

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

(SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.)

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1863.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.
CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

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

Agricultural.

FINIS TO VOLUME XIV.

For the fourteenth time it becomes our duty to indite an article appropriate to the close of a Year and Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. A custom whereof our practice runneth not to the contrary renders the occasion a fitting one on which to review the past and advert to the future of this journal—and yet we are inclined to depart from the established rule, and circumscribe our harangue in imitation of the ladies who have recently ignored the amplitude of spreading hoops for the limited "Sly Quaker." This inclination is the stronger from the fact that a month ago, (to wit, in our issue of Nov. 28th last past,) under the heading of "THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1864," we dilated at some length upon the past, present and future of the enterprise in which we have so long and earnestly been engaged. And still, though not so old as some of our contemporaries—and especially such as base their chief claims for support upon an age which betokens dotage—we are disposed to be somewhat garrulous, and to celebrate the anniversary in our usual manner, viz., by talking to, if not with, our numerous and wide-spread parish of readers.

But if we are to be garrulous we shall be expected to repeat ourselves more or less. Suppose we do this by quoting a few sentences from the RURAL of Dec. 26, 1860, which we have just been reading. With two or three amendments, which we make in brackets, what we extract is applicable at the present moment. Listen while we read it in this wise:—"The close of the year, and with it the initial [fourteenth] volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, furnishes a fitting opportunity for a review of the past and an allusion to the future. Yet, appropriate as a somewhat extended essay might be—fruitful and suggestive as is the theme—the limited space in which this article must appear, admonishes us to beware of prolixity. We can, therefore, merely mention a few matters pertinent to the season and occasion. And if our remarks seem personal, and include business affairs, the kind reader, 'into whose eyes we are now looking'—and to whom we trust our fifty-two visits have been both welcome and entertaining—will bear in mind that the present is the most suitable time for posting up accounts and striking a balance sheet with the world and mankind. Attentive reader, the first [fourteenth] volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER is completed, and you are the most competent umpire to decide in regard to its merits. Whether our efforts to fulfill the pledges made in the outset have proved successful and satisfactory, you can best determine. Guided, as we trust, by a more worthy motive than mere personal gain, we have not only endeavored faithfully to redeem those promises, but to discharge the duty in such a manner as would redound to the present benefit and future well-being of all our readers. You may, perhaps, remember reading, among others, this sentence in our first number:—"Our aim is to furnish a reliable and unexceptionable FAMILY PAPER, for both Town and Country—one which shall interest and instruct the young, and prove a valuable assistant to those more advanced in years and experience." To accomplish this object we have earnestly and constantly labored—even during days and weeks when we were admonished, by failure of health and strength, that the task was too arduous to be performed with safety. * * * In comparison

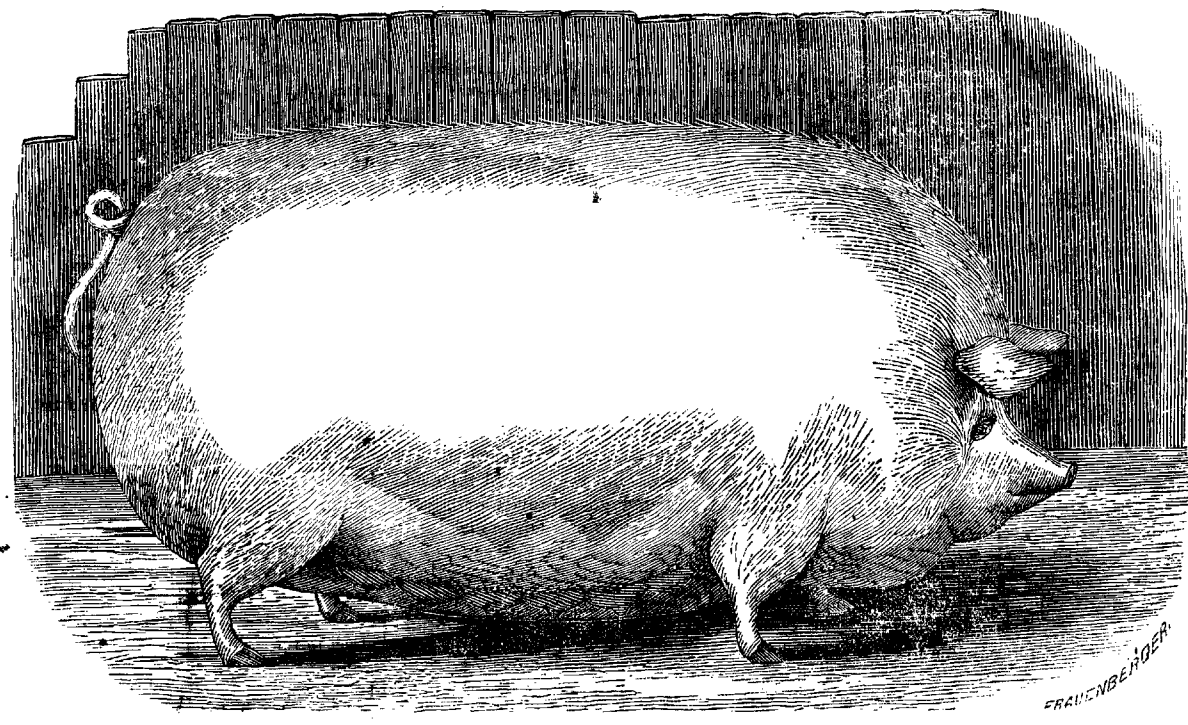
with the present, our second [fifteenth] volume will, we believe, exhibit some decided improvements. Our facilities are superior to those possessed at the commencement of the work, and every indication is highly favorable. While we wish to hold out no inducements nor excite an expectation which may not be realized, we may be permitted to say, that no reasonable effort or expense will be spared to exceed the promises made in our prospectus—and as evidence of the manner in which former pledges have been redeemed, we refer to the volume of the NEW-YORKER just closed."

Thirteen eventful years have passed since the above was written and published, and those of our readers, and they are many, who have kept us company the while, can bear witness that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has ever and always maintained the Right and condemned the Wrong—that it has earnestly if not ably advocated the interests of the Industrial and Producing Classes, and ostracised speculators, harpies and all sorts of humbugs—and that, when the rebellion broke out and an internecine war devastated a large portion of this fair and fertile land, it unconditionally espoused the cause of the Union, and, regardless of consequences, firmly stood by the Country, in adversity as it had in prosperity. From the commencement of the war—which, thank God and the People, seems nearly terminated—we have been of the opinion expressed in this journal a twelvemonth ago, viz., that "it is the duty of the Press, and especially of the Agricultural Press, to do all in its power to facilitate and cheapen production in such a crisis—to herald every improvement in culture and management, and advise with caution and judgment. The course we have pursued is known to our readers. From the opening of the rebellion we have endeavored to render the RURAL more useful to its patrons and the country than ever before. We saw but one way to crush the hydra-headed monster, secession, boldly proclaimed our position in the outset, and have since constantly aimed to strengthen the Union cause, especially by efforts to induce increased productiveness throughout the Loyal States."

Now, however, we begin to see the beginning of the end of the rebellion. "The world moves," and the Union cause is making decided "progress and improvement." Witness the fact that this number of the RURAL will be sent to, and read in, many States where the paper could not penetrate a year ago—Louisiana, South Carolina, Arkansas, Texas, etc. The wandering sheep are coming (by inclination and necessity) back to the fold. We anticipate a glorious re-union of States and People during the ensuing year, and therefore make our arrangements for 1864 on an extensive scale—having resolved to do our part toward making it a year of Restoration and Jubilee. For this purpose we have made arrangements which some deem unwise and extravagant, considering our increased expenses and the low price at which the paper is afforded—but we shall endeavor to carry out our plans to render the Fifteenth Volume of this journal superior, in all leading essentials, to either of its predecessors.

We have already announced a new and important feature—a department of SHEEP HUSBANDRY, to be edited by Dr. RANDALL, the able and popular author on that subject. And we now have the pleasure of announcing that P. BARRY, Esq., author of "The Fruit Garden," and formerly editor of *The Horticulturist*, has consented to become a regular contributor to the Horticultural Department of the RURAL for the ensuing year. This will be gratifying to the thousands of our readers interested in Horticulture,—for Mr. BARRY'S ability as a writer, and long experience and eminent success as a Horticulturist, have given him a reputation second to that of no author or teacher on the subject in America. That the writings of one so accomplished in the whole field of Horticulture will be sought with avidity and read with pleasure and profit by those interested in the subject, we need not predict in this connection.

To all who have in any manner contributed to the success of this journal during the year now terminating, we tender grateful acknowledgments, and, in conclusion (as we said a month ago,) 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. Our earnest endeavor will be to supply in the future, as in the past, the best combined AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER obtainable.



AN IRISH BRED AND FED YORKSHIRE PIG.

Our engraving represents a Yorkshire pig, owned by Mr. BRUCE, of Milltown Castle, Ireland, and nearly two years old when the portrait was taken, (in the winter of 1860-61.) She was awarded the first prize at the Winter Fat Cattle Show of the Royal Dublin Society, (1861,) in the class of "Single pigs, large breed, of any age," and had previously received four first class prizes. The engraving is copied from the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, and we think it a perfect model of a large sized pig. Can any of our readers furnish a portrait of a better porker?

A RURAL LECTURE REPEATED.

Farmers Write About Farming.

Yes, and having written, "don't forget to remember" to send your efforts, lucubrations or essays to the Agricultural Press for publication, that others may be benefited by their perusal. The busy season is past, your crops secured, and now comes the period of leisure and recreation—a time when you can "balance the books," figure out profits or losses, and see where you have "missed it," or gained by this or that operation. It is also the time for review and reflection, and to make calculations, predicated upon past experience and observation, for the future: Of course you must cypher, plan and think; and while about it, these long winter evenings, why not jot down some of the more important items of thought and practice for publication, that others may learn how you failed with this or succeeded with that crop?—why you prefer a certain variety of grain or vegetable, and why, after trying several you have decided to keep and breed only certain kinds of cattle, sheep, or swine? How, also, about drainage, fences, and other farm improvements? Let us, or rather our myriad of readers, know about these things.

"Teach one another" by giving the results of your observation and experience. As a contemporary says, "Do good and communicate"—but as we say, do good by communicating. Thousands of our readers—practical, experienced and observing men—who never wrote a line for publication, ought to be court-martialed for their neglect of duty in the matter. Some mean to write, but procrastinate; others are too timid—fearful of criticism; and others, still, think, as they "never wrote for the press," their style, or grammar, or some other (to them) bugbear is a sufficient excuse. But it won't do, gentlemen. You know some things better than editors or others, and you ought to tell them *pro bono publico*—for the public benefit. Wake up friends! You can talk sensibly—why not write? Instead of spending your time and breath in telling two, three or a half dozen about an improved mode of cultivation, or useful discovery, write and send it to the RURAL, and it will thus be communicated to nearly three hundred thousand persons! Think of that! The tongue, well managed, is a good thing, but the steam press is "a great institution."

Send us anything practical and sensible—useful to your fellow cultivators—and we will guarantee that it shall be read in every loyal State of this Union, the Canadas, England, Scotland, Ireland, and other countries. Every intelligent man knows something better than any other man under heaven—and having a clear idea of his subject he has only to write it out in the same words he uses in conversation. No matter about the grammar or style—our proof-reader

will smooth all the rough edges as he often does for educated and titled men. Give us your facts, figures and suggestions, and we will render them acceptable and available.

—How many of our practical, sensible friends will contribute to Volume XIV of the RURAL?

SEASON, CROPS, &c., IN ILLINOIS.

We are just now experiencing the first touch of winter. Yesterday it rained moderately all day and finished off last night with snow—which is considerably drifted. No frost in the ground. The plow has been running on my farm the past week. Sloughs and water-courses very low—for the time of year. The corn is all harvested, and proves about one-third of a good crop on an average; some fields on the flat land would have scarcely been worth harvesting at the ordinary price of corn, and some on high and rolling land that escaped the frost was nearly a full crop. I think the drouth of summer did quite as much damage to the crops as the early frost, for had the summer been wet enough all crops but buckwheat, cotton and tobacco would have been so far advanced as to have received but little injury. As it is, the last mentioned crops are a total failure, or nearly so. The sugar cane is about as near a failure as the corn. Some very good sirup has been made, even from unripe cane.

The high prices of all kinds of farm produce renders this a season of unusual prosperity. The Autumn was a favorable one for farm labor, and most farmers have their land plowed and in readiness for spring crops, which will insure early seeding, one of the essential requisites for the production of large crops. Hay is very high, wild prairie ranging from \$6 to \$10 per ton, and timothy \$2 higher at R. R. stations where much of it is being pressed for shipment. Hay has never been more plenty than it is here at present, and never so much sent away. There is usually only a very limited local demand for it.

The sheep fever runs rather high. Almost every farmer who has no sheep is trying to buy. Many sheep have been brought here from Ohio and sold for four dollars to five dollars cash per head. Our prairies are well adapted to sheep husbandry, as, in fact, they are to all branches of farming. An old New York sheep farmer who has been here twenty years, told me a few days ago that sheep did much better here than in New York. The dairy business is also attracting considerable attention. There is no better dairy country in the world that I know of, and people are beginning to discover that exclusive grain farming is rather a precarious business, and exhausting to the soil. The associate dairy system now being tried in New York would be likely to succeed well here, and will probably be soon introduced. S. W. ARNOLD. Cortland, De Kalb Co., Illinois, Dec. 14th, 1863.

TARTRATE OF POTASH IN GRAPES.

A CORRESPONDENT referring to the communication recently published in the RURAL, by L. B. LANGWORTHY, Esq., on the Clinton grape, its origin, &c., wishes some information about tartaric acid, which has been found, we believe, in the Clinton more abundantly than in any other variety tested in this section. We cannot better answer the inquiries than by giving the following communication furnished for our pages by Prof. DEWEY:

"Tartrate of potash, or rather the bi-tartrate of potash, is so common in the grapes of Europe as to be thought essential to the excellence of this admirable fruit. It must be equally necessary in the grapes, cultivated or native, in our country. It is strange that the opinion should have been originated that this salt is not to be found in our grapes, excellent as they are for fruit and in the wine manufactured from them. It is gratifying to know that the matter is already settled right.

"In the Patent Office Report for 1859, on Agriculture, are two papers from two distinguished chemists on this subject. The first is from Dr. JACKSON, on page 57, and the second from Prof. ANTISELL, on page 59.

"Dr. JACKSON examined the juice of thirty-seven forms of the grapes in cultivation, and found tartaric acid, without which the tartrate cannot exist, in every one of them, varying from six-tenths of one per cent. to 1.9 per cent. The latter amount was obtained from the Clinton and the Bartlett grape, near Boston, and the former from the Sweet Water and Bull's Concord seedling. Even two per cent. was obtained from No. 35 of Weber, on page 68. The average of the whole is more than one per cent., an adequate quantity.

"Prof. ANTISELL found tartaric acid in the Catawba grape and the salts obtained from it, in Green county, Ohio. Some salts from grape juice were sent to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, which seemed to contain the same.

"It is obvious to remark, that as potash is one of the ingredients of the bi-tartrate, there should be the adequate supply of potash for the grape vine to feed upon, as its roots will take it readily from the earth. Only a small quantity is needed, which will be found in the best vegetable manure, or may be easily supplied from wood ashes."

DEFERR.—In order to give Title Page, Index, &c., our space for reading matter is limited this week, and we are necessarily obliged to defer several seasonable articles from contributors and correspondents. We are also constrained to omit various inquiries, items and advertisements which were designed for publication before the close of our present volume.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
BABY MAY.

A FACE now sunny with smiles,
Now merry in infantile play;
Now thoughtful, as though the dear eyes
Could see hidden things far away;
Little hands that never have toiled,
Yet busy—so busy all day;
Little feet that never have led
The dear little body astray;
This picture is framed in our hearts;
Our darling—our sweet Baby MAY.

We love her—yet never forget
Our beautiful darling is clay;
Whenever we look in her face,
Our hearts most earnestly say,
O, Thou who hast given the child,
Still bless her and love her we pray;
And grant, if it be Thy sweet will,
That the bright bud of promise may stay;
Direct its unfolding and tenderly guard
Our darling—our sweet Baby MAY!

Watch over her steps—that her feet
Never lead their dear owner astray;
Find work for the dear little hands
When they shall grow tired of play.
We would that the whole of her life
Might be as a fair summer day;—
But Thy will be done if it be
That she carry a cross on the way,
O give her a crown at the last!
Our darling—our sweet Baby MAY.

Rochester, Dec., 1863.

NETTIE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THE NEW EQUESTRIAN DRESS."

A LADY, having unusual caution in expressing herself, recently gave the public some thoughts on this subject through the columns of the RURAL. More recently, another lady has given evidence of her sincerity by the plainness of her remarks, and the display, in connexion with them, of every letter of her "full name." Perhaps the general silence of the gentlemen is very appropriate, since "nearly all the opposition comes from the female sex," and that opposition indicates an almost overwhelming unanimity of sentiment among ladies themselves. Doubtless, while the world stands, there will be some women—and men, too—ready to yield their devotion to any "new idea," no matter how absurd.

Were it possible, I would gladly cherish the belief that the last article was written by the lady expressly to incite her countrywomen to express their thoughts on this subject, that the world might know just what they are. If the lady and her "pious friend" will again examine the highest possible authority, dispassionately and carefully, they will, or should, alter their course, finding that there are "scriptural grounds" for opposition to the "New Equestrian Dress!" "The woman shall not wear that which appertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are an abomination to the Lord thy God." That should be conclusive.

If the wearing of the apparel of males by females, came under the Divine prohibition in that early and nude age, it is certainly an offence now, and a crying shame in view of the civilization and refinement of the present day. I have taken care to inform myself, and am happy to be able to state, that so far as my knowledge extends, the ladies are all but unanimous in their condemnation of the "new dress." Their disapproval is, perhaps, more emphatic than would be deemed appropriate for me here; and the gentlemen, though, on account of the common sentiment held by the ladies, indicating, by not engaging in the opposition, a good sense "that does them infinite honor," are very far from yielding their approval "to the blue and buff and gilt buttons." To actually see a lady (!) making an exhibition of herself, to "patronize the new fashion of riding on horseback, astride, and in gentlemen's apparel," is enough to make any gentleman of good taste sicken with disgust. On the other hand, nothing is more graceful or pleasing than a lady on horseback attired in a suitable robe. There is no necessity for change, as with a good lady's saddle and a manageable horse, there is no safer "fashion" of riding on horseback than the common manner, without "pants, vest and stove-pipe hat." If American ladies could be induced to generally adopt the "new dress," there would be an exodus more frightful than that of brave Northmen to "Dixie," and no new TENNYSON would be able to sing of "fair ships sailing the placid ocean plains," that they brought to our shores "traveled men from foreign lands." It is to be hoped that those "local editors," stigmatized as a "gossiping tribe," will continue to speak of the "impropriety," not to use a stronger word,—of the "new dress," till all wandering "lights," so far as possible, are brought to their proper place.

A. T. E. C.
Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1863.

FURITAN WEDDING DISCOURSES.—The practice of wedding discourses was handed down into the last century, and sometimes beguiled the persons concerned into rather startling levities. For instance, when Parson Smith's daughter, Mary, was to marry young Mr. Cranch,—(what graceful productions of pen and pencil have come to this generation from the posterity of that union!)—the father permitted the saintly maiden to decide on her own text for the sermon, and she meekly selected "Mary hath chosen the better part which shall not be taken away from her," and the discourse was duly pronounced. But when her wild young sister, Abby, was bent on marrying a certain Squire Adams, called John, whom her father disliked, and would not even invite to dinner, she boldly suggested for her text, "John came neither eating bread or drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." But no sermon stands recorded under this prefix, though Abby lived to be the wife of one of the presidents of the United States and mother of another.—Atlantic.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
DESERTED HOMES.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

I NEVER see a desolate abode,
With broken window panes and creaky door,
But thoughts and fancies wander quickly back
To gather up the scenes that were before.

The hard-trod pathway from the hingeless gate,
Which feet grown weary now, once lightly trod,
The pale, sweet violets that struggle up
For sunshine kisses through the stony sod.

The fragrant sweet briar, waving to and fro
Before the casement where 'twas taught to twine,
And where the wind has open blown the door,
Pushing its way, the tangled creeper vine.

The broken stair-case leading from the hall,
Thin worn by feet that walk with us no more;
And stored away the rusty relics old,
Wrought out by hands whose labors now are o'er.

And there, perchance, beneath an untrimmed tree,
A sunken grave; nameless, with weeds o'ergrown,
Where flowers of sweetness once were taught to bloom,
And breathed above it love's low smothered moan.

The Asparagus, waving its plumes of green,
The Live-forever, growing by the well,
The spears of Fleur-de-lis among the grass,
All, more to me than written stories tell.

Ah! strange it seems to think our homes, and graves
Will be the same when we have passed away.
Yet so it is—The busy, restless now
Is but the coming future's yesterday.

Cambria, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ADIEU TO THE OLD YEAR.

WHEN I part with my old friends I clasp them by the hand, I press a kiss upon their cheeks, and with averted face and tearful eyes falter Good-Bye. But I part with thee, Old Year, more easily, calmly I look upon thy face, carelessly, tearlessly I say Farewell.

I welcomed thee joyously, with a hopeful, happy heart, with eager, outstretched arms I greeted thy coming. But you abused my confidence, your proffered good proved evil, your seeming pleasures, bright and fair to look upon, like the fruits of the Dead Sea, turned to ashes on my lips. You crushed with mighty tread every sweet bud that dared smile upon my pathway, and with one breath swept away all the bright fancies of my youth.

Old Year adieu! Go, but first give back my treasures, restore unto me my dead,—call them forth from their graves and clothe them anew with life and beauty,—cause the green leaves of hope again to spring up in my heart, and place therein the singing birds of joy and gladness—but I know I ask in vain. I know that past deeds can never be recalled, nor past errors corrected, that what is past is forever and irrevocably so.

I shall meet thy successor, the New Year, with calmness. I know not what it has in store for me, but I expect nothing, I hope for nothing, I pray only for patience to wait all the days, and years perchance, "of my appointed time till my change come," until I stand in His presence, to whom "one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day."

Once more, Old Year, adieu. OMEGA.
Jamestown, N. Y., 1863.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVED ONCE.

"Once at least every human being has been purely, truly loved."—Anon.

BEAUTIFUL thought! Whatever else may be denied us, rich and poor alike start on life's journey with the blessing of a mother's love. Whether in palace halls, or in the dwelling "where want and misery reigns,"—whether for long years, or only a few brief hours it were given, a pure, unselfish love had once been ours. And though it were long ago, and we are footsore and weary with the long and desolate way we have come since it was taken from us; though we have been censured and misunderstood, until we have lost faith in all other human love, we never doubt but our mother would have loved us still. Through cold and hunger, and weariness, and discouragement, though we become headstrong and willful, and passion led us far astray, and the world cast us out as evil, this star, shines undimmed though all be murky night. Thank God! whatever we are, or may become, we were loved once.

LINA LEE.
Sherburne, N. Y., 1863.

NEW YEAR'S EXERCISE.

QUIGG looked upon the day as one of business, and not of pleasure, and had methodized a system of call-making, which was submitted to his companions, and highly approved by them. The order of exercises was as follows:—First, a jerk at the doorbell; second, precipitate entrance, hat in hand; third, "Happy New Year," remark on fine weather, and introduction of friends; fourth, a second remark on fine weather, or any other one remark which might occur to friends on inspiration of moment; fifth, acceptance of one sip of wine, and one bite of cake, if any offered, with compliments on excellence of both; sixth, reference to list in hand, observation on the necessity of retiring, and regret for the same; seventh, precipitate retreat. The system did not work smoothly at first, in consequence of Overtop's and Maltboy's strained, excessive efforts to make themselves agreeable. It happened that, at the first two or three houses visited, Maltboy discovered charming young ladies and could not resist the temptation to linger beyond the prescribed minutes, and talk trifles to them. It also fell out, that Overtop found a number of those sensible women for whom his heart ever

longed, and whose starving souls as he called them, were not to be satisfied with the dry crust of ordinary compliment. To them, therefore, he addressed observations on the inner or spiritual significance of the New Year's call; on the reminiscences of childhood suggested by sleigh-bells; on the typical meaning of snow as the shroud of death, and, at the same time, the warming garment of coming life; on wine or lemonade, (as the case might be,) as an emblem of hospitality; and on many other little things as expressive of the loftiest truths.—Rev. K. Black.

CAMPBELL'S "HOHENLINDEN."

EVERY Englishman remembers Campbell's noble poem of "Hohenlinden;" but few perhaps had considered, until Sir Edward Curt led the way, how entirely that poem misrepresents all the circumstances of the battle which it has made so famous. It is about as near the fact as David's celebrated picture of Bonaparte crossing the Alps on a prancing charger is to the reality of the passage of the St. Bernard. The essence of the poetical Hohenlinden is a night attack; but the true battle of Hohenlinden began at eight or nine o'clock in the morning. It is very likely that the river Isar flows swift and dark in winter; but it flows many miles from Hohenlinden. It does indeed wash the walls of Munich, and banners may have been waved upon those walls—nor would their waving have had less influence upon the battle, because invisible, through distance, from the scene. The only feature common to this real and imaginary spectacle was the snow, which fell heavily during, although it did not cover the ground before, the battle. Perhaps the poet never heard that slush and mud were the allies of France at Hohenlinden, and that Moreau won the battle by judging accurately how long his assailant would stick and struggle in the forest paths, where it was no more possible to rush to glory than it is to gallop over an Alpine ridge.

HOW TO COURT IN CHURCH.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, happening to sit at Church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:—He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible opened with a pin stuck in the following text:—Second Epistle of John, verse fifth:—"And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse tenth:—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him—'Why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?'" He returned the book, pointing to the thirteenth verse of the Third Epistle of John:—"Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face, that our joy be full." From the above interview, a marriage took place the ensuing week.—Exchange.

THE GOOD ORATOR.—Cicero well and wisely said that the good orator must be a good man. This holds true for many reasons, and, among others, for this reason—because a good man has all human affections within him, and the language of human life is to him a living language, a vernacular tongue, and every noble sentence has an interpreter within his own soul. The diction and elocution will both profit by a true experience; and the true man's word will not only be the right one but the strong one.—Samuel Osgood.

ADVERSITY.—He that has never known adversity is but half acquainted with others, or with himself. Constant success shows us but one side of the world; for, as it surrounds us with friends who will tell us only our merits, so it silences those enemies from whom alone we can learn our defects.

PERSEVERANCE.—Cling to it brother! The end is not yet. The skies have not opened; the Master has not come to release you. But he will come, in his good time, and will not tarry. Be sure that he finds you at work. And, that he may, keep working until you see him.

TRUTH AND ERROR.—Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations, you cause its fall.

CONVERSATION.—The object of conversation is to entertain and amuse. To be agreeable, you must learn to be a good listener. A man who monopolizes a conversation is a bore, no matter how great his knowledge.

DEATH, in almost any form, can be faced; but knowing, as many of us do, what is human life, who of us could, foreseeing the whole routine of his life, face the hour of birth?

THORNS.—There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have attained them and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

MAY AND AUGUST.—A man of mature age and a young heart has May and August on one bough, like an orange tree.

It is easy enough to be good; the hard thing is to be just.

Reading for the Young.

CASTING OUR SHADOWS.

"If people's tempers could cast shadows, what would they be?" said Augustine as he lay on the grass and looked at Amy's shadow on the fence.

"Joe Smith's would be a fist doubled up, and Stearns' a bear, for he is always growling, and sister Esther's a streak of sunshine, and cousin Julia's a sweet little dove, and mine"—here Augustine stopped.

According to Augustine, our inner selves are casting their shadows; that is, I suppose we are throwing off impressions of what we really are all around us; and, in fact, we can no more help doing so, than we can fold up our real shadows and tuck them away in some back drawer.

Suppose we follow out Augustine's idea, and ask, "And mine—what shadow would my temper cast?"

It might surprise and possibly frighten us, although it might, in some measure, help us to see ourselves as others see us.

The fact is, our associates know us better than we know ourselves; they see our shadows, which though they may sometimes be longer or shorter than we really are, the outlines are, in the main, all correct; for our shadow is, after all, the image of ourself.

We sometimes hear of people who are "afraid of their shadows," and it seems cowardly and foolish; but if Augustine's idea should come to pass, a great many would have reason to be frightened by the image of their inner selves, so deformed and unsightly it might be, or so disagreeable, that nobody would wish to take a second look.

Now, it is this shadowing out of what we really are, in spite of ourselves, which makes it such a sober and responsible business to be living, and which makes it so immeasurably important that we be living right; for other people are constantly seeing and feeling our influence, whatever it may be.

Every child at school is throwing off a good or bad impression upon her schoolmate next to her. Every child at home is casting off kind and gentle influences in the little circle around him; or, it may be he is like the image of a fist doubled up, or a claw-scratching, or like a vinegar-cruet, pouring out only the sour. How is this? Let the children look to this point.—Child's Paper.

COUNSELS TO YOUTH.

LET youth ever remember that the journey of life presents few, if any, obstacles in its path which perseverance will not overcome.

No talents, however great, will be of much value to their possessors without careful using; many a youth has failed of being any benefit to himself or others, solely because he made no effort to improve the talents God had given him, and others have ruined themselves by too great efforts, while a third class, possessing talents that might have enabled them to become blessings to others, have turned their course downward, and sunk in everlasting night. Youthful reader, remember that it is in your power to belong to either of these classes, and on yourself rests the happiness or misery consequent upon the decision you make.

The virtues or high standing of parents or wealth may, for a time, gild over the faults and follies of youth, but sooner or later each must stand on his own merits.

He then, who risks his future well being on anything short of the highest aims and purest principles of morality and truth, is like the man who built his house upon the sand, and will find, when it is too late, that the strong current of the flood of evil will surely take away his frail foundation, and leave him a wrecked and ruined outcast from society, or at least an enemy to himself and his kind.—Boston Cultivator.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID FOR THE COUNTRY.

LITTLE Annie's heart was full, and the tears filled her sweet little blue eyes as she listened to the poor soldiers' sufferings, when sick and wounded, so far from all the dear friends that would watch over and comfort them.

"How I wish I could do something for them," said little Annie.

"Well, daughter," said her mother, "the orchard is overladen this year, and it is a busy time all round. If you choose to go about the task of helping to gather apples, you shall have every tenth basket you fill for the soldiers. Father will barrel them up and send them on to the Society for you as soon as they are ready."

It was not long before little Annie's feet were tripping over the orchard grass, and her little fingers were as busy as bees among the rosy and golden-cheeked apples. Her zeal did not die out after the first half-hour's work, but kept up bright until the harvest was gathered. How many poor suffering fellows, away in the camp hospitals, blessed the dear little girl who sent them such a timely, refreshing luxury.

I'LL DO IT TO-MORROW.—There were two boys in a school I used to go to when I was young, which was about forty years ago. One was remarkable for doing with promptness and perseverance whatever he undertook. The other had the habit of putting off everything he could. "I'll do it to-morrow," was his motto. "I'll do it now," was the motto of the other boy. The boy who loved to put things off had by far the best natural talent, but he was outstripped in the race of life by his neighbor, whose motto was, "I'll do it now." Let that be your motto. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.—S. S. Times.

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

To All Our Readers.

Our Terms—"Time Up."—RURAL readers are reminded that our terms are strictly in advance, and that we never send the paper longer than paid for—a rule which is considered the best for both subscriber and publisher. This No. therefore terminates our engagements with the great majority of our subscribers—all whose subscriptions expire with the year. The great mass of those whose terms expire this week may know from the fact that no figures are given after their names on the printed address—or, as is the case in a few instances, 728. [We have so many subscriptions ending with the year and volume that our rule is to give no figures after the names in such cases.] But all whose subscriptions are paid to any number of the next or a future volume, will find the No. to which they are paid in figures after their names. For instance those whose terms expire at the end of first quarter of next year (last week in March,) will find the figures 741; those expiring the second quarter 764, and so on. Thus every subscriber is advised each week, as to when his subscription expires. If no figures are given after name, the time is up with the present year and volume; but in case a subscriber pays for more than a year in advance we give the figure indicating the No., even if it is the last of a volume. For example, if U. S. GAUNT paid, any time this year, until close of present volume, we give no figures after name, but if he paid to end of 1864, we add 780, showing his subscription paid to that number. Thus our mailing machine is a decided "institution," telling each subscriber when his or her subscription terminates.

Don't Send Club Prices for a Single Copy.—Please note that our price is \$2 per year, and that those who remit \$1.50, asking us to send the RURAL at the club rate (or add to a club), will only be credited for 9 months. This rule is invariable, and must be adhered to, especially when our expenses are so great as now. Those who thus sent \$1.50 for a single copy this volume only received the paper to Oct. 1, and such will be the case next year. [Of course club agents, clergymen, soldiers, and editors who club the RURAL with their papers, are exceptions to the above rule.] But so many are sending us the full price for next volume—even when they might easily join clubs—that we anticipate little occasion for sending this notice, marked, to individuals who do not comply with terms.

Subscribe Early!—Those who wish to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the RURAL—as we trust is the case with ALL our subscribers—should renew at once; and such non-subscribers as propose taking the paper for 1864, and wish all the numbers, will do well to subscribe now. Last winter and spring thousands were disappointed because they could not procure the early numbers of this volume. To accommodate urgent applicants we disposed of many sets saved for binding, which we now need. Though we shall commence our next volume with an extra edition, the price of printing paper will not allow us to indulge extravagantly, and hence all who wish to secure the complete volume, should subscribe EARLY.

Why and Because.—A friend wants to know why, instead of improving the RURAL, we don't cheapen it, and come the great grape-vine or mammoth strawberry dodge. He thinks we could make a "heap" more money that way than by expending so much in employing the best talent upon a first class journal, and that we would certainly sell a great many more papers, if not papers! Our answer is simply—Because we prefer our own style of doing business, and could never consent to publish so poor a paper that it would be necessary to offer every subscriber a bonus in order to obtain a circulation.

The Title Page and Index occupy so much space that we abridge several departments, omit others, and defer columns of advertisements (our own among them)—yet the Index is so important that we offer no apology for giving what is indispensable to the volume as a work for future reference. Though the Index comprises only the practical and most important useful matters, it indicates that the volume contains a vast amount of valuable reading and many fine and appropriate illustrations—all which we shall aim to excel in Volume Fifteen.

Clubbing the Rural with the Magazines.—As many have written us on the subject we state that we will continue to club the RURAL with the leading Magazines as formerly, though several of the latter have so advanced their prices that we can hardly afford it. For \$4 we will send the RURAL one year and a copy of either The Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Monthly, Godey's Lady's Book, or The Ladies' Repository. For \$3 the RURAL and either The Horticulturalist, Arthur's Home Magazine, Peterson's Magazine or The Lady's Friend.

"Boys, Do You Hear!"—We have not space to re-publish programme of Premiums offered to Boys and Young Men under 21, and hence refer all interested to list under above heading in our last number, for full particulars. It is not too late to commence recruiting for these Bounties, as the time for filling the quota is extended to February. "Come, Boys"—for NOW'S YOUR TIME.

Select Your Premiums.—Those entitled to premiums of extra copies or books for clubs will please designate what they wish, in the letters remitting for their lists, so that we may send promptly. We have endeavored to offer nothing this year but what we can furnish without delay, and wish to avoid even the suspicion of procrastination or unfairness. See list of offers in our last No.

Cheering Prospects.—At no time since the RURAL began we have been more cheered than now by encouraging letters from its friends, or voluntary offers of aid in extending its circulation. Many things indicate a handsome increase to our circulation, and we hope to make corresponding improvements in the paper. For particulars see next volume.

Help the Agents.—All who wish well to the RURAL are requested to help it along by forming clubs or aiding those who are doing so in their respective localities. Many a person who has not time to attend wholly to the matter of organizing a club can materially aid a friend in so doing. How many readers will kindly do this now?

The Rural for Soldiers.—We only charge the lowest club rate (\$1.50 per year) for copies of the RURAL ordered by soldiers in the Union service, either to be mailed to themselves or their families—or by their families or friends to be sent to them.

Adhere to Terms.—We aim to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and no person is authorized to offer the RURAL at less than published rates. Agents and friends are at liberty to give away as many copies of the RURAL as they are disposed to pay for at club rates, but we do not wish the paper offered, in any case, below price.

Additions to Clubs are always in order, whether in ones, twos, threes, tens, twenties, or any other number. Subscriptions can commence with the volume or any number; but the former is the best time, and we shall send from it for some weeks, unless specially directed otherwise. Please "make a note of it."

Direct to Rochester, N. Y.—Persons having occasion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER, will please direct to Rochester, N. Y., and not as many do, to New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c. Money Letters intended for us are frequently directed and mailed to the above places.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 26, 1863.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.—A gentleman who has just arrived from the army says some of our cavalry still occupy Culpepper, and that our pickets extend several miles beyond.

A reconnoitering party sent out some days ago to perfect our maps in the region of Culpepper, along the base of the Blue Ridge, as far as Sperryville and Little Washington, returned to camp on Friday.

Considerable complaint has been expressed by our regimental quartermasters of the scarcity of underclothing for soldiers. They attribute it to derelict contractors.

Leaves of absence are freely granted to officers and men for short periods.

Reports are current in camp that Gen. Longstreet has succeeded in effecting a junction with General Lee, but after due inquiry they cannot be traced to any reliable source.

The following rules control trade in the army: Provost Marshal's Office, December 7th, 1863.

Until further orders the following rules will be observed:

1st. Every sutler or sutler's clerk will confine himself to the orders for his own command and to the headquarters of the corps, division or brigade which he has been designated to.

2d. The officers' orders must be accompanied by a duplicate solid invoice, which must state the number of officers ordering, and must be approved by the general officer in command.

3d. If bills are presented by sutler's employees they must be provided with written authority from sutlers.

4th. Orders from corps, division or brigade headquarters must be from the hands of one having written authority to act as agent by such headquarters.

M. B. PATRICK, Provost Marshal General.

The rumors of the removal of General Meade have died out, and it is now generally believed that he will remain in command for the winter. The fact that General Meade occupied a perfectly independent position, and offered to resign again and again, has helped him very much with the President. He has boldly defended his recent campaign, not even asking for lenient judgment upon it. The whole subject is dropped for the present.

Major General Butler has issued an order for the enrollment of all able-bodied male citizens in his Department, colored and white, between eighteen and forty-five years of age, to be conscripted January 1st.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH.—The Tribune's Folly Island correspondent writes as follows under date of Dec. 15th:

Saturday morning, while the tide was receding, one of the privates of the Third Rhode Island Battery discovered from Putnam, on the beach, what he thought might be a brass field piece. He asked and obtained permission to go and see. He armed himself with a spade and in a few minutes time revealed a beautiful brass 12-pounder. Twelve men were immediately detailed to carry it into the fort, which was done successfully under a brisk fire from Montrie. As soon as it was in the fort it was mounted in a good position, ready at a moment's notice to be used against its old friends. The spade in the course of the day brought to the surface five hundred rounds of solid shot that suited the calibre of the piece. It is thought that the rebels before evacuating Gregg buried a quantity of ammunition of all sorts. A few days will decide the matter.

The storm and high tides had the effect of washing away some of Admiral Dahlgren's greatest enemies. Morris Island, for a mile, is lined on the beach with immense logs, thirty feet long and eighteen inches thick, fastened together by very strong bands of iron. No traces can be discovered where the torpedoes have been fastened.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, dating off Charleston, Dec. 18th, says:

I can say for a certainty that the reports sent north to the effect that Commodore Dahlgren has nearly decided not to operate with the iron clads again, but will send them South, perhaps to Mobile, are entirely false. He is preparing for a great movement, and the ironclads will not leave this Department till the old flag floats over Charleston or its ruins. Dahlgren is very active and there are many movements going on in the fleet which the Folly Island correspondent knows nothing of. In due season the black dogs will be booming well up in the harbor of Charleston.

The rebel rams remain under the protection of the guns of Fort Johnson so that our monitors cannot get at them.

Our guns have full possession of the harbor, and not a vessel is seen moving about.

In the city at night darkness alone prevails, as by order of General Beauregard the lamps are not lighted. No lights are allowed in the houses, so through the night the people lay and hear nothing but the roar of cannon and the explosion of shells. Nothing but famine and fear reign in Charleston. Were it not for the military leaders Charleston would soon be surrendered. General Beauregard and his leaders are determined the city shall not be surrendered. All places of business are closed in the city. The weather there is fine.

Advices from Beaufort, N. C., report that on the forenoon of the 6th the United States gun-boat Ariel, Lieu. Devens, discovered a block-

ade runner trying to get into Wilmington.—She gave chase, and the rebels to save themselves ran her ashore and set her on fire. Lieut. Devens boarded her and extinguished the flames, but not before considerable damage had been done to both vessel and cargo. She proved to be the British steamer Ceres, a new and elegant boat, loaded with clothing, arms and ammunition. She is a double propeller, with engines all below the water line. She was built in England, under the direction of Collamer, and was intended for a rebel cruiser. She cost \$250,000. Her engine cost \$10,000, and, together with part of her cargo, will be saved.

Acting Volunteer Lieut. Eaton, commanding steamer Circassian, reports that on the morning of the 9th, in lat 32 deg. 48 min., long 78 deg. west, he captured the English steamer Minna. She was taken without a chase, as she was under the Circassian's guns before she was aware of it. An attempt was made to sink her by her officers, but they were prevented. She is of English build, nine hundred tons burthen, and was rated a No. 1 steamer. The cargo consists of hoop iron, vitriol, hardware, borax, powder, aloes, etc. Her papers could not be found, as they had probably been thrown overboard. Sufficient has been found to prove that she is from Nassau to some Southern port.

DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.—The U. S. gunboat Kanawha arrived at New Orleans with the prize schooner Wenona, captured while bound from Mobile to Havana. Her cargo consists of 241 bales of cotton, 50 bbls. of resin, 14 bbls. of turpentine and \$5,000 in money. Until within a short time the schooner has been used as a rebel gunboat at Mobile.

The black frost will considerably shorten the sugar crop in Louisiana.

The receipts of cotton at New Orleans since the first of September have been over 43,000 bales.

Three or four thousand troops, under Wirt, Adams, Crosby and Logan, appeared in the vicinity of Natchez on the 11th, attacked our troops and were repulsed and pursued. It is said we took 800 prisoners.

The special correspondent of the Boston Traveller, under date of the 12th inst., says that Gen. Washburne holds the coast of Texas from the Rio Grande to within 100 miles of Galveston.

Another division of the 13th corps starts for the Texas coast to-day, and it is expected that Galveston is the next place to be put down in the history of the war as having been reduced by the Federals.

General Franklin is at Hiberia with the 4th division.

The United States gunboat Kanawha captured the schooner Alasta or Wynona off Mobile Bay. The Wynona has been awaiting an opportunity for many weeks to escape from Mobile, and was captured soon after crossing the bar. She had neither log-book nor custom-house papers. The supposed owner, Dayd, was a passenger. Her cargo consists of cotton, resin and turpentine, and is valuable. About \$5,500 in specie was found on the passengers, also a large amount of railroad bonds.

THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.—Col. Watkins, commanding the Kentucky brigade, returned to Chattanooga on the 14th from a cavalry reconnoissance as far as Lafayette. He captured a rebel signal station and six officers and forty privates. The balance of the large force of rebels fled.

A rumor prevails that Longstreet, in his retreat from Knoxville, lost 4,000 prisoners, and nearly all his wagons and trains.

Little Rock, Ark., advices of the 5th, state that the fear of an attack on that place is no longer entertained.

The rebel Gen. McCrea, who has been raiding between the Arkansas and White Rivers, was attacked sometime since by Col. Blycke, of the 3d Missouri, and whipped. Col. Blycke captured 3 pieces of artillery.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.—The authorities here have dispatches from Gen. Grant, dated the 17th. They do not indicate any change in the state of affairs. Gen. Grant had been in direct communication with Gen. Foster, and had there been fighting between Longstreet and our forces, as the press dispatches from Cincinnati state, Gen. Grant would doubtless have sent such dispatches here. The fact that he says nothing about such engagement, induced the belief that the statements referred to above are exaggerated.

Two hundred rebel prisoners were sent from the Old Capitol Prison on the 19th to Philadelphia to take the oath of allegiance. This makes 418 who have been sent to the same place this week for the same purpose.

Maj. Gen. Hitchcock has returned from Fortress Monroe, having given his official sanction to a plan of Gen. Butler's, by which it was hoped that our suffering soldiers will be immediately relieved from rebel prisons. Gen. Butler is to send to City Point 600 or 800 confined rebel prisoners with an offer to Commissioner Ould to exchange them man for man. If this experiment proves successful, exchanges on this basis will be resumed. The statement that any instructions have been given tending to ignore the rights as prisoners of war of the colored soldiers who the rebels have taken prisoners, whether bond or free, is incorrect. On the contrary, the most stringent orders have recently been issued under which the rebel authorities are to be held in strict account with regard to their colored prisoners.

A very large proportion of rebels in our hands, not less than a third of them, it is said, are desirous of enlisting in the navy, and it is understood the Secretaries of War and Navy have agreed to permit them to do so. Gen. Masten is reported to have said that he could furnish 1,000 sailors from the prisoners' camp at Lookout Point, of which he is in charge.

The News Condenser.

— There are 652 Smiths in Baltimore.

— Mazzini is reported to be dangerously ill at Lugano.

— A treaty of peace has been signed between Peru and Bolivia.

— American cars have been introduced upon the Swiss railroads.

— Beauregard pays \$30 per head for deserters and skulkers.

— A disease like the plague is appearing among the contrabands.

— The Earl of Elgin is dead. His disease was dropsy of the heart.

— The Quakers are to have a college at Westchester, Pennsylvania.

— Lead has been discovered in large quantities near Braddon, Va.

— A government agent has gone to Arkansas to raise colored troops.

— The U. S. iron-clad "Dictator" will require 120 tons of coal per day.

— The railway from Chattanooga to Atlanta crosses the Chickamauga 23 times.

— At Littleton, N. H., Thursday week, the thermometer stood 3 below zero.

— Two substitutes were recently bought in Richmond for \$10,000 and \$11,000.

— Gen. Banks has overworked himself—had to return to New Orleans to recruit.

— An English lady is about to build a convent on her estate at a cost of \$150,000.

— There are several artesian wells in successful operation upon the desert of Sahara.

— A wealthy N. Y. merchant has refused \$730,000 for a lot of land near Central Park for a hotel.

— The Boot corporation in Lowell is about to start its machinery, and will employ 800 operatives.

— There has been another brutal murder in Japan of a foreigner. The victim this time is a Frenchman.

— The Viceroy of Egypt will soon have a capital of nearly \$1,000,000 in steam plows on his own estates.

— A vast quantity of corn is being imported from England into France to ameliorate the quality of the French corn.

— The Danish fleet in the Japanese waters is to be immediately re-enforced by twelve vessels, carrying 223 guns.

— The cigar makers of Brooklyn have had a meeting and protested against the use of convict labor in making cigars.

— A great place for beef is Maine. In Frederickton it is quoted at two cents a pound, and at Bangor at five and six cents.

— There are now living at Tamworth, N. H., three men whose ages are 95, 93 and 92 years, and a woman whose age is 91.

— Amos Gray & Son of Hadley, Mass., recently butchered two hogs one of which weighed 750 lbs. dressed, and the other 648.

— A meeting has been held at Boston for the purpose of establishing a new line of steamships between that port and Liverpool.

— Several sea men have enlisted in St. Johnsbury, Vt., since the last call, the largest number of any town in the State, as claimed.

— It is stated that linens of a coarse kind are now manufactured in Ireland, that are not only relatively but absolutely cheaper than cotton.

— A pure white deer was recently shot in Minnesota. It is a pure milk-white, with pink eyes and hoofs, and has not a spot of any other color on its hide.

— A feature of the Boston Sanitary Fair will be a daily newspaper, which is to be made brilliant both in prose and verse, by the best talent of the city.

— The draft has fallen heavily upon the colored men of Baltimore, but they do not attempt to shirk by the payment of exemption money or otherwise.

— Martin H. Freeman, a native of Vt., and a graduate at Middlebury College, is appointed Prof. of Mathematics and Natural History in Liberia College.

— The farmers in the vicinity of Middletown, Ohio, distributed on Thanksgiving day 80 wagon loads of wood among the soldiers' families of the town.

— A letter from St. Augustine, Florida, says the government feeds about 1,400 residents of that place, most of whom are too indolent or too proud to work.

— Vienna papers publish an authenticated account of a woman who kept an inn at Kraman, Austria, and recently died, who's weight was 853 lbs. English.

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New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 225 cents per line space. Special Notices (following reading matter, headed) 100 cents a line.

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STATE OF NEW YORK, CITY OF ROCHESTER, MAYOR'S OFFICE, Dec. 7th, 1863.

MEN WANTED!

FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY!

Rochester, State of New York, is the place to enlist. New recruits will be paid in CASH, before they leave the State, and when mustered in, BOUNTIES as follows: State Bounty.....\$ 75.00 One Month's pay, in advance..... 18.00 First installment of U. S. Bounty..... 60.00 Provisions for 30 days..... 2.00 Rochester bounty, (paid in Rochester)..... 500.00 Total Bounties, (paid in Cash)..... \$450.00

In addition to which, the Government pays, besides clothing and rations, and \$13.00 a month, a bounty of \$40 at the end of every two months after enlisting. The above bounty will be paid to all able bodied men who apply until January 5, 1864. Men coming to Rochester to enlist can make application at any of the numerous recruiting offices in the city or at the office of the undersigned.

N. C. BRADSTREET, MAYOR.

BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED

CLOVER THRASHER & HULLER, Patented May 18th, 1859; Dec. 18th, 1859; April 8th, 1862, and May 18th, 1862.

MANUFACTURED BY

John C. Birdsell,

WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

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

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HILTON'S INSOLUBLE CEMENT!

Is of more general practical utility than any invention now before the public. It has been thoroughly tested during the last two years by practical men, and pronounced by all to be SUPERIOR TO ANY Adhesive Preparation known. Hilton's Insoluble Cement is a new thing, and the result of years of study; its combination is on SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES and under no circumstances undergoes of temperature, will it become corrupt or emit any offensive smell.

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THE TRIBUNE FOR 1864.

PROSPECTUS.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, first issued April 10, 1841, has today a larger aggregate circulation than any other newspaper published in America, & (we believe) in the world. Compelled a year since to increase the price of its several issues, or submit to the pecuniary ruin of its proprietors from the very magnitude of its circulation, it has probably since parted with some patrons to whom its remarkable cheapness was a controlling recommendation; but others have taken their places, and it has now more than Two Hundred Thousand subscribers and regular purchasers—an excess of at least Fifty Thousand over those of any rival. And this unprecedented currency it has achieved by veridical expenditures in procuring early and authentic intelligence, by the fearless expression of convictions, by the free employment of ability and industry wherever it might contribute to excellence in any department of our enterprise, and by unflinching fidelity to the dictates of Justice, Humanity, and Freedom.

By very

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

When the first white flakes came straying Through our chilly, Northern air, Gently all their cold cheeks laying On Earth's bosom, brown and bare...

tion. ALBERT was a 'scape-goat for all the teacher's ill-temper; you see there was no one to complain if he was ever so illy treated.

But let us leave the school-room awhile, and pay a visit to ALBERT's home.

CHAPTER II.

But eight short years ago, MARY ALLEN, now the poor widow DODGE, ALBERT's mother, went to school to that same red school-house. She was a poor orphan girl, and lived with a family by the name of VAUGHN, working for her board at the same time she attended school.

It was Christmas eve at the widow's cottage, and early cold and dreary too. In vain the widow and her child hovered over the stove, the poor, wet sticks of wood refused to burn.

"Mother," said ALBERT, "all the boys say they are going to have a nice dinner to-morrow, — can we have something nice too?"

"My dear boy," said the widow, with trembling voice, "unless God provides, I know not that we shall have anything to eat to-morrow. I have one piece of corn-bread saved for your breakfast, but further than that I cannot see. You had better go to bed, my darling, for you cannot get warm by this fire."

So little ALBERT laid aside his tattered clothes, and after kneeling down and saying "Now I lay me," he crept into bed. His mother sat reading the Bible a few minutes at the stand; then she came and knelt by the bedside. It was no unusual thing for ALBERT to hear his mother weeping while engaged in prayer, but to-night, as he heard her sob, he could not help but weep too; and the tears silently coursed down his pale cheeks and wet the pillow, till at length sleep weighed down her eyelids.

When ALBERT awoke Christmas morning it was quite light, and he raised up and looked into his mother's face. As he did so he was frightened, she was so deathly pale and laid so still. He quickly laid his hand upon her cheek. The movement woke her, and she looked up and smiled, wishing him "Merrie Christmas," but as she did so, the tears came into her eyes.

quickly into class, and because he was stupid. Children, should not you have thought the minister would have noticed this poor little boy? He came in very grandly sometimes to visit the school, but I fear he was some like little Ned the other day, when his slater pinched her finger in the door, "why," said he, "did it hurt? I didn't feel it."

But let us take a peep at IDA VANE's home.

CHAPTER III.

In the large and pleasant sitting-room of farmer VANE's mansion, was gathered a "goodly company" of relatives this Christmas afternoon, all seemingly enjoying a contented state of mind. In fact, they were rather jubilant, and well they might be, for they had tested to their utmost capacity the good things which had been growing under BRIDGET's skillful hands for more than a week.

"Come right in now, ALBERT," said she; "how are ye to-day, an' how is your mother? Come right up by the stove now, and warm ye."

"Mother is sick," said the little boy, sadly; and BRIDGET did not fail to see the trembling lips.

"Oh, now, is your mother sick? Sure now, I'll go right over and see her. Then ye've had no good Christmas turkey, for your mother is sick; come right up here by the table and I'll give ye all ye can eat, and some of the nice mince pie with raisins in, that I had set away, I'll get for ye. Come now, sit right here."

"The little boy hesitated; he thought the big lump in his throat would not let him swallow. "Please, ma'am, I did not come to get my supper; I found IDA's mitten in the road, and came to bring it to her."

"Oh, your mother will not care, ALLE, and I'll go home wid ye when ye get through eating. Thus encouraged, ALBERT sat down and ate some supper. BRIDGET heaped his plate with roast turkey, chicken pie and sausage, and placed beside his dish a large piece of mince pie. BRIDGET, after having consulted her mistress in the hall a few moments, proceeded to the closet and took therefrom a good-sized basket, and began placing within it all it could hold of eatables, from the table and pantry.

"Why don't ye eat your pie, ALLE," said BRIDGET, glancing across the table.

"Will, you please let me take this to my mother?"

"Oh, but see here; I'm going to take this whole one to your mother."

ALLE's eyes fairly glistened with joy. After having wrapped herself in a thick shawl and warm hood, BRIDGET and the little boy started for the cottage. Although the sun shone brightly, the air was cold, and ALBERT's teeth chattered as he walked briskly along. BRIDGET talked kindly to him as they walked, but all the time she was thinking of five bright yellow gold pieces which she had, laid away doing no one any good; and this little child suffering for clothes.

Well, they soon came to the cottage, and went in. There they found the poor widow lying in bed, pale and thin, with eyes swollen with weeping. The room looked cheerless enough; no fire in the stove, but the litter and ashes about showed plainly that inexperienced hands had been trying to build one. In fact, so cold was the room that a pail of water standing on a little bench near the stove was nearly frozen solid.

ALLE ran joyfully to his mother, and told her that BRIDGET had brought something nice to eat. BRIDGET uttered not a word; but after looking around for the space of a minute, she went out to the garden fence, which was composed of rough pickets, and soon returned with a good armful of fuel, with which she was not long in making a roaring fire. BRIDGET rightly thought that it was food the widow needed more than physic; and many minutes had not elapsed ere she had the tea-kettle singing on the stove, (BRIDGET had not forgotten tea) and the teatable spread with the provisions she had brought. She now proceeded to draw up the arm-chair in the warmest place and cover it with a quilt, then going to the bed she took the poor woman up tenderly in her arms and carried her to the chair, placing her therein and wrapping the blankets closely around her.

"Now, Mistress DODGE," said BRIDGET, for the first time speaking, "you just drink of this strong tea, and eat, while I go home a bit. I'll be after coming back for ye to take a ride." So saying, she donned her hood and quickly walked forth.

The widow had prayed God to send his angels to their relief. Could it be BRIDGET that the angel sent? Queer-looking angel you may think; but I fancy we need that kind of angels here more than the winged ones we read of.

As BRIDGET walked briskly toward home, she bitterly reproached herself that she had found IDA in her heart to repine, when red suffering, so near to her, had been unheeded; but every step she took gave emphasis to resolutions forming in her mind. The picture of comfort in farmer VANE's sitting-room had not materially changed, when BRIDGET burst in, and delivered herself in this wise:—"Would ye be after stayin' in yer warm house this blessed Christmas day, an' the poor woman on the other end the farm freezin' and starvin'!"

Corner for the Young.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No.'s 726 AND 727.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—The whole is greater than a part.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Amphitryon.

Answer to Anagram: November came on, with an eye severe, And his stormy language was hoarse to hear; And the glittering garland of brown and red, Which he wreathed for awhile round the forest's head, In sudden anger he rent away, And all was cheerless, and bare, and gray.

Answer to Anagrams of Towns:—Rome, Oberlin, Cleveland, Marshall, Jonesville, Peoria, Hastings, Buffalo, Clarence, Alabama.

Answer to Mythological Enigma:—Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.

Answer to Anagram: My country! I love thee, for thou dost stand The hope of every other land; A sea-mark in the tide of time, Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime.

I love thee next to heaven above, Land of my fathers! thee I love, And rally thy slanderers as they will, With all thy faults I love thee still.

Answers to Anagrams of Places:—Saginaw, Ypsilanti, Sheboygan, Prairie du Chien, Sault St. Mary, Watertown, Grand Rapids, Port Washington.

Advertisements.

DAIRYMAN AND FARMER WANTED—Near Peoria, Illinois, to take charge of 15 or 20 cows and make cheese and butter. The wife will be employed, if she has no children. Must be honest, industrious and sober. Address H. M. WEAD, Peoria, Illinois.

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CHEESE VATS FOR FACTORIES, ROE'S PATENT WITH COOPER'S IMPROVEMENT. These Vats having been in extensive use in New York, Ohio, and Vermont, for the past five years, and having been tested in factories from 100 to 700 Cows in Jefferson and Oneida Counties the past season, we have no hesitation in saying that they are equally well adapted to factories of ordinary dairies. They are the only vats offered to the public in which you can heat evenly, and control the heat instantly, and at pleasure. We refer to over Fifteen Hundred Dairymen, now using them in New York and Vermont. Manufactured exclusively by H. & E. COOPER, Watertown, N. Y. N. B.—They are the best made and the cheapest Vats in the market. 727-4t

U. S. 5-20'S.

The Secretary of the Treasury has not yet given notice of any intention to withdraw this popular Loan from Sale at Par, and until after ten days' notice has been given, the undersigned, as AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE BONDS, will continue to supply the public.

The whole amount of the Loan authorized is Five Hundred Millions of Dollars. NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED MILLIONS HAVE BEEN ALREADY SUBSCRIBED FOR AND PAID INTO THE TREASURY, mostly within the last seven months. The large demand from abroad, and the rapidly increasing home demand for use as the basis for circulation by National Banking Associations, now organizing in all parts of the country, will, in a very short period, absorb the balance. Sales have lately ranged from ten to fifteen millions weekly, frequently exceeding three millions daily, and as it is well known that the Secretary of the Treasury has ample and unfailing resources in the Duties and Imports and Internal Revenue, and in the issue of the Interest Bearing Legal Tender Treasury Notes, it is almost a certainty that he will not find it necessary, for a long time to come, to seek a market for any other long or permanent Loans, THE INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL OF WHICH ARE PAYABLE IN GOLD.

Prudence and self-interest must force the minds of those contemplating the formation of National Banking Associations, as well as the minds of all who have idle money on their hands, to the prompt conclusion that they should lose no time in subscribing to this most popular Loan. It will soon be beyond their reach, and advance to a handsome premium, as was the result with the "Seven Thirty" Loan, when it was all sold and could no longer be subscribed for at par.

IT IS A SIX PER CENT. LOAN, THE INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL PAYABLE IN COIN, THUS YIELDING OVER NINE PER CENT. PER ANNUM at the present rate of premium on coin.

The Government requires all duties on Imports to be paid in Coin; these duties have for a long time past amounted to over a

Quarter of a Million of Dollars daily, a sum nearly three times greater than that required in the payment of the interest on all the 5-20's and other permanent Loans. So that it is hoped that the surplus Coin in the Treasury, at no distant day, will enable the United States to resume specie payments upon all liabilities.

The Loan is called 5-20 from the fact that while the Bonds may run for 20 years, yet the Government has a right to pay them off in Gold, at par, at any time after 5 years. THE INTEREST IS PAID HALF-YEARLY, viz: on the first days of November and May.

Subscribers can have Coupon Bonds, which are payable to bearer, and are \$20, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000; or Registered Bonds of same denominations, and in addition, \$5,000 and \$10,000. For Banking purposes and for investments of Trust-moneys, the Registered Bonds are preferable.

These 5-20's cannot be taxed by States, Cities, Towns, or Counties, and the Government tax on them is only one and a half per cent. on the amount of income, when the income of the holder exceeds Six Hundred Dollars per annum; all other investments, such as income from Mortgages, Railroad Stock and Bonds, etc., must pay from three to five per cent. tax on the income.

BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will continue to dispose of the Bonds; and all orders sent to us direct by mail, or otherwise, will be promptly attended to. The inconvenience of a few days delay in the delivery of the Bonds is at times unavoidable, the demand being so great, but as interest commences from the day of subscription, no loss is occasioned, and every effort is being made to deliver the Bonds as promptly as possible.

FISSK & HATCH, BANKERS AND DEALERS IN All Classes of Government Securities AND U. S. 5-20 LOAN AGENTS, 38 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

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These Lozenges are prepared from a highly esteemed recipe for alleviating BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, COUGHS, COLDS, and Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS Will find them beneficial in clearing the voice before speaking, or singing, and relieving the throat after any unusual exertion of the vocal organs, having a peculiar adaptation to affections which disturb the organs of speech. 725-4t

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If 18, and your Board, Moustache, &c. is of scanty, retarded growth, the use for a short time of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub Balm will stimulate them to a very fine and vigorous growth. Has been used thoroughly tried and found infallible. A small sample box and an account of the discovery of this remarkable Balm at Shiloh, April, 1822, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage. Address John Hawkins, 767 Broadway, New York.

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

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ANDERSON'S PATENT STONE BEE-HIVE is another proof of this patent moth-proof, properly attached to any hive, will secure it from the moth. For Territory in New York, send stamp and address. Depot 74 Maiden Lane, New York. JOSEPH WOODROFFE, St. Clairville, Ohio.

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

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FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best in Western New York. Location beautiful and near RR. and market. Address Box 383, Batavia, N. Y. 705-4t

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

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

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SEND FOR A FREE COPY OF PRICES CURRENT, AND ALL OTHER PARTICULARS, TO JOSIAH CARPENTER, No. 32 Jay Street, New York. Produce Bought. 708-4t

100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 8 feet high, at \$10 per hundred. 20,000 Standard Pear Trees, 5 to 7 feet high, at \$25 per 100. 10,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 3 to 5 feet high, at \$15 per 100. 20,000 White Grape and Cherry Currants, 5,000 Diana Grape Vines. A large stock of Peach trees, Cherry trees, Plum trees, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberry, and all of the new varieties of Native Grapes, &c., &c. All of the best Western varieties grown extensively. Local and Traveling Agents Wanted. Wholesale and Descriptive Catalogues sent to all applicants who enclose stamps to pre-pay postage. Address NIAGARA NURSERIES, LOCKPORT, N. Y. 631

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The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHAPTER I.

It was an old red school-house in the country, with two windows on a side; and the sun, glancing over the snow-capped hills, crowning each bush and hedge with diamonds, threw golden rays through the naked windows, streaming across the yellow pine desks, and lying in broad patches on the grimy floor. There were two rows of desks on a side, covered with hieroglyphics,—some of "Ugly Bill's" jack-knife experiments. The teacher's desk is just across from the door; and just now JIMMY SHORT has invaded the sacred precincts, and has assumed the dignity of full-fledged pedagogue, and with it the weapon of offense and defense. His vociferous commands are little heeded by the throng of noisy urchins below. Oh! what a din. One boy says, "I'll tell you what I got in my stocking last night; I got a new knife, a paper of candies, and some gum."

"I got something better than that," shouted a little girl. "I got a great lot of raisins and a big piece of frosted cake in my stocking!"

Just now open burst the door, and pretty IDA VANE danced in among the group. "I wish you a 'merrie Christmas,' I wish you a 'merrie Christmas,' 'merrie Christmas,'" she shouts, pirouetting around the school-room, her arms acting as wings, and her bright curls escaping from her warm hood to join the general exhilaration. After having exhausted herself with the effort to be heard by everybody, she begins taking off her things, and settles her dinner more comfortably in her basket, it being somewhat stirred up during her antics around the room. Poor little ALBERT DODGE sits away alone in the corner, and IDA soon turns her attention to him. "Say, ALBERT, did you hang up your stocking last night?"

ALBERT slowly lifts his head from off the desk, and sadly answers, "No, did you?"

"Yes, I guess I did; and I got a whole lot of candy, and oh, the prettiest little dolly you ever did see; and she had on a white dress, and had little tiny specks of red ribbons to tie up her sleeves, and had hoops on, and all; and she was so tall her head stuck right out the top of my stocking."

ALBERT's sad face looked almost happy hearing IDA go on, but in a moment her thoughtless words brought tears to his eyes.

"What is the reason 'old Santy' did not give you anything? I guess it's 'cause your mother is poor."

IDA did not have long to speculate, for the teacher now came in, and after the bustle of getting seats, the noise somewhat subsided. It was an unusual thing having school on Christmas day, but as it was Thursday, and the teacher's home distant, it was thought better to have school this day, and none during the following week. We are not always patient in doing what we know is best for us; and so it was with the teacher,—he by no means liked the idea of spending his Christmas in the dingy school-room, with this noisy clan; and noisy they were. He hit the end of his ruler, and looked up at the ceiling, and—could he believe his eyes—three little pellets of chewed paper stuck fast while he was looking, and from whose offending fingers were they shot? Every one looks innocent, and so, despairing of punishing the offender, he seizes ALBERT DODGE by the collar, he being in the reading class and two inches off the crack, and brings him in range with accelerated mo-