

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

VOL. XIV. NO. 48.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

[WHOLE NO. 724.]

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

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

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

THE POSTAGE on the RURAL NEW-YORKER is only 5 cts per quarter to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free), and the same to any other Loyal State, if paid quarterly in advance where received.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

Agricultural.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1864.

A NEW AND IMPORTANT FEATURE.

THE Fifteenth Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence on the 2d day of January ensuing. It seems but yesterday since, with all the hopefulness and confidence of early manhood, we issued the Prospectus for its first volume, and firmly resolved to put forth every proper effort to render the enterprise a success. The task proved more difficult than anticipated; but after years of toil—our expenditures upon the paper annually exceeding the receipts from its publication—the RURAL began to pay moderately, and was ere long established upon a permanent basis. The struggle was long and arduous, and the more severe because many good friends, experienced in business, prophesied failure—and such would have been the result had we heeded their well-meant advice or acknowledged any such word as fall in our vocabulary. But when success was partially achieved, it was more gratifying for the reason that the contest had been severe, prolonged, and so generally considered doubtful. It gave us confidence, however, in our own judgment, and taught us to rely more upon industry, energy and perseverance, than that so-called genius which is the sole capital of many a wrecked mariner upon the Ocean of Journalism. And it was this confidence, or self-reliance, (coupled with the belief that our readers would appreciate and second every laudable endeavor in that direction,) that caused us, from year to year to make increased efforts and expenditures to improve the RURAL—to render it increasingly valuable in Contents, and more acceptable in Style and Appearance. It was this "faith in works," and confidence in its due appreciation by the public, that induced us, in the summer of 1861—just after the breaking out of the traitorous rebellion, and when many of our contemporaries were dismayed, and not a few shortened sail or sought the port of safety by discontinuing business—to increase rather than diminish the expenses incurred in the publication of the RURAL.

And it is in the faith and confidence which guided us in former years that we make arrangements for the Fifteenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER upon a more extensive and expensive scale than heretofore—and amid discouragements (including the advancing prices of paper, materials, wages, etc.,) which would cause many to recede from present rather than incur additional pecuniary risks and responsibilities. But confident of a generous response from our readers and that portion of the public interested, we have resolved to advance, rather than retreat or remain inactive. This may not be prudent—but a forward movement is determined upon, and time will decide as to its wisdom. Though our arrangements for the ensuing year are not yet fully completed—being delayed by recent illness, while convalescing from which this is written—we can safely announce that the RURAL for 1864 will be superior to the present volume (and we think to either of

its predecessors) in both manner and matter. It will be printed upon new and clear type, and a better quality of paper used, while its pages will be more profusely and expensively illustrated than during the past year. But we hope to make greater improvement in the CONTENTS than typography or style of the paper, and to accomplish this object more labor and expense will be devoted to the several prominent departments, and a new and valuable one introduced. Much more of our own time and attention will be given to the paper than of late—(as we do not purpose entering upon the publication of such works as have absorbed a great portion of our time during the year past,)—and the experience already acquired ought to be of material assistance to us in meeting the wants and requirements of the public. Our Aids will also probably continue in their present positions, and of their capacity therefor we need not speak in this connection.

In order to supply a desideratum long felt, and meet an urgent public demand, we have made arrangements to introduce in our next volume a Department exclusively devoted to SHEEP HUSBANDRY; and we take great pleasure in announcing a fact which we are confident will be gratifying to thousands of our readers and others—viz., that this new and important Department will be conducted by the Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., the most accomplished writer and eminent authority on the subject in this country. Dr. RANDALL's long experience as an extensive flock-master, his thorough familiarity with the whole subject of breeding, management and diseases (combining both practical and theoretical knowledge,) and, withal, his conceded ability and impartiality, not only eminently qualify him for the office of adviser and teacher concerning the several branches of Sheep Husbandry, but designate him as the very man for the position he has consented to occupy. Possessing a remarkable fund of information on the subject—acquired from experience, observation and reading combined—Dr. R. is amply qualified to discuss the various topics which are already before the public, and also such new collateral ones as may arise and have not been treated upon in his own or other works. That this new department—occupying an average of two or three columns in each number—will prove of great interest and value to every flock-master among our readers, we sincerely believe, and hence its introduction. Of its necessity and importance at the present juncture there can be no doubt; and in inaugurating it as a distinctive and prominent feature of the RURAL we shall only meet the wants of a large class of producers—one whose interests we have ever sought to advance, as all who know our course in years past can abundantly testify. We hope now to do far more to promote a branch of husbandry which has become of paramount importance to the people and country than it has been in our power to accomplish in former years.

But we do not intend that the inauguration of this new feature, valuable as we believe it will prove, shall detract from the interest or usefulness of other prominent departments of the RURAL. Indeed, by careful condensation, and limiting the space appropriated to advertising, we hope to continue the AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY and NEWS Departments unimpaired—to add a very essential element, without diminishing the value or popularity of the paper in other respects. To accomplish this will be our earnest endeavor.

In conclusion, we respectfully present the RURAL to its numerous ardent and generous friends for continued support—basing its claims solely upon such merits as it may possess. We shall expend so much upon the next volume that we shall probably have little or nothing to spare in the way of outside advertising or premiums, though we may make a venture in that direction. Considering the present and prospective prices of paper, wages, etc., it is not probable that a farthing can be made on copies of the RURAL for 1864 at the lowest club rate—and yet, as it is difficult if not unwise to change terms, we intend to adhere to those already published, and still endeavor to supply the best combined AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY and FAMILY NEWSPAPER obtainable. In furtherance of this object we frankly ask the co-operation of the friends of the paper everywhere—that they will kindly aid in maintaining and augmenting its circulation and usefulness by introducing it to the notice and support of others, and contributing the results of their observation and experience for publication in its pages.

RURAL SERMONS.—NO. I.

A WISE MAN will hear and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.—PROVERBS, Ch. 1, 5.

1. *Be a Good Listener.*—Learn to listen.—Listen attentively and critically—not captiously. Analyze what you hear. Sift the truth from the chaff of verbiage. Treasure up the beauties of language and sentiment. Store the drops of wisdom as the bee stores its honey. Be in search of truth and wisdom in all your listening.—Let what you hear make you think. Follow suggestion. Let her lead you to avail yourself of all the advantages of counsel. You may be a good listener and yet not adopt all that you hear. It is not necessary you should commit yourself to the sentiments of others. Be content to listen unless truth is manifestly imperiled. Listen to the old and young. Accept the blessings God gives you in this form and be thankful. Let them aid you in the practical affairs of life as well as in spiritual matters. It is one of the ways, and one of the best ways to acquire knowledge. Counsel should strengthen us in our good purposes. It should confirm us in our desire to avoid evil and evil associations. "A wise man will hear." That is the first assertion. He will not turn away from, nor scorn counsel. Let the young remember this. Let the bigoted make a note of it. Let the opinionated think of it. It is one of the characteristic features of the wise man. He hears.

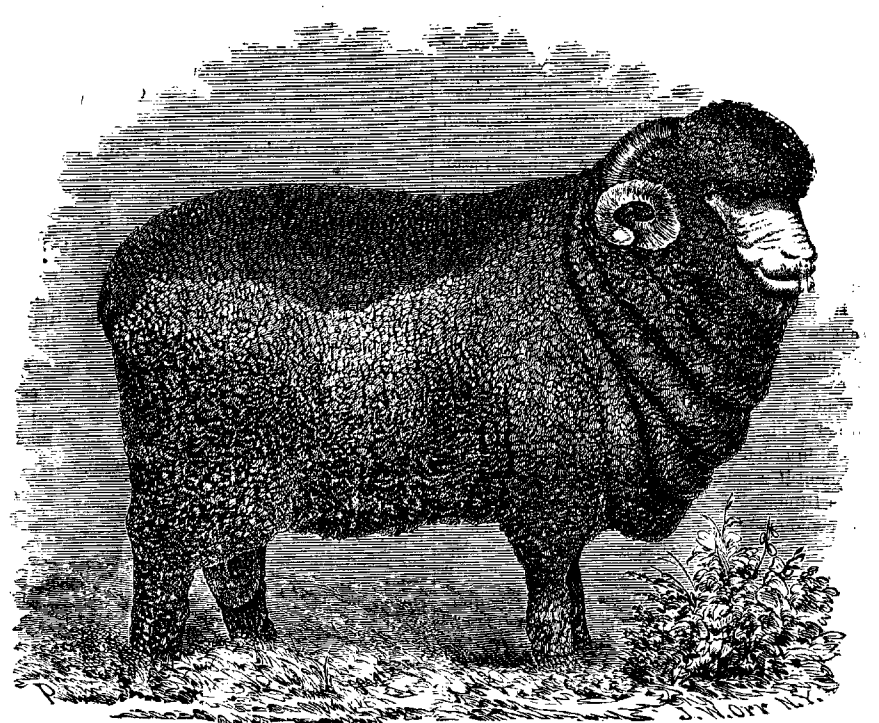
2. *Increase Learning.*—Not only increase in learning, but increase it. Add to the general fund. Contribute something. You should listen, but you should also impart knowledge. You should seek it for its own sake, and use it to conserve the public good. There are a thousand ways of doing this. Set down and with pencil note such modes of increasing learning as occur to you. One way of increasing your own knowledge is by undertaking to impart it. Knowledge imparted is not knowledge lost. The more we give the more we receive. The effort to give begets knowledge. The educational work is a noble one. It develops the best powers of the human mind. It strengthens the noblest promptings of the human heart. It forges links of lasting friendship. It begets fraternal feelings and charitable relations. It binds the human family together by a common bond. It benefits the whole world, and its influence will extend to future generations. It should be increased and multiplied until the inhabitants of the whole earth shall learn to live understandingly.

3. *Get Understanding.*—Knowledge is not enough. We may possess it abstractly; but it is of little avail unless we can apply it. Common, practical sense is needed. We learn to read Scripture truths by the light of Revelation. We must learn to use knowledge. And we should seek to learn its use as well as its abstractions. This is understanding. The humble, common man, whose knowledge is related to his wants in life, and the development of usefulness from all its objects is a better counsellor than the learned man who has never brushed against the bustling world. It is understanding that gives strength and force to the counsellor. He discerns the relation of ideas to each other and to things. He comprehends the capacity of a man or object to serve him. He is able to give each a place where it may do the most good service in a given time. We need to listen if we would learn. It is the pavement over which we reach understanding. We need to increase learning; not only our own, but that of others. This will involve the use of understanding and develop it. For we cannot teach what we do not understand; and the act of teaching will discover to us how little we know worth imparting. It is better to know less and understand more. And the more we study the above text the more wonderful and subtle will its meaning and scope appear to us.

Listen, Learn, Understand and Teach! ORA ET LABORA.

AMERICAN MERINO RAM "SWEEPSTAKES."

We give above a cut of the American Merino ram "Sweepstakes," taken from RANDALL'S "Practical Shepherd." This remarkable animal was bred and is owned by EDWIN HAMMOND, Esq., of Middlebury, Vermont, who is declared in the Practical Shepherd to be "the great and leading breeder" of this family of sheep, (the improved Infantado,) and to have "effected quite as marked an improvement in the American Merino, as Mr. BAKWELL effected among the long-wooled sheep of England."



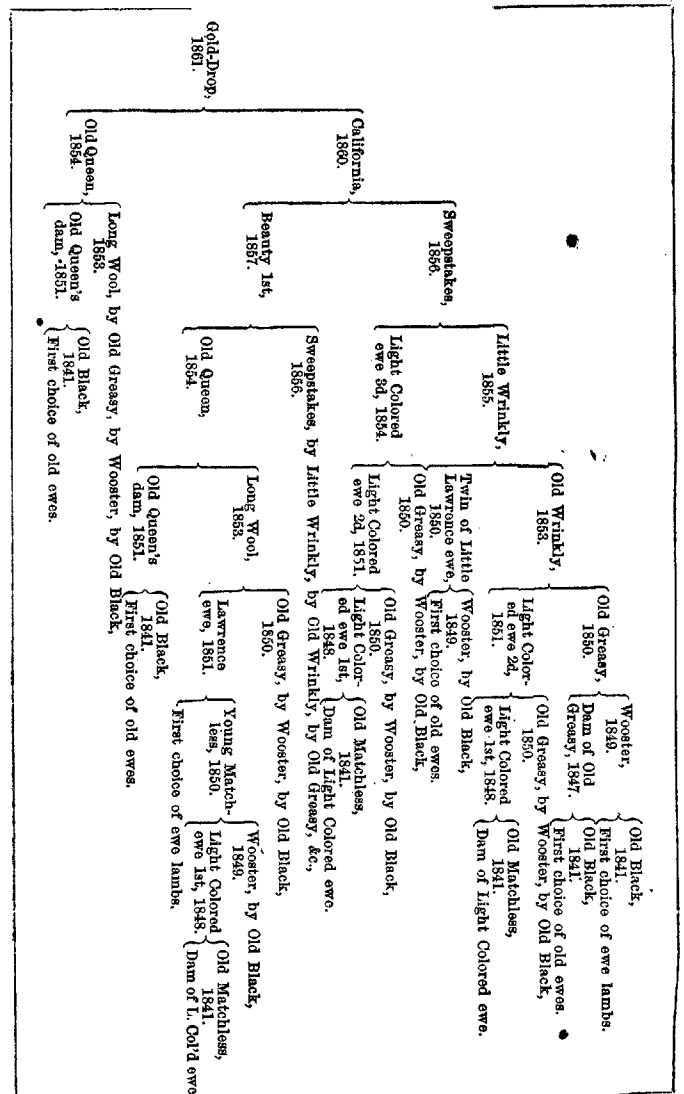
MERINO RAM "SWEEPSTAKES."

Sweepstakes is thus described in the Practical Shepherd:—"He weighs about 140 lbs. Taken all in all he is about as perfect a form of Merino ram as was ever seen, and defective in no essential particular. His wool is about 2 1/2 inches long, fine, extremely even, and does not contain a particle of jar. His belly, head, etc., are admirably covered, and he is woolled profusely to the feet all round. He has no external gum, is medium in point of color, but possesses abundance of thin, yellowish yolk. His wool opens brilliantly and with a beautiful style. He has produced a single year's fleece of 27 lbs. (unwashed.) His constitution is powerful. He im-

presses his own characteristics unusually strong on his get. He took the first premium of the as a yearling, and as a grown ram. In 1861 he met several of the best rams of the State (the best of his competitors were got by himself) in a sweepstakes and was victorious. Mr. HAMMOND

was several times been offered \$2,500 for him." (Page 413.) The pedigree of Sweepstakes (with that of Gold Drop,) is given below, and it will be a useful study to those who desire to learn a mode of keeping pedigrees which will place all the ancestors of an animal (so far as they are known) together before the eye, and enable the observer readily to understand their degree of relationship, if any, the lines in which they have been bred, &c.—a thing entirely impracticable to any but very experienced persons with the ordinary separately kept pedigrees. To make this gene-

PEDIGREE OF GOLD DROP AND SWEEPSTAKES.



logical map, if we may so term it, perfect, a parallel record should be kept, giving a short description of each animal, or at least each leading animal named in it. Examples of such a sheep record are given in the Practical Shepherd, page 412.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WESTERN BUTTER AND CHEESE.

SOME months since I wrote of the relations of Western dairymen to our markets, and of the reputation of Western butter and cheese here and in Eastern markets.

IOWA CHEESE.

"On Saturday, Messrs. Bowen Bros., No. 72, 74 and 76, Lake street, sold four tons of choice cheese, from the dairy of Asa C. Bowen, of Bowen's Prairie, James county, Iowa, at 13 1/2 cents per pound.

I doubt if this is the first invoice of good cheese that Iowa has sent to this market. I know it is not the first coming hither from Western dairies.

Estimates for September; 449,163,894, corn; 17,193,232, buckwheat; 97,870,035, potatoes; 268,462,413, tobacco.

Estimates for October: 452,446,128, corn; 75,821,305, buckwheat; 101,457,144, potatoes; 267,302,770, tobacco.

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HINTS FOR WINTER CARE OF HORSES.

WINTER IS COMING, and hay and oats are high; and the probability is that we may see many poor horses before Spring, unless farmers take a little more pains than usual to avoid it.

in the ear twice a day. Water three times a day, and give what straw is left in manger at night for bedding, (and if thrown out to cattle in the morning, they will consume nearly all of it, better than before used for bedding.)

Once a week give a mess of potatoes, or a mess of wet bran with a handful of salt and a few sifted ashes; also, (if you can get it,) a pint of flax-seed occasionally, which will keep his hair soft and smooth.

Keep your horses well shod, so as to prevent slipping, and clean out the bottoms of their feet with a hook made for the purpose.

One who has a good cutting machine can cut their straw, (even wheat or rye straw,) and sprinkle on meal and feed wet, which is better than fed uncut to a team at work every day.

CONDITION OF THE CROPS.

THE following statistics have been received from the Department of Agriculture:

In the Monthly Report for September, the amounts of the crops of 1863, were given. The Fall crops of corn, buckwheat and potatoes, were stated in bushels, for each State.

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prices in, 1862 that the foreign demand increased in that year to 291,085,655 lbs.

The value of frosted corn for fattening purposes is regarded as very small. Hogs and cattle will grow on it, but not fatten.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Improving our Common Farm Stock.

IN the RURAL of the 7th inst. our readers will remember that an article appeared under the caption, "About Stock—Native Breeds," from the pen of a gentleman residing in Westchester Co., N. Y.

"There is much in the talk about native cattle, which is assumed or taken for granted, but which will not bear the test of actual investigation. Animals which cannot be properly classed with the improved breeds soon come to be natives, in the ordinary estimation of the community, when in fact they have important strains of improved blood, to which much of their excellence is due.

"It would be a libel upon the intelligence of American feeders to suppose that some of them cannot, by careful selection and proper attention to the principles of breeding, effect immense changes and improvements in the character and value of our common stock. It is in this way that the best breeds have been built up in England, and are now actually being improved by some of the intelligent breeders in America.

"Without any attempt to create new breeds or new varieties of farm stock, it appears to us that the facilities exist for making important improvements upon our common farm stock. The experience of the past, and especially of the last twenty years, has, we think, settled at least this important fact, that the true policy for the common farmer to pursue is to breed from his best cows, carefully selected for milking and other qualities, crossed with pure bulls of the improved breeds.

"This is a kind of improvement within the reach of almost every farmer. There are few neighborhoods where pure blood bulls are not kept, and farmers who keep any considerable number of cows can well afford to purchase a bull for their own use.

"We would by no means discourage the efforts to build up a better class of cattle by simple breeding from our common stock; but when the material is at hand for doing it more rapidly, and at least quite as effectively, by using males from the best improved breeds, we see no reason for preferring the slower process to accomplish the desired result."

"The best time for manuring for corn is in the fall, from the middle to the end of November, or at any time during the winter, when the ground is bare, but the nearer the spring the less good will come from it.

Manuring for Corn in the Fall.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Germantown Telegraph says:

"The best time for manuring for corn is in the fall, from the middle to the end of November, or at any time during the winter, when the ground is bare, but the nearer the spring the less good will come from it.

"Ground will become richer by being covered, even if it is with brush; and this is one of the advantages of putting the manure on in the fall or early in the winter.

on, giving about two-thirds as heavy a coat as for wheat, and left to lay there until plowed under in the spring. Those who are within reasonable distance of the city, will find that a few loads of town manure will pay not less than fifty per cent on the investment and trouble.

Milk from One Cow.

MR. W. A. COMSTOCK, of Cooperstown, who says he has a "passion for good cows," sends to the Country Gentleman a table, in which is registered the weight of milk produced by one of his cows at each milking for the six last days of May and the months of June, July, August, and 29th days in September.

Table with 2 columns: Last six days of May, and 261 pounds. Rows for June, July, August, and September.

Being an average of a fraction over 45 pounds per day.

Mr. Comstock says:—"My cow is one of the native breed, so far as I can learn, and five years old last spring. She was not dried off before calving, but continued to give milk up to the 22d, when she dropped her calf.

Wool Growing in Minnesota.

It is calculated that the wool clip of Minnesota the present year will not be less than 500,000 lbs. From 2,000 to 5,000 are shipped below from our levee daily.

Table with 3 columns: No. of Sheep, and Am't of Wool Clip. Rows for 1850, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862.

There is no wool growing State in the Union which can show such a sudden increase in its wool clip or flocks as Minnesota, and yet our farmers have scarcely begun to get under way in their wool growing operations.

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Rural Notes and Items.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.—PROFESSORSHIPS.—We learn that strong efforts are being made by the Trustees of this Institution to get into operation at an early day.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—A copy of this admirable Annual for 1864 has been received from the publishers, LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY ON THE PRAIRIES.—A letter from Decatur Co., Iowa, containing a remittance for The Practical Shepherd, says:—"Farmers in this part of the world are turning their attention to wool growing, and so far with most excellent success.

Our correspondent will find by reference to announcement on first page of this number that we are not unmindful of the interests of wool growers.

DESICCATED VEGETABLES.—AN EXTENSIVE BUSINESS.—Vegetables and meats deprived of moisture and subjected to severe pressure, will remain unchanged and preserve their natural taste for a long period in any climate.

THE SOLDIERS ARE GRATEFUL TO THE LADIES.—In June last we published an appeal to the Lady Readers of the RURAL, from Mr. I. P. BATES, of Hopkins No. 7, Louisville, Ky., and now Mr. B. writes as follows:—"Permit me, through your columns, to return the thanks of the soldiers here, to the lady readers of the RURAL who have been so generously furnishing us with reading, in response to my call of last June.

MY FARM OF EDGEWOOD: A Country Book.—By the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor." SCRIBNER, New York, has issued this last and best production of I. MARVEL (DONALD G. MITCHELL) in excellent style—save the uncut and untrimmed leaves, a "feature" against which we protest in these days of labor-saving machinery in the book-making line.

MILK AND BUTTER FROM AYRSHIRE COWS.—The Boston Cultivator states that H. H. FETTERS, of Southborough, Mass., weighed the milk from his dairy of nineteen cows from June 15th to 25th—ten days. They gave an average of 32 lbs. per day.

THE HOR CROP.—The crop of hops in New England this year will exceed that of last year by 1,500 to 2,000 bales. The Maine hops, in quality, will undoubtedly be the best in the market this season.

THE ROCHESTER EVENING EXPRESS appears in a new and becoming dress, and really "shines" in its freshly donned attire. It is one of the most enterprising and piquant dailies among our exchanges, and we are glad to note this evidence of appreciation and prosperity.

THE EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTER, advertised in this paper, is worthy the attention and investment of farmers. We commended it strongly on its first introduction to the public, and are glad to learn that it has since been awarded the first premium at many State and County Fairs.

THE RURAL IS APPRECIATED.—We are in frequent receipt of letters from persons who have taken the RURAL from its commencement, and these invariably speak of it in the most appreciative terms.

THE WRITER OF ANOTHER WISCONSIN LETTER, by the same mail as above, says:—"I am not only a subscriber but constant reader of the RURAL, and have obtained from its pages much valuable information to me as a farmer. And I will here say that of the many papers we are taking, there is no other one so much prized, or so eagerly sought for, as the RURAL, embracing as it does such a wide scope of information.

THE PRICES OF PRODUCE AND PROVISIONS are rapidly advancing, here and elsewhere. See market reports.

Horticultural.

FRUIT CULTURE.

NEVER since the settlement of the country, we think, have the fruit-growers of Western New York reaped such a golden harvest, as the present season. The crop was large, the fruit fair, and the prices have been more than remunerative, for streets in the neighborhood of the docks and shipping warehouses have been blockaded with barrels of apples, and we observe the same state of things along the line of railroad and canal, all through the western part of this State.

The Peach crop was small, but the prices good, and many growers are getting encouraged to hope that our seasons are becoming more favorable for this delicious fruit. We have long thought that the leading business of Western New York would be the production of fruit for shipping. This opinion we have expressed, on several occasions, and time only confirms the statement. Many this year will agree with us, who would not have done so before. The farmer who has in his pockets \$500 or \$1,000, as the profits of a small orchard, has an argument on this subject which he is not anxious to resist. In times of such prosperity there is always danger. For years we have urged the importance of giving more care to the orchard, looking after and destroying insects, &c., and this success is doubtless the result of increased care. We must not now rest from our labors, and think the battle fought and the victory won. Constant vigilance is the price of good fruit. Watch the insects, destroy the caterpillars' nests, put out new trees and take care of them. The following warning, which we gave several years since, is needed now as much as ever.

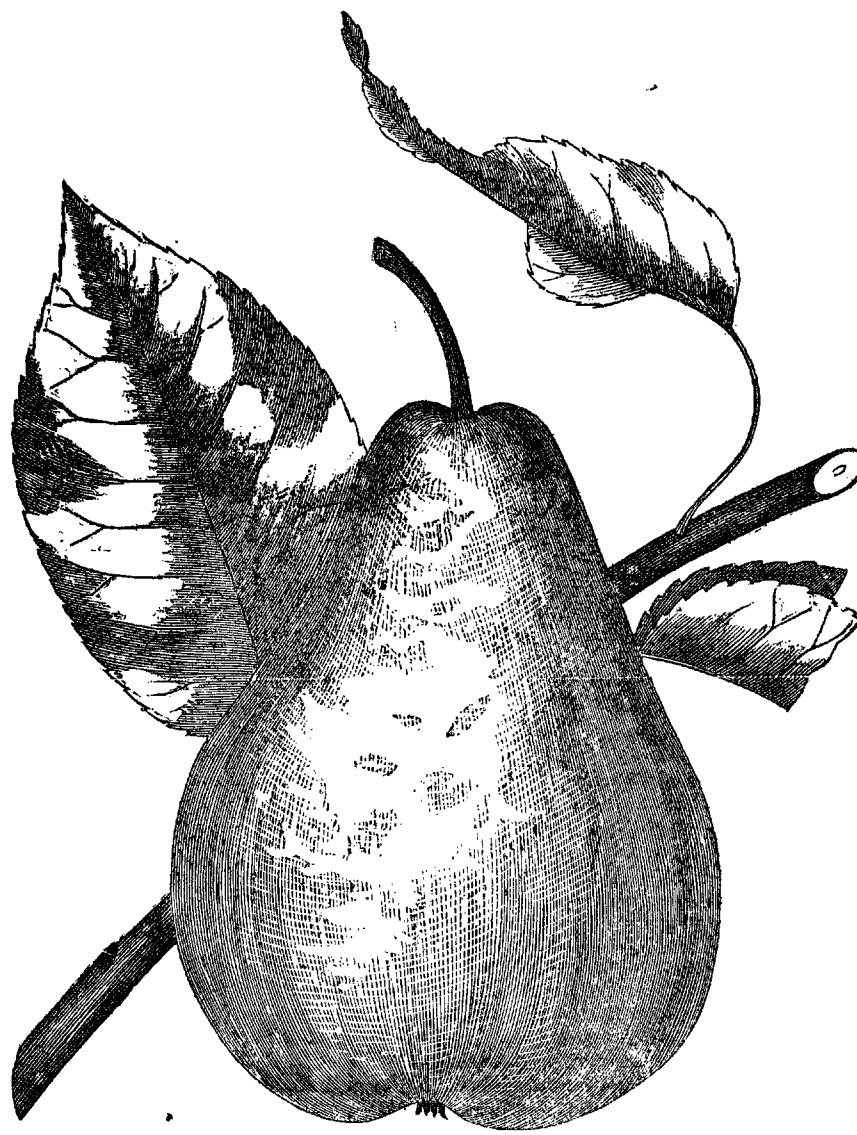
The seasons are beyond our control, but there are other things lessening our fruit crop, and which must be charged to the carelessness of cultivators. The principal of these is the rapid increase of insects. With the increase of fruit culture, which furnishes them the means of subsistence and propagation, the fruit-loving and fruit-destroying insects have increased in a four-fold ratio, until almost every apple orchard is swarming with caterpillars, bark lice, &c., the luscious plum and the apricot are banished from the garden by the curculio, the currant, that everybody supposed could be grown in any out-of-the-way corner, uncared for, is eaten by the gooseberry fly-grub, the garden disfigured by its bare limbs, and every hill of melons swarms with flies, striped bugs and squash bugs, and fortunate or persevering is he who saves a single plant from their ravages. Here and there a cultivator has been diligent to destroy injurious insects, but as a general rule they have been allowed to increase unmolested, until they have over-run our orchards and gardens. We need plain talk, and prompt, thorough action, on this subject. Every one should not only attend to his own garden and orchard, but urge upon all his neighbors a similar course of action, for a few cannot arrest this evil. It should be made the subject of discussion in every farmer's club, in every neighborhood and in every farm house; and every one should be zealous to set a good example to his neighbors.

It is useless to wait for any patent remedy, any Paxonian gun that will annihilate an army of insects at one discharge. Untiring watchfulness and diligence is the price of success in this work. The best of remedies will fail if not faithfully and repeatedly applied. Wage a war of extermination, and if one thing fails, which you supposed to be easy as well as certain, try another that you know to be certain, though more difficult; catching and killing is sure death in all cases.

PATENT OFFICE HUMBUG.

It seems we are to have a repetition of the folly so long perpetrated by our government, in the distribution of common and worthless seeds through the Patent Office. When we learned, some time since, that WILLIAM SAUNDERS, of Philadelphia, an intelligent Horticulturist, was called to take charge of the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, we supposed there was to be an end of this kind of folly. We did think he would institute a reform in this respect, and that the mails would no longer be burdened with packages of Sweet Peas and French Beans, a grand gift of the government of the United States to the politicians and their friends throughout the country. For the promotion of Agriculture and Horticulture, we had good reason to hope that packages of Winter Wheat, if distributed at all, would not be sent out in the Spring, and that though the chickens, who generally obtained most of this kind of stuff sent out, might miss their usual supply, the great interests of the country would not suffer materially by the change, while in these times of war and excessive taxation, something would be saved to the government and people. We did hope the government had got through sending out Isabella and Catawba grape vine cuttings and seeds of useless and foul weeds, but it seems we were mistaken. This government seed store is a great humbug—a disgrace to the nation—and has been such for the last twenty years.

Mr. SAUNDERS, we understand, is writing to the nurserymen and seedsmen to obtain old European catalogues, in order that he may send to Europe for a stock for free distribution. We must do Mr. S. the justice to say that he pronounces the whole thing a humbug, but declares that this system has been practiced so long that he must follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. If this is so, we don't see what the country has made by the change. The same dunces



THE BEURRE BOSCH PEAR.

We should before this have acknowledged the receipt of some splendid specimens of the *Beurre Bosch* Pear from a friend and very successful pear grower in this section. He wishes us to repeat what we have before said, that this pear is not appreciated as it deserves to be, or it would be as generally cultivated as the *Bartlett*. It does not succeed on the quince, unless double worked, and perhaps this is the reason why it has not found greater favor and been grown more generally.

In the fall of 1853 we saw this pear at Boston in competition with the *Beurre Diep*, and other fine sorts, for the prize offered for the best autumn pear, and it received, as it seemed to deserve, the first premium. We thought then, as it became known it would be popular, and since that time we have always noticed it as being fair, smooth, of good size and excellent quality. This pear bears regularly, never rots at the core, and the fruit hangs on the tree remarkably well. It is very rare to find a specimen blown off. The stem in the engraving is shorter than in most specimens. It is recommended by the American Pomological Society for general cultivation, and we introduce it again with pleasure to the special notice of our readers, as a pear well worthy

that have always managed this thing might just as well have been kept in office, if the system they established is to be continued. We have to pay the government duty of about fifty per cent. on all seeds that we obtain from Europe, and the Agriculturists and Horticulturists of the country have submitted to this enormous tax cheerfully, supposing that in so doing they were sustaining the government in this time of trial and expense. We did not suppose that this money was to be taken and sent to Europe, or be put in the hands of speculators and politicians, for the purpose of obtaining seeds to be sent free all over the country to favored parties, and in most cases to those who care nothing for them. If the government wishes to encourage the introduction of new things from Europe, and can afford to be liberal, let it take off this heavy tax on importation, instead of taxing the million to obtain a lot of trash to distribute among a few.

ENOTHERA LAMARCKIANA.

Our readers will recollect that a few weeks since we gave an article from the *Gardeners' Monthly*, in which the editor spoke rather disparagingly of the new *Enothera Lamarckiana*. We also gave our own opinion of this flower, and that of Mr. HOVBY, both of which were favorable. We thought at the time that Mr. MEEHAN, whose opinions are entitled to the greatest respect, and are generally correct, could not have the true variety, as we had flowered it two years, first from English seed, and last year from that of our own saving, and were well pleased with it as a border plant. In fact, we have had nothing in our garden so attractive of a summer evening. Since that time, Mr. CHAS. DOWNING informed us that he never had a plant flower the first season, while we have grown many hundreds, and never one that did not commence flowering in July or August the first summer. It would seem, therefore, that seeds that are not true must have been obtained in some way.

The last number of the *Gardeners' Monthly* contains the following correction: "In a former number a correspondent made an inquiry respecting this plant, complaining at the same time that with him it had proved no better than *Enothera biennis*. We stated that it was larger and bushier than the common form of *Evening Primrose*; but so much like the com-

mon one that we did not expect it to be very popular. Our opinion was based on the writer's knowledge of the plant in a wild state. It is familiar to most North American botanists as the *Enothera biennis*, var. *gradiflora* of Gray's Manual, and in Pennsylvania, it is not unfrequently in the district of country from Philadelphia to Reading.

"Since we wrote that notice, plants from English seed have flowered in the Editor's garden, and it is certainly much improved by cultivation, and is a very desirable border plant. "It is worth bearing in mind, however, that *Enothera biennis* is one of the most variable of North American plants; so much so, that many botanical authors have made more than half a dozen species out of it, of which one is this *En. Lamarckiana*. This variety will, therefore, probably vary from seed, and we may expect to hear of just as much disappointment as was expressed by our correspondent. Seed-growers should be careful to save seed from the dwarfest and largest flowering plants, as the best security against the degeneracy of what in its best state will be a valuable addition to the flower-garden. "This note is due as well to the facts, as to a review of our former opinion by the RURAL NEW-YORKER."

We are glad that friend MEEHAN agrees with us at last. Perhaps there is not sufficient difference between this and *biennis* to constitute it a species; indeed, we failed to discover such, though perhaps a little anxious to do so, but we do think that *En. Lamarckiana* and *En. aculalis* are two very charming border flowers. Of the latter, we will have an engraving before long.

Horticultural Notes.

PAMPAS GRASS.—This superb flowering grass has been finely grown by C. M. Atkinson, gardener to J. G. Cushing, Esq., Belmont. Two plants, in large tubs, are just now magnificent with their silvery plumes. One of the plants produced thirty-four spikes, and the other nearly the same number. They are now standing in the large conservatory, and contribute greatly to its decoration at this season, when there are so few flowering plants.—*Hovey's Magazine*.

ERRATUM.—In RURAL, Oct. 17th, discussion on "Propagating the Grape," F. K. FROENIX is made to say "This is mother's practice." It was written "This is MOTTIE'S practice." In RURAL, Oct. 24, report of Trial of Flowers, for "double shire" read "doubt" shire.

FLORA GRAPE.—This is the name of a variety we noticed at the Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society in September last. It was presented by A. M. Spangler, Esq., and the Committee, in their Report, state that "it maintains its former good reputation." The grape is a dark purple, thickly set in the bunch, like the Isabella. It has a very thin skin, with little or no pulp, and from a casual taste appeared to be a very fine variety. If the vine is a free grower, and the fruit early, it will rank among the few superior new grapes.—*Hovey's Magazine*.

PRICES OF FRUIT, &c., IN NEW YORK MARKET.—The following are the prices of Fruit and Vegetables in New York market, as given in the *Tribune* of the 21st inst.: FRUIT.

APPLES.—Receipts have continued heavy, mostly by canal. There is at present a large stock on store, and before navigation closes it will be largely increased. The market is rather quiet but holders are very firm, and sales have been made at better rates. We quote: Mixed Western, per bbl. \$2.00 to \$2.50; Common, per bbl. 1.50 to 2.00; Staked Cherris, new, per bbl. 3.00 to 3.50.

QUINCES.—There is no change. We quote: Apple, per bbl. \$3.00 to 4.50; Pear, 3.00 to 3.50. GRAPES.—Receipts have been quite large. Very choice bring our highest rates, but most lots are sold to wine makers at 40c. We quote: Isabella, good to choice, per lb. 7c to 9c; Catawba, good to choice, 8c to 12c; Common, 5c to 6c; Concord, good to choice, 10c to 15c.

CRANBERRIES.—The market is quite dull, and rates are heavy. We quote: Eastern, per bbl. \$3.00 to 10.00; Western, 4.00 to 5.00. DRIED FRUIT.—Apples have been in increased demand, and prices have improved. The scarcity of all kinds continues, and there is a quick sale for choice on arrival. We quote: Dried Apples, sliced, per lb. 8c to 10c; Dried Apples, good to choice, 8c to 12c; Apples, inferior and old, 7c to 8c; Peaches, peeled, 10c to 12c; Peaches, unpeeled, 11c to 12c; Plums, new, 18c to 20c; Pitted Cherris, new, 20c to 22c; Cherris, with pits, 22c to 23c; Raspberries, black, new, 22c to 23c; Blackberries, new, 18c to 18c; Currants, domestic, 3c to 4c.

POTATOES.—Shipping qualities are in better request, and rather higher. Peaches are a little higher. We quote: Buckeyes, per bbl. \$1.50 to 1.75; Prince Albert, 1.50 to 1.75; Jackson Whites, 1.50 to 1.75; Rough and Ready, 1.50 to 1.75; Marcers, 2.00 to 2.50; Peaches, 1.50 to 2.00; Sweet potatoes, per bbl. 4.00 to 5.00; Sweet potatoes in bulk, per bbl. 4.50 to 5.00; CABBAGES.—We quote, per 100, \$3.00 to 4.00.

SQUASHES.—Are a little higher. We quote: Boston Marrow, per bbl. \$2.75 to 3.00; Jersey Marrow, 2.50 to 2.75. TURNIPS.—Prices have improved. We quote: Ruta Bagas, per bbl. \$1.00 to 1.25. ONIONS.—Are higher. We quote: Red and Yellow, per 100 strings, \$5.00 to 5.75; Red and Yellow, per bbl. 3.50 to 3.75.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO COOK POULTRY.

TO BOIL A TURKEY.—Make a stuffing as for veal; or if you wish a plain stuffing, pound a cracker or some bread-crumbs very fine, chop raw salt pork very fine, sift some sage and any other sweet herbs that are liked, season with pepper, and mould them together with the yolk of an egg; put this under the breast, and tie it closely. Set on the turkey in boiling water enough to cover it; boil very slowly, and take off the scum as it rises. A large turkey will require more than two hours' boiling; a small one an hour and a half. Garnish with fried forcemeat, and serve with oyster or celery sauce.

Or: Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by the steam without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up, strain the gravy that will be found in the pan, and which, when cold, will be a fine jelly; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

TO ROAST A TURKEY.—Prepare a stuffing of pork sausage-meat, one beaten egg, and a few crumbs of bread; or, if sausages are to be served with the turkey, stuffing as for a fillet of veal; in either, a little shred shallot is an improvement. Stuff the bird under the breast; dredge it with flour, and put it down to a clear, brisk fire; at a moderate distance the first half hour, but afterwards nearer. Baste with butter; and when the turkey is plumped up, and the steam draws toward the fire, it will be nearly done; then dredge it lightly with flour, and baste it with a little more butter, first melted in the basting ladle. Serve with gravy in the dish and bread sauce in a tureen. It may be garnished with fried force-meat, if veal stuffing be used. Sometimes the gizzard and liver are dipped into the yolk of an egg, sprinkled with salt and Cayenne, and then put under the pinions before the bird is put to the fire. A very large turkey will require three hours' roasting; one of eight or ten pounds, two hours; and a small one, an hour and a half.

TO ROAST A GOOSE.—Geese seem to bear the same relation to poultry that pork does to the flesh of other domestic quadrupeds; that is, the flesh of goose is not suitable for, or agreeable to, the very delicate in constitution. One reason, doubtless, is that it is the fashion to bring it to table very rare done; a detestable model! Take a young goose, pick, singe and clean well. Make the stuffing with two ounces of onions (about four common-sized) and one ounce of green sage chopped very fine; then add a large coffee cup of stale bread-crumbs and the same of mashed potatoes; a little pepper and salt, a bit of butter as big as a walnut, the yolk of an egg or two; mix these well together, and stuff the goose. Do not fill it entirely; the stuffing requires room to swell. It is split at both ends to prevent its swinging round, and to prevent the stuffing from coming out. The fire must be brisk. Baste it with salt and water at first, then with its own dripping. It will take two hours or more to roast thoroughly.

A green goose, that is, one under four months old, is seasoned with pepper and salt, instead of sage and onions. It will roast in an hour.

SAUCE FOR A ROASTED GOOSE.—Put into a saucepan a tablespoonful of made mustard, half a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, a glass of port wine, and a gill of gravy; mix, and warm, and pour it through a slit in the apron into the body of the goose, just before serving.—*Lady's Book*.

THE PAPER FOR THE TIMES!



THE LEADING AND MOST POPULAR AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA.

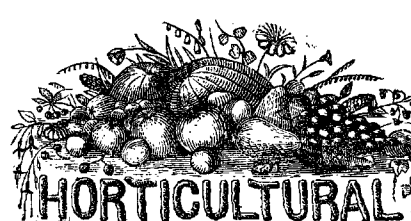
Will enter upon its FIFTEENTH YEAR AND VOLUME on the 24th day of January, 1864.

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is well and widely known as the Best, Cheapest and Largest Circulated Journal of its Class on the Continent—as the Favorite HOME WEEKLY of America—and the Volume for 1864 will at least equal either of its predecessors in CONTENTS, STYLE and APPEARANCE. Under the heading of



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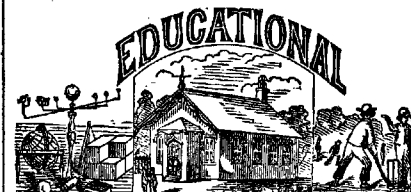
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Choice Miscellany.



Will comprise literary essays and articles of rare merit on subjects of interest. The column appropriately headed SABRATA 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.

Remember that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is not a monthly of only 12 issues a year, but a Large, Beautiful and Timely WEEKLY of Fifty-Two Numbers in each Year and Volume! And, moreover, please note that the expensive style in which the RURAL is gotten up, and the comparatively low price at which it is furnished, precludes the possibility of "ording a premium to ever" subscriber, as is the custom of sundry cheaply printed and high priced journals. We therefore base the claim of the paper solely upon its merits, and do not, cannot, (and never have) offered any one a bonus for subscribing. The friends of the paper are in fully relied upon to maintain and augment its circulation.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR DARLING

BY FRANK VOLTUS.

A voice came through the darkness
Of a wild December night,
Through the moaning and the sighing
Of the wind in sorrow dying,
Through the clouds, in silence flying
With mad panic and affright,
With mad panic, and commotion,
Like the troubled waves of Ocean,
Torn and ragged with their motion
Fled they 'cross the face of Night.

A voice came through the blackness,
Not a human voice of might,
And the meek Night dragged her trailing
Wings in dust, in terror falling
To rehearse her vain bewailing,
As the voice fell with its blight
As it fell, remorseless, crushing
Hearts from which warm love was gushing,
And our tones of gladness hushing,
On this wild and wrathful night;

For it came to woo our darling
From the earth to dwell above,
Naught of anguish, naught of praying
Could avail such mandate staying,
But, impatient of delaying,
Came the summons from above;
And our darling, loved names gasping,
And a hope of future grasping,
Fled our vain and eager clasping
To a happy realm of love.

New Berlin, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WIVES AND HUSBANDS—GOOD AND BAD.

There is nothing men like so much to read or write about, now-a-days, as good wives. And there is nothing, in our mind, in which mankind is or should be more interested. "A good wife," says one, "is to a man, wisdom, and courage, and hope, and endurance." "The power of a wife," says another, "for good or evil is almost irresistible." "No spirit," it is said again, "can long resist bad domestic influences." And yet again, "No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, and economy." "A bad wife," remarks one of the authors already quoted, "is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair"—bad enough, is it not, good woman? Then of home, the same person would undoubtedly say:—"If at home a man finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint and reproaches—the heart breaks, the spirit is crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into total despair." No truer sentence, kind reader, was ever written or advanced.

Thus, wives, you see what powerful motives are before you to be, or endeavor to prove yourselves, good wives. Many may affirm that they can not live without you,—if you were ever so bad, say you,—but if you are perfect, faultless, angelic, why then men can enjoy a little of this world. They are wholly at your mercy, say you! That is partially true; ready to be made happy or miserable, as you are good or bad. Why should not this fact, assumed by you, be an incentive for you to become good wives and incite an endeavor on your part to always make your homes happy?

There is, however, another side to this picture. Influence is not all on one side. Men have some influence. Women may be happy or miserable as they have good or bad husbands; in fact, they may become good or bad as they are influenced by those to whom they are indissolubly bound. And we certainly believe that husbands have not only a little, but a great deal to do with making homes happy, as well as wives. If, when the wife has done her best to make home cheerful and happy, her efforts are met by reproaches, bad temper, sullenness, gloom, discontent, and complaint by a husband who thinks the whole sphere of a wife's duty lies in listening to his fault-finding, bearing his ill-nature, and returning caresses and smiles for his irritations and peevishness; in short, making it her chief aim and end to bear and soothe his reasonable and unreasonable ailments and complaints, it is not strange if she should become heart broken and sink in despair.

Neither husbands or wives have any just claim on their other halves to supply all the stock of goodness for the uses of the family. If a married man desires a better wife, let him endeavor, by kindness on his part, to teach her those amiable and good qualities he so much desires she should possess. Let him practice the arts of goodness himself ere he becomes the teacher to others, by so doing it will almost invariably be happiness lent, to return eventually with a liberal interest. Rochester, N. Y., 1863. KATE

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ECHOES.

It was our fortune not long since to meet with an accident while riding which detained us some time; but having an interesting paper handy, we decided to remain in the carriage until the injuries were repaired. As the shades of night stole on, we were constrained to listen to the echoes that were borne on the still evening air. From the distant hill tops the lowing of the herds, the song of the sweet birds, or the glad-some voices of children came with a mellow cadence falling so pleasantly on our ear we were almost lost in a reverie, when suddenly there came an echo so loud, so harsh, we were instantly roused. Still we listened, and from a field laden with its rich harvest came oath after oath, the echo vibrating along, reaching far away into the world and falling discordantly on many ears. We thought of the pure, holy being who was so wickedly addressed. We knew the echoes reached His ear, who always hears, and who at that moment was prolonging the existence of

those who violated His command,—“Swear not at all.”

We wondered if the small boy, the young man, and the gray-headed father once thought how far the echo of their terrible oaths extended. Would that little boy whose mother had taught him not to swear like the echo to fall on her ear? Would that young man who valued his reputation so highly among his acquaintances, like them to know he was so profane? And that gray-headed father,—whose lips should bless rather than curse God,—did he know how the echoes vibrated through the still evening air, how they entered the heart of that faithful wife who had so long prayed for him. Ah! and God's great, pure, holy heart?

How many times have we gone forth beneath the jeweled sky of evening to hold communion with our hearts and God; but were forced to retreat beyond the reach of discordant sounds. O, how many echoes there are,—voices within us, echoing our thoughts, words, and actions through every circle of our existence, vibrating further and further until they reach beyond the bounds of our probation. Reverberations of envy, selfishness, pride, hatred and revenge, come wafted on the breath of pretended friendship, and fall on ears for which they were never intended. Actions whose import was never designed to reach us, bring at length faint echoes,—we catch the reflection, we comprehend the meaning, we understand the author who still smiles complacently, thinking not the silent influence of those actions has reached us. So, one after another of our thoughts, words, and actions, are being borne over the waves of time,—reflections of ourselves, which are vibrating, widening, extending, reaching at length the shore of the vast unknown, there to be recorded by God, who will judge us for secret and hidden things. Shall the echo of our lives fall discordantly on God's ear?

MRS. MATTIE D. LINCOLN.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HEROINES, AGAIN.

It seems to me gentlemen Eds., that your correspondents are rather severe with Miss IDA, especially the first in reply, and I am tempted to take up my pen in her defense. Is not F. A. D.'s "mantle of charity" rather too narrow to cover the spirit of selfishness attributed to IDA?

Remember, my friend, it is no small thing for the "gifted daughter to quietly put down all her ambitions for pre-eminence among her peers in intellect, and stifle her longings for companionship in spirit with natures of refined taste, rich in genius and knowledge, and cheerfully devote herself with loving patience to the cares of home and an invalid mother for years." She who does it is a heroine far more than those who follow friends to the battle-field, or face danger and death never so calmly. Such are occasions of high moment, and the exigency of the case is sufficient to nerve the spirit on to the discharge of duty; but the issue of this is for a life-time. For those the world looks on and applauds, while these act the heroine in the great play of life without spectators. Every day the same routine of cares demand the same sacrifices, the same spirit of martyrdom, until the "golden opportunity" is passed, and nothing appears in its train but disappointment, blank, hopeless disappointment. Although each duty may be cheerfully performed, and filial affection may prompt the denial of self, it is no less a sacrifice, and the occasion demanding it, no less a trial.

I think IDA can hardly be charged with performing her duties with grudging bitterness, for I think she said they were always faithfully performed, and what eldest daughter cannot appreciate her many trials, little though each one may be. Dear IDA, it may be hard to always remember the higher soul-life by-and-by, but the discipline you speak of will make its mark upon your future life, and fit you, perhaps, more nobly to fill whatever station be your lot, than the book education you speak of could have possibly done. It may be, there is a sweeter life in store for you in the domestic circle, than could have been yours of the authoress. Trust in God and do well, and your life shall not be lost, but stand far above the noble ones of earth around the great white throne, for it is the purest spirits who are admitted into the presence of God.

Piffard, N. Y., 1863.

JANE E. HIGBY.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHANGE.

ONE of the marked peculiarities of the human mind, or of a large class of minds, is a dread of change. We go away to school, and after mingling with our mates a few months, by habit and association we get so much attached to them that it is a real grief to us when our school days end, and we must leave them. Brothers and sisters who have grown up together feel their heart-strings wrung when the time arrives for them to leave their homes and go out into the world to make their own way.

Many a wife who follows her husband to a new country where cheap lands will enable them to own a house of their own, packs up her household treasures and goes with an aching heart, and yet she leaves nothing attractive behind, but dislike of change causes her to cling to the only home she has ever known. Even good men, those who have lived uprightly, love life and dread death, even though their faith is firm that they are going to a better land. Dread of a great change is more the cause of this than love of the world, as is often charged. It is true there are some fickle ones who are ever on the alert for new sensations, and who love nothing better than to change their place of residence or their friends. Such people, however, do not represent the majority of mankind. The most of us are attached to our habits, friends, place of abode and life, and this attachment operates as a drawback on the impulse to change.

Eskhorn, Wis., 1863.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HARP TUNINGS.

BY ANNIE M. BRACH.

My harp hath idle hung so long,
I scarce can wake the happy song
I used to sing.
Nor can I count the reason why
This silence on my soul should lie;
No broken string
I find, to make discordant note
In mournful murmurs to float
O'er sweeter sounds.
I dare not bid the spell be broke,
Lest the sweet calm beneath the stroke
Should change to storms.
O, rather let the music sleep,
Than that the numbers, sweet and deep,
'Neath sorrow's wand,
Should tell, as some, of griefs that lie
Hidden from gaze of careless eye,
Silent and fond;
Yearning for sympathy ungiven
Until the rich chords, wrung and riven,
Their death-notes cast
So sweet above the shattered strings,
In wild and mournful murmurings,
Earth hears at last,
And brings the laurel wreath to wave
In mockery cold above the grave,
When all is passed.

Cambris, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

I SUPPOSE that most men who have passed through some afflictive dispensation imagine theirs is a case of peculiar hardship; that Providence has poured out upon their heads a vial of fiercer wrath than those dispensed to the generality of mankind, and repiningly ask themselves why it is that they have been singled out especially to bear so great a burden of distress and suffering; and yet, when they come to look at it analogically, in the calm light of after experience, a thousand cases of parallelism will present themselves in other men's experience, if, indeed, they do not go down to a far greater depth of agony and sorrow.

The writer's life has been one of constant mental and bodily activity; a good many rough places to smoothe over—a good many dark days in the annual calendar—a hard struggle from a lower to a higher intellectual plane, attended with a moderate—only a moderate—degree of success; and yet, considering the starting point and its culmination, something of an achievement after all. My first breath was drawn in a rural district, under a humble roof, and my boyhood was spent with more than half a dozen brothers and sisters,—some older and some younger. A story and a half brown house, with a garden and orchard attached, and a few disjointed acres of farm land was the patrimony of the family. Western New Yorkers, it is true, by birth, but of genuine New England stock, rough, and ready, and self-reliant!

Oh! those days of childhood were halcyon days of peace and enjoyment! The little hamlet of twenty houses, with the grist and saw mills and the woolen factory, were to us youngsters the hub of the universe, around which all other places revolved, just as Ursa Major and Cassiopeia and the other constellations revolve around the Polar Star. We thought—a band of brothers and sisters in one household—that years and years would pass over us and find us all together still. But how has a score of years of manhood fulfilled the promise of our youth? Father and mother sleeping side by side in the rural churchyard; one brother resting from his labors in a Western State, called home before the evil days of fraternal strife and bloodshed had come upon us; another brother filling a soldier's grave at Vicksburg, on whose tombstone, although a humble private in an Iowa regiment, might be fittingly inscribed the words of COLLINS:

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
By hands unknown their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
Here Honor comes a pilgrim gray
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

A brother-in-law, leaving his wife and child in a Western home, and passing through a tempest of shot and fire at Vicksburg, now leads his regiment somewhere in Tennessee; one cousin fills an unknown grave, shot through the head at the second battle of Bull Run, a noble boy as ever lived, and left a household desolate by an untimely death; one nephew fought on the bloody field of Pittsburg Landing, and with another nephew each led a company of Western heroes on the field of Chiccamauga. Other brothers, and sisters, and relatives, are widely scattered at the West, and of all our number, not one of kith or kin, save him who writes, with his own immediate family and a few remote collaterals, remains in our proud old Empire State. Even the house in which he was born, the sawmill, the gristmill, and the factory have passed away! But the bitterest thing of all for him remains to be yet written. One year ago this very Sunday evening, the partner of his joys and sorrows—the one who cheered him in his adversity, and rejoiced in his prosperity, lay cold and pulseless in the very room in which he is now penning these paragraphs.

Dear reader, this brief family record is not paraded before your eyes to excite your admiration for our heroism, or your pity for our misfortunes. You will not know who we are when you meet us in the street, and our deeds and

sufferings are no greater probably than yours; but they are given to admonish you amid your own misfortunes, that not you alone must bear the ills, and sorrows, and vicissitudes of life; that you, and I, and all of us must be tried in the furnace of affliction before we shall be fitted for a better and a higher state of existence; and Oh! let not the somber shadow of a great calamity sweep round in its annual circuit on the dial of our lives, without finding us better prepared to go when the day of our own departure shall have come.

Rochester, Nov. 15, 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NOTES.

"TO HAVE a cherished friend in Heaven"—there may be sweetness in that thought, though while our friends are with us we cannot bear the thought of parting.

—THE purest joys and affections of earth will live on forever in Heaven. There is something in the soul of the righteous always whispering the consoling assurance. Much of the light of Heaven is the most precious light of earth beaming brighter there.

—PARTING HOURS, though there is nothing of joy in them, can at least render absence endurable. To be apart from those most dear to us, even for a time in this life, would seem almost too much for our hearts, if we were always severed suddenly, without the privilege of love's "good-bye."

—I WALKED last evening where the brooklet flows, to a place held sacred in prayer. The leaves overhead, and the waters sweetly murmuring, seemed the voice of Nature in prayer. To the worshipful one, there is something turning the soul in strong faith to the living God from every work of His hand.

—THERE is no sadness to me in the autumn leaves, for they are not unwatched by the one most dear. We do undervalue the present, with its joys and opportunities of doing and getting good; and in looking back to the past, we see that its hours held more of joy than we taught our hearts to believe when they were in our power. We are always looking to the future, whereas the present may have all of the possibilities of good and joy of which we may ever be able to avail ourselves. The present, the present is the time, and we should live in the present.

—THIS matin seems glorified, as I watch the day-dawn over the lake and the purple hills in the distance. How beautiful are the clouds! Tinted by the lightest pink, they mingle with the glowing red of early day; then they darken, darken, until above they rest in a mass of purple and gray. The sun comes gloriously. A mellow light falls around the mountains, and mingled with a golden glow, rests on the wave. I listen to the bird songs, think of those I love, and, praying, look above and am happy.

Who shall say that there is not in Nature balm for the heart?

—THE murmur of a little cascade has come to me, and to-day I found it. Over the green meadows, through the tangled underbrush and low bushes, down some steep, rocky steps, and I stood where the rocks rose on each side high above me. They were covered with old ferns and mosses, kept green by the rising spray. Above rose the tall pines, shutting out more of the light. An old tree had fallen down the stream, over which the waters dashed, falling, all foam, into a basin at my feet.

There was something sublime, grand, in being shut out from everything upon which man has laid his hand, in the subdued light which always awes the soul to a reverential mood, and where only the voice of the water was heard,—a voice speaking of the Creator. It is good to occasionally be in such places, where there is nothing of man in view, and no voice but the voice of GOD.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1863.

DATHA.

THE ART OF BEING POLITE.

Frag and foremost, don't try to be polite! It will spoil all!

If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are happy to see them by your actions rather than your words.

Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at their ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out—of the house!

Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake, and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything—never talk about yourself—and always preserve perfect composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, or furniture, or viands.

It is fair to presume that their visit is to you, not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be pretty sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns; it is our business, then, to keep them in perfect revolving order!

EARTH.

As yonder wave-side willows grow,
Substance above and shadow below,
The golden slopes of that upper sphere
Hang their imperfect landscapes here.

[Atlantic Monthly.]

CONVERSATION.—The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next is good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.—*Sir William Temple.*

Sabbath Musings.

NIGHT SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I SAW the smiling golden sun,
Sink to his rest when day was gone;
And this me thought his parting strain;
"Loved friends, I greet you once again."

Then starry Evening floated down,
And spread her veil o'er field and town;
And when mild moonlight tipped the hill,
Noise fled away and all was still.

When moon and stars shed silvery light,
Burns not devotion's flame more bright?
Now solemn midnight reigns around;
Each living thing in sleep is bound;
My neighbor's pale and feeble light
Hath ceased to cheer the lonely night;
Kind Heaven has heard his evening prayer;
Now, worn with toil, he slumbers there.
The watchman still, with straining sight,
Stands gazing out upon the night.
'Tis vain, O watchman: home to sleep!
Does not our God a night-watch keep?

Here, by the dim lamp's flickering beam,
All silent round me as a dream,
The noise and glare of daylight o'er,
Sweet peace revisits me once more.
In God I trust, who o'er his sheep
A faithful watch will ever keep.
"Though mother's son forgotten be,"
He says, "I'll still remember thee."

And now in sleep my eyes I close;
Fearless, on God my thoughts repose:
Beneath a watchful Father's sight,
I yield me to the arms of night.

THE FAMILY ALTAR—ITS POWERS.

POWER is not always indicated by noise and violence, or by the production of sudden results. The course of the planets, the growth of a forest, the flowing of the Gulf Stream, are exhibitions of power, silently, imperceptibly, and continuously exerted. Among all the agencies by which the world is to be converted to Christ, I know of none which embraces so many elements of power as the daily worship of God in the family. Its influence is constant, like the flowing of the life-blood—like the dropping that wears the rock. It is adapted to all places—to the city where the tread of busy feet is heard upon the pavement, and to the cabin of the emigrant, where the howl of evening wolves and the mournful call of the whippoorwill are familiar sounds. It requires no costly preparation. No long course in the schools is necessary to fit one to minister at this altar. No convocation to lay on hands and set apart by solemn ordination. No richly adorned temple or imposing ceremonial. It is simple piety, expressing in simple language its wants, and asking for blessings in the hearing of those whose presence does not embarrass or require studied and labored effort. Like the sunshine and the air, though it costs little, it is of priceless value.

Its power is seen in the good order which it introduces into the family. The family altar becomes a point of crystallization, so to speak, around which the business, labors, and plans of the day arrange themselves. Its power is seen in its influence to educate the tender minds of children. A half-hour for the child, morning and evening, of quiet and serious attention, while the Scripture is read, the hymn sung, and the prayer offered, will bestow a knowledge of divine things, and habits of thought and behavior more valuable than the honors of a hundred universities.

The family altar is a tower of strength in the day of trouble. It is a bond of affection between parents and children. Its reminiscences in after life are blessed. It is likely to perpetuate itself. The hearts of the children when absent will yearn for the family altar, and when they become heads of families, the daily worship will be essential to their peace and comfort. Thus, as the Indian banyan becomes a grove, while each branch furnishes another trunk, so will one altar become a multitude with successive generations. It exerts its power at that point and in that direction where it will be most effective. The length of time during which it exerts its power, ordinarily for many years, gives it the advantage, as compared with other good influences, of a long lever over a short one.

AFFLICTIONS.—An old writer speaks thus sweetly his experience to sorrowing souls who bend under the burden of great griefs:—"In every affliction I seem to hear my father say, 'Take this medicine, my child, just suited to thy case, prepared by my own hand, and compounded of the richest drugs that heaven can afford.'"

RELIGIOUS joy is a holy, delicate deposit. It is a pledge of something greater, and must not be thought lightly of; for, let it be withdrawn only for a little, and notwithstanding the experience we may have had of it, we shall find no living creature can restore it unto us, and we can only, with David, cry *Restore unto me, O Lord, the joy of thy Salvation.*

LIFE.—Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history—a leaf which shall once be turned back to again, that it may be seen what was written there; and that whatever was written may be read out in the hearing of all.—*Trench.*

THE grand scope of the Christian ministry is to bring men home to Christ.—*Robert Hall.*

I SEE that spirituality of mind is the main qualification for the work of the ministry.—*Urquhart.*

ONE soul converted to God is better than thousands merely moralized, and still sleeping in their sins.—*Bridges.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker
THE RESPONSIBILITY OF TEACHERS.

Most persons are ready to admit that the teacher occupies a very responsible position, yet, from their actions, few seem to realize the truth of their admission. Children are sent to school oftentimes merely "to get them out of the way," and by many parents little interest is taken in their intellectual progress.

It is not unfrequently the case, in country schools, that a teacher is hired and sent to the school house where he meets forty or fifty children, of all ages,—from three years to twenty—some with books and some without. The school house may be provided with black-boards and other school apparatus, or it may be entirely destitute of everything of the kind. No matter how inconvenient the school house may be, of course the teacher is expected to make the children learn, and to fulfill the three departments of government—Legislative, Executive and Judicial. He has, perhaps, twenty different classes to hear daily. And at the end of three or four months he is expected to bring out his pupils accomplished and educated. During the whole of the term, perhaps, not one of the parents has paid a single visit to the school, nor have they used their influence or made a single effort to make any improvement on the old system—teaching and governing by brute force—by which they themselves were disciplined. They have left everything to the teacher. Not only is the intellectual development entrusted to him, but also the moral, and sometimes the physical. Hence it is that there is such a burthen of responsibility resting upon the teacher; whether he is sensible of it or not. Woe to that teacher who goes to his work blindfold.

It bespeaks an unthinking parent who will entirely leave the moral training of his children to an entire stranger. You can not find an intelligent farmer who hires an individual to do any manual labor, and sends him to work without tools, and then neglects to visit him for three or four months. If such were the case, we should think the farmer who did it but little interested either in the work or the workman. And yet he entrusts to a stranger the most important work of life,—a work for which he himself will be held accountable,—the moral training of his children.

Indeed, it is generally the case that the duties and responsibilities of the common school teacher are greatly multiplied beyond what properly belongs to him. In him and by him a mighty work is to be accomplished. Perhaps the teacher of the Primary Department has the greater share of this burthen. "It requires a wiser tact, more instinctive talent, to manage successfully a primary school, than one of a higher grade." The primary teacher builds the foundation,—he lays the corner stone of the future character. How important, then, that the foundation be secure, for if that be defective the superstructure will ever be in danger of falling. At a very early age the minds of children are susceptible of impressions which they retain all through life. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined." He who has the moulding and shaping of the character of future generations can not be too much impressed with the vastness and importance of the work committed to his charge. Let every one who engages in this work feel that he is assuming vast responsibilities—that he is entering a field where labor is to be done, and where but few laborers can be found fully qualified to perform it. Said the Superintendent of Schools in Cleveland—"In my search for teachers to fill vacancies, I find ten qualified to teach Geometry in a High School, to one who is qualified to teach reading in a Primary School; and, in general, it is more difficult to find teachers adapted to give instruction in the lower grades, than in the higher."

At no other time in life can such irreparable mischief be done as during our attendance at the primary school. The minister may preach false doctrine, but he is preaching to those who are capable of judging for themselves. The primary school teacher is leading those who cannot lead themselves,—those who are dependent on others, and who unhesitatingly imbibe whatever doctrine or sentiment is presented to them. In the words of the venerable Locke—"Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of life, this is certain: it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who knowing how much virtue and well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the worse or more dangerous man."

Michigan, 1863.

TROUSERS.

SCHOOL STUDIES.

In common with many other parents and persons interested in the education of the young and rising generation, we have long felt that the time spent by our children in the common schools was not usually employed as well, and as much for their advantage in after life, as seemed desirable, and also practicable, if only the public at large could be aroused to the discussion of existing imperfections and possible improvements. We have long felt as if the course of studies in schools might be much improved, if some of those which are of little use in after life, as algebra, geometry, rhetoric, the dead languages, and some others, should be set

aside, and more attention given to those natural sciences which would be found of use in all after life, either in explaining the phenomena of nature, or the processes and products of the useful arts which are of every-day occurrence, or in giving such knowledge of the occupations and pursuits of common life as would throw light upon the reasons and principles of these occupations, or lay a foundation for making improvements therein. We have long felt that it is highly desirable, because it would be greatly advantageous, that the time of our children in their school years should be occupied, more than it usually has been heretofore in studies that could be made directly or indirectly useful in the business of adult life, and in ways that would be more in accordance with the important truth, so pithily expressed by Milton, when he wrote,

"To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom."

With such persuasions in regard to existing imperfections and desirable improvements in the education of youth, we could not fail to be much interested in the proposals and preparations lately made for introducing into schools a study which would give children an opportunity of becoming acquainted with all those portions of the sciences of botany, chemistry, climatology, meteorology, physiology, geology, natural history, natural philosophy, and other sciences, which have any bearing upon the pursuits of rural life,—pursuits which are likely to form the business, to a greater or less extent, of a half or perhaps a majority of the children in common schools, after completing their school education. There are no pursuits or occupations in life upon which, and upon the improvement of which, as much light can be thrown from so many branches of science, as upon the pursuits of agricultural life. Therefore it seemed highly desirable that as much of the sciences referred to as could be made to be of service in the business which is likely to be the main one of more than a half of the pupils in common schools, should be introduced as a study in these schools, and that thus a foundation should be laid for bringing more intelligence and more knowledge into the farming fraternity, as also for the introduction of all possible improvements, and for elevating the largest class of society to a higher rank, reputation and influence.

PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

THERE are many excellent primary schools in the State, in which philosophical methods of instruction have been introduced, in which little children are made happy while their perceptive faculties are cultivated and the whole mind is wisely educated. In some of these schools "object teaching" has been successfully introduced, and the children have been taught to study nature as well as books. Reading has been made an interesting exercise, spelling has been better taught, and the children have been trained to right habits, while they have been taught to think. This may be illustrated by an account of two schools, visited the same day in the month of October last. In each school was a class just beginning to read, about twenty children of nearly the same age and capabilities in each class.

In one room the teacher was endeavoring to teach a class from the book by pointing to a letter and naming it, or perhaps spelling out a word and then requiring the child to do the same,—and while one was reading most of the others in the class were gazing about the room. The children were not interested, the recitation was dull and monotonous, the teacher was tired and discouraged, and she remarked, "I have been proceeding in this way with these children for six months, and I do not see that they learn anything."

In the other school, the teacher had her class arranged around her platform; the reading-lesson consisted of familiar words printed upon the blackboard, or on sheets suspended on the wall. Every eye was fixed at the same word, the questions were skillfully put and promptly answered. The exercise was full of life and interest; some fact was stated or illustration used to fix the word in the minds of the children, and the pupils were all happy and the teacher cheerful and hopeful. Upon examination it was found that nearly the whole class had learned more in three weeks than had been attempted in the other school in six months, and what was still more worthy of notice, one class loved the school and its work, while the other appeared to regard them as intolerably irksome.

There is great necessity for an entire change in the methods of instruction and training in a large number of the primary schools and classes. There are methods needed by which all the faculties will be developed and educated, instead of loading the memory with a quantity of words. The habit of observation needs to be cultivated and directed and the activities of the child's mind to be skillfully directed, that they may ever be employed for a noble purpose.

In the last annual report from this office the subjects of primary instruction and methods of teaching were dwelt upon at considerable length. They are again referred to from the fact, that notwithstanding great improvement has been made, there are still many schools where the time and labor of the teacher are nearly lost from the want of a knowledge of method, or from a lack of proper studies and exercises for young children. The changes which seem desirable are these:

1. That the school hours for young children should be reduced so as not to exceed two to two and a half each day, including changes and recesses.
2. That in the assignment of studies and exercises two great truths should be recognized:—1st, that there is a natural order of development of the human faculties; 2d, that the attention of a

young child can profitably be directed to a subject only for a few minutes at a time.

The best informed and most skillful educators are unanimous in the opinion that it is folly, or worse than folly, to require a little child to learn lessons from books by studying the words, till his powers have been so far developed that the attention can be fixed for a length of time without injury, and the mind is in a condition to receive and digest what is given it to learn.—Hon. D. N. Camp, Supt. Schools for Connecticut.

Various Topics.

WAR PICTURES.—LIFE IN CAMP.

In last RURAL we gave several sketches of camp life, from the pen of B. F. TAYLOR, correspondent of the Chicago Journal, and herewith will be found a few more of his graphic delineations:

LOYAL TENNESSEANS.

Parties of loyal Tennesseans are coming in almost daily, offering their sturdy blows and stout hearts for the old flag. I saw a strange-looking party the other day, one hundred and fifty strong, attired in buttoned and shirt sleeves, mounted upon horses of every tint and action, from blue to calico and from a limp to a lope. Roseinante was there and the steed of Dr. Syntax, and so, for that matter, were Sancho Panza and "the knight of the sorrowful countenance." Equipped with flint-locks, squirrel guns, and the old Queen's arm, they looked as if they had ridden right out of a dead-and-gone age, bravely down into our own. They proved to be men from Middle Tennessee, who had traveled, like the nodames, a long journey by night, to "fall in" to the Federal line.

"A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."

The following is a description of the road by which the Army of the Cumberland has communication with the North:

A very few days will see the bridges completed at Bridgeport and Running Water, and the cars running within fourteen miles of Chattanooga. The importance of this can hardly be appreciated by anybody who has not hammered his way over the mountains. The bridge over the ravine, at Running Water, must be eight hundred feet in length, and swung up one hundred and twenty-five feet in mid-air. Take the Nashville and Chattanooga road throughout, and no route in the land will impress you more deeply with the triumph of dogged perseverance. Literally carved through rock for scores of miles, zig-zagging its way through the stubbornness of Nature's moods, plunging straight into the gloomy heart of the mountains, trellised up from ridge to ridge across the Tennessee, and working its way down among the everlasting shadows. But battered, broken, worn out, its dilapidated cars pound their way down, swinging, bounding, creaking along the ragged rails, fairly shaking the screws out of the ponderous dice-boxes. To go to Charleston is a frolic, but to go to Chattanooga is sober earnest. To illustrate at once the straits and the energy of the rebels I may record a little fact. Along portions of the track between Bridgeport and Chattanooga over which I walked, plank had been spiked upon the ties, making a wide road whereon their army wagons were driven, and the thick double rows of beans and corn growing along the rails are as good as a bill of lading as to the freight they carried.

ARMY CHAPLAINS.

Estimates differ concerning the value of the services rendered by our army chaplains. Mr. TAYLOR, makes some sensible observations on the subject:

But how about the chaplains? you ask, and though an ungrateful business, I will be frank to tell you. I have met three dozen men whose symbol is the cross, and of that number two should have been in the ranks, two in the rear, one keeping the temperance pledge, one obeying the third commandment—to be brief about it, five repenting and eight getting common sense. The rest were efficient, faithful men. Not one chaplain in fifty, perhaps, lacks the paving stones of good intentions, but the complex complaint that carries off the greatest number is ignorance of human nature and want of common sense. Four cardinal questions, I think, will exhaust the qualifications for a chaplaincy. Is he religiously fit? Is he physically fit? Is he acquainted with the animal "man"? Does he possess honest horse sense? Let me give two or three illustrative pictures from life:—Chaplain A. has a *pulling* demon; he is forever not letting things alone. Passing a group of boys he hears one oath, stops short in his boots, hurls a commandment at the author, bears another and reproves it, receives a whole volley, and retreats pained and discomfited. Now, Mr. A. is a good man, anxious to do duty, but that habit of his, that darting about camp like a "devil's damning needle" with a stereotype reproof in his eye and a pellet of rebuke on the tip of his tongue, bolts every heart against him. Chaplain B. preaches a sermon—regular army fare, too—on Sunday, buttons his coat up snugly under his chin all the other days of the week, draws a thousand dollars, and is content. Chaplain C. never forgets that he is C. "with the rank of captain," perfumes like a civet cat, never saw the inside of a dog tent, never quite considered the rank and file fellow-beings. Of the three, the boys hate the first, despise the second and d—arn the third.

A BATTLE PICTURE.—CHICKAMAUGA.

The rebel forces from the East fought with a gallantry allied to desperation, and I do not wonder that our boys were proud to say, when asked to whom they were opposed, "Longstreet's men." The rebel fashion of coming out to battle is peculiar. Had you seen them streaming out of the woods in long, gray lines to the open

field, you could have likened them to nothing better than to streams of turbid water pouring through a sieve. And writing of valor, let me say that the difference among regiments consists not more in the material of the rank and file than it does in the coolness, judgment and bravery of the officers; and the faith the soldiers repose in them. That faith has a magic in it that tones men up and makes more and nobler of them than there was before. It is the principle recognized by the great Frederick when he addressed his General:—"I send you against the enemy with sixty thousand men." "But, sire," said the officer, "there are only fifty thousand." "Ah, I counted you as ten thousand," was the monarch's wise and quick reply. I have a splendid illustration of this in an incident which occurred on Sunday, at Chickamauga. It was near 4 o'clock on that blazing afternoon, when a part of Gen. Steedman's division of the Reserve Corps bowed their heads to the hurdling storm of lead, as if it had been rain, and betrayed signs of breaking. The line wavered like a great flag in a breath of wind. They were as splendid material as ever shouldered a musket, but then what could they do in such a blinding tempest? Gen. Steedman rode up. A great, hearty man, broad-breasted, broad-shouldered, a face written all over with sturdy sense and courage; no lady's man to make bouquets for snowy fingers, and sing "Meet me by moonlight alone," like some Generals I could name, but realizing the ideal of my boyhood when I read of the stout old Morgan of the Revolution. Well, up rode Steedman, took the flag from the color-bearer, glanced along the wavering front and with that voice of his, that could talk against a small rattle of musketry, cried out, "Go back, boys, go back, but the flag can't go with you!"—grasped the staff, wheeled his horse and rode on. Must I tell you that the column closed up and grew firm, and moved resistlessly on like a great strong river, and swept down upon the foe and made a record that shall live when their graves are as empty as the cave of Macpelah!

HOW CHATTANOOGA LOOKS.

Chattanooga must have been a pleasant little town "in the piping times of peace." Nestled among the mountains, beside a loop in the Tennessee, embayed in the grandest of scenery, the battlements of "Lookout," its gray masonry alternating with the green of its oaks and the deeper shadows of its cedars, lifting majestically almost with long rifle range; Missionary Ridge, less ambitious but not less picturesque, within three flights of the shafts of Robin Hood and his merry men; the truant Tennessee, loitering along, flowing south, flowing west, flowing north; the genial air, the generous earth; all must have rendered it a delightful nook in this noisy world. From the summit of Lookout Mountain a glorious landscape unrolls; you can look upon Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama; you can see the dim looming of the Blue Ridge and Bald Peak, and the smoky ranges of the "old North State," the shadow of whose King's Mountain is sacred for all time, since out of it came the first whisper for independence, which, deepening and strengthening, at last broke out about around the British throne; I am not sure you cannot see the misty hills of the "Palmetto State" from that lofty look-out.

LEAD AND WATER.

By taking a strip of clean lead, and placing it in a tumbler of pure water (say rain or soft water,) in less than an hour, by dropping in the tumbler a little sulphide of ammonium, a black precipitate, consisting of the sulphide of lead—e. g.—lead must have been dissolved and held in solution in the water, and as the salt of lead happens to be classed among some of the most dangerous poisons, we are necessarily led to the conclusion that lead pipes conveying water, if the latter is pure, must be somewhat dangerous. Water standing in a lead pipe for some hours decomposes the metal, and when it runs off the poison is carried with it. Water drawn in the morning through a lead pipe should never be used for domestic purposes, such as cooking or drinking, and servants in cities should be instructed respecting this particular subject, because they are usually ignorant of the nature of lead, and the effects of water upon it. Several metals taken in food or drink accumulate slowly in the human system and ultimately produce disease; but it approaches so stealthily that the danger is not usually apprehended. Some of the salts of lead are not poisonous, and the sulphide is of this class. The interior of lead pipes may be converted into an insoluble sulphide of lead by subjecting them for some time to the action of a hot sulphate of soda in solution, according to the recent discovery of Dr. Schwarz, of Breslau. Those who prepare lead pipe for conveying water for domestic purposes, should test the alleged discovery, as it is of the utmost importance that all the safeguards to health should be enforced and multiplied.—Sci. Am.

THE POPULATION OF THE EARTH.—A professor of the University of Berlin has recently published the result of his researches as to the population of the earth, according to which Europe contains 272 millions; Asia 720 millions; Africa 89 millions; America 200; and Polynesia 2 millions of inhabitants. As in places where deaths are accurately registered, the annual mortality is at least 1 in 40, the number of deaths must be about 32 millions every year, which gives 97,761 per day, 3,653 per hour, and 61 per minute; so that every second witnesses the extinction of one human life. Another calculator states that the number of persons who have lived on the earth since the creation is 36,672,842, 275,075,855!—Galignani.

PEOPLE dishonest enough to repudiate all other debts, are always honest enough to pay a debt of revenge.

Reading for the Young.

"BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?"

Improved Short-Horn Durham Premiums, for the Benefit of the Boys.

WHILE confined to the house by illness last week, we were most agreeably surprised on receiving the following note from the Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Genesee County:

DARIEN, N. Y., Nov. 17th, 1863.

MY DEAR MOORE:—For the purpose of enabling persons who are not able to pay high prices for valuable Short-Horns—especially young RURAL readers—I will place at your disposal one 2 year old bull, deep red, "Flow Boy" (5074 A. H. B.) bred by Hon. Wm. KELLY, and valued at \$150 at the lowest figure; One 1 year old bull "Billy Seward" (4584 A. H. B.) light roan, valued at \$100, lowest figure; and a "Princess" bull calf, red, valued at \$50—to be given in three prizes, 1st, 2d and 3d, to the Young Man or Boy, under 21 years old, who get the 1st, 2d and 3d greatest number of yearly subscribers for the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1864 between now and the 1st day of January next. The animals are all choice, and each will be a great acquisition to any man who wishes to improve his stock. It is to be called THE IMPROVED SHORT-HORN DURHAM PREMIUMS, for the benefit of the Boys. The animals to be taken at my barn in Darien.

Kindly Yours, T. C. PETERS.

This offer is as generous as it was unexpected. At first we hesitated what course to pursue, but finally concluded to offer the premiums, and follow them with a list of others for Young Men and Boys disposed to compete. We therefore call the attention of our young friends to the matter, assuring them that the above premiums will be awarded, and referring them to the more complete list and particulars in another part of this paper. As the time for competition is limited—only a little over a month—NOW IS THE TIME for those who propose to enter the arena, to commence operations.

TALK OF THE LICHEN ON THE ROCK.

FAR up the side of the mountain the naked rock shot up still higher. It seemed very high as you looked upward. The rock was even on its face, and was full perpendicular. On its surface were four kinds of lichen growing—from that whose leaf was very small, to the last which was quite coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichen on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge rock was almost covered with it. As I sat down under the shadow of the mountain, waiting for my friend, I gazed at the lichen, and began to wonder in my mind what it was created for, and of what use it could be, when I seemed to hear a small crispy voice, far up the rock, calling out,

"Mother, how old am I?"
"Why, my child, you have but just begun to live. You are only eighty years old yet?"
"And how old are you?"
"I call myself young, for I am only five hundred and twenty years old."
"I now listened with all my ears, for I knew it was the lichen talking among themselves. I felt sure they would say more, and I took out my pencil to put down what they would say. Pretty soon I heard the same little voice say,
"Mother, ain't you discouraged?"
"Discouraged! at what, pray?"
"At your size! Five hundred and twenty years old, and how very small you are!"
"Not so small, either! I cover six inches square already, while there's my poor grand-mother, almost eleven hundred years old, and she covers only five inches, even now! Very few, I am happy to say, of the lichen family, who have worked harder or accomplished more than I have though I do say it myself!"

"Well, mother, of what use is it to cling to this great rock, and hang here summer and winter, amid storms, and cold, and winds beating upon us? Here I have hung and been trying to gnaw into this rock for eighty years, and have not yet got my roots in half an inch. What's the use? We might as well die and drop off. Nobody would miss us or care. What do we live for?"
"To raise wheat."
"Raise what?"
"Raise wheat, to be sure."
"Pray, mother, what do you mean? We lichen away up here, on this cold rock, raise wheat! If that ain't funny!"
"Listen, my child. This huge mountain is all solid rock. If it was all pugged up fine it would make soil on which men would raise wheat. But it is now very hard, and there is nothing to pound it and turn it into powder. And so God has created us, the lichen, to have our home here, to cling to it, to gnaw it, and with a kind of acid we have, to crumble and dissolve it. Don't you remember that the very last year, you rolled down two little grains of the rock? Well, every grain we make falls down, then the rains wash it into the little brook, and the brook carries it into the river, and the river raises it up, and as it overflows its bank, drops it just where the old soil is worn out and the wheat needs new. The Nile thus carries down little particles from the mountains, and makes Egypt so fruitful."

"O, mother, how often can I gnaw off rock enough to raise a kernel of wheat?"
"Perhaps once in thirty years."
"Oh! what slow work! When will that you dig out this year raise wheat?"
"Perhaps five hundred years hence. God sees that there will be old men and little children upon earth then, and they will want bread, and so he has created us and placed us here to prepare soil, and get his rock ready to raise wheat. Thus he goes before, and provides, and makes even the poor lichen useful; and if we do our duty, his smile will cheer us, and though we can do but little, a very little, yet that little will do good to somebody."
The lichen stopped talking, but I did not stop thinking. What would my young reader have thought had he been there?—Rev. John Todd.

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—
The olive branch he bears
Still in his talons staunch,
Grasping the bolts of the thunders of war.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

The Army in Virginia.

The *Tribune's* dispatch, dated headquarters Army of the Potomac, Nov. 19, says:—A field reconnaissance by about 200 of the rebel cavalry was made yesterday morning at Germania Ford, resulting in the capture and wounding of several of the 18th Pa. cavalry, who were on picket duty within two miles of the ford. The reconnoitering force of the enemy charging furiously on the 18th Pennsylvania, forced them to fall back on the infantry of the 2d corps, when the rebels returned across the river. No artillery was used, but several desperate hand to hand conflicts took place on the falling bank of our cavalry.

The movements of the enemy on Wednesday morning seem to have been concerted along our whole front to ascertain our position. About the time the 18th Pa. cavalry was attacked, near Germania Ford, a force of infantry crossed a short distance below Raccoon Ford, and attempted to cut off the 1st Michigan cavalry, Major Brewer, on picket near that point. The enemy crossed to the ravine, and kept a little rise of ground between the pickets and themselves, but Major Brewer discovered what was going on before an attack could be made, and was prepared for them. The enemy crossed the river during the night and exposed themselves just at dawn. After skirmishing one or two hours, and finding their plan had been discovered, they retreated to the opposite bank. Similar movements were made all along our front with equal success.

There is less bushwhacking in this portion of Virginia than ever before. This condition of things is attributed to the action of some of our cavalry commanders who are punishing severely all men caught engaged in irregular warfare. It is pretty generally understood also, that Moseby's gang and all other marauders are in future to be dealt summarily with.

The guerrillas around Warrenton have fired upon our pickets quite frequently of late. The citizens have been notified that on the first recurrence of picket shooting Warrenton will be shelled.

A squadron of two companies of the 6th New York and 3d Virginia cavalry, Buford's command, under Capt. Conger of the latter regiment, made a reconnaissance on the 17th, in the direction of Sperryville, and captured a rebel herd of 232 cattle, 14 horses, and 15 herders. The rebels allowed the merchants at Culpepper to lay in a large stock of tobacco for the winter, which our boys are now either purchasing or confiscating.

On the 21st, about 90 of Moseby's men approached within three miles of Bealton, with the intention of making a raid on the railroad. Being dressed in Federal uniforms, detachments of the 1st Pa. and 6th Ohio cavalry, who were in the immediate neighborhood at the time, mistook them for friends, but soon discovered their error, when the rebels fired into them, wounding three. The rebels were instantly pursued and driven into Sufcker's Gap, and six of the gang captured.

The following dispatch was received on the 19th at the headquarters of the army:

CUMBERLAND, Nov. 18, 1863.

To Brig-Gen. Cullum, Chief of Staff:—Gen. Averell has arrived at New Creek, at or near Gorington. He encountered and defeated a portion of Imboden's command on the way to re-enforce Echols. He captured twenty-five prisoners in the skirmish.

I am happy to inform you that there is not at this time an organized force of rebels within the bounds of the new State.

I also send you a copy of the telegram just received from Gen. Sullivan.

B. F. KELLY, Brig-Gen.

HARPER'S FERRY, VA., NOV. 18.

To Gen. Kelly:—My cavalry, under command of Col. Boyd, of the 21st Pa. cavalry, have returned, having been up the valley to near Newmarket, fighting Gilmore and White's commands at Mount Jackson, bringing in 27 prisoners, two commissioned officers, 90 head of cattle, besides 20 tents and all the horses and equipments of the prisoners. Have destroyed a number of tents and a quantity of salt. The men helped themselves to a wagon load of bacon. Our loss was two men killed, three wounded and two missing. J. C. SULLIVAN, Brig-Gen.

Department of the Gulf.

A NEW ORLEANS letter of the 11th, to the *Express*, says that our loss in the Carron Crow affair was not less than 500 killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners. Our troops were caught napping, and were greatly outnumbered, but fought bravely. Two 12-pound Parrott guns were captured by the rebels, whose force numbered 5,000; ours not over 1,800—being the rear guard of our army. General Price was reported at Alexandria with 15,000 men, for

which reason, as well as the impossibility of getting supplies, it was deemed best to fall back. Our wagon trains were saved.

The New Orleans correspondent of the 14th, to the *Herald*, states:—Yesterday the United States Marshal and his deputies seized all the cotton now in New Orleans. The seizure was made on the order of Mr. Rufus Waffles, the United States District Attorney. Rumor says that the seizure was made on information derived from secret parties that most of the cotton now in store and in transit to the North and West was purchased from disloyal parties, and that before it can be released it must be ascertained that those from whom they purchased are loyal to the United States Government.

The *Herald* has a letter from off Brazos, 5th, giving further particulars of the movements connected with Gen. Banks' expedition. A successful reconnaissance of the whole Texas coast has been made by the gunboat *Tennessee*, also at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The passes, bars, and most valuable information as to the depth of the water were obtained, as well as views of the rebel work and force of Sabine Pass, Galveston, Brazos River and other points. During the cruise a small blockade runner, with arms, ammunition, &c., from Havana, was captured, and another destroyed.

The *Tribune* has a letter dated Brazos, Sanitago, Texas, Nov. 8th. After alluding to the landing, &c., it says:

Our feet anchored Sunday evening at Brazos, which soon became known at Brownsville. Early on Monday the citizens gathered in the streets, and discussed the policy of opposing their manifest destiny. From the individual dissemination of ideas the assemblage adjourned to the general diffusion of bullets and bowie-knife cuts. The Union refugees in Matamoros immediately hastened to the rescue, and the result, as might be expected, was one of those free fights of the Texas style. The rebel sympathizers threw the guns of Fort Brown into the Rio Grande, burned the greater portion of the dwellings of Brownsville, but left the Union men in victorious possession.

With all possible speed the cotton remaining on the Texan side was shipped across the river. When the cotton, owned by the Confederate Government, had been ferried over, a general destruction of all that remained took place.

The 94th Illinois raised their flag in Brownsville at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, General Banks arriving soon after.

At last accounts seven regiments had reached Brownsville.

An officer in Gen. Banks' staff, writing to a friend in New York says:—A large quantity of cotton was captured near Brownsville, and an expedition had been sent up the river to get all they could find. The Union men at Brownsville, who hailed with delight the capture of the place by our forces, were forming themselves into defensive organizations and rendering valuable service as scouts. The cotton that will be thrown into the market by our occupation of Texas will amount to 250,000 bales. The amount stored on the Rio Grande levees is immense.

Movements in the West and South-West.

TENNESSEE.—General Hurlburt has issued the following order:

The people in the Western district of Tennessee and Northern counties of Mississippi, having shown no disposition to protect themselves from marauders and guerrilla bands, but having submitted themselves, without organized resistance, to the domination of these petty tyrants, and combined in many instances with the enemy to procure, from corrupt traitors in Memphis and elsewhere, supplies for the use of the enemy, have proved themselves unworthy of the indulgence shown them by the Government.

It is, therefore, ordered, that the lines of pickets along the several military posts around this command be closed; that no goods of any description be allowed to pass out, or anything to be bought, except firewood and provisions, by any citizen, without a written order from some general officer.

All merchants doing business will be held responsible for a number of the residence of the parties to whom they sell, and the sale of merchandise to the persons beyond the line of pickets will be punished with the severest rigor known to the laws of war.

All persons residing under the protection of the United States, capable of military duty, are liable to perform the same in a county under martial law, and especially in the city of Memphis, where there are many who have fled to escape military service at home.

All officers commanding district divisions in detached brigades from this corps will at once proceed to press into the service of the United States such able-bodied persons as will be required to fill up existing regiments and batteries to their maximum. Persons so levied upon, if they enlist for three years or the war, will be entitled to the full benefits provided by the acts of Congress. If not, they will receive clothing and rations, and the question of pay will be settled by the proper authorities hereafter. When there is no necessity for their further enforced service they will be discharged.

A dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 17th, says that Gen. Longstreet, after crossing the Tennessee on Saturday morning, the 14th inst., was attacked in the afternoon by Gen. Burnside, who drove the advance guard back to within a mile of the river's edge by nightfall. Longstreet crossed the remainder of his troops during the night, and on Sunday morning advanced in force. Gen. Burnside, finding it impossible to cope with him with the small force at his disposal, fell back to Lenoir—the rear guard skirmishing with the enemy heavily through the day. Three desperate charges were made on our positions during Sunday night, but they were handsomely repulsed.

On Monday morning Gen. Burnside evacuated Lenoir, but owing to the energy with which the rebel pursuit was kept up, he determined to give them a decided check, and accordingly came into line of battle at Campbell's Station, when a fight ensued, lasting from late in the morning until dark.

Our first position commanding the road from both sides, the infantry deployed in front of

these and were soon attacked by the enemy, who made several gallant charges, and finally succeeded in outflanking our men and driving them to the cover of the batteries, which now opened a terrific and destructive fire, before which the rebels gave way and eventually fell back to the river.

At 3 P. M., the rebels showing a desire to renew the attack, and having brought three batteries to their assistance, Gen. Burnside fell back to a more desirable position, and again gave them battle. The contest continued, closing at nightfall with our troops in possession of their own ground. The object of the fight having been attained, and the detention of the rebels enabled our trains to get all in advance, our troops fell back during the night, and early Tuesday morning reached Knoxville.

On the 16th the rebel advance guard attacked our outposts upon the Loudon and Clinton roads, and heavy skirmishing continued all day. The attack was resumed on the 17th, when the fog, which had set in during the night, had lifted. The rebels, finding it impossible to drive our men with infantry, brought several guns into position and put in a flanking fire. In the afternoon they brought forward a heavy force of infantry once more, and after a brief skirmish, changed our position. A hand-to-hand conflict ensued, sabers and revolvers being used on both sides. Our men fought with the greatest gallantry, but at last were compelled to fall back about a third of a mile to a strong line, which they held at night.

Our loss in that fight was between 200 and 300. Our loss to-day was 150.

The enemy's loss on Monday, owing to the severe firing of our artillery, could not be less than 1,000. Their loss to-day is 400 or 500.

Gen. Shackelford had a brisk fight on Sunday with the rebels on the other side of the Holstein, three miles from here. He kept them in check, and at night they disappeared.

Our men are in the best of spirits, and perfectly confident of success.

A private dispatch received by a gentleman of Louisville, dated Knoxville, 19th, signed A. E. Burnside, Major-General, says:—We are all right yet. Line still uninterrupted between Knoxville and Cumberland Gap. Nothing from the latter place last night or up to eleven o'clock to-day. Headquarters here. Not advised of any movement about Knoxville for several days past.

A dispatch received from Parson Brownlow, dated Barboursville, 19th, says:—Fighting all about Knoxville.

A Washington special of the 21st says:—Little apprehension is felt for the safety of Burnside. The junction of Sherman with Thomas has enabled Grant to re-enforce Burnside.

A Knoxville letter to the N. Y. *Herald* mentions a fight between the rebels and North Carolinians on French Road River in which the latter whipped the former. During the fight some of the rebel regiments skedaddled to the Union ranks, and poured their fire into their former comrades.

On the 17th the enemy brought a battery down to the river side, and shelled the camp of the 125th Illinois, guarding the ford six miles above here, killing Rev. Mr. Saunders, Chaplain of the regiment. They were forced to retire after an hour's practice by the 2d Union battery.

The situation is unchanged, and all is quiet at Chattanooga.

ARKANSAS.—Our scouting parties have captured a rebel Major, two Captains, quite a number of prisoners, and a part of Cooper's train, laden with commissary stores and ammunition. At last accounts Cooper was flying rapidly toward Red River.

AFFAIRS IN WASHINGTON.

The attention of the President and more prominent members of the Cabinet, and of other gentlemen, has been largely given of late to the consideration of the important questions connected with the recall to the Union of the truant Southern States, several of which may soon be knocking at the door. The precise course to be adopted is not yet determined. Several theories claim the President's ear, but he is busily engaged in maturing a practical plan by which to receive reunion upon the only practicable basis, the basis of freedom and equality, both the law for all. Recent utterances of the President, and instructions to recently commissioned representatives of the Government in districts of the South now in our possession, leave no doubt that the policy of the Administration to permit none of the vagrant States to come back with a slave constitution, is fixed. The present discussion relates to the ways and means of effecting this result.

Gentlemen who have arrived from Fortress Monroe, state that they heard there that the correspondence of the respective agents for the exchange of prisoners has degenerated into personalities and loss of mutual confidence. Their usefulness is thereby impaired, and the opinion is strongly expressed, that if there could be an exchange of agents an exchange of nearly all if not all the prisoners might be effected, the disputed points being left to future adjustment.

The payments for all branches of the public service for the fiscal year ending with the last of June, were \$903,000,000, of which amount \$600,000,000 were for the army, and \$366,000,000 for the navy. A sufficiency of money has been placed in the hands of all the paymasters to pay our armies up to the first of the present month.

By the act of March 3d, 1863, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue \$400,000,000 in treasury notes, running not longer than three years, and bearing interest at a rate not higher than six per cent, which he can make a legal tender for the full value. Under this authority, \$50,000,000 of the two years' notes, at the five per centum payable every six months,

were negotiated with the Associated Banks of the three cities on the 8th September last. These notes are to be a legal tender for their face. If paid out by the banks, they will in a great degree operate as an equivalent increase of currency.

Plates have already been prepared for the issue of one year notes at the same rate of interest, payable at maturity, with the principal, which notes are also legal tender, but no decision has as yet been arrived at as to their issue. The aggregate amount of United States legal tender notes which the Secretary has been authorized by the various acts of Congress to issue absolutely, is \$400,000,000. All of this amount has been issued. He has, besides, conditional authority to issue \$50,000,000 more for the redemption of temporary loans, should it become necessary to do so.

The *Star* says:—We learn from correspondence up to the 17th inst., from Richmond, between Gen. Ould, rebel exchange commissioner, and Gen. Meredith, our exchange commissioner, that the rebel authorities have faithfully executed their promise to give our prisoners in their hands the food and everything that our government has forwarded to Richmond to that end. The rebel authorities allege that Gen. Dow has violated the obligations under which he was selected to distribute the supplies in question. Gen. Winder has therefore taken that duty from him. Gen. Winder complains that Gen. Dow, instead of confining himself to Belle Island prison to distribute the goods placed under his care, busied himself with investigating the condition of the rebel commissariat there, with starting false reports concerning it, and with becoming the surreptitious bearer of a letter from the Island. These allegations Gen. Dow denies with great emphasis, and states that what he learned concerning the condition of the rebel commissariat he could not avoid hearing, as it was uttered by our prisoners in loud terms of complaint. Gen. Winder has substituted a board of Union officers, consisting of Col. A. Von Schrader, Inspector General of our 14th army corps; Col. L. H. Cersnola, of the 4th N. Y. cavalry, and Lieut.-Col. J. F. Boyd, Quartermaster to our 20th army corps, to make the distributions in question, and states that so large is the quantity of such things being received, that he must appoint other such boards to aid that named above.

Our Hospital Department at Fortress Monroe, Acting Surgeon-General Barnes, has come forward to add medicines to the stores thus furnished our suffering heroes in Richmond by the Government.

The rebel authorities will not permit our agents to accompany the goods within their lines, substituting rebel commissaries in their stead where the flag of truce boats meet.

The Government has received information, through our consul at Monterey, that a few days before the capture of Brownsville by Gen. Banks, a large cargo of Enfield rifles, enough to arm all the militia in the State, was landed there.

Among the treaties to come before the Senate for ratification, is one made last summer by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs with the chiefs of the Creeks, by which those who have joined the rebels are permitted to return to their allegiance, but are to be ever disqualified from holding offices of honor, emolument or trust among the Indians, and the treaty engages to abolish slavery, as the Cherokee nation has done already, and to colonize freedmen on land belonging to the Creeks.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

GAMBALDI, says a recent correspondent, has recovered from his wound, and takes every day a ride on horseback, on a lady's saddle, not to hurt his foot, which is yet very tender. He can walk without crutches, with the aid of a simple stick, and, delighting in boating, he plies the oar with the vigor of youth. One or two months' rest will enable him to once more take the field.

The English have got another war on their hands in New Zealand. The natives of the Northern island have begun hostilities, which threaten to be more extensive and formidable than any before encountered.

Two or three shoe dealers from Nashville, Tenn., are now in Boston, trying to adjust their indebtedness. One of them has settled outright at ninety-one cents on the dollar, and the others are paying fifty to sixty per cent. on their accounts.

MR. JOHN SIGNOR, an old resident of Homer, N. Y., died on the 19th ult., at the advanced age of 101 years, 5 months and 12 days. Mr. Signor's father died in Dutchess county at the age of 104 years, and his mother at that of 106 years. The father was a Colonel in the Revolutionary war.

If you take a dollar in gold to Richmond, they will give you in turn sixteen of the paper dollars of the Confederate government, or twelve of them for one of Uncle Sam's greenbacks. The Southern treasury is poorer than that of Hayti, for there the paper dollar is worth eight cents in hard currency, which is two cents better than that of the rebels.

In the recent announcement of the quotas to the several States under President Lincoln's Proclamation of Oct 17th, calling out an additional 300,000 men, the deficiencies of the States under former calls and under the recent draft, are taken account of only in reference to a subsequent draft, in case another is rendered necessary by the failure to furnish the full quota of volunteers. It is presumed there will be no draft in those States which raised their quota of 300,000, but in States where through failure to raise their quota of 300,000, the draft has to be resorted to, all deficiencies existing at the time will be taken into account. Drafted men and substitutes are entitled only to the \$100 bounty provided by law, and not to the increased bounty of \$300.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Segal's Yeast Riser—A Snider.
The Favorite—Fitchman & Co.
Agents Wanted—Edward F. Hovey.
Peach Stones for Sale—Fithian & Pogue.

The News Condenser.

- General Rosecrans was forty-four years old on the 6th inst.
- Seventy-two R. E. trains a day leave the Rochester depot.
- Fifteen whale-ships are now being fitted out at New Bedford.
- In Wisconsin the Union majority will not vary much from 20,000.
- The London milliners are subscribing for the sufferers at Warsaw.
- There are 36,286 soldiers in the British army unable to read or write.
- The number of dogs in Ohio is given in the official returns at 172,911.
- The Salt Works at Oswawatomie, Kansas, are running with the greatest success.
- The boys and girls were skating on a mill-pond in Lancaster, N. H., last week.
- Dr. Winship daily raises 2,600 pounds and intends to increase his burdens to 3,000.
- Nevada Territory proposes to become the State of Nevada if Congress is willing.
- Rum is used in the West Indies instead of turpentine in the preparation of paint.
- Castle Thunder, Richmond, now contains seven Northern newspaper correspondents.
- One county in Indiana has given 400 wagon loads of provisions to the Sanitary Commission.
- S. S. Homell, editor of the Kingston Argus, died very suddenly on Friday week, aged 53.
- The returns from Minnesota indicate the triumph of the Union party by a majority of 10,000.
- Geo. W. Lane, U. S. District Judge for Alabama, died at Louisville, Ky., Thursday week.
- Mr. John G. Sawyer, formerly Secretary of State of Maine, died at Augusta a few days since.
- All a man has to do in Alabama to get "conscripted" is to sell salt for more than \$15 per bushel.
- During a recent snow-storm at Denver, the mercury stood 9° lower than at any time last Winter.
- The curtains in the President's mansion are being cut up and carried off by curiosity hunters.
- Rebel slave-owners in Tennessee are running their slaves into Kentucky and selling them there.
- About four hundred patents are registered at the Patent Office, solely for lamps to burn coal oil.
- There are 106,314 taxable persons in Philadelphia, and 81,467 voters, as shown by a recent return.
- There were in Great Britain, in 1862, 738 fatal colliery accidents, involving the loss of 1,133 lives.
- The summits of the White Mountains have been covered with snow 18 inches deep for several days.
- Some clever fellow estimates that two hundred and forty millions of matches are used in England every day.
- Five girls dressed in male attire arrived at Louisville, Ky., the other day in a party of three hundred rebel prisoners.
- The Constitutional Convention of Nevada has decided that juries may convict in criminal cases by a three-fourths vote.
- Count Philippe Antonio D'Ornano, another of the old Napoleonic soldiers, has just died at the age of eighty years.
- Collectors of Internal Revenue must make all their deposits in U. S. currency according to Commissioner Lewis.
- Coal was \$11.20 per ton of 2,240 pounds at Philadelphia, Pa., on Saturday week, a figure never known there before.
- The value of real estate owned by the city of New Haven is \$1,407,000, of which \$1,008,000 is in public squares.
- Twenty-two paymasters, with \$7,000,000, are at Chattanooga engaged paying the troops to the first of November.
- The pirates in the jail at Portland have lately been paid their monthly wages in gold by the Southern Confederacy.
- The Raleigh Standard, which was destroyed by a mob of Georgia soldiers in September last, has been re-established.
- Snow fell to the depth of from six to ten inches throughout Northern Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, on the 13th inst.
- Edinburgh, Scotland, has been investigating and finds that at least one-fifth of the meat brought there is from diseased animals.
- A plan is talked of in Philadelphia for a mammoth heating apparatus—the heat to be distributed to dwellings as gas is distributed.
- It is reported that Gen. McDowell is about to go into active service again. Also, that Gen. Butterfield is to have a new command.
- The locust ties of an old wharf in Baltimore, built in 1774, have just been dug up. The timber is hard and firm as when first laid down.
- Richmond papers contain advertisements of reading rooms where New York and Philadelphia papers are regularly received and filed.
- There are 50 vacancies in the West Point Military Academy, and a New York paper suggests that it be filled with Brigadier Generals.
- The sum of \$5,000 has been appropriated by the authorities of Louisville, Ky., for the purpose of purchasing fuel for the poor of the city.
- Three rats attacked an English boy 15 years old, and unless the boy had been re-enforced by a man the rats would have been victorious.
- Gen. H. W. Beeson, who formerly represented Fayette County, Pa., in Congress, died in that county on the 8th ult., at an advanced age.
- A passenger who arrived at Halifax a few days ago, from Wilmington, paid \$4,500 in Confederate currency to raise \$300 in gold for passage money.
- Cigar smoking is now strictly forbidden in Constantinople, either in or out of doors, owing to the supposition that the practice has caused many fires.
- Army cloth that 18 months ago cost a dollar and thirty or forty cents a yard, can now be bought for ninety cts. The supply is greater than the demand.
- A locomotive has just been built for the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Co., which is said to be the largest in the United States. It has 12 driving wheels.
- The staging upon the dome of the Capital at Washington is nearly completed, and the statue of Liberty will be raised to its place before the meeting of Congress.

The Publisher to the Public.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: Single Copy, One Year, \$2 Three Copies, \$5 Six " " and one free to Club Agent, \$10 Ten " " " " \$15

INDUCEMENTS TO RURAL AGENTS.

In consequence of the recent great advance in the prices of paper, wages, etc., we cannot really afford to furnish the RURAL for 1894 at its present low rates and give any Extra Premiums to Club Agents.

To every one remitting \$10 for Six Copies of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, previous to the 1st of February, 1894, we will send an extra copy of the paper for one year; or, if preferred to RURAL, a copy of EITHER of the following valuable and popular works, postage paid:

- Randall's Practical Shepherd, Barry's Fruit Garden, Jennings's Horses and their Diseases, Jennings's Cattle and their Diseases, Liebig's Natural Laws of Husbandry, Langstroth's Hive and Honey-Bee.

TO BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

We offer Premiums worth, in the aggregate over FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—mainly through the liberality of Hon. T. C. Peters, whose letter is given on page 385 of this paper.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD—A Correction.—In one of the Appendices of The Practical Shepherd, page 426—a wrong column of figures (giving the number of sheep in the United States in 1890), was inserted by an unaccountable clerical error, and not observed until a few thousand copies of the work were printed, bound and sold.

RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD: A Complete Treatise on the Breeding, Management and Diseases of Sheep. By Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Author of "Sheep Husbandry in the South," "Fine Wool Husbandry," &c. With Illustrations. 12mo., pp. 454.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

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 sickness. We heartily commend this work to all who wish for a sound and thorough treatise on sheep husbandry.—New York Observer.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, November 24, 1893.

WHEAT.—An advance of 25 cents per barrel on choice grades from winter wheat is observable. Buckwheat Flour is up to \$3.25@3.50.

GRAIN.—Buckwheat is selling at 90c@91.00 per bushel. Beans have taken quite a start during the week, the range being \$1.20@1.24.

DRESSED HOGS have put on 25 cents per 100 pounds. FRUITS AND ROOTS.—In this branch a general advance is noticeable.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Beans, Pork, etc.

The Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—WHEAT.—Quiet and steady. Sales at \$2.15 1/2 for No. 1, with only moderate demand.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—WHEAT.—The market steady with fair demand. Sales at \$1.75 for white wheat double extra.

PROVISIONS.—Pork not much changed, demand fair. Sales at \$15.00 for mess, \$16.00 for new prime.

BUFFALO, Nov. 23.—FLOUR.—The market steady with fair demand. Sales at \$7.75 for white wheat double extra.

ALBANY, Nov. 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened firm with a good demand for all grades.

TORONTO, Nov. 18.—FLOUR.—Superfine, \$4.00@4.00 for shipment, \$4.00@4.10 for home consumption.

THE CATTLE MARKETS. NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—For Beesves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, and Sheep and Lambs, at the Washington Drive.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—At market 2,995 Beesves; Sheep and Lambs 5,900; Swine 2,175.

THE WOOL MARKETS. NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Wool market firm, with moderate business doing. Sales 40,000 lbs. domestic fleece at 73 1/2c.

SOHENEOTADY AGRIOLUTUAL WORKS.

Patent Endless Chain and Lever Horse-Powers Combined Thrashers and Cleaners, Thrashers and Separators, Clover-Hullers and Cleaners, (Rasp Hullers), Circular and Cross-Cut Wood-Sawing Machines, &c.

Manufactured by G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

We have made arrangements for attaching Baldwin's Patent for moving the log forward by our Cross-Cut Sawing Machine.

ROBERTSON'S EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTER.

THE EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTER took the FIRST PREMIUM at the State Fair, held at Rochester, in 1884.

Also, at the State Fair held at Utica, in 1881. THE FIRST PREMIUM at the Michigan State Fair, in 1884.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—BEEF.—Steady, \$4.00@5.00 per 100 lbs. SHEEP (green) at \$2.00 each.

BUFFALO, Nov. 23.—The market quiet, with little doing. Prices range from 60c@70c as to quality.

TORONTO, Nov. 18.—Wool, little offering at 35c@41 1/2c per lb.—Globe.

Married

At the residence of Mr. Wm. Porter, in Madison, Lake Co., Ohio, on the 25th Oct. by Rev. C. Brock, M. D., SAMUEL BLINN, of Geneva, Ashtabula Co., and Miss CORDELIA N. POTTER, of the former place.

New Advertisements.

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

AGENTS WANTED.—To canvass for Victor's new work, "History of American Conspiracies" from 1780 to 1880.

THE FAVORITE. The best and only reliable non-chimney burner for Petroleum. It makes a clear, steady light with smoke or odor, and consumes but half the oil of a chimney burner.

SAGE'S YEAST RISER. The best and only reliable yeast riser. It is a chamber in which the yeast is placed, and the hot water is poured over it.

COG WHEELS. SELF-ADJUSTING AND ADJUSTABLE! The only Wringer with the Patent Cog Wheel Regulator, which positively prevents the rolls from BREAKING OR TWISTING ON THE SHAFTS.

HORSE FEEDER!

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

Agent and Manufacturer, No. 122 Commercial St., Boston, Mass.

ONE MILLION APPLE SEEDLINGS FOR SALE at the Elba Nurseries, at \$1.50 and \$3.00 per 100.

TO FARMERS, TO DAIRYMEN, TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS. ALL WHO HAVE FOR SALE Sorghum Sugar and Sirup, Furs and Skins, Butter, Cheese, Hams, Beef, Eggs, Game, Flour, Grain, Hops, Wool, Tobacco, Flax, Petroleum, &c., &c.

Can have them well sold at the highest prices in New York, with full cash returns promptly after their reaching the city, by forwarding them to the Commission House for Country Produce.

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FIRST PREMIUM!

OVER ALL COMPETITORS! WARRANTEED WITH COG WHEELS!

SELF-ADJUSTING AND ADJUSTABLE! The only Wringer with the Patent Cog Wheel Regulator, which positively prevents the rolls from BREAKING OR TWISTING ON THE SHAFTS.

It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair, at London, 1882. It took the FIRST PREMIUM at the great FAIR of the AMERICAN INSTITUTE, New York City, 1883.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.....1862 and 1863. VERMONT STATE FAIR.....1863. PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.....1863. MICHIGAN STATE FAIR.....1863. IOWA STATE FAIR.....1863. ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.....1863.

Universal Clothes Wringer. "We think the machine much more than PAYS FOR ITSELF EVERY YEAR in the saving of garments! There are several kinds nearly alike in general construction, but we consider it unique in that the Wringer is fitted with Cog, otherwise a mass of garments may clog the rollers, and the rollers upon the crank-shaft slip and tear the clothes, or the rubber break loose from the shaft.

COG-WHEELS, and are WARRANTED in every particular. 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 CANVASER in every town. We offer liberal inducements and guarantee the exclusive sale if you wish a machine.

HORSE FEEDER!

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

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

Out in the twilight sad and gray,-- Into the cold mist, dim and dark,-- Into the dear night--far away,-- A good ship sailed like a phantom bark.

Lips grow white as she sped away, Eyes were dim with unshed tears, Hearts beat quick at that set of day-- Beat at the touch of haunting fears.

Eyes grow dim with the longing gaze To catch a glimpse of the vessel fair,-- Out in the twilight's mure and haze Sad hearts wander to meet her there.

Joys that mingled in sweetest chime,-- Hopes as fair as the dawn of day-- Loves that set life's prose with rhyme,-- All have passed away--away.

Traverse City, Mich. M. E. C.

The Story-Teller.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

"Is Miss Bessie in?" "Yes, sir" Without further question, the speaker entered the house with the air of an accustomed visitor.

"Mr. Mordaunt, I protest against your converting my drawing-room into an office. Is your letter, then, of absorbing interest?" "I beg your pardon, Bessie," said the young man, coloring slightly;

"That cannot repair the evil." "You are hard upon me, Bessie," said the young man, a little resentfully. "I am not the only one who has engaged in this business. It is wrong, I admit, but it is not the worst thing a man can do."

Half an hour afterwards the young man rose to go. Bessie Graham followed him to the door, and then, with slow and meditative steps, re-entered the drawing-room. As she passed the mirror, a hasty glance was perhaps natural.

"That is true; but am I responsible for all this?" "Their blood is upon your hands, Frederic Mordaunt," said Bessie, sternly. "You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little paltry gain--who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest--are guilty of all the extra bloodshed and suffering which must necessarily result. Shame on you, Frederic Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have more respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor."

Bessie was about to leave the room, when her attention was suddenly drawn to a loose sheet of paper which lay on the carpet at the foot of the sofa on which her late visitor had been sitting. Picking it up, a glance informed her that it was a telegram, and dated at Halifax. Her eyes rested upon it a moment, and almost unconsciously she took in its contents. The blood rushed to her cheeks, and she exclaimed, impetuously, "Good heavens! can Frederic have acted so base a part?"

The expression of her face was completely changed. There was a deep earnestness in her eyes, but lately sparkling with a merry light.

"This must be inquired into, without delay," she resolved. "If it be as I suspect, all is over between us. Yes," she repeated, in a slow and resolute tone, "henceforth and forever all is over between us."

"You will convey this note thither immediately, and place it in his own hand. If he is absent, wait for him." "Yes, Miss Bessie." Mr. Mordaunt had walked quickly back to his office, having important business awaiting his attention. He was a young merchant, who had the reputation of great shrewdness in business matters.

"What can this mean?" thought Mordaunt. "I left her but a moment ago, as cordial as usual. Yet nothing can be colder than this strange note. Your mistress is well?" he inquired of the servant. "Yes, sir, quite well."

"Why, Bessie," he commenced, "you have fairly frightened me with the suddenness of your summons. What--" A glance at the grave face of the young lady arrested the words upon his lips. "I hope you are not ill," he said, in a changed voice.

"I have an apology to make," Bessie continued, in the same cold tone. "Not aware that it was of importance, I accidentally let my eye rest upon it."

"I will give half the proceeds to the Sanitary Commission--nay, the whole," said Frederic, deprecatingly. "That cannot repair the evil." "You are hard upon me, Bessie," said the young man, a little resentfully.

"Very nearly," returned Bessie, gravely. "Listen, Frederic Mordaunt," she continued, rising, and looking down upon him like an accusing angel. "Three months ago word came to me that my cousin, who was my early play-fellow, and always dear to me, fell upon the battle-field fighting bravely. Do you think, in my sorrow for him, that I have not remembered with indignation those who caused and who perpetrate this unhappy war? Yet I could almost envy him his fate. He never proved recreant to honor, and false to his country. His memory will ever be held sacred in my heart. Think, Frederic Mordaunt, how many thousands have fallen like him--how many a heart has been made desolate--how many a fireside is wrapped in sadness."

"That is true; but am I responsible for all this?" "Their blood is upon your hands, Frederic Mordaunt," said Bessie, sternly. "You, and such as you, who betray your country for a little paltry gain--who furnish the rebels with the means of prolonging their unrighteous contest--are guilty of all the extra bloodshed and suffering which must necessarily result. Shame on you, Frederic Mordaunt! And you call yourself loyal! I have more respect for an open enemy than for a secret traitor."

"Bessie," said the young man, thoroughly humiliated, "I will not seek to defend myself. I will make any reparation that you may require; only do not be too hard upon me."

"I hope you will make such reparation as your conscience exacts. For me, I will not venture to dictate. You are not responsible to me any further than you are to all who have the welfare of their country at heart."

in accents of earnest entreaty. "Say that you do not mean it." "It is best so," said Bessie. "I was mistaken in you. I thought you a man of the strictest honor. I did not think--but what need to proceed? Providence has willed that my eyes should be opened. Let the past be forgotten."

"Do not cast me off without a moment's reflection," urged Frederic, more and more desperately. "Give me time, and I will satisfy you of my sincere repentance." "I heartily hope you will, Frederic. The interest that I have felt in you will not permit me to say less. But if you have a thought that any change which time will bring will shake my resolution, put it away at once. Where I have once lost my respect I can no longer love. Within the last hour the whole plan of my life seems to have changed. My love for you has gone, never to return. It is best that you should know it. I sincerely hope that you may awake to a full sense of the disgrace in which you have involved yourself, and may seek, as far as possible, to repair it. Should such be the case, my good opinion of you may in time be restored. Do not seek for more."

Frederic Mordaunt took his hat slowly, and left the room. He felt that it would be useless to urge his suit further. There was that in the expression and tone of Bessie Graham which warned him that it would be in vain. Even in that hour, perhaps, the loss of the fortune which the heiress would have brought him was not the least bitter ingredient in the cup of humiliation. Yes, even in a pecuniary view his speculation had failed miserably. He had gained five thousand dollars and lost two hundred thousand.

As for Bessie, she did not grieve much for the lover she had dismissed. It was as she had said. All her love for him had passed away, when she awoke to a sense of his unworthiness. She has firmly resolved that whenever her hand is given, it shall be to one who has devoted himself, heart and hand, to the service of his country. --Harper's Weekly.

Corner for the Young.

- MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 56 letters. My 2, 50, 42, 7, 36, 52, 11, 12 is the name of a great battle. My 3, 4, 15, 54, 50, 10, 36, 19 is the term used by the Union soldiers when they speak of the rebels. My 31, 8, 16, 17, 33, 27 is the name of a favorite corps Commander. My 14, 33, 12, 40 is used in making "Pure Orange County Milk." My 65, 41, 58, 18, 36, 50, 39 is the name of a popular English novelist. My 47, 18, 38, 23, 21, 55, 23, 9, 36, 55 is what the Johnnies did at Gettysburg when the 12th Corps attacked them. My 17, 38, 19, 37, 1, 25, 50 is the name of a celebrated American actress. My 1, 30, 27, 34, 35, 30, 44, 43, 50, 23 is the name of the Confederate National song. My 23, 28, 55, 6, 38, 5, 42, 24 is the name of a celebrated maestro of New York City. My 14, 48, 30 is what many of our soldiers are fighting for. My 18, 38, 8, 44, 53, 51, 51 is the name of an American Prima Donna. My 14, 8, 2, 30, 39, 23, 4, 33, 42 is what ails the C. S. A. My 13, 49, 13, 42, 48 is the number of the best volunteer regiment from New York State. My 20, 24, 36, 22, 26, 30 is a kind of boat. My 45, 24, 7, 39, 18, 36, 30 is often found in officer's canteens. My 32, 33, 2, 5, 29, 36, 8 is what England would like to do with the United States. My 13, 7, 51, 43, 42 is what England would not like to do with the United States. My whole is the name and address of an officer, who, wounded, and lying in the hospital, has resorted to the composition of this enigma to pass away some of the time which goes so slowly by.

- GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 19 letters. My 2, 6, 10, 12, 13 is a county in Michigan. My 15, 6, 14, 3, 4 is a county in New York. My 16, 7, 7, 19, 13 is a county in Ohio. My 15, 8, 5, 5, 4, 9 is a county in Pennsylvania. My 11, 19, 13, 5, 17 is a county in Illinois. My 1, 5, 19, 4, 9, 2 is a county in Pennsylvania. My whole was a general in the Revolution. Jackson, Mich., 1863. C. & F.

- AN ANAGRAM. Oers fo ht rdena, owh nikule hvt omoo, Sneittd of hresot ont tyhlef ot molob; Dialce re's yth uebayt veisl uoghtr hti yad, A ommet dhriceise nda etah ates yaw,-- Seor of het drange, huse si manwo oil; Phsidevor hewll oghmlon,-- owh hse aefsd figoor. Norma, Ill., 1863. Ed. & MYRA.

- ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM. THERE are two numbers, the difference of which equals their sum minus 100. If to the lesser number you add three-fifths of itself, it will equal the greater. Required the numbers. Mesopotamia, O., 1863. C. N. BATES.

- ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 722. Answer to Geographical Enigma:--Francis Marie Arout de Volaire. Answer to Poetical Enigma:--The letter R.

DEAFNESS, CATARRH, AND DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, AND THROAT.

DR. E. B. LIGHTHILL, Author of "A Popular Treatise on Deafness," "Letters on Catarrh," &c., &c. can be consulted on DEAFNESS, CATARRH, DISCHARGES FROM THE EAR, NOISES IN THE HEAD, and all the various acute or chronic diseases of the EYE, EAR, and THROAT, requiring medical or surgical aid, at his office, No. 34 St. Marks-place, New York. To save useless correspondence, persons residing at a distance are hereby informed that a personal examination is necessary in every case before appropriate treatment can be prescribed.

Operations for Cataract, Artificial Pupil, Cross-Eyes, &c., &c., successfully performed.

TESTIMONIALS.

From F. L. CAGWIN, Esq., PRESIDENT CITY BANK, JOLIET, ILL. DR. LIGHTHILL--Dear Sir: It affords me the greatest satisfaction to be able to inform you that I am still improving, and have the highest hopes that my ear will be entirely well by the time you at first mentioned it would take to effect a cure. I can say that I am truly thankful to the kind Providence which directed me to you. Since the first few days' use of your prescription, my ear has improved, and almost at once I was relieved from a very depressed state of feeling and an almost intolerable case, to an elastic and hopeful state of mind. What Dr. John Nott replied to me as his experience has been mine so far. My catarrhal trouble seems very much better also, and, indeed, altogether, my health never was so good. I am weighing some five pounds more than is usual for me, (and more than I ever weighed before.)

From the Rev. John Nott, D. D., PROFESSOR IN UNION COLLEGE, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

F. L. CAGWIN, Esq.--Dear Sir: I received your letter of April 23, to-day. I have had from infancy one very deaf ear, and always discharging more or less offensive matter. This year both ears became diseased, running very much, very offensive, producing the greatest debility of body and depression of spirits, and my hearing impaired in the highest degree. In such a condition I placed myself under the care of Dr. Lighthill. He has fully restored me. I hear well; the discharges and the discharge have been removed, and have not returned. The stopping of the running has given me the highest elasticity and vigor of body and a flow of spirits, while my fears were, that stopping the discharge would prove detrimental or dangerous.

From the Rev. P. R. Russell, Lynn, Mass. I have been much troubled with catarrh of the worst type for some 20 years. It gradually grew worse, producing cough and hoarseness, destroying the sense of smell, and breaking down my general health to such a degree as to compel me to resign my pastorate and suspend public speaking.

From James Cruikshank, LL. D., EDITOR NEW YORK TEACHER, ALBANY, N. Y. This may certify that having been afflicted during the year 1865, with severe and almost total deafness, and having tried the ordinary medical and surgical aid, under the care of those esteemed as eminent practitioners, I was induced at last to put myself under the care of Dr. E. B. Lighthill. His treatment was brief and successful. I was completely restored, and the cure is apparently permanent. I have all confidence in Dr. L.'s skill and integrity in the diseases he makes specialties. Albany, Oct. 1, 1862. JAMES CRUIKSHANK.

A Man Born Blind Restored to Sight at the Age of 35 Years.

This is to certify that I was born blind. My friends consulted many physicians and oculists, but without receiving any encouragement as to my ever seeing. Three years ago I consulted Dr. Lighthill, who was at that time in Providence, R. I., who, after a careful examination, pronounced my case a hopeful one. Although incredulous as my friends and myself were, yet, I submitted to an operation, and with joy and gratitude can say that it was successful. Immediately after the operation I saw the light which I had been deprived of from my birth up to that time (I being 35 years of age at the time of the operation.) I can now see perfectly well, and heartily recommend all afflicted like myself to Dr. Lighthill.

My address is WELCOME P. GARDNER, Wakefield, S. Kingston, R. I. August 14, 1863.

I hereby certify that my nephew, W. P. Gardner, of South Kingston, R. I., was born blind, and was operated upon by Dr. Lighthill at my residence and now can see.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2, 1863. This is to certify that I have been afflicted with Catarrh for some years, which produced the usual disagreeable effects. I consulted Dr. Lighthill about nine or ten months since, and at once placed myself under his care. I am now entirely free from Catarrh, my throat is perfectly healthy, and my health is very much improved.

P. E. NOLAN, Office Erie Railroad, foot of Duane St. No. 740 Water St., New York, June 5, 1862. Dr. Lighthill has succeeded in completely restoring my hearing, which was seriously impaired, although previous to applying to him I was treated by several physicians without the least benefit. Any further information I should be pleased to render on application to me at my residence, No. 173 2d-st., Brooklyn, E. D., or at my place of business, No. 740 Water-st. WM. H. WATERBURY.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, AN IRRITATED OR SORE THROAT, if allowed to progress results in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases oftentimes incurable. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach directly the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. For BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, AND CONSUMPTIVE COUGHS the Troches are useful. PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS should have the Troches to clear and strengthen the Voice. MILITARY OFFICERS and SOLDIERS who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden changes should use them. OBTAIN only the genuine. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and most Foreign countries at 25 cents per box. 722-4t.

AGENTS wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages and all expenses paid. For particulars, Address C. RUGGLES & CO., Detroit, Mich.

ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR FOR THE CULTURIST, AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE.

Specimen copies furnished without charge, on application to the publisher, M. SPANGLER, No. 26 North 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 573-4t.

THE CHAMPION CORN-SHELLER IS THE CHAMPION!

It has taken the FIRST PREMIUM at the New York and Ohio State Fairs for 1863, and at numerous others--every one who exhibited. 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. Price of hand machine without balance wheel, (delivered at Railroad,) \$10--with balance wheel, \$12. Address BEERS & CO., Jamestown, N. Y. or FELLOWS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.



\$50,000 WORTH OF THE RAREST AND CHOICEST FURS to be found in Western New York, comprising Hudson Bay Sable and Mink, Sable Mink, Royal Ermine, French Mink and Sable, Fitch, Coneys, Siberian Squirrel, Chinchilla, &c., in sets for Ladies and Children. Also, the best Fur and Seal Skin Seal Gloves, Caps and Mufflers, for gentlemen's wear. Buffalo and Fancy Sleigh Robes, in an endless variety, Hudson Bay Wolf, Grey Wolf, Prairie Wolf, Grey Fox, Genet, and an immense quantity of Hudson Bay Company's Buffalo Robes, Indian tanned, to which I would invite the special attention of those in want of the very best Robes in market. HATS and CAPS for men and boys, of the latest style and fashion, at prices that defy competition. Be sure and remember the name and number. GEORGE CLARK, Premium Hatter and Furrier, Sign of the "Big Black Bear," No. 17 State St., Rochester, N. Y. 720-8t.

MASON & HAMLIN'S CABINET ORGANS.

Patented October 21, 1862. THE CABINET ORGANS are pronounced by artists "the best of their kind in the world,"--and "very admirable for both private and public use. [See written testimony from more than ONE HUNDRED of the most eminent organists of the leading cities.] MASON & HAMLIN'S instruments have received the only GOLD MEDAL ever awarded in this country,--also SEVEN SILVER MEDALS, and fourteen Diplomas, in all twenty-six First Premiums,--over all competitors. Prices of Cabinet Organs, (manufactured solely by MASON & HAMLIN,) \$70 to \$200. Melodions \$20 to \$170. N. B. Instructions for the Cabinet Organ,--also arrangements of music for the same, are published by M. & H. Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail. Address "MASON & HAMLIN, Boston," or "MASON BROTHERS, New York." (717-17t)

BRIDGEWATER PAINT. ESTABLISHED 1850. Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c. Depot 74 Maiden Lane, New York. (708-25t) ROBERT REYNOLDS, Agent.

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