

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

VOL. XV NO. 18.]

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

[WHOLE NO. 746.]

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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For Terms and other particulars, see last page.



CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

### Agricultural Education.

WE are glad to see that the Massachusetts agriculturists are beginning to express themselves in favor of special and professional education for the farmer, and a distinct and independent college or school. At the recent agricultural discussions in Boston this subject was canvassed, and there seems to have been great unanimity on these points. And we think no candid man, whose opinions as to the wants of agriculturists are of any practical value whatever—unless he be bound up in the interest of some pet or sectarian institution—will fail to see that it is equal to squandering the appropriations of Congress to the States if they are permitted to be diverted to the building up or galvanizing literary institutions. No young man who will be educated need grow up illiterate now. The opportunities for culture are ample and available to every one. But there has not been any special provision made for educating farmers and mechanics in their profession until now. And we pray farmers and mechanics not to allow this providence of government to be wrested from them by any specious pretense of interest which so-called educators may profess.

By the way, we see that the religious press, throughout the country, is generally copying and commending ISAAC NEWTON'S remarkable opinions, on this subject, to which we called attention recently. We do not underestimate the value of religious truth when we assert that these industrial schools are of far greater importance to the elevation of the industrial classes than the theological schools of this country have been, are, or ever will be.

### Farmers should use the Scalpel.

A FARMER in Ohio writes us of the loss of two calves and wants to know what killed them. He tells us nothing concerning the circumstances of their death except this:—"They were kept in a barn for a month or two, and then turned into a lot where there was red clover. They had milk twice a day for sometime, after that, water for drink, but not as regularly as when taken from the barn. They did not come up more than twice before they were found dead. One bloated; the other did not. Both were fat."

We do not happen to be a clairvoyant, nor a spiritual medium, and have no idea what killed the calves. We might suppose a half dozen possible causes, but that would benefit no one. We have only quoted our correspondent's inquiry as a text. Will he permit us to ask if he dissected either or both those calves? If not, why not? Had he no curiosity to know what ailed them?—wherein the condition of the internal organs differed from those of a healthy animal?—whether they were inflamed or not? Perhaps

twenty minutes spent in a careful post mortem examination would have solved the question as to the cause of death, and furnished him with knowledge that he could not have acquired in any other manner. Perhaps he did dissect them. If he did, he has given us no description of the appearance of the animals internally.

The present perfection of the science of surgery and medicine is chiefly due to the facilities afforded students for dissecting human bodies—of studying the effects of diseases and drugs upon the human system. The farmer and his sons should lose no opportunity to study the organizations of dependent animals. Very many such opportunities are afforded. Especially should effort be made to solve doubts, to seek for causes, at least localities, of diseases that prove fatal. It is sometimes the case that such thoughtful investigation saves other and heavier losses. We have known farmers to kill a sheep, or hog, the moment one appeared to be incurably ill, or affected by a disease they knew nothing about, for the purpose of learning its nature and location, and preventing it extending to other animals, or to enable them to apply the proper remedies to animals similarly affected.

A farmer's boy need not go to school to study the physiology of animals. Let him use the scalpel on the farm; let the farmer aid him in his investigations, and stimulate him to this mode of gaining knowledge by exhibiting an interest in the results thereof. Let farmer boys, who read this article, resolve to improve the opportunities hereafter afforded them on the farm to study animal anatomy and physiology. If you have or can get books to aid you, all the better; if not, go to work without the books!

### Horn Piths, &c., for Manure.

PALMER GATES asks, "What is the value of horn piths, cattle's tails, &c., for manure? How should they be applied, and to what crops?" It is a rule which it is safe to remember and apply in practice, that whatever belongs to an animal, has a greater or less value as a manure. For animals, like plants, are products of the soil. Even the hides of animals, in the shape of old leather, is worth saving and using, although its effect upon plant or tree is scarcely perceptible. Horn piths and cattle tails should be incorporated with manure which is undergoing rapid decomposition. They will thus add to the compost several important elements of fertility—phosphates, gelatine, nitrogen, ammonia, &c. We should not apply them direct to the soil. If we did, should plow them under at once. This kind of refuse is worth all it will usually cost farmers, in the neighborhood of slaughter-houses, to obtain it.

### Clover Seed—Bushing vs. Harrowing.

A CORRESPONDENT, M. SACKETT, calls attention to the fact that one-half or two-thirds of the clover seed sown broadcast on wheat fields may be found on the surface two weeks after it is sown; and he claims that if it sprouts and grows it will not stand the drouth. He recommends bushing it in with three small saplings, each about three inches in diameter at the base, fastened together there, with the tops spreading apart. He prefers the brush to the harrow on late sown fall wheat, because it does not pull up the wheat, the work is quicker done, and few farmer's harrows answer the purpose.

It may be well to remark, in this connection, that harrowing fall wheat in the spring does far less damage to the crop than is generally supposed. We know farmers who practice it for the purpose of cultivation, and who think they are amply repaid for the labor.

### Mouldy Hay.

A READER asks us if it is economy to feed mouldy hay in any case. We think not, except to save life. We never knew an animal to thrive on such food. It is better to feed the meal, which is usually fed with it, alone. The mould on decaying hay is poison. We never should feed such hay in order to save or sell good hay. We should greatly prefer any kind of clean straw. If asked what we would do with it, we should answer, cut it up fine, if you have a power straw cutter, and use it for bedding for horses and cattle—or use it without cutting.

### The Cuzco Potato.

NELSON P. EASTWOOD asks us to describe the above potato—tell him whether it is good, and where seed can be obtained. The Cuzco is white, large, round, with deep eyes. Its stems

and leaves are large. Its table quality is reported good, not best—we have never tasted it. It produces well and those who have grown it consider it promising, so far as we have reports. On page 131 will be found an advertisement of seed of this and other varieties.

### To Relieve Choked Cattle.

P. GROESBECK tells us how he relieves a choked animal. He uses a stick, four to five feet long, large enough at one end to tie on a piece of pork rind, firm, with strong string. Use judgment in determining the size, having regard to the size of the animal. Let a man hold the animals head as level as possible, another pull out the tongue and force the stick down the gullet; this pressure will force the object down without any injury to the animal. This is a sure remedy. The fat on the inside the pork-rind prevents any injury to the gullet. He says this remedy has been worth hundreds of dollars to him.

### Manuring Potato Ground.

J. D., of Saratoga Co., N. Y., writes:—"Manuring with fine rotted manure has either caused my potatoes to rot, or to grow large vines and small potatoes, while manuring in the hill with coarse, unrotted manure, on top of the seed, has resulted in good crops of good-sized potatoes, lying more compactly in the hill, lessening the labor in digging. Soil, sandy loam. Variety, Peachblow." This is, to us, an entirely new mode of applying manure to potato ground.

### AGRICULTURAL GLEANINGS.

**Sorgho Sugar.**—In an article on the culture and varieties of sorgho, Hon. M. L. DUNLAP, of Illinois, says:—"What we know in regard to its saccharine properties is, that it makes a valuable sirup. And we have yet to learn in regard to its value for sugar. For it is safe to say, thus far, we have no practical method by which to reduce the sirup to sugar. It may, therefore, be safely challenged, that out of the tons of sugar claimed to have been made, not a single barrel has ever been put in market."

**Time of Planting Sorghum.**—The same writer says:—"Seed that has laid on the surface of the ground during the winter comes up early and makes the best stand. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that the fall preparation of the ground and planting will answer an excellent purpose if it does not prove to be the very best. The shell or outer covering of the seed is hard, and if planted in its dry state, in rather a dry soil, will be tardy in germinating. Soaking the seed for spring planting is, therefore, advisable, unless planted very early in the season. There is no danger of the seed rotting near the surface; it should be covered lightly and the earth pressed on it with a roller."

**Thick and Thin Seeding of Flax.**—Thick seeding of three to four bushels per Irish acre having been recommended by a correspondent of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, another correspondent says that three bushels of Riga seed ought to be the maximum quantity per acre. He asserts that "it is quite a mistake to suppose that thick sowing and a close growing crop will produce a fine quality of flax, or, on the contrary, that a thin growing crop must necessarily produce a coarse quality of flax. Much more depends on its being pulled at the proper time, and the after treatment it receives, as to both quality and quantity, than on mere growing of it."

**Draining a Remedy for Wire-worms.**—JAMES A. FENWICK, in the *Country Gentleman*, says that a good application of unfermented manure and plenty of underdrains well placed in the ground will do away with any loss from the depredations of the wire-worm. He has never suffered from them except on moist meadows, and in those parts of fields that do not warm up promptly at the commencement of warm weather.

**Weaning Calves.**—L. L. FRENCH, who says he has good calves, and who lets them suck all they want the first three or four days, then takes them from the cow and feeds skimmed milk, or a porridge of Indian meal and milk, writes the *Country Gentleman* that he don't believe in the doctrine of weaning calves. If he has no milk to give them, he gives dish-water with meal or roots of some kind, and his calves take anything that is put in a swill-pail, and he regards that "worth a pile."



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.

### THE WOOL TARIFF.—HEAR BOTH SIDES.

TO our recent article on the present Wool Tariff, we have received the following reply from one of the most extensive and eminent wool brokers in the United States. We present Mr. BOND'S letter entire, although we totally differ from its conclusions in regard to several of those leading propositions which constitute the turning points of the argument. But it is always fair to hear both sides:

Boston, April 8, 1864.

HENRY S. RANDALL.—Dear Sir:—I received to-day, I suppose from you, a copy of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for which I am much obliged, and will undertake to reply to the article you have marked, believing that it was dictated by a regard to the true interests of the wool grower, which no one has manifested more than yourself, and which I have at heart as much as you.

The average cost which you give for the imported wools I have not examined, but doubt not, from your well known accuracy, is correct.

You must bear in mind that it is the average of coarse and fine wools, the former generally much exceeding the latter, though this year the latter are in excess.

The fine wools, from the competition for this market, are generally worth in the markets of the producing countries, as near as possible, the maximum price at which they can be entered under the low duty and require, with freight and expenses, about 22½ cents to cover cost of importation in gold.

The average loss in scouring of Buenos Ayres and Cape wool, where they are used in equal quantities, one with the other, from the absolute returns of the Washington Mills for the past year, is 66.57 per cent. The scoured wool loses into finished cloth, 20 to 25 per cent., leaving, at 20 per cent. loss, 26.76 lbs. finished cloth, for 100 lbs. wool, costing \$22.50; add for profit to importer 10 per cent., \$2.25; 26.76 lbs. cloth cost \$24.75, or for wool for one pound cloth costs 92.12 cents; for 12 ounce cloth 69.09 cents; American fleece wool from same returns loses in scouring 44.36 per cent.; in manufacturing 15 to 20 per cent.; 100 pounds wool, costing \$45.00, makes 48.20 pounds cloth at 15 per cent. loss, or wool for one pound cloth costs 93.36 cents; for 12 ounce cloth, 70.02 per cent.

The American wool works easier, and a larger amount of work can be made from the same machinery—consequently, where the goods can be as well made from it, it has the preference, but, as I before stated, for many styles of goods there never has been found in this country any considerable amount that has the working properties that are required. Consequently, we must either have these foreign wools or abandon the market for such goods to the manufacturers of Europe. By having a proportion of these wools, we are able to extend our manufactures and to consume with them a much larger amount of American wool than we should without.

You quote the great increase in woolen machinery. Now, what has caused it but the present tariff, and the confidence that it has given the manufacturers to extend their operations, confident of a permanent supply of these wools? It is precisely what the manufacturers stated would be its result when they labored for its passage. They there distinctly stated that they wished to import these very wools, when they demanded to have the maximum at which wools could be imported at the low duties raised from 16 to 18 cents. (See the speech of Hon. A. H. RICE, page 4.)

They did not urge a great increase of duty on wools, but that it should be raised by specific instead of *ad valorem* duty, which, while it is very high, as you state, upon cheap goods, is not extreme on the finer grades. It was made general, because it was difficult to make distinctions that would not open the door

to frauds. Much is said of the great profits realized by manufacturers under the present tariff. A great portion of these profits has been realized from the advance in stock consequent upon the depreciation of the currency, and which is likely to be reversed should it suddenly appreciate. It is not to be denied, however, that the profits of the past year have been large, and it could not be otherwise when a change is made which gives the supply of the market suddenly to home manufacturers of so large an amount of goods for which we have before been dependent upon foreign countries. Those who have the machinery to operate can not fail to reap a liberal harvest until a competition is created by increased machinery.

These large profits are the surest means to lead to a product speedily, at the lowest cost, which is shown by the 1,000 sets you refer to as having been already put in operation, and the large orders still in the hands of the machinists.

The quantity that will be started during the present year will be more than enough to consume all the increase there possibly can be in the clip of 1864, while the 1,000 sets before mentioned as having been added to our working capacity, will consume very nearly equal to 40,000,000 pounds of domestic fleece wool.

You must bear in mind that but a small portion of this increased machinery was in operation for any considerable portion of last year.

Now, how the interest of the wool grower has been affected thus far, will be seen by the table which I inclose, based upon the figures given in the article commented upon, which shows that for gold, wool has brought more than the average price of the past 35 years, and which average was sufficient to make wool growing the most profitable business in the country.

Burden foreign wool with the high duty you propose, or with any considerable increase, and you waste the capital invested in this new machinery, say \$15,000 per set, as well as that before established, and assuredly destroy the market for the wool growers.

It is time enough for the wool growers to complain when they have suffered. No other branch of agricultural industry can show, as a whole, such an advance at gold prices, and none has such a prospect for the future; for the benefits of the present tariff are but beginning to be felt.

Already Europe is feeling the drain of fine wool to this country, and prices are so improving there that there is reason to fear that, for the coming year, it will be difficult for us to obtain an adequate supply of wools from abroad to make good the deficiency of our clip.

More revenue is needed. Let a tax, then, be put equally upon all branches, but let it be so raised as to keep our home manufactures in healthy condition; and take as little gold as possible out of the country—thus enabling us to meet the great drain which this war makes upon our resources with the least possible loss to the country.

The Washington Mills Treasurer handed me their book, showing the absolute returns of different kinds of wool for the year, from which I took the actual per centage of shrinkage.

They had no statement of the loss in working, but the mill agent, who was present, stated it to be 20 to 25 per cent. on the scoured foreign, and 15 to 20 per cent. on the scoured American. I have, in making the estimate, taken the lowest of these two estimates.

I am, Sir, Yours very respectfully,  
GEO. WM. BOND.  
Table showing the average price of gold for each quarter of the years 1862 and 1863, from chart published by JOS. F. HOWARD, of New York, with the current prices of domestic fleece wool, and the prices of the same reduced to gold.

1862.			1863.		
Prices of Gold.	Current Prices of Wool.	Prices of Wool reduced to Gold.	Prices of Gold.	Current Prices of Wool.	Prices of Wool reduced to Gold.
102½	45	44.11	153	76	50.06
108½	50	48.54	145	73½	50.57
115½	47	40.53	130	70	53.85
130½	58	44.27	145½	74½	51.26
AVERAGE.					
112½	50	44.35	143½	73.42	51.43

Average price of wool as per table in report of 1861, for 35 years, 43½ cents.

Mr. BOND shows that during 1862 and 1863, the prices of wool, in gold, have exceeded the average prices of the last 35 years. Is this remarkable, or is the wool grower called upon to be specially thankful for this circumstance? We have had and still have a million of soldiers



in the field to provide with extra clothing. The cotton supply of the world is so far out of, and wool is so far made its substitute, that the annual consumption of the latter is 64 pounds per inhabitant, instead of 44 pounds, as formerly. With all this enormous increase of demand, and with the actual scarcity of the product which exists throughout the world, are we to be told that the wool grower is entitled to receive no advantage from this state of things—that he ought to be satisfied with about the gold prices of the last 35 years—that the manufacturer alone (of our own people) is entitled to put his sickle into the rich harvest of the extra profits which grow out of the circumstances of the times? If this is sound doctrine, the scarcity and rise in value of his staple are only an injury to the wool grower. While he is thus restricted from obtaining materially more than his old gold prices—for the benefit of the wool growers of South Africa and South America, and a handful of manufacturers at home—he is heavily taxed to support the expenses of the war—and those taxes must yet be multiplied and increased to an indefinite extent, if the nation is to escape bankruptcy. The situation compels him to submit, and he does cheerfully submit to these burthens. But the situation which, under the natural laws of trade and under a just system of tariff legislation ought to benefit him as well, (the scarcity and rise in the price of his product,) is not allowed to bring him reparation! If he gets ten or fifteen per cent. higher prices in gold than he has got for the last 35 years, he is still doing a much less profitable business, for his expenses and taxes have more than proportionally increased. The fine wool grower, by Mr. BOND's own showing, has barely got the average gold price of the last 35 years, which was 50 cents and three mills.

But, says Mr. BOND, these prices of the last 35 years, "have been sufficient to make wool growing the most profitable business in the country." A few discerning men who provided themselves with the most profitable sheep and managed them with great judgment, have unquestionably always made wool growing a "living" business. But when we speak of the profits of a business for a term of years, we speak of them on the average—as they have turned out in the hands of the body of men engaged in that business. On this basis, we wholly deny Mr. BOND's proposition. And no occupation—not even manufacturing—has suffered more vicissitudes. The mass of our people had come to regard it as highly precarious, and as less remunerative than various other branches of husbandry, until the signal and comparatively recent improvement, effected in the productiveness of American sheep put it on a better footing. And these improvements only brought it to a par with dairying and some other branches of husbandry.

There is another view of this subject. The nation is struggling to maintain its solvency and credit under enormous and accumulating debt. Every taxable domestic article is taxed, or must be taxed to the utmost limit. Productive income, everything must aid in some form in bearing the burthen. But, according to the theory of our respected correspondent, an exception should be made in favor of foreign capital employed amongst us and which is earning golden profits out of our disasters. The wool raisers of Buenos Ayres and the Cape of Good Hope send their products to us, draw a rich income from them, and then pocket their gold untaxed! While the nation is so greatly in need of revenues, no revenues, or no serious amount of revenue must be raised on an imported commodity which is "taking gold out of the country" to an enormous extent and injuriously competing with an American commodity.

The friends of these foreign producers—or those who think our own producers and our own revenues ought to be sacrificed for the benefit of manufacturers—talk as if all American wools found a ready sale at the best prices quoted. There was probably more domestic wool unsold on the first day of the present April than at the same period in any other year within our recollection. It is an undeniable truth that every advance in the price of our wools has been fought with a dogged determination by our manufacturers. They have bought the foreign article when a suitable one could be found—they have bought from hand to mouth—they have got up trade sales of poor foreign wools to discourage farmers and knock down prices—they have resorted to every expedient to avoid paying a trifle over the gold market price of wools for the last 35 years, notwithstanding the abundance of natural and artificial circumstances which made such an advance legitimate and proper! Thousands and thousands of our wool growers are now holding their clips to obtain even such prices.

We have said, and we say again, let us, as wool growers, make no war on the fair and legitimate interests of manufacturers. We can not live without them. The bond of connection between them and us is a Siamese one, at least to us. If they perish, we must perish. We can not raise wool for exportation. We must not, then, ask for any modification of the tariff which will prevent manufacturers from doing a profitable business. Nay, let them have round profits—so that their business will rapidly extend. But they are not entitled to all the profits. An interest embracing ten thousand times their number of persons—the revenues of the country—and everything else, ought not to be sacrificed for their exclusive benefit.

Mr. BOND says:—"It is time enough for the wool growers to complain when they have suffered." We contend they are suffering now. And were it not so, would it be the part of wisdom to wait for disaster, instead of providing against it? Nothing but the price of gold and exchange prevents our producers, under the provisions of the present infamous wool tariff,

from being driven wholly out of our markets by foreign competition. When specie payments are resumed, the wool growers, under that tariff, will be wholly and absolutely at the mercy of the manufacturers. The production of foreign wools is enormously increasing under the present stimulus, and we shall have it flooding our country in increasing quantities as long as our citizens are practically taxed for the benefit of its foreign growers.

No; let us make no war on our manufacturers—but let us make a keen and exterminating war on such Congressmen as allow themselves to be lobbied into voting against a just revision of our wool tariff—against a just and suitable tax on the cheap foreign wools. Let us beat such men in the nominating conventions, and failing in that, let us beat them at the polls. If they are on our own side of politics, and are candidates against men whom we can not bring ourselves to vote for, then let us put up sound, independent candidates, and beat them in that way.

A number of Mr. BOND's points we leave unanswered because we have answered them before, or because we think the proper answers will necessarily suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader.

**A STATE CONVENTION OF WOOL GROWERS.**

THE subject of holding such a Convention for consultation in regard to the wool growing interests of the country, and with a view of organizing a permanent State Wool Growers' Association, as has been done in Ohio, Vermont, etc., has been for some time under consideration and correspondence among various leading wool growers of New York. The impression appears to be pretty general that such an action would be highly expedient, and we regard it as settled that a Convention is soon to be called. But we have seen but few expressions as to the best time for holding it. It has been suggested that it be held at Syracuse on the 1st of June. Others have proposed that it be held at Rochester at the time of the State Fair. It is desirable that those interested make an early expression of their views on the subject.

**CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.**

**BAD MANAGEMENT.**—E. REYNOLDS, of Fond du Lac Co., Wis., gives an interesting account of the bad management he witnesses in keeping sheep of all ages, sizes and conditions together, and in feeding them grain in troughs not long enough for the whole flock to eat at a time, so that the big, strong sheep which need it least, get nearly all. He justly thinks that such arrangements lead to miserably unprofitable results.

**REMEDY FOR STIFF NECK IN LAMBS.**—The neck is drawn down or to one side by the muscles. If the head and neck are gently and gradually brought into their natural position and kept there a considerable portion of the time by placing the lamb in a little box so arranged with cushions, bunches of rags, India rubber straps, &c., that whether standing or lying down the head will be kept up and in place, the rigidity of the abnormally acting muscles will give way and the distortion disappear.

**SHEEP WINTERING IN WISCONSIN, &c.**—"Yorker" writes us from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, that the winter has been very severe in that region—that extremely cold weather has alternated with wet snow storms—and that the snow has been on the average three feet deep, and badly drifted. A few flocks of sheep that have had good care and feed have got through the winter with but slight loss—but others have lost 10, 20, and even 50 per cent. of their number. Seven-tenths of the lambs already dropped (Apr. 11), are dead—but fortunately the largest and best flocks generally will not drop their lambs before the 1st of May. "Yorker" attributes the mortality to poor shelters and short keep—the latter occasioned by the high price of hay and grain. He justly says "these products have gone the least profitable road to market—they ought to have gone through the masticators and bodies of the sheep."

The winter is understood to have been especially severe throughout the whole West—and we shall probably hear of a very extensive loss of sheep; and fleeces must be light at the coming clip. The samples of wool sent by Yorker will not compare favorably with that of prime American Merinos in New York. Both are fine enough. No. 1 shows much the best style, but its crimp becomes nearly obliterated  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an inch from the outer end. It obviously came from a thin fleece. No. 2 lacks materially in style. The crimp is coarse and uneven. The wool is too short. And it has those pointed outer ends, like a teg's fleece, which ought never to mark a prime full blood fleece from an animal which has been previously sheared.

**NUMBERING SHEEP ON THE EAR.**—C. L. HAYDON, of Wyoming, N. Y., has tried the following modification of Von Thae'r's mode of numbering sheep. It mutilates the ear much less, and he thinks it as easy to understand it. He uses a punch three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, but says it would be better if one-fourth of an inch. 1 hole under right ear stands for 1; 1 hole in tip same, 3; 1 hole in right ear, above, 5; 1 hole in left ear, above, 7; 1 hole in tip left ear, 9; 1 hole under left ear, 12; 1 notch under right ear, 10; 1 notch in tip of same, 20; 1 notch in right ear, above, 50; 1 notch in left ear, above, 70; 1 notch in tip left, 90; 1 notch under left, 120. A notch stands for ten times as many as a hole in the same position. A hole one-half inch in diameter in the center of right ear, 200; same in left ear, 400. He says:—"You could in place of the one-half inch holes, cut off the tips of the right and left ear, which I did for 300 and 400. By this process you can number up to 110 by using three holes or notches, or some of each, and with five or six up to 700 or 800."

N. M. CARPENTER, of Ellington, N. Y., has also adopted a plan "which requires about one-third less cutting of the ears" than Von Thae'r's. "One notch on the upper side of the left ear, near the end, represents 1; a notch on the same, near the head, 2; one notch on the under side of the same ear, near the end, 3; and a notch near the head on the same, 6. On the right ear, one notch near the end on upper side, 10; on the same near the head, 20; on under side of same, one notch near the end, 30; near the head, 60. Thus you see that the notches count according to the place they occupy on the ear. The above numbers may be so combined as to indicate any number from 1 to 100. When the numbering goes above 100, a notch may be taken out of the end of the left ear, and for 200 a notch taken out of the right ear, as in the plan of Von Thae'r. The places of the notches on the ear are sufficiently far apart so as not to cause the least confusion in determining the number at a glance when one gets used to them."

**Communications, Etc.**

**A MANURE CHAPTER.**

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have noticed, of late, some controversy, through the RURAL, in reference to the best time to apply manure to corn ground. What may be wise practice in one locality, may be equally unwise in another; at least, so it appears to me. On clay and stiff soils, especially where snow covers the ground most of the winter, it may be economy to spread the manure in the fall, and plow it under in the spring; but here, on light, sandy soils, with little or no snow, with constant exposure to freezing and thawing—it would be, I think, exceedingly imprudent. When manure is worth five and six dollars per cord, the thoughtful farmer will study to save and apply it in the best possible manner. This leads me to the subject of

**Saving Manure.**—I once heard a careful farmer say, "It's no use to dig clams unless you pick them up." One may easily apply the remark in accumulating and saving fertilizers. I have some neighbors who talk earnestly about the great need of stimulating manures, and who take pains to increase their heap of the valuable article, yet will draw it out early in the spring,—because it is convenient,—let it lay for weeks in small heaps, exposed to drying winds, drenching rains, and scattering fowls. When it is spread and plowed under, it is perfectly harmless, giving little offense to the most fastidious nerves. With your permission, I will here give

**Two Ways of Applying and Spreading Manure.**—One man draws his manure whenever convenient, as above described. It is, possibly, coarse, composed mostly of corn-stalks, hay, &c. The season of planting arrives. The "boys" are sent to spread the manure and plow the ground in haste. They throw the heaps here and there, taking little pains to scatter even, and plow in a hurry. One may see the straw cropping out, partially covered, over the field. The corn is planted "on the run,"—hoed in like manner.

If you pass by in August, you will see a bountiful crop of weeds. The result is, light, sickly corn, and an "empty crib." Such a farmer probably cares little about the newspaper, discards all improvement, and wonders how certain men secure a competence. It must be by some dishonest means, as he works equally hard.

Another farmer has a barn-cellar and roofs to protect the manures. Hogs are kept under the barn to "work the manure over," pack it down and enrich the heap. The refuse corn-stalks and straw are cut fine for bedding. Muck and loam are thrown over, at suitable times,—also soap-suds and night-soil. If his cellar is small, or he wishes to draw the manure some distance, he puts it into large heaps, fifteen or twenty loads together, treads it down, and then throws a load of muck or loam over the pile.

When the time arrives for hauling and plowing, he says, "now, boys, let us take hold with a will." As he draws the manure in suitable heaps, if already plowed, he scatters a few shovels of dirt over them. If convenient, he plows as fast as the manure is drawn; at all events, exposing it as little as possible. The manure is spread evenly. A man or boy breaks and scatters the large lumps before plowing. All is carefully turned under. The manure is black and moist, and rich with ammonia. It would hardly do, even for the husband himself, to go into the house, without leaving his boots and overalls on the door-steps.

When the corn is planted properly, and cultivated thoroughly, all weeds kept down, &c., the husbandman may reasonably hope to obtain a bountiful harvest, and he will not generally be disappointed. Which process is wisest we leave to the candid farmers to decide.

Dighton, Mass., 1864. C. W. TURNER.

**ABOUT THE CHINTZ BUG.**

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As but little seeding is yet done in this latitude and longitude, and as a late spring is supposed to favor the development and depredations of the chintz bug, before the grain has time to ripen I would like to inform those of my brother farmers, who have not thought of it, of a plan that we have adopted to remedy, in a measure, this serious evil. We sow about a peck of winter grain per acre, well mixed with the usual amount of spring wheat. We prefer rye for this purpose, as it is cheaper, has more kernels per bushel, and is less liable to rust than winter wheat.

The philosophy of the plan is, that the winter grain is a more succulent and tempting edible for the bug, than the more mature spring wheat, consequently the ripening crop escapes. Sowing any of the tame grasses produces the same results, but is much more expensive.

Yours, truly, D. G. CHEEVER.  
Rock Co., Wis., April 16, 1864.

REMARKS.—We thank our correspondent for his timely suggestion. By the way, talking about the late season in the West, reminds us of the following paragraph from the pen of our friend CHAS. W. MURTFIELDT, of the Rockford (Ill.) Register. He says:—"We think that the season has too far advanced to sow wheat to any extent. A man may risk a few acres, and if it turns out well, all right; if not, it is no great loss. We would not sow much as late as this, all things being equal; yet we raised a very good crop once which was sown on the 8th of May.

Spring rye is a good grain to sow, and only requires ninety days to mature. Why do not farmers sow more of it? The chintz bug does not trouble spring rye, if we are correctly in-

formed, and we have information from an undoubted source.

**Corn is the Crop for this Year.**—We plead guilty of having played a tune or two on this string; still, we reiterate, corn is the crop, and why? Corn requires but little seed—one bushel will plant eight acres, three or four kernels to the hill. One man, with the improved machinery, can cultivate a good many acres. Corn need not be harvested the first day it is ripe, nor the first week, nor even the first month. It does not spoil by waiting a few days. Last, and best of all, it commands a good price, and will, very probably, for a year or two to come, at least."

**Inquiries and Answers.**

E. R. BILLINGS, Conn. We do not know the address of the person you name.

PACKING EGGS.—(J. A. S., Seneca Co., N. Y.) You are referred to page 137, current volume of RURAL, for the information you seek.

CAST-IRON PANS FOR ROLLING SUGAR.—Will W. W. HORTON, of Allegany, or some other person, tell where cast-iron pans can be obtained, and oblige many sugar makers.—S. H. S., Naples, N. Y.

SEEDING AFTER FLAX.—I seeded a piece after flax, last spring, with the desired result. I have heard old flax-growers say it was the best spring crop to seed after.—Wm. BROWN.

A LAME HORSE.—I have a horse that has been lame in the shoulder more than a year. Will some one of your many subscribers inform me what will be best to do for it?—E. S., Ogdensburg.

HAND CORN PLANTERS.—(N. B. C., Cambria, N. Y.) We do not know which is the best of the hand corn planters. On page 85, current volume, you will find what we think of all hand planters that we have ever seen.

MULES.—(J. SHARP, Onondaga Co.) Springfield, Ill., is quite a mule market. We do not know the price of mules there. Address JOHN P. REYNOLDS, Sec'y Ill. State Ag. Society, at the above place, who will doubtless answer your inquiries.

LICE ON HORSES.—My husband purchased a horse, last autumn, and before he was aware of it, the whole stock of horses was infested with lice. On the application of kerosene, from the nose to the tail, and on the flank and breast, they all "skedaddled." A sure remedy.—Mrs. F. P. S., Onondaga, N. Y.

DISSOLVING BONES WITH URINE.—(W. M. M., Springfield, Mass.) We do not know that the dissolving bones with urine is practiced in this country to any extent. But in England it is; it being asserted that a quantity of any kind of urine, sufficient to wet the bones, will dissolve them.

BEES IN DWELLINGS.—A lady does not like bees because she is annoyed by their entering her dwelling; and she is afraid of them. She may be assured that it is very rarely the case that a bee attacks any one away from his hive. It is only in self defence, or to drive off a supposed intruder that a bee shows fight.

BEANS ON CLOVER SOD.—(L. W. E., Ovid.) We have grown good crops of beans on clover sod and on new land. Plant any time from the 15th of May to the 15th of June. Plant in rows  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 feet apart, and 12 to 18 inches apart in the row, depending upon the variety planted. Keep clean. Cultivate only when the dew is off and ground dry.

TOBACCO IN CAYUGA CO., N. Y.—MR. JAMES HICKOK writes us:—"Mr. ELLIAB FRAKE, of Meridian, Cayuga Co., N. Y., raised, last season, on five acres of land, 12,350 pounds of tobacco, being 2,470 per acre, which at the estimated value of twenty cents per pound will yield a net profit of more than \$400 per acre. Can any one report a larger crop?"

SAWDUST AS A MANURE.—(B. C. H., West Exeter, N. Y.) Sawdust that has been used as a bedding under cows is too valuable to waste. It absorbs more or less urine. It should be mixed with lime, and after decomposition takes place it is valuable to apply to clay or sandy soils. It may also be profitably composted with strong manures, such as night soil and hog manure.

WARTS ON CATTLE.—What is the best way to remove warts on man and beast?—B. C. H., West Exeter, N. Y.

It is said the application of tar to the wart a few times will remove it. Others recommend cutting them off by tying strings of rubber, silk or horse hairs about them. It is also asserted that frequent application of castor oil will cure them. Lunar caustic applied in strong solution will do it. Cut them off and seal the wound with a hot iron.

SHOWING TIMOTHY SEED.—Will some of your readers please inform us how timothy seed will best catch? It has repeatedly failed on being sowed with oats, and it is not profitable to sow wheat here. Will it do best in the fall or spring?—J. G. M., Erie Co., Pa.

If timothy seed is sown with oats the crop should be put in the ground—the land having been fall plowed—as soon as the frost leaves it, and less than the usual amount of seed (oats) should be sown. We have seen as fine meadows and pastures as we ever saw anywhere, obtained by sowing timothy with oats in this manner. But we would not recommend seeding with oats and sowing that grain as late as it is usually sown. Spring rye, or barley, are either of them good crops to seed with. Timothy should be sown in the spring.

WHAT AILED THE COW?—SYMPTOMS.—A slight swelling under the right jaw, January 15th, 6 o'clock, P. M. Cow inclined to rub the right side of the head at 9, P. M. Cow rubs right side of the head frantically, has a film over the right eye, has rubbed the hair off the under side of her chops. Stands but a few seconds at 11, P. M. This continued until she rushes to the manger, rubs, bellows and paws simultaneously, at 12, M. She is evidently mad; froth issues from the mouth. She pays no attention to any one. January 16th, 3 o'clock A. M., she dies, much bloated. Post mortem shows lungs inflamed considerably, but not enough to cause death, I think. Everything else, internally, all right so far as I know. The cow was one of the best of ten, and had, during the winter, oat and wheat straw in the yard during the day, and hay in the stable at night. I wish to know the cause and cure.—H. H., Jefferson, Wis.

Perhaps a skilled Veterinarian might tell you the cause and the cure. We cannot. The natural question is, had the animal been bitten by a dog? The symptoms are not unlike those of rabies, or hydrophobia. Do you keep a dog or dogs? Do they have access to your stock? Do you know that your neighbors' dogs have not been among your stock? We ask these questions for your own consideration. You need not answer them to us,—they are only suggestive. On the other hand, it may have been inflammation of the brain. Did you dissect the head? What appeared to be the condition of the swollen jaw? If our readers can give our correspondent any information, let them do so.

**Rural Notes and Items.**

TERMS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Agents and Subscribers of the RURAL, and all persons wishing to become such, will please note that \$2 per year, in advance, will be its lowest subscription price after this date—as announced last week. This change abolishes all club rates, establishing one uniform price, and the lowest at which the paper can be afforded. We shall probably be compelled to put the price for a single copy at \$2.50 or \$3 per year, if paper and other material items in newspaper making advance or long continue at present rates, but defer further change for the present.

The terms of the RURAL ought to have been advanced months ago, but having announced our rates for the Winter Campaign, and advertised them extensively, we felt constrained to stand by the figures and sustain whatever loss might result therefrom. But now that the season for clubbing is over, no one can justly complain of the course adopted, and we trust each and all having occasion to remit for the paper will be governed by the \$2 rate. Those who send less will only receive the paper for the time paid for at the uniform price, and can ascertain when their subscriptions expire by reference to the figures given after their names, on address label. [All subscriptions expiring with any No. except that closing a year and volume will be noted by the number of the last paper, but those closing with the year and volume have no figures attached to address.]

A PLOWING MATCH AMONG THE FREEDMEN.—The New Regime, published at Norfolk, Va., describes a freedmen's plowing match, in which fourteen freedmen's farms were represented by fifty-three competing plowmen. The blacks are described as entering upon the friendly contest with great enthusiasm. "The awards were as follows:—For 'land' No. 52, 1st prize, watch to WILLIAM HOLLAND; No. 30, a clock to AARON GOODWIN, McAlpine Farm; No. 37, LEWIS DREW, Baker Farm, and No. 3, EDWARD CLEMENTS, Baxter Farm, \$3 each; No. 9, SPENCER GOFFAGAN, Baker Farm, and No. 50, not claimed, \$2 each. Ten of the remaining contestants received \$1 each. The funds for the prizes were contributed by the Superintendent, Captain O. BROWN, and the Assistant Superintendent, Mr. F. P. JACKSON; the clock, which was quite an elaborate structure, by kind friends of the freedmen at 61 John street, New York."

LAMB'S FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE.—We have been shown, and seen in operation, a knitting machine invented and recently perfected by I. W. LAMB, of this city, which is apparently in advance of anything in the line of knitting machinery yet introduced to the public. The principal advantages claimed for this over AKIN's and other machines is that it is so constructed that any sized work, from the finger of a glove to the largest stocking, (or from one to a hundred stitches), can be made without changing the machine, and that it will knit either flat or tubular work of any size, and any variety of flat ribbed work. The machine we saw is the first one perfected, but we understand the inventor and patentee is to commence manufacturing at once, and will, no doubt, soon announce, in detail, the merits of his improvement, its price and other particulars.

THE WHEAT CROP.—The wheat crop of Western and Central New York is promising—at least we so infer from the fact that the croakers are silent on the subject of damage. The recent wet weather has been favorable to wheat and grass, and farmers hereabouts speak encouragingly of the prospect in regard to both crops. From the West, however, we continue to receive unfavorable reports as to the appearance of wheat, especially in Ohio and Michigan. The complaint is that the plant was killed by the frost over a large extent of country, so much so that in some sections the farmers are plowing up their wheat fields. We trust the extent of the injury is exaggerated—as is frequently the case at this season of the year—and believe the recent favorable weather must have had a salutary influence upon the growing crop.

COTTON FIELDS IN ITALY.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says:—"Pompeii is to-day surrounded on every side by a large cotton field, and similar plantations occupy the neighborhood as far as Castellamare and Salerno." It is only since the breaking out of the American war that the Neapolitan peasantry have learned the capabilities of their land in this respect. It is stated that the amount formerly gained from the cultivation of an acre of ground was fifty dollars; but the same space devoted to cotton now brings five hundred and fifty. Preparations have been made to plant, during the coming season, a great deal more cotton than ever before, and there is every prospect that before long the Neapolitan districts will supply Italy with all the cotton she may need.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—"PERRY," the Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal, says on this interesting subject:—"A friend who is versed in finance and in figures, and who has facilities for looking into Uncle Sam's account books, assures me that on the 1st of February, 1864, the National debt was over \$1,550,000,000. Of this, \$508,006,178.31 was in five-twenty bonds; \$450,785,094.60 was in United States notes (greenbacks); \$18,948,200.15 was in postal fractional currency; and the balance in loans, bonds, liabilities, Oregon war bonds, and certificates of indebtedness, &c., &c. It was estimated by Gov. CHASE that the entire indebtedness on the first of July next would be \$1,688,636,641, but unluckied for expenditures have increased, and will increase the amount, so that it will exceed that sum.

SALT SPRINGS IN CAYUGA CO.—It is stated that while the people of Port Byron, Cayuga Co., N. Y., were boring an artesian well, and had reached a depth of 70 feet, a vein of salt water was struck, which boils up and flows about a barrel a minute, of clear, beautiful saline. It is affirmed by those posted in such things, that salt water having been found at such a depth, indicates strongly that the article sought for will be found at a point much nearer the surface than is generally supposed. It is also stated that the Cayugas will be ahead of the Onondagas in accessibility to a prime necessity.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS AND PAPERS.—Officers and teachers of Sabbath Schools, parents and all others interested, are referred to the announcement of Messrs. ADAMS & ELLIS, who supply the best S. S. books and papers at the lowest prices. Their depot, and general bookstore is worthy the special attention of all visiting or having business connections in Rochester.

LADY WOODRUFF.—This animal, contributed to the Metropolitan Fair by ROBERT BONNER, proprietor of the New York Ledger, was sold at auction to the highest bidder, the funds going into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. The purchaser was JAMES IRVING. Price paid, \$2,000.



Horticultural.

FLOWING A YOUNG ORCHARD, &c.

A CORRESPONDENT at Naples, N. Y., asks for the best method of plowing a young orchard. He says, "I set 100 trees a year ago, and wishing to plant the field to corn, I would ask, must I plow shallow, or deep enough to reach the roots of the trees?"

In reply, we will tell our correspondent that, we fear, judging from the above inquiry, he planted his orchard at least a year before he was ready to do so. Perhaps not; perhaps the land was not in grass, but was deeply and thoroughly plowed a year ago, when he planted his trees. If not, if he dug holes in his grass land and set his trees in them, there is little danger he will injure the roots if he plows as deep as he chooses. But if his ground was in thorough tillth when he planted his orchard, he should be careful not to disturb the roots. The bulk of the ground may be plowed as deeply as he chooses; but about the tree he had better keep the plow out, and stir the soil there with a spading fork carefully.

Do not think you lose anything if corn does not grow right up close about the tree. If the trees are not low-headed, it is well to protect their trunks from the direct rays of the sun by growing corn. But our caution is for such as seem to begrudge the tree the ground it stands on, provided they can grow a hill of corn in the space given to it. Better sacrifice the corn than endanger the life and growth of the tree. If you cut off its roots, you check its growth proportionally.

One thing more while we are on this subject. There is to be a great deal of tree planting this spring. We pray our readers to see that the ground is well prepared for the trees before they arrive from the nursery. And do not let them lie with the roots exposed to the sun one hour, after they are received, before they are put in the ground. We have seen trees exposed to sun and wind for days before they were planted, and then heard the planters complain that the tree started so slowly, or that it failed to start at all, and charge the tree dealer with sending him dead trees. But the beam was in his own eye. Pull the beam out of your eyes, tree planters,—do your duty to the trees, and then you will be able to fix the responsibility of failure, in orchard culture, where it belongs.

GRAPE TRELLIS.—TO HASTEN RIPENING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In perusing your paper, I have noticed various methods of building grape trellis and the manner of putting up the wires. I have a plan I use, which I think is about right, since I have to use no horse to draw the wire tight nor vise to hold it. As it may be of some advantage to some of your many readers, I will give it. Take a piece of one-half inch round iron, four inches long, punch a hole, one inch from the end, large enough to receive the wire, then flatten outside of the hole to the thickness of one-eighth of an inch; bore a half-inch hole in the post at the end of the trellis, make the wire fast at the other, drive in the iron pin, insert the wire, and, with a monkey wrench, wind up the wire so you would tighten the string of a guitar. The pins can be furnished by any blacksmith for about five cents each. In cold weather they can be loosened easily, unwinding the wire by turning the pin back.

I have also read much about girdling vines to hasten ripening and increase size of fruit. I have a way of my own which I think is much better; and I ask some of your readers who are grape growers to try it and report, if they think it worth while.

When the fruit becomes about the size of double B shot, or about the first of July, cut off the branch of the vine three joints beyond the outer cluster of grapes; then gently break the branch inside of the first cluster, so that it will hold by the bark; make it fast, and my own experience last season was I had Isabellas on branches that I broke that measured seven-eighths of an inch in diameter, and ripened two weeks ahead of the others.

I would like to know if you have ever seen either of the methods tried. C. L. Palmyra, N. Y., 1864.

REMARKS.—We have not. It is just such experience and practice from practical men and women, that we want for the practical departments of the RURAL.

CLEAN UP THE YARD.

LAST year, when spring opened, the writer, with the hired help and children to assist, went to work and had a thorough "sleeking up" around the house and yard. He can't tell you how pleased the good woman of the house looked. If you want to realize what a grateful and pleased look she wore, just go and do likewise. Then, how much more pleasant, tidy and home-like, things did look. Such good success attended our labors, and we felt so well paid for what we had done, we took a little more time, and made a few tidy mounds and beds, for flowers. Wife and daughter sowed the seeds, and attended mostly to their cultivation. Now, what was the result? Yard pleasant and attractive. Looked like a little paradise, with its blooming beds of Portulacas, Marigolds, Petunias, Verbenas, Japan Pinks, Ten Weeks' Stock, Balsams, Phloxes, etc. Wife was delighted, children pleased, and we must confess, ourself was not a little proud of it when we saw the neighbors stop to admire it.

Now, my dear "man of the house" just clean up all of those old ash-barrels, boxes, chunks of wood, chips, old boots and shoes, bones, brush,

rags, dead weeds, refuse and trash of every description, and sow a little grass seed on spots not already seeded. Now cut out a few neat beds in the turf of the lawn and yard, and fill them with soil well enriched with well-rotted manure. Make your beds deep, mellow, and rich. Wife and daughters will see that they are handsomely adorned the coming summer with beautiful flowers. A few flowering shrubs, set in good, rich, mellow earth, will add to the effect. Don't tell us that you do not love flowers, and that they are of no account. Pahaw! Even a savage contemplates them with pleasure. Even he who affects contempt, can but admire them in his heart, and will be caught eyeing them askance. Oh, husbandman, if thee wants to make thy home attractive, to thyself, thy wife, and thy children, make it neat and beautiful. A little time spent around thy dwelling, will work wonders in making thy home attractive, and attaching thy children to their home, where they will grow up to bless thee. Let not the spring depart from thee without giving this matter attention, I pray thee!

GRAPES IN LATITUDE 43, N.

The following is a summary from a grape report for 1863, in the Horticulturist. It was made in New York, latitude 43 deg. N., embraces the leading varieties cultivated, and undoubtedly the principal features may be relied upon. They are given in their order of ripening:

HARTFORD PROLIFIC.—Ripe, Sept. 1st; quality poor; drops badly from the bunch after being picked a day or two; never becomes sweet to the center.

DELAWARE.—Ripe Sept. 11th; quality first best. This grape can not be too highly recommended for its earliness, hardness, quality and its freedom from loss of berry by dropping, rot or mildew.

ROGERS' HYBRID.—Ripe Sept. 18th; quality good; a first class black grape, hardy, early ripening and large berries.

DIANA.—Ripe Sept. 20th; quality next to Delaware. This was the healthiest variety of thirty-two, suffering neither from mildew, loss of berry, or rot.

ALLEN'S HYBRID.—Ripe Sept. 20th; quality best; tender; no pulp; one of the best white grapes; mildewed on leaf.

REBECCA.—Ripe Sept. 20th; quality best; mildewed lightly on leaf.

UNION VILLAGE.—Ripe Sept. 25th; quality good; rot lightly.

CONCORD.—Ripe Sept. 25th; quality poor, similar to Hartford Prolific; leaf blight slightly.

ISABELLA.—Ripe Sept. 28th; quality moderate; leaf blight badly; failed to set well; not worthy of cultivation where Delawares can be had.

CLINTON.—Ripe Sept. 28th; quality poor; not fit for table use; said to make good claret wine.

TO KALON.—Ripe Sept. 28th; quality best; liable to rot; best of the black grapes.

CLARA.—Ripe Oct. 8th; quality good.

ANNA.—Not ripe till Nov.; dry rot; drop badly.

CATAWBA.—Ripe Oct. 12th; quality fair; rot badly.

The Isabella, Catawba, Clara, Cuyahoga, Union Village and Rebecca did not ripen their wood this year, and require to be warmly protected during the winter.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.

KANSAS.—The Evening Bulletin, of Leavenworth, says:—From Mr. Tanner, one of the most extensive fruiters in this portion of the State, we learn that all, or nearly all, of the peaches were killed last February by the hard freezing. Many young peach trees were also killed. There will be an abundance of cherries, should there be no frost. In fact, there is a good prospect for an abundance of all kinds of fruit except peaches.

NORTHERN OHIO.—H. B. E., of Cleveland, Ohio, writes us:—Fruit prospects in Northern Ohio are poor this spring. The peach buds are thought to be all killed, and grape buds very much injured. The larger or main buds appear to be all killed, but there may still be a fair crop of grapes from second or forced shoots, as the wood is healthy and mostly uninjured.

The practice of laying down the vines in winter, as in Western New York, has never been practiced to any extent about Cleveland. Unless the vines had been covered, laying them down would not have saved the buds this winter, as buds of both peaches and tender cherries inserted in seedling stocks last fall are all dead now, and very close to the ground at that.

Ten years ago the same calamity befel the grape buds, and proved very serious. We hope that this year it may not be so bad. The Heart cherry buds are also dead to all appearance. Pears and apples are all right. Strawberries are badly killed out, and so is the winter wheat. Business of all kinds good and prosperous; and the disposition to whip the rebels is good.

LELAND CO., MICH.—Mrs. J. E. F. writes, from a locality known as the Grand Traverse region, over 200 miles north-east from Chicago, almost directly on the 45th parallel N. latitude. She says:—We have thirty bearing peach trees; they are all looking fine, not even a bud injured as I can discover, except on one tree, and that tree is the only one that has been trimmed. The ends of a few of the limbs are killed about two inches, otherwise that looks well. Our mode of culture is no culture at all. We planted the pits and let them grow (hoing around them occasionally to keep the grass away) without trimming. Cattle got in and ate the limbs off twice; that did not seem to injure, but rather to

harden them. Our soil is sandy. Snow generally about two feet. Our coldest weather the past winter was fifteen degrees below zero—the second morning in January. Our country is new yet, but it bids fair to be one of the best peach growing regions east of the Rocky Mountains.

POMOLOGICAL GOSSIP.

The Adirondac Grape.—MR. CHORLTON, author of the Grape Growers' Guide, says:—"I consider the Adirondac the commencement of a class which will ultimately become equal in quality to Black Hamburg, and of similar flavor and texture. I saw it at two exhibitions last season, and am sure that we are in a fair way to arrive at what I have recited many times—a quality in the native equal to the exotic. The Delaware will lead to a class resembling Frontignans in flavor, while in the Adirondac we have an approach to the full-flavored, and not musky taste of, Hamburg. There is no hard pulp in Adirondac, and this defect now being overcome, there is a certainty of final perfection if followed up in right manner by generations of seedlings."

Grapes for Maine.—MR. GOODALE says the Delaware, Hartford Prolific and Northern Muscadine are the three best grapes for out-door culture in Maine. They should be protected in winter, for they will bear so much better for it the following year. The Diana, he says, is subject to the dry rot. DR. WESTON says the Delaware had proved successful at Bangor. The Hartford Prolific would grow anywhere and ripen its fruit if judiciously cared for. The Rebecca is not so hardy as the others. He could not recommend the Diana for general cultivation.

The Frost and Grapes at Nauvoo, Ill.—From a letter we find in the Horticulturist from Nauvoo, Ill., we extract the following:—"The Catawbas, Isabellas, Dianas, Rebecas, and even the Hartford Prolifics, which I hoped could stand cold weather better than almost any other kind, seem to be entirely dead as high above the ground as they were bare, and not covered with snow. There are several other sorts equally as badly hurt, and there are none of whatever kind that have not suffered a great deal. Those that seem to have suffered the least, and of which some grapes may, perhaps, be expected, are the Delaware, Concord, Clinton, and some of the Norton's Virginia seedling. The Logan and some of the To Kalon also appear to have a few sound buds. Each bud, as you know, contains from two to four eyes or buds; the center one, which is the best fruit-bearing, is dead, even in the hardest kinds; but in the Delaware, Concord and Clinton, many of the buds contain still two sound, living eyes or buds. Those who took the trouble last fall to bury their vines, may congratulate themselves, for their prospect is promising."

Grapes in Central Iowa, Latitude 42 Deg.—LUTHER DODD reports the order in which grapes ripened with him last season:—"Hartford Prolific, Sept. 1st; Delaware, Sept. 10th; Northern Muscadine, Sept. 15th; Concord, (vines four years old), Sept. 3d; To Kalon, Oct. 1st; Diana, Oct. 10th, (sweet and good); York Maderia, Elsingburgh and Anna, all failed to ripen any fruit. The Diana has grown the most rapidly and borne the most fruit. The Delaware is certainly the best, and Diana next. To Kalon, simply good. Hartford Prolific, N. Muscadine and Concord, I class together, and call them poor."

The Black Barbarossa and Lady Downe Grapes.—E. FREYER, of New London, Conn., says a vine of this variety, in one of the grapes in his charge, bore last season about 28 pounds of fruit, the bunches weighing from one one-half to four pounds each. Many of the bunches remained on the vine up to January last, and every berry was still plump and in good order. Two bunches remained until the 2d day of March, 1864; a few of the berries were plump; the balance good raisins. For late keeping he calls it one of the best, if not the best variety yet introduced. He says it will not bear close pruning; that is, it will not bear a full crop if pruned as close as vines generally are on the spur system. Double spurring, as recommended by CHORLTON, is the method by which he has found it to produce a fair crop every year. The editor of the Horticulturist, commenting on the above:—"The Barbarossa is undoubtedly valuable as a late keeping grape. It is also a profitable grape to grow for market. We are inclined to think, however, that the Lady Downe is quite as valuable in these respects, besides being a very much better grape."

Coit's Beurre Pear.—The April Horticulturist contains an engraving of this fruit which the editor says is "a pear as yet but little grown, but of decided excellence, and destined, we think, to become quite popular. It is a good grower and bears well. It has sustained its goodness wherever we have seen it. Fruit, medium, obovate, inclining to pyriform. Skin, yellow, deeply covered with russet, often with a beautiful crimson cheek. Calyx, large, open, with narrow segments in a broad, very shallow basin. Stalk, short and stout, inserted in a small fleshy cavity. Flesh, buttery, juicy, spicy, and visous, but a little gritty at the core. Quality, best. Season, September and October. It is an American pear, having originated in Ohio."

"Canada Wine Grape."—A Washington County N. Y. correspondent writes us he has about an acre of bearing vines, which have been in cultivation several years, with the above name. This grape makes an excellent wine, he says, is fair for table use, thrifty grower, good bearer, hardy, ripens early, "turning in August." This is all the description our correspondent gives of this grape. We never heard of it before. Do our readers know it?

Horticultural Notes.

OPORTO GRAPE WINE.—The N. Y. State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Meeting, awarded to E. WARR SYLVESTER, the Society's Silver Medal for specimens of Oporto Wine.

OLD PEAR TREES.—Pear trees are standing in Detroit, planted by the French settlers over one hundred and fifty years ago, and they bear profusely without presenting any symptoms of decay.

HICKORY AND BIRCH SPLINTS FOR TYING GRAPES.—MR. S. H. SUTTON, of Naples, N. Y., says that hickory and birch splints answer a very good purpose in tying up grape vines. They should be well soaked before being used.

PROTECT YOUR TREES.—The Ohio Farmer says that coal oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against ravages of the curculio, by placing sawdust, saturated with oil, at the foot of the tree.

CATALOGUES, &c., RECEIVED.—1. FROM EDGAR SANDERS, Chicago, Ill., his seventh annual catalogue of plants, &c. MR. SANDERS is a practical and accomplished florist. 2. FROM A. G. HANFORD & BROTHER, Columbus, Ohio, their Spring Catalogue of New Plants, grown and for sale at the Columbus Nursery.

Inquiries and Answers.

ROUND AND FLAT BOUQUETS.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL please inform me how to make round and flat bouquets such as are seen at Fairs.—NELLIE, Newfield.

WHAT WILL KILL YOUNG LOCUST TREES?—So asks an Ohio correspondent. We answer *dozers*! But if you want to kill those which sprout up, treat them as you do any weed; cut down as quick and as often as they appear.

WORK ON HEDGES.—(N. P. J., Richland, Iowa.) *Warder's Hedges and Evergreens*, is the best work on hedges published. We will mail it to you on receipt of \$1. Had you read the RURAL the past three years you would hardly have cautioned us "not to forget the West."

PURCHASING ANNUAL PLANTS.—(MRS. C. F. P.) If you can get annuals in pots, well grown, cheaply, when it is safe to transplant, we should certainly purchase enough to get early blossoms. Meantime you can sow seed in a warm border, and grow plants for a succession of late blooms.

ROSES.—(A Young Gardener.) *Souvenir de Malmaison* rose is classed with the Bourbon roses, but *La Reine* is a remontant. The former is not as hardy as the latter and in many localities needs protection. The Baltimore Belle and Queen of the Prairie are not excelled as climbing roses. The pink and red Boussault give bloom earlier in the season.

ANNUALS THAT SHOULD NOT BE TRANSPLANTED.—(MISS JENNIE H., Aurora.) Candytuft, Mignonette, Larkspur, Convolvulus, Poppies, Sweet Peas, Lupines, should be sown where they are to remain. They should not be transplanted. They are sometimes started in pots in a hot bed and transferred to the border without breaking the boll of earth in the pots. This is easily done.

PREPARING FLOWER BEDS.—MISS AEGAIL asks for directions in preparing flower beds. The soil should be stirred deep, made rich by the use of well rotted manure or muck, or vegetable mold, and above all, it must be completely pulverized—made as fine and lively as the best of coffee sugar. This done, seeds possessing any vitality at all cannot fail to germinate and grow, if put in at the right time.

PEAR TREES DYING.—Why is it that in some localities the pear tree begins to decay just as soon as it begins to bear fruit; commencing sometimes in the top limb, or decaying on one side, while the other part of the tree looks green and thrifty.—M. A. E., Forter, Wis.

Evidently our correspondent refers to blight. There are different causes assigned for this disease; but we are not aware that any remedy for it has been found. It is not confined to bearing trees, however.

SAW-DUST ABOUT GRAPE VINES.—Can any of your readers tell me whether saw-dust, four inches deep, or deep enough to prevent the growth of weeds and grass about a grape vine, covering a space of four or five feet, will exclude the heat of the sun from the roots of the vine enough to retard its growth? It is a well established fact that saw dust is a repulsor of heat. Whether it has that property by decomposition is a matter which prompted the above inquiry.—Wm. McKenon, Livingston Co., N. Y.

THE EARLY WILD FLOWERS.—(JESSIE G., Oshkosh.) Your practice of studying and transplanting and preserving wild spring flowers is commendable. There are many wild beauties that it is exceedingly difficult to transplant successfully—the greatest difficulty arising from the want of suitable conditions of soil and exposure. Regard must be had to their natural habits—to the protection afforded them by nature in their native homes. There are many wild flowers of rare beauty best lost to the country—especially prairie and woodland flowers—as it becomes settled and cultivated. Any effort to woo these beauties to linger in our gardens, deserves encouragement, and will find its own compensation if successful.

PHLOX DRUMMONDI VARIETIES.—MRS. ALICE M. W. asks how many varieties of Phlox Drummond there are, and which are the best? We do not know how many varieties there are. We do know that there is a no more desirable annual—no one which gives a greater variety and profusion of brilliant blossoms in the season. VICK in his catalogue enumerates the following varieties:—Deep Purple; Brilliant Scarlet; rosea, beautiful rose color; *rosea albo-oculata*, beautiful rose with distinct white eye; *Radiosa*, rose, striped with white; *R. Kermerina striata*, crimson, striped with white, new; *R. Violacea*, violet, striped with white, new; *Rose-albo*, pure white; *Rose-albo oculata*, pure white, with purple eye; *Variabilis*, violet and lilac.

SOAP-SUDS FOR PIE PLANT.—(MRS. J. E. F.) It may be well to use soap-suds about pie plant occasionally, but not often, we think, except in very dry weather. We should prefer to pour the soap-suds on a compost heap, embracing decaying wood, chip manure, the ravings of the lawn, the refuse from cellars, old mortar, leaves, leached ashes, bones from the soap kettle, &c., &c.—whatever accumulates about the house which should be cleaned away. Get your husband to lay some troughs from your kitchen to such a heap—if you can get decent enough—and let the suds, chamber ley, &c., flow to it. Be sure to have muck, leaves, loam, charcoal or decaying wood enough in the pile to absorb the liquids. Do not let them waste away. With such a compost added to the soil, you can grow pie plant or anything else.

Domestic Economy.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

THIS is my method of skeletonizing leaves. They look well. Begin as soon as the leaves are full-grown; we found it the best, for the pulp is harder to remove when it is old. It is a very slow process; a little of Job's patience is not amiss in the performance; but when done, they are truly beautiful. Select firm, perfect leaves of any kind, such as, camellia, apple, pear, magnolia, ivy, jessamine, maple, linden, (the last two have a most beautiful skeleton,) the ivy that creeps up walls is the easiest to do of any thing.

Steep the firmer varieties in hot water a few minutes, then take them out and lay them in cold rain water for three weeks, or until the pulp will remove. Do not change the water at all; after this, remove one at a time on a glass or plate, with clean water in a pan; then take a camel's hair pencil or very soft brush, remove the soft, pulpy parts of the leaf. If it will not remove, place them back in the water they were removed from. They must be free from the pulp; nothing but the fibers must be left.

Many things will bleach without skeletonizing and be pretty, such as ferns and some seed vessels; clover leaves will also bleach. Do not let them remain in the solution of lime more than a day or two; but watch them. If they remain in too long, they will be eaten up.

Jamestown burs require to lay in water two months or more. They are very pretty. Tomato pods do not require so long a time. The Jamestown burs must be full grown and rather old, I guess.

Bleach, by laying them in a liquid made by putting more than a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of rain water, shake it well after it has stood for some hours, then strain it several times to remove all the particles of lime. Then lay the leaves separate, watch them; as soon as right white, remove them to dry; as soon as dry, shut them from the air to keep them from getting yellow. We placed them in books until we got ready to bunch. I hear there is a preparation to be got that is better than the chloride of lime. It comes at fifty cents a bottle, and a bottle holds a quart. I do not know the name, it is got at a drug store, I presume.

When bunching them, take the finest wire to make stems for the leaves. Take beeswax and put turpentine in it until it is soft enough to make the wire stick to the leaves.—SUSAN FOGG, Salem, N. Y.

ANOTHER correspondent says:—Soak the leaves in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away all the body of the leaf leaving only the fibers in the form of a delicate net work.—L. G. YATES, Pon du Lac, Wis.

RICE PUDDING RECIPES.

L. C. J. M., of Lime St., N. Y., sends us what she says she knows to be a good one:—Take a teacupful of raw rice to two quarts of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste;—she uses nutmeg. Put into a slow oven; stir frequently until the rice begins to swell. Bake about two hours.

MRS. C. S., of Pa., writes:—Take two quarts of new milk, to which add one teacupful of rice, well washed; three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a lump of butter the size of a hickory nut and a little grated nutmeg. Bake one hour in a hot oven.

S. B. P., of Honeoye, writes:—To two quarts of milk add three tablespoonfuls of rice; one cup of sugar; one teacupful of salt; nutmeg. Let it stand in the back of the stove all the morning in order to become thoroughly soaked. Bake three-quarters of an hour. It is excellent when cold. No sauce is required, as it makes a cream of itself.

MARION M. M., Brownhelm, Lorain Co., Ohio, writes:—"ADA E., Seneca, N. Y., will find this an excellent recipe for rice pudding. Boil ½ lb. unground rice in one quart of milk until soft, then stir in ½ lb. of butter; take it from the fire, put in one pint cold milk, salt, and grated nutmeg. When lukewarm, add four beaten eggs, with ½ lb. sugar and ½ lb. of raisins. Turn the whole into a buttered dish and bake ½ of an hour. Serve with sugar and cream, or butter and sugar."

MRS. M. S. P., sends the following:—Two cups of rice, washed well in cold water, turning off the water several times, and pouring on clean. Put it into a kettle with two quarts of cold water; boil until perfectly tender, (stir often to prevent sticking,) then put it into your pudding pan, turn in cold milk and stir it up; two eggs, well beaten; 1 ¼ cups sugar; salt and nutmeg to your taste. This will make a four-quart panful. Bake two hours. This I call a plain rice pudding.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

LEMON PIE.—Will some reader of the RURAL please send me a tip-top recipe for lemon pie? I've tried a number of different ones but none of them suited Tom.—MATTIE, Williamsville.

COLORING KID GLOVES.—Will some one please inform me through the columns of the RURAL, how to color kid gloves dark brown, black, or any other very dark color? By so doing they will very much oblige.—A READER.

TO COLOR BLUE TISSUE SILK BROWN.—Will some of your readers tell me how to color blue tissue silk brown without injuring the silk?—EVA, Smithfield, O.

SPECIAL NOTICE.]

GET WHAT YOU CALL FOR.—And be sure to call for the genuine Chemical Saleratus, made by De Land & Co., and put up in bright red papers. There is a bogus article in the market, in green papers, which should be avoided by those who want a good thing.



Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE UNFINISHED POEM.

INSCRIBED TO BROTHER L., BY KATE WOODLAND.

Oh, when will my poem be finished? This beautiful poem of mine; Oh, how will my poem be finished? Only my God can divine.

'Twas in the sweet past I commenced it, This beautiful poem of mine; Wedded love began every stanza, Wedded love was the close of each line.

The measure was faultless and even, Which flowed in this beautiful rhyme; The feet which composed it were perfect, And fell with a musical chime.

Oh, sweetly the days glided onward, While I on my poem was bent, Unheeding the world and its splendor, With love and its blessings content.

If poverty stood at my door-way, And strove with her threats to affright, I bethought me at once of my poem, And quickly she sped from my sight.

At length a new subject was given, To fill up my poem of bliss; So far the flowers might have envied,— So pure that the angels might kiss.

Then I thought that there never was written A more beautiful poem than mine, And my heart, in a fervent thanksgiving, Went up to the Giver Divine.

But, alas! oh, alas! for my poem, Death came to my love-guarded door; I strove to prevent, but he entered,— The days of my poem were o'er.

A frail little leaf, full of beauty, A chapter of infantile love, Is all I have left of the poem, Which angels are reading above.

And now the stern prose of the soldier Is mine till my country is free; And if I should fall in her battles, The end of my poem would be.

Sometimes I dare think of the future, When war's dreadful carnage shall cease, And I may resume the lone chapter, And finish my poem in peace.

Yet, when will my poem be finished— This beautiful poem of mine; And how will my poem be finished— Only my God can divine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. WHEREWITHAL SHALL WE BE CLOTHED.

I WAS much pleased with an article in the RURAL (March 26th), on hoop skirts, but I should have been more so if so sensible a person, as the writer evidently is, had told us what (in her opinion) woman should wear. I can not think the former custom of wearing a half dozen skirts to make a figure to come up to the fashionable standard, less objectionable as regards health. Then what are we to wear? There is certainly a great need of a revolution in ladies' clothing, especially farmer's wives and daughters; and I think it would have been effected long since, but that ladies of wealth and fashion have not felt it so much an encumbrance as they would if they were mechanically employed, and, as FAITH WAYNE says, but for its increasing their capacity to carry fantastic adornments; therefore the custom has become so prevalent and deeply rooted over most parts of the civilized world, that to dress in any thing but flowing robes is considered indelicate, unfeminine, bold, &c.

What a fuss was made over the Bloomer dress! How the dear press did deride and caricature it, and yet, (though not acquainted with all its details except the short skirt and pantalettes,) it was a health-giving device, and the originator should be honored among mankind, and held in grateful remembrance by all posterity.

I confess I cannot do the subject the justice its magnitude merits; but I feel impelled to lift my voice in favor of a radical change. For years I have considered myself a slave to my dress, hoops or not; and if there is a farmer's wife or daughter who has not felt the same inconvenience in the performance of their domestic duties, from their skirts, they must be more of a philosopher than I am.

How many times a day do we go up stairs and down cellar, each time carrying half of what we otherwise could if we had not to carry our dress with one hand; and even then one will step on the dress sometimes, and then the ugly rent must be mended. It may do for those who have nothing else to do to have the care and carry their swaddling clothes or hire others to do it, but for us,—the working bees of this world—away with it; it is nothing but slavery to fashion as ancient as the Heathen Mythology, or more ancient still for what I know.

I recently saw in a Hamilton, Canada West, paper an editorial (?) commenting on the ladies' style of dress, and enumerating the different articles of gentlemen's apparel the ladies had appropriated to themselves; and concluding with the fear that they next would be for confiscating the pants, and calling on gentlemen to resist, to the death, any such effort. Now, I have no doubt but this is the sentiment of most men; and this forces me to the conclusion that the gentlemen are afraid of losing this last vestige of their sovereignty—hence they are enjoying a distinction of authority they have no right to, else why care? But, gentlemen, we don't want your pants, we only want our own. We would like to be as conveniently and comfortably clad as yourselves, and I believe there are many ways to do so and still make a wide distinction in the dress of the two sexes.

If I were to name a fitting dress for woman in all the varied walks of life, I should give them as great latitude, in regard to their upper gar-

ments, as their tastes should dictate or fashion demand; but I should insist on two points to be always observed in their general costume, namely:—long hair, confined or not, and warm, loose pants confined at the ankle by a band. I hope to see this subject agitated until not a yard of cotton (to say nothing of silk or other costly fabrics,) shall sweep the universe except in the shape of mops. MRS. SMITH. Saltfleet, C. W., 1864.

THE ART OF WIFE PRESERVING.

A WOMAN must make herself obvious to her husband, or he will drift out beyond her horizon. She will be to him very nearly what she wills and works to be. Unless she adapts herself to her husband, he will fall into the arrangement, and the two will fall apart. I do not mean that they will quarrel, but they will lead separate lives. They will be no longer husband and wife. There will be a domestic alliance, but no marriage. A predominant interest in the same object binds them together after a fashion; but marriage is something beyond that. If a woman wishes and purposes to be the friend of her husband—if she would be valuable to him, not simply as the nurse of his children and the directress of his household, but as a woman, fresh, and fair, and fascinating, to him intrinsically lovely and attractive, she should make an effort for it. It is not by any means a thing that comes of itself, or that can be left to itself. She must read, and observe, and think, and reach up to it. Men, as a general thing, will not tell you so. They talk about having the slippers ready, and enjoin woman to be domestic. But men are blockheads—dear, and affectionate, and generous blockheads—benevolent, large-hearted and chivalrous—kind, and patient, and hard-working, but stupid where women are concerned. Indispensable and delightful as they are in real life, pleasant and comfortable as women actually find them, not one in ten thousand but makes a dunce of himself the moment he opens his mouth to theorize about women. Besides, they have an ax to grind. The pretty things they inculcate—slippers, and coffee, and care, and courtesy—ought indeed to be done, but others ought not to be left undone. And to the former, women seldom need to be exhorted. They take to them naturally. A great many more women follow poorish husbands with fond little attentions than wound appreciative ones by neglect. Women domesticate themselves to death already. What they want is cultivation. They need to be stimulated to develop a large, comprehensive, catholic life, in which their domestic duties shall have an appropriate niche, and not dwindle down to a narrow and servile one, over which those duties shall spread and occupy the whole space.

There are women less foolish. They see their husbands attracted in other directions more easily than in theirs. They have too much sterling worth and profound faith to be vulgarly jealous. They fear nothing like shame or crime; but they feel the fact that their own pre-occupation with homely household duties precludes real companionship, the interchange of emotions, thoughts, sentiments, a living, palpable and vivid contact of mind with mind, of heart with heart. They see others whose leisure ministers to grace, accomplishments, piquancy and attractiveness, and the moth flies towards the light by his own nature. Because he is a wise and virtuous and honorable moth, he does not dart into the flame. He does not even scorch his wings. He never thinks of such a thing. He merely circles around the pleasant light, sunning himself in it without much thought one way or another, only feeling that it is pleasant; but meanwhile Mrs. Moth sits at home in darkness, mending the children's clothes, which is not exhilarating. Many a woman who feels that she possesses her husband's affection, misses something. She does not secure his fervor, his admiration. His love is honest and solid, but a little dormant, and therefore dull. It does not brace, and tone, and stimulate. She wants not the love only, but the keenness and edge and flavor of the love, and she suffers untold pangs. I know it, for I have seen it. It is not a thing to be uttered. Most women do not emit it even to themselves; but it is revealed by the lift of the eye-lash, by the quiver of the eye, by a tone of the voice, by a trick of the finger.—Gail Hamilton.

THE ART OF WALKING.

IN a graceful human step the heel is always raised before the foot is lifted from the ground, as if the foot were a part of a wheel rolling forward; and the weight of the body, supported by the muscles of the calf of the leg, rests for the time on the fore part of the foot and toes; there is then a bending of the foot in a certain degree. But when strong wooden shoes are used, or any shoe so stiff that it will not yield and allow the bending of the foot, the heel is not raised at all until the foot rises with it; so that the muscles of the calf are scarcely used, and in consequence, soon dwindle in size and almost disappear. Many of the English farm servants wear heavy, stiff shoes; and in London it is a striking thing to see the drivers of country wagons with fine robust persons in the upper part, but with legs that are fleshless spindles, producing a gait which is awkward and unmanly. The brothers of these men, who are otherwise employed, are not so misshapen. What a pity that, for sake of a trifling saving, fair nature should be thus deformed! An example of this kind is seen in Paris; where, as the streets have few or no side pavements, and the ladies have to walk almost constantly on tip-toe, the great action of the muscles of the calf has given a conformation of the leg and foot to match which the Parisian belles proudly challenge all the world—not aware, probably, that it is a defect in their city to which the peculiarity in their form is in part owing.—Scientific American.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. TO MY MIGNONETTE.

BY EDITH MAY.

SWEET, favorite flower, thy gentle fragrance, Stealing softly here, is like some fragrant zephyr Wafted from the balmy shores of heaven. O, I have loved to watch thy modest buds Unfolding, day by day, and, though Thou art not beautiful—like many rich And gaily-colored flowers—to me Thou'rt far more beautiful than all; For, deep within thy tiny petals Dwells the richest fragrance that, day after day, From early spring till dreary autumn, Scatters on the ground thy withered leaves, Goes forth upon the wings of every breeze To cheer and bless the heart, that, in Thy pale and tiny flower, and in thy sweet perfume— Thy modest goodness and thy gentle worth Can see. To me thou seemest like a being Who, though not of perfect form, Or sparkling eye, or beauteous face possessed, Has deep within the inner chamber of the mind A mine of noble thought, a world of love, A heart to gentle offices of kindness given, A gentle, kind and loving friend, Whose heart and hand is ever ready To relieve distress,—into whose ear The story of the poor and sorrowful Is never poured in vain. And, while the world will "call him blessed" Whene'er his name is heard, within his heart There daily rises to his God an humble prayer Of purity, of thankfulness and love, Like the sweet odor that ascends from thy modest blossoms.

Dear Mignonette! thou'st cheered my heart In many a lonely hour. I'll ever love thee while on earth I stay, And when I die will fondly hope That o'er my silent, lonely grave Thy sweetest fragrance may ascend. Grove Cottage, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. LABOR, THE "OPEN SESAME."

How deeply the coloring of tales read in childhood tinges our after lives! It seems but a few days since we believed in the reality of CINDERELLA and her slipper, and were weeping over the tragedy of the "Babes in the Wood." What a great day that was in our history when exploration in a dim old garret brought to light a torn copy of the "Forty Thieves," embellished with wood cuts of a highly vindictive character. No wonder we dreamed at night that we, too, were seeking to penetrate the rock wherein were gems and golden ore.

Alas, for the brilliant visions of childhood! How soon the stern hand of Reality stamps an enduring impress upon buoyant hopes! We look back with unutterable longings to the joys of vanished years, till we long within ourselves to taste oblivion. There are times when we cast mournful thoughts aside, and bend our energies to the appointed task. Then, in our eagerness, we ask for aid, some magic touch or word that shall unlock to us the hidden treasure.

There is something to meet this need, and Labor is our "open sesame!" To prove this, we have only to search for the means employed by those who have wrought out the greatest blessings for the world. It is Labor that has made our land the wonder of the earth, covering it with busy cities and towns, beautiful farms and thriving people.

Look at yonder picture. Mark the blending of light and shade; how the somber background melts into the delicate tints of the nearer view. After the dream of beauty flashed through the artist's soul, it was no light task to show it unto others. It was the labor of long years. It is labor that gives us everything truly good and excellent.

Shall we not, then, go forth, strong in our watchword, and while others look with longing upon our harvest, we will gather the sheaves of our own industry?

What nobler undertaking can there be than of expanding our own powers by careful culture? and how can we more certainly effect our purpose than by smiting the rock with our "open sesame!" We must be content to labor long and earnestly, "to labor and to wait." This may sometimes be difficult; but, persevering, we shall surely enter in by the door our own hands have opened, and find our great reward. April, 1864. DORE HAMILTON.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BONAPARTE AND THE SENTINEL.

DEAR EDITOR:—Seeing an account in the Home Journal of the pardoning by the President of a young man sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post, reminded me of NAPOLEON'S reproof to a soldier in like circumstances. Upon referring to it, I found it in French, which I have translated for the RURAL readers, if you deem it worthy of insertion. "After having won the battle of Arocole, which had lasted for three days, BONAPARTE, always untiring, walked around his camp dressed in simple garments—so that he was not known to be the General-in-Chief—to see for himself, if, after the fatigues of three day's works, so laborious as this battle, his soldiers still retained their discipline and their habitual care.

The General found one sentinel sleeping. He carefully took his gun without awakening him, and watched in his place. Some moments afterwards the soldier awoke. Seeing himself thus disarmed, and recognizing his General-in-Chief, he cried—"I am lost!" "Take courage," said BONAPARTE, to him, gently. "After so much fatigue, it may be permitted such a brave soldier as thou to fall asleep; but another time choose a better time for repose." W. W. L. East Bethany, N. Y., April, 1864.

SALA ON AMERICAN HOSPITALITY.

ONCE let the Americans really know who and what you are, and they welcome you with open arms. Their houses, their horses, their carriages, their servants, all are at your disposal, not metaphorically, as the Spaniards offer them, but actually or entirely. They will dine you, they will breakfast you, they will sup you, and when there is nothing legitimate in the way of eating and drinking going on, they will press you to have oysters. They will give you, if you allow them, a great deal more champagne, Madeira, Scotch ale and Bourbon whiskey, than is good for you. If you are a teetotaler, they will send you a dozen of Congress water or effervescent sarsaparilla. If you confess yourself a smoker, they will cram your pockets with Havanas, or send you a box of imperials almost as long and as strong as pokers. Admire an American author, and you will find his works, handsomely bound, on your table when you return home. I happened to mention the other day that, intending to look in at Havana on my way to New Orleans, I thought I might as well get up a little Spanish, forthwith a copy of Ollendorf's Spanish grammar was sent to me. They will insist on paying your hackney coach, your omnibus and ferry fare; and I positively believe that were I mean enough to ask, I could find a dozen friends who would pay my hotel bill.

That which they do to strangers, the Americans are not slow to do among themselves. A gentleman of mature years informed me lately that his uncle had sent him a thousand dollars as a new year's gift. Any person of good means, with a house of his own, is sure to have from six to a dozen nephews, nieces and cousins, staying with him for months at a time. I never knew such a people for having cousins, particularly females, and pretty. Ten to one, also, you will find an adopted child in every other family. When an American fails in business—and most of them fail at one time or another—he is sure, if he be at all a decent kind of a man, to find friends who will not only "loan," but give him money to start afresh. And pray let me say, that it would be doing a cruel and shameful wrong to this people, to assume that their hospitality toward the strangers within their gates is dictated by a vulgar spirit of ostentation. That there are vulgar, and "stuck up," and ostentatious folks in the Union, is clear enough; but their great heart in respect to the sacred duty of hospitality is sound; and in the performance of that duty they beat the English, and the Irish, and the Russians, which is saying a good deal. In France, you know, you get little but sugar and water out of your friends, in Germany nothing but smoke, and in Italy there are some grand houses where you can only obtain supper by paying for it. In Spain you can get nothing to eat, because, beyond eggs and chocolate, and garlic, there is nothing to eat. But in the United States you may ruin your digestive organs for nothing in a fortnight. If the oysters and the canvas-back ducks don't give you dyspepsia, the eternal ice creams and candied sweetmeats will; and, when you fall sick, you will find plenty of kind friends to seek Hostetter's and Drake's Plantation bitters, as curatives, on your acceptance.

All this is done in sheer, bounteous generosity and kindness of heart. Not a rapid tourist lands in New York—with letters, always be it understood—not a guardsman runs down from Canada, not a gun-room mess of a man-of-war comes into port, but the flood-gates of American hospitality are opened. With all their real shrewdness and imputed cunning, the Americans are in many respects as frank, as simple, and as innocent as children. For that very reason are they to me a mystery, and a problem which I can never hope to solve. For, once having anything to do with them in business, you will find yourself in a "tight place," and among your kind-hearted friends you will become aware of a considerable proportion who would steal the very teeth out of your head. Stealing is here called "operating," and when a commercial man smashes shamefully, rooks his creditors, and begins anew, he is said to have "recuperated." There will be a good deal of recuperative action done in greenbacks some day, I opine.

GLACIERS.

THERE was a glacier. It was the first I had seen. For years I had read everything that I could lay my hands upon concerning glaciers; had followed Alpine travelers with an interest scarcely less than that excited by Polar regions; had been an invisible and imaginary member of the Alpine Club, and explored with its most adventurous men the "Peaks, Passes and Glaciers of the Alps," and yet had never seen one! There was a kind of mystery hung about them. They were clothed in my mind with an indescribable interest. At length I beheld it. There it lay, of dazzling whiteness, so that I could scarcely look upon it. It seemed to be let down from the sky. The clouds darkened the valley where I stood. But they had opened, far up this valley to the left, and let through a blaze of light which kindled the snow to the most intense and dazzling radiance. I sat down in silence. I don't know tears should have started. It was not simply the picture that lay before me. It was the stirring within, by that picture, of those subtle yearnings that never fail to rise in the presence of objects that bring near the conception of the Infinite and Eternal God. My inward vision was far beyond any outward seeing. I almost expected to hear an Apocalyptic voice, and to behold angels above it, as if this exceeding whiteness, lifted up against the far sky, could mean nothing else than the opening of the Gate of Heaven!—H. W. Beecher.

Sabbath Musings.

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

BY A. T. E. CLARKE.

Held in the future, there is, somewhere, lying, An hour to bring my heart unrealized bliss,— To give me joy for grief, and songs for sighing,— For life, indeed, has not the ills of this.

Erewhile my heart has felt impassioned longing, To hasten to my joy awaiting there— To rise at once 'bove griefs to earth belonging; But now my heart has strength to wait and bear.

Not that the loved ones are forgotten; never Can I forget those whom on earth I've known; I shall love truly, better, and forever, When Heaven's great bliss is on my spirit thrown.

But this low life has mocked my heart, denying Its sweet ideal in joy attained below; With satisfying good Heaven is replying To all my cries from out the depths of woe.

The seasons come and go; the blest reunion Is drawing near, to be reality, And give me Christ, loved ones and sweet communion; Go, earth and time; come, immortality! Wadhams Mills, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A CONVALESCENT'S THOUGHTS.

If there is ever a time when the strongest will feel weak, when we, frail mortals, realize that we are not independent, it is when prostrated by sickness. As wasting disease attacks the physical frame—whether its approach be silent, and almost imperceptible, or sudden and terrible—whether torturing pain racks the trembling tenement to its very center, or scorching fever's raging fire quickens the pulse beat with fearful intensity—all alike will feel something of that utter hopelessness and entire dependence which is sure to follow. Then the heart grows tenderly grateful for favors received, and we perceive with clearer vision the excellencies of friends and attendants, until every deed of kindness, every little act of love seems only to increase our debt of gratitude, and deepen our sense of obligation.

Well, indeed, if the good resolutions formed at such an hour are remembered with returning health and strength, and find expression in careful attention to the wants of the needy, and in tender ministrations to the relief and comfort of the afflicted around us. But there is still another thought which has been so much upon the writer's mind during the weary hours of convalescence, that we may be allowed to express it here. It is this, the comfort, the sweet consolation to be derived from having the mind well stored with the precious promises of Sacred Truth, which are as cold water to a thirsty soul; and with beautiful thoughts, the creations of gifted minds, these like our most valuable coin occupy but little space while they possess intrinsic excellence. To enjoy this, however, the subject must receive attention in time of health, when it requires but little effort to commit to memory any select passage or even a choice poem, and the reward will be an hundred fold.

The mind, in consequence of extreme weakness and bodily suffering, loses its wonted vigor, so that close, continued thought becomes difficult, if not absolutely impossible; then it is sweet, indescribably sweet, to rest on such a sure support. When wearisome days and dreary nights are appointed unto us, when sleep flies from our pillow, and rest is a stranger to our couch, how soothing the reflection:—"He giveth his beloved sleep." And when "tired nature's sweet restorer" blesses once more our drooping eyelids, it seems like a precious gift direct from a loving father's hand; and while released from pain and suffering we remember with delight, "there is rest for the weary." Yes, there is rest for the aged, toiling, careworn pilgrim as he draws

"Nearer the bounds of life, where we lay our burden's down, Nearer leaving the cross, nearer wearing the crown."

There is rest for the burdened, aching heart, bowed beneath a weight of guilt and sorrow, for one who is able and willing to save has said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls." ANNIE ASHLEY. Chenango Co., N. Y., April, 1864.

THOUGHT-GEMS.

It is a Latin proverb that we all have a propensity to grasp forbidden fruit, and this is called perversity.

We should have all our communications with men as in the presence of God; and with God as in the presence of men.—Collon.

CONSCIENCE makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal but it accuses him; a man cannot swear but it checks him.—Shakspeare.

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—Voltaire.

COWLEY says:—"To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world, as it is man's; into the world, as it is God's."

If thou would'st be informed what God has written concerning thee in Heaven, look into thine own bosom and see what graces he hath wrought there in thee.—Fuller.



The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
LETTERS FROM THE WEST.—NO. III.

At Keokuk we crossed the Mississippi in a ferry-boat to within a hundred yards of the opposite shore. That distance was made on foot on the ice, by about one hundred and fifty passengers; and the same number of trunks were taken on hand-sleds to a baggage-wagon awaiting them.

In a remote corner of the ladies' cabin, looking listlessly out on the ice-burdened, but not ice-fettered waters, sat a haggard-looking woman, whose pale, tallowy face seemed the more colorless from her large, black eyes, which in conversation would burn with such an intense, but unsteady light. She evidently belonged to the poorer class, her garments were coarse and ill-made, her hair ill-kept, while her manner and language indicated but little native or cultivated refinement. Her voice was heavy, her frame large and robust. A woman from about the same rank of life sat near her, without a single redeeming trait; she hugged an old bundle in her arms, and denounced whatever came in her way. Some chance remark of a bystander, regarding the President and the war, called out her malice and vindictiveness.

"ABE LINCOLN'S the best President we've had sin' WASHINGTON'S day," replied the first woman, with a vehemence and force that told on the owner of the bundle.

Her gray eyes fell as she answered, "Hangin' and burnin' 's 'nough sight too good for him. Ef 't hadn' been for him we shouldn' had this awful war."

"I tell ye, stranger, it's a holy war," said the Union woman, rising, speaking with a full volume of voice and gesturing with her hand,—"an' I hope it'll continer till ev'ry rebel's conquered or killed."

"Well, guess ye hain't got nobody in this awful war, or ye wouldn't talk so."

"I've got a husban' and a son an' two brothers in this war, an' one that fell fightin' for the old flag, an' I'm still for the Union!" The eyes, hands and voice of the speaker did their part as she continued,—"if ye'd been raised in a slave State, an' seen the horrors 't I've seen, if ye'd suffered what I have, from a murderous, villainous rebel band, 'twould take such talk out on ye, mighty quick. A year ago I'se a happy woman, and had a good home in Lawrence, if we was poor. My old father an' mother lived with me, an' I had two bright, purty girls, an' in one dreadful night, what became of my little home? It was burnt to the ground. What became of my old, gray-headed parents? I found 'em mangled corpses, just as the mornin' sun was red in the east. What became of my two girls? There they lay hid behind some rails, hopin' to keep their lives, poor things, but the gang found them, and they was barbarously murdered! They knowed if they killed me,"—and here her brother-in-law, who was taking her to some relatives in Illinois, came forward. She had learned obedience, and dropping into her seat, said, pointing to her antagonist, "She went to railin' at the government, an' I couldn't let her alone."

This little incident aroused the copperhead element outside, and various alterations filled up the time of our passage.

One has a delightful prospect through Southern Illinois. The far-reaching prairie fields bespeak easy tillage and wealthy owners. Quincy is a fine, thrifty city, and has but few superiors in the State. Here we met three ladies who had come in on the same train, on their way to the hospital. It was a late hour at night,—too late for admittance. One had received a letter from the physician who attended her son, telling her to come immediately if she would see him alive; so she sat down on the sofa at the hotel, to wait away the long hours till morning. Another had come to see her husband, who had been severely wounded; and another, bending on her staff, to visit a grandson, and take him home with her as soon as he should be able.

We arose next morning at five o'clock, again to cross the Mississippi, to be in time for the morning train west. Hurrying aboard the cars and obtaining good seats, we congratulated ourselves on being in time, notwithstanding the unpropitious hour,—and our congratulations might have continued almost indefinitely, for the slender finger of my watch pointed to the hour of three before we were under motion. An engine had gone off the track, broken a wheel, and had to be repaired previous to its rendering service. But an eating-house a quarter of a mile away was somewhat of a palliative to those who could attempt to masticate doughnuts,

"Too big to swallow and too hard to bite," Or make an onslaught into heavy, double-crust ed pies, and large, round seed-cakes, equally formidable. Crackers and cheese entered into the bill of fare, but these, like Don Quixote's market-woman on the ass, would be susceptible of improvement under the influence of an ardent imagination.

The Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad is noted for its liability to accidents, owing to the unevenness of the track, its want of repairs, and incompetent managers. H. G., on his overland route, went by way of this road, and declared loudly in favor of its action on the digestive organs. At present it is free from rebel interference, the most serious accident having been the burning of the bridge across the Platte, by which a whole train was precipitated into the river, and about forty lives lost. The cars were fired into at another time, but no serious damage occurred. Thanks to a kind and watchful

OUR EMPIRE STATE

Poetry by Miss HAZARD.

Martial style.

1. Hail! all hail! our Em pire. State! Let all voices, small and great, Swell the cho - rus loud and aigh : Let the an - them reach the sky.  
2. Thou hast fought, and nobly won : Light from freedom's glo - rious sun, Sheds its hal - low'd beams o'er thee, Empire of the noble free!

3. Knowledge throws her halcyon light O'er the haunts where darkest night Seemed to brood in dread ar ray O'er our fa - thers' barren way.  
4. Let thy motto e ver be— Light, and love, and li - ber ty; Va liant deeds thy co ro net, Bright with pearls of truth be set.

5. Clarion notes for - e - ver more Slumber on thy peace ful shore; Green thy o live branches wave, Empire of the noble brave!  
6. Home of all that's good and free, God shall thy pro tec tor be, Let all voi ces, small and great, Hail! all hail! our Empire State!

The an them reach—yes! reach the sky. Let the an them reach the sky.  
The no ble free—the no ble free! Empire of the no ble free!

Our fa thers' way—the bar ren way. O'er our fa thers' barren way.  
With pearls be set—with truth be set. Bright with pearls of truth be set.

The no ble brave—the no ble brave! Empire of the noble brave!  
Our Em - pire State—our Em - pire State! Hail! all hail! our Empire State!

Providence, our journey's end was reached in safety.

Much of the surface of the country in North-Eastern Missouri, that is the wooded land, resembles Western New York, only lacking its care and cultivation. Fruitful orchards and well-built houses are frequently met. Mules, with their large, palm-leaf like ears, are abundant. Colored people of all ages, sizes, and shades of color, are to be seen in this locality. Many of them have free papers from the Provost Marshal, and those who have can be obtained as servants for but little compensation. Our mulatto chambermaid sat playing with her quadroon baby the other day, when she was asked whether she was free or a slave.

"Free, sah, got me papers las New-Year's day."

"And you think a good deal of them?"

"Guess me do, sah; ain't gold 'nough 'n Meriky to buy dem dar, sah."

"Where did you come from here?"

"T'adder side de ribber—de Missouri."

"How came you to know you could have free papers?"

"Guess niggers knowed," and the reply was accompanied by a negro laugh, and an almost enviable show of ivory.

JANE, the cook, was not so fortunate; she had obtained her papers, and starting one dark night with her little girl of two years in her arms, and the sweet word liberty in her heart, she had come in sight of Kansas, her destination. They refused to take the fugitive across the river, her mistress's son overtook and caught her, destroyed her papers, and brought her back to slavery. It was proven that JANE'S mistress, a widow, was loyal to the government, although her son had been in the rebel army. But the negro woman has hope,—she sees in the east a star that is a harbinger of the coming day, and though hired out to a hard and exacting mistress, with an eye upon the future, she sings and smiles at her toil. She looks upon the child at her feet, thanking GOD that a free life awaits it.

M. J. C.

THE LAVENDER FIELDS OF ENGLAND.—In this little island no less than about 280 acres of its precious land are devoted to lavender growing. Each acre yields 6,200 lbs. of flowers. Every 100 lbs. of flowers gives up by distillation about 1 lb. of the otto of lavender; and thus we learn that there is an average production of 7,000 lbs. of lavender otto annually. It requires six ounces of this to make a gallon of lavender water; so that Britannia and her children—you know their names—Jamaica, Canada, Australia—together with a few visitors—America, Germany, and Russia—use and take home with them the enormous quantity of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit. The lavender gardens of England are situated at Mitcham, in Surrey, and at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.

HAD I a dozen sons—each in my love alike—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.—Shakspeare.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.—Cicero.

THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN.

[Concluded from page 148, present number.]

A feeling of gratified vanity, probably, aided the natural goodness of Adelaide's temper, enabled her to endure, with exemplary equanimity, the raileries of her young friends; but she was not so tranquil when her father began seriously to remonstrate against this imprudent intimacy.

"You have had all your wishes gratified, Adelaide," said he; "now you must indulge one of mine. Adopt as many foreign fashions as you please, but remember that you never, with my consent, marry any other than an American. My fortune has been made by my own industry—my name was transmitted to me unswollen by my father, who earned his patent of nobility when he fought for the declaration of independence, and no empty titled foreigner shall ever reap the fruits of my toil, or teach my daughter to be ashamed of her republican father."

The earnestness of this admonition, from a parent who had never before spoken except in the words of unbounded tenderness, first led Adelaide to look into the depths of her heart. She was almost terrified at her own researches, when she found she had allowed the image of the Count to occupy its most hidden recesses. Bitterly did she repent her folly.

"I wish he were an American," sighed she; "and yet, if he were, he would not be half so pleasing. How devoted his manners are—how much feeling there is in all he says and does!"

Poor Adelaide! she was like the fascinated bird—she dreaded his power, yet she could not withdraw herself from its influence. She could not conceal from herself the fact that the manners of the Count, too, were greatly changed. From the courtly gallant, he had gradually come down to the impassioned lover. He treasured her every look, and she keenly felt that, in exposing her own peace of mind, she had also risked the loss of his.

This state of things could not long exist without an explanation. Six months had scarcely passed since Adelaide first beheld the noble stranger, and already her young cheek had lost its glow, and her step its buoyant lightness. She was sitting alone in the drawing-room one morning, brooding over melancholy forebodings, when the door opened, and the subject of her thoughts entered. Seating himself beside her, he commenced a conversation full of those graceful nothings which women always love to hear; but Adelaide was in no mood for gaiety. The Count intently watched the play of her elegant features, and then, as if he divined the tumult of her feelings, suddenly changed the topic to one of deeper interest. He spoke of himself—of his various adventures—of his personal feelings—and, finally, of his approaching departure for Europe. Adelaide's cheek grew paler as he spoke, but she suppressed the cry which rose to her lips. The Count gazed earnestly upon her; then seizing her hand and clasping it closely between his own, he poured forth the most passionate expressions of affection. Half fainting with the excess of her emotions, Adelaide sat motionless as a statue, until aroused by the Count's entreaties for a reply. With bitter self-reproach, she attempted to answer him. Faltering, but frankly, she stated

her father's objection to her union with a foreigner, and blamed herself for having permitted an intimacy which could only end in suffering for both.

"Only tell me, Adelaide, that your father's prejudices are the sole obstacle," said the Count, passionately; "say but that you could have loved me, and I shall be content."

Adelaide blushed and trembled.

"For the love of heaven, answer me but by a look!"

Timidly that downcast eye was raised to his, and he was answered.

"Adelaide," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "we may yet be happy. Could you love the humble citizen as well as the noble count?"

A slight pressure of the hand that lay in his, and a flitting smile on the tremulous lip, was a sufficient reply.

"Then hear me, Adelaide," said her lover. "I will return to my country—I will restore my honors to him that bestowed them, and then I may hope to merit—"

"My utter contempt!" cried Adelaide, vehemently. "What, resign your country, forfeit the name of your fathers, desert your inheritance of duties! No, Count Pfeiffenhammer; if a love of freedom led you to become a citizen of our happy land, none would so gladly welcome you as Adelaide Walsingham; but never would I receive the sacrifice as a tribute to transitory passion."

"A transitory passion, Adelaide!"

"Could I expect stability of feeling in him who could so easily abandon his native land, and forget the claims of his country? You have taught me a bitter lesson, Count. No American would have shown such weakness of character as I have found in him who I fondly believed to be all his lips professed. Would we had never met," added she, bursting into tears.

"Adelaide," said the Count, "those precious tears assure me that you love me. Be mine, sweet one; your father will not be inexorable."

"And, therefore," said she, "you would have me make him wretched for life. Count Pfeiffenhammer, we must part! You do not understand my nature—I have been deceived in you!"

"You have! you have been deceived, my own, my own sweet cousin!" cried the Count, as he covered her hand with passionate kisses. "You have rejected Count Pfeiffenhammer; will you also refuse the hand of your madcap cousin, Charles Winstanley, whose little wife you were seven years ago?"

Adelaide started from her seat in wild surprise. "What means all this?—Charles Winstanley!—The Count!"

The sudden reversion of feeling overpowered her, and cousin Horace entered the room just in time to see her sink fainting in Charles Winstanley's arms. The anger of the lady, when she recovered and learned the trick which had been practiced upon her—the merriment of cousin Horace—the satisfaction of the father and the final settlement of all differences—may be far better imagined than described.

A few weeks after, a splendid party was again assembled in Mr. Walsingham's drawing-rooms, but Adelaide was no longer the life of the party. Attired in a bridal robe, and decked with rich jewels which once sparkled on the person of the false Count, she sat in blushing beauty beside her cousin Charles, who, now that he had shaven off his moustache and reduced his whiskers, looked like what he really was, a true American.

"But why, Charles, did you woo me in such an outlandish guise," whispered she, smiling.

"Because you vowed to marry none but an outlandish wooer. Plain Charles Winstanley would never have been allowed the opportunity

of winning the heart which Count Pfeiffenhammer had so closely besieged."

"Aye, aye, Charles," said the happy father, "if American women would only value a man for his brains rather than the lightness of his heels, and the strength of his principles rather than the elegance of his manners, we should have less of foreign foppery, and more of homely virtue in our country."

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
STAYING ON THE FARM.

"FARMER BOY," in the RURAL of Feb. 20th, gives some very good advice to those who are anxious to leave the farm and engage in some business that they fancy they will like better; but I cannot agree with him in every particular. He gives, as the result of his experience in other business, "that he returned to the farm, contented to remain there." The reason of this was, that farming "was his natural vocation." The rules which he gives for others to follow, may perhaps be followed with success by him, while it might not be advisable for all farmer boys to take his advice and "stick to the farm."

Men are formed by Nature for different occupations; one man is naturally a trader, another a mechanic, another a farmer. A person should choose that position in life for which he is fitted by Nature. A farmer boy who is naturally a mechanic, should leave the farm and learn some useful trade; if he does not, he will be likely to be unsuccessful in life.

"Farmer Boy" says, "That the business to which a man has been schooled, is emphatically his business. This does not seem to me to be a fact. Because BEN. FRANKLIN was schooled to a tallow chandler's business does not prove that this was his true place in life. If a man is better fitted to hold a pen than a plow, let him leave the plow and take the pen. Were all men to follow whatever business they happened to be schooled to in their earlier years, the different trades would, in the course of a few generations, be filled with a set of block-heads, and the progress of science would be greatly retarded."

The three reasons which "Farmer Boy" gives for not leaving the farm may be sound, so far as our personal interest is concerned; but we are to look further, and choose that position in life where we can do the most good. If ABRAHAM LINCOLN had thought a lawyer's position worse than a rail-splitter's, and had gone back to his "beetle and wedge," we might have now stood sadly in need of a President. If the soldiers who are now fighting for our country had considered only their personal interests, our nation would have wanted for defenders.

The farm has sent forth many statesmen and generals; it has furnished honest men who have kept the spirit of patriotism up, and who have infused the necessary vigor into our nation; and I do not believe in having the farmer boy's aid withdrawn, by his remaining at home when he is better qualified for other spheres of action than those of ox-driver and cow-milker.

CRÆSUS.

GIRLS! HELP YOUR MOTHER.

How very often do we see daughters lolling on their sofa while their mother is toiling in the household. Can we believe in affection which quiets itself by the remark, "that poor mamma is so very active?" Why is she so, young lady? Because you, in your thoughtlessness, allow it. It has continued from year to year—from when you were too young to remember; and therefore it never strikes you that your duty should bid it cease.

Your mother is as well fitted for leisure, elegant or otherwise, as yourself; your selfish indolence alone denies it her, and yet you calmly sign yourself her "affectionate daughter." Is it right, also, that she should be meanly dressed, while you step out arrayed like a print in a fashion book? How calmly you appropriate her ornaments, plume yourself in her feathers! Take her place for awhile—relieve her of some portion of her cares; thus only can we hope that your weekly prayer has been heard, that you do "honor your father and your mother"—that you have been "enabled to keep this law."



## Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 30, 1864.

## The Army in Virginia.

GEN. GRANT has left for the front and Gen. Burnside for Fortress Monroe.

It is understood recent developments of the intentions of the rebels render an early movement of the Army of the Potomac highly probable.

The recent order of Gen. Grant banishing sutlers from the army, rids it of over 2,600 supernumeraries.

The War Department has ordered an addition of 15,000 beds to the present hospital accommodations in Washington. All patients able to bear removal are to be sent north at once.

The report gains credence that Lee has sent a part of his army into the Shenandoah Valley with a view of compelling Grant to divide his army by sending a force in pursuit.

Five deserters from the fifth Virginia arrived on our camp on the 21st. They assert that Longstreet is at Orange Court House, and that Lee's forces are not more than 40,000 or 50,000 strong. The rebels are very vigilant, and have forbidden their pickets to hold communication with our troops.

A deserter from the 43d N. C. regiment also came in. He claims to be a good Union man, and says he was conscripted two weeks ago. Being put on picket on the 20th, he made up his mind to desert, and swam over the river during the night.

It is rumored here to-night that Lee is moving a portion of his army to this side of the Rapidan, near Madison Court House. Nothing, however, is reliable.

Rumors are prevalent of the presence of a considerable rebel cavalry force near Leesburg, and measures have been taken to check their advance should they attempt it.

Two of Lee's scouts were captured a day or two since at Culpepper—a third escaped. They were disguised as teamsters. A halter awaits them.

Gen. Grant has decided to send to the front such men of the Invalid Corps as are able to bear arms, and return to their homes those disabled from active service in the field.

An expedition for the purpose of capturing the rebel torpedo boat which tried to destroy the Minnesota, and was supposed to be up the Nansemond, has returned. It was not found, but several sharp conflicts were had with the rebels, and five contrabands and a large number of horses were brought in. Two of our men were killed and seven or eight wounded. One of the killed was Lieut. E. P. Wilder, executive officer of the Minnesota, who was in command of the gunboat Stepping Stone.

The rebel Col. Whitson was captured in a fight between the 20th N. Y. Cavalry and his command and the 8th N. Y. Cavalry. The rebels were driven some distance.

Moseby, with 20 men, captured a train near Fairfax Station on the 21st. He burned the empty wagons and made off with the horses.

A telegram of the 24th says, that people who are predicting immediate battles in Virginia, will doubtless be disappointed, unless Gen. Lee either advances in force, or else makes a demonstration toward Pennsylvania.

The Navy Department has received a communication from Commander Fox, of the Potomac fleet, in relation to a recent expedition up the Rappahannock. He says:

Having learned from various sources that the rebel government had established a ferry at Cyrus Point, a few miles below Rappahannock, on the Rappahannock river, and was busily engaged in collecting boats at some point on the river for the purpose of attacking blockade vessels, I proceeded thither with a portion of the fleet, and visited all the ferries from Cyrus Point to Windmill Point, with the following result:—Ten ferries broken up; three pontoon bridges; twenty-two large skiffs; two hundred white oak beams and knees, large enough for the construction of a sloop-of-war; twenty-two large boats, one of which is capable of carrying a small army; a large amount of bacon, wheat, &c., which were brought off at Bechen Point, on the south side of the Rappahannock Landing. Our men were opposed by a force of rebel cavalry said to be 500 strong, which was kept at bay by the fire of the Eureka, and at Hamet creek eight of our seamen chased a squad of their cavalry. The rebels made an attack on the Eureka on Saturday P. M., and were splendidly thrashed.

Col. Parker says he has it from trustworthy sources, that the rebels have placed torpedoes in the Rappahannock, and all the branches of the Chesapeake.

Department of the South.  
THE intelligence from this Department is rather startling. Dispatches from Norfolk on the 19th give the following details:  
About 5:30 P. M., April 17, Fort Gray, above Plymouth, was attacked by the rebels from the battery of six field pieces on a bank some thousand yards up the river. Lieut. Commander Huser dispatched the Ceres to communicate with the Whitehead, which was doing picket duty up the river. In passing by the rebel battery, she received a shot through her part gangway, killing two and wounding seven men. The firing on the fort ceased about 9 o'clock. The Ceres returned at about that time.

At early dawn of Monday the enemy charged upon Fort Gray, and were repulsed. Later in the day the enemy appeared in force in the rear

of the town, and at sunset commenced a vigorous attack on Forts Williams and Wessel, at which time the Miami and Southfield, previously chained together, were cut loose. The Southfield steamed up the river to protect Fort Wessel, while the Miami dropped down and shelled the enemy in front of Fort Williams. During the evening the enemy assaulted Fort Wessel and were repulsed three times, the Southfield throwing shells among them. About 10:50 P. M. the Southfield dropped down the river and reported to Lieut. Com'r Flusser, who ordered the vessels to be lashed together with hawsers, the Southfield being on the port side of the Williams.

About midnight the Whitehead came down the river and came alongside the Miami and reported the rebel ram coming down. At 3 A. M. Tuesday, the ram dropped down alongside the Miami and ran obliquely across into the starboard bow of the Southfield.

The vessels had been firing all the previous evening at the enemy on shore, and were loaded with shell, which there was not time to draw. The Lieut. Commander fired the first shell, and on its bursting, some fragments, either from that or the Southfield's shells, rebounded, which caused his death—the fragments piercing his chest and skull, and also wounding the following officers and men:—Acting Engineer T. J. Harris, Acting Assistant Engineer Harrington, and some six or eight men. None morally.

Upon the approach of the ram the Southfield fired at her; the prow of the ram running into the Southfield caused her to fill with water, and she sunk inside of fifteen minutes. The forward lashings were parted by the pressure of the ram between our vessels, and the after ones were cut, and as many as could get on the Miami did so. The Miami retired, and was pursued by the ram, which was considered slow, making but four knots an hour, the Miami throwing solid shot at her as she retired.

Some of the men of the Southfield took to small boats, and were picked up by the Whitehead and Ceres. The Ceres was dispatched to Newbern immediately with the body of Commander Flusser.

The N. Y. Times' Newbern letter of the 20th states that the enemy before Plymouth number 10 or 12,000. They were repulsed in four distinct charges with great slaughter.

Firing ceased Tuesday A. M., and it is supposed Gen. Wessels, with his brave garrison, surrendered. Nothing definite, however, is known, none of our vessels having been able to reach them since Sunday. Our force was 2,000.

Later intelligence has been received by the steamer Berry and is as follows:

This ram now commands the approach to Plymouth, which prevents re-enforcements to our troops, who have been fighting day and night since Sunday.

Gen. Wessels, who has 60 days' provisions, expresses his determination to hold the enemy at bay until he is relieved. He and his troops were in good spirits. The enemy have made many assaults on our works of the most desperate character, and have been repulsed each time. Our loss up to the departure of the Berry, was very slight.

Gen. Wessels, who is an old army officer, and noted for his courage and coolness, is very popular with his command.

Every house is riddled by the enemy's shells. The ram now has all the inland waters open to her, and there is no knowing where she may strike the next blow.

Firing has been heard all the morning in the direction of Washington, and it is supposed the attack on that point has commenced.

Gen. Peck ordered re-enforcements to Plymouth the moment he heard of the attack. They have doubtless failed to reach that place, owing to the ram at the mouth of the Roanoke. This ram draws 9 feet water, her hull is 15 inches out of water; she carries 4 guns, and is built much like the Merrimac. It is reported that she makes 7 knots, but this is doubted.

The telegraph this (Monday) afternoon gives us the following:

The Richmond Sentinel of April 22d says the following has been received by Gen. Bragg:

PLYMOUTH, N. C., April 20,  
To Gen. Braxton Bragg:—I have stormed and carried this place, capturing one Brigadier, 1,900 men, stores, and 25 pieces of artillery.

R. F. HOPE, Brigadier General.

A telegram was also received by President Davis, from Col. T. Wood, dated Rock Mount, the 21st, giving further particulars of the capture of Plymouth by the forces under Gen. Hope, with naval co-operation:—He says that about 2,500 prisoners were taken, three or four hundred of whom are negroes, and 30 pieces of artillery, 100,000 pounds of meat, 1,000 barrels of flour, and a full garrison of outfits. Our loss was about 300 in all. Col. Merce was among the killed. Two gunboats were sunk, another disabled, and a small steamer captured.

Capt. Weatherbee, of the 23d Mass. regiment, has just arrived at Fortress Monroe, from Roanoke Island. He makes the following report:—Gen. Wessel surrendered to the enemy on Wednesday, the 20th inst., when the rebels took possession of Plymouth, N. C., after four days' heavy fighting. Our loss is 150 killed and 2,500 captured. The rebel loss is 1,500 killed.

## Department of the Gulf.

STEAMERS from New Orleans have arrived, and the Era contains a full account of the recent desperate fighting in Western Louisiana. We condense the following account:

The battle of the 8th was fought at Sabine Cross Roads. The enemy were commanded by Gens. McGruder, Holmes and Taylor, all under Kirby Smith. The enemy's loss on the first day is placed at 1,500.

The second day's fight was at Pleasant Hill,

where, as previously stated, the enemy was most gloriously routed and driven from the field by our forces under Gen. J. A. Smith, General Banks commanding-in-chief. The enemy's loss was heavy—two to one. Among their killed were Gens. Martin and Parsons.

At seven o'clock on Saturday morning our forces were at Pleasant Hill, and the rebels were advancing, cavalry in front, endeavoring to discover our position.

Col. Gooding, with his brigade of Lee's cavalry corps, was sent out on the Shreveport road to meet the enemy and draw him out.

He had gone about a mile when he came upon the rebel advance, and skirmishing immediately ensued, and according to the plan Lee fell back. The fight was very sharp between these cavalry bodies, and Col. Gooding lost 30 or 40 men, killed and wounded, inflicting, however, as much damage as he received.

The battle field of Pleasant Hill is a large, open field which had once been cultivated, but is now overgrown with weeds and bushes. The slightly elevated center of the field, from which the name of Pleasant Hill is taken, is nothing more than a long mound. A semi-circular belt of timber runs around the field on the Shreveport side. Gen. Emory formed his line of battle on the ridge facing these woods, Gen. McMillan's brigade being posted on the right, General Dwight's on the center, and Col. Benedict's on the left. Taylor's battery L, 1st regulars, had four guns in the rear of the left wing, on the left of the Shreveport railroad, and two on the road in the rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hillburn's Vermont battery was on the right; in the rear of Birney, and concealed by the rising ground, was Gen. Smith's troops formed in two lines of battle fifty yards apart. All his artillery was in the front line, a piece of the section of the battery being on the flank of each right, the infantry lying between them.

The 13th Corps was a reserve, in the rear, under Gen. Cameron, Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before. General Smith was commander-in-chief of the two lines back of the crest, while Gen. Moore was the immediate commander of the men. The commander of the right brigade, and Gen. Smith's west line, was Col. Lynch. The left brigade was Col. Shore's. The second line also consisted of two brigades. The skirmishing was kept up with considerable vigor till about five o'clock P. M., when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the attack. At about this hour General Emory's skirmish lines were driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force coming through the timber above mentioned. They soon reached open ground and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods, and in a bad position, did scarcely any damage. The fighting was terrific. Old soldiers say that it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrific havoc in their ranks the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th Corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back. Now came the grand coup de main. The 19th Corps, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly fled over the hill, and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith.

We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle—the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained having been forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory. The first passed over the knoll, and, all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod Mother Earth, pressed on.

The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words can not describe the awful effects of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole center of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that one thousand men were hurled into eternity, or frightfully mangled, by this discharge. No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th joining in. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2,000 throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken, as were also two of the guns of Nim's battery; the Parrot guns taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 790 prisoners. A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle. And thus ended this fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana.

Rebel prisoners say that they had 25,000 men in the recent battles, and that they lost 3,000 in Saturday's fight. They left their killed and wounded on the field.

Our loss on Saturday was about 1,500, and our wounded were taken to Grand Ecore. Our killed were left on the field, and are reported to have been buried afterwards.

After the first day's fight, Gen. Banks being short of rations, sent word to the Admiral to return with the fleet, which had advanced to within 80 miles of Shreveport, and were preparing to blow up the steamer at New Falls City, which the rebels had sunk in the channel. On the reception of Gen. Bank's dispatch, the fleet turned back, and on the way back was attacked by a large force of the enemy on both sides of the river, who attempted to capture the transports. A fight ensued, in which the rebels

were splendidly repulsed, with 500 to 600 killed, besides the wounded, while none of the gunboats were injured. Gen. Green, commanding the rebels in this action, had his head blown off by a shell.

## Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—A dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial, from Catfishburg, Ky., dated 19th, says:

Capt. Patrick has arrived here with over 100 prisoners, captured at the battles of Paintsville and Half Mountain, on the Licking river. Hodge's rebel brigade attacked Col. Gillespie's force at Paintsville on Tuesday, but was repulsed. Gillespie pursued the retreating rebels with 300 men, and surprised them on the 14th, in camp at Half Mountain, capturing 700 prisoners, 200 horses, 400 saddles, 300 stand of small arms, and all their camp equipage. Eighty-five rebels were killed and wounded. A rebel wagon train was also captured and burned. Our loss was one killed and four wounded. The rebels were commanded by Cols. Clay, Prentiss, May and Johnson. Col. Clay is a prisoner.

ARKANSAS.—Advices from Arkansas represent a handsome Union victory achieved by Col. Clayton's expedition, over the rebels at Branchville, on the Sabine river, resulting in a rebel loss of 800 in killed, wounded and prisoners. The rebel forces were 3,000 strong.

INDIAN TERRITORY.—Serious apprehensions are entertained of difficulties with the Sioux Indians during the coming season. Reliable information has been forwarded to the War Department, to the effect that there are 1,400 lodges of warriors within 70 miles of Fort Union, and 600 lodges on Powder Creek, emptying into the Yellowstone. The Sioux have been joined by the Assiniboines, Crow and Western Sioux Indians, and are preparing to attack Fort Union and destroy steamers on the Upper Mississippi. Gen. Pope, it is understood, has ordered a strong force into the Indian country, and a bloody Indian campaign is anticipated.

## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

On the 21st inst., in the House, Mr. Arnold, of Illinois, offered the following:

Resolved, That in the present condition of the country and its finances, it is the imperative duty of Congress to raise the tax so as to largely increase the revenue of Government, and that for this purpose much higher rates of duties should be imposed on all luxuries imported and produced in the United States.

Resolved, That the extension of the bank circulation of the country is producing a general and ruinous state of affairs, and should be repressed to taxing the issue of such State banks. The above resolutions were agreed to, the latter by a vote of 62 against 46.

The bill for the construction of a ship canal to unite the Mississippi with the northern lakes for the passage of armed vessels, was taken up and postponed to the second Tuesday in December next.

The President has approved the bill authorizing the Secretary of War to take and hold possession, in behalf of the United States, of all lands and shores of Rock Island, Ill., on which to build an arsenal,—just compensation to be made to private land owners.

## NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE rush of servant women and men to California has so overstocked the actual need of help in that State as seriously to affect the well-being of many who have gone out and are now anxious to return.

SLUGS are said to have invaded Australia in hosts. A professed eye-witness says he saw them moving, in millions, in a compact body, stripping the country, marching about a mile and a half a day, and clearing a breadth of half a mile in their line of march. The Australia shepherds were looking for help to the grasshopper-bird, hoping he might change his diet for a time to slugs, especially as grasshoppers are so scarce.

THE wholesale clothing trade of New York is immense. Over one hundred firms are engaged in it, employing to the amount of tens of millions, and an army of operatives ninety thousand strong.

THE assessed valuation of the real property in the State of New York is officially stated at \$1,454,454,817. Of this amount New York city has over one-third, or \$674,418,030. Kings county, in which is included the city of Brooklyn, ranks next in wealth, being valued at \$98,147,604. The lowest estimate is for Hamilton county, which stands at \$605,000, the assessed value.

MR. THOMAS BLANCHARD, who has made himself celebrated as an inventor, died suddenly in Boston last Saturday, of apoplexy. The deceased was the inventor and proprietor of many patents, among which is the tack machine, machine for turning irregular bodies, mortising machine, machine for bending timber, &c. He was nearly seventy-five years of age.

THE rebels have inaugurated a torpedo warfare. No less than three of our vessels have been sent to Davy Jones within the past three weeks. Our navy must look to its laurels. It must not allow the rebels a monopoly of inventions.

MISS MARY C. WALKER, of Oswego, New York, a graduate of the Female Medical College, and a very pretty young lady, has been ordered to report for duty in Colonel McCook's brigade of the Western Army.

REPORTS from England speak of the abdication of Queen Victoria, and say that the Prince of Wales has recently acted as if preparing to assume power. It is stated that his accession to the throne would have a good influence on American affairs. He will assume the title of Edward VII.

## List of New Advertisements.

The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co. Deafness, Catarrh, &c., Cured—C. B. Lighthill. People's College—Amos Brown, Pres't. Lieut.-Gen. Grant's Spy—C. W. Alexander & Co. Neighbor Jackwood—J. E. Tilton & Co. Wash-Board Slavery Abolished—N. Falmer. Spring Books—J. E. Tilton & Co. Impure Breath—John Rawlins. The Beard, &c.—John Rawlins. Buckley's Melodiste—Henry Tolman & Co. Broom Seed, &c.—John Sheldon. Attention Harness Makers—L. F. Phelps & Son. To Farmers—Wm. L. Bradley. Ice Cream, &c.—E. Ketcham & Co. Oil for Harness—Frank Miller & Son. Land for Sale—M. Grogan. The Brinkerhoff Church—J. K. Wells. Silver Poland Eggs—J. H. Osgoodby. Agents Wanted—B. B. Fades.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Price of the Rural New-Yorker—D. T. Moore. Get what you call for—D. E. DeLand & Co.

## The News Condenser.

- There are 40,000 Bohemians in Wisconsin.
- Iowa is to have a Sanitary Fair at Dubuque.
- Six hundred bricklayers are on a strike in Chicago.
- Fifty cents for "shave and hair cut" in New York city.
- Mr. Everett has received \$80,708 for East Tennessee.
- General Grant has participated in twenty-seven battles.
- Gov. Seymour of N. Y. has signed the Soldier's Voting Bill.
- There are eighteen Protestant newspapers published in Paris.
- The Michigan Normal School has five hundred and six students.
- The free school for white children in Newbern, N. C. is a success.
- Over twenty-four million rations have accumulated at Chattanooga.
- A Newboys' Home has lately been opened at Washington, D. C.
- The United States Christian Commission are greatly in need of funds.
- The Michigan Republican State Convention meets at Detroit May 18th.
- A Brooklyn minister, it is said, has made \$80,000 speculating in stocks.
- The ice-crop gathered last winter is now said to be the largest ever stored.
- Congress begins at last to evince a disposition to go to work. It is high time.
- The number of dead in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg is said to be 3,512.
- One hundred families leave Syracuse, N. Y., for Dakota territory this month.
- Joshua R. Giddings has returned to Montreal to resume his duties as U. S. Consul.
- A man at Poughkeepsie has a parrot fifty years old. It has been forty years in his family.
- The Kingston papers announce that the north channel of the St. Lawrence is open.
- The punishment of death is about to be abolished in Portugal except for military crimes.
- The American copper-toe shoe is introduced into use in England, and is much approved.
- Mrs. Lucretia Clay, widow of Henry Clay, died at Lexington, Ky., last week, aged 83 years.
- The bonnetes stolen from recruits at a single office in N. Y. city are said to exceed \$400,000.
- Some eight tons of maple sugar are shipped per week from one town in Vt., at 15c. per lb.
- It is a penal offence to give an exhibition of ventriloquism or sleight-of-hand in Vermont.
- Nearly 35,000 acres of land were taken up under the homestead law last month in Nebraska.
- The N. Y. American Tract Society has spent over \$100,000 for the army since the war began.
- A reser? has passed the Maine Legislature favoring the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty.
- The Democratic State Convention of Indiana is to be held at Indianapolis, on the 12th of July.
- A Sandwich Island Judge has decided the legal value of a medium sized whale to be \$7,500.
- The yield of Anthracite coal in Pennsylvania this year has been 87,409 tons over the same period of 1863.
- The number of bodies thus far recovered at the scene of the terrible reservoir disaster near Sheffield is 268.
- The sub-Committee on the Conduct of the War have gone to Cairo to investigate the Fort Pillow affair.
- There are one hundred and forty-nine shoe establishments and thirteen kid and morocco houses in Lynn, Mass.
- The expenses attending the marriage of the Prince of Wales, it appears from recent returns, amount to £24,855.
- The Richmond papers enumerate garroting, slung-shot assault, and fero as the popular amusements in that city.
- Over ten thousand acres of land have been sold in South Carolina this season at an average of nine dollars per acre.
- A barber in Bangor employs women as assistants, and it is reported that they prove very dexterous and efficient.
- The number of small birds destroyed by the cold weather of the winter in France is estimated at several millions.
- It is asserted that the Government has lost \$135,000 by attempting to do its own engraving and bank note printing.
- The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, now in the seventh year of its existence, is continued with unabated interest.
- Gov. Dallas, of Rupert's Land, has given Major Hatch permission to pursue the Sioux Indians into the British territory.
- Wm. D. Ticknor the well known book publisher of Boston, died on Sunday week at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia.
- The number of military commissions issued in Massachusetts last year was 1,765, of which 1,522 were for three years' service.
- The California papers express the hope that passengers will ride from San Francisco to New York by rail within the next six years.
- Mechanics in government employ at Washington are preparing for a general strike on the 1st of May, unless they can obtain \$3 per day.
- Dr. Livingstone, the African Explorer who was reported to have been killed by the natives last autumn is now reported to be safe and well.
- The Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune states that the Fremont men are bound to run him as a Presidential candidate in any event.



Publisher to the Public.

PRICE OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.

On and after the 1st day of May, 1864, the lowest price of the RURAL will be \$3.00 per year...

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another...

Adhere to Terms.—We endeavor to adhere strictly to subscription terms, and no person is authorized to offer the RURAL at less than published rates.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

THE weather has been very bad for a few days and business operations have been much retarded thereby.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various commodities such as Flour, Grain, Eggs, and their respective prices.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 25.—ASHES—Quiet and Steady; sales at \$9.00 for pots, and \$11.00 for pearls.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 19.—BEEF CATTLE.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Extra, \$30.00 per 100 lbs...

CAMBRIDGE, April 20.—BEEF CATTLE.—Extra \$31.25; 1st quality \$28.00; 2d quality \$25.00...

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 23.—Wool market is firm, but with nothing of moment doing.

Married.

IN Canada, March 26th, at the residence of Mrs. BULLOCK, by the Rev. S. S. BOWEN, of Hemlock Lake...

Died.

IN Gorham, on Thursday, April 14th, of dropsy on the brain, NELLIE B., only child of JACOB H. and RUTH A. DIXON...

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display...

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...

SILVER POLAND EGGS FROM PREMIUM FOWLS for sale by Pittsford, Monroe County, N. Y.

\$80 PER MONTH.—Agents wanted in every town. It is something new and of real value.

FOR SALE—160 ACRES OF LAND, 80 ACRES OF improvements, a good well, 225 apple trees of graded fruit...

THE BRINKERHOFF CHURN.—All orders for these churning machines from the County of Ontario, N. Y., must be addressed to J. K. WELLS...

ICE CREAM, and the Philosophy of its Manufacture. A small treatise, with valuable recipes on this subject, will be sent FREE, by mail, to persons who send their address to E. KETCHAM & CO., 239 Pearl St., New York.

The Beard, &c.

IN those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the hair is thin, or falls out, its remarkable nourishing and stimulating power, the Balsam of the Tennessee Sassafras has been found to excite the Beard, Moustache, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth.

BROOM SEED.—300 bushels prime unchopped Seed. Also, 25,000 Broom Handles.

TO FARMERS!! BRADLEY'S TOBACCO FERTILIZER and Bradley's XL Superphosphate of Lime are for sale at wholesale and retail by the manufacturer, WM. L. BRADLEY, Sales Office 24 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

SPRING BOOKS. FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR AND GARDEN, by Edward S. Rand, Jr. Price \$2.50.

BUCKLEY'S MELODIST. A collection of about ONE HUNDRED of the most popular Songs of the Day, Words and Music, bound in cloth.

CANCERS CURED. Cancers cured without pain or the use of the knife. Numerous cases of malignant tumors and all Chronic diseases successfully treated.

WASH-BOARD SLAVERY ABOLISHED. The Challenge Washing Machine, patented Oct. 20th, 1863, by Cronk & Palmer, is cheap, simple and durable.

THE GRAPE CULTURIST. A plain, practical treatise on the cultivation of the native grape.

THE CHAMPION. A magnificent business for any one to engage in the sale of the Great.

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ATTENTION HARNESS MAKERS!!!

For One Dollar we will send you a receipt for manufacturing an article of RUSSIAN FINISH which is not inferior to the leather, easily applied, and far superior to shellac or other varnishes...

NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD.

A NEW EDITION READY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "CUDJO'S CAVE". Neighbor Jackwood has been pronounced by literary persons of good judgment the best American novel ever written...

CUDJO'S CAVE

In all parts of our country and in England. Both Books Uniform. Price \$1.50 each. Sold by all principal booksellers, and sent by mail by the publishers, J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

This Institution, situated at HAVANA, SCHUYLER CO., N. Y., is now open to receive Students, having seven of its Faculty on the ground, engaged in the impartation of instruction.

When General Grant laid siege to Vicksburg, he could get no spies bold enough to venture into the city until Maud, our heroine, came from Washington specially to volunteer for the perilous mission.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT'S SPY!!!

A Real and Thrilling Narrative! Of the beautiful French girl, who will be remembered, performed such startling and noble deeds in Virginia, during the memorable campaigns of 1861.

When General Grant laid siege to Vicksburg, he could get no spies bold enough to venture into the city until Maud, our heroine, came from Washington specially to volunteer for the perilous mission.

This book is creating the most popular excitement of any published, and how Gen'l Grant really took Vicksburg, is graphically told in its pages.

Get up your clubs at once! Single copies sent anywhere (post free), for 25 cents. Five copies for \$1.00. Ten copies for \$1.75.

FOR SALE—160 ACRES OF LAND, 80 ACRES OF improvements, a good well, 225 apple trees of graded fruit...

BASKET MAKERS—OSIER WILLOWS—10 good baskets makers wanted, to whom constant work will be given for several years...

FROM 100 TO 1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR EASILY made in an artistic, pleasant employment, by a Lady of taste and enterprise.

HORSES, CATTLE, AND SHEEP. Must have a plentiful supply of good water to thrive. We manufacture a wind mill expressly for pumping water from wells...

FARM FOR SALE.—The farm and residence of the late Z. M. MASON, deceased, in the town of Lima, Livingston Co., containing 187 1/2 acres...

SHEEP WASH TOBACCO. Will not injure the most delicate animal. Kills Ticks on Sheep. Kills Fleas on Animals and Birds.

SWEDISH WHITE CLOVER SEED FOR SALE.—One of the greatest plants in the world for the production of White Honey...

BEST MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE IN THE WORLD.—Which has taken the first premium three years in succession at the Vermont and New York State Fairs.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1830.—Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS. A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound. Warranted. To give Satisfaction.

AMMONIATED PACIFIC GUANO. A real Guano, containing from seventy to eighty per cent of Phosphate of Lime...

FOR SALE.—The suburban Farm Main St., BRUCE OF THE BROOK, situated on the city, containing 25 acres of highly cultivated land...

WASH-BOARD SLAVERY ABOLISHED. The Challenge Washing Machine, patented Oct. 20th, 1863, by Cronk & Palmer, is cheap, simple and durable.

THE GRAPE CULTURIST. A plain, practical treatise on the cultivation of the native grape.

THE CHAMPION. A magnificent business for any one to engage in the sale of the Great.

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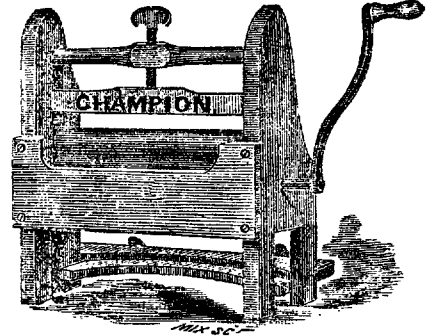
STRAWBERRY PLANTS.—Russell's Great Prolific Strawberry Plants, every one warranted true to name, for sale at \$1 per dozen...

THE PATENT "STAR" NO CHIMNEY BURNER for Kerosene Oil Lamps and Lanterns. Gives a brilliant light, free from smoke or smell...

GRAIN BINDERS! GRAIN BINDERS! SHERWOOD'S IMPROVED GRAIN BINDER for attaching to old or new machines...

REJECTED APPLICATIONS FOR PATENTS ARE presented in Appeal by us without charge unless successful. Send for Circular on the subject.

THE CHAMPION



Clothes Wringer.

The only Wringer in use that is fastened to a tub by the Patent CIRCULAR CLAMP, which has an equal bearing on the Tub...

Most Effectual Fastening in Use.

The shaft being covered with Cement, and closely wound with a strong twine, prevents the Rubber from coming in contact with the shaft...

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. RETAIL PRICES. No. A, 10 inch Roller, \$7.00. No. B, 9 inch Roller, \$6.00.

NORWEGIAN CORN.—Early eight-rowed, yellow Corn that ripens in six and eight weeks from the time it is planted...

\$75 TO \$150 PER MONTH.—THE LITTLE CO. WANT AN AGENT IN EACH COUNTY to solicit orders for their new \$15 Machine...

SWEDISH WHITE CLOVER SEED FOR SALE.—One of the greatest plants in the world for the production of White Honey...

BEST MOVABLE COMB BEE HIVE IN THE WORLD.—Which has taken the first premium three years in succession...

COUNTY, TOWN AND INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS FOR SALE. PURE ITALIAN QUEEN BEES For Sale.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1830.—Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decks of vessels, iron work, brick, tin, railroad bridges, depots, &c.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS. A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound. Warranted. To give Satisfaction.

AMMONIATED PACIFIC GUANO. A real Guano, containing from seventy to eighty per cent of Phosphate of Lime...

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DRYED TILE MACHINE, BEST IN USE MANUFACTURED BY J. T. TUBRETT, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

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

Wanted to restore faded and gray Hair and Wigs to their original color. Superior to dyes and all other preparations for the hair in the natural and life appearance it gives...

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM, changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere. J. OS. HOYT & CO., 738-1/2 St. No. 10 University-place, New York.

DEAR SEEDS—PEAR SEEDS—Just received at R. E. SCHROEDER'S Importing Agency, Rochester, N. Y., a lot of Pear Seeds, very best quality...

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 amount of \$500,000, and its beneficial and jewelry. Agents can sell thousands of these Packets...

USEFUL AND VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

HILTON'S INSOLUBLE CEMENT! Is of more general practical utility than any other cement known to the public.

SUPERIOR TO ANY Adhesive Preparation known. Its Combination. Superior to any other cement known to the public.

BOOT and SHOE Manufacturers. Will find it sufficiently adhesive for their use, as has been proved.

JEWELERS. IT IS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO LEATHER. And we claim as an especial merit, that it sticks Patches and Linings to Boots and Shoes, sufficiently to prevent about stitching.

It is a Liquid. It is the only Liquid Cement Extant that is a sure thing for mending Furniture, Crockery, Toys, Bone, Ivory, and articles of Household use.

Remember. Principal Office, No. 505 Broadway, N. Y. 655 S. 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.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia, \$1.25. Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals, \$0.75. Do. Florist's Guide, \$0.25.

Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals, \$0.75. Do. Florist's Guide, \$0.25. Do. Horticulture, \$1.00.

Do. Horticulture, \$1.00. Do. Poultry, \$1.00. Do. Sheep, \$1.00. Do. Swine, \$1.00.

Do. Swine, \$1.00. Do. The Art of Sketching from Nature, \$0.50. Do. The Art of Sketching from Nature, \$0.50.

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THE PRIZE POEM.

Out of several of the recent pieces sent us on the death of Sergeant Hamilton, we unhesitatingly give the preference to the following simple, sweet verses, very well adapted to music, which the author has already provided for them, and will soon publish. Mr. Clark, the author, (the poet-vocalist,) is an adept at this kind of work, having written and composed music for, and publicly sung a number of poems, as "The Mountains of Life," "Marion Moore," "Fremont's Battle Hymn," "Rock of Liberty," and other popular songs. We think "The Children of the Battle-Field" will vie with either of the others in popularity.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Upon the field of Gettysburg,
The summer sun was high,
When Freedom met her haughty foe
Beneath a Northern sky:
Among the heroes of the North,
Who swelled her grand array,
And rushed, like mountain eagles, forth
From happy homes away,
There stood a man of humble fame,
A sire of children three,
And gazed, within a little frame,
Their pictured forms to see;
And blame him not if, in the strife,
He breathed a soldier's prayer,
"O! Father, shield the soldier's wife,
And for his children care."

[American Presbyterian.]

The Story-Teller.

THE COUNT AND THE COUSIN.

"Who is that beautiful girl to whom you bowed so familiarly?" said Charles Winstanley to Horace Grenville, as they proceeded down the steps of the City Hotel.
"That was Adelaide Walsingham, your cousin and mine, Charles," said Horace; "really, you must have left your memory among the beauties of Paris, if you cannot recognize your nearest of kin."
"You forget, Horace, that when I last saw Adelaide she was a lively little hoyden, scarce ten years old; the lapse of seven years makes a lady, whatever it may do with a gentleman."
"Nay, if you begin to discuss time's changes, Charles, I must confess you cannot congratulate yourself upon having escaped a touch of his finger. Who, in that bronzed complexion and hirsute visage could discover any traces of the smooth-cheeked boy whom I last saw on the deck of the French packet-ship some seven years ago? But, tell me, why did you not write that you were coming home?"
"Because I did not know my own mind, Horace; I really was not quite certain about it until I had been a week at sea. The odd pronunciation of my German valet having caused my name to be placed on the list of passengers as Mr. Stanley, it occurred to me that the mistake would enable me to return incognito, and I thought I would humor the joke, if but to see how many of my old friends would recognize me. I arrived late last evening, and should now be a perfect stranger in my native city, had I not accidentally met you this morning; and even you, Horace, at first did not recognize me."
"Know you, Charles! who the deuce could even see you behind that immense growth of brushwood upon your lip and cheek? Do you really mean to wear those enormous whiskers and moustaches?"
"Certainly not longer than it suits my present purpose, Horace. When I was in Germany I learned to wear moustaches for the same reason that I learned to smoke the meerschaum—because everybody else did it. In Paris I reduced them a little, but did not entirely banish them, because there also I found them in fashion. A lively little French lady, a passenger in our ship, wagged a pair of gloves that I would not wear them a week in America; I accepted the bet, and for one week you will see me bearded like a pard."

mania for everything foreign. Her manners, her dress, her servants, all came from abroad, and she has declared to me repeatedly her resolution never to marry an American.
"What is it that my fair countrywomen so much admire in their foreign lovers?" asked Charles.
"Oh, they say there is a polish and elegance of manners which Americans never possess. Two of Adelaide's intimate friends have recently married sons of some antediluvian German family, and our lovely cousin is ambitious of forming an equally splendid alliance."
"If she were to marry a Western farmer," said Charles, with a smile, "she would reign over a principality quite as large, and perhaps more flourishing, than usually belongs to these emigrant nobles."
"Adelaide is a noble-hearted girl," replied Horace, "and I wish she could be cured of her folly."
"If she is really a sensible girl, Horace, and that is her only fault, I think she might be cured."
Horace shook his head.
"Come and dine with me, Horace; be careful to tell no one of my arrival, and we'll discuss the matter over a bottle of fine old Madeira, if you are not too fashionable to drink it."
The windows of Mr. Walsingham's house poured a flood of light through the crimson silk curtains upon the wet and dreary street, while the music heard at intervals told the gaping crowd collected about the door, that the rich were making merry. The rooms were brilliant with an array of youth and beauty, but fairest among them all stood the mistress of the festival. Attired in a robe of white crape, with no other ornament than a pearl bandeau confining her dark tresses, she looked the personification of joy.
"Cousin Horace," she exclaimed, as she saw her favorite cousin enter the room, "you have not been here these three days;" and then, in a lower tone, she added, "who was that splendid Don Whiskerando with whom I saw you walking yesterday?"
Horace laid his finger on his lip as a tall figure emerged from the crowd at the entrance of the room,—"Miss Walsingham, allow me to present to you the most noble Count Pfeiffenhammer."

"Count Pipehammer!—well, the Germans have certainly an odd fancy at names. Pray, what is his business?"
"Business!" said Horace, laughing; "why his chief business at present is to collect the revenues of his principality."
"Principality!—fudge!—a few barren acres with half a dozen mudholes in it, I suppose. It won't do, Horace—it won't do! Adelaide deserves something better than a mouthful of moonshine. What the deuce did you bring him here for? I don't think I could treat him with common civility, if it were not for your sake."
"Then, for my sake, dear uncle, treat him civilly, and I give my word you shall not repent your kindness."
Every day saw the Count paying his devoirs to the lovely Adelaide, and always framing some winning excuse for his visit. A bouquet of rare exotics, or an exquisite print, or a scarce book, or a beautiful specimen of foreign mechanism, were sure to be his apology. Could any girl of seventeen be insensible to such gallant wooing, especially when proffered by a rich nobleman, who wore such splendid whiskers, and whose moustache and imperial were the envy of all the aspirants of ladies' smiles? Adelaide soon began to discover that, when the Count was present, time flew on eagle's wings; and when, after spending the morning in her company, he ventured to make one of the gay circle usually assembled in her drawing-room at evening, she was conscious of a degree of pleasure for which she was unwilling to account. His intimacy with her cousin Horace afforded him the opportunity of being her companion abroad as well as at home, and in the evening party, the morning promenade, or the afternoon ride, the handsome Count was ever attendant.—[Concluded on page 145.]

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 37 letters.
My 11, 25, 19, 7, 32, 10, is what we all should be.
My 2, 13, 14, 30, 15, 23, 5, 10, 10, 33, is a girl's name.
My 6, 17, 34, 21, 29, is the name of an excellent paper.
My 15, 4, 9, 25, is the name of a State.
My 10, 20, 28, 16, 5, is an article of furniture.
My 37, 22, 21, 32, is called sweet.
My 12, 17, 21, 1, 36, is pleasing to the ear.
My 3, 2, 6, 10, 13, 34, is one who suffers and dies for truth and right.
My 4, 25, 23, 24, 7, is the French for man.
My 8, 27, 23, is in the past tense.
My 4, 9, 18, is a pronoun.
My 26, 9, 15, 29, 2, is a musical instrument.
My whole is a dispatch sent from Gen. Thomas to Gen. Rosecrans in the midst of a deadly fight with the enemy.
MADISON, OHIO, 1864.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ANAGRAMS OF FLOWERS.

A silly arm, Wells deep,
Le h orbel, Nettie M. Goin,
Lada III, C Vu Lu Salvon,
Se Mary Ro, Tar on Cain.
Shelby, N. Y., 1864. NEOMA A. B.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 744.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Take care of the peace and the pounds will take care of themselves.
Answer to Riddle:—Kingston.
Answers to Anagrams of Flowers:—Wisconsin, Michigan, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, North Carolina, California.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—The axis is 23 1/2 feet, and the base 15 feet.

"A SLIGHT COLD," COUGHS.

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "SLIGHT COLD" in its first stage; that which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and almost immediate relief. Military Officers and Soldiers should have them, as they can be carried in the pocket and taken as occasion requires. 746-4t

IMPURE BREATH.

Among all the disagreeable consequences that follow fast the decay of the teeth, an impure breath must be the most unpleasant and mortifying to its possessor, as it is the most inexcusable and offensive in society. How often its possessor experiences a distant coldness shown even from the best of friends, or perhaps the one most fondly cherished, from this source. You are ignorant of the cause yourself,—the subject is so delicate your most intimate friend will not mention it. Why not remove this one great barrier to your health, beauty and happiness, at once, by using that justly popular Dentifrice, FRAGRANT SOZODONT, the most convenient, pleasant and efficacious gem for the toilet the world has ever produced. Sold by Druggists everywhere at 75 cents per bottle.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, THE LARGEST-CIRCULATING Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper, IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo St.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE: Two Dollars a Year.—To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for \$5; Six, and one free to club agent, for \$10; Ten, and one free, for \$15; and any greater number at same rate—only \$1.50 per copy. Clippings directed to individuals and sent to as many different Post-Offices as desired. As we prepay American postage on copies sent abroad, \$1.75 is the lowest Club rate for Canada, and \$2.50 to Europe,—but during the present rate of exchange, Canada Agents or Subscribers remitting for the RURAL in bills of their own specie-paying banks will not be charged postage. The best way to remit is by Draft on New York (less cost of exchange)—and all drafts made payable to the order of the Publisher, MAY BE MAILED AT HIS RISK. The Postage on the RURAL NEW-YORKER is only 5 cents per quarter to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free) and the same to any other Loyal State, if paid quarterly in advance where received. Direct to Rochester, N. Y.—All persons having occasion to address the RURAL NEW-YORKER, will please direct to Rochester, N. Y., and not, as many do, to New York, Albany, Buffalo, &c. Money Letters intended for us are frequently directed and mailed to the above places.

Deafness, Catarrh, AND DISEASES OF THE EYE, EAR, AND THROAT.

DRS. LIGHTHILL,

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

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

In consideration of numerous and constant applications for treatment from parties residing at a distance, who are unable to come to New York.

DR. C. B. LIGHTHILL

Will be at the American Hotel, Buffalo, April 25th to 30th. Delevan House, Albany, May 2d, 3d, 4th. Bagg's Hotel, Utica, May 5th, 6th, 7th. Angier House, Cleveland, May 9th to 14th. Osborn House, Rochester, May 16th to 21st.

Dr. E. B. Lighthill is in constant attendance at the Institute, in New York City, that patients of the Institution may suffer no interruption in treatment.

Drs. LIGHTHILL'S work, "A Popular Treatise on Deafness, its Causes and Prevention," with the illustrations, may be obtained of CARLTON, Publisher, No. 413 Broadway, New York, or through any respectable Book-seller. Price \$1.

NEW TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. Fred'k Jewell, Professor State Normal School, Albany, N. Y.

This may certify that I have been, since 1844, subject to violent periodical attacks of catarrh, marked by a highly inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the cavities of the head, producing a most distressing species of headache for days at a time, wholly incapacitating me from business, and during the paroxysms confining me to the bed. In some instances the inflammation has extended to the teeth, occasioning toothache; to the throat, producing hoarseness and partial loss of voice; and twice it has so affected the left eye as to confine me for a month or more to a darkened room. These attacks have been accompanied by strong febrile symptoms; by stoppages of the head, and in the first stages by watery discharges from the nose, and subsequently becoming acrid and yellow, and towards the close of the attack becoming bloody and purulent. I have tried medicines of almost every kind; external applications to the head, such as camphor, ginger, hot vinegar, snuffs of some half dozen kinds, and other catarrhal preparations, together with internal remedies, such as cathartics and emetics. These have produced no change in the occurrence or character of the disease, and in most cases, with little or no temporary relief. I had come at length to believe the disease to be practically beyond either cure or material alleviation.

Under these circumstances I was led, some five months ago, to make a trial of Dr. Lighthill's treatment. His method at once approved itself to my judgment, as simple, philosophical and likely to be effective. Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he labored, in dealing with a disease of such long standing, aggravated by nervous debility and dyspepsia, and constantly induced by the accidents of professional labor, I found the treatment reaching the disease as it had never been reached before, and producing such a modification and alleviation of its character as I had supposed impossible. I chronicle the result thus. Although I have been situated several times so that I should formerly have believed a severe attack of my catarrh inevitable, I have escaped thus far; the symptoms of threatened attack have been very light, and have yielded to the remedies employed by Dr. Lighthill, without the need of recourse to the old hot fermentations or emetics; and the discharges from the head have resumed the original and natural condition. I count upon a complete cure. That I have been able, however, to obtain so material a relief is to me a cause of gratitude. In that alone, I am repaid for whatever the treatment may have cost me. I make this statement unsolicited, as a means of acknowledging my obligation to Dr. Lighthill's method of treating catarrh, and with a view to aid any who may have suffered from that disease, in forming a just opinion of its merits, and its probable utility in their own case. FRED'K S. JEWELL. Albany, N. Y., March 14, 1864.

Remarkable Cure of Deafness.

From the Rev. Joseph M. Clarke, Rector of St. James Church.

STRAUSE, February 20th, 1864. I have been deaf in one ear ever since I was in College, some twenty years ago. By the skill of Dr. Lighthill, its hearing was entirely restored, so that now I hear alike with both ears, and I find that I can use my voice with much more ease and comfort than before. JOSEPH M. CLARKE.

From Rev. John Nott, D. D., Professor in Union College, Schenectady.

Since I first publicly acknowledged the great benefit which I received from the skillful treatment of Dr. Lighthill, in regard to my hearing, letters of inquiry have incessantly poured upon me from all parts of the country from parties desiring to learn the particulars of my case, and I am indeed surprised at the number of individuals who are affected similar to the manner in which I have been, and therefore feel it more and more a sacred duty which I owe to those sufferers, to direct them to a proper and reliable source to obtain the benefit they so much covet, and which so many afflicted ones have hitherto sought in vain, just as I had done previous to applying to Dr. Lighthill. I had had from infancy one very deaf ear which always discharged more or less offensive matter, and was the source of the greatest annoyance, and discomfort to me. Last year the other ear also became diseased, and both ears discharged a yellow matter very profuse and highly offensive. My hearing became very much impaired, and the discharge produced the greatest debility of body and depression of spirits. I applied to my family physician and other practitioners without deriving any benefit, and almost desponding as to my hearing, when, providentially, I applied to Dr. Lighthill. Under his treatment my ears began to improve at once, and continued to do so, until in a comparatively short time, both ears were healed, the discharge removed, and my hearing restored. At first I feared the cure would not be permanent, or that the stoppage of a discharge of so long standing might prove detrimental to my general health, a fear which I find a great many entertain in regard to the removal of discharge from the ears. My experience, however, has proved conclusively that my apprehensions are groundless in both respects, for both ears are as well, and my hearing as good as at present, as the day I left off treatment, and the stoppage of the discharge, instead of being detrimental to my health, has given me the highest elasticity and vigor of body, and a flow of spirits not experienced for a long time previous. I wish the above statement might serve as a general answer to those interested, but should one or the other desire to apply to me personally, or by letter, I will cheerfully satisfy all reasonable demand upon my time. I avail myself of this opportunity of again publicly expressing my deeply felt gratitude to Dr. Lighthill, whom I esteem as a gentleman and a man of science, in whom the highest confidence may be placed. JOHN NOTT.

53,818 SOLD IN 1863.



Washer, Wringer, AND STARCHER COMBINED!

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES-WRINGER!

Has been exhibited in competition with every Wringer of any consequence in market, and has been awarded the highest premiums offered. It was pronounced superior to all others at the World's Fair in London, 1862; received the Bronze Medal (highest premium), at the Great Fair of the American Institute in New York City, 1863; also the Silver Medal and Diploma in 1862, and Diploma and Certificate in 1863, at the New York State Fair, (being the highest premiums.) It also took the First Premiums at the State Fairs, in 1863, in Vermont, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa; and at the principal County and Institute Fairs throughout the land. We invite special attention to the following points, which are peculiar to the "UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER," and which render it SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

- 1. The "Universal Clothes Wringer" has strong COG WHEELS for turning both rolls together, so that each roll shall bear the strain equally. Otherwise, the lower, or crank roll, does all the work, having both to turn the upper roll, and carry the clothes through the machine by friction.
2. The "Universal Clothes Wringer" has "THE PATENT COG WHEEL REGULATOR," for securing the Cog Wheels in their place, and preventing their being thrown out of gear, by the passing of large articles, to allow which, the opposite ends of the rolls are arranged to separate, when necessary. Without the Regulator, Cogs would be useless. NO OTHER

Wringer is Licensed under this Patent.

- 3. The "Universal Clothes Wringer" is both SELF-ADJUSTING AND ADJUSTABLE. The elasticity of the Rolls, combined with the strong wooden springs' render it so far self-adjusting, as to need no change for ordinary washing, while the thumb-screws at the top give greater power, if needed, for WASHING the clothes, or less pressure for STARCHING, or more capacity for the passage of large articles. It is not only a PERFECT WRINGER, but the Cog Wheels give it a power which renders it a most

EXCELLENT WASHER!

When we reduce every invention for washing clothes to a principle, they all amount to that of pressing and squeezing and forcing the water through them, thus removing the dirt. Most "Washing Machines" do it by rubbing. The U. C. W.

DOES IT BY PRESSING!

Soak the clothes for half an hour in strong warm suds; then increase the heat, and pass them quickly through the Wringer, and half the dirt will be left in the first water. Return them at once to the suds, run them through three or four time, and pass them directly to the boiler.

NO RUBBING IS NECESSARY!

Except for starched linen and very dirty clothes. From the boiler pass the clothes again through the Wringer, also from the rinsing and bluing waters, when at last they go on the line, nearly dry, and much smoother and whiter than when done the old way, besides avoiding the usual

Breaking of Stitches and Buttons, Pounding, Rubbing, Stretching, Straining and Mauling of the Clothes,

To say nothing of the par-boiled hands, raw knuckles, lame backs, and wasted time; for with the Wringer

THE WASHING CAN BE DONE IN HALF THE TIME

Otherwise required. In STARCHING, the Wringer can be used with much advantage, for spreading the starch evenly, especially in large articles, like skirts, dresses, &c. Lace curtains, too, can be

"DONE UP BEAUTIFULLY!"

No twisting and tearing in washing, and no mending thereafter.

PRICES.

Table with 3 columns: Size of Rolls, Length, Diameter. Rows include No. 1, Large Family Wringer, No. 1 1/2, Medium, No. 2, Medium, No. 2 1/2, Small, No. 3, Small, No. 4, Large Hotel, No. 18, Medium Laundry, No. 22, Large.

Nos. 18 and 22 to run by steam or hand. Pulleys, \$3.00 per pair. Nos. 2 1/2 and 3 have SMALL ROLLS and NO COGS; all others are

WARRANTED!

On receipt of the price, from places where no one is selling, we will send the U. C. W., FREE OF EXPENSE. A GOOD

CANVASSER WANTED

In EVERY TOWN. Liberal inducements offered, and exclusive sale guaranteed.

JULIUS IVES & CO., 347 Broadway, New York.

For further description and testimonials of the UNIVERSAL WRINGER, please refer to pages 108, 116, 124, of the Rural.