

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." (SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.)

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
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For Terms and other particulars, see last page.



CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

Maple Sugar Making.
"Will as much sap run from one spoon, inserted in a tree, as from two or more?"
"Will a gimlet bit, used in tapping, answer as good purpose as an auger?"
"What kind of boilers are best?"

So asks G. K. WYETH, of Licking Co., Ohio, with a view to elicit discussion and facts from our correspondents. In answer to this first question, our observation says, no—not in a given time. And whether the yield will be greater during the season, must depend somewhat on the size of the tree. We shall be glad to hear from those who can answer the second question from experience. We would not use an auger larger than one inch in diameter.

The evaporators, made for evaporating sorghum juice, are used in many localities. There is one advantage gained by using them. Most of them are made with a view to be used in a country where fuel is scarce, and they are calculated to economize fuel and use heat. But we will be glad to allow our correspondents to respond.

B. BARTOE, of Steuben Co., N. Y., once gave the RURAL his mode of cleansing sirup. After it has settled and is perfectly clear, he uses to every pail of sirup, three eggs, lightly beaten, stirred in two cupsful of sweet milk; stir into the sirup while cold; heat gradually, and skim in soon as it boils, or it will boil in, and then it will be necessary to strain again. When the sirup ceases to throw off scum, and is boiled to the right consistency, take off.

The Wine Plant.

SOME of our statements, made recently, concerning the character and value of the wonderful "Wine Plant," failed to please some of the itinerant vendors of rhubarb, and recipes for making "wine" from it. Some of them are as gentle as cooling doves, as persuasive and soft-soapish as lovers; others are denunciatory and call our attention to long lists of certificates from befuddled and "eminent" (!) clergymen, physicians, lawyers, politicians and loafers. But singularly enough, none of these champions of this "wine" plant give us their own names! And then, we have sundry inquiries from good-souled men who have been listening to these oily-tongued peddlers, asking "if it will pay" to go into the business extensively. Hence we say again—the "wine" plant is a humbug. It is nothing but rhubarb or pie-plant, which you can dig up in your own or your neighbor's garden. A correspondent in Dane Co., Wisconsin, writes us that it has appeared there "in the hands of competent agents"—that these agents are selling it, to those whom they can induce to buy, at the rate of three hundred and seventy-five dollars per thousand!—single roots, the size

of a piece of candy, at 37½ cents each. The yield of wine is put down at 4,000 gallons per acre!—the stalks of the plant about the size of a man's leg!—may be a trifle larger, &c., &c. We should like to print the whole of this correspondent's letter, for it is rich; but want of space prevents.

How to make a Beetle.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO," a Massachusetts correspondent, writes:—I like the plan of C. C. BLODGETT (in RURAL No 7, present volume,) of giving to "mankind" the benefit of his invention. (So do we.—EDS.) Prompted by his example, I give you a very simple way to put in a beetle handle, which I consider a great improvement on the old way of putting a round handle into a simple auger hole. Bore an inch and a half hole through the beetle-head, and, with a chisel, mortise out the hole one and a half inch square on the top of the head, and on the lower side make it one and a half by one and three-fourth inches, and then make the handle to correspond, and draw it in from the lower side the same as an adz handle. The advantages are that the handle will not turn in the head nor get loose.



Hop Culture.

We have an article before us from a "GROWER" at Hamilton, New York. He says the cost of preparation of the land, is about the same as for corn. The chief cost is the poles. There, where they cost 12½ cents each, the cost is \$190 per acre. This cost is for Canada cedar poles. It is folly, he says, to plant a yard in an exposed position—where the wind will destroy it—as it often does. And the location must not be too low, where heavy fogs settle; for then the hops rot and mould. He says: "The manner of planting in this region is to thoroughly pulverize the soil, mark the ground into squares seven feet one way and eight the other, or 4 by 14, where wires are to be used. The last plan is not advisable in either case as the hills are too near each other in the row. The first is preferable. The roots are prepared by cutting in pieces—each piece containing two joints. Two or more small holes are made where the hill is to be, and two pieces of root placed in each hole, the operator being careful to fill all space around the roots with fine dry soil. The intervening space is usually planted to corn, hoed thoroughly—no weed being allowed to seed. In fall, after the ground is cleared of corn, each hill should receive a liberal supply of manure. In spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground, the manure should be drawn off from the hills to allow the plants to get a vigorous start. Care should be taken to break off none of the earliest vines; for experience has taught that the earlier they start the sooner they will ripen, and thus escape the mold and lice which affect them late in the season."

Our correspondent adds that it is not advisable to grub hops—especially the Grape and Cluster. He promises to give reasons in another article, also descriptions of kilns, manner of drying, &c., which we shall gladly receive.

Sorghum for Soling.

AN Illinois correspondent asks when sorghum is fit for feed—whether before or after it is fully ripened—and if cattle and hogs succeed in masticating the hard fiber of the cane. We reply that both cattle and hogs eat it greedily before and after it is ripe. And they seem to have no difficulty in chewing the stalks which are full of a rich saccharine juice. We should sow it thick, in drills. From one-half to two-thirds of a bushel will be required. The best way to purchase sorghum seed is in the panicle. We should hesitate to purchase the threshed seed unless we knew our man; for then it is difficult to tell whether it is pure or not. But in the panicle, a mixture is quickly detected.

Pin Worms in Calves.

GEORGE ADAMS, of Cattaraugus Co., says himself and neighbors lost calves during the past season, a post mortem examination of which showed the lungs entirely filled up with pin worms, rolled together in balls. And some of these balls had got into the throat of the animals and choked them to death. Sheep and lambs are said to have been affected in the same way and died from the same cause. One correspondent wants to know how these worms get into

the lungs, how to prevent them getting there, and if there is any cure for the animal after they get located.

It is a very rare occurrence, so far as we are aware, that worms kill either cattle or sheep. Dr. DADD says they generally arise from impaired digestion. The symptoms are a diminution of rumination, wasting away of the body, and frequent snorting, obstruction of the nostrils with mucus of a greater or less thickness. This in the case of sheep. He advises giving powdered worm seed, ditto skunk cabbage, ditto ginger, in equal parts—a teaspoonful night and morning in the fodder. If others have had experience let them give it.

Manuring Corn Ground.

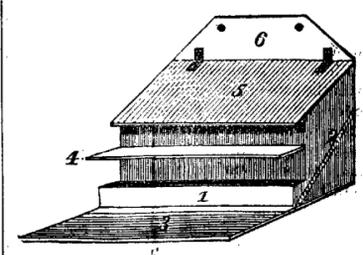
CHAS. APPELEGATE's question as to the best time and manner to manure corn ground, brings to us the experience of J. B. KOON, of Cayuga Co., who, after sundry experiments, has decided that he gets the best results by applying the manure to the surface of the ground in November, before the ground freezes, letting it lie there till spring and plowing it under. He has found that it is better to draw it out and spread it on the ground in the fall, than in winter and spring. He has applied it to the land after plowing in the fall, but thinks the above mode better.

Scratches in Horses.

I was a good deal troubled—or my team was—with scratches last spring, and you will greatly oblige by giving a remedy in good season this spring.—JOHN DEAN, Quakerstown, 1864.

We have one at hand. G. L. B., Richland, N. Y., in a note, says he has found a remedy which he can recommend. Wash the limbs with Castile soap suds and when dry anoint with an ointment of fresh butter and sulphur. Rub it in well and it will cure. He has tried it and knows.

Another excellent remedy is to make a salve of hog's lard and sugar of lead, wash the limbs of the animal clean, and when dry, rub it on and in. But, as a rule, scratches are easier prevented than cured. If the limbs are well washed and rubbed dry regularly at night, or whenever put in the stable to remain, scratches will rarely appear.



A Grain Chest for Fowls.

"ORSON," of Alexandria, Minnesota, planned, while in hospital, the above grain chest for fowls. The following is the description he furnishes:

Fig. 1, represents a trough two inches high. The front of the chest extends downward no further than the top of the trough; thus leaving a free passage for grain from the chest into the trough.

The dotted line, 2, shows the position of a board in the chest, placed there to conduct the grain into the trough as fast as it is eaten out by the fowls.

Fig. 3, is a platform for the fowls to stand upon while eating. I think it should not be wide enough to induce them to form a habit of sitting upon it.

Fig. 4, is a board fastened to the front of the chest, and extending over the trough to prevent filth from falling into it.

Fig. 5, is the cover of the chest. It should extend a little over the front of the chest, that it may be handily raised; should rest inclined to prevent fowls from roosting on it.

Fig. 6, is an extension of the back of the chest, with two holes in it that it may be hung on corresponding wooden pins. If it is hung up in that way it will be necessary to put some kind of a key through each of the pins, to prevent its being jarred off from them. I think it should be hung so that the platform will be at least two feet from the floor. It may be made any length, but when feed is kept constantly before hens more than one or two will seldom want to eat at the same time. A square chest, for a post in the yard, can be made on the same principle.



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MR. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

HOW GREAT BREEDING RESULTS ARE ATTAINED.

IN an old number of DICKENS' "All the Year Round," there is a well written article on "English Mutton," in which the writer, in speaking of the great improvements effected in South Down sheep, by Mr. ELLMAN, of Glynde, lets fall the following remark:—"The friends of this eminent breeder are much more liberal with big words than facts, and have published a life which contains all sorts of details except information on the subject that made him an agricultural benefactor."

This is obviously intended as a censure on Mr. ELLMAN'S "friends" for not giving information in respect to his system or modes of breeding. And why did they not do so? A highly intelligent breeder informed us that he once talked with Mr. ELLMAN on this very subject. He found him very communicative and apparently perfectly frank. He asked Mr. E. by what modes he had attained his remarkable results. The latter proceeded to give what he considered the most important rules of the breeding art, and those which had contributed most essentially to his own success. "He exhausted his topic," said my informant, "in a few minutes, and he did not utter a word which was new to any well informed breeder."

ROBERT BAKEWELL preserved great secrecy in his breeding operations. Some things in this man's life show, we think, very plainly, that he would not fall to affect mystery if, like the nostrum vender, he found that it would enhance the public estimate of his property or render it more salable. And at his day there may in reality have been some valuable secrets in the breeding art. But had Mr. BAKEWELL written down all that he was capable of communicating in regard to that art, it is not probable that a publication of it now, for the first time, would convey a sound new maxim or important new mode or process to the present generation of breeders.

No one, probably, believes that all the physiological laws which affect breeding are yet understood; there are mooted points, too; but those essential ones which directly affect the practical improvement of animals by breeding are so far and so commonly known, that no really intelligent and candid breeder now pretends to claim that he possesses any new and secret knowledge on the subject; and such a claim would be received with derision and stigmatized as quackery by the great body of breeders.

Are we asked, then, why one breeder succeeds so much better or so much more rapidly than another who has equal information and equal original materials to work from? Why do not physicians, lawyers and West Point Generals, who have studied in the same schools, and who, perhaps, have attained the same information from books and teachers, succeed equally well in their respective vocations? It is because they have not all equal capacity to apply their knowledge successfully in those vocations. It is not a question of brains merely. The man of most general talent may make the greatest failure. It is, the theoretical knowledge being equal, first, a question of the greatest capacity for the special object; second, industry; and third, perseverance.

A breeder is as much born, as a poet! And few breeders are born to attain great and marked successes with more than one kind of animals. Even the power to discriminate very closely between the minor as well as the major properties of beasts is usually limited to a few sorts. An admirable judge of sheep, for example, may be a very ordinary judge of cows and horses.

When we speak of industry and perseverance as being cardinal elements of success, we mention what nearly every man possesses, if he is allowed to be the judge. But the industry and perseverance which one man exhibits in breed-

ing are to another man's what a mountain is to a mole-hill—what a chain-cable is to a shred of spider's web! Let us present an illustration. When we were requested, two years since, by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, to report to that body on the Fine Wool Husbandry of our country, we were called upon, of course, to make practical preparatory examinations. These carried us to Vermont. In a yard of sheep exhibiting the most remarkable improvements, the owner finally placed three ewes before us which he said were respectively related as grand-dam, dam and daughter. Some rams were then brought up, and it was explained that such a ram got the grand-dam—such a one the dam, and such a one the daughter. The precise relationships of the rams to each other were explained. We were invited to scrutinize the individual characteristics of both the rams and the ewes. Having done this, the object of this special investigation was explained. "This year," said Mr. —, I put the youngest ewe to such a ram; I studied on it a fortnight, and I am afraid I made a mistake after all; what do you think?"

Here was a man of large and generally conceded abilities, who had given a fortnight's forethought as to the proper manner of coupling a single favorite ewe for breeding purposes! The secret of his great and rapid success was there revealed to us. We no longer wondered at it. Here was capacity for making improvements added to a zeal and industry which little men would laugh at—and they have been persevered in year after year without a moment's cessation or flagging. When men who have bred little, or who have bred with comparatively inferior success, cry out for such men's secrets in breeding, or systems of breeding, they are simply asking to be enuoué with the capacities and industry of other men!

NOMENCLATURE OF BREEDING.

A MAJORITY of Americans use the word buck for ram—and the same practice prevails, to some extent, in Europe. There is even some dictionary authority for it. But if it is a correct use of the word, then it is equally correct to apply the term doe to the ewe. Among all animals in which the English language applies different and special designations to the two sexes, the correlative terms are well established. Thus we say horse and mare, bull and cow, boar and sow, buck and doe, ram and ewe. We never talk of a ewe-horse, a bull-sheep, or a buck-hog. There is no better reason, that we know of, for violating good, old, sound English in the case of the male sheep.

The word sire as a noun, and as the name of a male parent, is in universal use among breeders; but to use the verb to sire to signify to beget, is not in so good use, notwithstanding it can boast the high authority of SHAKESPEARE. JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, hearing a man talking of such a sire siring such a horse, squealed out in high indignation, "What dam dam'd him?" The custom among breeders is to say got by instead of sired by. And an animal is out of his dam by his sire. Thus Comus was got by, or was by, Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass by Trumpator, etc. By the adopted nomenclature of breeding, Comus was not out of Sorcerer, or by Houghton Lass. These things may be esteemed trifles by some. But if we know what good English is, why not use it?

THE SPANISH IMPORTATION SWINDLE.

THE following letter from Mr. KELLER, who purchased the so-called Spanish imported sheep of HENRY B. SILVERNAIL, of Ancram, N. Y., was received too late for insertion last week. Mr. SWEET'S letter, which we are requested to publish, is not inclosed, but there is one from another gentleman which orders "two more ewes with lamb by the imported buck," and states that another person is ready to pay \$75 a head for another pair. These are the only facts of the least significance contained in the letter:

NEWARK, Ohio, Feb. 22, 1864.
MR. RANDALL—Dear Sir:—I have seen your account of my imported sheep, and Mr. KELLY'S letter. I had a letter from KELLY before you got yours. I will say the public has not suffered much by my purchase. Sold one buck-lamb and am willing to take him back. According to the inclosed letter I think I shall not suffer much as [although?] it happens that the sheep are not from the best flock in Spain,

but have descended from a later flock than they have in Spain. I speak of the ewes. Your theory is correct, yet I do not give Mr. SILVER-NAIL credit for lying, but I look upon him as I shall on all sheep peddlers. He called his imported, while other peddlers call theirs full blood, and well selected, and not colored. I want you to give this, with Mr. SWEET'S letter, to the public in justice to myself.

Yours, truly, ELI KELLER.

INFLUENCE OF THE MALE, ETC.

BLACK ROCK, March 1, 1864.

COL. RANDALL:—You ask my opinion of the "new theory," viz., "that the male that first cohabits with a female, to a certain degree, marks and influences her subsequent progeny by other males;" and say, that, as you see by the papers, "AGASSIZ is said to favor the idea."

Now, as to what AGASSIZ thinks or favors, I don't know; for although that profound naturalist may know the variety of a fish by the looks of a single one of its scales—as they say he does—I do not believe that he knows anything more of the "influence" aforesaid, than you or I do, or any other man who has any definite knowledge of animal physiology.

The reproduction of the animal species, of most kinds, from the parent, is an independent function, entirely separate from the ordinary system of life. The organs of procreation in the male, as well as those provided for the reception of the semen, and growth of the fetus during the period of gestation in the female, are independent, separate and apart from the material physical organization necessary to their daily life and sustenance. These organs may be partially removed or emasculated from the performance of their proper duties without prejudice to the indispensable functions of life, and probably without any ill effect on longevity, or ordinary physical powers. The "theory" must be based on the supposition that the "first" semen introduced into the womb of the female becomes—either by the force of imagination on the part of the female, or by its incorporation into the womb in the course of gestation—a part of her own physical embodiment, and changes, to a certain extent, her own original status, or condition, through which she imparts, for the remainder of her life, a portion of that influence to her future offspring, by whatever male it may be begotten.

How can that be? In the human organization, as I stated in an article on in-and-in-breeding, a few weeks ago, the mother, by imagination, sympathy, or other strange passion at the time of procreation, or during gestation, may be so impressed as to retain, for a shorter or longer time, an influence over, not only the then existing fetus in her womb, but may extend it to future ones, involuntary, however, in herself, only, as the play or influence of those returning passions may be exercised. Still, such instances are uncommon. We see a mother bearing children by successive husbands—the children nowise alike, except in resemblance, in greater or less degree, to their mother, and alike in other degrees to their separate fathers. I once knew a woman whose first child was a mulatto by a black man. She afterwards married a white man and had several stout, good-looking girls and boys as fair and delicate in complexion as any white persons. Possibly, had she retained a liking, or passion, or exceeding sympathy for her negro lover, the continuous image of him in her thoughts might have darkened the complexion and flattened the features of her subsequent offspring; but such was not the case.

Therefore, in answer to the "theory," I remark, that in the human organization it may, in few and far between instances, be the case. But, in the brute creation, with their obtuse mental organization, I think it can have little or no effect. Let us see:—The sexual passion is an instinct of their organization. With the female, it occurs periodically. It is un-governably, madly impulsive, overleaping all barriers to indulgence when possible to be attained—and that without regard to appearance, complexion, or any personal quality of the male which she seeks, other than the ability to gratify her desires. Her whole animal faculty is swallowed up in desire; but that desire indulged, the passion abates. Becoming pregnant, the course of gestation goes on within the natural law regulating the ordinary production of her species. Her instinctive passion lies dormant, and she subsides into the passive, habitual life of her nature during the growth of the fetus. The fetus, wrapped in its covering within the womb, and fed to the proper time of birth, from the extraordinary provision incident to its growth, then emerges into life with that covering (after-birth) still surrounding it—an entire ejection from the body, and only, through the womb, ever having any connection whatever with the body, or physical system of the mother. The mother, after the birth of her offspring, is left as before. All that she received from the male, of his organization, is thrown off in the progeny. She has done with him forever, or until a future copulation with him, if such shall occur. In her temporary connection with him she received no inoculation of his blood or character whatever. She received his semen into her womb, to be sure, and after due course of gestation, she ejected that semen, to which she had imparted life, substance and growth—and there is an end of it.

I can not imagine how—unless by a very lively sympathy, long retained in her recollection, and altogether unusual in the brute creation—the first, or indeed, a future connection with the male can in any degree influence the subsequent progeny. In the course of 30 years' careful breeding of horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry, I have never discovered a trace of such influence, in several instances which have occurred of accidental mishaps in females get-

ting access to wrong, vulgar, or strange-blooded males. The unlucky, or inadvertent connection took place, and the female threw off a bastard progeny—most undesirable, too, in every instance—but I never have discovered a prejudicial influence on the succeeding one, by the proper sire.

There is one thing, however, to be regarded by all breeders of fine stock of whatever kind. I would always have them associated in yard, stable, or pasture with their own kind. I would never have a fine breeding mare associated with a mule or an ass; a fine bred cow with the sight of a vulgar, common bull; a fine ewe with an uncouth ram at any time. On the other hand, I would accustom them to the presence, occasionally, of the best males of their kind, such as I intended to use when copulation were to take place. Some sheep breeders take a paltry scrub of a ram or half emasculated wether, and put him in an adjoining yard or lot, as a "teaser." This should never be. The ewe in heat, or coming in heat, hangs about the fence or doors; her imagination—for even a sheep may have an imagination—becomes enamored of that brute; for if she could get to him he might gratify her desire; and by possibility, when suddenly introduced to the proper ram (till the moment a stranger to her) she might reluctantly receive him, though preferring the other, and stamp her progeny with the appearance and quality of the worthless wretch that had stimulated her passion.

Thus, you will conclude what is my opinion of the "new theory." It is like many other new theories and nostrums of the day floating in the prurient imaginations of speculative minds, resulting in not much of anything either useful or entertaining. Nature works by well-known and long-practiced laws, and such as he who runs, if he notices wisely, may read understandingly. In propagating the best animals of whatever race, breed, or variety, the breeder has only to exercise sound judgment, be a fair animal physiologist, have a positive and well-defined purpose in view, and then, with the right tools in hand, he may go on his way rejoicing.

Truly yours, L. F. ALLEN.

CHEAP MODE OF WINTERING SHEEP.

IN an excursion of two days among the excellent flocks of Onondaga county, N. Y., made last month, we found one flock of seventy-seven ewes, belonging to JOSEPH HESS, of Fayetteville, which was in high condition, and which has been wintered as follows:—They are fed out feed consisting about equally of corn stalks, ripe oat straw, and ripe pea haulm. Mr. H. intended to cut and cure the two latter greenish, but circumstances did not permit it. The flock is also fed twelve quarts of peas per day. They are kept confined in a close, but properly ventilated stable, and only let out twice a day to drink. They waste no more of their cut feed than they would of coarse hay. The feed is cut by horse-power. At present prices, all will see that the above must be vastly more economical feed than hav.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.

CORRECTION.—In our note appended to Mr. R. H. SAUNDERS' letter on "In-and-in-Breeding," published March 5th, we are made to say of the samples of wool sent by him that they have "heavy outer ends." It should have been printed hairy outer ends, giving an entirely different character to the fleece.

HOOF-ROT.—G. L. HURLBUR, of Tioga Co., Pa., describes what is undoubtedly hoof-rot. Lay open and uncover every unsound particle of the foot, and then swab the parts with butyr of antimony, or bathe them thoroughly with, or what is better, soak them, in a saturated solution (i. e. a solution as strong as it can be made), of blue vitriol. We have occupied some pages in the Practical Shepherd in giving a full account of this disease, the various remedies, and the modes in which they may be administered successfully. As we have no interest in the sale of that work, we feel that we have a right to refer those to it who ask our opinion on the subjects treated in it.

SHEEP WASHING.—"Wad," of West Springfield, Pa., says that to find a stream deep enough to wash sheep in he would have to drive 2½ miles, while a small stream runs within 40 rods of his barn; and he wishes therefore to know if a tank with two or three feet fall of water into it, would not answer the purpose, and how it is to be constructed? Certainly, a tank or washing vat is the very best place to get wool clean on the backs of the sheep, and with so much fall, quite a small stream would answer the purpose. The vat is usually a strong box, large enough to hold two or four sheep at a time, from 3½ to 4 feet deep, and for the convenience of the washers sunk nearly half way into the ground.

LONG TAILS ON SHEEP.—T. D. HALL, of Hudson, St. Croix Co., Wisconsin, lets us know, that seeing no satisfactory reason for docking his lambs, and considering the operation a cruel one, he has for two years abstained from it. He pronounces the statement in the Practical Shepherd that "docking is necessary to guard against fitness" a mistake. He says:—"This, so far as my experience goes, is not the case. I see no difference in this respect between those I have purchased which are docked, and those I have raised which are not. Occasionally one of each gets filthy and requires tagging." Mr. HALL dissents altogether from the further statement in the Practical Shepherd that "habit has rendered a long tail an unsightly appendage to the sheep."

Has our correspondent ever seen nearly the whole of a large flock laboring under what old PARKINSON calls the "green skit," arising say from too sudden access to abundant green feed in spring—each sheep literally pouring out half liquid stools of sticky dung? Has he seen diarrhea, or that fell destroyer, dysentery, prevailing among a flock in winter—the latter causing each sheep affected by it to emit a disgusting and unhealthy odor, even when kept as clean as possible? If Mr. HALL had witnessed such things, he would not have to be told how much difference there is in preserving cleanliness between docked and undocked sheep under such circumstances. On the question of the "unsightliness" of long tails, all we have to say is that the verdict of the civilized world is against him—though in a landscape painting and for picturesque effect, LANDSEER or CURY might leave the tails!

Communications, Etc.

CULTIVATION OF THE POTATO.

THE increasing importance of this crop invites discussion as to its proper cultivation. There is a great diversity of opinion on this subject, but I hazard little in the assertion that few cultivators follow a system based upon careful experiments,—a great majority of farmers pay little attention to the potato. After putting in all their other spring crops they half plow some neglected corner; perhaps drag it over once, and then "fallow it out" with a shovel plow. The next thing to be done is to bury up whole potatoes six or eight inches deep in these trenches. In the course of five or six weeks the poor, weak plants emerge from the cold ground and strive to maintain a standing in the midst of the tall grass and weeds that surround them. If sufficient time can be spared from other work, they are now cultivated and hoed, care being taken to haul the soil away from the plant, leaving the surface as nearly flat as possible. In the course of ten or fifteen days, if time permits, this process is repeated, with, perhaps, the addition of a slight hilling, leaving the hills broad and flat, to give the tubers a chance to spread, at the same time to catch and hold all the water that falls. After this, no more attention is given the crop until the last of October or first of November. The hills are then sought out in the weeds and grass, and the potatoes are "dug," very likely in rainy weather, picked up while wet, and hauled to the cellar or buried in the field. The result is generally from 40 to 100 bushels of small potatoes, more or less diseased, frequently not worth digging. This practice is continued year after year, without change of seed or better results, the unlucky farmer, wondering what is the reason that his neighbor is more successful than himself.

This picture may seem too much of a caricature, but careful observation will prove it, in many respects, at least, a true description of potato culture among farmers who do not make it their principal crop. It is this class of cultivators that oftenest suffer from the rot. They neither understand nor care for the scientific researches and theories of LIEBIG, DR. BARRY, or JOHNSON. The learned speculations upon the "Peronospora infretans," are altogether too fine spun for their comprehension. So that if we expect to reach their case, we must confine ourselves to plain, practical common sense, supported by actual experience. With judicious and careful cultivation, upon proper soil, the potato is one of the most remunerative crops we can raise. It is nearly as easy to get 200 bushels and over to the acre as it is 100 or less. The raising of small potatoes may almost always be avoided, and the skillful cultivator is rarely troubled with any of the numerous tribe of "Fungi," that so much exercise our worthy professors. We farmers are undoubtedly under great obligations to them for their scientific researches; but I have yet to learn that they have elicited a single fact of any practical importance on the culture of potato. What we want most, is to know how to obtain the greatest possible profit, with the least labor and expense.

In a future communication, I may possibly give some idea of a soil, and manner of cultivation, which has almost always produced bountiful crops of large, healthy potatoes. B. Batavia, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1864.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—For the benefit of "A Subscriber," I send my experience in tobacco culture.

First, new beginners, or those not acquainted with the care of this crop, should not plant too extensively at first. Tobacco is a very uncertain crop any way, and much more so with an unskilled grower. It is subject to injury from many causes, from the time the seed is sown until the crop is sold.

I procure the best plants to be had, regardless of cost. A few dollars expended for good, early plants, will make many dollars difference in the value of the crop in the end. The Connecticut Seed Leaf is almost universally raised here.

I have my land prepared in time to set as soon as the plants are large enough. Set the plants from one and a half to two feet apart on the rows, and the rows four feet apart. The richer the land is the closer they may be set on the row, but the rows should not be nearer than four feet. As soon as the plants have rooted they should be hoed. I hoe the first time without harrowing. Hoe three times. Keep the worms off. Top and sucker in the proper season, and when ripe cut and hang.

Last year I raised an acre and kept an account of the cost, which was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Cost. Items include man and team plowing and harrowing land, 20 loads of manure at \$1 per load, 5 days work making hills at \$1 per day, 4 barrels of compost (estimated cost), 5,000 plants at \$1.00 per M., 5 days work setting plants, 10½ days work hoeing, 2 days working and topping, 2 days working and suckering, 2 days cutting and hanging, Twine used, and 10 days stripping, packing, &c., 75 cts per day.

Total cost of raising, \$3.00. Last year tobacco was very high—higher than I ever knew it before. I sold mine for 25 cents a pound. I had 1,000 pounds on an acre which brought \$250.

The cost of raising being deducted leaves a profit of \$177, from an acre.

It is thought that it will bring a still higher price this year. The farmers will set more than ever before, the coming season, in hopes of a higher price. JULIUS RISING, Southwick, Hampton Co., Mass., Feb. 25, 1864.

Condensed Correspondence.

To Cure Horse Distemper.

B. M., writes us of what he did when he found his colts had the horse distemper. Boiled a pail three-fourths full of tamarac bark in two pails of water, till it was reduced one-half. Mixed this liquid with mill feed and cut straw and chaff, using two quarts of the liquor in a feed for each horse. One of the colts, two years old, was very much swollen under the throat, the other was affected in the head. The effect of the feed was to check the distemper at once. It remained stationary for a few days, and then the swelling began to diminish and finally broke, and matter flowed from it and the colts got well as if by magic.

Experience in Willow Culture.

HENRY L. BATES, of Yates Co., N. Y., gives us his experience. Himself and two neighbors planted 5½ acres. First year no crop,—were not worth pulling. Second year, one neighbor, from two acres, cut 700 pounds, for which he obtained \$24; the other neighbor, with 2 acres, cut 800 pounds. Returns not given. BATES did nothing with his crop—thought it would not pay. Plowed the plantation up. His neighbors do the same this spring. Thinks those who expect to get 3 or 4 tons per acre will be sadly mistaken. Believes Osier Willow cultivation a humbug. But our correspondent does not tell us when or how he planted them and how he cultivated them. Will he now do it, and let us see if there is not good cause for ill success?

Coarse Feathers as Fertilizers.

G. HASKINS, of Meridian, says he has for six years dressed poultry for the eastern market and spread the refuse feathers upon a small garden, and without applying any other manure, it constantly improves in fertility. "Let every careful housewife apply all such to the poorest part of her garden, and in two or three years she will find it (the garden) equal to the best."

Hog Manure and the Wire Worm.

H. H. BARBER writes:—"For several years I have been in the habit of saving the manure from my hog pen under shelter, and applying it to corn in the hill. And corn where the manure has been so applied has never been injured by the wire worm, while in other parts of the field it was nearly destroyed."

Inquiries and Answers.

POLAND OATS WANTED.—Will you please inform a subscriber where he may obtain the Poland Oat, and at what price? and much obliged—J. T., Dutchess Co., N. Y.

A MACHINE FOR MIXING AND COLORING BUTTER.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me where such a machine is made, and how the butter is colored?—A Subscriber, Bristol.

CATYGA CHIEF MOWER.—(J. Ruche, Cape Vincent.) The Catyga Chief Mower was manufactured by SHELDOX & Co., at Auburn, N. Y. Cannot say whether it is now or not.

BLOAT IN CATTLE.—Our attention has been called to the fact that we recommended puncturing, in extreme cases, the animal on the right side; we should have said the left side, at a point between the hip and ribs where the paunch grows fast to the skin.

A LARGE HOG.—JOHN DAY, Salina, N. Y., writes us that he recently killed a pig, seven months old, which weighed 276 pounds. He wants to know if any farmer has a hog at that age that will outweigh him. He does not tell us whether this was the live or net weight.

THE BEST PENS.—A correspondent asks where he can get the very best pens for business purposes. Much as we know (!) we cannot answer that question. The standard of judging of the value of pens belongs to each individual, and is as diverse as is individual character. Some prefer a gold, some a steel, some a quill pen. The very best, in our opinion, is a good gold pen.

"A DISEASED COW."—In a late RURAL, T. R. of Ginger Hill, says his cow has a "poke" or swelling under the jaw. The disease I cannot name; but two years ago I had a cow and several other animals afflicted in the same way. I bathed the parts three or four times a day with strong camphor, and in every instance a speedy cure was effected.—J. M. GASKELL, Delavan, Wisconsin.

LICE ON CATTLE.—What is the most effective remedy for destroying lice on cattle?—JOHN C. SHAFER.

There are almost as many so called remedies as there are herdsmen. We have two before us which we give you, but do not know which is better. No. 1 is:—Take sassafras bark, steep it in water two hours, and apply with a sponge or cloth. No. 2 is:—Take one gill of plaster to each cow, sprinkle it on when dry, rub it in, and it is said the vermin will leave.

POW-MEADOW SEED.—I wish to inquire where Fowl Meadow Seed can be obtained, and at what price? Please reply soon through the RURAL, and oblige a constant reader.—J. H. H., Ripon, Wis.

Very dear Sir! There are seed stores in Chicago, in Milwaukee, and there are seedsmen advertising in our columns, whose business it is to keep and furnish all kinds of seeds. And they can tell you the price! We do not run a seed store. Use a little good sense, and apply where you ought to for such information.

CORN FOR SOILING.—Will you or some of your readers inform me how to plant corn where fodder and not the grain is desired?—M. C., Port Gibson.

Plant thick in drills, three or four feet apart—say three and a half feet, so that you can run a cultivator between the rows. It is the best way we know of to raise an excellent forage for milch cows, unless sorghum is planted instead of corn. See article in RURAL of February 27th.

MEASURING CORN IN THE CRIB.—Do you know, or can your correspondents give any rule for measuring corn in the crib, which is approximately correct?—AMOS BROWN.

We know that the following rule has been used. How near correct it is we cannot say.—Multiply the length, breadth and height together, in feet; multiply this product by 4, strike off the right hand figure, and the result will be the number of shelled bushels contained in the crib.

Rural Notes and Items.

TO READERS AND ADVERTISERS.—After referring our readers to the array of reasonable advertisements in this paper—including offers of various articles useful if not indispensable for the farm, orchard, garden, or household—we wish to say that the demand upon our advertising columns is such that we are constrained to defer several announcements until next week. We are doing our best to accommodate advertisers, but must not infringe too much upon reading departments.

—The large number of persons who have written us during the past three months for our best advertising terms, or wishing us to give lowest rates for certain advertisements, are advised that we have no occasion to depart from published rates, and are therefore referred to our terms as given in each number of the RURAL. Instead of making special private terms, lower than published, it is more than probable that we shall publicly advance our rates on the 1st of April, as intimated last week.

PATIENCE, FRIENDS!—If agents and others will bear with us yet a little we will endeavor to get all straight and satisfactory. The unexpectedly large increase of subscriptions in January necessitated the employment of additional and inexperienced clerks, (who made a few mistakes, which are being corrected as fast as we are advised,) and our edition is so much larger than last year that it has been difficult to print and mail in due season. But we are now increasing our facilities and making such arrangements as will enable us to mail the RURAL as promptly as ever.

THE NEW ENGLAND AG. SOCIETY.—As previously announced in the RURAL, a meeting has been held, and an Association with the above name has been organized with the following officers: President—GEORGE B. LORING of Salem. Vice Pres.—Ezekiel Holmes of Winthrop, Me.; Frederick Smyth of Manchester, N. H.; Daniel Kimball of Rutland, Vt.; William H. Prince of Northampton, Mass.; T. S. Gould of West Cornwall, Conn.; Amasa Sprague of Cranston, R. I. Secys.—Charles L. Flint of Boston, Mass.; Henry Clark of Putney, Vt. Treas.—Thomas Saunders of Brookfield, Vt. In addition to the above officers, five trustees are appointed from each State. Seven trustees are to constitute a quorum to do business. The annual meeting is to take place the first Wednesday in March, at such place as the Board of Trustees shall designate. Special meetings may be called at the written request of twelve members; any person may become a member by paying \$3 into the funds of the Society; Governors and Lieutenant Governors of New England are to be honorary members; and its annual exhibitions are to begin with Massachusetts and be held in the other States as ordered by the trustees. Subsequently the trustees had a meeting and voted first to ascertain the best place in Massachusetts to hold an exhibition, and then the whole board will be called together to fix the time and premiums.

The Springfield Republican, of March 12th, says the Fair of this Society will be held at Worcester or Springfield, depending upon the balance of advantages in favor of one of the other of these places.

NEW ENGLAND CATTLE BREEDERS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held at Worcester, March 3d. The Officers and Committees for 1864 are as follows: President—H. H. PETERS, Southboro, Mass. Vice Presidents—Thomas Sanders, Brookfield, Vt.; J. J. Webb, New Haven, Conn.; E. N. Jameson, Antrim, N. H.; S. L. Goodale, Saco, Me.; E. D. Pearce, East Providence, R. I.; E. H. Hyde, Stafford, Conn. Sec. and Treas.—H. A. Dyer, Brooklyn, Conn. Com. on Agrarities and Herdbooks—H. H. Peters, Southboro, Mass.; Thomas E. Hatch, Keene, N. H.; Wm. Birney, Springfield, Mass. Com. on Devons—E. M. Sessions, South Wilbraham, Mass.; B. H. Andrews, Waterbury, Conn.; E. H. Hyde, Stafford, Conn. Com. on Short Horns—S. W. Bufam, Winchester, N. H.; S. W. Bartlett, East Windsor, Conn.; P. Steadman, Chicopee, Mass. Committee on Jerseys—John Brooks, Princeton, Mass.; Jonathan Forbush, Bolton, Mass.; John Giles, Woodstock, Conn. The various committees on pedigrees were authorized to receive and examine, and on approval, to make record of all animals offered with a fee of fifty cents for each animal offered, and that the secretary record annually all pedigrees reported by the committees.

WOOL IN NEW YORK.—From WALTER BROWN'S wool circular of March 1st, we make the following extract:—"The aggregate stock of fine domestic wool is large, and as the arrivals of the best grades of foreign wools during the past two months have also been large beyond precedent, and these wools are being constantly forced on the market, by auction and otherwise, the effect has been unfavorable to the maintenance of prices. This somewhat unexpected condition of the market has no doubt been induced by the high prices which wools have attained in the past year, and the largely increased consumption of them in this country. In accordance with the operation of the law of supply and demand, wools have been attracted from the other markets of the world to this, being the point of highest appreciation or value. And in the present instance it has happened, as it often must, that the influx from abroad has exceeded the demand for the article here, thus producing an overstock, which is necessarily followed by a decline of prices. To what extent the price of fine domestic fleeces may be affected by this result, it is now difficult to determine—while American gold sustains its present value we look for no material decline."

LANE'S PURCHASING AGENCY.—Attention is directed to the advertisement of this Agency on the last page of our present issue. From our acquaintance with Mr. LANE, and some knowledge of his mode of doing business, we can confidently refer to him all RURAL readers having occasion to transact business through a New York Purchasing Agency. Those wishing articles not readily obtainable from reliable dealers, will find Mr. LANE'S a convenient and trustworthy establishment.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.—The location and time of holding this Fair have not yet been decided by the Executive Committee to whom the matter was referred. It was supposed that the question of location would be decided on the 10th inst., but we learn it will not be finally determined until the next meeting of the Executive Board, which is to be held March 24th. We are not advised as to what proposals have been made, and can give no intimation as to the location of the Fair.

WISCONSIN TO HOLD A STATE FAIR THIS YEAR.—So it is announced. Time is fixed as the last week in September. Location not yet selected. Wisconsin ought to hold a Fair if any State can, and make it successful. It has the elements needed, if they can be made to harmonize.

FAIRS.—We are requested to state that the Fair of the Union Agricultural Association, will be held at Burgetstown, Pa., the 6th and 7th days of Oct. next. — The Orleans Co., N. Y., Society hold their Fair at Albion the 14th and 15th days of Sept. next.

Ladies' Department.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be the earth
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender;

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the sweet words lending.

What would the ladies do for work,
Were there no pants nor jackets tearing?
No tiny dresses to embroider?
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hastening?
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men of business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones, with cherub smile,
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Here are a few thoughts, suggested by reading a part of a letter in the fourth number of the RURAL, signed M. J. C. She says:—"The unprotected female, sitting among her boxes and bundles in some bustling depot, is, or ought always to be, the subject of interest. Made up as she is, of nerves, inefficiencies, headaches, cold feet, anxiety and skepticism, she has a title clear, my dear sir, to your candid opinion, as to whether the cars are moving east or due west, or even to express her conviction that they are stationary and surrounding objects marching on."

"The unprotected female!" Will M. J. C. please tell us why a female, unprotected, should demand any more interest or sympathy than an unprotected male? Has not her Creator endowed her with the same instinct for self-protection, and given her reason to guide it? Has He not bestowed upon her the same number of limbs for purposes of locomotion, and given her two hands with which to provide for her wants, and protect herself,—the same as he has the male?

"Sitting among her boxes and bundles." What business has a woman to load herself, or any one else, with such rubbish? Is it that she may keep two or three men standing, while she has the satisfaction of seeing said boxes and bundles occupying the seats which, by right, if not by custom, belongs to them? I agree that a woman thus situated ought always to be the subject of kindly interest,—so had a man who carries with him such unmistakable evidences of an unsound mind. Who can look at woman through the clear glasses of reason, instead of the colored ones of fashion, and not see that she is deficient in either education or independence. Her appearance clearly denotes that she is an abject slave, who is either ignorant of the fact, or considers it an honor that she is such, and is unwilling to appear, at least before strangers, unless surrounded by unmistakable evidences of her servitude. If she goes from home for a visit of a few days, she needs a baggage wagon to carry what she deems necessary for the display of her master's power.

If she is compelled to carry anything in her hands she is really to be pitied, for women, clothed as this class are, have not even one hand that they can properly claim for any use except to guard their badges from injury. They are arrayed in a manner that makes it actually unsafe for them to enter or leave a car or carriage, unless they have both hands free to prevent their skirts from being caught by one of the projections that seem made expressly to torment poor women—or being entangled by the feet of their fellow travelers. Why, unless they are proud of their servitude, will they consent to be thus shackled, while men go about unencumbered? Their hands are free, never being required to keep their clothes from dragging in the dirt, or being trodden upon by the feet of their companions. Their "boxes and bundles," even for a long journey, are all stowed in one satchel or valise which they can easily carry in one hand, thus leaving the other free to grasp the hand of a friend, or assist some unprotected female who has ventured from home to spend a few days, but is already wishing she was back again; for how is she to change all this baggage from the depot to the cars without breaking her neck or tearing her dress?

"Made up as she is, of nerves, headaches, cold feet, anxiety and skepticism." Poor things! How much suffering is combined in this sentence. Yet who of the sufferers will allow even their best friends to tell them why they are thus made? I will write it although I will admit that I have not a friend who suffers from these afflictions that I should dare to speak my mind freely to, lest they should consider me an enemy

to right, because they consider these an affliction of Providence which it would be sacrilegious to seek to escape.

Women have no more "nerves" than men, and they would be no more nervous, were their bodies as healthy, and their nerves as little taxed by petty cares and little accidents. As to "inefficiencies," suppose you try the experiment of dressing a strong man in trailing skirts, well extended by hoops! Pin his waist so tight as to prevent his stooping with ease, and only allowing him the use of the upper portion of his lungs. Then oblige him to look after the many boxes and bundles that we unprotected females are required, by fashion, to be encumbered with, and see who is the most inefficient! I would pronounce him a model of patience if he did not swear at the many hindrances and annoyances that he would be subjected to on account of his change of clothing, and consequent baggage.

"Headaches and cold feet" are two severe afflictions; the former generally caused by the latter, and the latter by improper dress in the majority of cases. I have never seen a woman yet, who had not broken out of fashion's train entirely, that did not dress her feet and lower limbs too thin, her hips too warm, her waist too tight, and carry suspended from her waist, weights, varying according to the season and the caprices of the wearer, from two to fifteen pounds. All these things aid in destroying the circulation of the blood, and the action of all the organs of the body.

That the present suffering of women is a punishment for their sin, I fully believe; but it appears to me that nothing but genuine stubbornness can prompt a continuation of the sins which we know have brought upon us such just suffering. Men, being clothed in substantial goods, made in a manner that allows them the free use of their bodies, and protects them from the cold, do not suffer these many severe afflictions, that are the bane of our lives; except such as they inherit. It would seem that after any class of beings, endowed with reason, had become so enfeebled as the women of the present have, that they would strive in every way possible, to regain their natural powers of body and mind. To do this, the first step should be to adopt a dress that would give perfect freedom to mind and body, instead of one that cripples and deforms the latter, while it exhausts the former, to keep it in a condition that will be considered by the rulers as acceptable.

"Anxiety and skepticism" are but attendant evils that will vanish when their causes are removed, which will be when women are not ashamed to be clothed in a manner that will insure them warmth and freedom. I do not believe that there is a woman living in the United States who has reached her sixteenth year, and dressed for the last three years with the least regard to the dictates of fashion, that, when dressed, even loosely, can draw a natural breath at first trial.

Will women ever learn to consider their bodies as only the dwelling place of their souls, where they are to be fitted for the world to come? If they ever do, we shall cease to hear so much prating about the inferiority of women, and her need of protection. She will then be safe to travel anywhere among Christian people unprotected, and will not need "your candid opinion, my dear sir, as to whether the cars are moving east or due west," and as to "expressing her conviction that they are stationary and surrounding objects marching on," she will be no more apt to make such expressions than men will. I have heard many, who call themselves ladies, make remarks that were quite as sensible as that would be; but I consider that their greatest ignorance consisted in not knowing that it is a disgrace for even a lady to be ignorant.

AMANDA ROBERTS KEYSER.
Pekin, February, 1864.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

—MRS. JAMES K. POLK recently stated to a newspaper correspondent that since the time of her husband's decease, in 1849, she had never been out of her own house to a party, or gathering of any kind, except occasionally to a funeral. She had not even taken tea out of her own domicile since the melancholy event. "I live and belong to the past," she said.

—SURPRISING! In a gay circle of the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris, they were complimenting the beautiful Duchess de —, on the approaching and apparent birth of an heir to so illustrious a house as her own. "Say nothing of it to my husband," she replied, "it is a little surprise I'm preparing for him."

—IN England a husband died without making his will, and the widow, in order to save the property to herself resorted to the following expedient:—She concealed the death of her husband, and prevailed upon an old cobbler, her neighbor, who was in person somewhat like the deceased, to go to bed at her house, and personate him, in which character it was agreed that he should dictate a will, leaving the widow the estate in question. An attorney was sent for to draw up the writing. The widow, who, on his arrival, appeared in great affliction at her good man's danger, began to ask questions of her pretended husband, calculated to elicit the answers she expected and desired. The cobbler groaned aloud, and looking as much like a person going to give up the ghost as possible, feebly answered, "I intend to leave you half my estates, and I think the poor old shoemaker who lives opposite is deserving the other half, for he has always been a good neighbor." The widow was thunderstruck at receiving a reply so different to that which she expected, but dared not negative the cobbler's will for fear of losing the whole of the property, while the old rogue in bed, (who was himself the poor shoemaker living opposite,) laughed in his sleeve, and divided with her the fruits of a project which the widow had intended for her sole benefit.

Choice Miscellany.

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

BY FRANK VOITTS.

LOCKED in slumbers, vale and hill
Lie draped in garments, icy chill,
And sad winds moan like lost souls crying,
Or thrill with voice of fierce despair,
Thro' forest branches, bleak and bare,
That e'er respond with mournful sighing.

Now, scattered 'round our cheerless walks
Are only dead, and broken stalks,
Where late the wild bird wooed the roses;
And in the leafy, wind-sung nest
Which pillowed off her downy breast,
The snow flake, chill and white, reposes.

Oh, drear the prospect! But below
The surface of the crusted snow
Faith tells us of rare gems reposing,
That, when the Spring their fetters break,
Shall to a glorious life awake;
Gleams caught from Paradise disclosing.

Lo, deep within the human breast
The seeds of love and kindness rest,
There planted by the hand Eternal:
And though concealed beneath the drift
Of worldly pride, and worldly thrift,
Are warmed by feelings still fraternal.

There they shall bloom another day
More rare than gems from far Cathay,
Brighter than Hope to child of sorrow,
When, chastened sore, mankind shall learn
How life's high heritage to earn,
And from Christ's precepts wisdom borrow.
Chenango Co., N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MIGHT HAVE DONE

THERE is a certain class of individuals whom you will ever hear telling what other people might have done. Not that they themselves are exempt from failures, but in their own estimation they are very slight ones. Faults in themselves, like eclipses on the sun, are seldom seen with the naked eye, and if one happens to appear, they think their radiance so bright as hardly to be obscured by it. But they have a wonderful faculty to spy defects in the plans of others, and a greater faculty, still, to point out ways of remedying them. If they had done as they might have done, falls from their lips at every recital of a tale of suffering or want, and this cry is ever ready to meet any claims of sympathy or relief. A listener, to hear one of these infallible creatures point out the defects in other's plans, and the remedies for them, would suppose that every son and daughter of ADAM held their destiny in their own hands, and could weave therefrom just such a web as they chose; and thus all the ills human flesh is heir to could be easily avoided. I admit that it is in our own power to so shape the course of life that some, nay, many, rugged places may be avoided, but not all. No one is so isolated from his fellow beings that the happiness or misery of some one is not, in a measure, placed within his power. Our lives are so interwoven together that this is necessarily so, and whether we do well or ill, some one is affected thereby. This is unavoidably the case in families, and where wrongs are inflicted, the innocent are usually the greatest sufferers. When the maiden pronounces the marriage vow at the altar, she commits her future destiny to the care of another, and her weal or woe depends on his future course of action. If he is kind and obliging, though life ever has its cares, their roughest points will be smoothed by his smiles and lightened by his kindness. If he is otherwise, her pathway will be a rugged one; but if he pursue a downward road of sloth and drunkenness, woe betide her; she had better never been born. And not on her alone does the curse fall, her grief is greatly augmented by seeing her children share her sufferings. Misery and want will be her portion,

"'Till death comes piteously to hide
Her unkind face within the shroud."

But whether a fellow-being's woes are brought on by others, or their own mismanagement, it becomes not erring man to withhold his sympathy or his aid. To judge his motives or his works is not for us; our duty is to do good as we have opportunity, and feel that it would be better to assist ten unworthy objects of charity than to withhold the needed aid from one worthy one. But things are not viewed in this light by Mr. GUIDE BOARD. In his estimation, no one suffers but those who do wrong, consequently no one is deserving of assistance. If every one would take the road he directs, and do as they might do, all would soon arrive at a state of prosperity and happiness; when, perchance, he has as much need to advance on the highway to wealth as any one. But not one step does he take. He merely sits by the wayside directing others, and contents himself by telling what he is going to do, until he arrives at a certain age, when he changes the programme, and tells what he has done. Things most marvelous are accomplished in his imagination, but the fruits remain invisible. Solicit his aid for the suffering, his bread for the hungry, his old clothes for the naked, his answer is ready,—if they had done as they might have done, they need not have come to want. Sometimes, for the sake of harmony, he strikes a different string, and tells you he would be willing to help them, but he fears if he does them one kindness they will ask him for another, and so he will have nothing to do with them. Ah, I often think, should our Heavenly Father deal out blessings by this standard what would become of us? Surely, when He grants us one favor, it ever emboldens us to sue for another. And yet no one would dare to approach His throne, and tell Him they always did as well as they might do; always obeyed His requirements to the best of their

abilities. No, we could not, dare not, tell Him that, and yet, unworthy and wayward as we are, "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust." If it was our desire to follow His requirements, as we ought, we would not dwell so largely on the faults or mismanagements that reduced a fellow-being to want, as we would to devise ways and means to relieve them, lest it be said to us in the great day of accounts, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto me."
Easton, Mich., March, 1864. MYRA MYRTLE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GIVE THEM A LIFT.

FARMERS and teamsters, you with a good team and an empty wagon, give them a lift! Give who a lift? That poor traveler by the wayside there. No matter who he is, he has traveled a long way and is weary; perhaps he is in search of employment, or of some loved one whom he has not seen for years. No matter if he is ragged and dirty, he may have as warm a heart as beats in your own breast. Some drunken, worthless vagabond! He may have wandered from the path of rectitude, and fell among the thieves of intemperance, and been robbed and wounded and left half dead by the wayside; but should you, like the Priest and Levite, passed by on the other side? No, but like the Good Samaritan, take him up, bind up his wounds, give him a cheering word and help him on his way as far as you can, and depend upon it, he will never forget it.

A few years ago I was returning from the city of H— with an empty wagon, and picked up an old man by the wayside, whom I found on inquiry to be on his way from Ireland to spend the remainder of his days with his family, who were in this country. I carried him some ten or twelve miles on his way, and received a warm "God bless ye! and may ye niver want for a horse to draw ye." I thought no more about it until, some two or three years after, I was called upon by a young man whom I had occasionally met, to go and watch through the night with his father who was thought to be dying. I went, and on entering the room, the old man seemed to be insensible, but roused up when his son told him a gentleman had come to see him, and asked if he knew me. He looked at me, a smile lit up his countenance, and he reached out his emaciated hand and clasped mine, and in a feeble voice said, "Why shouldn't I? He is the man that gave me a lift on the road from H— when I was near fainting. GOD bless him!" It was about the last words he spoke, for in a few minutes he was dead, and I thought, surely, if so small an act as giving a weary one a ride will be remembered on his death-bed, it will pay to "give them a lift" when you overtake them by the way.
Grimby, C. W. A. M. S.

REMARKS.—There is some good cause why we should publish the above article. There are many men, with kind hearts, who are thoughtful and do not see the opportunity before them to do a kind deed, which they ought to seek for wherever they may be. Such acts, with the sure compensation which follows, keeps the heart green and fresh, and uncantered by selfish care.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.—Beyond all question, it is the unalterable constitution of nature that there is efficacy in love. The exhibition of kindness has the power to bring even the irrational animals into subjection. Show kindness to a dog, and he will remember it; he will be grateful; he will infallibly return love for love. Show kindness to a lion, and you can lead him by the mane; you can melt the untamed ferocity of his heart into an affection stronger than death. In all of God's vast, unbounded creation, there is not a living and sentient being, from the least to the largest, not one, not even the outcast and degraded serpent, that is insensible to acts of kindness. If love, such as our blessed Saviour manifested, could be introduced into the world, and exert its appropriate dominion, it would restore a state of things far brighter than the fabulous age of gold; it would annihilate every sting; it would pluck every poisonous tooth; it would hush every discordant voice. Even the inanimate creation is not insensible to this divine influence. The bud and flower, and fruit put forth most abundantly and beautifully where the hand of kindness is extended for their culture. And if this blessed influence should extend itself over the earth, a moral garden of Eden would exist in every land; instead of the thorn and briar, would spring up the fir tree and the myrtle; the desert would blossom, and the solitary place be made glad.—Exchange.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

AND thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice,
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day,
And it rang through me and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom,
Which the soul hears and must obey;
And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me
Such as, hereafter, death may be,
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.

[Longfellow.]

PERFECTION.—CHESTERFIELD says, "Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unobtainable. However, they who aim at it and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable."

MATTER is the dry rind of this succulent nutritious universe. Prick it on any side, and you draw the same juice.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE WIND AND THE PINE.

THE night wind sweeps o'er the moaning pine,
And the trembling shadows shiver—
Where the ghostly beams of the bright moon shine
Down on the rushing river.

"What dost thou see?" quoth the dusky tree,
"O wind of the night so wild and free,
That the burden low of thy murmuring tone,
Is ever a sigh and a weary moan,
'Till all the startled echoes creep
With a timid step through the forest deep,
And the moon-beams, pale as winter's snow,
In the tangled branches hide and quiver,—
With a sated tone the dark waves flow—
The waves of the sweeping river?"

With a mournful gleam and a pitying eye,
The stars looked down from the far off sky,
While the shadows fell on the drifted snow,
And the night wind sighed with a murmur low—
"From morn till eve, O list'ning tree,
The song I sing thou would'st sing forever,
Could'st thou sweep o'er the earth's broad breast with
me,
O Pine by the moaning river!

"Sorrow sleeps in the forest wide,
Sorrow drifts with the human tide
That moves with a ceaseless ebb and flow,
While the long years come, and the long years go:
Death is lurking in light and shade,
And the fairest flowers the soonest fade;
Hope looks still through her falling tears,
For the joys that come to her lone heart never,
And weary and sad are the lingering years,
O Pine by the murmuring river!

"Throned and crowned sits the stern-browed Might,—
Chained and alone the fallen Right,—
Evil is king, and Good lies low,—
Bound at the feet of its ancient foe.
Hearts are given for shining gold,
Faith and Truth are bought and sold.
A nation's heart is rent and torn,
Pierced with the wounds her own sons give her,—
Do I not well to sigh and mourn,
O Pine by the rushing river?"

The wind swept by with a wilder cry,
And the tree's dark boughs still shiver,
And still it moans 'neath the winter sky,
Down by the sweeping river.

Traverse City, Mich., 1864. M. E. C.

Written for the Rural New-Yorker.

TRUST.

How pleasant amid the varying scenes of life—its grief—its joys—its hopes and disappointments—to know we have one Friend in whom we can repose confidence, who will truly sympathize with and aid us by kind words and acts; one who, from love for us, will reprove our faults, and help us to do right. Our hearts cling to such an one, and in His unchanging constancy and disinterestedness we learn fully to trust. But how far above all earthly is the ever true, divine Friend, who, not only in this life, guards, guides and supports those who look to Him, but is "able to save to the uttermost." O, did we trust that Friend, how would it lighten life's burdens, lift its cares from our hearts, and whether sunshine or shadow rest upon our pathway, make it ever bright. He will be with us when our feet lightly touch earth's strand, and the Future, with its realities, is becoming distinctly revealed. Ah! that time is surely coming when we shall be looking out upon the bright, beautiful earth, with a lingering farewell; watching the changing lights and shadows flitting over forest and meadow—the sunlight resting upon the hill-tops with its golden glow tinting the pearl-clouds with crimson, and sinking in a "sea of glory" to rest—listening to the bird-songs trilled from the old cherry tree by the window, or the soft wind playing through its branches—the music of child-voices, or the low, sweet tones of a friend by our side—and feel it is the last time. Soon our ear will be dull to earth's rich harmonies, our eyes closed to its beauties. Soon we shall be going down into the "dark valley," launching out upon the limitless future, knowing, henceforth, that light will be shining, life-breathing, music-ringing,—flowers wafting their beauty and fragrance, not around but above us. What a moment! But if the soul reaches out to the Infinite One, and the lips can calmly say, "I have perfect trust," we go not alone. A Presence is with us to cheer and sustain. Who will not say "let me die thus?"

O, what, at such an hour, is wealth, or honor, or fame? What matter, whether we have enjoyed the luxury and ease the one can bring, or have toiled for the plainest subsistence? What matter, whether Fame has twined the unfading laurel o'er our brow, or in loneliness and obscurity our lives have passed? What matter, whether kingly diadems have been ours, or the hard hand of toil been oft pressed to our aching heads? Ah, what matter? When just leaving Time's shores and looking forward,

"A beautiful land by faith we see,
A land of rest, from sorrow free,
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there."
"And we 'trust' that home is ours, where
no sin shall enter, no tears, no night; but peace
and joy fill the soul, and the sweet rest of
heaven be forever unbroken.

No crowns, or gems, or honors do I covet;
only let this perfect trust be mine, that I may
not fear when the waves of Death's river flow at
my feet; but, having JESUS, the all-sufficient
Savior for my friend, may joyfully sing with
those who "die the death of the righteous."
Chenango Co., N. Y., 1864. BELL CLINTON.

WOULD you be holy, you must be humble.
Would you be humble, O never forget that the
magnet which drew the Savior from the skies,
was not your merit, but your misery.—Authrie.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY is the worst of
all trades, but the best of all professions.

The Reviewer.

THE CHRONICLES OF A GARDEN: Its Pets and its Pleasures. By the late Miss HENRIETTA WILSON, author of "Little Things," With a brief Memoir by JAMES HAMILTON, D. D., LL. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

We wish to call attention to one gratifying and noticeable fact, to wit: the rapidly increasing number of delightful books on Rural topics, prepared by accomplished and appreciative writers, and published in a style of book-art which indicates how the tide of life and love and worship is tending among the cultivated classes in this country.

And hence this book. The first chapter is devoted to the "Pleasures of Work." Among other pleasures which the garden brings she says the gratification of a healthy love of work is not the least; and, she asserts, "where this love is not, the sooner it is acquired the better, and few pursuits help on the acquisition so well as gardening."

The profit of innocent pleasure is as real and as beneficial to the mind as the profit of gain is to the purse. It is wise and right to take advantage of such simple, pure and varied enjoyments as are to be found even in a garden of two acres.

And hence this book. The first chapter is devoted to the "Pleasures of Work." Among other pleasures which the garden brings she says the gratification of a healthy love of work is not the least; and, she asserts, "where this love is not, the sooner it is acquired the better, and few pursuits help on the acquisition so well as gardening."

But we must close our before-breakfast reading of this book, promising our readers to return to its pleasant pages with them again.

BABBLE BROOK SONGS. By J. H. McNAUGHTON. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

There are a few satisfying poems in this little book. There are many which, for some reason—perhaps our own fault—we fail to appreciate. There is an affectionate about them that repulses. There is a great difference, in the effect produced, whether we sing from the heart, whether our songs are the overflowings of a perennial fountain, or simply babblings caused by a desire to babble, regardless of ability to do so well.

CUDNO'S CAVE. By J. T. TROWERDGE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This story of the early phases of the rebellion, the scenes of which are laid in East Tennessee, we can cordially commend to our readers. It will prove of absorbing interest to them. The characters in it are drawn with wonderful skill and faithfulness; and it contains dramatic pictures, vivid and instructive. It illustrates, with a truthfulness which all who have ever lived in the South must concede, the character of the different classes of Southern people, begotten of and developed by the institution of slavery; and shows precisely what material, in the shape of deluded and degraded followers, the leaders in this rebellion had to use in promoting their own unscrupulous schemes.

THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST. Stated and Explained, and its practice illustrated on an original system by means of hands played completely through. By CAYENDESH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is unfortunate, perhaps, for the publishers of this work, that the writer hereof does not know one card from another. Hence the Laws of Whist are entirely beyond his comprehension.

BLACKWOOD.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. SCOTT & Co., New York, the February number of this Magazine. The following is the Table of Contents:—Tony Butler—Part V; The Royal Academy Reformed; Cornelius O'Dood upon Men and Women; and other Things in General; Witchampton Hall; Chronicles of Carlingford—Part IX; A Ride through Sutherland; Charles the Bold.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS MADE AT SANDWICH, STATE OF ILLINOIS.

ANNUAL ABSTRACT—N. E. HALLOU, OBSERVER.

Latitude 41° 31' Longitude 88° 31'. Height of station above Sea, five hundred and seventy-five feet.

Table with columns for months (JAN. to DEC.) and rows for various meteorological data: Thermometer Monthly Mean, Highest Degree, Lowest Degree, Range, Warmest day, Coldest day, Cloudiness, Winds (North, North-East, East, South-East, South, South-West, West, North-West), Total of each Month, Prevailing Winds, Force of Winds, Weather (Fair days, Cloudy days, Total of each Month, Rain, Rain and Snow, Snow), Amount of water in inches.

REMARKS.—This Meteorological Report is interesting from its being sent from a Western State, and a little west of Chicago. The Report is pretty full for 1863, and gives general results also for the four preceding years. The Report is derived from about 20,000 observations, and contains no small amount of labor and effort. It is from such careful, daily, and regular observations that important conclusions in Meteorology must ultimately be obtained.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. COLD, DRY ASHES DANGEROUS.

COLD, dry ashes will ignite and become one solid mass of fire. I find that a very great many old and experienced men are ignorant of the fact that dry, cold ashes will take fire by having hot embers inserted in them, and become one solid mass of fire, and set on fire barrel, box, or whatever wooden thing contains them.

Now, ignorance on this subject exposes the ignorant to losses by fire. I have no doubt that many houses have been burned by ashes being put away with fire in them, and no one could imagine how the building took fire. I was about forty years old before I knew that ashes would take fire and burn over; and I had, perhaps, as good an opportunity to learn it as almost any one.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ASSOCIATE TO BUY.

GOODS in large quantities and original packages, can be bought at wholesale rates, or at the same prices the country merchant pays. You want sugar; your neighbors want it. Then buy it by the barrel or hoghead, and divide it equally among those interested and furnishing the money. If six families want ten pounds of tea each, it amounts to about what is usually called a chest. Why not buy a chest, then, and divide it among you according to cost? If six families want two brooms each, that makes one dozen, an original package. When brooms retail at two shillings each, they can generally be bought for eighteen shillings per dozen.

SOCIETY is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea leaves.

SICKNESS NOT CAUSELESS.

THERE can never be a disease without a cause; and almost already the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is, that sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come, as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark; a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance.

When animals are ill they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up" when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to "harden their constitutions" by exposing themselves to the cause which induces their sufferings, as if they could by so doing get accustomed to the exposure and ever hereafter endure it with a great amount of impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire, and is cured ever so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire; such a result is inevitable.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—The following may prove of much value, worthy at least of being cut out and preserved. It is inclosed in a letter to the London Times, from Dr. James Edwards, a prominent London physician. He says: I inclose a simple, safe and accessible prescription for the whole range of acid and corrosive poisons, and which, if promptly used, will almost invariably save life.

EVERY vital thought is given pleasure in running, waking, loving, contending, helping—is valor dealing gayly with the homely old forces and needs.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT A REPTILE.

CAPT. HARDY, R. A., writes an interesting letter to the Field newspaper, commenting on a statement that in Newfoundland there is not a snake, toad, frog, or reptile of any sort; nor any squirrels, porcupines, mink, or mice. Capt. Hardy says:—"Besides the above-mentioned deficiencies, I found, when visiting Newfoundland last summer, several others. It was midsummer, and the fire-flies were scintillating in myriads in the warm evenings over every swamp in Nova Scotia; here not one could be seen, nor was there another pleasing summer visitor of our neighboring provinces—the night-hawk. Considering the immense portion of this which is claimed by bogs and swamps, I think the absence of all reptiles very curious; and plodded long and often round the edges of ponds and swamps, hoping to see some little croaker a header from the bank; and by sunny slopes in the woods, where, on the mainland they might be seen at every other step, in search of snakes, but in vain. I believe some of our common green-headed frogs were recently transported to this island and turned out into a swamp such as would be a grand residence for them at home, but in a few days, alas! they all lay stiff on their backs. In fact, Newfoundland seems to be destined to remain as it now indubitably is—a country without a reptile."

AN INSECT SAMSON.

EVERY one who has taken the common beetle in his hand, knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss to know where to put it until I could kill it; a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present, under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the beetle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this fact by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul, which weighs 15,000 pounds, and to move to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE DISCONTENTED SCHOOL-BOY.

BY SOPHIA C. GARRETT.

"OH, MOTHER! must I go to school to-day?" said JAMES BROWN as he came into the house one cold morning. "I'd give five dollars if I could stay at home and skate. The pond is as smooth as glass, and it is capital skating. Now, mother, say I may have a grand skating time this fine wintry day, won't you? I've gone to school so steadily that I'm tired, and want a day to skate and rest my mind. It will make me dull to be always at my books, and you know father often says that

"All work and no play Makes Jack a dull boy." I'm sure I feel as dull as an owl now, and a few runs across the pond would bring me around right side up for study very soon."

"Well, that may be true enough," added JAMES, "but my skates are rusting, and I want to brighten them to-day."

"Cannot you skate enough on Saturday?"

"On Saturdays there are so many on the ice that a fellow does not have a fair chance to dash ahead without running against some stupid chap and tripping him down. Last night a few of us boys thought if we could 'stay out of school to-day and have a grand time skating, we could study like judges for a month to come. Say, mother, what's the reason you and father want me to go to school every day? The WOODLEY boys say their folks let them stay at home whenever they please, and FRANK and PETER GRAY often stay out to skate. Other boys don't have to get up as early in the morning to feed the cattle and sheep, and saw wood, as I do, and then I go off to school when the scholars along the way are only at breakfast. I think I might play awhile before starting for school instead of working at the wood. If all the scholars would go as early as I, we could have a fine play before school begins. But I get to the school-house long before others come, and that is dull business."

"Take your new book, your Christmas present, with you this morning and read in it before school. You will have a quiet time for reading, and feel as happy as you would if others were there to play with you. You do not go too early if your school commences at 9 o'clock; it is a pity your schoolmates come so late, as that is disagreeable for the teacher. I am glad you can go in time," said his mother, "and hope you will profit by it."

"I like school well enough, mother, but I wish the term would close before cold weather is over, and all the ice thawed away. I should like if it was out now, mother. It takes a great while before we are done going to school, don't it? How nice it would be if people could be educated without going to school year after year for ever so long. I wish some body would find out a new way of getting a great deal of learning in a year or two, don't you, mother?"

"That is an old wish, JAMES, but there is not a more rapid way of getting an education than by going to school regularly, and getting your lessons well. No boy becomes a good scholar without liking school and its duties. If you allow yourself to feel discontented now, because you must go to school, you will not learn as much as if you were anxious to go. When vacation comes you will become tired of working at home, and wish there was school again. Your mind will be filled with dislike for present duties. Thus a habit will be formed which will affect you seriously in after life. When a man, you will be changing from one kind of business to another, thinking each new employment will suit you better than the last. I will tell you a short story to illustrate what I have said to you about doing our daily duties faithfully and cheerfully."

"Do you remember the poor man that stayed all night here three weeks ago, JAMES? In his boyhood he was a playmate of your father's, and had a good opportunity for going to school. In autumn, when husking corn, he would get tired and long for school to commence, in order to get away from work. After going part of the term, study would become irksome, and he would long quite as eagerly for vacation. Many a day was spent by him skating and hunting with idle companions, while his parents supposed him to be at the school-house. When nineteen years of age he was apprenticed to a carpenter, he having a taste for that business. He was an ingenious lad, and used to say 'he could turn his hand to anything.' He made rapid progress in this noble trade while his novelty lasted. When that was gone, he gradually became careless in doing his work. Sometimes, when his employer was absent, he would slip off to the tavern to see what was going on there. He saw gentlemen drinking liquor there, and thinking it manly to do so, copied their example, and thus became addicted to the vice of intemperance."

"He loitered often at a blacksmith shop near by, and becoming tired of being a carpenter, thought he would like to be a blacksmith. His fondness for this trade was of brief duration. When summer came, with its bright days, he said the shop was too hot and noisy to suit him, and away he went with his fishing rod, leaving his customers to await his return, or get their work done at another shop. Other trades were tried, but none was thoroughly learned. He only wanted to work when he felt like it, and could get the highest wages. He rambled from place to place, sometimes working a few days, and then spending months in idleness. Totally disregarding the present time as the period for faithful labor, he has vainly hoped future years would open to him new avenues for gaining wealth without toiling for it. You saw him three weeks ago, when he called here and begged a night's lodging. Had he formed good habits in youth he might now be enjoying the comforts of a happy home instead of being a wretched wanderer. Now, my boy, learn from this story to be contented to perform your present duty cheerfully, and never think of play unless it is at the proper time."

JAMES said, "Oh, mother, forgive me for being so foolish! I believe you and father know what is best for me, and I will always do as you direct," and off he ran to school with a happy heart.

GIVE the hour to folly and you set back the dial-hand of destiny; you are so much behind your privilege in every following hour.

Publisher to the Public.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE RURAL.—We can no longer furnish all the back numbers of this volume. New subscribers wishing back numbers can have all but No. 7, (Feb. 13), of which we have not a copy left, except those reserved for files and binding. And we have only a few copies of No. 6. Agents or others having extra copies of either No. 6 or 7, or both, will greatly oblige us by forwarding the same—and we are willing to pay double price for either.

COMPETITORS FOR THE PREMIUMS OFFERED BOYS AND YOUNG MEN under 21 years of age, are informed that it has been impossible for us to make the awards for want of proper information. Only a few competitors have given us their respective ages, and the clerk having the matter in charge is unable to decide who are entitled to premiums. We therefore request all other competitors who have formed clubs—Boys or Young Men under 21—to immediately notify us of the fact, and each send the certificate of nearest Post-Master as to his age. Prompt attention to this will enable us to award and pay the premiums, and we are anxious to do so at the earliest possible moment.

Remit Full Price.—People who remit less than \$2 for a single copy of RURAL one year, (except club agents, clergy-men, soldiers, etc.) will only receive the paper for the length of their money paid for at single copy price. It is useless to send us \$1.25 or \$1.50, and tell us to send one year for that, or add your name to a club (perhaps fifty miles away), for we must and shall adhere to our published rules and terms—especially when our lowest rate ought to be \$2. While many, who might join clubs, send us the full single copy price, others insist upon getting the paper at a low figure without joining a club. As an instance of the difference in people, a California lady has just sent us \$10 in gold for a club of six, asking no premium on the club—while a Canada man sends us a gold dollar asking the RURAL and American postage, one year (\$2.20) therefor.

Help the Agents.—All who wish well to the RURAL are requested to help it along by forming clubs or adding 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?

Special Notices

CATALOGUE OF SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS, PAPERS, CARDS, &c. We have been shown a Catalogue of Sabbath School Books, Papers, Cards, &c., published by ADAMS & ELLIS of this city, containing over 3,000 volumes of the best books published by the different publishers in the country, together with a list of every thing needed by a Sabbath School. They also publish a Sunday School Hymn Book, containing 81 choice hymns selected from the Oriole, Golden Choir, Golden Shower, &c., &c., at the remarkably low price of six cents, bound in boards. N. B.—Send for a Catalogue.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!

The "Champion" is the most perfect Self-Adjusting and Adjustable Clothes Wringer in use.

The "Champion" is the only Clothes Wringer in use that is fastened to a tub by the Patent Circular Clamp.

Married.

At Homlock Lake, on the 10th inst., by Rev. J. W. BAILEY, Mr. LYMAN B. RAY, of Concord, Mich., and Miss L. N. SHORT, of the former place.

Died.

In East Oxford, C. W., March 1st, 1864, WEALETHA KEYES, wife of Mr. S. W. KEYES, aged 69 years, formerly of Avon, Livingston Co., N. Y.

In Pendleton, on the 14th inst., RELIEF B., wife of AUSTIN P. ROSS, aged 33 years and 9 months.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52 1/2 cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded), 60 cents a line.

The edition of the RURAL is now so large as to render it necessary that the first form (outside pages) should go to press on Friday of the week preceding date, and the last form (inside pages) on Tuesday morning. Hence to secure insertion advertisements intended for the last page should reach us ten days in advance of the date of the paper, and those for the inside (7th page) on Monday.

PURE SORGO AND IMPHEE SEED, Warranted, for sale by JAMES S. MCCALL, Lyons, N. Y.

FARMER WANTED.—TO SUPERINTEND 800 acres. Married man—wife, 29. Address by letter, A. A. Western Sub-Post Office, Philadelphia, Pa.

REJECTED APPLICATIONS FOR PATENTS ARE prosecuted in Appeal by us without charge unless successful. Send for Circular on the subject. J. FRASER & CO., Patent Agents, Rochester, N. Y.

NERVOUS DISEASES AND PHYSICAL DEBILITY, arising from Specific causes,—new and reliable treatment. Valuable Essays, sent by mail free of charge. Address, DR. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Box 1, 421 Philadelphia, Pa.

SMALL FARM WANTED.—Of from 30 to 60 acres in Western New York, near RR, and markets, adapted to fruits and general farming, with good but not costly buildings. Address, with full description, terms, &c., to P. M. care of J. R. BABBITT, Granville, Washington Co., N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—In East Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y., containing 38 1/2 acres in a good state of cultivation, well fenced, about 15 acres choice timber, buildings good, terms easy. Price \$5,000. Apply to or address, J. B. FRENCH, Jr., East Bloomfield, N. Y., March 7, 1864.

TOBACCO SEED.—The genuine Connecticut Seed Leaf, grown by special contract. Packets containing 1 oz. sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents, with directions. Larger quantities if desired. Havana and Cuba at same rates. Address, B. W. EDWARDS, Laceyville, Pa.

FOR SALE.—THE SUBSCRIBER WISHES to sell, or EXCHANGE, for land in Western N. Y., a small farm of about 40 acres, situated 2 miles from the city of Lansing, Mich. Also a dwelling house and 4 lots, located on one of the pleasant streets of said city. Address, L. S. FORD, Corfu, Genesee Co., N. Y.

EPILEPTIC FITS.—Dr. C. ROBBINS, Charlestown, Mass., "the famed discoverer of new remedies for Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus' Dance," by which he cures eighty per cent of his cases, has cured a thousand cases, some of 25 years standing, having from one to fifty fits per day, would call attention to this advertisement in the Rural New-Yorker of March 5th, 1864.

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Spring Term of this Institution will commence Thursday, April 7th, with a full corps of experienced Teachers. Board and Tuition in Higher Branches \$25. In Common Branches, \$24. For full particulars address, Miss C. A. ELDRIDGE, Principal, Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., March 7, 1864.

THE PATENT "STAR" NO CHIMNEY BURNER for Kerosene Oil Lamps and Lanterns. Gives a brilliant light, free from smoke or smell, and requires no chimney. It can be carried and handled freely without being extinguished. Every consumer of Kerosene oil wants it. Samples sent free. Agents wanted. Sent for circular. PETER ESSIG & CO., 740-21 Manufacturers, 2 Platt St., New York.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE.—A small farm of about 30 acres, situated on the Seneca River, 9 miles from Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y., of a mile from Kirkwood Village and N. Y. & Erie R.R. depot; churches, schools, &c., convenient good buildings, good orchard, five acres wood land, ice house, carriage house, &c. The farm is a clay loam, in good state of cultivation, in a pleasant location. Will be sold on reasonable terms, to close an estate, or will exchange for city property. New York City or Brooklyn, or address S. R. MANN, Kirkwood, Broome Co., N. Y., or O. W. CHAPMAN, Esq., Binghamton, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—GREAT BARGAIN. WILL BE SOLD CHEAP! The Farm formerly owned and occupied by EDWARD FITCH in the town of Birdsall, Allegany county, N. Y., containing 653 acres—400 acres good tillable land, under division of soil, black sandy loam, 125 acres heavily timbered woodland. Has a small frame house and two barns. For terms apply to E. H. HURD, Geneva, N. Y.

ASTOUNDING DISCLOSURES! NARRATIVE OF EDMUND WRIGHT: HIS ADVENTURES with and Escape from the Knights of the Golden Circle; giving an inside view of the motives of that infamous Organization, its connection with the Great Rebellion and the Copperhead Movement of the North.

One of the most startling and truly astonishing narratives ever issued from the press. It is teeming with the Mysterious, the Wonderful, the Horrible; full of incident, admirably related—full of warning to the patriot—full of danger to the traitor and its myrmidons. It is the Book for the Hour, and will be sought after and read by millions. The demand for it is prodigious.

It is creditably produced, on good paper, with splendidly illuminated covers, and eighteen full page illustrations. Price, 50 cents. The Trade supplied on liberal terms. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. W. R. LANPHEAR, 134 West 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

ON FLAX AND HEMP CULTURE. JUST PUBLISHED, The Sixth Edition of "A MANUAL OF FLAX CULTURE AND MANUFACTURE, embracing full directions for Preparing the Ground, Sowing, Raising, Spinning, Weaving, Finishing, &c. Also, an ESSAY by a Western man, on HEMP AND FLAX IN THE WEST: Modes of Culture, Preparation, &c. With Botanical Descriptions and Illustrations.

This work, first published last season, has been highly commended by the Press and cultivators of Flax and Hemp. It has been highly commended by the Press and cultivators of Flax and Hemp. It has been highly commended by the Press and cultivators of Flax and Hemp.

The Manual is published in hand- some style, paper bound form. Price only 25 cents— for some style, paper bound form. Price only 25 cents— for some style, paper bound form. Price only 25 cents—



FLAX PLANT. The Manual is published in hand- some style, paper bound form. Price only 25 cents— for some style, paper bound form. Price only 25 cents—

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. D. APPLETON & CO., Nos. 443 & 445 Broadway, HAVE JUST PUBLISHED A NEW EDITION OF THE HOUSEKEEPER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER IN ALL BRANCHES OF COOKING AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY, Containing THE FIRST SCIENTIFIC AND RELIABLE RULES FOR PUTTING UP ALL KINDS OF HERMETICALLY SEALED FRUITS, WITH THE SUGAR IN THE CAN OR COMMON BOTTLES; ALSO RULES FOR PRESERVING FRUITS IN AMERICAN AND FRENCH STYLES; WITH THREE RECEIPTS FOR MAKING DOMESTIC WINES, CATSUPS, SIRUPS, CORN-DIALS, &c., AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR CULTIVATION OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FLOWERS, DESTRUCTION OF INSECTS, &c., &c.

MRS. E. F. HASKELL. 1 vol., 12mo., 445 pages. Price \$1.00. "This is one of the best and most thoroughly practical cook-books which it has been our fortune to examine."—Godey's Lady's Book.

"This is a work of rare merit."—San Francisco Daily Times. "This volume should be introduced" as a text-book in our female schools."—Augusta Chronicle.

THE BEST READING BOOKS. HILLARD'S NEW SERIES. Recommendations. [From JOHN D. PHILBRICK, Esq., Superintendent of Public Schools, Boston.]

It gives me pleasure to assure you that the new series of Hillard's "Readers" is giving very great satisfaction—so far as I know, entire satisfaction—to our public schools. In regard to these books, hear from the teachers on one opinion, and they will be very favorable. Since their introduction, a new interest in reading has been awakened among both teachers and pupils.

From present indications, I feel warranted in saying that during the year, twenty-five per cent in consequence of the introduction of this series. Very truly yours, JOHN D. PHILBRICK.

[From GEORGE F. PHELPS, Principal of Eaton School, New Haven, Conn.] "I have examined with much care Hillard's series of 'Readers,' and I have no hesitation in recommending them as the best reading books yet published.

The truly progressive character and adaptability to each grade, as well as the superior mechanical execution and beautiful illustrations of the primary books, are unequalled. The intermediate books, forming the connecting link between the primary and the higher, are finely arranged; the lessons being peculiarly well adapted to that class of pupils to whom they are intended.

The selections of the 'Fifth' and 'Sixth' are unsurpassed; and, after a very careful review, I do not see a single piece that I would care to see omitted.

The Introduction by Prof. BAILEY, is the most practical treatise on elocution I have ever seen. The natural method of analysis, the concise and clearly stated principles, the common-sense arrangement, and the copious and characteristic examples with which every principle is illustrated, combine to make it a most complete and practical work. It entirely sustains itself when tried by the severest of all tests—the classroom; and in no instance have I known of its being used but with the happiest results.

It marks a new era in the teaching of reading, for a pupil made familiar with its principles, and furnished with facility as in grammar or arithmetic; and reading thus becomes an intelligible study, instead of a dull, unmethodical exercise.

Copies of the books will be furnished to teachers and school officers for examination, or they will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the Sixth, 24 cents; Fifth, 20 cents; Fourth, 16 cents; Third Primary, 12 cents; Second Primary, 8 cents; First Primary, 5 cents; and for the seven books, \$1.00.

BREWER & TILESTON, 181 Washington Street, Boston.

ELEVATING HAY.—For sale, County and State Rights for an invention just patented for elevating a load of hay by means of the wedge, and dumping it at the required spot, in a simple, easy and quick manner. It can be made by a carpenter and will cost not much more than a horse-hay fork. It has been used by the patentee at Fairfield, N. Y., and is the best of the kind. Address the patentee, G. W. PROUT, Ashland, Greene Co., N. Y.

GEO. DEMERIT & CO., JEWELERS, NO. 308 BROADWAY NEW YORK, (CORNER DUANE STREET.)

100,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens and Pencils, &c., &c., WORTH \$500,000! TO BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

And not to be paid until you know what you will receive! SPLENDID LIST OF ARTICLES All to be Sold for One Dollar Each!

- 100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....\$100.00 each
100 Gold Watches..... 60.00
200 Ladies' Watches..... 35.00
500 Silver Watches..... 25.00
500 Silver Chains..... 20.00
1,000 Chatelaine and Guard Chains..... 5.00 to 15.00
3,000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 4.00 to 12.00
4,000 Solitaire Jet and Gold Brooches..... 4.00 to 8.00
4,000 Solitaire Diamond Brooches..... 4.00 to 8.00
7,000 Gold, Jet, Opal, &c. Ear Drops..... 3.00 to 8.00
5,000 Gents' Breast and Scarf Pins..... 3.00 to 8.00
5,000 Oval and Round Bracelets..... 3.00 to 8.00
2,000 Chased Bracelets..... 5.00 to 10.00
3,500 California Diamond Pins and Rings..... 2.50 to 8.00
2,000 Gold Watch Keys..... 2.50 to 6.00
4,000 Solitaire Stud Buttons and Studs..... 2.00 to 6.00
3,000 Gold Thumbies..... 4.00 to 6.00
5,000 Miniature Lockets..... 2.00 to 7.00
3,000 Miniature Chains..... 4.00 to 6.00
2,500 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, &c..... 2.00 to 6.00
5,000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2.00 to 5.00
5,000 Chased Gold Rings..... 2.00 to 5.00
5,000 Gold and Silver Jewelry..... 5.00 to 15.00
6,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry, varied styles..... 3.00 to 15.00
4,000 Gold Pens, Silver and Gold..... 4.00 to 8.00
4,000 Gold Pen, Gold Case and Pencil..... 5.00 to 10.00
6,000 Gold Pens, Gold-mounted Holder..... 2.00 to 6.00

All the goods in the above List will be sold, without reservation, for ONE DOLLAR EACH. Certificates of all the various articles are placed in similar envelopes sealed and mixed. These envelopes will be sent by mail or delivered at our office, without regard to choice. On receiving a Certificate, you will see what article it represents, and you will be allowed to select the article and receive the article named, or any other in the list of same value.

In all transactions by mail we charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each. Five Certificates will be sent for \$1; Eleven for \$2; Thirty for \$5; Sixty-five for \$10, and One Hundred for \$15.

By this mode we give selections from a varied stock of fine goods, of the best make and latest styles, and of the highest quality, at a most extraordinary price, and a chance of securing articles of the very highest value.

We guarantee entire satisfaction in every instance, and if there should be any person dissatisfied with any article they may receive, they will immediately return it, and the price will be refunded.

AGENTS.—We allow those acting as Agents Ten Cents on each Certificate ordered, provided their remittance amount to One Dollar, and Twenty Cents on each, and retaining 10 cents, remit to us 15 cents for each. Address GEO. DEMERIT & CO., 308 Broadway, New York.

WANTED.—A MAN TO MAKE CHEESE. GOOD references required. GEO. A. MOORE, Buffalo, March 7, 1864.

FARM FOR SALE.—87 Acres, good buildings, fruit, &c., one mile from the village of Cayuga, N. Y. For further particulars, address Box 44, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1860.—Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decks of ships, iron bridges, the railroad bridges, depots, &c. Depot 74 Maiden Lane, New York. 739-21. ROBERT REYNOLDS, Agent.

FARM FOR SALE OF 105 ACRES, IN OAKFIELD, Genesee Co., 6 miles north-west of Batavia, 2 miles west of Dunham's Corners, and 2 miles south of the village of Cary. Good wood, with springs of living water, well fenced, fair buildings. March 7, 1864. EDWARD TUTTLE, Oakfield.

FOR SALE.—A FIRST RATE FARM, containing one hundred and seven acres, excellent land for wheat and corn; with good buildings and a fine lot of fruit trees, situated near the village of Geneva, about two miles from the Post Office. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Old Castle Nurseries, March 1, 1864. (739-21) Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y.

THE CHAMPION Clothes Wringer. The following are a few of the many advantages of the "CHAMPION CLOTHES WRINGER" over all others in use: 1st. It is fastened to a tub by a CIRCULAR CLAMP,

which has an equal bearing on the Tub the whole length of other Wringers, while all other Wringers are merely fastened to a SINGLE STAVE at each end. The Circular Clamp not only affords the most secure fastening of any in use, but it does not strain the tub like all other modes of fastening. A child eight years old can securely fasten the Wringer to any size TUB, POUNDING BARREL OR BOX.

2d. The Rubber Rollers are fastened to the shaft under Hale's Patent, which is acknowledged to be the most effectual fastening in use. It is done by first covering the shaft with canvas, which is then tightly stretched over it. The shaft is then wound with a strong wire, which is covered with Rubber Cement, of the same nature as the rollers. The roller being drawn on to the shaft soon unites with the cement, forming a solid mass. If the rubber is allowed to come in contact with the shaft, the sulphur in the rubber acting on the iron soon causes the rubber to become brittle, which renders the rollers useless. This is entirely overcome by using Hale's manner of fastening, which not only prevents the rollers from becoming loose on the shaft, but renders the use of COG-WHEELS entirely unnecessary.

3d. The Rollers need no adjusting to wring ordinary clothing, but to wring very heavy articles, they can be adjusted as desired, which saves much hard labor and straining of the Wringer.

4th. The Rollers turn in boxes of hard maple wood, which are bolted in on iron soon run, which renders the rollers that turn on iron soon run, which causes them to turn very hard unless frequently oiled. Oil has a very bad effect on the rubber.

5th. There is no noise about the Wringer that can come in contact with articles being wrung. Besides saving much hard labor, the Wringer will soon pay for itself in the saving of clothing.

6th. There is no reason about the Wringer, as to never have one RETURNED, I invite competition, and desire any one purchasing a Champion Wringer, to test it with others, and if found SUPERIOR to all others, keep it.—If INFERIOR to any, return it and the money will be refunded, if returned within one month.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Any active person with a capital of \$50 or \$100, can make \$5 per day in selling this Wringer.

RETAIL PRICES. No. 1, 10 Inch Roller,.....\$7.00 No. 1, 9 Inch Roller,..... 6.00 No. 2, 8 1/2 Inch Roller,..... 5.00 Manufactured and sold wholesale and Retail by, 739-17] N. B. PHELPS, 21 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—In West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y. It consists of 121 acres under good improvement, with good buildings and well fenced. Terms easy. For further particulars inquire of IRA O. THOMPSON, on the premises.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY. Spring Term begins March 23.

\$37.50 per term of 14 weeks, for Board, Washing, Fuel and Room furnished with stove, table, stand, bedstead, mattress and bedding, except sheets and pillow cases. The Institution is located at Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. It is only seven miles from the New York Central Railroad, at Little Falls; from which students are conveyed free of charge, the first day of each term. For further information address, REV. L. B. BARKER, Principal.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS. A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound. Warranted To give Satisfaction. For valuable information upon the subject of BELLS send for pamphlets to the undersigned, who are the only manufacturers of this description of Bell with Harbors' WATERS' PATENT rotating hangings, either in this country or in Europe.

AMERICAN BELL COMPANY, No. 30 Liberty Street, New York.

PURE EXTRACT OF TOBACCO, FOR SHEEP WASH. Send for Circular to R. H. ALLEN & CO., 738-41 129, 131 & 133 Water St., New York.

HOYT'S HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.—HOYT'S HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE. HOYT'S HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE. HOYT'S HIAWATHA HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Warranted to restore faded and gray Hair and Whiskers to their original color. Superior to dyes and every other preparation for the hair in the natural and life appearance it gives, instead of the dull, dead black dyes, so often used, to any other fertilizer.

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM, changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere. HOYT & CO., 738-17 No. 10 University-place, New York.

FARMS FOR SALE.—For particulars see Rural of Feb. 6th. J. B. WILFORD, Oakfield, N. Y.

AMMONIATED PACIFIC GUANO. A real Guano, containing from seventy to eighty per cent of Phosphate of Lime, to which has been added, by a chemical process, a large per cent of actual Ammonia so fixed that it can not evaporate, making it equal in its action to any other fertilizer.

Pamphlets, with copies of analysis by Dr. JACKSON, Mass. State Assayer, and Dr. LEBIG, of Baltimore, with testimonials from scientific agriculturists, showing its value, can be obtained from J. O. BAKER & CO., Selling Agents, 87 Wall Street, New York.

\$40 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS, WHICH OPENS March 24th, pays for Board, Washing, Fuel and Room furnished except sheets and pillow cases, in Fairfield Seminary, Fulton, N. Y. Tuition from \$4 to \$6. Address J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE CRANBERRY. It is more easy and successful in the common dry soil of private and market gardens, or in field culture, than in the usual clumsy way in bogs and meadows. The yield this season, in my method of culture, was over 400 bushels per acre. Explicit directions for cultivation, with prices of Cranberry Plants and all other Ornamental Trees, Plants and Shrubs, will be sent by mail. Plants ready by mail. B. M. WATSON, Old Colony Nurseries, Plymouth, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his Home Farm, known as the Bradley Farm, lying one mile south of the village of West Bloomfield, containing 110 acres of land, about 100 acres being improved, and under a state of good cultivation.

The farm is more easy and successful for productiveness, is well fenced and watered, has a comfortable dwelling house and good farm barns, orchard, &c. Price reasonable, and terms of payment easy. Inquire of the subscriber in the premises. MATTHEW J. PECK, West Bloomfield, Feb., 1864.

\$75 A MONTH.—I want to hire Agents in every \$75 county at \$75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

\$60 A MONTH.—I want Agents at \$60 a month, \$25 expenses paid, to sell my "Elevating Forks, Orbits" and 15 other articles. No. 150 Broadway, New York. FREE. Address, JOHN F. LORD, Bideford, Me.

SEED WHEAT, &c.—For advertisement of BOOTH'S SEED, from the clover, January 30th, 1864. Good Farmers, Country Merchants, and others are invited to sell it. 734-17

CHOICE VINEYARD LANDS.—We offer superior cultivated grape lands fronting on Manasse Bay, west end of Lake Erie, in the famous Kelly Island grape region, and adjoining successful peach and grape plantations, with the right of water and land, to the miles from the city of Toledo, by water and land. Apply to W. H. & F. J. SCOTT, Toledo.

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER. WITH COG WHEELS. WARRANTED! It is not only a PERFECT WRINGER, but the cog-wheels give it a POWER which renders it a most EXCELLENT WASHER,

pressing and separating as it does the DIRT with the WATER, from the clothes. It is especially adapted to the washing of heavy articles, and is especially adapted to the washing of heavy articles, and is especially adapted to the washing of heavy articles.

Will not Twist on the Shaft, and tear the clothing. 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 CANVASSEER

in every town. We offer liberal inducements and guarantee the exclusive sale. JULIUS IVES & CO., 347 Broadway, New York.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. A magnificent business for any one to engage in the sale of the Great "Novelty Prize Stationary Packet"

which contains besides the large amount of fine Stationery, ONE CHANCE in the great sale of \$50,000 of Watches and Jewelry. Agents can sell thousands of these Packets, and the Certificate which is added is worth \$100,000. As an EXTRA INCENTIVE we will present, free, with every 100 Packets, one SOLID SILVER WATCH, warranted genuine. Also "SPLendid STEEL ENGRAVINGS," the finest ever published, and Photograph Plates at prices which will yield the agent nearly \$50 for every \$10 invested. Never before were such great inducements offered! Circulars, with full particulars, making the same packets forwarded by mail, on receipt of 50 cents. Address G. S. HASKINS & CO., 732-17 No. 36 & 38 Beekman St., New York.



53,818 SOLD IN 1863. SELF-ADJUSTING AND ADJUSTABLE! The only Wringer with the Patent Cog-Wheel Regulator,

Which POSITIVELY prevents the rolls from BREAKING, OR TWISTING ON THE SHAFT. A GOOD CANVASSEER WANTED In every town. We offer liberal inducements and guarantee the exclusive sale. JULIUS IVES & CO., 347 Broadway, N. Y.

DRAIN TILE MACHINE. BEST IN USE MANUFACTURED BY A. A. TOURETTE, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE.—The Suburban Farm RESIDENCE of the late W. R. 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 great 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 HAMILTON DODGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANCERS CURED.—Cancers cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumorous White Swelling, Gout, Ulcers and all Chronic diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge. DRS. BARCOCK & TORIN, 27 Bond Street, New York.

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.

This work reached seven editions in less than six weeks from the time of its first publication, in October, 1863, and the demand for it is still extraordinary. No volume on any branch of Agriculture or husbandry ever had so rapid a sale, or gave such universal satisfaction. It is cordially welcomed and highly approved by both Press and People, being pronounced THE BEST WORK ON SHEEP HUSBANDRY ever published in America. The Twelfth Edition is now in press and will be issued next week.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD is sold only by Agents and the Publisher. It comprises 464 large duodecimo pages, and is printed, illustrated and bound in superior style. The uniform price is \$1.50, and it can not be afforded at a less price for years, if ever. Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address D. B. T. MOORE, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS! THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE, with mounted objects, constitutes a beautiful and appropriate Holiday GIFT to old or young; combining instruction with amusement, magnifying about 100 diameters or more, and being the power most frequently required, and yet so simple that a child can use it. It is the most perfect and useful of all beautiful mounted objects for \$5; with 24 objects \$5. Liberal discount to dealers. Address HENRY CRAIG, 333 Broadway, New York.

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. were awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the Great International Exhibition, London, 1862.

Principal Office, No. 505 Broadway, N. Y. 605 A. W. DIBBLE, Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS. The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual rates, and shall add new works as published.

Johnston's Elements of Agriculture.....\$1.25 Do. Chemistry and Geology..... 1.35 Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals..... 1.75 Do. Catel's Manual of Agriculture for Schools..... 25 Langstroth on the Hive and the Honey Bee..... 1.50 Leitch's Hot-Houses..... 1.25 Liebig's great work on Agriculture..... 1.50 Do. Familiar Hints to Farmers..... 0.50 Linsley's Morgan Horses..... 1.00 Macaulay's History of England..... 4 vols., 1.00 Manual of Agriculture by Emerson and Flint..... 75 Macaulay's History of the World..... 10.00 Milburn on the Wool..... 25 Moore's Manual on Flax Culture..... 25 Modern Farming by Acton & Mrs. J. Hale..... 1.25 Mrs. Ables' Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide..... 50 Mumford's Field Lectures..... 1.00 Nash's Progressive Farmer..... 60 Oviatt's Elements of Agriculture..... 25 Oviatt's Sorgho and Impure..... 1.00 Paine on the Strawberry..... 1.00 Pedder's Land Measurer.....

OVER THE WATERS.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Oh, why art thou dreaming?
The bright moon is beaming,
Giving the lustre of day to the night!

The Story-Teller.

MANLY INDEPENDENCE;

THE MAN WHO CARRIED HIS OWN BUNDLE.

There are days when men must carry their own bundles—in other words, rely upon their own exertions for fame and fortune.

In the dullest part of the dullest county in England is situated the little demi-semi-fashionable bathing town of—Bless me!—I was almost betrayed by the mere force of habit into the imprudence of calling it by its name.

Once upon a time there happened to the said little town a very dull bathing season—every town on the coast, beside, was full of company; bathers, walkers, donkey-riders, saunterers and pebble gatherers, yet the luckless town of— was comparatively empty.

In this state of utter stagnation were affairs at—, when, one very hot day in the middle of August, a stranger was seen to enter that worthy town corporate. In the dearth of anything in the shape of news or variety which was felt so sensible at— the arrival of a stranger would have been considered a reasonable mercy.

Such was his dress: there was something wholly out of the common way about the lonely pedestrian. There was that expression of cool, determined courage in his large grey eyes, that whatever might be the prevailing sentiments of the community towards him, few would have been bold enough to offer him actual insult, even if he had not grasped so substantial a weapon of offence and defence as the above mentioned stout oaken cudgel in a hand that betokened such weight of bone and power of muscle.

There certainly was a characteristic something in the stranger, from the tie of his handkerchief to the slight roll in his gait, that savored of a seafaring life. Even his way of setting on his hat had not the look of a landman. The air of sturdy independence with which he shouldered his bundle, and trudged along, showed that he considered the opinions of the bystanders as a matter of perfect indifference.

The first step he took was to search for lodgings; but these, though readily found, were not so easily obtained. It was in vain that he applied to the proprietors of every lodging-house; it seemed as though he carried a bill of exclusion in his face: people shut their doors on his approach, and from the genteel machine villa to the most paltry cabin, he could not find a roof

that would shelter him and his bundle. The inn-keepers were equally inexorable, and it appeared doubtful whether he would be permitted to rest even the sole of his foot in the hospitable town of—.

Our pedestrian might have despaired even of obtaining a night's lodging in a place where the tide of popular opinion seemed to set so dead against him, but he was no sentimental novice; he had passed the meridian of life, and was too well acquainted with mankind not to know that while he could call to his aid a few of those potent little magicians called sovereigns (and most despotic sovereigns they are) he could insure himself anything he pleased in the little corporation. In fact, the prudential doubts of its inhabitants as to the probability of his carrying any metal of that shape and color in the queerly cut pockets of his thread-bare pepper-and-salts, was the whole and sole cause of his cool reception.

The witness of a sovereign, to which the stranger as a dernier resort appealed, procured him a supper and bed, and all things needful for rest and refreshment, at a small public house, whose crazy little creaking sign promised to travelers "Good entertainment for man and horse."

The next morning, being disencumbered of the unpopular bundle at the end of that oaken cudgel which he still either grasped or flourished in a most nautical fashion, he entered the reading-room.

"It is no use putting down your name, sir, for you cannot be admitted here," was the answer he received from the port superintendent of this place of fashion and resort.

"Not on my paying the usual terms of subscription?" demanded the stranger.

"No, sir, we cannot admit persons of your description on any terms, sir."

"Persons of my description?" repeated the stranger, most emphatically, grasping his trusty cudgel, "and pray, sir, of what description do you suppose me to be?"

The Jack in office surveyed the sturdy stranger with a look in which contempt and alarm were oddly blended, as he replied,

"Can't exactly say, sir, but I am sure none of our subscribers would choose to associate with you."

"How do you know that, you saucy Jack-napes?" said the stranger, becoming a little choleric.

"Why, sir, because, sir, we make a point of being very select, sir, and never on no account admit persons of your description."

"But it seems you do not know of what description I am."

"Why, sir, no one can expect to keep these sort of things secret."

"What, then, is it whispered about who I am?"

"Yes, sir, by everybody."

"And what does that important personage, everybody, say?"

"Oh, sir, that you are a broken down miller, hiding from his creditors." And here he cast a shrewd glance on the thread-bare pepper-and-salts of the stranger. The stranger regarded him for a moment with a comic expression on his features, made him a profound bow and walked off.

Not a whit humbled by this repulse, the stranger repaired to the place of general promenade, and took possession of a vacant place at the end of one of the benches, on which were seated two or three of those important people who had from time immemorial invested themselves with the dignity of the head persons in the place. It is hardly possible to suppose such people would condescend to exchange a few remarks with a stranger of whom the only particulars known were, that he trudged into town carrying his own bundle, wore a thread-bare suit of pepper-and-salts, and slept at the Golden Lion.

These worthies did not allow him time to make their acquaintance, but with an air as if they dreaded infection, they rose and departed. Not the least discomposed by the distaste the great men of little—evinced for his society, the stranger proceeded to make himself as much at home on the bench as if it had been his inheritance. He drew from his pocket a box with an apparatus for igniting a match, lighted a cigar and smoked for some time with great apparent relish.

At length perceiving a new set of loungers on the promenade, he hastily dispatched his cigar, and approaching one of the other benches, addressed a few courteous, though trifling observations to its occupants, three ladies and a gentleman; but had his remarks been either of a blasphemous or indelicate nature, they could not have been received with a greater appearance of consternation by the ladies, who rose, alarmed at the liberty the pepper-and-salt colored man had taken, while the gentleman observed, with a most aristocratic demeanor, that he labored under a mistake in addressing those ladies.

"Sir," said the stranger, "you are right; I took you for persons of politeness and benevolence. Discovering my error, I crave your pardon, and retire."

Although any reasonable person might have been satisfied from these specimens of the inhabitants of— that it was no spot for a friendly unknown individual to pitch his tent in, still "the man who carried his own bundle" persevered in his endeavors to find some liberal-minded person therein. Yet, from the highest to the lowest, a general feeling of suspicion seemed to pervade the bosoms of all, and the luckless stranger resided in the town a whole week without finding a single exception. Nay, worse reports still than being a bankrupt miller got afloat.

Miss hostess of the Golden Lion served up these on dits, with all their variations and

accompaniments, daily to her guest at his meals, protesting in the true tone of all dealers in such matters, her total disbelief in everything that was said to the prejudice of her guest—a guest, who showed so much good taste as to prefer her house, and sufficient honesty to pay for everything before he consumed it—which, to be sure, she prudently added, was the way in which business was always carried on at the Golden Lion.

"I wonder, then, Mrs. Pagan, that you should do so unhandsome a thing by Jack Smith, Tom Balls, and some dozen other of your customers, as to chalk up such enormous scores against them as these," said the stranger, drily pointing with his oak stick to the hieroglyphics, with which the bar was graced.

"Why, sir, to be sure these be all 'sponsible persons," stammered Betty Pagan. Her guest muttered to himself as he passed into the street.

"Rather hard that my credit should be worse than that of Jack Smith and Tom Balls and the rest of Betty Pagan's customers. Faith, I must be a most suspicious-looking fellow! To be sure, reports like these are of a nature to give the deathblow to my vanity, if that were a falling that could be cured by mortification. I am an ugly dog, I am aware, but I did not know that my phiz was ill-looking enough to indicate an old smuggler, a broken-down miller (but for that the pepper-and-salts may be thanked), a fraudulent bankrupt hiding up from his creditors, a returned convict, and a man who having married three wives has run away from them all!"

The habitual good temper, and light-hearted gaiety of the stranger was ruffled; and there was a compression on his brow, and an angry glow on his cheek, as he entered that notorious gossip shop, the Post Office. The mail had just arrived, and the letters having been sorted, were delivered to their respective claimants. But there was one letter that had not been claimed, while excited general curiosity.

According to invariable diurnal custom, all the towns-people who had nothing to do, were assembled in or near the Post Office—those who expected letters, to receive them, and those who did not, to take note of the epistles directed to their neighbors, and obtain, if possible, some clue whereby to guess their contents—either from observation of hands or seals, or haply from the expression of countenance of the recipients, or some hint or exclamation during perusal.

The unclaimed letter was of a most tempting appearance, sealed, surmounted with a coronet—to the Right Hon. Admirable A—B—and franked by the Duke of A—. Many were the surmises offered on the subject. Could it be possible that a man of his rank meant to honor them with his presence for the season? But then he had not engaged lodgings. No matter, there were plenty disengaged. The most noble duke evidently supposed that his uncle was there, and it was impossible for so great a man to make a mistake. Lord A—B— would doubtless arrive that day with his suit. It would be the salvation of the town for the season to be able to announce such an arrival in the county papers—the presence of my Lord, was perhaps a prognostic of a visit from the duke and his mighty duchess.

All present were impressed with the necessity of calling an immediate town meeting, to propose presenting him with the freedom of the town, in a gilt box, which doubtless his Lordship would be polite enough to take for gold. During the discussion, in which, by this time, the whole town was engaged, there were some whose curiosity to know the contents of this important epistle was so great as to betray them into the endeavor of forestalling Lord A—B— in reading all that was come-at-able in his letter; but the envelope was folded so as to baffle the most expert in the worthy art of round-readings.

How far the ardor of making discoveries would have carried some of them I am not prepared to say—perhaps it might have led to felonious attempts on the sanctity of the dual seal and frank, had not the stranger (who had remained an unnoticed listener in the crowd, and had quietly seen the letter passing from hand to hand through a large circle,) now stepped into their midst, and making a very low bow, said,

"Gentlemen, when you have amused yourselves sufficiently with that letter, I will thank you to hand it over to me, its rightful owner."

"To you?" exclaimed the whole town and corporation in a breath, looking unutterable things at the thread-bare, pepper-and-salt, of the independent individual before them. "We are surprised at your impudence in demanding this letter, which is franked and sealed by the Duke of A— and addressed to Admiral A—B—."

"I am he, gentlemen," returned the stranger, making a sarcastic bow all round. "I see you do not think the son of a Duke can wear such a coat, and carry his own bundle on occasion. However, I see one within hail who can witness to my identity. Here, you, Jack Braeyard, have you forgotten your old commander?"

"Forgotten your honor! No, no, my Lord," exclaimed Jack, springing into the midst of the circle. "I knew your noble Lordship the moment I see you; but I remembered your honor's humor too well to spoil sport by saluting when you thought to hoist foreign colors."

"Jack, you are an honest fellow; and here's a sovereign to drink my health, for we have weathered many a hard gale together, and here's another for keeping my secret, old heart of oak."

"And now, gentlemen," continued Lord A—B—, "if you are not yet satisfied that the letter belongs to me, here are, I trust, sufficient proofs." As he spoke he produced from his pocket book a bundle of letters bearing the same superscription.

The post-master immediately handed him the

letter, and began a string of the most elaborate apologies, which his Lordship did not stay to listen to, but walked back to the Golden Lion, leaving the assembled population of— mute with consternation.

That afternoon, the whole corporation, sensible too late of their error, waited in a body on Lord A—B—to apologize for their mistake, and to entreat him to honor their town with his presence during the remainder of the season.

Lord A—B— was busily employed in tying up his bundle when the deputation entered, and he continued to adjust it all the time they were speaking. When they were concluded, having tightened the last knot, he answered them as follows:

"Gentlemen, I entered your town with every intention of thinking well of its inhabitants. But you will say that I came in a shabby coat, carrying my own bundle—and took up my quarters at a paltry ale-house. Upon my word, it was the only place where you would give me admittance! Your reception of me would have been very different had I arrived in my carriage."

"Gentlemen, I doubt it not; my rank, fortune, and equipage will procure me respect anywhere from people of your way of thinking. But, gentlemen, I am an odd fellow, as you see, and sometimes try whether I can obtain it without these adventitious distinctions; and the manner in which you treated me when I appeared among you in the light of a poor and most inoffensive stranger, has convinced me of my error in looking for liberality of construction here. And now, gentlemen, I must inform you that I estimate your polite attention at the same value that I did your contempt, and that I would not spend another night in your town if you would give it to me for nothing, and so I will bid you a very good evening."

As his Lordship concluded, he attached his red bundle to the end of his bludgeon, and shouldering it, with a drugged look at the discomfited corporation, he trudged out of town with the same air of sturdy independence with which he had trudged in.

The sagacious town and corporation remained thunder-struck with the adventure. However, their conduct in the affair had been too unanimous to admit of their recriminating on each other the blame of this unlucky mistake; so they came to the wise resolution of making the best of a bad business, and digesting the bitter rebuke as well as they might; moreover, they determined that their town should not lose the credit of a visit from so distinguished a personage, and duly announced in the county papers Lord A—B—'s arrival and departure from the town of—.

Corner for the Young.

For the Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 4, 16, 25, 19, 22, 12 was a great philosopher.
My 21, 7, 30, 24, 16 was the name of a poet.
My 17, 13, 11, 21, 14 is the name of a mathematician.
My 14, 16, 20, 9, 23, 8 is the name of a statesman.
My 5, 12, 11, 15, 15 is the name of a man who commands a Union battery.
My 15, 25, 23, 6, 16, 24 is the name of a Rear Admiral.
My 26, 2, 3, 1, 16 is a General in the Union Army.
My 18, 16, 12, 4, 16, 13, 10 is the name of a Colonel of a Maryland Regiment.
My 5, 9, 12, 16 was the name of an Arctic navigator.
My whole is an old saying.
Cold Brook, N. Y., 1864. J. G. BEMOX.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THREE persons, A, B and C, purchase a ball of twine 8 inches in diameter, and the parts for which they pay bear the following proportions to each other, viz: the sum of the first and second, the sum of the first and third, and the sum of the second and third are to each other as 1-2, 3-5 and 7-10. How much of the diameter must each wind off to get his share if C winds his part first? x. J. C.

Carthage, N. Y., 1864.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 738.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The love of money is the root of all evil.

Answer to Puzzle:—Morality.

Answer to Anagrams of Rivers:—Dneiper, Bog, Thames, Yellow, Rock, Salt, Cedar, Cheat, Tennessee, Alleghany, Dan, Muskingum.

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