present from an additional advantage—the profit of furnishing the best blood of American Merinos to be found in the country (attained by a long and successful course of breeding) for the improvement of fine-wooled flocks in the several States and Territories. Fancy prices are yielding tempting returns, and it is not presumable, and perhaps not desirable, that such breeders as Edwin Hammond, John T. Rich, W. W. C. Wright, Henry Lane, and others, should be willing speedily to desert from their useful and profitable enterprises with this valuable breed; but the country is becoming more densely populated, and the taste for good mutton is growing upon the public. In ten years the increase of population has been thirty-five per cent; in the same time the value of slaughtered animals has increased from \$111,703,142 to \$212,871,653—a gain of ninety per cent, a heavy proportion of the increase being in mutton. Hence, a growing popularity of mutton breeds has naturally given them the preference in Massachusetts and southern portions of New England, with a strong tendency in that direction in the Middle States and the more populous portions of the West. In fact, wherever railroads are numerous, the same result may be confidently expected.

It is a curious fact, illustrative of the wonderful increase in mutton eating, that at the famous Brighton market, in the neighborhood of Boston, on the day before Christmas, in 1859, two men held the entire stock, consisting of only 400; and yet that monopoly at such a time could not raise the sluggish market more than half a cent per pound. In 1859, in the same market, on the day before Christmas, 5,400 sheep were sold.

Nor is this very strange. It was common, and is yet, in remote Merino districts, for people to indicate an unconquerable aversion to mutton. It is, indeed, the poorest meat in the world; it is also the best. A poor, thin, lean sheep, of the native and Merino breeds—an animal that had outlived its many years of usefulness as a wool-bearer—was sometimes cut down by the relentless knife as a cumberer of the pasture ground, and consigned to the pot in the vain and hopeless effort of macerating its toughened fibers sufficiently to make its mastication a physical possibility. Alas! how many have suffered in such futile undertaking, and learned to loathe the very name of mutton, and to abominate its very smell. On the contrary, not the aromatic flavors of venison, the gamy richness of wild fowl, or the sweet juiciness of a Durham sirloin, can surpass the combined virtues of South Down marrow-and-fatness. It is sweeter to the palate, digestible

with greater facility, and more nutritious than almost any other variety of food. South Down grades, or breeds cross-bred with South Down, if not equal to it, are a wonderful improvement upon the slowly maturing kinds, and perhaps better suited than full-bloods to uneducated American palates, which cannot be expected to endure so sudden and great a change.—Stock Journal.

Requisites in the Preservation of Timber.

ALTHOUGH much has been written upon the durability of timber, especially upon posts, yet I think there is room for more to be said. Some have advocated placing tops downward, (which is a good plan,) others cutting during the summer, &c. But the principal point, it appears to me, is to have the post seasoned. What is favorable for vegetation is also favorable for decay in timber, namely, air, heat and moisture. If timber is dry, that is, well seasoned, and kept dry under cover, it will last for a long period—instance the old buildings in England, some of them three hundred years and upward, with timbers quite sound. Again, if the air be excluded, although wet, it will also remain sound for a long time. I recollect seeing, in 1834, piles removed from the bed of the river Thames, England, upon which Old London Bridge had been built centuries ago.

All are aware that if a basswood tree is cut down and left in the woods it will be so rotten in a year or two that you can push a stick into it, but if you immediately split up the tree and lay it up in a fence it seasons and remains sound for a long time, and if put into a building it will last a great number of years. If the same wood is put under, as in a dam or in a drain, where air is excluded, it will last a long time.

The changes (i. e., decay,) can be explained upon chemical principles, but this I must leave for another occasion.

Knowing the cause it is easy to find a cure—that is, to remove all moisture, and if possible to keep it removed. This is easily done with the timbers of buildings, which is, to have the timbers well seasoned and kept dry afterward. But with posts it is somewhat more difficult; these must be first well seasoned. With this view they must not be large, say eight inches square, or six by eight, cut some time before using; so as to have them quite dry. If made too small they will the sooner rot at the surface of the ground. When made too large they rot somewhere in the upper part of the post. The plan of reversing posts after they have stood a year or two is very good, especially if put into the ground before seasoning, as they very soon commence to decay at the surface of the ground. The main thing in preserving timber is to keep in mind what I have above stated, namely, that air, heat and moisture are favorable to its decay.—OBSERVER, in Country Gentleman.

Advice Gratis to the Slow-Coach Family.

DON'T take a newspaper; don't read one of any kind. If you hear persons discussing this or that great battle, ask stupidly what it all means. Emulate Rip Van Winkle; steep your senses in moral and mental oblivion, and pay no attention to what is passing about you; in this way you may save two or three dollars—the price of a paper—and lose \$500 or \$5,000 by not being informed about markets, supply and demand, and a thousand other things as essential to an enterprising man as light and air. If you have children don't take any paper for them; tell them "book larnin' ain't no 'count." Let them tumble in the highway unwashed, uncombed, and in rags and tatters. If they don't graduate in the State Prison it will be through no fault of yours. If you are a farmer, plow, sow and reap as your stupid old father did before you; scoff at agricultural papers, and sneer and deride at progress of all kinds; then if you do not succeed in making other people think that they are all wrong, and that you alone are sagacious, it must be that the world is curiously awry and needs reforming badly. The sooner you undertake it the better. By not reading papers you will succeed, if a farmer, in having the finest crop of knotty, wormy apples that can be found; potatoes that would take the prize at any fair for rot; cabbages that are all leaves and no head; turnips destroyed in the shoot by worms; hay mouldy and musty, because you despised barometers and cut it just as the mercury was falling; corn half a crop, because you exhausted the land with it for years and starved Nature to such a pitch that she had nothing to yield in return; all these calamities and many more will befall you because you don't keep pace with the times. You call it "hard luck," but men of common sense call your course by a name you never heard of—stupidity; that's more "book larnin'."

A man that does not take a paper of some kind or another in this time of the world must expect to be a prey to all sorts of swindlers, a victim to bad management, and out of spirits, out of pocket, temper, money, credit; in short, everything under the sun that tends to make life bearable. The newspaper is the great educator of the people after all; so let us then exclaim "The Press forever."

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.—Almost every family in the country have the material for manufacturing pure cider vinegar, if they will only use them. Common dried apples, with a little molasses and brown paper, are all you need to make the best kind of cider vinegar. Soak your apples a few hours—washing and rubbing them occasionally, then take them out of the water and thoroughly strain the latter through a tight woven cloth—put it into a jug, add half a pint of molasses to a gallon of liquor, and a piece of common brown paper, and set in the sun or by the fire, and in a few days your vinegar will be fit for use. Have two jugs, and use out of one while the other is working. No family need be destitute of good vinegar who will follow the above directions.—Exchange.

Rural Notes and Items.

SOME NOTES of a RECENT TRIP EASTWARD are crowded out of this number, and perhaps may be deferred indefinitely. They tell of various things seen and heard—of interviews with sundry notables in the rural sphere, including Brother Judd of the Agriculturalist, and his aids, Prof. THURBER and Mr. TABER; Mr. CUMMINGS, Agricultural Editor of the Observer; Mr. MEAD, of The Horticulturalist, (always fearful lest his country friends should be in the way of the omnibuses;) Farmer STRONG, of the Astor, &c.—that we only saw the vacant chair and orderly desk (or desk in order) of SOLOMON ROBINSON, who so admirably does the Market Reports and Agricultural Department of The Tribune; and that Mr. SAXTON, the Agricultural Book Publisher, was out of the Union, or at least in New Jersey! Also of a visit, with the junior, to the iron-clad gunboats, which elephants we saw, and about the Russian fleet, which we did not see. Moreover, of what we saw and heard during a somewhat hurried call at MALLORY & SANFORD'S flax-dressing machinery depot. And, finally, of a flying trip to Connecticut, and what we saw in and about New Haven—for which latter view we are indebted to the Rev. Mr. EVEREST, Principal of the celebrated Rectory School at Hamden, who kindly escorted us, in his carriage, to some of the most notable and noteworthy points in and about the "City of Elms." All these and other pleasant sights and things, are they not recorded in memory?—and perchance it's a great loss to RURAL readers; this crowding out of our "sight notes," though they may be gainers thereby.

INTERESTING ADVERTISEMENTS.—Are most of those given in our present number. The new advertisements of manufacturers and others occupy considerable space, but we trust their publication will pay many readers as well as the advertisers. Read them carefully, and "make a note" of what you want;—and were we not crowded with advertisements, we would ask you to state, in letters ordering articles, that you saw them advertised in the RURAL. But we are not "short"—in fact, quite the reverse, having nearly two columns of new advertisements "over," and which we are obliged to defer until next week. Advertising friends will please exercise that mild virtue yelet patience, for we are doing the best we can consistently with the space at our command, and must not infringe further upon reading departments.

In this connection we would respectfully refer those writing us for lowest advertising terms, etc., to the rates published in each number of the RURAL. We have neither time nor inclination to answer by letter the numerous inquiries received on this subject.

THE BEST TIME TO CUT TIMBER.—This subject has often been discussed in the agricultural journals, and various opinions expressed. Mr. AMBROSE KIMBALL, of Reading, Mass., writes to the Boston Recorder as follows:—"A short time since I saw a statement on this subject in a newspaper. I wish to give my own experience and observation for over fifty years, constantly working and using most all kinds of timber, more especially oak, ash and walnut. I have learned by dear experience, for I have lost much by the effects of worms in my timber and have found when timber may be cut and have no worms, or powderpost, as it is called. Cut timber from the middle of September to the middle of December, and you cannot get a worm into it. October and November are perhaps the best months, and sure to avoid the worms."

A FRAUD EXPOSED.—MR. A. A. ALYERSON, of Tompkins, Mich., writes to the RURAL as follows:—"One J. R. CLARK, of Dayton, Me., is sending circulars all through the country, describing a new sewing machine, called the 'Union Ten Dollar Sewing Machine,' which proves to be a fraud upon community, as I can verify. The machines were to do sewing with a common needle. I sent for six of them, got them at a cost of \$33, and not one of them can be made to sew a stitch. Nor were they ever intended for anything but a fraud to gull people out of their money, and as mine is gone I can't do any better than to expose the fraud, thereby, perhaps, saving others from falling into the same snare."

DOWN ON THE "DORGS."—A correspondent writing us from Jackson Co., Mich., says:—"While I am writing I will improve the opportunity to beseech you to preach to the people through the RURAL to keep more sheep and fewer dogs. I hope you will 'keep it before the people' that whilst sheep are profitable dogs are a nuisance. I tell you, Mr. Editor, let any man see such a looking lot of sheep as I have seen within the past week, and he would hate the whole race of dogs. Some of them lay dead or unable to stir, others limping around on three legs, and others still with pieces of skin hanging loose by their sides. The owner said 'd—arn the dogs,' and your correspondent said Amen."

NEW BOOKS, &c.—We are in receipt of quite a number of new books—including several practical works—which shall receive early attention. Among other works which pressing engagements have precluded us from examining and noticing, are Vol. VI. of the American Herd Book, (a beautiful octavo volume of 471 pages,) by Hon. LEWIS F. ALLEN, and the Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture—an apparent improvement, in contents at least, upon the reports heretofore issued from the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office. We shall dip into these and other works anon, and report progress.

THE NEW YORK COACH-MAKER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—Is an "Illustrated, Original and Practical Journal, devoted to the Literary, Social and Mechanical Interests of the Craft." It is handsomely gotten up, ably conducted, and should be well supported by the large class whose welfare it seeks to promote. Edited and published by E. M. STRATTON, 82 East Fourteenth St., New York, at \$4 per annum, with a liberal discount to clubs. The "craft" should see to it that Mr. STRATTON'S laudable enterprise is well sustained.

"INFORMATION WANTED."—Allow me to ask "Puritan," through the RURAL, if a man is necessarily fast because he owns a fast horse, or because he likes to see two horses trot fast? If he is, is not the other man gross and fat, because he owns a gross fat pig, ox or sheep? Again, is there anything more wicked or wrong in testing and comparing the speed of horses at Fairs, than in testing their strength by attaching them to enormous loads? I do know Fairs where there has been no horse race, technically, and where farmers controlled and managed them, who had no reputation for being "fast," nor "horse jockeys."—ANTI-PURITAN.

HOW ONE FAIR WAS "RUN."—Your correspondent "Puritan" asks information of any Fairs carried on or ended without a horse race, or any of said Fairs that have not been run by fast men, horse jockeys and landlords. I cannot say how it may have been as to the horse race, but I have the happiness to inform him that, from my own personal observation, the Fair of the Monroe Co. Agricultural Society was not, the present year, run by fast men, horse jockeys, landlords, or any body else.—OBSERVER, Greece, N. Y., Nov., 1863.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

It will be gratifying to the large number of our readers interested in the improvement of Sheep Husbandry, to learn that The Practical Shepherd, though first published less than a month ago, has already reached its fifth edition. The demand for the work is so far beyond previous expectations, and our present facilities for manufacturing, that we find it impossible to fill orders promptly. With orders for nearly 2,000 copies over the present supply, we shall be unable to respond to the calls of agents with promptness for some weeks, yet shall send at the earliest possible moment in each case—our rule being to fill large orders in the order of reception. While doing our utmost, we must ask the forbearance of canvassing agents for a delay which cannot be obviated.

The book is cordially welcomed by leading journals and prominent individuals. We subjoin extracts from several reviews and letters:

From the Maine Farmer. NEW WORK ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY.— * * * The need of some practical and complete work on the subject has long been felt, and we believe that this want has been fully met by the publication of this treatise. From the hasty examination we have been able to give, we should consider it as embodying all that is necessary to be known on the subject, and the name of the author, Hon. H. S. RANDALL, of New York, who is known as a well informed writer on stock-growing, is a guarantee of its completeness and reliability. We shall undoubtedly frequently have occasion to refer to its pages. It embraces the history and introduction of breeds in America; the adaptation of breeds to different situations; principles and practice of breeding; management during the different seasons; prairie sheep husbandry; anatomy and diseases of the sheep; list of medicines; the dog in its connection with sheep, &c. The book contains over four hundred and fifty pages, is illustrated with appropriate descriptive engravings, and is printed and bound in good style.

From the Country Gentleman. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—This work, which has been for some time announced, is out, and we are indebted to the author and publisher for early copies. In bulk, it exceeds the first edition, the writer having added 454 closely printed pages. But the ground covered is large,—the plan of the book, however, being comprehensive mainly in the direction of American experience in Sheep Management, and not swollen, as is too often the case, with a compilation of "the general history and description of all the breeds," abroad as well as at home. In order to place the present position of Fine-Woolled breeds, in this country, fairly before the reader, a certain amount of space was necessary to trace the sources from which they have been derived, and show how they have come to be what they are, and the value of the production of heavy fleeces, the flocks of some of the best breeders in the United States are probably unsurpassed, if fully equalled, in any other country. This part of the book we have not yet read with minute attention, but it may fairly be presumed from the author's long and extensive experience on the subject, that the statements will bear the most critical examination. * * * In the chapters on "the principles and practice of breeding," the author shows himself well read in the works of leading writers, and expresses views which coincide in the main with those we have always held and sometimes had occasion to define in this column. * * * As a whole, this book is unquestionably in advance of anything of the kind now before the public.

From the New York Tribune. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—The author is so well known that we need not say anything by way of introduction. His capability of writing a useful book upon sheep husbandry is evinced by the fact of his having made it the study and practice of his life, and this is the third volume which he has prepared for the publisher, and known to others all that he knows upon a branch of American farming just now one of the most important of all others. In this volume the author has exhausted the subject, and given all that it is necessary for any farmer to know about selecting, breeding, and general management of sheep, in health or at sickly, and we heartily commend this work to all who wish for a sound and thorough treatise on sheep husbandry.

From the Prairie Farmer. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.— * * * The country has long felt the need of some complete and practical treatise on the rearing and management of sheep than was to be obtained. Such works as have been published heretofore have met with a very extended sale. The wants in this respect has been met by Hon. H. S. RANDALL in this work. Mr. RANDALL is fit to do the matter, as his experience for many years as a practical shepherd, and his operations both at home and abroad make him the best informed man in America for the task. That he has done it well we believe, from a hasty glance through his pages. The book embraces the history and introduction of breeds in America; the adaptation of breeds to different situations; principles and practice of breeding; management during the different seasons; prairie sheep husbandry; anatomy and diseases of the sheep; list of medicines; the dog in its connection with sheep, &c. The illustrations of sheep are by the best artists of New York, and well done. The letter press and paper are all that could be desired in a work of this description. It will undoubtedly meet with the large sale its merits demand. Sent by mail post paid by addressing the publisher.

From the Utica Morning Herald. * * * There was no man in the country so competent to accomplish this difficult task as Mr. RANDALL. He had already produced for us some valuable treatises on sheep husbandry and wool growing, and these, together with his learning, experience, and energy, in making the necessary material, pointed him out as the fittest man to undertake the more complete and important work in question. In looking it over we find evidence on every page of the great service he has rendered to the wool-growing population and the country. Yet not Mr. RANDALL alone for it is to the credit of the publisher, Mr. MOORE, the publisher, that the public are originally indebted for their hand-book, and to him belongs the credit of its mechanical excellence and handsome looks. Its sales are already very large, and it is likely to run through several editions before it has lived a year, which shows that the public is estimating its value. Few of the farming population can afford to be without it.

From the Wool Grower and Manufacturer. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—We have received a beautiful copy of this new work of H. S. RANDALL, on Sheep Husbandry, from the publisher, D. D. T. MOORE, of Rochester. The book is got up in a very creditable style, nicely illustrated and clearly printed on good paper, and handsomely bound and ornamented. The typographical execution will attract the very favorable attention of sheep raisers, while the reputation of the author will guarantee the excellent arrangement and conspicuousness of the subjects treated of. The introduction is a model of modesty, candor and good sense. It is really refreshing to open a book written with such simplicity and evident desire of stating the truth so far as known, and that too by a man whose long life has been spent in gaining knowledge of this subject. Mr. RANDALL does not profess to have exhausted the subject. Indeed the reader will be surprised at its copiousness as opened out by this master hand. Many very forcible suggestions will occur to intelligent readers and we may hope that the sheep husbandry will receive a powerful impulse from this addition to its literature.

From A. B. Allen, former Editor American Agriculturist. It strikes me as much the best work yet published for the American breeder; and it is unquestionably thorough, honest and impartial. Moreover, it is well got up, and credit to the publisher, especially in its cuts. Some of the figures are a little stiff, but on the whole it strikes me as being more truthfully illustrated than British works of the same class, which is no light praise to our tyro artists.

From Hon. A. B. Conger, Ex-President N. Y. State Agricultural Society. I acknowledge with grateful appreciation your kindness in the transmission of a copy of The Practical Shepherd. * * * You have great reason to be proud of your first essay in book-making, and with so noble a venture, if you have the good fortune in the future to freight with so rich a cargo, your commerce with the Agricultural World will be not only of the greatest benefit and credit to yourself, but of invaluable blessing to it.

From C. L. Flint, Sec'y Mass. Board of Agriculture. I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of The Practical Shepherd, a beautiful book. I have devoted all my leisure moments to a perusal of the work, and congratulate author and publisher on what appears to me to be a complete success. May it have a large and satisfactory sale, and be appreciated as it deserves.

From the Hon. T. C. Peters, former Editor of The Wool Grower. The book is all that any one could ask on the subject. It is the best of its kind, and superior to the heretofore standard—YOTTAT. You have fully vindicated your fastidious taste in the style the volume is prepared in, and I congratulate author and publisher, and hope you will achieve all the success you so well deserve.

Horticultural.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

The following very useful hints to beginners in Horticultural pursuits, are by P. BARRY, Esq., and are well worthy the attention not only of those who have just commenced to feel an interest in Horticultural pursuits, but to many others. Its truths some are very slow to learn: One of the most fruitful sources of disappointment to the tyro in gardening, is the injudicious choice of material, or, in other words, the selection of objects for cultivation not adapted to his experience or his circumstances. Mr. A., for instance, by reading, or perhaps by the example of some neighbor, all at once conceives a desire to have a fine garden. He procures the nursery-men's catalogues, or some books, and placing entire confidence in the descriptions which he finds accompanying the names of fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, selects the newest, and, as he supposes, the best. These he must have, because he does not wish to be second to any in either the beauty or the novelty of the objects on which he is about to lavish his care. Unfortunately for him, however, the stock of new and rare fruit trees, plants, and flowers, is small, and the specimens to be had rather feeble, and requiring great care and skill to bring them to a successful issue. His limited experience, as well as his impatience, prevents him from giving them the careful treatment, and they become a total failure. This cools the ardor of the beginner; visions of fruitful and blooming gardens, on which he had feasted his imagination, become misty; he hesitates, falls back into indifference, and finally, and perhaps forever, abandons the scheme of gardening in which he had embarked so hopefully and zealously a few months ago. This is a very great misfortune; not for him alone, and his family, who are thus to be deprived of some of the highest and purest pleasures of life—the enjoyment of a good garden, but for his neighbors and friends, who are deprived of the good example which his success would have given them; and for the country at large, because gardens are public preachers, inculcating industry, refinement, and other personal and social virtues, upon which the comfort and happiness of society in a great measure depend. Now, in order to prevent in some small degree, if possible, the disastrous consequences of such failure, we propose to offer to beginners a few suggestions.

Gardening cannot be learned in a day, or a week, or a year. Men have to spend years in acquiring knowledge enough to make them competent to manage well even an ordinary garden. No man can be a good gardener without reading, and extensive reading, too; but no amount of reading can possibly, by itself, enable a man or woman to enter at once upon the management of a garden, and do it successfully. Practice is necessary,—much practice,—and with it, careful study and observation. We may study in books the written history and character of any given tree or plant, until we suppose we know all that can be known about it, and yet when we undertake its cultivation, we often find that our very first step was wrong. This every person of experience will testify to be true. The history of the introduction of every new plant and tree corroborates this. An accurate knowledge of the proper treatment has only been acquired by experience. "What, then, are we to do?" the uninitiated may ask. "Do you wish to discourage us?" "Must we go and serve an apprenticeship to some great master of the art and science of gardening before we undertake to plant and make fruitful and beautiful our humble half acre?" By no means do we wish to discourage you, or magnify the obstacles that lie in the way of your success. Neither do we ask you to serve an apprenticeship to any great master. What we wish to do, is merely to point out, according to the best of our humble judgment, the true path for beginners to pursue, if they would escape the rock on which so many hopes are shipwrecked.

We caution you against falling into the error which Mr. A. committed, to wit, resolving to eclipse, in his first season, all that his neighbors had accomplished in years. This is a fatal sort of ambition, and one which we cannot approve of, although we admire high aims in general. If you are totally destitute of experience, consult some friend or neighbor who is competent to advise you, and with his assistance lay some plan. Don't make a single move without some fixed plan; and let it be as simple as it possibly can be, so that a very moderate amount of skill, and care, and expense, can carry it out successfully. If your aim be to cultivate fruits, choose a small list of such as are noted in your district for their thorough adaptation to its soil, climate, &c. (Eschew new sorts, no matter how imposing the name or how tempting the description.) The management of these for a year or two, if you observe closely and avail yourself of all sources of information, will enlighten you greatly upon the culture of fruits in general; you will be able to appreciate what you have and what you need, and you may safely extend the field of your culture and experiment. To cultivate fruits successfully and pleasantly, one needs possess a great variety of information, both general and special; the nature of soils and manures, and their influence upon the various species of fruits; the nature and influence of stocks which are grafted or budded upon; the mode of growth or bearing of the various fruits. Then, especially, the kind of soil and degree of fertility required or best adapted to each; the hardiness, growth, and productiveness of varieties; the sort of pruning and training best adapted to them; and how and when to gather the fruit, and the best mode of ripening and preserving it. On all these points much may be gathered from books; but, after all, we must

study our own trees, in our grounds, before we have knowledge applicable to our peculiar wants and circumstances. We know this by experience. What might be judicious and proper at Boston, would very likely require considerable modification to adapt it to Cincinnati or St. Louis; and even more than this, the same practice would not, in a multitude of cases, be applicable in adjoining gardens. By far the most intelligent and successful amateur fruit-growers within our acquaintance, are men who commenced with a few well-tested, easily-grown sorts, and added other and newer ones only as their knowledge of cultivation increased. Their whole practice has been successful, and encouraging to themselves and others.

In ornamental culture we would recommend precisely the same principles, and here indeed it is, if possible, more important than in fruit culture, inasmuch as the objects grown are more varied, and involve a greater variety of detail in their management.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

For a long time we have felt the importance of having a much better arrangement of fruits and flowers at our Horticultural Exhibitions than is general. We have desired a reform in this respect for the convenience of judges, as well as for the profit of exhibitors and the public. Those who have read our articles on the subject will remember the reasons why a change in this respect is greatly to be desired. The editor of the Horticulturist, who was one of the judges at a recent Horticultural exhibition at Newburgh, gives his experience in the performance of the duties of a judge under the difficulties which are found to exist almost everywhere. We think judges should utterly refuse to serve, unless articles are so arranged that they can do their work with credit to themselves and justice to exhibitors, and without spending hours in an attempt to do what could be much better done in a few minutes, with proper arrangements. The following is an extract from the article to which we have alluded:

"We wish to offer a few words of advice in regard to horticultural exhibitions. It is a matter that concerns exhibitors quite as much as the society. We allude to the want of system or arrangement in placing articles for competition. Each class of articles should be placed by itself on the tables; for example, all the entries of single plates of fruit should be placed side by side; and so of collections. The judges can then make their examinations and comparisons with some degree of satisfaction, and with a fair hope of making just decisions. With the ordinary arrangement they can do nothing of the kind, however painstaking and careful they may be. We know that some exhibitors insist upon having their articles all together; but in this they commit a great mistake, and one in which they should not be indulged. When a man exhibits, he must comply with the rules. On the present occasion the articles were scattered about a large room very promiscuously. We were one of the judges on fruit, and we have hardly yet recovered from the fatigue of racing about the room to find the articles entered for competition. One of our companions broke down completely, and toward the last we had to request that the articles might be picked out for us. We should not have minded the labor so much, but the difficulty, if not impossibility, of properly comparing samples of fruit a hundred or more feet apart, was very annoying. Now look at some of the results. In the evening we returned to the exhibition, and spent an hour in looking about. In so doing, we discovered several fine lots of apples, pears and grapes that the judges had not seen at all. One exhibitor had divided his collection of grapes into two parts, with other fruit between, and in so doing lost the first prize; but we cannot say that we feel much sympathy for him, though mortified at the result. These oversights are in no respect the fault of the judges; they are mainly the fault of the exhibitors themselves. We mention these things in order that the Newburgh and other societies may profit by them."

It is because we feel the importance of Horticultural Societies, and in a measure realize the great work they are performing for our country—for men and women, and particularly for the young—that we are anxious every hindrance to their success should be removed. These exhibitions are great educators of the children,—it teaches them to love nature and its beautiful productions. Here they obtain a taste for gardening, and in the garden they learn system and order, patience and hope; here they improve the head and the heart, and obtain strength for the body and the mind.

A farmer and his wife, not a thousand miles from where we write, had an only son, who, much to the sorrow of his parents had a great desire to go to sea. He had read of the raging billows—of strange people in beautiful lands of perpetual spring—of orange groves and the Bread Fruit and Banana trees—of exciting scenes in capturing the whale—and his whole heart seemed set on seeing foreign lands and living on the ocean wave. In vain his parents endeavored to interest him in the operations of the farm. He worked, but his heart was not in work. It was a drudgery, and he longed for the time when he could bid farewell to parents and home and see the world for himself. A Horticultural Society was established in the county, and at the first exhibition fruits and flowers of the choicest kinds were displayed, some of them brought from a distance, and such as had never been seen in the neighborhood before. This exhibition was attended by our young hero, and he beheld the display with wonder. Nothing surprised him more than the lively interest each exhibitor felt in his collection. He had looked upon everything connected with the cultivation of the soil as a heartless drudgery, but here even the ladies engaged in the work with a zeal and

pleasure he could not account for. One class of the flowers particularly attracted his notice—he procured a few seeds, planted, watched their first appearance, nursed them and watched anxiously for the promised blossoms. In due time the buds opened, and the beauty of the flower repaid him for all his toil. He carried off a prize at the next show. Elated at this success the collection was enlarged, and he soon became one of the most enthusiastic amateurs in that section. The sea was forgotten, and he soon took hold of farming in earnest—aims at the finest crops, and the parents reap 'in the society of their son, and the better management of their farm the happy influence of flowers upon the young mind, and the benefits of Horticultural Societies.

FLOWERS FOR WINTER.

In our last we noticed a few of the flowers that adorn our gardens late in the season, long after the early autumn frosts, and until winter makes its appearance in earnest, prepared not simply for a call, but for a lengthy sojourn. Several varieties of plants will flourish in pots in the unfavorable atmosphere of our parlors and living rooms, and some of the Tulips and Hyacinths, and a few other bulbous rooted varieties, are exceedingly desirable. But, it is not our purpose to speak of these at present. We design merely to call attention to that class of Annuals known as Everlasting or Eternal Flowers. Noble bouquets, containing flowers of beautiful form and brilliant color, and that will retain their beauty until Spring, and longer, if not exposed to too bright a light, may be grown by every one who has a few feet of soil suitable for a garden. We have before us a basket of these flowers, gathered during the summer season, just as they were expanding, which we are now about to arrange into bouquets and floral ornaments, to adorn our rooms, and remind us of the beautiful season of buds and blossoms which has passed away, but will soon return again.

Here is the *Globe Amaranth*, old and deservedly popular, purple, white, striped, flesh-color, and a most beautiful orange.

The *Helichrysum*, perhaps, next to the Amaranth, is the most interesting and brilliant family of the Everlastings. They are double and single, red, white, orange, brownish, yellow, &c. Everybody should have them.



XERANTHEMUM.

The *Xeranthemum* are white, blue and purple, single and double, flower abundantly, with good strong stems. They should have a place in every collection of Everlastings.



ACROCLONIUM.

The *Acroclonium* is a delicate and beautiful daisy-like flower, white and rose-colored. The plants sometimes suffer in the heat of summer. They flower very early, and if the seed is sown in a hot-bed, and strong plants are got out early in the Spring, flowers will be ready to cut about the first of July, before hot, dry weather.

To work in with the Everlasting Flowers, a variety of grasses are desirable. The *Brisas* are fine for the purpose, and there are many other good sorts. Some very good kinds may be selected among the native varieties growing in our fields and hedge-rows.

We also have a native white *Gnaphalium*, that, if cut as soon as the buds begin to open, will make no mean addition to the winter bouquet.

THE ADIRONDAC GRAPE.

We had understood that at a recent exhibition of grapes, the first prize for flavor was awarded to the Adirondac. We were a little surprised at this decision, for, although we have tasted specimens of the Adirondac only two or three times, and then only a berry or so, we never had the least idea that it was equal to the Delaware, in respect to flavor alone. Of its other good qualities, we know nothing by experience. Still, we

did not wish to sustain our opinion in opposition to Mr. DOWNING, who was chairman of the Committee that gave this decision, and other gentlemen who composed the Committee, and who have had doubtless better opportunities than we have to become acquainted with this grape, and perhaps had eaten it in better condition. The following from Mr. MEAD, shows not only that tastes differ very materially, but that the committee were not unanimous in their decision:

"Among the prizes offered was one for the best flavored grape. This was awarded to the Adirondac. The decision of judges, as a general thing, we pass by without criticism; but this one is so extraordinary that it challenges at least a few remarks. It must be borne in mind that the prize was for flavor alone, without regard to earliness, size, or anything else but this; yet with the Delaware, Diana, Anna, and Allen's Hybrid before them, the judges gave the prize to the Adirondac. We do not wish to detract in the least from the character of the Adirondac, which is really a good grape; but in flavor it certainly will not compare with any of those we have named, and especially will it not compare with the Delaware. It is almost as if one should compare the Muscat of Alexandria with the Sweetwater, or the Seckel with the French Jargonelle. It is said that tastes differ, and we allude to the subject to let our readers know how widely our taste differs from that of those who consider the flavor of the Adirondac superior to that of the Delaware. Mr. Downing was chairman of this committee; but we are authorized to say that he dissents from this decision in the most emphatic manner. With his discriminating taste and large experience among native grapes, we should have been surprised if it had been otherwise."

Horticultural Notes.

FRENCH'S STRAWBERRY.—The original plant of this new Strawberry was found a few years since by Mr. LEWIS FRENCH, near Moorestown, N. J., growing wild in his meadow, and although crowded with the meadow-grass, it bore up high and clear a fine cluster of large, bright scarlet berries.

There was an extensive plantation of Hovey's Seedling and the Large Early Scarlet growing near by from which it appears to have descended, being perhaps a cross between them, combining the good qualities of both those standard varieties. It has gained a high position in the estimation of all who know it. It commences early and continues through the season to yield abundantly. The Triomphe de Gand succeeds it. It is uniformly large and well shaped, a brilliant scarlet, excellent quality, sweet and luscious, the blossoms are all perfect in both organs, and do not require the presence of any other variety to insure full crops of fruit.—*Cor. Gard. Monthly.*

THE PHILADELPHIA RASPBERRY is a native variety; a single plant was originally found growing wild in a wood within the present limits of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. WM. PARRY, who has been extensively engaged for over twenty years in growing a great variety of Raspberries, is very much pleased with this variety. It is perfectly hardy, requiring, so far, no protection during winter, nor any extra care or culture, but will grow on any land that will raise corn, producing immense crops, and sells at high prices. The fruit in market sold readily last season at twenty cents per quart.

The fruit is large, of a purplish red, rather darker than the Antwerp, rich and firm, bearing carriage well. Canes purple, very strong, with but few spines, smooth, thick and stout, standing upright, without stakes or railing; it is propagated by suckers and not from the tops.—*Cor. Gardeners' Monthly.*

BLUE AZALEA.—Sir R. Alcock, in his "Capital of the Tycoon," makes mention of a Blue Azalea, a variety I did not know existed. He says (vol. ii. p. 71):—"In the hedges, the Honeysuckle and the Thistle remind us of home, while the Azaleas, pink, blue, and white, in all their delicacy of hue and texture, mingling with the Camellia and Cape Jasmine, which grew wild by the hedge-side, spoke of other climes than our own." Perhaps it may interest some of your correspondents to have this passage brought to their notice, should the Blue Azalea be, as I believe, unknown in England.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Domestic Economy.

JOHNNY CAKE, HOP YEAST, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A Subscriber wishes to know how to make a Johnny cake. Old-fashioned Pennsylvania Johnny cake is made of cold water, salt, and corn meal. Make it into a stiff paste, spread it one inch thick on a smooth board, and place it before a fire of coals; when nicely browned, turn it on the board and brown the other side. This, with good, fresh butter, is not hard to take.

MODERN JOHNNY CAKE.—Three eggs, well beaten; one quart buttermilk; salt to the taste; one teaspoon of saleratus, and corn meal. Stir a little thicker than for griddle cakes. After it is mixed, stir in one tablespoonful of sugar, and the same of melted butter. Put it two inches thick in buttered pans,—bake half an hour. If this is not tip-top, you are hard to please.

LIGHT PONE.—Take warm water, any quantity you desire.—I will say half a gallon,—put in a crock or jar, with a small handful of salt, and as much corn meal as will make a stiff batter. Set it where it will keep warm, stir occasionally, and it will get light. If it is made in the morning, it will be light by evening. Bake two hours. It is best baked in an old-fashioned Dutch oven, and is good to eat cold, cut in slices.

HOP YEAST.—One large handful of good hops, boil a few minutes in one gallon of water, strain the boiling liquid over two pounds of flour and half a teacup of sugar. Stir, and let it stand till it is cool enough not to scald, then stir in half a teacup of good yeast. Let stand till done fermenting,—about two days,—then mix in corn meal, and spread on a board to dry. Do not set it too near the stove, or in the sun, as it will scald. In a warm room, it will dry in two days. This will be good as long as it lasts. IOWA.

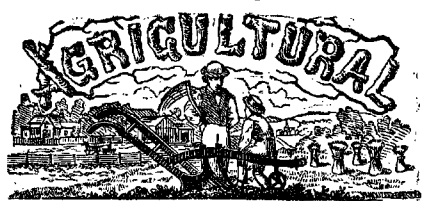
THE PAPER FOR THE TIMES!



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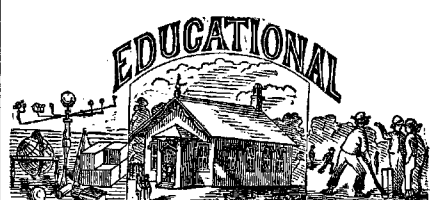


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Will comprise literary essays and articles of rare merit on subjects of interest. The column appropriately headed SABBATH MUSINGS, will, as heretofore, contain many choice Religious and Moral sketches and gems. Under the head of



The RURAL will continue to give (as often as once in two weeks) matter of interest and value to parents, teachers and pupils. The Departments entitled SCIENTIFIC, USEFUL, &c., THE TRAVELER, READING FOR THE YOUNG, and THE STORY TELLER, will continue to receive careful attention—while the NEWS DEPARTMENT, and columns devoted to MARKETS, COMMERCE, &c., will contain the usual variety of important and timely information. Indeed we shall endeavor, with the aid of increased facilities and experience, to fully maintain, if not materially augment, the enviable reputation the RURAL NEW-YORKER has attained as the best combined AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER published in America.

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

Ladies' Department.

A CHILD'S WISH.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

"On her grave-stone these words were carved—Lifted higher."—Rural New Yorker.

When the sunlight fell with radiant glory O'er the little bed, And the wind, with gentle fingers, moved The tresses on her head, With fainter voice she whispered, while The Angel-wings drew nigher, And loving ones had hushed their sobs, "Oh, Father, lift me higher."

But her dim sight looked yet further Than our weeping eyes could see, Far beyond the land of sunsets, Into immortality; She heeded not the crimson mist That crowned the hills with fire, But only breathed, in gentle tones, "Dear Father, lift me higher."

Yet while she spoke the color died From out the evening sky, And twilight, clad in ashen robes, Passed slow and silent by; And Death had shut the door of Life, Smitten the golden lyre, And answered, the sweet childish wish But to be "lifted higher."

Father, we thank Thee! for the child Treads now th' eternal hills, Her footsteps falter not beside The ever-flowing rills; Lifted above all grief and care, From trial borne away, She has exchanged the twilight gloom For never-ending Day.

Rochester Democrat & American.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR PATH OF DUTY.

In the RURAL of Oct. 10, I read an article "About Heroes and Heroines," in which the author has given so much of her own personal history, that I have been induced to take up a pen long since laid aside, and write some things I have learned in life, partially in reply to the article referred to, though, perchance, "the rich maturity of womanhood" has not left its seal on my brow.

To me, it seems, that there is the most of happiness found in this world of sorrow and disappointments, when we walk cheerfully and patiently in the path of duty. The real life is full of sober, stern realities, which often conflict with the ideal we have planned for ourselves; and unless we can school our hearts to a cheerful performance of duties that come between us and our cherished plans, so as to make these duties real pleasures, then shall we be truly unhappy and life a burden. If, as in "IDA's" case, the obstacle is an invalid mother, to whom every child owes so much, the duty to care for her, instead of being considered an "unwilling martyrdom," should be made one of the highest pleasures of life. What if we are giving up, for a time, the pursuit of book-knowledge! We are discharging a noble, Christian duty, and in so doing are gaining an education of heart, and a discipline of priceless value. I am not a philosopher, yet would say, if "IDA" spent those years in a restless, chafing spirit, and impatience of mind, they were worse than lost. But if, as may be inferred, she learned lessons of patient resignation and cheerfulness, they were not lost in the eyes of Him who sendeth trials to purify the heart.

I am not writing as one who knows nothing of these things. I, too, have passed through trials, and know full well the bitter struggle of soul it costs us to yield the cherished desires of our heart and perform less congenial tasks than those we have assigned ourselves. And I know, too, that if we would be happy, we must learn to yield to circumstances.

But we all have great ideas of being heroes, heroines, and martyrs, and are not content to make these sacrifices in private, but want the world to know we have suffered; and because we do not find the ready sympathy we wish, the world is cold and heartless. Especially is the martyr-spirit prevalent with young ladies about fifteen and upward. Some see the folly of the thing when they pass through the "transition dispensation," as Dr. HOLLAND calls the change from girlhood to womanhood, and others carry it with them through life, making themselves and others really unhappy, by always talking of great sacrifices they have made; or contrasting what they are with what they might have been, could they have followed the path they marked out in youth. Ten chances to one that, had they walked in it, they would have been ruined; "for there is a way that seemeth good to man, but the ends thereof are the ways of death." If they could only see that insurmountable obstacles were thrown in their way to prevent them from shipwreck, and would do what lies before them in life, putting heart and hand to the work, they would have far more of the martyr's power of enduring disappointments than has ever yet entered into their composition.

Young ladies have such an idea of being "stars," either in the social or literary world, that they waste their lives in vain regrets that they could not do this or that which they fancied would lead them to distinction. There are but few that can reach a round so high in the ladder of fame that the world will mourn when they are gone. It is hard to learn the lesson that, try as we will to reach some lofty place, we will not be missed when we lie down in our narrow home, save by our immediate circle of friends. It is hard to feel that the world will pass on the same, the sun shine as brightly, the birds sing as gaily; but is there not more of true heroism in forgetting self and self-importance, and living for the good that we can do to those around us, than in

thinking of our great trials and sacrifices? Yea, and far more of happiness too.

Doubtless there are farmers and mechanics that might have been ministers and lawyers, but the cause why they are not is chargeable many times to a power whose decrees are more just than those of fate. No doubt they are fulfilling Heaven's will concerning them much better where they are. We see many poor ministers who might have been useful and respectable farmers, had they staid in the place "for which they were intended;" but they chose rather to follow their own way than the path of duty, because, forsooth, it led to a higher position in the eye of the world, and I always pity the people who are obliged to listen to them. This is not confined to the ministry. We have milk and water doctors, shallow-brained lawyers, teachers who ought to be learners, writers, who ought to be —, and so on to the end of the chapter.

Are all these things, these inconsistencies we see every day of life, to be charged to the "unjust decrees of fate?" Very many of them are the fault of the individuals themselves. While there are many who are in the right place who, if they would be content to exercise their talents in the sphere God has given them, "the world would be the better for it," there are many others who are continually seeking a better place. There is a Providence that directs our way; "rough hew it as we will," and it is only when our desires conflict with His plans, that we meet obstacles that cannot be overcome. "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the LORD directeth his steps."

Yet I would not that any one should idly fold their hands when difficulties arise before them, and say "Providence has hedged up my way." Heaven helps those who help themselves, and it will not do to wait for "something to turn up," but you must be active,—watching for opportunities to go forward. If not in the direction you wish, go where duty leads, and you will have your reward. Instead of looking back and sighing over what you might have been, look forward and be all you can be in the place God has given you, and when you have accomplished your mission there, a door will open, and you will be permitted to enter a higher sphere of action. This is the only course that will fit you to be a true hero or heroine in the great battle of life.

Ontario, N. Y., 1883.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—HOME, SWEET HOME.

WHILE a mother needs to guard her children carefully from the many temptations to vanity which will beset them from the very cradle, she cannot be too choice and scrupulous in having their surroundings those which will refine and cultivate the tastes and feelings. Everything which will do violence to good taste and refinement, and promote coarseness and carelessness of manners, should be most carefully avoided, even in their most secluded hours. Yet there are homes whose parlors are highly adorned, where the private apartments are all in confusion, and where convenience and tasteful arrangement are the last things thought of. Children take in, with the atmosphere of such a home, the principle which governs it, and it will run through all their after life. "No matter what we are, so that we show off well." Hypocrisy is its foundation, and it pervades all departments of the character.

It costs little to make a home tasteful and cheerful, if only the heart is in it. Abundant pictures on the nursery walls, be they ever so simple, if they only tell some sweet story; a pot of flowers in the window; a hanging basket or two, even if made of a cocoanut shell, with graceful vines winding around the strings that suspend it; a few pretty shrubs in the yard, though the space be ever so scanty; a rosebush or two by the doorway, and, if possible, trees about your dwelling; all these are refining agencies which exert a powerful influence on the hearts of your children. Let them help you in little tasteful works some rainy day when you can spare the time. Teach them to make a little frame of shell work, or even acorn cups, pine cones, parti-colored corn and the like, and see if a little picture set in it will not afford them greater enjoyment than the most costly, gilded work of art you can buy them. Go out into the wild woods with them and help to gather pretty mosses and old grey lichens for a moss basket or home-conservatory. All these simple arts which make beautiful, are well worth cultivation—a thousand times more valuable than the most elaborately embroidered skirts and braided mantles.

Here, as in everything else, "wisdom is profitable to direct." I do not doubt but that excellent woman Solomon describes, had a beautiful, tasteful home for those children who "arose up and called her blessed," and the husband who praised her.—N. Y. Chronicle.

MODESTY AND PRUDERY.—Women that are the least bashful, are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from a total ignorance of vice. Prudery, on the contrary, is often assumed rather to keep off the suspicion of criminality, than criminality itself, and is resorted to to defend the fair wearer, not from the whispers of our sex, but of her own; it is a cumbersome panoply, and, like heavy armor, is seldom worn, except by those who attire themselves for the combat, or who have received a wound.

DRESS AND ADDRESS.—Dress has a moral upon the conduct of man and woman kind. Let any lady or gentleman be found with dirty gaiters or boots, old cloak or surtout, soiled collar or neckcloth, dirty undersleeves or wristbands, with a general negligence of costume, and he or she will, in all probability, exhibit a corresponding negligence of address.

Avoid the gossip as you do the hissing snake.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUNLIGHT.

BY BELL OLINTON.

BRIGHT morning sunlight! Coming so pure from the golden fountain, Gilding the forest and circling the mountain, Drinking the pearly dew, Deep'ning the rich rose hue, Chasing afar the dim shadows of night, Strange art thou, radiant morning sunlight.

Beautiful sunlight, Waking the sounds so silently sleeping, Scattering the mist o'er the lakelet creeping, Tinting the cloud that now Sits on thy shining brow— Where can the shadow of hopelessness fall, When thou art so cheerfully shining for all?

Life giving sunlight! Breaking sad vigils the weary are keeping, Thro' the vine lattice so tremulously peeping, Unto the lonely heart, Caust thou no joy impart? May not the life blood bound healthful and free, The cheek that is pallid drink freshness from thee?

Glorious sunlight! Thou to the lofty and lowly art given,— Type of the glory emitted from Heaven, When through a Savior's name, Sweet peace, and pardon came.— Beautiful, life giving, glorious Light! Blest "Sun of Righteousness" gliding Death's night Chenango Co., N. Y., 1883.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY OLIO STANLEY.

FAR away in a woodland dell, into the midst of glooms and shades, floated a ray of sunshine; and with the bright messenger went a merry little zephyr, and its burden was the tiniest of seeds. Down it dropped among the tangled vines, and, hidden by the green leaves and dusky stems, it sank into the moistened ground. Days passed quickly away; the single stems and the rain-drops fell, the shadowed earth parted, and the slender stem appeared, trembling in its slightness. Every day the little plant strengthened; the delicate, tinted buds appeared and kept swelling with the new life within them, until, when after many days, the wandering beam had found its way again to the shady dell; lot the place was loaded with the sweetest fragrance, and the young plant in its added strength was beautifying the place where it grew.

'Tis ever thus. All over this broad earth plants and flowers are springing up, some underneath our very feet, yet we heed them not; plants rare in their beauty and fragrance, yet we look at them with careless eyes, forgetful to thank God, the Giver, for their birth and growth. And in the air that nourishes them, and sweet with the breath of morning, and the gentle dews of night, we find living beauty.

Each morning when light has gladdened the earth and every wave of the air is bending to and fro with its burden of sunshine, myriad tiny beings throb with life; thousands of insects flutter through the long bright day, and when twilight gathers her dusky robes about her, the earth becomes their universal grave. As there is beauty in their life, so is there in their death; in the freezing of the life-blood, the ceasing of the joyous pulsings and the dying out of the faint, weary, little breaths. Life and Death are all about us, and we can find beauty in each.

As we stand on the shore of Life, or wander over its green hill-tops and through its warm valleys, sight and sound bring us traces of beautiful things that leave their impress forever on the soul, and we make reply in our inmost hearts to their voiceful and voiceless suggestions. The song of a sparrow, the lay of a robin, or the happy note of a wood-linnet, each is beautiful in itself and beautiful for its associations. How we listened to, and loved them when we wandered as children in those green, old woods; years have gone by, yet we could pick out the same path, and find the very tree where each bird built her nest, and sung us sweet songs. The ripple on the stream, the glowing colors in the rainbow, the fair gleams of moonlight that tip the ocean waves with dewy light, all—all are beautiful.

As in the world about us, so it is in Earth's temples and her palaces. On every side, works of Art greet our eyes that fill us with pleasing emotions; their fair proportions and graceful forms awaken a love for the beautiful within us that rarely slumbers while life lasts. Cold marble is carved and chiseled until it seems as if warm life throbbed in the lifeless figure; as though the artist, wrapt in his dream of perfection, had breathed his own spirit into his work. But dreams of the most exquisite forms are realized when we gaze at the great masses of clouds, gray and white, floating above us, on these autumn days; fancies of the rarest colors, when we look toward the sunrise and sunset of a day in Indian summer. For models and plans of the Beautiful, nothing can equal Nature.

In our hearts we all acknowledge the sway of those beautiful Ideals which we make for ourselves. The realities in which they are embodied—Love, and Truth, and Charity—moulded into our lives, make every day a holy thing, and when all our days and nights, our dreams and realizations, our longings and our gains, are ended, woven into one, they shall make a golden door by which we may step forth out of this life into the next, where all conceivable perfections meet; where living light shall beam upon us, and show to our awakened vision the acme of the Beautiful.

Philadelphia, Oct., 1883.

if NEVER speak ill of any one, not of your foe even.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY ONE KILLED.

ONLY one killed! and the man of business turns the paper heedlessly over, reviews the prices, stuffs it into the depths of his pocket, and is again behind his counter, looking into the honest, poverty-pinched face with the old cry of innocence on his part, and the dreadful war alone to blame. The school-boy, standing by, muses,—just one,—that's all,—and with his little heart happy because it isn't his big brother, whistles himself away. One killed! and the gay girl tosses the newly printed sheet carelessly aside, with an impatient frown because there is no news,—no great battle,—no glorious victory,—no long list of names headed, Killed, Wounded and Missing. Nothing exciting to-night, and she again resumes the thrilling narrative of "Love, Murder and Thieves," she has just left. Oh, how such thoughtlessness makes my heart ache. I saw the home of that "only one" who was killed,—the father, when the trembling wire gave forth the name of the dead,—the fond mother, when the dreadful truth came home to her. I saw the sister weep, and she, dearer than all these, bow her head and refuse to be comforted. I saw, away down in the Southland, a lonely grave, with no green sod, no headstone, and after a few short weeks a grave in the Northland, too, for that mother mourned her life away for her lost "only one."

Oh! the broken circle, the lips that will never smile gladly again, the lonely old man staggering beneath the weight of sorrow! All this crushing misery because "one was killed." The world goes on with its ceaseless hum, regardless that it numbers one more grave, and the light and joy have gone out from another home forever. The heart of the great Public gives a few sympathetic frowns when the dailies stare forth the startling story of the glorious death of thousands,—but every eye looks calm to-night, no eye need moisten, no lip tremble,—there is no sad news,—only one killed.

MAUDE. Canandaigua, Mich., 1883.

FLOWERS AND CHILDREN.

FLOWERS and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint, or too much of forcing, or too much of display, ruins their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and to win them to a love of the flowers. Some day they tell me that a violet or a tuft of lilies is dead; but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story—that the very same violet is blooming sweeter than ever upon some far-away cleft of the hill-side. So you, my child, if the great Master lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—on some richer, sunnier ground!

We talk thus; but if the change really come, it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets—will never search them. She, whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery or of paths, will never open them again. She—whose feet would have danced along the new wood-path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths—will never set foot upon these walks again.

What matter how the brambles grow?—her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken pining by the water?—she will never topple over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from a lower nail now—the little hand that might have stolen possession of it, is stiff—is fast! God has it.

And when spring wakens all its echoes—of the wren's song—of the blue bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo (she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes—shaking back the curls—dancing to the melody? And when the violets repeat the sweet lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light-footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task—who?

And the sweetest flowers wither, and the sweetest flowers wait, for the dainty fingers that shall pluck them, never again!—My Farm of Edgewood, by IK MARVEL.

GOD A LOVER OF BEAUTY.

WE doubt not that God is a lover of beauty. We speak reverently. He fashioned the worlds in beauty, when there was no eye to behold them, but his own. All along the wild forest he has carved the forms of beauty. Every cliff, and stem, and flower, is a form of beauty. Every hill, and dale, and landscape, is a picture of beauty. Every cloud, and mistwreath, and vapour-vail, is a shadowy reflection of beauty. Every spring and rivulet, river and ocean, is a glassy mirror of beauty. Every diamond, and rock, and pebbly beach, is a mine of beauty. Every sea, and planet, and star, is a blazing face of beauty. All along the aisles of earth, all over the arches of heaven, all through the expanse of the universe, are scattered, in rich and infinite profusion, the life gems of beauty. All natural motion is beauty in action. From the mote that plays its little frolic in the sunbeam to the world that blazes along the sapphire spaces of the firmament, are visible the ever-varying features of the enrapturing spirit of beauty. All this great realm of dazzling and bewildering beauty was made by God.

Vows.—Make no vows to forbear this or that; it shows no great strength, and makes thee ride behind thyself.—Fuller.

JESTING.—To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast, is to become a principal in the mischief.—Sheridan.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOUL WHISPERS.

BY ANNE M. BRADY.

O, EARTH, with thy loves and thy grievings, Why cling to thee fondly for aye, When we know that the roses we gather And bind to our bosoms, will die!

Why love we, the fairest and fairest We know can be ours but a day, Ere chilled by the breath of the Death-wind, They wither and moulder away?

We wrap the soft love cords around us, Though we know what their breaking will bring, And the nearer the death-arrow draweth, To our idol the closer we cling.

Still restless, and toiling and weary, O, Earth, with thy grief and thy love! Why cling to thee fondly forever, When the light and the peace is above? Cambria N. Y., 1883.

LOOK AT YOUR "PARDON."

God writes upon thy pardon "Free." It has cost thee nothing,— "being justified freely by his grace." "Thou hast bought me no sweet cane with money, neither hast thou filled me with the fat of thy sacrifices; but thou hast made me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied me with thy iniquities." But "I, even I, am He that blot out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."

God writes upon thy pardon "Full" as well as "free;" the pardon extends to all the sins thou hast ever committed. By him, all that believe are justified from all things. Thou art acquitted not from one only, but from ALL. Thou hast a pardon free without price, full without exception.

And then it is final, without revocation; the pardoned soul never comes into condemnation. Thy iniquities are removed from thee "as far as the east is from the west." As these two points can never meet, so the pardoned soul and its pardoned sins can never more meet under condemnation.

Last of all, God writes upon thy pardon another word as sweet as any of the rest, and that is "Sure." It is a standing mercy, never to be recalled or annulled. The challenge is sent to earth and hell, men and devils:—"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died." Now the laboring conscience, that rolled and tossed upon the waves of a thousand fears, may drop anchor, and ride quit in the pacific sea of a pardoned state.—Gospel Feast.

PRAYER.

Dost thou labor under a load of guilt? Come unto Christ, all that travail and are heavy laden, and He will give you rest! Dost thou feel the pressure of affliction or the blast of censure? Instead of loathing thy being, instead of breaking out into sudden bursts of passion against thy foes, or contracting a settled gloom of malice, unbosom thy secrets, and disburden thy cares to Him who is both able and willing to resettle thy discomposed mind. All that envenomed rancor which is apt to embitter our spirit against mankind in general, and our enemies in particular, when we suffer undeservedly, will abate and die away as we strive to set our affections on things above. Out thoughts, like the waters of the sea, when exhaled toward heaven, will lose their offensive bitterness and saltiness, leave behind them each distasteful quality, and sweeten into an amiable humanity and candor; till they descend in gentle showers of love and kindness upon our fellow creatures.—Reed's Sermons.

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT.—Somewhere, O child of faith and love; somewhere on life's heavy cloud God paints the rainbow of your consolation; and He paints it for you. Different eyes must of necessity locate the promise, this "Bow of Promise," in different places; but for you it has a place. Seek then to know where God has most blessed you, and make the most of this bright spot; not to substitute it for God, but as honoring Him in your blessing. When we are quick and sure to perceive where God has bestowed His richest earthly blessing, then the "Philosopher's Stone" is in our hands. It is a pity, when God has made a part of this world for us, that we should not know our own inheritance. The guide-board pointing to this spot is, dare to be yourself.—Congregationalist.

PRIMITIVE VS. MODERN RELIGION.—Primitive religion—which was not clothed in fine linen, nor fared sumptuously every day, preached in hovels and by the wayside more than in kings' houses, and lived not in work only—was everywhere attended with revival influence and the word of the Lord grew mightily. Modern religion, in many of its phases, has chosen the fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and dwelling in kings' houses, and presents a sickly growth. It is nothing strange, then, when such a man as Leland characterizes it as a change from home-spun preachers, wooden pulpits, and golden sermons, to broadcloth preachers, and golden pulpits, and wooden sermons.

If to move other hearts it is only requisite that you have a heart yourself, then it would seem that the Heart which bled on Calvary must move the heart of the world. Manly hearts have been moved before the falling tear more than before the most imminent danger, and how shall he, or any one, be unmoved before tears such as man never wept, even "great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

The Educator.

LABOR OF ORIGINAL THINKING.

SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, in his work on "Mind and Matter," states that a man may be engaged in professional matters for twelve or fourteen hours daily, and suffer no very great inconvenience beyond that which may be traced to bodily fatigue. The greater part of what he has to do (at least it is so after a certain amount of experience) is nearly the same as that which he has done many times before, and becomes almost matter of course. He uses not only his previous knowledge of facts, or his simple experience, but his previous thoughts, and the conclusions at which he had arrived formerly; and it is only at intervals that he is called upon to make any considerable mental exertion. But at every step in the composition of his philosophical works Lord Bacon had to think; and no one can be engaged in that which requires a sustained effort of thought, for more than a very limited portion of the twenty-four hours. Such an amount of that kind of occupation must have been quite sufficient even for so powerful a mind as that of Lord Bacon. Mental relaxation after severe mental exertion is not less agreeable than bodily rest after bodily labor. A few hours of bona fide mental labor will exhaust the craving for active employment, and leave the mind in a state in which the subsequent leisure (which is not necessarily mere idleness) will be as agreeable as it would have been irksome and painful otherwise.

More attention is an act of volition. Thinking implies more than this, and a still greater and more constant exercise of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. When the volition is exercised, there is fatigue; there is none otherwise; and in proportion as the will is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, and the muscles of respiration act eighteen or twenty times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instances even for a hundred successive years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition induces fatigue in a few hours.

HOURS OF STUDY.

A VERY remarkable pamphlet has recently made its appearance in England, containing statements of facts that ought to command the attention of the civilized world. The pamphlet is written by E. Chadwick, Esq., C. B., and published pursuant to an address of the House of Lords. The subject of this pamphlet is education, and it is devoted to the discussion of three matters—the organization of schools, the hours of study, and physical training. Our attention has been arrested by Mr. Chadwick's statements of facts in connection with the second of these three subjects—the hours of study. Struck by the frightful disproportion between the powers of childish attention and the length of school hours, he has directed questions to many distinguished teachers. Mr. Donaldson, head master of the training college of Glasgow, states that the limits of voluntary and intelligent attention are, with children from five to seven years of age, about fifteen minutes; from seven to ten years of age, about twenty minutes; from ten to twelve years of age, about thirty minutes; from twelve to sixteen or eighteen years of age, about thirty minutes; and continues, "I have repeatedly obtained a bright, voluntary attention from each of these classes, for five, or ten, or fifteen minutes more, but observed it was at the expense of the succeeding lesson."

The Rev. J. H. Morrison, rector of the same college, speaking on the same subject, says:—"I will undertake to teach one hundred children, in three hours a day, as much as they can by any possibility receive; and I hold it to be an axiom in education, that no lesson has been given till it has been received; as soon, therefore, as the receiving power of the children is exhausted, anything given is useless, may injure, inasmuch as you thereby weaken, instead of strengthening the receiving power. This ought to be a first principle in education. I think it is seldom acted on."

DULL SCHOLARS.

MUCH injury is often done to children of sluggish minds by the injudicious course of teachers. Many children are reputed dull, when it is nothing more or less than this,—their mental processes are slow, though correct. Just so is the case in the physical system. A boy may be as strong to lift a weight as large as another who may be able to run faster than he.

There is a wide difference between a dull scholar and a dunce. The former I have just described. The latter can never be made to learn very much from books. The former, with suitable instruction, will often succeed beyond the expectations of friends.

I accuse teachers not willingly. Their patience is often put to the test in such cases, but patience works wonders even with dull children.

Teachers should be very careful not to press too much upon the minds of such children at once. Here is the teacher's greatest fault. Suppose you have a very dull scholar. First secure his confidence by asking him such questions as you are pretty sure he can answer. By this means you secure his confidence. Be not over-scrupulous at first, if an answer is not in the most elegant form of expression. Teach him how to use his tongue,—in other words, how to talk. Let the first lesson be very short. Let your own mind be slow for the time being, as well as that of your pupil. Remember the law that memory is strengthened by repetition; consequently, frequent reviewing is necessary. It may all seem very simple to you, but to the child it is every-

thing. If possible, find some active employment for his mind. Many a rogue has been cured in this way. Be sure and call up something that you have previously taught him, but be sure that he is familiar with the subject. He will be pleased to recall it, and feel encouraged when he can answer your questions. There is the same pleasure as that of the old soldier who

"Shoulders his crutch
To show how fields are won."

Never intimate to him that he is dull,—if you do, you will soon make him act like a dunce. I know it is very pleasant to teach bright, active children, but we have duties as well as pleasures to look after, and he is the truly successful teacher who can interest all classes of children. It is by no means certain that the pert young scholar, who answers so glibly, will in the end of the race come off conqueror. The boy who started slowly at first, will in due time accelerate his speed, and outstrip all his early competitors.

Be patient, then, fellow-teachers, with your dull pupils, and they will one day bless you.—*Maine Teacher.*

A YOUNG lady of Lockport furnishes the *Journal* with the following grammatical play on the word "that":

Now "that" is a word which may often be joined,
For "that that" may be do-ble-d clear to the mind;
And "that that that" is right, is as plain to the view,
As "that that that that" we use, is rightly used too—
And "that that that that that" line has in it is right,
In accordance with grammar, is plain to our sight.

Various Topics.

JAPANESE PAINTINGS.

THEY meet the popular taste for pictures and bright colors at the cheapest possible rate. There are countless works on drawing, filled with illustrations of the styles of their different masters, from which it would be easy to select any number of groups and figures worthy of Teniers, Van Ostades, Jan Steens, or any of that school of Dutch painters; and much in the same style of broad farce, of humor and fidelity in the representation of the life of the people, too faithful in many instances, like their Dutch counterparts, to be always very delicate or refined. But on this subject I may as well say, *en passant*, and not revert to it, that, although there is no doubt a wide-spread taste for gross and obscene productions, (of which evidences will occasionally thrust themselves upon those who seek them least, proving how widely the demand exists for such things, since the supply is so large and various in type,) yet, upon the whole, they are not usually intruded upon by a casual observer, either in real life, or their books and toys, although they do exist in these last to an extent that speaks ill both for their taste and system of juvenile education.

In the ordinary run of illustrated works and pictures, however, of which I made a large collection, the scissors of the censor are but rarely required, unless in very prudish hands. Of course, where the customs of the country present quasi-nude figures everywhere to the eye, in the streets and houses, without any consciousness of indelicacy attaching to such absence of costume, a painter of popular manners will necessarily reproduce what he constantly sees, and in attitudes ill-suited to European notions; but he does so without the slightest consciousness of offending against any of the proprieties, and under such circumstances we must take his works as we habitually do those of Phidias, or the sculptors of more modern date, more graceful it may be, but quite as scantily draped. With this proviso, there is nothing to deter the most fastidious student of art, and the manners and customs of Orientals, from turning over the leaves freely.—*Three Years in Japan.*

THE NUMBER TWELVE.

THE Englishman uniformly reckons by the dozen. His very earthly existence is measured by his favorite number. At twelve he is in the thorough enjoyment of mere being; at twice twelve, in the full vigor of mental and corporal maturity; and at three times twelve, at high tide of domestic happiness. At four times twelve, he has reached the extreme verge of the table-land of life; at five times twelve, he has touched, or nearly so, his grand climacteric, thinks of his latter end, makes his will; and at half a dozen times a dozen, he is gathered to his fathers. Shirts for his back, buttons for his coat, and nails for his coffin, are manufactured and sold all per dozen. He furnishes his house, from the wine-cellar to the napery closet, with articles per dozen. He arms his ships with guns, regulates the weight of their balls in pounds, and administers discipline to those that work them, all per dozen. He fearlessly commits his property, his fame and his life, to a dozen of his peers. His readiest measure for small things is his thumb, a dozen of which he calls a foot; and his commonest coin is a shilling, which he breaks into a dozen of pence. Rather than use a power of 10, he adds a dozen to the 100 lbs. and calls that 100 cwt. He indites his incubations on slips of 12 or quires of twice 12 sheets, with metallic pens assorted per dozen; and publishes his opinions, if he writes for the press, in "folios of four pages;" if a fellow of a learned society, in quarto; if on the stage of a review or magazine, in octavo; if he works for the million, in twelves—never in decades. Homer is divided into twice 12 books; Virgil and Milton into 12 each. Spenser proposed to give 12 books, each of 12 cantos; and another noble poet says:

"I've finished now,
Two hundred and odd stanzas as before—
That being about the number I allow
Each canto of the twelve or twenty-four."

CURIOUS HABITS OF THE MOLE.

SOME young persons captured a mole and brought it to a naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood, secured in a large box. It ran about with great agility, thrusting its long and flexible snout into every crevice. A little earth was placed in the box, when the mole pushed its way through the soil, entering and re-entering the heap, and in a few moments scattering the earth tolerably evenly over the box, ever now and then twitching, with a quick, convulsive shaking, the loose earth from its fur. At one moment the mole was grubbing away, hardly to be distinguished from the surrounding soil, completely covered with dust; the next instant the moving dust-heap had vanished, and in its place was a soft, velvety coat. The creature was unremitting in its attempts to get through the box, but the wood was too tough for it to make any impression; and after satisfying itself it could not get through a deal board, it took to attempts to scramble over the sides, ever slipping sideways and coming on its fore-feet. The rapid mobility of its snout was astonishing, but its senses of sight and smell seem to be practically obsolete, for a worm placed in its track within the tenth of an inch of its nose was not detected, although no sooner did its nose or foot touch one, than in a moment it flung itself upon its prey, and shook the worm backwards and forwards and scratched it about until it got one end or the other in its mouth, when it devoured it greedily, the crunching sound of its teeth being audible two yards away. Worms it ate as fast as supplied—devouring fourteen in thirteen minutes, after which it was supplied with a second batch of ten. It was then tried with millipedes, but invariably rejected them.

Having heard from popular report that a twelve hours' fast would kill a mole, Mr. Wood determined to give his captive a good supper at eight, and an early breakfast the next morning at five or six. So he dug perseveringly a large handful of worms, and put them in the box. As the mole went backwards and forwards it happened to touch one of the worms, and immediately flew at it, and while trying to get it into his mouth, the mole came upon the mass of worms, and flung itself upon them in a paroxysm of excitement, pulling them about, too overjoyed with the treasure to settle on any individual in particular. At last it caught one of them and began crunching, the rest making their escape in all directions, and burrowing into the loose mould. Thinking the animal had now a good supply, two dozen worms having been put into the box, Mr. Wood shut it up with an easy conscience; but it happened, the following morning, that the rain fell in a perfect torrent, and, hoping for some remission, he waited until nine o'clock before he opened the box. Twelve hours had just elapsed since the mole had received its supply, and as it had probably taken another hour in hunting about the box before it had devoured them all, not more than eleven hours had probably elapsed since the last worm was consumed. But the mole was dead. "I forgot," Mr. Wood says, "to weigh the worms which he devoured, but as they would have filled my two hands held cupwise, I may infer that they weighed very little less than the animal who ate them." The extreme voracity and restless movements of the little creature here recorded, show its value to the agriculturist, "as a subsoil drainer, who works without wages," and its great usefulness in keeping down the prolific race of worms—themselves useful in their way, as forming, in the main, the fertile soil itself.—*Selected.*

DEATH OF LORD LYNDHURST.

RECENT English papers announce the death of this venerable statesman, at the advanced age of ninety-two years. In many respects he was a remarkable man, and being an American by birth, he is also a subject of somewhat greater account. His father—John S. Copley—was a painter of some distinction in his day, and resided for some years in Massachusetts, where the future peer was born, May 21, 1772, and which he left at three years of age with his mother and the entire family. In early youth he exhibited superior abilities, and his parents were enabled to give him a collegiate education at Cambridge, where he graduated with high distinction, having the object in view of following the profession of law. Previous, however, to being called to the bar in 1804, he visited his native country, and was introduced to Washington.

Soon after his entrance into public life, his powers of logic and oratory attracted the attention of leading English politicians, and he entered political life under the patronage of the Tory party, then in power. His promotion was rapid. He was made Sergeant-at-Law in 1813, became Chief Justice of Chester in 1818; was Solicitor-General from 1819 to 1823; Attorney-General, 1823 to 1826; and Master of the Rolls from 1826 to 1827. On the retirement of Lord Eldon in 1827 he was constituted Lord Chancellor of the Empire, when he attained his peerage by patent (under the title of Baron Lyndhurst) dated April 27, 1827. He resigned the Chancery office in 1830 to resume it in December, 1834, for a short period. For the third time he was appointed to this post in September, 1841, from which he finally retired in July, 1846. He has since, until very lately, been a constant attendant in the House of Lords.

Lord Lyndhurst was accounted one of the most eloquent men in the British Parliament. When he spoke he always drew a crowd. In his prime he was considered one of the handsomest men in either House, and to the last he had a fine presence. His voice was clear and musical, and his style of speaking interesting. He was a master of wit and sarcasm, but he knew especially well how to state a case in such a way as to convince almost all who heard him. During the latter years of his political career he witnessed a

happy change in the conduct of political parties. Virulence and animosity which characterized the old Whigs and Tories had departed and given place to kindness and almost uniformity of sentiment in both Houses of Parliament.—*Sci. Am.*

THE PROSPERITY OF OUR COUNTRY.

IN speaking of the prosperous condition of the northern portion of our country, the *N. Y. Commercial List* says:

The production of all the principal articles of commerce is immense, and, in many commodities, exceeds that of any previous year, and is fully commensurate with the increased necessities of the country, growing out of a state of civil war. The production of iron, coal, bread-stuff, provisions, lumber, &c., &c., during the past few years, shows a steady and important increase, which is fully equivalent to the percentage of increase in the currency which represents their value. A comparison of the production of the principal articles during the past few years could not fail of convincing the most incredulous that the health and prosperity of the country are fully adequate to the great task which has devolved upon the Government—that of maintaining the National existence, by overpowering the rebellious element which was lately spread over so vast an area, but which is being gradually contracted by means of the irresistible power of the United States Government. The prosperity of the country is certainly very marked; and when we consider the deleterious influences ever exerted by war on all branches of trade and commerce, it seems wonderful that it is so. But it is evident that the people are fast coming to more fully appreciate the advantages which we enjoy, as compared with the state of affairs within the contracting limits of the Confederacy, and doing this, insures a perfect reliance in the ability of the Government to bring the war to a successful issue—to restore to us the United States of America, in their entirety, all the more formidable because of the fiery ordeal through which they have been called to pass in order to establish the impossibility of disintegration as applied to our country.

SAND-RAIN.

SPECIMENS of sand-rain, which fell for several hours on the 7th of February last in the western part of the Canary Isles, have been sent to the Academy of Sciences by M. Berthelot, the French Consul at St. Croix, at Teneriffe. The buildings in several of the isles were thoroughly powdered with the sand, and the Peak of Teneriffe, then covered with snow, was colored yellow with it for several hours, even to the summit. The weather was very stormy and thunder frequently heard. The sand is of a bright color, and the grains nearly impalpable. It produced a strong effervescence when mixed with acid, and lost half its weight of carbonate of lime. The insoluble residuum was composed of very fine grains of quartz, some transparent and colorless, others yellow and opaque. Mineralogically considered, this sand presented a complete identity with the specimen from the neighborhood of Biakra in the geological gallery of the Museum at Paris. In both are found minute remains of shells, which appear to be contemporaneous with the deposition of the sand. Microscopic examination did not disclose the presence of any other bodies of an organic nature. It is not doubtful that this sand was conveyed from the Desert of Sahara, which is distant from the Canary Isles above one hundred and ninety-two miles. It appears to have been raised by a species of water-spout to a height of about three miles above the level of the sea, so as to attain to the atmospheric counter current.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS.—In his report of the Chicomanga battles, B. F. Taylor records the following solemn, yet creditable fact:—"If anybody thinks that when our men are stricken upon the field they fill the air with cries and groans, till it shivers with such evidence of agony, he greatly errs. An arm is shattered, leg carried away, a bullet pierces the breast, and the soldier sinks down *silently* upon the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmur or complaint; falls as the sparrow falls, speechlessly, and like that sparrow, I earnestly believe, falls not without note by the Father. The dying horse gives out his fearful utterance of almost *human* suffering, but the mangled rider is dumb. The crash of musketry, the crack of rifles, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rebel whoop, the Federal cheer, and that indescribable undertone of grinding, rumbling, splintering sound, make up the voices of the battle-field."

KILLING THE BIRDS.—One of the curious questions which are debated very solemnly in the *London Times* and other English papers is what is called "the small bird question," viz: is it right to kill small birds; are they not, in fact, the destroyers of noxious insects, and in this way providential benefactors? A country parson, in a late number of the *Times*, complains that his plum buds were destroyed by the bullfinches and his strawberries eaten up by the blackbirds; the raspberries were similarly treated by the thrushes and robins, and finally he has saved but half a crop of his best pears in consequence of the misconduct of these "little rascals," assisted by an arrival of titmouses. The parson wishes to know whether he can shoot or not.

CURIOSITY OF VISION.—A person may see the blood-vessels of his eye, displayed as it were on a screen before him, by a most simple experiment. Let a lamp or candle be held in one hand, and the eye directed steadily forward; now move the lamp up and down, or side-ways on one side of the line of vision; in a short time an image of the blood-vessels will present itself, like the picture of a tree or shrub with its trunk and branches, to the admiration of the observer.

Reading for the Young.

"ENVIETH NOT."

"WHAT makes my little niece so serious and troubled this afternoon?" said Aunt Emma to her little namesake. "Has any great evil befallen you?"

Emma was quite reluctant to unburden her trouble, but after a little kind persuasion, she was at last induced to do so.

"Well, aunty, I was vexed when I saw Laura Ary's new velvet hat to-day in Sabbath School, while I shall have to wear this old bonnet all winter. You can't tell how pretty it is, with those beautiful white plumes and pink rosettes. How I wish mother would get me one like it."

"If Laura had worn her old bonnet all winter, you could have got along very well with yours, could you not?"

"O yes, aunty, I should not have minded half so much, as we are such intimate friends; and what is good enough for her is certainly for me—her father is very rich."

"So it is this little robber, Envy, that has come into your bosom, to rob you of your peace and happiness. You cannot even be willing that another should have what you know quite well it is beyond your mother's power to grant you. It was said once of an envious man, when an acquaintance observed him looking quite sad, 'that either some great evil had happened to him, or some great good to another.' Now that is not the right spirit to cherish, my little girl. The Good Shepherd's little lambs are never envious. You know in that sweet description of charity which you learned, one of the characteristics was, 'Envieth not.' Try and remember this, dear, when Satan tempts you to fret over some good which another has. Learn to rejoice over every blessing bestowed on your associates just as truly as if it came to you. The Bible means exactly what it says, when it bids us 'love our neighbor as ourselves.'—*Presbyterian.*

BOOSTED PEOPLE.

PEOPLE who have been bolstered up and levered up all their lives, are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsize turtles, or unhorsed men in armor, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such sicken fellows no more resemble self-made men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones, and deriving determination from their defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or spluttering rush-lights the stars of heaven. Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and when he has proven to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. We say, therefore, that it is unwise to deprive young men of the advantages which result from energetic action, by "boosting" them over obstacles which they ought to surmount alone. No one ever swam well who placed his confidence in a cork jacket; and if, when breasting the sea of life, we cannot buoy ourselves up and try to force ourselves ahead by dint of our own energy, we are not worth salvage, and it is of little consequence whether we "sink or swim, survive or perish."

One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this:—"Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties, as you would strengthen the muscles by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you are then independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their marks on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped into chasms, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that had strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained."

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER AT HOME.

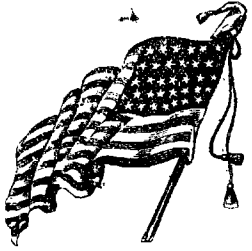
To be able to get dinner, to sweep the room, to make a garment, to tend a babe, would add greatly to the list of a young lady's accomplishments. Where can we behold a more lovely sight than the eldest daughter of a family, standing in the sweet simplicity of her new womanhood, by the side of her toiling, careworn mother, to relieve and aid her? How she presides at the table, directs in the kitchen, now amuses the fretting babe, now diverts half a score of little folks in the library. She can assist her younger brothers in their sports, or the elder ones in their studies; read the newspaper to her weary father or smooth the aching brow of her fevered mother. Always ready with a helping hand, and a cheerful smile for every emergency, she is an angel of love, and a blessing to the home-circle. Should she be called out of it to originate a home of her own, would she be any the less lovely or self-sacrificing?

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember, in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first seed in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings' bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world, who might have held up his head and prospered, if instead of putting off his resolutions of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning!

VIRTUE.—A horse is not known by his harness, but his qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.—*Socrates.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



Our flag on the land, our flag on the ocean,
An angel of peace wherever it goes;
Nobly sustained by Columbia's devotion,
The angel of Death it shall be to our foes.
True to its native sky,
Still shall our Eagle fly,
Casting his sentinel glances afar:
Tho' bearing the olive branch
Still in his talons staunch,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 14, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

A DISPATCH from the 6th states that the guerrillas are here and there and everywhere. Among their most recent victims was Lieut. Hedges, Commissary of Kilpatrick's division, who was shot on the 5th, between Stephen's Church and Auburn, on or near the Warrenton and Catlett's Station road. The ball penetrated his back and went through his lungs. His wound is very severe.

Adj. Brooks, of the 7th Wisconsin infantry, was captured on the 5th within our lines, and a cavalry quartermaster was killed by guerrillas, near Warrenton Junction.

A rebel captain, in command of Lattimer's battery, and a private of the 1st Maryland artillery, both of whom were wounded at Bristol and left by the rebels at Warrenton, were sent to Washington on the 6th, as prisoners of war.

Once again the quiet characterizing our army has been broken.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November 7th—8:30 P. M.

Maj.-Gen. Sedgwick advanced to the railroad crossing, where he drove the enemy to the river, assaulted and captured two redoubts with artillery on this side, taking a number of prisoners. Maj.-Gen. French advanced to Kelly's Ford, driving the enemy in small force across the river, and captured several hundred prisoners at the ford.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

SECOND DISPATCH.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
November 7th—10 P. M.

Gen. Sedgwick reports capturing this P. M., in his operations, four Colonels, three Lieutenant-Colonels and many other officers, over 800 men, together with four battle flags. Gen. French captured over 400 prisoners, officers and men.

GEO. G. MEADE,
Major-General Commanding.

It appears from information received, that the 5th and 6th Army Corps, under command of Maj.-Gen. Sedgwick, advanced to the Rappahannock, they having the right wing of the army. The 1st, 2d and 3d Army Corps, forming the left wing, under Gen. French, proceeded to Kelly's Ford. When the right wing reached the river, the enemy were found in considerable force, holding this side. The enemy's batteries, earthworks and redoubts command the banks on each side of the river.

Gen. Sedgwick at once advanced and stormed them with great gallantry and impetuosity, causing much slaughter and taking a large number of prisoners. When Gen. French reached Kelly's Ford, about six miles below Rappahannock Station, the enemy threw across an entire division to support their picket lines this side. Gen. French hastily took a position so as to bring his artillery to bear upon them, and proceeded to shell them with marked effect, not only killing a large number, but throwing them into utter confusion, scattering them wildly, and taking many prisoners.

Gen. French followed up his advantage immediately, and threw the first division of the 3d Corps, commanded by Gen. Birney, across the river, which ended his operations for the day.

In the afternoon Gen. Birney crossed the river with the rest of his command. Gen. Sedgwick had previously crossed it, and at 9 A. M. the two wings had formed a position and held both banks of the river.

The enemy, after their defeat in these two engagements, were so hotly pursued by our victorious troops, that they threw themselves into the river in their efforts to escape, when some were drowned, and many were killed by our infantry.

All the artillery the rebels had on this side was captured, which is reported to be seven guns. The rebel camp equipage undoubtedly fell into our hands, as they were compelled to leave it in their hasty retreat.

Gen. Buford's cavalry crossed at Sulphur Springs to cover the right flank, several miles above Rappahannock Station, and Generals Greig and Kilpatrick crossed below Kelly's Ford to cover the left flank.

The enemy, after crossing the Rappahannock under cover of night, moved in the direction of Culpepper, and the advance of our forces, supposed to be cavalry, reached Brandy Station early to-day. This forenoon our whole line advanced, and the General no doubt pressed rapidly forward after the retreating foe.

The entire number of prisoners taken by both Sedgwick and French is now believed to be 1,826. Orders were sent to Col. Deveraux, at Alexandria, to provide for that number. The prisoners are composed chiefly of North Carolina and Louisiana troops.

This afternoon the 3 o'clock train commenced to bring in the prisoners to Alexandria. The number of prisoners received was from 1,200 to 1,400.

A gentleman who was present with the army, says it was a novel sight to see all Sedgwick's prisoners in a crowd. They are the largest lot ever captured by our forces on the Virginia side. They were guarded by cavalry to prevent escape. French's prisoners were also gathered in one body, and similarly guarded.

Our total loss is reported to be 400 killed and wounded, but no prisoners. Our wounded were carried to Warrenton Junction and tenderly cared for. From thence they were sent to Alexandria.

The telegraph this (Tuesday) A. M. states that one hundred and twenty-five officers are among the rebel prisoners just brought from the front. These men represent that but few of their companions retreated across the river, and their General commanding had barely time to escape on his horse. They seem to unite in regarding the movement on our part as having been one of the most brilliant and successful of the war.

Advices from the front on the 7th, are to the effect that Gen. Kilpatrick occupied the city and heights of Fredericksburg, and was in position to hold them until the infantry could reach him. It is probable that the army has already joined him, and is now entrenching itself on the south bank of the Rappahannock.

Intelligence has been received in Washington, dated Clarksburg, Va., that Gens. Averill and Duffie, commanding separate forces, after several severe engagements on the 6th and 7th, succeeded in driving the enemy, under "Mudwall" Jaxon, for several miles down the valley east of Green Mountains, into and through the town of Lewisburg, in Western Virginia. After the first battle on Friday, fought by Gen. Duffie, the enemy was re-enforced, but nevertheless the rebels were entirely routed on Saturday, under the combined forces of Duffie and Averill. The rout was so complete, that the enemy abandoned all their supplies, guns, colors, &c., and fled in dismay, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Our men behaved splendidly and the victory was one of the most brilliant of the war. The number of killed and wounded on our side is not stated. We hold Lewisburg.

Department of the Gulf.

THE N. Y. Herald's New Orleans correspondent writes on the 23d ult.—I am at liberty to state that a large expedition departs from here within twenty-four hours. Its destination is known to only three general officers in the department. Major-General Dana has command of the active force; Maj.-General Banks assumes supreme command. The expeditionary corps consists of cavalry, artillery and infantry. Among the latter are two Corps d'Afrique. The expedition has been prepared with extraordinary foresight and care, and the country may rest assured that when it strikes it will bring glorious results to the cause and country. The following is a true transcript of the order read to the troops on ship-board. I am prohibited from giving the names of the troops composing the expedition for the present:

HEADQUARTERS 2d DIV. 13th CORPS,
STEAMER McCLELLAN, Oct. 1863.

Soldiers of Pea Ridge, of Prairie Grove, and of Vicksburg:—Your record, which is already written, is not more glorious than the one you have now to make. You are embarking on an expedition as delicate as it is arduous, and replete with those adventures that make up the very romance of a soldier's life; and on account of its delicacy, it is of vital importance that the severest discipline be enforced, and the greatest order and quietness constantly prevail. The peaceable inhabitants of the country shall not be molested; neither shall the marauder, the pillager or the robber be suffered to live among American soldiers. It is directed that every man straggling away from his company, and in the act of pillaging, be instantly shot. The Major-General commanding relies on the intelligence and untiring attention of officers to preserve exact discipline, and to secure every soldierly comfort for their men; and on the tried and noble qualities of the rank and file by quiet, unquestioned obedience to orders, to surmount all obstacles and conquer every adversary. The people where we go shall feel that we are their friends, and be encouraged to "fall in" under our battle-tattered colors and fight the fight of freedom; and the troops of any nation we may meet shall burst into a shout of admiration when they shall see the citizen soldiers of armed America "going in" to re-possess and occupy their own, and to tread out the dregs of rebellion. My western comrades, this time not only will our own homes and States, and the beloved country which we freely bled for, look on with cheering interest and anxiety, but the whole world shall see and be satisfied. I congratulate you that we have it all to ourselves. Let us do or die.

Major-General DANA.

A Key West correspondent of the N. Y. Times gives interesting particulars of the movements of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron and the capture of two prizes, one the English steamer Mail, laden with cotton, the other the schooner J. H. Chaplain with a similar cargo.

There had been a skirmish at Tampa Bay between a party of sailors from the steamers Tehoma and Adela (who went ashore to burn two vessels that were fitting out for blockade running,) and a rebel cavalry force, in which we lost three killed and a four prisoners.

The sailors succeeded in accomplishing their object, and defeated the enemy. The vessels were the blockade running steamer Scottish Chief and the sloop Dale.

The Navy Department has been informed by Lieut. Commanding Hill, in a letter dated New Orleans, the 15th, that James Sidar, a landsman, and one of the five men on board the U. S. bark W. G. Anderson, whose crew was captured by the rebels on St. Joseph's Island, Texas, on the 3d of May, has returned to that vessel, having effected his escape from his place of imprisonment, near Houston, on the 16th of August. Sidar made a journey of nearly 600 miles on foot through the enemy's country, and only escaped capture by the very liberal and frequent aid he received from the Unionists encountered during his trip.

The N. Y. Post has the following significant paragraph:

From New Orleans we learn that the overland expedition to Texas has returned, and that the army has before this set out in another direction. According to the reports a part of the forces only are to go to Brownsville on the Rio Grande, where their arrival will be hailed with joy by multitudes of loyal Texans, and where a small force will suffice to put a stop to an immense contraband trade. As to the other part nothing authentic is divulged, but it is not improper, we trust, to express the hope that its destination is the city of Mobile.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—Rebel guerrillas are very active in Western Kentucky. On the 11th inst. they captured two trains of cars near Mayfield, and they are doing immense damage to the railroad. There is a force of about 1,200 guerrillas there.

ARKANSAS.—Memphis papers of the 2d contain indefinite accounts of a fight at Pine Bluff, Ark. Marmaduke attacked the place with 500 men, and was repulsed with considerable loss. The garrison at Pine Bluff consisted of 700 cavalry, under Col. Clayton, and lost 12 killed and 15 wounded.

Accounts from Little Rock, Ark., report that Price's forces have retreated beyond the Red River.

A letter from Fort Scott the 28th says: Gen. Blunt leaves on the 29th for the Indian Territory, to turn over his command to General McNeil. The absence of Gen. Blunt has encouraged the rebel Gen. Cooper to concentrate his forces, and he is threatening the brigade on the line of the Arkansas.

Gen. McNeil is pursuing Shelby. Gen. Blunt has made a demand on the rebel Cooper for the surrender of Quantrel and his men as assassins. If refused, Gen. Blunt informs Cooper that all men of Quantrel's command will be shot at sight. Our entire force is about 5,000, the rebels having nearly twice that number.

Advices represent that Arkadelphia, recently Price's headquarters, is in possession of General Steele.

Over 7,000 Arkansas volunteers had reported to Gen. Steele for duty, two infantry regiments being raised at Batesville.

TENNESSEE.—Another attack was made on the evening of the 3d by the rebels, on the Collierville, Memphis and Charleston Railroad. After a brief fight the enemy were repulsed. Brig.-Gen. Geary and thirteen of his staff were among the prisoners taken.

A Knoxville dispatch of the 7th says: A rebel regiment crossed the Little Tennessee River that day and were driven back by Colonel Adams, of the 1st Kentucky, with a loss of 50 killed, 4 drowned and 40 captured, including 4 officers.

The expedition of General Burnside's army to the eastern corner of Tennessee appears to be completed, and the people are reported as exhibiting the most satisfactory signs of loyalty. Gen. Burnside is again on the march.

A dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 4th, says East Tennessee is once more clear of rebels, with the exception of guerrillas, who hover around our wagon trains and infest our routes above. The fight at Roan Springs resulted in the rout of the rebels. We lost 17 killed and 52 wounded. Col. Garnard pursued the rebels beyond Kingport. The situation is satisfactory.

The following was received at the headquarters of the army:

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 28, 1863.

To Gen. H. W. Halleck:—Since the fight of the night of the 28th the enemy has not disturbed us. Gen. Hooker took many prisoners, among whom were four officers. He also captured nearly a thousand Enfield rifles. His loss was 350 officers and men killed and wounded.

G. H. THOMAS, Maj.-Gen.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 3.

To Major-General Halleck:—General Granger reports from Nashville that he sent a detachment of cavalry from that place under Colonel Shelby in pursuit of Hawkins and other guerrillas. He overtook Hawkins near Pinery Factory, routed and pursued him to Centerville, where Hawkins made a stand, and Shelby routed him again and pursued him until his forces dispersed. The rebel loss was 15 or 20 killed and 66 prisoners. Our loss was slight.

G. H. THOMAS, Maj.-Gen.

General Thomas officially communicates to General Halleck, under date of Chattanooga, 4th inst., that Fitzgibbon, of the 13th Mich. infantry, overtook the combined forces of Cooper, Kirk, Williams and Scott, numbering 400, on the morning of the 3d inst., at Lawrenceburg, 35 miles south of Columbia, and after a severe hand to hand fight defeated them with the loss on his part of three men wounded. Rebel loss 8 killed, 7 wounded and 34 prisoners.

Gen. Bragg's forage train sent up the valley in front of his position was captured. The train was sent to camp. The train guard were also captured.

The brief official statements from Gen. Thomas relative to the recent fight at Wauhatchie, have already been published, but the following from Quartermaster-General Meigs, dated Oct. 29th, possesses additional interest.

Last night the 11th corps entered on this central campaign. Gen. Geary, some four miles up the Lookout Valley, being attacked by Longstreet, the 11th corps, about 1 o'clock, marched to Geary's aid, passing two steep wooded hills about 150 feet in height. They received a volley from a rebel force which had occupied an entrenched summit. After dark four regiments assaulted the east hill, and without firing a shot, speedily advanced by the light of the moon and drove the rebels out of their rifle pits and down the other slope of the hill. Thirty-one dead soldiers attest the difficulty of the assault and the valor of our troops. Only after walking over the ground to-day do I fully appreciate the exploit. When these hills were taken they marched to the assistance of Gen. Geary, who

had held his position, and Longstreet was driven back.

The N. Y. Herald correspondent gives the following details of the late battle at Wauhatchie:

The attack was a thorough surprise movement, and was met by a very small portion of General Geary's command. This had to sustain a separate and independent fight for nearly two hours against heavy odds and without fortification of any kind; besides, it must be taken into consideration that we know but little of the actual topography of the ground in the neighborhood. We had just arrived that night, and had even received orders to be under arms at daylight.

Although Gen. Hooker sent re-enforcements with orders to press forward and make a junction with Gen. Geary at the earliest possible moment, still such re-enforcements did not get up in time to participate in Gen. Geary's fight. Had the re-enforcements arrived in time, still more particularly, had Hooker's orders been literally and promptly obeyed, it is not at all improbable that we would have captured a goodly portion of one rebel brigade.

Three times did the enemy make an attack in boldly charging on Geary's center to try and capture his artillery. At each time they were driven back with heavy loss. The fighting by our men was of the bravest character. Every attempt to outflank our small force was checked at once. At last the enemy commenced to retire. All their wounded that could walk were taken off the field. The rest they left behind.

One ditch contained about twenty men and two officers. They were all shot in a line.

In all we took about 26 wounded.

On the field in front of our line we found 50 rebels wounded. No small number of rebel dead lay still in sight, and are scattered in the woods to our right and left.

We took prisoners from the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th and 8th South Carolina regiments, the Palmetto sharpshooters and Hampton's Legion, all there was on Jenkin's division.

Gen. Hatch has driven Gen. Chalmers across the Tallahatchie River, punishing the latter's force severely.

Gen. Richardson with a force of rebels, reported at from 1,500 to 2,000, this morning struck the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, six miles east of Salsbury, burning the trestle work, tearing up the track and destroying the telegraph. No further particulars are received of his movements.

ALABAMA.—We have possession of Tusculum, Ala. There has probably been severe fighting in that quarter between Gen. Sherman's troops and a heavy rebel force sent there to dispute their passage.

MISSISSIPPI.—At the last accounts Lee was above Corinth with 6,000 men.

Pillow's headquarters are at Columbus, Miss.

Numbers of the rebels are said to be heartily sick of the war, and would gladly give up their negroes to stop it.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

The Interior Department has received official information from the Cape of Good Hope of the organization of the mixed court, established at that place pursuant to the treaty with Great Britain of April 7th, 1862, for the suppression of the African slave trade. The Court is composed as follows:

On the part of the United States—Hon. Benj. Pringle, Judge; W. L. Avery, Arbitrator.

On the part of Great Britain—George Frere, Esq., Judge; Edgar Leopold Frayro, Arbitrator; Wm. Hascar Smith, Registrar; Thomas Tenby, Marshal.

It is not thought that the public interest requires any further payment, at present, of gold, interest-bearing certificates of indebtedness before maturity, and the Secretary of the Treasury has accordingly directed the discontinuance, except certificates already presented, or in transit to the Department.

J. R. Dodge, in behalf of the Ohio Relief Association, visited Annapolis on the 3d, and having returned to Washington, reported that of 180 invalid prisoners who arrived there on Thursday, about 40 have died up to the present time, while others are in a dying condition. Every possible attention and care is now bestowed upon these unfortunate soldiers, of whom 24 are from Ohio. They all exhibit frightful signs of general debility and disease, the effects of exposure and privations of the comforts of life. Not only were they nearly stripped of their clothing when they arrived at Richmond, but their money was taken from them at the office of the rebel Provost Marshal, with the promise that it should be returned, and they know of no instance in which it was returned, consequently they were without means to purchase necessities. Moreover, the Union officers there, fellow prisoners, were under constant surveillance to prevent their extending to these men the smallest possible relief. They express the greatest solicitude for the rescue of perishing prisoners now on Belle Island, numbering 3,600 men, who were treated as inhumanly as they were themselves.

This mortality among our exchanged prisoners at Annapolis, and the too conclusive testimony of the barbarous usage of those in Richmond, have determined our Government to apply corrective retaliation if the rebel authorities do not, upon remonstrance, treat our captured men according to the rules of war. The scarcity of food in Richmond may give color to the plea of inevitable necessity, as an excuse for the insufficient nourishment for our men, but there is a design in their situation. The rebels mean to force us to a return to the old system of exchange, which excluded the officers of negro regiments and three of Colonel Straight's command. They will not succeed. President Lincoln will not fall black men who have taken up arms at his call, nor the white men who command them. He will not tolerate any distinction between our black and white soldiers as prisoners of war.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

First Premium Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co.
Robertson's Excelsior Vegetable Cutter—Robertson & Co.
Litch's Great Work on Agriculture—D. Appleton & Co.
Buy the Best Railway Horse-Power—F. M. Harder.
Scientific Agricultural Works—G. Westinghouse & Co.
Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs and Colds.
The Champion Corn-Sheller—Beers & Co.
A Desirable Farm for Sale—F. Bowen.
Sheep and Cattle Farmer—J. Church.
Farm for Sale—Hampton Dodge.
New York for Grocers—F. Hovey.
Stocks—Apple and Cherry—T. C. Maxwell & Bro.
Cancers Cured—Dr. Babcock and Tobin.
The Beard, &c.—John Rawlins.

The News Condenser.

- Jerusalem supports a monthly magazine.
- N. P. Willis is preparing a history of his literary life.
- Nantucket harvests 500 barrels of cranberries this year.
- The public debt of Boston is now about ten million dollars.
- Nearly all the German governments raise money by lotteries.
- A sixty acre field of sulphur has just been discovered in Nevada.
- A wild flower show was one of the novelties of London this fall.
- Gen. Blenker died at his residence in New Jersey on Saturday week.
- Small-pox has broken out among the rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware.
- The total debt of Philadelphia is now about twenty-five million dollars.
- The cow and calf rocks in the straits of Menai are about to be removed.
- Jeff. Davis was heartily kissed on his arrival at Selma, Ala., by a rebel in petticoats.
- The convicted gambler in Richmond is to receive 49 lashes at the whipping-post.
- Thirteen hundred and twenty-seven emigrants arrived at New York on Saturday week.
- Reports from New Orleans show receipts of nearly 4,000 bales of cotton in one day.
- The North-western Fair at Chicago, for wounded soldiers, has already yielded \$20,000.
- According to a recent Parliamentary exhibit the debt of Canada amounts to \$47,485,916.
- Colt's armory made a gun a minute for 10 hours a day during the month of October.
- Some thousands of French soldiers are being taken from Algiers for the Mexican service.
- The Commissioner of Internal Revenue says that each copy of a lease must be stamped.
- The Egyptian Prince, Mustapha Pacha, has sent his son and six young men to be educated in Paris.
- Some ten or fifteen thousand hogsheads of sugar will be lost in Louisiana this year for want of labor.
- A portion of the workmen on the Capitol extension at Washington are on a strike for higher wages.
- A French journal says that there are, on an average, six hundred persons drowned every year in Paris.
- The regular army of the United States consists of 2,423 commissioned officers, and 40,909 enlisted men.
- The sales of Government cotton in St. Louis and Cincinnati since last spring amount to about \$1,500,000.
- Mr. Mason, the Southern Commissioner, as we learn by the last steamer, has returned to England from France.
- A widow lady in Cincinnati was bitten by a pet dog recently, and died in a few days afterward in terrible agony.
- The Prince of Wales is thinking of visiting Canada again to inaugurate the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa.
- Col. Travis, the pistol shooter, claims to have discovered a counterpart of the Greek fire for the Southern Confederacy.
- The number of men that will be secured to the army from New Hampshire, under the draft, will not be far from 2,500.
- It has been recently discovered that 600 novels a year, nearly two a day, are published in England, and written by women.
- Two doves, while flying in Byfield Mass., the other day, came in collision with such force that one of them dropped dead.
- A firm in Essex, Mass., are building a henny which will occupy six acres of ground. They intend to furnish fowls for the N. Y. market.
- Accounts from Naples state that an adventurous youth, in exploring Vesuvius, advanced too close to the crater and fell into the abyss.
- Mr. Geo. A. Otis, the translator of Botta's History of the War of American Independence, died in Boston on Tuesday, at the age of 81 years.
- The colored schools in New Orleans, under the direction of the U. S. authorities, are prospering admirably. Many of the pupils are adults.
- The total enrolled strength of the British volunteer force is 1,800 cavalry, 23,000 artillery, 2,500 engineers, and 132,000 riflemen—total 159,000.
- Madame LaGrange, the Spanish cantatrice, recently had 5,400 bouquets and 100 doves and Canary birds thrown to her during two performances.
- The Southern Christian Advocate says a religious revival is going on among the soldiers in Fort Sumpter. About 200 have joined the church.
- A heavy snow storm, extending over a large portion of Missouri and Illinois, occurred on the 22d ult. Over six inches of snow fell at St. Louis.
- Among the rebel prisoners just received at Nashville, is the notorious Capt. Gurley who shot and killed Gen. McCook in his ambulance last year.
- Counterfeit 6s on the West Winfield Bank, N. Y., have been put in circulation. They are fac similes of the genuine notes, and are well executed.
- A stingy old miser lost a wallet at Newburyport lately containing \$1,080, and rewarded the finder with a two dollar bill, saying he hadn't got a one.
- Among the 5,798,967 persons enumerated in Ireland at the census of 1861, no less than 742 are returned as being of the age of 100 years and upward.
- The odd proposal has been made in England to turn the Great Eastern into a floating hotel, and anchor her off Cowes, to make occasional sea excursions.
- The Pneumatic Engine in London carries mail bags daily through its tube in 55 seconds, a distance that would occupy ten minutes time of the mail carts.
- Gov. Andrew has decided to call a special session of the Legislature of Massachusetts, to consider the matter of offering additional bounties to volunteers.
- A female government detective is visiting New Haven who is described by the Courier as "noble looking, fair and fine features, jet black eyes, and strictly loyal."
- An ordinance has been presented to the N. Y. Board of Supervisors for the appropriation of two million dollars to pay volunteers under the new call for troops.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, November 10, 1863.

Flour.—Choice brands from winter wheat are at least 25 cents per barrel higher. GRAIN.—Corn is 5 cents per bushel higher; Oats 2 cents. MEATS.—Pork has taken a start. Beef and Mutton are a little lower. DAIRY, &c.—Cheese, Lard and Tallow have each started a little. DRIED FRUIT.—Apples and Plums have advanced and the demand is good. SKINS.—We have erased our prices for seeds as the market is purely nominal. SUNDRIES.—There are some few changes in this department which will be observed on reference to quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

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

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—SHEEP.—Sales at \$3.25 @ 3.75 for Yorks, and \$3.75 for Steads. FLOUR.—Market for common grades dull and heavy, and may be quoted a shade easier, while trade brands are without decided change in business.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—For Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Swine. Yard, corner of Fourth and Broadway, fourth street; at Chamberlain's Hudson River, Bull's Head, foot of Robinson street; at Brown's, Sixth street, near Third avenue; and also at O'Brien's Central Bull Pen, Sixth street, near Third avenue.

of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating sixteen to the car—

Table showing receipts and prices for various goods like Beaves, Sheep, and Premiums.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 4.—At market 3,056 Beaves; Sheep and Lambs 6,775; Stripes 4,300. Working Oxen and Northern Cattle 1,287; Cattle left over last week, 65.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Wool continues in good request, especially fine native fleeces, and prices favor the seller. The demand continues very active in the country, and the clip is rapidly passing into the hands of manufacturers and dealers.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—The quotations of this market are as follows:

Table listing wool prices for various types like Saxony, American, and Merino.

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—Wool scarce at \$6@11 1/2 lb.—Globe.

Married

On the 28th ult. in the town of Ogden, by Rev. Mr. Remy GAVIN LONGMUIR, of Rochester, and Miss MARY BUSHWELL, of Chili.

New Advertisements.

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

NEW YORK FOR CANVASSERS!

Send for circular of the "GEM OF CANVASSING BOOKS." Agents wanted for every section of the country. Address: E. F. HOVEY, General Agent, No. 13 Spruce St., New York.

CANCERS CURED.

Cancers cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumorous White swellings, Goitre, Ulcers and all Chronic diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge. DR. BABCOCK & TOBIN, 27 Bond Street, New York.

STOCKS!—APPLE AND CHERRY.

We are enabled to offer a choice lot of APPLE SEEDLINGS—2 years, very nice. CHERRY SEEDLINGS—Marshall and Meard, fine, 1 year. Orders should be sent in at once. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Nov. 5, 1863. Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y.

SHEEP AND CATTLE FARMER.

Wanted, a situation as Manager by a middle aged man with a family, who would not object to the West or South West, and who has had extensive experience in Scotland, and with all the English breeds of stock. He has also farmed largely North and South in America. His present property has just disposed of, and he is now in search of a desirable situation, or for reference to P. A. MONTROSE, Esq., Woodburn, N. Y., or to Wm. R. Mudge, 104 Buffalo St., Rochester, or on the premises. CHILI, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1863. B. F. BOWEN.

FOR SALE.—THE SURREY FARM RESIDENCE OF THE late W. B. COPPOCK, situated on State St., Buffalo, only 3 miles from the center of the city, containing 25 acres of highly cultivated land, well stocked with a great variety of choice fruit in full bearing. Its location, valuable improvements, and nearness to the Street Railroad, make it highly desirable, either as a residence or profitable Fruit Garden. Title perfect, price moderate, and terms easy, if required. For further particulars apply to 722 HAMPTON DODGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

DESIRABLE FARM WILL BE SOLD.

On desirable terms, the farm belonging to the estate of Luke Bangs, situated in the town of Chili, 2 miles south of Chili station, and 11 miles from Rochester, and containing 135 acres. Said property is known as one of the most productive farms in the country, and also affords advantages to any one wishing a good stock farm. The buildings are good. Barns, stables and sheds ample, with wells and cisterns attached. For further information, apply to Wm. R. Mudge, 104 Buffalo St., Rochester, or on the premises. CHILI, N. Y., Nov. 9, 1863. B. F. BOWEN.

THE CHAMPION CORN-SHELLER IS THE CHAMPION!

It has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at the New York and Ohio State Fairs of 1863, and at numerous others—every one who exhibits the machine is cheap, durable, easily operated and not liable to get out of repair. It not only shells perfectly, but is a complete separator. It can be operated by one man, and beats any other hand-machine in rapidity of shelling.

THIS PREMIUM SHELLER

Will be manufactured in Rochester by FELLOWS & CO., and in Jamestown, N. Y., by BEERS & CO., who own the right of New York and Pennsylvania. Machines supplied by either firm, and all orders promptly filled. It is a hand-machine, without balance wheel, (delivered at Railroad,) \$10—with balance wheel, \$12.

PANTRY POLITY.—For Sale by SPATH & WELLS.

P. O. Box 493, Syracuse, N. Y. 718-21.

The Beard, Jr.

If over 18 and your Beard, Moustache, &c. is of feeble, scanty, retarded growth, the use for a short time of the Beard Shampoo will stimulate them (harmlessly) to a very fine and vigorous growth. Has been thoroughly tried and found infallible. 50 cts. and \$1 cases free by mail. \$3.00 has been offered for the exclusive right of this remarkable Balsam. Particulars of its discovery at Stillkill, April, 1862, free. Address: JOHN RAWLINS, 797 Broadway, N. Y. 722-21.

SCHENECTADY AGRICULTURAL WORKS.

Patent Endless Chain and Lever Horse-Powers, Combined Threshers and Cleaners, Threshers, and Separators, Clover-Hullers and Cleaners, (Rasp Hullers), Circular and Cross-Cut Wood-Sawing Machines, &c., MANUFACTURED BY G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

Circulars containing full description, cuts, prices, &c. of the above machines will be mailed, free, to all applicants. The following letter refers to one of our new Riddle Threshers and Cleaners sent from N. Y. Factory, Sept. 20th: New Baltimore, N. Y., Nov. 1, 1863. Messrs G. Westinghouse & Co.:—The new Cleaner came duly to hand, and we have run it ever since. It works very nicely and to our satisfaction. We think it beats any there here. We have already earned nearly enough to pay for it. Yours, &c. HENRY S. MILLER.

LIEBIG'S GREAT WORK ON AGRICULTURE.

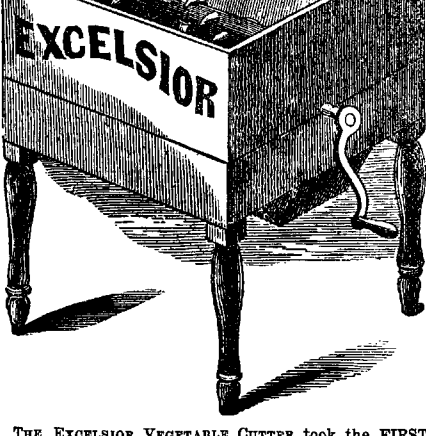
D. APPLETON & CO., 443 & 445 Broadway, N. Y. HAVE JUST PUBLISHED "The Natural Laws of Husbandry," BY JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, EDITED BY JOHN BLYTH, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in Queen's College, Cork. 1 Vol. 12mo. Cloth, 387 pages, \$1.00.

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The work is especially adapted to the promotion of Agriculture, and should be read by all intelligent farmers throughout the country.—Rochester Democrat of America.

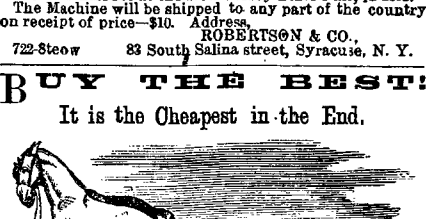
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AT THE New York State Fairs of 1860 & 1862, AND OHIO STATE FAIR OF 1863, AND ALSO AS EVERY STATE AND COUNTY FAIR at which the Proprietors have exhibited in competition with others, running with low elevation and a slow travel of team!

COMBINED THRESHERS AND CLEANERS.

Threshers, Separators, Wood Saws, &c., &c. All of the best in market. The THRESHER AND CLEANER Also received the FIRST PREMIUM at the Ohio State Fair, 1863, runs easy, separates the grain clean from the straw, cleans quite equal to the best of Fanning Mills, leaving the grain fit for mill or market.

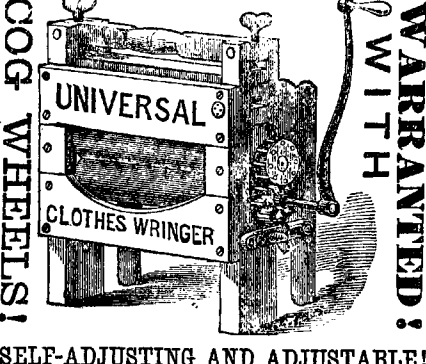
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The only Wringer with the Patent Cog Wheel Regulator, which positively prevents the rolls from BREAKING OR TWISTING ON THE SHAFT.

It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair, at London, 1862. It took the FIRST PREMIUM at the great Fair of the AMERICAN INDUSTRY, New York City, 1863, where the judges were practical mechanics, and appreciated COG-WHEELS.

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On receipt of the price, from places where no one is selling, we will send the U. C. W. free of expense. What we especially want is a good CANVASSER

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This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work in one operation, without re-handling the chaff. In a single operation, it will thrash, hull, and clean from 10 to 20 bushels a day without waste of seed. The undersigned is manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes, hulls and cleans, all at the same operation. All machines that do the whole work, and mark BIRDSSELL'S PATENT, are infringements. The public are hereby cautioned not to purchase those that are infringements of said patent, and those who purchase and use such will be liable for damages. All communications directed to the subscriber, at West Henrietta, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine.

This machine has always taken the First Premium at State Fairs where allowed to compete, and saves more than the half the expense of the old way of getting out clover seed, in time and labor.

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THE DYING SOLDIER.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. NAY, lady, no more moistened bands to cool an aching brow; The pain is gone, the throbbing ceased, I'm cool and quiet now.

The Story-Teller.

CAPTAIN CHARLEY.

"To think how in yon sleeping town Such happy mothers be, Who keep their many sons at home, While I—I had but thee."

THERE was sunshine in the room, and the breath of flowers. A golden-throated bird trilled notes of gushing, musical joy to the roses and heliotropes in the window below him.

Charley looked up at her with eyes whose meaning always stirred her soul, for they were the eyes of her youth's love. Over such eyes grew the roses and violets of that same June of 1862.

"What would father have said, mother?" The question found its mark. She well knew from whence came her son's quick courage, his eyes of earnest meaning, his heart true as steel, warm as summer.

She did not speak for a little while. She seemed to see again the face of her lost love—to hear his voice, which had, through the years of life together, been at once guide and comfort.

"How you must have hurried, mother, to get here so soon! I did not expect you yet, but I am glad you are here. They will cut my arm off tomorrow. They can't save it. Sometimes such an operation proves fatal. I don't think it will in my case. I keep up a good heart; but if I should die, I should like to touch your hand and see your face the last thing in this world.

"Father would say go," she whispered, "and I must say what father would, must I not? I must prove myself worthy to have been his wife. But he is dead, and if I should lose you also, oh! whom have I left?"

Did Charley speak, or was it the voice of a strong angel calling down from the eternal heights? Mrs. Wayne bowed her head reverently, silenced by that word, by the thought of the love beyond hope or longing which might be hers, if she would. She dared not again call herself alone in the universe. She only put out her hand silently, and Charley took it.

"Never fear, mother. All who fight do not fall. I shall come back to you, and you shall sit when you are old under my vine and fig tree and tell your grandchildren stories of how their father helped to save the country."

"Heaven grant it," she whispered, trying to be brave, and smile, as he left her to tell the boys of the Twenty-first that he was ready to accept the Lieutenant's commission that had been offered him.

her face, felt a thrill of exultation, a pride in her brave son, which, for the time kept her tears back. But the tears came when she heard no longer the martial music that cheered him on—when the noonday silence fell around her, and the noonday light, gay, glaring, pitiless, looked in upon her.

To her soul, at last, came a great peace. She seemed to draw near the eternal life, and to breathe its air of secure rest. She felt close, as she had never before felt since the summer day he died, to Charley's father. She knew that she had done what he would have counseled, and she strengthened herself with his approval, as she had done so many times during their short life together.

But the hardest trial came afterward. For the extreme moments of life there is vouchsafed to our need heavenly manna; it is our daily bread that we have to toil and pray for. As the slow days went on, and she could not hear her boy's gay voice making the great house cheery, could catch no echo of laughter, no gleam of sunshine from his face, all her faith in heaven, all her belief that she had done right could not ease her longing and heart-ache.

You know how it is when a friend dies and you believe they have gone home to a happiness beside which the brightest hours of earth fade into nothing. If you could you would not take the responsibility of calling them back to the sphere of doubt and waiting; and yet,

"The least touch of their hands in the morning you keep day and night; Their least step on the stairs still throbs through you, if ever so slight; Their least gift, which they left to your childhood in long ago years, Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and gazed at through tears."

And if Charley Wayne had been dead his mother would hardly have felt her solitude deeper than she felt it for the first few weeks after he went away. But as time passed on she grew more accustomed to her loneliness, and his letters began to give her comfort. He was in an engagement now and then, and came through safely. She began to hope she should see him again.

Before 1862 was over she heard of his promotion—Captain Charley now; she had grown strong enough to feel glad and proud when she heard of it. She wrote him a cheerful letter of praise and congratulation, which he put next his heart and wore more proudly than his new honors. He had never known—would he ever know?—a dearer love. His mother was still for him first among women.

One day, early in March, he wrote her how beautiful the Virginia spring was; how the wild, bright blossoms were opening soft eyes to a softer sky, and the birds were singing a song of peace, peace, when for man there was no peace. While she was reading his letter other tidings came; a long dispatch from one who knew and loved her boy; the story of an action, such as in these days of great battles we scarcely think of, where only a few companies were engaged, but in which Charley had fallen severely wounded—fallen, as she would be proud to hear, while bravely cheering on his men. He was wounded in arm and leg, but was safely in the hospital, and, they hoped, would do well.

It is strange how much strength is in the weakest and most loving type of women in the hours which try men's souls. I do not think good Dr. Holmes, used to the horrors of the dissecting room, made ready one whit more coolly to start on his "search for the Captain" than she on hers for Captain Charley. I think she forgot nothing which she could need, and I do not believe a tear fell till all her preparations were over, and she sat in the cars on her way to him. What if her tears did fall then silent and bitter, behind her thick veil? There would be no stain of them when he saw her face which must be cheerful for his sake.

How the time went she never knew till she stood beside his bed—saw him white and weak, with the impress of terrible pain on his face—but saw him alive, in this world.

"How you must have hurried, mother, to get here so soon! I did not expect you yet, but I am glad you are here. They will cut my arm off tomorrow. They can't save it. Sometimes such an operation proves fatal. I don't think it will in my case. I keep up a good heart; but if I should die, I should like to touch your hand and see your face the last thing in this world. First and last there's nothing like mother."

All that night she sat by him. If she was tired with her journey she did not know it. She only knew that to-night he was with her—to-morrow might be flowing between them the waters of that river from whose farther shores comes back no echo.

The morning came at length, and with it the hour which was to decide his fate. Firmly he insisted upon sending his mother away. The moment there was any fears of death he told her she should be called; in the meantime he was resolute to spare her the sight of his suffering. She resisted for a while, then yielded to the force of his will. She never could have known worse torture, however, than her waiting. Was it for hours or moments—she could never tell—that she sat there with shut eyes and clasped hands waiting for her summons.

At last the assistant surgeon touched her arm. "He has borne the operation, Madam, much better than we feared. We shall save his leg, though he may always be a little lame. His arm is off, and, according to present appearances, we think he will get well. His courage will go a great way—never groaned through the whole of it."

She heard the words as one in a dream—clutching at one thought. Her boy was alive—likely to live. She tried to stand and could not. She began to guess then what the extent of the fear had been whose re-action was so powerful and exhausting. Soon she gathered again strength and composure with the thought that he was waiting for her, and then she went to him. Then she knelt by his bedside and felt his left arm, all he had now, touch her neck. The utmost exertion of her self-control could not keep back sobs and tears. Maimed and halt, her brave boy, of whose symmetry and strength she had been so proud!

She little knew what bitter, despairing thoughts were struggling just then in his heart. When it was all over he had just begun to realize how strong had been his unconscious hope to die. It would have been so much better, he thought, this helpless, disfigured hulk, shut out by fate from manhood's work and woman's love. Her passion of tears did him good. Remembering how she loved him, he grew strong to live for her sake. Very gently he touched her hair as he said, "Mother, you would rather have me as I am than not to have me at all!"

How that question stilled her repinings! How many mothers had given to the good cause their all—how many were weeping at that hour mad, useless tears, which never thrilled the cold foreheads of dead sons! She had her boy with her still—she could touch his lips—look in his eyes—he could hear when she spoke. What had she to do with sorrow? What was it to give an arm, and the grace of movement she had loved to watch, when still she could keep her boy, her brave, true boy? Smiling again through her tears she whispered, "Charley, God is good. I think how desolate I must have been without you, and even as it is I am content."

Never had Captain Charley been so true a hero as when he put aside his own sorrow, the downfall of his hopes, the wound to his pride, and resolved to strive to live not only, but to be contented with life for her sake.

In the days that followed, she nursed him back to health again. Never after that first hour, did either of them breathe a single regret. They accepted life with thankfulness, not protests; and I think at last Captain Charley grew even to be glad that he had been allowed to make his sacrifice for his country so costly.

The last week of May she brought him home. The apple trees were in flower, full of a pink whiteness of glorious bloom. The fields about their country house were green; and again, as when he went away, roses and heliotropes nodded in the open windows, and the bird, thrilling to old memories of summer isles, trilled over them a mellow jubilee of sweet sounds, which the wild robins and gay orioles outside strove longingly to emulate. And so, amidst birds and flowers and sunshine, Captain Charley sat down again at home.

"My work is over now," he said, glancing patiently, not sadly, at the empty sleeve at his side. "Perhaps God thought you were the one mother, after all, who needed me the most, and this was His way of sending me back."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 28 letters. My 5, 16, 22, 7 is the name of a county in New Hampshire. My 16, 2, 23, 28, 3, 4, 7 is the name of a county in Vermont. My 12, 10, 11, 17 is the name of a county in Pennsylvania. My 5, 9, 14, 16, 23, 28, 4, 20 is the name of a county in Maryland. My 4, 13, 4, 7, 12, 8, 22, 4, 19 is the name of a county in Virginia. My 25, 19, 3, 26, 27 is the name of a county in Iowa. My 21, 6, 5, 18, 15, 14, 11, 9 is the name of a county in Texas. My 12, 19, 17, 4, 23, 15, 4 is the name of a city in North Carolina. My 22, 16, 7, 28 is the name of a river in England. My 5, 15, 27, 1, 16 is the name of one of the Ionian islands. My whole is the name of a celebrated literary character of the eighteenth century. Alabama, N. Y., 1863. ALBERT B. NORTON.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. POETICAL ENIGMA.

- I AM in the door, but not in the sill, I am in the miller, but not in the mill. I am in the soldier, but not in the tent, I am in the dollar, but not in the cent. I am in the church, but not in the steeple, I am in the parson, but not in the people. I am in the negro, but not in the slave, I am in the river, but not in the wave. I am in the water, but not in the sea, I am in the forest, but not in the tree. I am in the sailor, but not in the ship, I am in the rider, but not in the whip. I am in the rose, but not in the bud, I am in the dirt, but not in the mud. I am in the tree, but not in the leaves, I am in the grain, but not in the sheaves. Washington, Mich., 1863. L. M. MARLEY.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 720.

- Answer to Geographical Enigmas.—Weeping, sad and lonely, or when this cruel war is over. Answer to Anagram: Let vanity adorn the marble tomb With trophies, rhymes, and scabbards of renown. In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome, Where night and desolation ever frown— Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down; Where a green grassy turf is all I crave, With here and there a violet between, Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave, And manna evening sun shine sweetly on my grave. Answer to Algebraical Problem:—40 and 10.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

BY HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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