

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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{WHOLE NO. 750.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

Work for All Hands!

AYE, there is work for all, and much of it must be done right speedily. Earnest workers are wanted on the Farm, in the Shop and Manufactory, Store and Office, Garden and Kitchen, and, last not least, in the Union Army. So much is to be done in each department—so many men and women of brains and muscle and will are required—that this is no time for idling or shrinking or straggling. Every able-bodied man, woman, boy and girl has a sacred DUTY to perform, and NOW is the time for such work as will tell. For upon the home efforts of the people, and the wise action of their representatives in council and battle-field, during the ensuing few months, far more depends than we can specify in this connection. A Nation at war for its dearest interests is to be fed and clothed, and a Republic to be saved, by WORK and WISDOM—or, for the want and exercise of these, all that is worth living for is to be risked or irredeemably lost. Each and all should awake and buckle on the armor, resolved to not only "strike for our altars and our fires," but to redeem the Country, People and Posterity from a curse which is both present and prospective—an evil which, unless stayed, will blight the prosperity of those now living, and make slaves of their children and children's children. Let us glance at "the situation," so far as the great mass of our readers are concerned.

The farmers of the country are the great dependence of the Nation at all times—the bulwark of supplies, in both peace and war. If they fail, the "main spoke" is gone. They must plow and sow and gather to the utmost. The crisis demands that each and every one shall do his and her best in this direction. The country is in danger, and every man, woman and even child is called upon for aid—for labor, sacrifice, devotion, patriotism. Let these be forthcoming, manifested, demonstrated, in works as well as words. This is no time for mere words, but action is indispensable. Theories are good, but practical effort—that which performs, accomplishes, completes—is required in this crisis of the Republic's history. The People of the North—those who have "a stake in the hedge," and desire that Liberty and Prosperity shall be the inheritance of their posterity—have but one course to pursue, and that is plainly indicated. The rebellion must be crushed, the salvation of the Union and Country and People secured. To insure this, LABOR and SACRIFICE are necessary. Therefore let every one do his or her DUTY—speedily and unflinchingly—on the Farm, in the Shop, Manufactory, Store, Army, or elsewhere.

In this region, particularly, there is need of work, economy, figuring in the matter of labor on the farm. The season has been the most

unfavorable for over a score of years. Cold and wet weather has prevailed through the spring, and now the usual work of April and the first half of May must be performed in a hurry. In the West there is a scarcity of help, also, and hence much must be left undone which ought to be done or was contemplated. The dernier resort is—what? To employ every man, woman, beast and machine that is available, and rush matters to the utmost.

—But we need not dwell upon either the situation or its necessities. Every intelligent man should understand and comprehend the matter. Let us all strive to do our DUTY, and if that is discharged all will yet be well.

Profitable Cows.

QUEER questions come to us sometimes. Here is one:—"How much butter should a cow make in a week to be good enough to be worth keeping for milk?" We say "queer," because that is a question which every farmer ought to decide for himself. But it is a pertinent question, and it does no harm to ask such. It belongs to a class of questions which every good business man, whether farmer, manufacturer, or merchant, asks and seeks to solve. It is precisely like questions which enter into the management of a systematic business daily. Mr. MERCHANT buys goods. He knows what they cost him, including freight, cartage, commissions, &c. Adding to the cost, the interest on the money invested, he must fix his selling price at such a figure as to cover insurance, current expenses, labor, and a profit beside. So, in determining whether a cow is worth keeping, or not, precisely the same questions must be considered. Does she return to your pocket the cost of keeping her, including care, and labor of preparing her product for market, with the interest on the money invested in her, or on the amount which she would sell for to-day? If she does not, she is not worth keeping. But your estimate can not be confined to a single week's experience. You should know what she cost you; what the feed you have fed her during a year was worth in cash in market; what she has cost you in labor to take care of her and prepare her product for market, and the interest on the whole investment. With this aggregate, you should place to the cow's credit against it, the value of the calf she raises, the manure she makes, the milk she yields during the year—or a careful estimate of the same—and her cash value to-day. Compare the aggregates. If the latter is not as large as the former, you had better get rid of your cow. It ought to be at least 10 or 15 per centum larger.

It is plain, from what we have written, that the answer to the question asked us must depend upon data not in our possession, and circumstances, pertaining to our correspondent's locality, with which we are unacquainted. The cost and value of cows in different localities vary with the difference in climate, facilities for obtaining forage, proximity to market, &c., &c. The cost of keeping cows is much less in some localities than others, while the market value of the product may be very nearly the same, owing to railway facilities. A much better cow may really be of less profit in one locality than a poor one in another. *Figures alone will decide the question!* And the farmer who is not making figures while his cows are manufacturing his capital into milk, is a loose farmer—in that respect.

About Varieties of Clover.

H. M. D., a Canandaigua correspondent of the RURAL writes:—"There are two kinds of red clover and but two—the large and the small. The seed of each looks just alike. The large, or, as some call it, the 'pea vine,' matures but one crop in a year, and ripens about the same time as timothy and winter wheat. After being cut it will not flower again, and produces but little after-math.

"The small, or, as some call it, the 'medium,' will flower in June, (and that is the reason, I suppose, why some call it 'June clover;') and be fit to cut for hay from the 20th of June to the middle or 20th of July. The first crop rarely seeds much, why I can not tell; although you may sometimes find a few mature seeds in the best heads. After being cut, it starts quickly and generally produces a crop of seed; or, as is getting quite fashionable of late, it may be cut for hay.

*Humbag.

"If I could have but one kind, I should by all means choose the small; for, if sown on rich land and plastered, it will be large enough. It makes better pasture, as it starts quicker, flowers oftener, keeps greener late in the season, and produces a better quality of feed than the large. For hay, if cured properly, it can't be beat. For renovating exhausted land, in some cases I prefer the large; its roots strike deeper and some think will stand longer. A slight sprinkling of it sown with timothy will often increase the bulk of hay amazingly. If sown separately for hay on thin land and not plastered it does pretty well, but on rich mellow land it grows too coarse. It is often pastured till the first or the middle of June, and then after-mown for seed. If cut for hay in a wet spell it is sometimes almost worthless except for litter."

Our correspondent evidently thinks the application of the name "medium" to a variety of the red clover, humbug. It is, or may be so, doubtless; but by no means follows that that variety known as "June clover" and that known as "medium" are identical. On the other hand we know such is not the case—at least we think we know it. We have grown the three kinds. We suppose there is no doubt that *Trifolium pratense* embraces those known as the large and small kinds. *Trifolium medium* is the name of a variety distinct from *T. pratense* which is thus described by GRAY:—"Stems zigzag, smoothish; leaflets oblong, entire and spotless; heads mostly stalked; flowers deeper purple and larger, otherwise like *T. pratense*." WOOD says its heads of flowers are larger than *T. pratense*; corollas deep purple; leaves of a uniform green. One thing is very certain, it is nearly related to *T. pratense*, and will be called "red clover" quite as often as either of the other kinds known as "large" and "small." It came by its name, *medium*, honestly. It is as distinct from the "large kind," and from the "small kind," as these are from each other; and by many it is regarded more valuable than either, both for pasture and hay.

Amount of Flax-Seed per Acre.

C. D. FARNHAM writes:—"I have had a good deal of experience in raising and dressing flax for the last twenty years, having raised yearly from twenty to fifty acres. I have sown different amounts of seed, but think one bushel per acre enough for any land. I have sown more, but, as a general thing, heavy rains will knock it down, it will spoil, produce but little seed, and not near as much flax when dressed as that which has less seed sown; and it is more work to pull it. When I have sown two bushels to the acre, on good land, it has fallen and remained as flat as if it had been rolled; and not one-tenth of it will straighten up until pulled. In such case the crop is not worth half-price. I generally sow on green-sward, and seed with clover. In this way my land is improving. I think where land is seeded, it does the grass as much good to pull the flax as it does corn to hoe it."

We are obliged to our correspondent for his experience. And in this connection we wish to ask our flax-growing readers what varieties of flax they grow? Or is flax-seed simply flax-seed with you? There are several varieties, with different qualities, in respect to productiveness of seed and character of fiber. Have experienced flax-growers any choice? If so, what is it? And has any effort been made to improve varieties? How do you save the seed, and what course do you pursue to improve varieties. On the rich plains of Hungary, where two bushels of seed per acre are sown, is grown the best flax fiber known. Have any of our experienced growers in this country imported seed? As we have heretofore written, it seems to us that this subject not only merits the attention of flax-growers, but of the seed importing and distributing Department of Agriculture.

Relieving Choked Cattle.

G. R. CRANDALL, St. Lawrence Co., writes us concerning P. GROESBECK's mode of relieving choked cattle, (see page 141 current volume RURAL), that he never saw it tried but once and the result was that the gullet was torn open, or apart. He says:—"If the man who holds the animal is not strong, and the animal is strong and throws its head sidewise, and if the stick slips it will break the gullet. The stick should be tough and limber, or the result may be that the children will have beef instead of milk to eat."



SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

MR. ELITHARP'S INFANTADO SHEEP.

PROSPER ELITHARP, of Bridport, Vermont, thus gives us the history and pedigree of his flock:

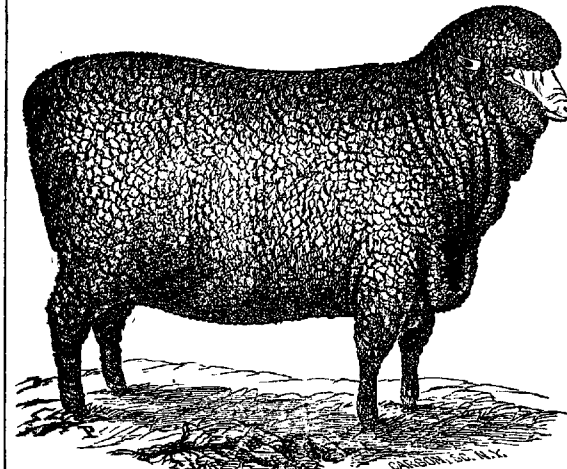


MR. ELITHARP'S MERINO RAM TEG, "CORTEZ."

"I commenced with Merino sheep in 1835, six years before the Infantado or Atwood sheep were brought into this State. They were principally Paulars, but some of my stock had crosses of Jarvis blood. After the introduction of the Infantados I crossed the preceding with them also. But I kept my Infantado stock pure. I used Infantado rams freely to my Paular ewes,

sheep, so that the history of my stock is not thereby affected.

"The history of my present flock is as follows:—In 1844 I bought of C. B. COOK, of Charlotte, Vt., two ewes of his stock bought of Mr. S. ATWOOD, of Conn. They were in lamb by the "Atwood ram," as you term him—the ram purchased of Mr. ATWOOD by Judge M. W. C. WRIGHT, at the New York State Fair at Poughkeepsie, in 1844, and which Mr. REMELE and myself bought of Judge W. soon after its arrival in Vermont, as you state in the *Practical Shepherd*, page 416. I soon after purchased more Atwood ewes of Mr. COOK, and have done so on several occasions since, but I do not



MERINO EWE, NO. 1.

but never used any but Infantado rams to Infantado ewes, except occasionally for experiment, and then I marked the produce with the mark of my Paular or mixed family. The pure Infantados received a different mark, and thus I kept the two families perfectly distinct from each other. This continued until the summer of 1863, and I then disposed of all my mixed Paulars and Infantados to my son, HARLON P.

remember the number. In 1846 I purchased three ewes of EDWIN HAMMOND, which he informed me he bought of Mr. STEPHEN ATWOOD. In 1847, Mr. COOK and myself went to Connecticut and bought a few sheep of Mr. S. ATWOOD, and all the ewe lambs of CHAUNCEY ATWOOD, eleven in number. The above comprise all my purchases of pure Infantado sheep besides rams.

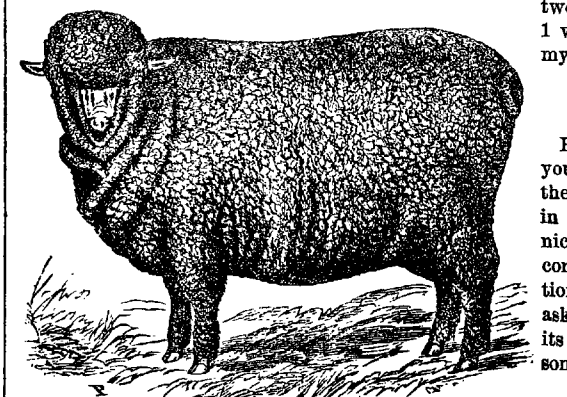
"On all the above ewes I used the 'Atwood ram' until the time of his death in 1850. I then used two or three what I regarded as first class rams of his get, selected from my flock—thus breeding in-and-in. I next used a ram which I called Don Pedro, purchased second handed from Mr. HAMMOND's flock. His successor was 'America,' bred by Mr. HAMMOND and sold by him when a lamb to N. A. SAXTON, of Vergennes. 'America' was got by Mr. HAMMOND's 'Sweepstakes.' Mr. SAXTON sold half of him to Mr. COOK the fall he himself bought him, and the other half to me two years after. America got the Saxton ram, which Mr. S. sold for \$1,000. All my ewes under four years old, except yearlings and this spring's lambs, were got by America. My yearlings, except ten, were got by a young ram of America's get, dam a first class Cook ewe. The other ten were got by WILLIAM R. SANFORD's present stock ram 'Comet.'

"The ram lamb 'Cortez,' whose portrait accompanies this, was by Sanford's 'Comet,' dam a very choice ewe by 'America.' The two ewes were got by America. No. 1 was bred by Mr. COOK, No. 10 by myself. Both are now my property."

GRUB IN THE HEAD.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL:—I send you some account of my observation of the disease of sheep, known as "Grub in the Head." If this was a communication to yourself alone, I would confine it to an answer to the questions which you have been pleased to ask me. But as it may, perhaps, find its way into the RURAL, I volunteer some more extended remarks.

In the month of April, 1862, my attention was called to a small flock of sheep owned by my neighbor, Mr. A. He had about one hundred, of which thirty-five were what are hereafter to be known as "tegs." They were apparently in fine condition until the first of February. But



MERINO EWE, NO. X.

ELITHARP, of this town—retaining only my pure Infantados. I should remark that in 1856 I sold nearly my entire flock, but in the two next years I bought back many of the same

then the tegs began to decline—refused their food, and went languidly about with watery eyes and drooping ears—discharging from the nostrils, and exhibiting general and increasing debility. Early in March they began to die. Those which sickened early died in from three to four weeks. But those which sickened later in the season died in from five to eight days. After some ten or twelve were dead, the owner applied to my son (who then had charge of my sheep) for advice. It was suggested that there might be "grubs," and an examination disclosed large numbers of them lying high up in the head, and many of them in the root of the horns,—the only available remedy known to us being a decoction of tobacco. This was, of course, resorted to, and was administered to sick and well ones indiscriminately. There was some asafetida in the tobacco juice, but I do not consider this important. Whether the grubs really were what was killing the sheep, what effect the tobacco had in arresting the disease, and how many of the sheep would have died without it, are questions to which I can not give a certain answer. The facts are, that all which showed an advanced stage of the disease when the tobacco was first given, died. A part of those which exhibited a milder indisposition recovered slowly, and those which seemed well at that time continued well, and the disease, whatever it was, ceased to prey upon the flock. And here let it be noted, none of Mr. A.'s sheep sickened or died except the tegs. Let it also be noted that the male portion of them remained entire until they were five or six months old, and consequently had horns nearly or quite as large as if they had been rams. The ewes and wethers (stags) were kept together and treated in every way alike. Two only of those without horns, either ewes or wethers, died; while but three or four of the eighteen having horns were left.

Taking counsel of my neighbor's misfortune, I then paid more particular attention to my own sheep. I found nothing wrong with any of the flocks except the ram tegs, of which I had about sixty. I found but one of them which would have attracted the attention of a casual observer; but three or four others, to an experienced eye, showed evident symptoms of disease. The syringe was immediately in requisition, and tobacco and asafetida injected up the nostrils of the sick and well alike, on every alternate, or at most on every third day, for perhaps two weeks. The result was that about six of the sixty died. Some eight or ten others sickened, but eventually recovered, and the remaining forty-five continued in good health and condition.

It may be remarked here that my neighbor, who neglected to apply any remedy till the disease had made serious inroads, lost about eighty per cent. of his horned tegs, while I, having applied remedies early, lost only ten per cent.

Presuming that the grubs were the probable cause of the disease, two questions arose. Could liquids be so injected as to reach their location? and what effect would certain liquids have? To obtain an answer to the first question, I examined carefully the structure of the head. But to make "assurance doubly sure," I selected a sheep which was quite sick, and bored a hole one-fourth of an inch in diameter in each of his horns about an inch above the wool, and also two holes in his head, about half way between his horns and eyes. I found that liquids injected into the nostrils, came out freely through each and all of these holes, and vice versa.

It then remained to determine the effect on the grubs. I therefore opened the head of a sheep recently dead, and found grubs in different stages of development, varying from the white one of less than a quarter of an inch in length, to the full grown brown one of one and a quarter inches. I placed them first in a decoction of tobacco and asafetida. The small ones died in about two minutes, but the larger ones, although showing signs of discomfort, gave no indication of immediate death. I then placed them successively (according to the best recollection of myself and three other persons who were with me) in spirits of turpentine, butler of antimony, strychnia, camphene, sulphuric acid, nitric acid, creosote and belladonna. I am sorry to say that I am not able to say how many minutes they were kept in each of the above articles. Nor am I absolutely certain that each and every one of said articles were used. But of this we are certain; we had a doctor's open office to go to, and we tried everything we could think of, and spent the forenoon from eight o'clock till after twelve in the experiment. We then placed them in petroleum, and went back the next morning only to find them still alive. Having experimented thus far with sick and dead sheep, and thinking that I had lost enough without killing well ones to see what was in their heads, I left that branch of the subject for future investigation.

Let me here add, that another of my neighbor's noticed one of his fat wethers (a horned stag) showing symptoms of disease, which developed rapidly and terminated fatally in about a week. This was in April or May. The balance of the flock remained in good health. On opening the head of the dead one some twenty-five or thirty full grown grubs were discovered. These were placed in a mixture of blue vitriol, white vitriol, verdigris, alum, turpentine, alcohol and vinegar, in which they soon died. This examination and experiment was made in so loose a manner as scarcely to amount to an experiment at all, and I only mention it to say, that some one, or all of these articles, will kill a full grown grub, and that some observations previously made, seem to suggest that possibly vinegar might be used with advantage in the treatment of disease. But this is only suggestion.

From the above, and from other observations, I deduce the following conclusions:—That the eggs are usually deposited in the latter part of

summer; that it depends very much on circumstances when they are hatched; that a large proportion are thrown out and are never hatched; that it also depends on circumstances whether the grubs are fully developed in a long or short time, usually, however, in the latter part of winter and early spring. But I have seen them very small in the spring, and have also seen them full grown in the fall. I conclude, also, that they are not confined to any one class of sheep, though young sheep, and especially if they have horns, are more subject to them, because the larger opening at the root of the horn affords them a more secure resting place above and beyond the sneezing power of the sheep to dislodge them; that sheep in delicate health are more subject to be affected by them than strong, healthy ones; that sheep may and often do have grubs and still remain in good health, but that in other cases they produce serious and often fatal results.

And now, Mr. Editor, if I may presume to advise your readers, it is as follows:—Let the sheep's nose be smeared with pine tar so frequently as to carry the smell all the time during the summer. This seems to be a partial preventive, but not absolute; therefore, as a more certain resort, let it be followed during the fall (say once a month) while the grubs are usually but partially developed, with injections of tobacco juice; because, it will be remembered that in the experiment above, the tobacco proved immediately fatal to all the small ones, while it but slightly disturbed the larger ones. This will ordinarily be sufficient, but may be continued as circumstances indicate. This practice, however, is attended with some little danger to the life of the sheep; because, if the tobacco is too strong or in large quantity, and (to use a common expression) goes the wrong way, it will produce sickness and perhaps death in from one to five minutes. But this is not a common occurrence. Sometimes, after they have fallen and are apparently dying, if they are taken up by the hind legs and shaken severely they will recover. It does them no harm after the first paroxysms are over. Let no one be deterred from trying the tobacco on account of its danger, because it is better to kill a sheep once in a while than to suffer the grubs to kill all of them. I have used it in my flock more or less for a number of years, and do not remember killing one. I have, however, seen my father kill them frequently. But he had a happy faculty of consoling himself that they were "but half bloods, any how."

I can give no such directions about preparing the tobacco as will enable an inexperienced hand to get it certainly right at first trial. I advise, therefore, as follows:—Take half a pound of plug tobacco and steep it in six quarts of water; then with a good syringe inject a small table-spoonful into each nostril, and try it on "some half bloods" first, and then increase in strength or quantity as the sheep are able to bear it.

ROBERT M. MONTGOMERY, Youngtown, Mahoning Co., Ohio, 1894. The above communication is entitled to particular attention, coming as it does from a very intelligent and experienced flock-master. Mr. MONTGOMERY is President of the Ohio State Wool Growers' Association.—ED.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.

SPECIMENS OF WOOL.—MODES OF TAKING AND PRESERVING THEM.—The four specimens of wool sent us by H. F. COCHRANE, of Irondequoit, N. Y., do not strike us favorably. They all essentially lack style. No. 1 is scarcely medium in quality, is almost without crimp and is uncommonly harsh to the feel. No. 2 is very straight, hairy, coarse wool to be called full-blood. No. 3 is a shade better. No. 4 is considerably better. If correspondents ask our judgment on wool they must expect to obtain it in plain terms. Specimens should not be pulled out by the outer end. They should be carefully cut off close to the skin with a sharp knife or pair of scissors. They should not be stretched a particle, which injures the crimp; and especially they should not be drawn through the fingers which destroys both crimp and luster. It is better not to handle them at all. They preserve their natural yolkiness and gloss much better done up in oiled silk, or tea-chest lead, than in paper. They yellow less if kept from the air.

SURGEON'S SILK.—TYING BLOOD VESSELS.—Mr. C. BROWN, of Indiana, in alluding to Dr. SPRAGUE's article which we published April 16th, wishes to know what is "Surgeon's silk," and "with what kind of a knot it is tied round an artery or vein." Surgeon's silk is coarse, strong, white silk thread, resembling saddler's silk. Any will do which is coarse enough not to break in drawing it, and not to cut too readily into the coats of the blood vessel; and we see no reason why strong, smooth linen thread would not answer the purpose. Having waxed the silk, an ordinary "hard knot" is tied, except that in the first half of it one end is tucked under twice instead of once, so that the half-knot will not slip while the other half is being tied. The ligature should be drawn as tightly as practicable without breaking it or cutting into the blood vessel.

STAGGERS.—J. D. HOFFMAN, of Randolph, Columbus Co., Wis., says that when "sheep refuse to leave the stable unless pushed, appear blind, &c.," he calls the disease "staggers," and cures it as follows:—Having dissolved asafetida in water, he lays the sheep on its side and pours a tablespoon of the liquid into one ear, and after two minutes he turns the sheep over and pours the same amount into the other ear. He says: "If the sheep is not too far gone this will restore the sight in fifteen minutes—in some cases the same thing must be repeated."

—We have no objection to this remedy being tried, for we fancy it must be harmless; but we do not discover the rationale of it. Asafetida administered internally is a very efficient antispasmodic, and a powerful expectorant. It is also stimulant and laxative. It is used in injections in certain cases. But to inject it into the ears to restore eyesight and cure staggers, is a new thing under the sun, and we must learn more about it before we repose faith in the prescription.

HOW TO PRESCRIBE THE QUANTITY OF MEDICINE.—C. L. HOLT, of Spring Mills, Allegany Co., N. Y., writes us:—"I want to throw just one stone at you and the Practical Shepherd. All medicines are dealt out to us

ignorant farmers in grains, scruples and drachms. Why not use a 'pen knife blade,' or a 'teaspoon' as a measure, instead of taking us into an apothecary's shop? These last we can all use, the others not. It's like talking *Eliazir Solomonis* to an ugly boy."

Why not, Mr. Holt, in all cases say "give a piece as big as a nub of chalk," and done with it! It's nearly as definite as your "knife blade" and "spoon." People have to take themselves "into an apothecary's shop" to buy their medicines, and when there, each man can have some of the latter weighed in grains, scruples, etc., in order to learn clearly how much space one of these quantities will occupy on his particular knife blade, or in a spoon which he knows the size of. Administering medicines is a serious thing, at least to the poor dumb brutes down whose throats they are often so mercilessly forced; and it makes a mighty difference to them whether they swallow half a grain or half an ounce of some powerful drug. Those who attempt to set up standards for the guidance of others in matters of medicine, cannot, in our opinion, be too definitely exact in their prescriptions.

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.—F. T. WHITMORE, of Hamilton, N. Y., is informed that the People's College is situated at Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y.—Hon. CHARLES COOK, Secretary.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Grubbing Hops. M. A. ABBEY, of Preston, C. W., takes issue with "GROWER" on this subject. He says: "He and all other, growers should know, if they do not, that hops cannot be cultivated, or be made to do anything unless the runners, called grub-roots, are properly taken out every spring." He gives reasons as follows:—"All the runners that are left in the hill send out vines and the roots grow and form a root after the first year; and instead of having one hill where it should be, you get hills all around the hill and soon the whole field will be a mass of roots and vines."

Wire-Worms in Corn. SYLVESTER YOUNG, Essex Co., N. Y., writes us that to prevent wire-worms from eating seed-corn, "it (the corn) should be put in a strong decoction of copperas water—say one pound of copperas to sufficient warm water to cover a half bushel of seed-corn—at noon the day before planting. When ready to plant, take out the corn—say a peck—add one pint of soft soap, or more, stir thoroughly, and then put on plaster enough to make it convenient for planting—say one quart, or more. This preparation will increase the crop more than thirty per cent. on some kinds of soil."

To Cure Scratheas. W. W. H., writes:—"Feed Glauber, or Epsom Salts two or three times per day in feed—a small handful or large tablespoonful. Keep heels cleaned with soft soap and warm water. After feeding salts awhile, apply a wash composed as follows:—One quart alcohol, one ounce each of blue vitriol, copperas, aloes and camphor gum, put together. This wash will keep calks from shoes from being sore and is first rate on any flesh wound of horse flesh, and of men too. Some put in verdigris, but I never have. This I give from experience, after doctoring a horse with everything and after every ones "sure cures," &c., for two winters and springs."

How to Raise Turnips. A. DAWSON, of London, C. W., tells us how he manages to get good crops of turnips, as follows:—"I plow my land in the fall. In the spring I draw on my manure at the rate of 25 loads to the acre, plow it in, drag it well, if lumpy, roll it, plow it again, drag it and roll it until it is as fine as a flower garden. Mark out the drills with a plow, about two inches deep; follow along and put in the seed with a drill, about two pounds to the acre. I always sow enough seed for the fly and myself too. After the seed is sown I cover with the drag, harrowing the same way as the drills run. I make the drills with a plow because we have nothing better here; but be sure to put your seed on the damp earth. I always sow the Improved Purple Top, and about the first week in June."

How Poultry Pays in the West. JOHN W. HAMMOND, of Henry Co., Iowa, gives us his last year's experience with poultry. He says the number of fowls for a farmer to keep (in the West) and make them profitable, is just as many as can feed themselves by picking up after cattle or stock of any kind, that may be fed grain and waste more or less of their feed; or if they can not get enough in that way, let them into the corn crib to help themselves. No time is lost by feeding them in this way.

His mode of management is to let his fowls alone—let them run over the farm, except in seeding and planting time, and help themselves, and give them the freedom of the corn crib. They are allowed to make their nests and lay their eggs where they can find a place to suit themselves. They generally roost in the trees near the house, or in the orchard. He says he finds it is a benefit to an apple tree to have fowls roost in it. Such trees grow thrifter and bear larger fruit than trees of the same kind that have not been thus manured.

He kept 100 hens last year. They ate 50 bushels of corn, worth 20 cents per bushel, or \$10 worth of feed. The labor and expense of hunting eggs (which he says should never be entrusted to children), he estimates at \$10. The value of his fowls—100 hens and 20 roosters—he puts at 10 cents each, or \$12—a total of capital and expense of \$32.

He says he sold during the year \$55 worth of eggs—the bulk of the product being sold at five cents per dozen—none bringing more than 15 cents per dozen. Besides, a family of four persons used all the eggs wanted, without counting. Here is a return of \$23 over the amount of capital invested and labor and expense incurred. He adds:—"And now if any of your subscribers

assert that poultry will not pay under such management, I would be glad if they would tell me of some other kind of stock that will pay for themselves, all their expenses and over seventy per cent. on the capital invested clear profit in one year, as my hens did last year."

"Sweeney" in Horses. L. SWAIN asks for "a cure for sweeney," and says "it consists of a shrinking away just back of the shoulder-blade." He has a horse whose shoulder is shrunken. There is no such disease recognized among veterinarians, as sweeney. The shrinking away of the shoulder may be caused by some derangement of the foot—is often so caused. If the shoulder is not used, its muscles will shrink just as the arm of a muscular man, accustomed to exercise, will shrink, if that exercise is discontinued.

But this shrinking away of the shoulder may be caused by a strain there. If so, it can be determined; for in moving he will make a circuitous or rotary motion of the leg that is affected, and drag his toe on the ground in endeavoring to move it forward. When the horse is at rest, the limb is generally pushed forward, the horse scarcely touching the ground with it, the toe only just resting on the ground. But if the trouble be in the foot, the horse points, resting on the entire foot. Whether in the foot or in the shoulder, the shrinking away of the muscles, which our correspondent says indicates "sweeney," will be noticed.

If the strain is in the shoulder, washing or sponging it two or three times a day with diluted tincture of arnica is recommended, or the application of some substance known to be good to remove the effects of a strain. If the disease is in the foot, a good, skillful veterinary surgeon should be called upon to locate and treat it; for it would be folly for us to attempt to give directions here. It is a great deal safer to do nothing, give the animal rest, good air, a simple yet adequate diet, than to allow a quack to experiment with the animal, if a valuable one. For it is better the animal should die a natural death, than be tortured to death by the application of nostrums to parts of the body in no wise affected, as is the case nine times out of ten. These so-called "horse doctors" are often horse murderers.

Inquiries and Answers.

SLIPPERY ELM FOR FENCE POSTS.—Will slippery elm make good durable timber for fence posts?—B. H. C. Richburg, N. Y.

ABOUT PLOW BOLTS.—Why is it that screw bolts for plowbars are made so as to turn the nut left handed, if not to perplex inexperienced help? Will plow makers please give a reason?—PETER WYKOFF.

COACH-MAKER'S MAGAZINE.—(P. L. W., Sterling, Ill.) The only magazine of the kind in this country is "The New York Coach-Maker's Monthly," published by E. M. STRATTON, New York, at \$4 per annum.

THE WINTER WHEAT CROP IN CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN OHIO.—A correspondent, J. H. B. of Rochester, asks for information from our readers concerning the condition of the winter wheat in the above named sections of Ohio. Who will respond?

MANUFACTURING CHEWING TOBACCO.—Do you, or any of your subscribers, know the process of manufacturing tobacco for chewing? I wish you would give an article in your paper on the subject.—JOS. RASEX, Barry Co., Mich.

The process consists in assorting it according to quality, and then cutting the sorts into shreds by machinery. Of the mysteries belonging to the manipulation of the weed we know nothing; nor of the "flavoring extracts" used. It is a "trade" with which we are unacquainted practically.

MAGGOTS IN COWS' BACKS.—What are those white maggots in cows' backs? Are they an indication of disease or prosperity?—W. F.

They are the maggots or larva of the *Cestrus bovis*, or ox bot-fly. This fly is smaller than the horse bot-fly, HARRIS says, although it comes from a much larger maggot. We are not aware that the presence of these maggots is an injury or a benefit. Some writers claim they are beneficial. It may be that the presence of a full-grown maggot, or a number of them, in an animal, is an indication of the prosperous condition of the same, but we do not know.

BEE CULTURE.—A correspondent asks about the bee department in the RURAL. He is informed that whenever any correspondent sends us a good practical article on bee culture, we shall find room for it. And we shall try to answer any inquiries that may be forwarded on the same subject. But we have no disposition to give space in our columns to a species of bee literature which is designed to advertise somebody's hive.

Another correspondent complains that bees are dead, and asks if it is not generally the case, and that they have died for want of food. Will our correspondents answer?

BLACKBIRDS.—(W. F. C., of Iowa.) Would we kill blackbirds? Are they useful? In some localities they are regarded as greater pests than in others. We should suffer considerably before we should commence a wholesale slaughter of them. WILSON, the ornithologist, calculated that the red-winged blackbird, in one season, in the United States, consumes sixteen thousand two hundred millions of noxious insects. If this computation approaches truth, we can better afford to feed them than dispense with their aid—especially when predatory insects are increasing as rapidly as they seem to be. We know that the red-winged beauties on the alders in the swamps at this season, are tempting marks for the boy's shot-guns. But we should teach our boys to let them alone.

WHAT AILS THE COW?—I have a very choice cow that had a swelling commence on her under jaw about the middle of February. It continued to swell for about two weeks; at the end of that time she was swollen full from the jaw to the brisket, and, as a consequence, could hardly eat. She became very poor and weak. Before this time I could find no head to the swelling. At this time two black spots made their appearance on the under jaw, about the size of a silver half dollar, which I lanced, but could get no discharge. A few days after I thought the cow would die with the lock jaw. I then took a common-sized jack-knife and opened it from one side to the other of the jaw, the whole length of the blade, and there came a something out as near like a hog's light as could be, full as large, of the same soft, spongy nature, and of the most offensive and sickening smell that ever entered my nostrils. It then healed up, and the cow is apparently as well as ever, but she gains no strength with all I can feed. The question is, can you or any of your readers tell me what it is?—C. D. C., Broad Albion, May, 1894.

Rural Notes and Items.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF GEN. JAS. S. WADSWORTH.—The people of Western New York, the State and Nation have cause to mourn, for a true man, hero and patriot—a lover of his fellow men and country—has departed! After weeks of painful suspense it was ascertained that Brig. Gen. JAS. S. WADSWORTH, of Genesee,—who was wounded during one of the earliest of the recent severe battles, (that of the 6th inst.)—had died at the house of a Virginia farmer whom he had befriended, and who cared for the General in his last moments and carefully gave his body sepulture when life was extinct. His remains having been recovered and removed to his former residence, were buried among those of kindred and friends on Saturday last. The obsequies were solemn and affecting. No pomp or parade, but such a demonstration of respect and homage as we never before witnessed. The large and solemn funeral cortege—the closed and draped public buildings, stores and shops of the village—the simple and sacred ritual at Church and Grave—the grief and sadness of relatives and friends—all conspired to render the scene most impressive, and one which will long be remembered by the thousands of mournful witnesses. No ordinary man—no one not loved and respected by all, in both public and private life, while living—could be thus sincerely honored and lamented. But JAMES S. WADSWORTH was a noble, generous and heroic man always and everywhere. How these characteristics were manifested in the management of his large landed property, with numerous tenants, is known to thousands of our readers. His generosity and liberality to his tenants have long been proverbial.

—We have neither time nor space for a proper notice of Gen WADSWORTH at present, and will close by quoting the following from the *Country Gentleman*, the senior editor of which—LUTHER TUCKER, Esq.—must have known the deceased long and intimately:

Gen. W. was chosen President of the New York State Agricultural Society, with one voice, in 1842, and re-elected in 1843; and he brought to the duties of the position a determination to promote its interests and secure its permanent establishment, which has never been exceeded, and rarely equalled, in all its history. It was to the utmost regret of its friends that he refused to continue still longer its presiding officer—a refusal dictated not by any weariness of his own in the task he had undertaken, but in the hope that its increased prosperity might be secured by carrying the Presidency in turn to other parts of the State. In the address delivered by him at the Capitol, Jan. 18th, 1843, he remarked: "Agricultural improvement here rests upon a foundation on which it never stood before. It is sustained by free institutions; it is the result of laws, wise because liberal. The enfranchisement of the many, the elevation of the masses, must go hand in hand with the intelligent, industrious, and prosperous cultivation of the earth. If agriculture owes much to the benign influence of our institutions, liberty owes not less to agriculture."

His devotion to the cause of liberty, as well as agriculture—to the elevation of the masses and the support and vindication of our institutions, was destined twenty years later, to be tried and proven in a way which neither he nor any of us could then anticipate; and most nobly and bravely, with all the zeal and self-sacrifice of the true patriot, he has battled and fallen in their behalf. He leaves behind him a memory upon which his descendants and countrymen may look with pride, and which, more than all else, should be cherished and revered by the Farmers of the State.

OBITUARY.—Hon. CHARLES B. CALVERT died at his residence, Riversdale, Md., on the 12th inst., of paralysis. He was formerly President of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, and at the time of his death President of the State Agricultural College. Mr. C. was a warm friend and promoter of agricultural improvement, had held many positions of trust and honor, and espoused the cause of the Union in the hour of his country's trial.

Rev. C. E. GOODRICH, widely known for his experiments in the culture of the Potato and as the originator of new varieties, died at Utica on the 11th inst., aged 62 years. Mr. G.'s labors must have redounded largely to the benefit of the agricultural community.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE LANDS.—It is announced that the Governor and Commissioners intrusted with the care and disposal of the land scrip for the Vermont Agricultural College, have effected a sale of something over one-half of the scrip, a portion at eighty cents per acre, and the remainder at eighty-two, realizing upward of \$60,000, which has been invested in Vermont State sixes. If the remainder of the scrip can be disposed of as well, which is a matter of some doubt, a fund of \$120,000 will be realized for the purposes of the grant.

—It will be remembered that the lands accruing to the State of New York, under the act of Congress for the endowment, support and maintenance of at least one College mainly devoted to teaching "such branches of learning as are related to Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts," comprise 990,000 acres. These lands have been, by an act of the Legislature, given to the People's College, but whether the scrip for the same, or any portion thereof, has been offered for sale, we are not advised. The lands are now valued at \$800,000, as stated in our last number.

A SHEEP-SHEARING FESTIVAL is to be held at Canadaigua, Ontario Co., on the 1st proximo, when a good time is anticipated. The *Ontario Times* says—"The grand sheep-shearing festival which is announced to come off at the Fair Ground in this place on the 1st of June, promises to realize the most sanguine expectations of its projectors. Among other notables from abroad Hon. H. S. RANDALL is expected to be present. Assurances have also been received that sheep will be exhibited and shorn by gentlemen from Yates, Livingston, Steuben and Wayne counties."

THE "NEW" MODE OF "MAKING SUGAR FROM SOREGRUM."—We refer to the patented process of one ROGGS, to which we gave a column special advertising on page 69, current volume. We said then—and long before any one else seems to have discovered it to be a humbug—that this "discovery" "is likely to amount to a grand swindle." And so it is; for we see that the gentleman is advertising it extensively. He is evidently determined to make the people pay him for his "invention." Will our readers read again the article above referred to, and show it to their neighbors who are likely to be tempted to purchase this "discovery"?

PAMPHLETS, &c., RECEIVED.—1. Catalogue of Short-Horn Cattle belonging to SAMUEL THORNE, Throthdale, Washington Hollow, Dutchess Co., N. Y. — 2. The bi-monthly report of the Agricultural Department for March and April, from ISAAC NEWTON. We shall notice this more particularly next week.

STEAM PLOWING IN EGYPT.—We see it asserted that the Viceroy of Egypt has invested \$1,000,000 in English steam plows to be used on his estates—that he is organizing a model farm on a large scale, where he is introducing and testing all modern improvements in husbandry for the benefit of his people.

THE WEATHER is seasonable, at last, and the farmers and horticulturists hereabout are busy and hopeful. Reports of crop prospects are generally favorable.

Horticultural.

GROWING MUSHROOMS.

G. TOMPKINS, JR., asks:—"Can mushrooms be cultivated in the garden? What is the process?" Yes, every man may grow his own mushrooms if he tries; and this is how to do it: The mushroom bed may be made at any time of the year. It should be under cover. In the preparation of the bed it is essential that its location should be dry and sheltered. Too much moisture in the soil or atmosphere, prevents growth—destroys them. The bottom of the beds should be dry. The beds are made in various ways. One way is to alternate dry, partially fermented manure with layers of soil—a layer of clay loam four inches thick, with a layer of fine manure one foot thick—the manure to be well mixed and beaten, but not packed close—three layers each, the whole covered with clean litter to keep dry, and allowed to lie a few days and throw off its rank heat. When it arrives at the proper heat, which is 50 deg. to 60 deg., break up the spawn bricks in small particles and strew over the bed on the manure. Then cover the spawn with four inches of earth. This is the practice in some cases. But a better way is to insert the spawn in holes eight or nine inches apart, giving to each hole a piece of the brick three or four inches square, leaving the holes open at the top to allow the steam, if any, to escape. Two weeks later insert spawn again; and when, on examination, it is found that the spawn has run through the bed, the holes should be closed up firmly, and the entire bed covered with dry soil and pressed down, but not beaten, lest it break the threads of spawn, which, by this time, will have nearly become mushrooms.

The beds will need a moderate watering occasionally, when they get dry; and it is better to give a little more water—never in excess—when it is given, than to sprinkle slightly, frequently. Some cultivators do not water at all except in the intervals between the gathering of crops. They give no water at all until the first crop is gathered. The mould is kept moist by a fermenting mulch applied to the bed.

These threads or bricks of spawn are sometimes kept at the seed stores for sale. But if not, when they appear in the fields, threads may be obtained. The production is not a complex business. The essentials to success may be summed up as follows:—Never allow the dung to get yet nor to ferment; keep a regular heat; avoid all damp.

POMOLOGICAL GOSSIP.

Best Standard Pears for Canada.—A correspondent of the Canada Farmer writing from Niagara, says:—"Those intending to set out standard pears will not regret their choice if they procure the following kinds, which will give them a succession from the end of July to the end of December:—For a sweet pear, the Doyenne d'Ete; for a sub-acid, the Madeline. These are both very pleasant, little, early pears, and good growers. Osband's Summer and Dearbon's Seedling come next; and anywhere south of Lake Ontario, that prince of pears, the Bartlett, will do well; its principal fault is, that, if allowed, it bears too young, and too heavily, which ought to be prevented by picking off the fruit when small. The Flemish Beauty is well worthy of attention; from its large size, its productiveness, its hardness and fine growing habits, it deserves a prominent place in every collection. The White Doyenne needs no recommendation, but I can not say how far north it will succeed; but it has never shown any tenderness here. For a northern locality, where nothing better will grow, the Bon-Chretien is a very desirable variety.

Our winter pears do not come up to the earlier kinds in flavor; yet, the Beurre Diel is a magnificent looking pear, grows well, ripens through December, and makes a fine show at Christmas dinner. The Beurre d'Arenberg is not quite so hardy, nor yet so good a grower, but bears profusely, and when grown in a good, warm aspect, is a very pleasant pear, with a high vinous flavor, and will keep till New Year. The list might be greatly extended, but those who have plenty of the above varieties will not be badly off; yet the Belle Lucrative and the Seckel might be added with advantage. The latter, though a slow grower, lives to a good old age, and, in, without doubt, the best flavored pear as yet known.

The Earliest Native Grape.—At a meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Horticultural Society it was asserted that the Miles grape is the earliest of all varieties—ripening before Canby's August even.

Marvel of Four Seasons Raspberry.—A correspondent of the Gardener's Monthly asks if this and Belle de Fontenay are distinct varieties. The editor believes them identical, and says of it:—"Well managed it is an admirable variety. The chief thing is to thin out the canes as they grow, and cut down in spring to about six inches in length. No garden of small fruits is, in our opinion, complete without this or the Cattawissa."

Apricots for Missouri.—It was decided by the Missouri Horticultural Society to select and recommend three varieties of apricots for cultivation. The following were adopted:—Large Early, ripens first week in July; Hemsloirke, ripens 20th of June, showy and large; Peach, productive, and of excellent quality. To these was added Early Golden, of which it was said that more were grown of it than of all other varieties, bringing \$9 to \$12 per bushel, although one member asserted "it was the poorest thing" he ever saw—"without any taste."

CAN WINE BE MADE FROM RHUBARB.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I notice that there are many persons inclined to censure you for your remarks, made a few weeks ago, concerning the "wine plant." However different people may feel and think concerning the adaptability of rhubarb for "wine" production, or of the "wine" made from the "wine plant" as an article of trade and use, the common good, welfare and prosperity of the people must be regarded.

It is doubtless the opinion of most horticulturists that rhubarb will not make wine. It is now claimed by vendors, that this "wine plant" is the rhubarb, or pie-plant, (some have asserted, before, that it was wholly unlike rhubarb,) and in order to sell it for a high price they call it the MYATT'S Linneus rhubarb—the "wine plant."

The MYATT'S Linneus is probably the best variety in use for pies, tarts, &c.; but that the juice of its stalk, mixed with water and sugar, is wine, is an absolute humbug. A substance may be made from the rhubarb which may suit the tastes of some. But to make wine from something that does not contain the proper substance is wholly impossible; and that the stalk of rhubarb contains what is essential in good wine is not to be admitted.

C. N. BEMENT, in furnishing an analysis of the Giant Rhubarb has found in the stalk 89.50 per cent. of water and about 10 per cent. of dry matter, besides the inorganic matter.

J. H. SALISBURY, M. D., found, by analysis, a stalk of rhubarb to contain the following:

Inorganic.	
Carbonic acid.....	9.400
Silicic acid.....	.450
Phosphates.....	17.200
Lime.....	8.574
Magnesia.....	.200
Potash.....	8.096
Soda.....	33.201
Sulphur.....	.073
Chlorine.....	1.480
Sulphuric acid.....	10.723
Organic matter thrown down by nitrate of silver.....	12.150
	97.507
Organic—With Water.	
Fibers with starch, chlorophyll.....	1.265
Malic acid, with tartaric and oxalic acid.....	5.710
Dextrine.....	.550
Fiber.....	3.235
Matter separated from fiber by potash, charc. color of albumen with sulphuric acid.....	1.605
Albumen.....	.270
Casein.....	.150
Water.....	87.770
	100.555

I have given the inorganic parts, which perhaps was not necessary. Now what is there combined in the stalk of rhubarb adequate to make good wine? The juice of the stalk expressed must contain but a small proportion of dextrine and albumen, and the other parts—the acids and water, together with the fiber—must make a very poor "wine."

A gentleman called on me a few days ago to sell his "wine plant." He showed me his wine, and wished me to look at it, and also test it. The former I could do. It looked like blood and water and salaratus. I told him that I did not know what it was made of. He said I was a great unbeliever, and would learn more as I grew older. The latter is true; and I shall doubtless be more fully convinced that all that we hear and that is told us, without evidence, is not truth.

You have given your opinion that this "wine plant" is a humbug. Time will demonstrate that the stalk of the rhubarb is good for pies, &c., and that its juice is not wine. The pie-plant is the rhubarb; and the wine-plant is the grape-vine. If, therefore, the juice of the rhubarb or pie-plant is called wine, what is the juice of the grape called? N. P.

Webbs' Mills, N. Y., 1864.

REMARKS.—We have letters on our table charging us with being "in the interest"—whatever that is—of the grape growers, in exposing the iniquity of these "wine-plant" vendors, and denouncing the calling rhubarb juice and sugar "wine." But if that means that we are seeking to serve the interests of grape growers, regardless of truth and fact, or that we are paid for doing so, it is scarcely necessary to say that men who make such assertions tell just as big a lie as they do when they assert that any particular variety of rhubarb is the "wine-plant," or that wine can be made from rhubarb.

We have not the least objection to people sweetening rhubarb juice and drinking it, and calling it good, if they think so, and find it does them no harm. But we do object to paying a large price for a bottle of Madiera, or Sherry, and find it to be nothing but rhubarb juice, sweetened, as we know some men have done. It is not ten days since we called on a gentleman who invited us to taste some sherry with him. We did so, and found it to be quite an indifferent compound of rhubarb juice and sugar; and yet he purchased it for and supposed it was sherry!

HOSPITAL GARDENS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the season is near at hand for renewed interest in the subject of practical gardening, I have thought it not amiss to furnish for the entertainment of the readers of the RURAL, a brief sketch of the gardening operations of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

It is not to be supposed that the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, or of any other prominent journal of the land, are ignorant of the great work in which the U. S. Sanitary Commission is engaged, as an aid to the Government, in supplying vegetables and other sanitary stores to the army, and medicines and delicacies to the sick and wounded in hospital and upon the battle-field.

When the people, in different sections all over the free North, are making their contributions, through their fairs, in sums counted only by the hundreds of thousands, and are also gathering up from house to house, even the small, but

sacred contributions of the poor for this object, no one needs to be told that it is a great work which the U. S. Sanitary Commission is seeking to perform.

It may not, however, be very generally known how much they are doing in the way of supplying fresh vegetables and fruits, grown by themselves, in the immediate vicinity of the army, to the army, and to the sick and wounded in the hospitals. To give some idea of this work, I propose to give a brief description of one or two of the gardens of the Commission in this region. The gardens at Murfreesboro and other points, which I have not seen, I shall not attempt to describe. They are all intended to be essentially the same.

The garden at this place will contain about one hundred and fifty acres,—more, if it shall be possible to procure seeds and labor enough to secure their planting in time. It is situated upon the south bank of the Tennessee river, about one and a half miles north of this city, having a fine, rich, alluvial soil, much of it still in good heart, in spite of the ruinous system of agriculture to which the lands, all through the South, have been subjected.

Near the center of this large garden of 150 acres, stands a beautiful mound, two or three hundred feet in diameter, and probably forty or fifty feet high, unquestionably of artificial origin, erected for some purpose by the aborigines, before Columbus left Genoa. Upon the top of this mound is to be the tent of the chief gardener, a professional and practical gardener of much experience. Near its base, and at one side, and upon the bank of a small creek which flows through the grounds, are the tents for the workmen, who are soldiers detailed for the work. The military authorities have been very ready to grant the Commission all needed facilities for carrying on the good work and guarding it from depredation. About forty horses, sixteen plows, and twenty-five men find constant employment, when the weather and state of the ground will admit.

Potatoes, onions and peas, and some other vegetable seeds, are being put into the ground as rapidly as seed can be procured and the ground prepared. Peas, from some acres planted early, are already in the third leaf. The whole attention and care at present is to get in as many as possible of such vegetables as are most needed in the army. Whatever land is left unplanted when the season for such planting is passed, will be occupied by corn, for use in the latter part of summer and in the autumn.

In addition to this garden, the Commission is also in possession of vineyards, abandoned by those who formerly owned them, and who have fled to the South, containing many thousands of vines, many of them broken down and trampled by the passing armies, but many of them still in condition, it is thought, to bear well this season. The probable yield of the vineyards the coming season has been estimated as high as 320,000 lbs.

When it is considered how many vegetables and fruits, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, grapes, &c., &c., these 150 acres may be made to produce, and that it is all to go to help sustain and cheer our brave and suffering soldiers, it will also cheer the hearts of those at home who have parted with their husbands, brothers, and lovers, that they might go forth to defend all that is valuable in our noble government and nation.

The writer has also visited another garden of about the same size, under the care of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, at Knoxville, and saw at work upon it, with plows, and spades, and rakes, and in planting onion sets, one hundred and twenty-five men at one time, from the convalescent camp,—a pleasant diversion to the hospital and camp-wearied men, and full of the promise of coming good. This garden is upon the bank of the Holston, about three-fourths of a mile from Fort Saunders.

All that is produced from these gardens, as well as all the stores which are contributed by the people and dispensed by the Sanitary Commission, are of course a gratuity to the soldiers, in all cases. The Commission sells nothing, directly or indirectly, to any one, but endeavors, by care and diligence, to secure that as large an amount as possible of the contributions of the people to this object, shall go to the object for which they are contributed. H. Chattanooga, Tenn., April, 1864.

COST OF PLANTING OSIER WILLOW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I take pleasure in responding to any who may wish to know the cost of setting Osiers; but it will depend upon the price of labor, condition of soil, &c. Therefore, what I may give as my experience may not be a correct estimate for every one. Some of my soil was stony, and I had to use an iron rod to punch holes for the sets. But I should advise every one not to set Osiers in stony soil; on the contrary it should be free from stone. A deep black muck is best; and if my soil was deep, I should want my sets at least twelve inches in length. They should be set perpendicular, leaving about one inch out of the ground.

Now, in a soil like the latter, a man can set an acre in from six to eight days, depending upon the distance between the sets in the rows, &c. I think twelve inches is the best distance for the sets in the rows, the rows to be three feet apart, which would make the cost of setting an acre, including cost of sets, from \$20 to \$25.

Modus Operandi of Setting Osiers.—Take a ball of common wool twine, that will, when unwound, reach the length you want your rows; measure the distance on the twine that you want your sets in the rows, and mark with paint, or by sewing in some dark colored thread or yarn; with an active lad ten or twelve years of age to help, with stakes fastened to your

line sufficient to keep it drawn snug, each of you with a three feet measure and dish of some kind to hold your sets, the boy at one end of the line you at the other, each commence to set, meeting in the center of the line, where there should be a stake. Move the stake three feet, in the direction you wish to set, doing the same with all of them until you reach the end, when you are ready to set another row, &c., to the end. Pro bono publico. WM. A. WALDO. Frattsburg, N. Y., 1864.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANT FOR NAME.—(Cortie Crane.) The specimen you sent us did not come in condition to identify. Send stalk, if any, with blossom and foliage on it.

VERONICA.—(T. G. Childs, Madison Co., N. Y.) The plant you send us for name is a Veronica, but we cannot say which one without the leaf and stalk.

EPHECA REPENS.—We are indebted to "A. H." of Meadeville Pa., for a specimen of this May Flower or Arbutus; but by some mysterious dispensation it disappeared from our table before we could get it into the engraver's hands.

ROSEMARY.—I received the other day, from a Rochester nursery, in a small flower-pot, a "Rosemary plant." Now what care and treatment must I give it? Must I plant it out of doors?—train it to a wall or trellis?—or will it grow in a bush form? And will it stand the winter unprotected? An answer would much oblige—B. H. C. Allegany Co., N. Y.

Plant out and let it grow in bush form; it needs no training. It will not stand out during winter without protection. Treat it as you would a geranium or any bedding out plant.—B.

BREAKING TULIP AND HYACINTH BLOOMS.—Is it true that if Tulip and Hyacinth blooms are broken off they will not blossom the succeeding year? If so, it ought to be more generally known. I have heard it stated to be the case, but do not know from experience.—Mrs. A. M. M., Eagle Harbor, N. Y.

The removal of Hyacinth and Tulip flowers is not injurious to the bulb, but it is important that the leaves be preserved until they dry off naturally when the bulbs are "ripe" as it is termed.—B.

Horticultural Notes.

STRAWBERRIES FOR THE GREAT U. S. SANITARY FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA.—The Committee on Fruits of the Great Central Fair of the Sanitary Commission, to be held in Philadelphia, commencing June 7th, 1864, are desirous of rendering the efforts of the Fruit Growers worthy of the great occasion, and in no way inferior to any branch of industry that may be represented there. Of all Fruits, the Committee are particularly anxious to make a display of Strawberries that shall attract universal attention,—showing alike the perfection to which strawberry culture has been brought, and the patriotism which has donated the choicest productions of the fruit grower to the noble objects of the Fair. To encourage this honorable feeling, the Committee propose to distribute a number of Silver Fruit Knives, with appropriate inscriptions as mementoes of the occasion. 1st. The best 2 quarts of Strawberries of any kind on the 8th of June. 2d. The best 2 quarts of Hovey's Seedlings on the 9th of June. 3d. The largest quantity of any kind or kinds on the 10th of June. 4th. The greatest number of varieties, not less than 1 quart each, on the 11th of June. 5th. The best 2 quarts of Triomphe de Gand on the 13th. 6th. The largest quantity of any kind or kinds on the 14th. 7th. The best 2 quarts of Albany Seedlings on the 15th. 8th. The best 1 quart of any kind on the 16th. 9th. The greatest number of varieties not less than 1 quart each, on the 17th. 10th. Best 2 quarts of any kind the 18th.

As the chief object of the Committee is to induce large donations for the benefit of the Fair on each day, persons contributing can send as many more than the quantity called for as they can spare, and the Committee will select two quarts of the ones least damaged in transit as claimants for the memorial Knives. To render the exhibition as attractive as possible, it is hoped that all those who have the newer varieties, such as Russell's Prolific, French, Tribune Strawberries, Agriculturist Strawberries, Buffalo Seedling, &c., will send samples for the Fair. Address the packages to the Fruit Committee of the Sanitary Fair, Philadelphia, and they will come free of express charges.—THOMAS MEEHAN, Chairman Fruit Com.

TO KILL CATERPILLARS.—The question is sometimes asked, how can caterpillars be destroyed on young orchards with the least expense and trouble? A good way, I think, is to wash their faces in soft soap, made liquid by water, with a sponge or cloth on the end of a pole; if none are missed they will all be clean.—one. The soap will kill every worm it touches, and the trees will not be injured. But if any should escape, repeat the operation after a few days.—AN OLD MAN, Kings Ferry, 1864.

SOWING BIENNIAL AND PERENNIAL FLOWER-SEEDS. EDGAR SANDERS, in the Prairie Farmer, says:—"Sow in shallow drills, six inches asunder. When the plants are large enough to handle well, transplant to another border in rows, say one foot apart, six inches between the rows. Here they may stand till the following spring, when they may be lifted with a ball of earth and transferred to the flower borders, or they may be transplanted at once, say in July, to the borders in patches of three triangularly, six inches to one foot distant from each other."

THE RESERVE BUD ON A GRAPE VINE.—GEO. HUSMANN, in a note to the Alton Horticultural Society thus defines a "reserve bud":—"I call the reserve buds the two small buds above and below each fruit bud on any strong cane. There is a small bud above and one below each large or fruit bud, which will very often remain dormant, if the principal fruit bud starts in spring; but if that is killed they will generally push and produce some fruit; though not as much or as fine as the principal bud."

THE TENNESSEE THE RHINE OF THE SOUTH.—Of the region of Chattanooga as adapted to fruit production, B. F. TAYLOR writes:—"All these regions will turn into a vineyard at the least provocation, and I do not see why the sweeps of the Tennessee may not be the Rhine of the South. Grapes, large and luscious, drape the little islands, climb everything that will let them, and as I wrote you last autumn, the woods were purple with Muscadines. Figs grow and ripen in the valley."

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Summer Meeting of the Fruit Growers Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, in the city of Rochester, on Wednesday, the 22d day of June. Session to commence at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Members, and all interested in the culture of Fruit, are invited to be present, and to bring with them specimens of Fruits in season for exhibition.—JAMES VICK, Secretary.

Domestic Economy.

A CAKE CHAPTER.

SPONGE CAKE.—M. M. C., Independence, Iowa, sends us the following:—Three eggs; one cup of sugar; half a teaspoon of soda; one teaspoonful of cream tartar; a little salt and nutmeg. Dissolve the soda in a little hot water as possible; mix the cream tartar with the flour.

SOFT GINGER CAKE.—M. J. S. A., Alfred, N. Y., sends the following:—One cup of molasses; one cup sour cream; one egg; one pint of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; one ditto of salt, and one tablespoonful of ginger.

SPONGE CAKE.—"A RURAL READER," Vandalia, Mich., contributes the following:—Twelve eggs, beaten to a froth; stir in one pound white sugar and one pound of flour. Season with lemon and bake in small pans.

JUMBLES.—One teacupful of butter; one of cream and buttermilk; two of sugar; two eggs; one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and one of soda. Spice to taste, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.—COUSIN PRUDENCE.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of butter; one of milk; three of sugar; five of flour; four eggs; one nutmeg; one teaspoon of soda; two of cream tartar. Stir until the whole is well mixed.—MEDE BLACKBURN, Salem, Ohio.

TIP-TOP JOHNNY CAKE.—Mrs. M. S. P., sends the following, which she says she knows to be good without eggs or butter:—One cup of sour milk or buttermilk; one of skimmed milk; four tablespoonfuls of rye flour; one teaspoonful saleratus; three tablespoonfuls molasses, Indian meal enough to make a batter, not too thick. Bake one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—The same lady writes: One egg; one teacupful of sweet milk; two tablespoonfuls of butter; one cup of white sugar; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one teaspoonful of soda; nutmeg, and one pint of flour.

CLAY CAKE.—A lady at Scottsburg, N. Y., sends the following:—Five eggs, well beaten; three cups white sugar; one cup of butter; one of sweet milk; four of flour; one teaspoonful of soda; one of cream tartar; one of lemon. Bake in a moderate oven.

MINERVA CAKE.—The same lady writes:—One cup of sugar; half cup butter; half cup of sweet cream; three eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; two and a half cups of flour, and nutmeg to your taste.

CAESSY CAKE.—Three eggs, well beaten; one cup of sugar; two-thirds of a cup of sweet cream, or one spoonful of butter, (I think cream the best;) season with nutmeg or spice. Put this in a crust and bake as you would a custard pie, and I think your husband and brothers will pronounce this good, as mine have done.—ERVIL-LA, St. Josephs, Illinois.

KNOW-NOTHING CAKE.—To any one writes COUSIN PRUDENCE, of Elkhorn, Wis., who eats pork, and is also fond of rich cake, this is an excellent recipe. The cake will keep a long time:—Take one pound of pork, pour on it one pint of boiling water, let it stand till cool; pour off and save the water. Chop the pork as fine as possible, then add three cups of sugar; cup and a half of molasses; four eggs; nearly two table-spoonfuls of soda; two pounds raisins; one-fourth pound citron; the water saved from the pork; one table-spoonful of cinnamon; one nutmeg, flour to make it rather stiffer than soft ginger-bread. This will make two loaves in a six quart pan.

JOHNNY CAKE.—The same lady writes:—"This is better than all the fruit cake one can think of. Take one cup buttermilk; half cup cream; two eggs; one table-spoonful sugar; two of wheat flour; one table-spoonful of soda, and one of salt. Add Indian meal sufficient to make a stiff batter; bake moderately three-quarters of an hour.

PORK CAKE.—Two cups of fine chopped fat pork; two cups boiling water on it; two of sugar, and one of molasses; one table-spoonful De Land soda; half pound raisins; quarter pound citron; cloves and cinnamon to suit taste; stiffen with flour and bake one hour.—Mrs. SPENCER KNAPP, Michigan.

GRAFTON BISCUIT.—Pour a quart of boiling milk over half a pound of lard and some salt; stir in some flour, let it cool awhile, then add more flour and near a teacup of yeast; when light, add a table-spoon of sugar, and knead as bread; when light again, cut out a half hour before baking. Cook in a quick oven.—S. F., Salem, N. J., 1864.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

TO MEND CHINA.—Will some one please inform me how to mend china?—the best way.—GENEVA.

BEANS ON CONE FRAMES.—Will some of your correspondents please inform me whether they use beans whole, or split, to place upon cone frames?—FRANCE-LIA FORESTER.

HERBARIUM.—Will some of the many readers of the RURAL please inform an old subscriber how to make a Herbarium? Please give directions in full, and oblige—E. PAYNE, Ontario Co., N. Y.

TO MAKE BUTTER WHITER.—I would like to inquire if any one knows of a recipe for making butter look whiter than is natural, when cows are on clover pasture. My cow has given milk for months, still the butter looks too yellow.—"RURAL" LOVER, Dun-lapsville, Ind.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

CAUTION TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—When you buy Saleratus be sure that you are not imposed upon by the sale of a spurious article in green papers purporting to be De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus. The genuine always comes in bright red papers, and can be had at the best stores everywhere.

Ladies' Department.

WHITE, PUREST WHITE.

ON A LADY WHOM I MET IN THE STREET.

White, purest white; her under dress,
As passed my lady 'long the street,
Showed such unspotted loveliness,
Displayed so fully and so neat,
Partaking of that snowy grace
Which heaven accords to souls as pure,
That I at once felt all the place
Made sacred as the name she bore.

MARY! (for so I heard the voice
That greeted thee on that sweet morn)
Thou knowest not that I rejoice—
A stranger, and at times forlorn—
In the white drapery that flowed
So purely beautiful to me;
Yet 'twas to thee alone I owed
That day's high thought—its poetry!

Oh! 'twas an air of heavenly truth,
Of virtue, holiness and love,
That, from thy form of sweetest youth,
Gliding along where thousands move,
Flowed all around me, made the spot
So clean and pure to my poor soul,
That, for the moment I forgot
The sin of earth, in heaven's control.

White, purest white! I felt the power;
How bright the mystic emblem shone!
As if it were an angel's bower,
Where all things body forth their own.
Fair lady, 'twas thy manners too,
The sweet rich beauty to thee given,
That, when I caught that under view,
Suggested this high thought of heaven.

[Home Journal.]

REPLY TO "THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE."

THAT any person in this enlightened age—the year of our Lord 1864—should write such sentiments as those contained in the article on the "Unprotected Female," passes my understanding. I was shocked more than words can express upon first perusing it! And the subject occurred to my mind again and again; the more I endeavored to banish it, the more it wouldn't go; and that the author was the victim of a strange hallucination, with optics sadly obscured, as though seeing darkly, through smoked glass, and with mental vision in the same unfortunate predicament, would continually suggest itself.

Nevertheless, to relieve my mind, I will use a woman's privilege, and express my opinion. It may seem egotistical, but Dr. WINSHIP remarks:—"In every man's experience—that of the humblest, even—there is something of value to the race;" therefore, I conclude there must be in every woman's.

I, for one, believe it to be man's prerogative and pleasure to protect a woman whenever necessary; she being physically the "weaker vessel," custom sanctions it—and every refined, intelligent person must approve it. In some cases, however, it is quite uncalled for. Alas, when she loses her shrinking modesty, and so far unsexes herself as to be seen striding in "male attire," stamping around with a cigar in her mouth, she should not "demand any more interest or sympathy than an unprotected male," but can insure the hearty contempt and disgust of every right-minded one.

I have yet to be convinced that fashion requires us to be encumbered with "many boxes and bundles." Doubtless many take more baggage than is necessary, but in my travels I have observed but comparatively few who have not availed themselves of the express to take charge of their trunk or trunks, troubling themselves only with a small traveling bag, when the distance made it necessary, which could be carried on the arm, leaving "both hands free." I have seen many travel hundreds of miles with nothing save the above mentioned trunk, which being in the hands of the express need be no trouble or care to any one, and which niceness would render indispensable at the journey's end. I have further known ladies to visit the city of New York and sister cities, and, without ignoring fashion, remain at a hotel a whole week, with but a small basket containing only necessities for the toilet, and wearing their traveling dress during the time.

It seems wonderfully pertinent (?) comparing the quantity of a gentleman's baggage with that of a lady's, with their different style of dress; for did neither take a useless article and indulge equally in the luxury of cleanliness, a lady would absolutely require far more. It is a notorious fact that gentlemen need only changes of linen; and it may be a slander on the sex, but I never supposed a little dirt, more or less, would effectually disturb their equanimity.

Aside from the exaggeration conspicuous in every paragraph, the writer betrays an entire ignorance of "fashion." Allow me to ask if it is not the fashion to wear stockings and boots, rivaling men's in warmth and thickness?

And the hoop skirt, that many of the masculine sex raised such a hue and cry about, and with their usual consistency concerning anything pertaining to ladies' dress, were unwilling wife or daughter to appear without, has been growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," until none need now complain of their dimensions, which it is to be hoped will continue the same. Without dwelling on their gracefulness or excellence in making a handsome dress appear to the best possible advantage, they are indispensable in a physiological point of view. Women need their powers of locomotion assisted rather than impeded. In the words of the editor of the *Scapell*, "We consider the modern hoop skirt one of the most admirably artistic and health-giving devices of our time."

And, pray, is it not the day of "Garibaldi's," "Zouave," and other kindred jackets, that leave the waist in perfect freedom? It strikes me as

being an exceedingly lame, one-sided argument, because it is a deplorable fact that some, through ignorance, carelessness, or folly, injure themselves with tight-lacing, that the corset should be discarded. It is useless to mention that they are necessary to insure a perfectly fitting dress, and essential to that distinction of style which marks the well-bred lady; for I trust the author referred to is above any little weaknesses of that kind; and I fully believe a French corset scientifically adapted to the figure, to be conducive to health, as many of our best physicians assert; so loose when laced as to readily place the hand under, and with whalebones so thin as only to be perceived by the delightful feeling of support they give. Many with weak sides and irresistibly inclined to stoop have been permanently benefited by them. Suppose wine should be abandoned as a medicine, because so many unfortunately became intoxicated? What if an unbeliever should bring forward as conclusive evidence against the need, the power of christianity, that in a fit of religious phrenzy some have committed suicide?

Perhaps because tight dresses are sometimes worn, they had better be rejected altogether! Indeed, although the present style (without apparently knowing what that style is) was sweepingly condemned, as nothing better was suggested, I am at a loss to determine whether the writer considered it preferable to return to the primitive state of our first parents, or don masculine habiliments which seemed to find much favor in her eyes. As dress, in a measure, influences character, likely the next innovation would be chewing, smoking and swearing; for, without the provocation of "trailing skirts," far too many of the "sterner sex" in our small villages and cities, as well as in far-famed Gotham, seem to cultivate and esteem the latter as an accomplishment.

It is a painful thought that any woman can have such perverted views, such questionable delicacy and modesty, as to advocate such a change. The Bible expressly forbids it:—"The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man." I well recollect the effect of the first "Bloomer costume" I ever beheld. It was at the "Crystal Palace," and attracted more attention than any of the miracles of workmanship and art exhibited there. Is such conspicuousness pleasant?—that sort of notoriety desirable by a refined, cultivated, judiciously educated, or even by a modest woman? Sufficient exercise in the open air, with regular hours and habits, would go far toward restoring the health and strength so greatly heeded. As "seeing is believing," I can show Miss (or Mrs.) "AMANDA ROBERTS KEYSER" a woman past "her sixteenth year," and dressed for the last three years with considerable "regard to the dictates of fashion," who has not been troubled for an instant during that period to "draw a natural breath."

I would also assure her that for some time past, it has not been the "fashion" to let the skirts trail in the dirt, but to wear them looped up. I certainly admire the queenly gracefulness of the long flowing skirt, which has the prestige of antiquity; was worn and admired by the haughty Grecian and Roman ladies. But I consider other places more appropriate for the trail than the dirty streets of New York.

It seems equally reprehensible to follow every varying phase of fashion, or excite undue notice by the ridiculous outer appearance that must inevitably follow an entire disregard of the prevailing mode. Among the multiplicity of designs, something genteel and pretty can always be selected, which will occupy no more time in making than would the most singular, uncouth costume that could be imagined. I believe it woman's duty to make herself pleasing, and dress according to the station in which she may be placed; nor do I believe she could perform other more important duties, by a disregard of this. Nor need a person gratifying a fine aesthetic taste by dressing in a becoming robe, necessarily neglect the preparation of the immortal soul for the life to come, more than if poorly clad in sombre hues,—any more than one's a better Christian for wearing such a gloomy, sour, woe-begone visage as to frighten children, and cause them to think religion something terrible.

There will always be prating about the inferiority of women by a certain class of men, whose morals are fearfully out of repair, and where brains are decidedly at discount; and probably some women will, too, parrot-like, repeat their opinion. The writer has the advantage of me, however, if she has ever heard anything more silly emanating from the lips of women than men.

In closing, I can not forbear giving, for future consideration, the injunction of HORACE,
Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquum Viribus.
LANCILLOTTI.

OUT-DOOR ETIQUETTE.—A gentleman meeting a lady should always take the right of the walk.

A gentleman meeting another, should always pass to the right.

A lady, as a general rule, should not take a gentleman's arm in the street in the day time. However, it is not improper when the walk is thronged with passengers.

A gentleman meeting or passing a gentleman and lady should pass on the gentleman's side.

A gentleman should never fail to salute a lady of his acquaintance when within a proper distance, unless she wear a veil, in which case it would be highly uncivil to recognize her.

YOUTH revels in the radiance of years to come, nor never dreams that the little daisy on the lawn, so smilingly beheld, or so tenderly gathered from its green bed, shall make the whole heart ache with all the past when it meets the eye in some future year.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MAY, 1864.

BY MRS. A. I. HORTON.

SERENELY bright the fair May skies are bending
O'er the glad Earth, glorious with bloom and song;
Unto the Sea a hue of sapphire lending,
Whose laughing billows gaily dance along.
And softly with the polished waters blending,
Virginia's purple shores stretch free away,
Even yon guarded Fort, with cannon frowning,
Sleeps like an "Isle of Quiet" in the bay.

Yon graceful barks, above their anchors swaying,
Or from the harbor swiftly speeding far,
No more the voice of Commerce are obeying;
They wait, subservient, the behests of War.
We know the blossoms in the sunlight golden
Have waked at last from their long winter's sleep,
And that they smile in all their freshness olden,
From glen and glade, hill-side, and wooded steep.

We know how fresh and green the moss is creeping
O'er rugged rocks, with beauty velling them—
Like Charity's broad mantle, ever shielding
From censure harsh, what justice might condemn.
O bright May morn! with skies as calm as Heaven,
And sweet bird-matins ringing through the air,
If to our finite minds, were proscence given,
Clothed with "thick darkness" would it not appear?
E'en now this brightness has no power to cheer us,
Nor song of bird, fragrance, nor breezes bland;
Black clouds of War have long been gathering near us,
To burst at last in havoc o'er the land.
Perchance, e'er now, the fierce sword-lightnings glisten
Mid volleys, and battle-thunders boom—
O, God of Mercy! to our pleadings listen
For souls unshriven, that hasten to their doom.

And far and near slow solemn bells seem knelling
For thousands soon to strew the battle plain,
And wailing voices on the air seem swelling—
The sound of woe and mourning for the slain.
And as the waves before the storm-wind leaping,
Restless as the tide's impetuous flow,
The crimson-crested vapors of war come sweeping,
Whelming in their red surges friend and foe.

O sad Virginia! take thee to thy keeping—
Our country's heroes gather to thy breast;
How many eyes turn towards thee, dim with weeping,
Where their loved ones, dreamless, untroubled rest.
Thy prestige and thy glory has departed,
A "field of blood" art thou, a burial place
For those who for their country, noble hearted,
Have died, that Freedom might have length of days.
In Garrison, Fortress Monroe, May, 1864.

*The Rip Raps.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE TRIALS.

THE temptations and sorrows of the human family have served many a poet and romancer a theme with which to "point a moral or adorn a tale." The stereotype phase represented, is of heroes resisting the most seductive allurements to the greatest crimes, and of heroines displaying angelic patience and cheerfulness, under the most adverse circumstances that the fertile imagination of the author can conjure up.

All these are very well in their way, but they do not reach the case of one individual in five thousand. There is, however, a phase of life's trials which all must meet—a battalion of temptations and petty griefs which every human soul must conquer or succumb to. We allude to the little losses, the little vexations, the little inducements to little sins, so insignificant separately, so large in their aggregate effect upon the character. How perfect must be the discipline of that mind which is ever ready for these ambushed enemies, and never surprised by them "off guard," as it were, and at a disadvantage!

We can well understand how the woman who endures the loss of fortune and social rank without a fretful or repining word, will get angry and scold over a broken teacup or a stained napkin. It is not difficult to comprehend how a man who would scorn to repudiate a debt of a thousand dollars, forgets or neglects, with seemingly undisturbed conscience, the fifty cents due from him to the poor boy who hoed his potatoes or carried his basket. We have all seen people who were looked upon as miracles of benevolence on a large scale, who had unbounded sympathy for nations in bondage and heathen in darkness, to whom a tale of individual want or private grief was an "imposition," or a bit of "acting for effect!"

There is something in a great trial of any kind, which of itself stimulates the soul to strong resistance. It can gird on its armor and get its weapons ready for a foe that is in full view, be it in ever so formidable a shape. The sublime idea of a spiritual conflict and victory, the thought that not unaided need man battle for truth and justice, endows the soul with strength equal to the demand. But we fall in little things from misapprehension of their importance; we scarcely deem them worthy of conquest, and consequently have no grand inspirations nor inherent strength to sustain us. There is nothing particularly sublime to us in the regular performance of little, unpleasant tasks that duty imposes. It is not considered specially meritorious that we refrain the hasty word or stifle the petty revenge arising to lip and heart when little annoyances beset us. We are conscious of wrong, but we palliate it to our reason by the idea of its insignificance, and perhaps we dream that under circumstances worthy of the effort, we would display endurance and serenity equal to that of the noblest hero or heroine of poem or romance. Ah! how shall we learn that by little things our souls shall be judged, and that we dare not characterize them as unimportant?

Rockford, Ill., 1864.

MARIE ESTELLE.

OPINION.—That was excellently observed, say I, when I read a passage in an author where his opinion agrees with mine.—Swift.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—THIS is the way a New York paper talks about N. P. WILLIS, of the *Home Journal*: "Alas, dear WILLIS! that the rose should lose its perfume and that poets should fade. Can it be that the rheumatic, shattered, decayed individual that we see on Broadway is the gay, dashing gallant of days gone by? Sad sight is it indeed! sad as are the withered rose leaves that flutter in the morning wind. A face never large, but rosy and glad, is now pinched, wrinkled, and saddened. The locks that once curled so much to his own satisfaction, and the distraction of all the boarding school girls of the country, are now sprinkled with gray and hang as forlorn as an old maid's. The eyes that once spoke, like his tongue, in poetry and love, have now sunk away in their sockets, and require spectacles to assist him in his ordinary avocations. He has small, delicate hands, which he nurses, softens and bleaches, and exhibits to the envy of men and the admiration of the fair sex. He dresses in some odd suit, seemingly, and the better to attract attention, wraps up his neck with a jaunty scarf, taking all the care as to folding and the hanging of ends, that is common to fastidious ladies. He walks with a careful, measured tread, as if picking his way among eggs, the real occasion for which being that he is rather unsettled on his rheumatic legs. Alas, dear WILLIS! we say again. We remember thee becurled, befizzled, and perfumed, strutting like a peacock, and admired like one. We see thee gaunt, consumptive, rheumatic, seedy, rudely jostled, and almost tumbled over, in the crowds that know thee not. We read thy poetic interweaving, as fresh and fragrant as when penned, and we are saddened to think that the beauty and glory are dead."

—THE QUARTETTE OF LILLIPUTIANS, General TOM THUMB and wife, and the versatile Commodore NUTT and Miss MINNIE WARREN have been entertaining the Rochester people the past week. On the day they left town they were invited, with a select company, to ELLIS' Parlor Music Rooms, where they held a musical carnival during the space of two hours—Madame STRATTON singing sundry songs, among others, "The Captain and his Whiskers," the humorous Commodore following with a parody of the same, and performances with drumsticks, &c. The pleasant affair closed by General WM. E. LATHROP, on behalf of Mr. ELLIS, presenting Mrs. STRATTON a handsome cup cut from the wood of the Charter Oak by the blind poet, ROBERT FENN, and the General with a beautiful cigar stand. Mr. STRATTON being a Knight Templar, it was appropriate the presentation should be made by General LATHROP.

—A LONDON CORRESPONDENT, writing of GARIBALDI says:—"By a fine coincidence, the word GARIBALDI means 'Bold in War.' The first etymon, *Gar*, is the old Saxon for War, and indeed the English word *War*, as well as the French *guerre*, are descended from it. The word literally means *Spear*. German itself means *Spear man*. Bald means *bold*. The name is now preserved in Germany in the corrupted form of GERBEL. There was a Bavarian Duke GARIBALDI in the sixth century. Thence the name easily got with the Teutonic blood into Lombardy. Gen. GARIBALDI's light hair, whiskers, complexion, and blue eyes, all are striking commentaries on this. He is evidently Teutonic. He is a most noble person, with a fascinating presence; the lion and the lamb strangely alternating in his expression of face, voice and manner.

—SOME time since the RURAL sanctum was visited by JOSEPH LEFFEL, of Springfield, Ohio, who is thus described by our neighbor of the *Democrat*:—"He is the smallest business man in the world, and indeed quite an atom compared with Gen. TOM THUMB. He is only 44 inches in height and weighs but 55 pounds. Mr. LEFFEL is now thirty-two years of age. He is an intelligent, able-bodied, handsome-looking man, and sports a moustache that would really do credit to the Scotch giant. He has filled the office of supervisor, in Springfield, and is regarded as one of the most public spirited citizens of that place. He is about to marry Miss SARAH B. BOLTON, who is smaller than Mrs. THUMB, and was formerly DOLLY DUTTON's maid of honor."

—A FRIEND, writing from Paris, describes a visit paid to Madame GRISI, who, with her husband, MARIO, is now residing in the magnificent mansion they have recently built and furnished in the Champs Elysees at a cost of something like two million francs. The great artist was to be seen "wandering about this splendid mansion, attire din brown velvet a la LUCREZIA BORGIA, looking the very personification of royalty—the furniture of the saloons all after the old fashion, with oak carving, sombre tapestries, and massive gildings, assisting to complete the illusion." In the midst of so much luxury, which a long and arduous career has secured, GRISI still sighs for the excitement of public life.

—HON. EDWARD EVERETT is three score and ten. He was the youngest member of his class, H. U., 1811. Mr. EVERETT, since his age is not measured by years, gives daily proof in the activity of his mind and the effectiveness of his eloquence, that he is not yet an old man, but only a vigorous veteran.

—DICKENS is a very gay grandfather now—hale, hearty, active, indeed, and likely to live long, for he looks very tough, but on the wrong side of fifty. However, that is not much in England. A man's best time there is from fifty to seventy to work, and perhaps for enjoyment.

—THE London papers say that the present income of Miss BATEMAN, the actress, is not less than £13,000 a year.

—FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW is to prepare a life of the Rev. THOMAS STARR KING.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE RAINBOW OF THE HEART.

When the clouds come sweeping onward,
And with darkness shroud the sky,
Then, some cheering ray of sunlight
Forms the rainbow bright, on high.
So when sorrow gathers o'er us,
And its gloom bids joy depart,
Some bright hope that's sent to cheer us,
Forms "the rainbow of the heart."

When that cloud is death's grim shadow
Falling on the heart and home,
From what source shall consolation
For the wounded spirit come?
Now from heaven's open portals
See what gleams of brightness start,
See them shining through the tear-drops,
'Tis "the rainbow of the heart."

For every grief, and pain, and tear,
Some sunlight has been given,
And, though we see it not to-day,
It will be known in heaven.
If each life must have its rain-drops,
So of light each has its part,
And the two will meet and mingle
In "the rainbow of the heart."

Copenhagen, N. Y., 1864.

F. L. S.

THE USE OF MAN.

THE world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; 'tis the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts. Without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honor from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works. Those highly magnify Him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

Every essence, created or uncreated, hath its final cause, and some positive end, both of its essence and operation. This is the cause I grope after in the works of nature. On this hangs the providence of God. To rise so beauteous a structure as the world and the creatures thereof was but His act; but their sundry and divided operations, with their predestinated ends, are from the treasury of His wisdom. * * *

There are no grotesques in nature; not anything framed to fill up empty cantons and unnecessary spaces. * * * What reason may not go to school to the wisdom, of bees, ants and spiders? What wise hand teacheth them to do what reason cannot teach us? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, whales, elephants, dromedaries, and camels. These, I confess, are the colossuses and majestic pieces of His hand. But in these narrow engines there is more curious mathematics; and the civility of these little citizens more neatly sets forth the wisdom of their Maker. I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the flux and reflux of the sea, the increase of the Nile, the conversion of the needle to the north; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of nature, which, without further travel, I can do, in the cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us. There is all Africa and her prodigies in us. We are that bold and adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume.—Sir Thomas Browne.

INNOCENCE AND SAINTLINESS.

OUR early innocence is nothing more than ignorance of evil. Christian life is not a retaining of that ignorance of evil; nor even a returning of it again. We lose our mere negative sinlessness. We put on a firm, manly holiness. Human innocence is not to know evil, — Christian saintliness is to know evil and good, and prefer good. It is possible for a parent, with overfastidious refinement, to prolong the duration of this innocence unnaturally. He may lock up his library, and prevent the entrance to forbidden books; he may exercise a jealous censorship over every book and every companion that comes into the house; he may remove the public journal from the table lest an eye may chance to rest upon the contaminating portion of its pages; but he has only put off the evil hour.

He has sent into the world a young man of eighteen or twenty, ignorant of evil as a child, but not innocent as an angel who abhors the evil. No, we cannot get back our past ignorance, neither is it desirable we should. No sane mind wishes for that which is impossible. And it is no more to be regretted than the blossom is to be regretted when fruit is hardening in its place;—no more to be regretted than the slender gracefulness of the sapling, when you have got instead the woody fiber of the heart of oak of which the ship is made;—no more to be regretted than the green blade when the ear has come instead, bending down in yellow ripeness.—Rev. F. W. Robertson.

WHAT THE LORD SAYS TO THE BELIEVER.—He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty; he shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust. Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation; there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Psalm 91.

Be still, and know that I am God. Psalm 46:10.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
GEOGRAPHY TAUGHT.

IN a late RURAL I noticed an article instructing how to teach Geography; and I propose to teach. I shall not stop to draw the distinction between the sciences of Geography, Astronomy, Philosophy and Mathematics, as I can no more tell where the line is than I can tell where the line is between the different oceans, as Geography is now taught.

I. *Geography is a Description of the Earth.*—The Earth is a globe. Its shape resembles a ball. It flies around the Sun. It flies because it moves swiftly. Take a ball in your hand and toss it, and you will see it turn round as it flies. So does the Earth. The line it turns on is called its axis. Where this line comes to the surface is called the poles. One place is called the north pole, the other is called the south pole. Half way between the poles is called the equator, because it is everywhere equally distant from the poles. The equator is a circle around the Earth. The plane of the equator divides the Earth in two equal parts. The Earth is a sphere. These parts are called hemispheres, because they are half of a sphere. That half toward the north pole is called the northern hemisphere, and the other is called the southern hemisphere.

The line of the Earth's flight around the Sun is called its orbit. The Sun is in the plane of its orbit. This plane, extended, divides the sphere of the starry heavens in two hemispheres. This plane is called the ecliptic. Circles are measured by equal parts, called degrees. Every circle has 360 degrees. An angle is the opening between two lines that meet at one point; they are measured by the part of a circle they include between their lines, whose center is the point they meet at. The axis of the Earth is inclined 23½° from perpendicular to the plane of the Earth's orbit,—hence, as it flies round the Sun, half the time the northern hemisphere is turned more to the Sun, and the other half less than the southern hemisphere; hence the change of the seasons.

Lines from pole to pole are called meridians. They reach half round the Earth. Distance on a meridian is called latitude. Latitude is reckoned from the equator. From the equator to a pole is a quarter of a circle. Hence it is measured by 360°—divided by 4, equals 90°. It is called north or south latitude, as it is north or south of the equator. Distance east or west is called longitude, and east or west longitude according as it is nearest east or west to the meridian reckoned from. There are 180° of longitude. 180° multiplied by 2 equals 360°. 360° divided by 2 equals 180°.

II. *The grand divisions of the Earth's surface are Land and Water.*—Now, we will take our stand-point in the Atlantic Ocean, 5° west and 20° south of London. Turning our face to the north we see an Arctic Ocean, general outline nearly a circle from about 70° north latitude. This body of water is known to be encroached upon by Northern Greenland; on our right hand lies the Eastern Continent, including Europe, Asia and Africa; and at our left hand the Western Continent, including North and South America. As we turn and take a general view, the Continents all lie above the horizon except a small part of South America, (the most south-western part,) and the nearly unknown Southern Continent. The hemisphere below the horizon is one vast ocean, including New Holland, the Southern Continent, a small part of South America, and numerous islands. This ocean is nearly circular, just washing the opposite shores of the Eastern and Western Continents from our stand-point. It only remains for me to unite these two circular bodies of water. We will suppose a lady in crinoline in a sitting posture; the head is the Arctic Ocean; the seat the Caribbean Sea; the knees the Gulf of Guinea; the feet and crinoline resting on the great South Sea; the bustle is the Gulf of Mexico; and, if you please, the arms are the Mediterranean on one side, and Hudson's Bay on the other; the Baltic is the book for reading; the lady is the Atlantic Ocean. The filling up of the picture belongs to the schools.

III. *Physical Geography*—Describes the courses of the winds, the currents of the ocean, the climates, and, as far as practicable, the causes. I shall deal with only a part of them?

The trade winds crowd the waters of the Atlantic Ocean into the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. The water escapes by the Gulf Stream, running north-easterly along the coast of America; it divides, and a part turns southward toward Africa, and the other part drives onward into the Arctic Ocean, eastward of the Island of Spitzbergen. There are five currents running from the Arctic Ocean,—one along the east coast of Greenland, and one by each known strait.

Whence are the icebergs? They are called by that name, from the appearance they sometimes present, supposed to resemble villages; they are formed on land, and are continually pushing off by the expansion of the ice, when it frequently freezes and thaws. The expansion of ice by freezing will overcome any known power. Hence icebergs are found mostly near to land, or in currents running from the lands where they are formed. Hence the difficulty of entering the Arctic Ocean with shipping by the straits that flow currents from the Arctic Ocean. The fact that every navigator who has reached 82° N. latitude reports an open sea northwards, indicates no land of any amount in that direction. To illustrate one cause of the ocean currents, put a lump of ice, so large as to anchor on the bottom, in a pan of boiling sap, and then observe the currents to and from the ice.



HERIDER'S COMBINED ATLAS AND BLACK-BOARD.

We give herewith an illustration of an invention patented by Wm. C. HERIDER, of Miamitown, Ohio, which will commend itself to every teacher and person interested in and conversant with the school-room and its needs. It consists of a combined map-case and black-board, in which the maps are framed as neatly as pictures, and slide back and forth in grooves at the bot-

tom of the case; and as each one is required, the one immediately in front of it is pushed back until the desired one is reached. In the engraving, the door, A, is shown withdrawn, exposing the maps to the rod of the teacher and the eyes of the class. When not in use, the door is closed and locked, protecting the maps from all possible defacings and damage, and

keeping them clean and bright. Thus they are compactly stored in a portable case; and when wanted, they can be readily moved to any point, in front of the class or school. On the left, and forming a part of the case, is the black-board with a mathematical problem on it. But the engraving tells its own story, and further description is unnecessary.

The isothermal line runs from the southern part of Labrador, near the side of the Gulf Stream, near to Spitzbergen; hence it is little colder there than at Labrador. Spitzbergen lies wholly within the Arctic Ocean, according to my Geography.

IV. *A Few Facts about the Arctic Ocean.*—A great degree on the earth is 69½ miles. From 70° N. latitude to the pole is 20°, which, multiplied by 69½, equals 1,390 miles. This distance, if traversed at the rate of 10 miles per hour, would require 5 days and 19 hours. From 82° N. latitude would be 8°, multiplied by 69½ equals 556 miles, to the north pole, which, at 10 miles per hour, would require 2 days 7.6 hours. Is it possible to accomplish the passage? What hands have done hands may do. Yea, more!

A sailing vessel cannot ascend the Hudson river against wind and current at the rate of 20 miles per hour; neither can they without wind. SCORESBY reached 82° N. latitude, in the vicinity of the channel herein indicated, in a sailing vessel, and reported an open sea northward. The navigator will have constant daylight during the season for navigation. They raise barley in the northern part of Norway. Reindeer live of themselves in Spitzbergen. There is a place there called Horn Sound, from the number of deer horns found there. Men have lived there four years from the resources of the island.

V. *A Few Theories.*—At the north pole the wind can blow only from the south; it can not blow from but half as far across the Arctic Ocean as at the southern verge. The RURAL said, last winter, that a great wave of Arctic wind rolled over the Western States; that wave might have been only half as large at the pole; indeed, it might have accumulated this side of there. The surface is said to be twelve miles nearer the earth's center at the pole than at the equator. Will it not be that nearer the earth's center fire? From these theories, with the warm current from the Gulf of Mexico, and the sun continually shining for four months, I am persuaded that it is no colder at the north pole on the 3d of August than at the southern verge of the Arctic Ocean. The diameter of the Arctic Ocean is 2,780 miles; half the circumference 4,170 miles. Coasting is more dangerous than open sea sailing. Does any one know of this route ever having been tried. I would like to hear from those who know.

ALONZO HENDRICK.
Troupsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y.

MAKE HOME AN INSTITUTION OF LEARNING.—Provide books for the center-table, and for the library of the family. See all the younger children attend the best schools, and interest yourself in their studies. If they have the taste for thorough cultivation, but not the means to pursue it, if possible provide for a higher education. Daniel Webster taught, at the intervals of his College course, to aid an elder brother in the pursuit of a classical education, and a volume of his works is dedicated to the daughters of that brother, who early closed a brilliant career. Feel that an ignorant brother or sister will be a disgrace to your family, and trust not the prevention of such reproach to the casual influence of the press, existing institutions, and the kind offices of strangers. If the family becomes, as it may be, an institution of learning, the whole land will be educated.

SOME men can be influenced only by the cudgel. Their consciences are as tough as alligator's backs, and their backs as sensitive as alligator's bellies.

Various Topics.

DERIVATION OF FENIAN.

A CORRESPONDENT at Newport, New York, asks the RURAL what "Fenian," or "Fenian Brotherhood" means. We have before us an article which we find in a paper called "The Fenian," published in Chicago, which answers our correspondent's inquiry:

The term "Fenian" is derived from the Gaelic word *Fiann*, which is inflected *Féinne* in the possessive case. In the Berla Tene, or antiquated Gaelic, it is written *Fíand*. It was the name given to an order or class of professional soldiers, or militia, among the Pagan Irish. This order existed from the remotest times. In the reigns of Conn of the Hundred Battles, Art, the Solitary, and Cormac of the Long Beard, and Carbri of the Liffey, (A. D. 125, 254,) it became so powerful under its successive chieftains Morna, Comhal, Coll, Finn and Oscar, as to become dangerous to the monarchy of Tara. This led to a civil war, which ended in the defeat of the Fiann and the death of their leader Oscar, son of the famous Ossian, at the battle of Gaura, in Meath, about A. D. 281. Of the chieftains of the *Fiann Eirenn*, or Fenians of Ireland, the most famous and remarkable was Finn, son of Comhal, known in vulgar tradition as Fioun Mac Cool, who was the cotemporary of King Cormac. Of him the critical Pinkerton remarks:—"He seems to have been a man of great talents for the age, and of celebrity in arms. This formation of a regular standing army, trained to war, in which all Irish accounts agree, seems to have been a rude imitation of the Roman Legion in Britain. The idea, though simple enough, shows prudence; for such a force alone could have coped with the Romans had they invaded Ireland. But this machine, which surprised a rude age and seems the basis of all Fiann's fame, only lived with its author and expired soon after him."

The Fiann was a species of National Guard amongst our ancestors. Dr. Keating speaks of them:—"They were nothing more than members of a body of soldiers maintained by the Irish Kings for the purpose of guarding their territories and upholding their authority. * * * The Fenians lived after the following manner:—They were quartered upon the people from *Sarrham* to *Beltane*, (1st November to 1st May,) and their duty was to uphold justice and put down tyranny on the part of the kings and chiefs of Ireland, and also to guard the harbors of their country from foreign invaders. From May to November they lived by hunting and fishing, and by performing the duties required of them by the kings of Ireland, preventing robberies, exacting dues and tributes, destroying public enemies and every other evil. For this they received a certain fixed stipend. * * * In ordinary times the Fiann consisted of three legions. In each legion there were three thousand men. This was when the men of Ireland were at peace. But in war, whether for the support of the Dal Riada in Scotland or against foreign aggression on their own soil, there were usually seven legions in the *Fiann*.

There were four vows laid upon every Fenian. 1st, never to take a portion with a wife, but to select her for her virtues. 2d, never to offer violence to a woman. 3d, never to give a refusal to mortal man. 4th, never to flee from less than nine warriors." Such is the account given by Irish tradition of the Fenians of Ancient Ireland. Previous to admission to the order

they were subjected to certain gymnastic and other trials too long to be quoted here. When all was gone through with they had to swear fealty and homage to the King of the *Fiann*. In our Celtic legends we find mention of British, Scottish or Albanian, and even Scandinavian military bodies designated *Fiann*, so that it would appear the order was not confined to the Gaelic tribe.

It is from the aforesaid *Fiann Eirenn* that the Fenian Brotherhood takes its title. It proposes one day to vindicate its claim to be the National Guard of liberated Ireland, having first expelled her tyrants, native and foreign, from her soil.

The term Fenian appears to have belonged to the whole of the Gaelic race also. The bards say that it is one of the national names of that race, and is derived from a mythical progenitor styled Fenius Farsa, a personage whom some would identify with the no less mythical Phoenix of Grecian story. A stanza in a very old dialect of the Gaelic is cited in proof of this. It says:

"Féni a Fénius ad berta—
Brígh nóg dochtá,
Gaedhail a Chaedhail Ghlas gartha.
Scott o scota."

which being interpreted means:
Fenians from Fenias called
No forced meaning,
From Gael Glus called Gael,
And Scots from Scota.

GRANT'S CALCULATIONS FOR RETREAT.

AFTER the battle of Petersburg Landing and General Grant's complete victory at that point, Gen. Buell, a thorough soldier, began criticising, in a friendly way, the impolicy of his having fought a battle with the Tennessee river behind his men. "Where, if beaten, could you have retreated, General?" asked Buell. "I didn't mean to be beaten," was Grant's sententious reply. "But suppose you had been defeated, despite all your exertions?" "Well, there were all the transports to carry the remains of the commands across the river." "But, General," urged Buell, "Your whole transports could not contain even ten thousand men, and it would be impossible for them to make more than one trip in the face of the enemy." "Well, if I had been beaten," said General Grant, pausing to light another cigar as he spoke, "transportation for ten thousand men would have been abundant for all that would be left of us." This anecdote is eminently characteristic, the data for the proper appreciation of it being, that Grant had about 70,000 men over the river.

HOW THE SWISS LIVE.

As much as anything, I am surprised at the places deemed habitable and actually inhabited. On the sides of mountains, on the edges of precipices, upon steep hills where the children of the plains would hesitate to climb as a feat of daring, are seen not single houses alone, but groups of them, and large neighborhoods. Indeed, half the people of Switzerland seem to love to live on shelves, and I suppose they crawl along perpendicular places by some such provision as the flies have; otherwise it is difficult to see how they ascend and descend. And how children are ever brought up, I can't imagine. I should expect four out of five, the moment they stepped out of the door, to fall down into some lake or gorge. Yet the population continues to increase and maintain its numbers. They are children of the air. They are forever surrounded by mountains, than which nothing is more beautiful and nothing more sublime, except the clouds that solemnly sweep their tops, and hold mysterious communion with them.—H. W. Beecher.

Reading for the Young.

THE SIXPENNY CALICO.

ONE day a new scholar appeared in school. She was gentle and modest looking, and did not for a moment lift her eyes from her books. "Who is she?" "What's her name?" were the questions of the girls; but no one knew. "I suspect she is not much," said one of the girls. "Do you see her dress?" said I. "Why, I believe it is nothing but a sixpenny calico!"

"Poor thing, she must be cold." "I can't imagine how a person can wear calico this cold day," said another, whose fine plaid was the admiration of the school. "I must say I like to see a person dressed according to the season," remarked another—"that is, if people can afford it," she added, in a manner plainly enough meaning that her father could.

None of us went to take the stranger by the hand, and welcome her as the companion of our studies and our play. We stood aloof, and stared at her with cold and unfeeling curiosity. The teacher called her Susan. When she first came to repeat her lesson, she took a seat beside the rich plaid. The plaid drew proudly away, as if the sixpenny calico might dim the beauty of its colors. A slight color flushed Susan's cheek, but her quiet remained the same. It was some time before she ventured on the play-ground, and then it was only to stand on one side and look on, for we were slow in asking her to join us.

On one occasion we had a harder arithmetic lesson than usual, completely baffling our small brains. Upon comparing notes, none of us had mastered it. "I'll ask Susan of her success," said one of my class. "It is quite unlikely she has," I replied—"do stay here; besides, what if she has?"

"I will go," she answered. Away she went, and, as it appeared, Susan and she were the only members of the class ready for their lesson. Susan had been more successful than the rest of us, and kindly helped my friend to overcome the difficulties of the lesson.

By-and-by I took to patronizing her. "She is really a very nice body, and ought to join us more in our plays," we said. So we used to gather round her desk during school hours, and make her "one of us" in the play-ground. In fact, I began to have a sort of liking for her. There was something in Susan which called out our respect.

One Saturday afternoon, as I was looking out of the window, wishing for something to do, my mother asked me to join her in a little walk. Dressed in my new cloak, warm furs, and hat, I was soon ready. My mother turned into a narrow street. "Where, mother," I asked, "are you going in this vulgar part of the town?"

"Not vulgar, my dear," she said. "A very respectable and industrious part of our population live here." "Not fashionable, certainly," I added.

"And not vulgar because not fashionable, by any means," she said. She stopped before a humble-looking house and entered the front door.

Then, gently opening a side door, she paused a moment on the threshold. "Come in," said a voice from within.

"Pray do not rise," said my mother, going toward an afflicted, lady-like woman who sat in an arm chair. "You look better than when I saw you before." I was introduced, and I fancied the invalid looked at me with a sort of admiring surprise, as she took my hand and hoped I should prove worthy of such a mother. Then, while mother and she were talking, I sat down and took notes with my eyes of everything in the room. It looked beautifully neat, and the furniture had evidently seen better days. By-and-by mother asked for her daughter. "She has gone out on some errands," was the answer. "The dear child is a great blessing to me," and tears filled her eyes.

"A mother might well be thanked for such a child." I thought I should be very glad to see the person of whom my mother thought so highly.

"She will return soon. She has gone to carry some work which she has contrived to do in her leisure moments. The self-sacrifice of the child is wonderful. A little while ago, an early friend who had found me out and has been kind to me as you have," (tears came into the speaker's eyes,) "sent her a handsome winter dress. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'this is too costly for me, when you want some warm flannel so badly.' 'See, mother,' she said, 'I shall enjoy this calico a hundred times more than the finest dresses in the world, while you can have your flannel.' Excuse me from telling it, but you know a mother's heart. There is her step; she is coming."

The outer door opened. How I longed to see the comer. "I am sure I shall admire and love her," I said to myself. The latch was lifted. A young girl entered; and my school-fellow Susan stood before me! I could have sunk to the ground for very shame. How wicked my pride! how false and foolish my judgments! Oh, how mean did my fine winter dress appear before the plain sixpenny calico.

I was almost sure my mother had managed all this; for she had a way of making me see my faults and making me desire to cure them, without ever saying much directly herself. This, however, had not come about by her design; God had taught me by his providence.

As we walked home, my mother gave me an account of Mrs. G——, who had been her early friend; she had lost her property and her husband, and had fallen into great distress. But that story is no matter here. I will only add that my judgment of people was formed ever after according to a truer standard than the dress they wore, and that Susan and I became intimate friends.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 28, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

WE give as late news as received up to the time of going to press. Some considerable fighting has taken place, though nothing that will pass for a general engagement.

A dispatch to the N. Y. Herald, dated May 18, says:—At an early hour this morning, fire was opened from several batteries along the right and left center of our line, comprising the 9th corps, commanded by Gen. Burnside, and the 2d and 5th corps, commanded by Hancock. The rebels promptly responding to our fire, in a few minutes the air was filled with shot and shell, shrieking and whistling. The cannonading was very heavy, but not so heavy as that of Friday, the 13th inst.

Gen. Grant was making an attempt to turn Lee's left flank, which was quite weak yesterday, but Lee, suspecting the maneuver, had strengthened his left during the night, and we found them strongly posted in the morning. Several charges were made on the rebels, and their lines of rifle pits taken and some prisoners. The Corcoran Legion, which joined us yesterday, probably suffered as severe as any corps in the engagement. Col. Murphy, commanding it, was wounded, and has had his arm amputated.

The charge up the front line of the rebel works was an exciting scene. With loud and defiant yells the dense mass of our men pushed forward toward the enemy's works, utterly regardless of the enemy's missiles, while the musketry of the rebels, behind their entrenchments, was almost as unbroken as the roll of a drum.

The same paper has also advised to the 19th, midnight, which says:—The action yesterday at Spottsylvania resulted in the success of Gen. Grant in gaining an advantageous position on the enemy's right. This was the object of the attack made by Grant. Our entire loss in this engagement will not exceed 1,000 killed, wounded and missing. No general officers were either killed or wounded. Up to 1 o'clock to-day the battle has not been renewed.

The position occupied by Gen. Lee is a vast entrenched camp. Its natural strength has been increased by the erection of fortifications, which were built long ago, to be used in case of need. Lee manifests no disposition to come out of his defenses. Every opportunity has been afforded him to do so, and the change in the position of our forces has been made with a view to compel him to accept battle beyond his fortifications.

On the 18th, Gen. Tosbitt, with a division of our cavalry, took possession of Guinney Station, on the Fredericksburg road, in the rear of Lee's army, and destroyed all the provisions and stores there.

There was an attack on Thursday evening, the 19th, upon the right wing of our line, and the rebels driven back. It was made by Ewell's corps. They left the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House at 1 P. M., made a detour by the west, crossed the Ny, and about 5 o'clock struck the Fredericksburg road in rear of our flank, three-fourths of a mile from the headquarters of Gens. Meade and Grant.

The only troops we had on the ground at the time of the attack were a couple of regiments of heavy artillery of Gen. Tyler's division, who had never before been under fire. Gen. Tyler soon brought up the remainder of his force and drove the enemy back into the woods.

The N. Y. Herald of the 21st gives some particulars, as follows:—Tyler's division was precipitated on the rebel column as impetuously as the nature of the ground permitted, and after a sharp skirmish, the latter were driven from the ground with severe loss.

The 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, 1,800 strong, fighting as infantry, charged the enemy gallantly, and swept everything before them, after a sharp contest.

The 1st Maryland veteran regiment were returning from their furlough home, and found themselves under fire before they suspected the presence of the enemy. The Colonel supposed the fire came from a regiment of our own troops, who had mistaken his for a rebel command, and called frantically on them to stop firing. One or two volleys undeceived him, and revealed the character of his concealed foe. The veterans were soon engaged with their old enemies, and assisted materially in breaking the rebel line and clearing the woods. The rebels withdrew from their position on our rear under cover of the night. The enemy lost heavily in killed and wounded, which foot up 1,200, besides 450 prisoners. Our entire loss was 1,100.

Special to the Tribune of May 21st, says:—Lee occupies Spottsylvania Court House, and his camp is a perfect fortress, being fortified all around.

Grant has made an almost entire circuit of the enemy's position, chiefly with the hope of forcing Lee out of his works, so that his army can be reached on a fair field. The roads are still in terrible condition for movements of artillery or even infantry. On this account, the re-enforcements which have been getting up have been greatly delayed. The army was never in better spirits or finer condition. Grant is greeted with the utmost enthusiasm everywhere.

Intelligence from Bermuda Hundreds of May 19th is received. All was quiet with our army at that date.

The object of the demonstration on Fort Darling was merely to draw out and detain as many of Lee's forces as possible, and also to distract the attention of the forces about Richmond, to

enable Kants to destroy the communication south of Richmond.

On Monday, the 16th, the rebels came out of their works in front of Fort Darling at day-break, having been heavily re-enforced by Longstreet's forces, and made three advances, all of which were promptly repulsed. The enemy lost in three charges from 1,000 to 1,500 men, while our losses were very slight.

Gen. Butler having learned that Beauregard was re-enforced by Gen. Longstreet's corps, and also ascertaining by the rebel papers and a rebel courier, that the bridge over the Appomattox, and several miles of the Danville R.R. were destroyed, and that the down locks, &c., of the canal leading to Richmond were also destroyed, fell back from before Fort Darling, and by Monday evening our army had securely arrived behind the new lines of entrenchments. This brigade formed the extreme right wing, which the enemy attacked with great desperation, following them back two miles with overwhelming numbers, capturing a large number, and killing and wounding more. Three of our siege guns fell into the hands of the enemy. The guns were spiked.

At present it is impossible to estimate our loss. Stragglers are coming in. We have lost more prisoners than the rebels; but their killed and wounded are double ours, as our men were protected by entrenchments. Several of Longstreet's men were captured, who stated that his whole force was with Beauregard.

The N. Y. Herald, of the 17th, gives the following digest of Gen. Sheridan's late raid:—They left our army early Monday morning, the 9th, toward Fredericksburg, running the rebel lines. Stuart sent Wilkinson's brigade after Sheridan, but Gregg drove him off. Sheridan pushed on and forded the North Anna at dark, two miles from a station where a train containing 378 of our wounded prisoners were recaptured on their way to Richmond. Both trains, all the buildings, 200,000 lbs. bacon, large quantities of flour, veal and other supplies were burned. They camped that night on the bank of the North Anna.

On the 10th, pushed on, silencing a rebel battery. On starting, had occasional skirmishes. During the day crossed the Anna over Ground Squirrel's bridge, which was destroyed, and camped at Goodeman's. During the night rebel sharpshooters attacked Sheridan's headquarters, but without damage.

On the 11th, Gen. Davis left at 3 A. M. for Ashland's Station, where he destroyed large amounts of property, railway trains, track, and had a brisk fight and returned.

Gen. Merritt pushed on to Glen Allen's Station, eight miles from Richmond, where he destroyed the track of the Fredericksburg railroad for some distance. A halt for a short time was made. Gen. Merritt again advanced two miles, to Yellow Tavern cross-roads.

Gen. Devlin's brigade came upon Jeb. Stuart at 1.30 P. M. The 6th N. Y. charged upon him, capturing a number of prisoners of Gibb's brigade. The fight continued. Wilson's division was ordered forward, and the whole line advanced together. During the fight the 9th N. Y. made a dash on foot into the woods, capturing 8 officers and 34 privates. Custar's brigade charged on a rebel battery and captured all the guns, officers and men. During the fight Gen. Merritt had his headquarters at the Yellow Tavern, where he was visited by Gen. Sheridan. The rebels lost the notorious Lieut.-Col. Clay, late of Kansas. The notorious Jeb. Stuart is also stated as wounded.

On the 12th, a reconnoitering party captured a rebel scout, with a message from Bragg to Stuart, by which it appears that Stuart had sent for re-enforcements, which Bragg could not furnish.

During the night of the 11th, Wilson's division penetrated to the second line of works, the object being to find a road across the Chickahominy to Mechanicsville, but were delayed by an incompetent guide until daylight, when the enemy opened on them from their batteries, compelling Wilson to fall back toward McGoff's. Meanwhile Merritt's division moved forward toward Meadow bridge, the rebels opening fire on them at daylight from their outer works. Davies' division charged and drove the rebels across the bridge. On reaching the Chickahominy, they found the bridge destroyed. Our men dismounted, crossed on the railroad in the face of a galling fire, and charged across a swamp for a half mile against the rebel works. They met a desperate resistance, but soon carried them and drove the rebels out of sight. While this was going on the rebels attacked Gregg's rear, thus surrounding our force.

Gen. Sheridan now determined to cross at Meadow bridge. A bridge was constructed under a terrific fire, our force whipping the rebels on all sides so badly they could not follow across the river. Sheridan, with his whole force, then proceeded to Mechanicsville, thence to Coal Harbor, whipping Lomax on the way and capturing 23 prisoners, and encamped at night near Dr. Gaines' house.

The command reached Bottom's bridge at noon, 13th, and went into camp to rest horses and men. Gen. Sheridan compliments his officers and men highly for their gallant conduct throughout the short campaign.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—The draft for McCracken county was made the 19th. Five hundred and forty-two names were drawn, and among them are many merchants and prominent business men. There was considerable excitement at the place of drawing, (Paducah), but no outbreak. Steps were taken to prevent the persons who were drawn from leaving. Other portions of the State were to be conscripted immediately. Travel between Louisville and Nashville, which had been suspended for the past few days

by the military occupation of the railroads, has been resumed.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Cincinnati papers of a late date, contain an interesting dispatch from Gauley Bridge, giving an account of a brilliant victory by Gen. Averill on the right of the main body of Gen. Crooks' army.

Gen. Averill reached a point within four miles of Wytheville, where he encountered the enemy, 4,000 strong, under General Sam. Jones. General Averill fought the rebels four hours, beating them, and killing and wounding many, and capturing a number of prisoners. Under cover of the darkness the rebels retreated. Our loss was 120 killed and wounded.

Near Blacksburg, Gen. Averill commenced destroying the railroad, which was most effectually done to a point four miles east of Christiansburg. At the latter place a small force of rebels hastily left, leaving two guns, which fell into our hands.

A dispatch from Gauley Bridge of the 17th, states that a courier had just arrived direct from General Crooks. He fought three battles near Newbern (W. Va.) with the forces under Gen. Morgan, gaining a complete victory. The enemy lost 600 killed and wounded, and 300 prisoners. The rebel Gen. Jenkins fell into our hands mortally wounded. Our loss was 400 killed and wounded.

The large railroad bridge across New river, at Newbern, with several miles of track, was completely destroyed.

Department of the Gulf.

ADVICES from Cairo of May 22, are to the effect that Admiral Porter's entire fleet is out of Red River.

An extensive conflagration recently occurred at Natchez, consuming several blocks of the most principal buildings.

Our forces had evacuated Alexandria, La., and moved toward Sellsport.

The officers of the steamer Laurel Hill, which has arrived at New Orleans, state that they distinctly heard cannonading from the direction our forces had taken.

Admiral Porter's fleet was greatly annoyed in passing out of the Red River by the guerrillas, who lined the banks of the river.

A portion of Alexandria was burning when the Laurel Hill left. The steamer had 200 sick on board, and while flying the hospital flag was fired into ten miles below Alexandria; but the attack resulted in nothing serious. General McClelland, who was seriously ill at the time, was on board.

At the time the steamer City Belle was captured and burned by the rebels 30 miles below Alexandria in the early part of the month, Col. Mott, of the 149th Ohio, was killed, and many other officers of rank were also killed, and a greater portion of the troops slaughtered, of whom there were 500 on board.

Department of the South.

FROM Newbern, N. C., we have late advices, which say that the rebels are enforcing the conscription in Beaufort and other counties.

There is a rebel flotilla of thirteen barges, each armed with a howitzer and twenty men on the Chowan river.

The results of the rebel raid against Newbern were the capture of our fortifications at Evans' Mills, the garrison escaping, the stockade of Chow Penn with its garrison of 50 men, and some injury to the railroad.

The rebels were repulsed by our batteries and gunboats at Newbern, and retreated the 6th.

The rebel ram Albemarle had nine men killed in the engagement at the mouth of the Roanoke on the 5th, and was so badly injured as to be sent up the river for repairs. The U. S. gunboat Southfield was supposed to have been blown up by the rebels.

The Herald's correspondent at Key West the 12th, announces the capture of Tampa, Fla. On nearing the town our forces charged in double quick, surprising the inhabitants, and finding that the rebel troops had left the day before to re-enforce Lee's army, 40 prisoners and a blockade runner were captured and the fortifications destroyed.

The U. S. steamer Massachusetts arrived at Philadelphia May 21, from the Southern Squadron. She left Charleston on the evening of the 17th, and reports that there was fighting going on at that time. The attack made was by the monitors, principally against Fort Sumter.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

SENATOR LANE, of Kansas, presented the credentials of Mr. Fishback, Senator elect from Arkansas, on Saturday.

Maj.-Gen. Hunter had been placed in command of the Department of West Virginia, including the Shenandoah Valley.

The Secretary of War of May 20, says that over 35,000 veteran re-enforcements had been forwarded to Gen. Grant. Army operations were progressing to the satisfaction of the War Department. Supplies were abundant.

The Treasury investigation so far fails to discover any frauds.

Another call for troops upon the States is probably about to be made. The following document is ominous, and bears date the 18th:

To Major A. S. Diven:—Let the revision of the enrollment be pushed to completion at the earliest possible day; and make known to the people that it is plainly for the interest of each town, ward, &c., to have stricken from the lists all names improperly enrolled, because an excess of names increases the quota called from such town, ward, &c. It is equally for the interest of each person enrolled in a given town or ward liable to do military duty, because the greater number to draw from the less chance that any particular individual will be drawn, as it is the personal interest of every enrolled man that the quotas in which he is concerned shall not be made too large, and that his own chances for draft shall not be uselessly increased; and as

both these objects will be attained by striking out the wrong names and putting in the right ones, there can be no difficulty in securing the co-operation of citizens for the purpose of making a correct enrollment. J. B. FRY, P. M. G.

The Secretary of War sent the following dispatch to Gen. Dix on Saturday, the 21st:

To Maj. Gen. Dix:—Dispatches from Gen. Sherman state that he found in Rome a good deal of provisions and several fine iron works and machinery, good bridges and an excellent ford across the Etowah. The cars are now arriving at Kingston with stores, and two days would be given to replenish and fix up. A dispatch just received from Gen. Banks, dated Alexandria, the 10th, states that the "Dam" will be completed to-morrow, and the gunboats released. He would then move immediately for the Mississippi. Gen. Canby was at the mouth of the Red River on the 14th, collecting forces to assist Gen. Banks, if necessary. Dispatches from Gen. Butler, dated ten o'clock last night, report that he had been fighting the enemy all day, endeavoring to close in on our lines. We shall hold on. We have captured the rebel Gen. Walker, of the Texas troops.

E. M. STANTON, Sec'y of War.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

PRIVATE advices received in New York recently from England, are very encouraging as to the state of feeling existing toward our Government.

DR. LIVINGSTON, the traveler and explorer, who was reported some time since to have been killed by African natives, has been heard from as safe up to December 21.

MAJOR JOHN T. SPRAGUE, of the U. S. Army, has recently acquired possession of the richest deposit of silver ore in New Mexico, and probably in North America.

BAYARD TAYLOR is in seclusion at Cedarcroft, his charming Pennsylvania home, hard at work upon a new novel of American life, which will appear next autumn.

THE propeller Nile exploded May 21, while lying at her dock in Detroit. Six persons are known to be killed, and it is supposed several others. The boat is a complete wreck, and has sunk.

OVER 15,000 acres of the public lands in Minnesota were taken up under the homestead law, during the month of March, at the Land Office in St. Peters. Upward of 19,000 acres were entered at the Winnebago City office in the same State.

THE bark Modina, from Messina, arrived at Boston, reports that on April 6th, in lat. 36.30, lon. 20, seeing a heavy smoke to windward, and at 1 o'clock passed the remains of a burning vessel. She was consumed down to her copper sheathing, and was still on fire.

AN explosion took place at the Schaghticoke powder mills about 14 miles from Troy, May 20, completely demolishing two buildings and killing five workmen instantly. The building contained about five thousand pounds of powder which was nearly ready to ship for government use.

THE Methodist General Conference now sitting at Philadelphia, has by a decided vote agreed to extend the pastoral term of all the clergymen of the church from two years to three years. The proposition elicited some discussion, but the predominance of feeling was largely in favor of extension.

A SERIOUS bread riot has occurred at Savannah, Georgia, the women turning out in procession with a cry of "bread or blood," and seizing food wherever it could be found. The chivalrous military succeeded in quelling the riot, capturing the ringleaders, and putting them in jail.

DR. MORTON, of Boston, who has been at Fredericksburg and at the front since the commencement of the present campaign, superintending the using of anesthetics in hospitals, has returned, and with other volunteer surgeons states that the number of wounded, as shown by official documents, is 20,000.

GOV. CURTIN, accompanied by Surgeon-General King, has gone to the battle field to provide for their wounded Pennsylvania soldiers. Surgeons have been ordered by the Surgeon-General to report to him at the Pennsylvania State Agency at Washington, prepared for immediate service.

THE Liverpool Albion says:—"The great Eastern has been taken up by Glass, Elliot & Co., for the purpose of laying the cable between England and America. When the cable is laid, the proprietors of the Great Eastern are to receive £50,000 in paid up shares of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. It is not intended to lay the cable till next spring."

THE ladies of Indianapolis, Ind., had a meeting the other day at which Mrs. Gov. Morton presided, and decided that they would volunteer as clerks in stores to supply the places of the young men who may enlist to serve in the army for one hundred days, the clerks to have their salaries continued, and the ladies to have the soldiers' monthly pay as a reward for their labors.

FROM Mexico we have interesting but very authentic news. In a fight at Guadalajara the Mexicans were victorious, the French losing 6,000 men. The French were also defeated in Oajaca. Jalapa is soon to be attacked. Alvarez had declared for Juarez; the latter was fortifying Acapulco, which place was blockaded by the French. A French frigate had bombarded Mazatlan. Vidaurri fled to Texas when he was driven from Monterey.

THE draft in the 1st ward at Cincinnati on the 7th, passed off very quietly. Among those drawn is Alvah Garther, Superintendent of the Adams' Express Co. Several other prominent citizens were also drafted. Gov. Brough addressed the National Guard at Camp Dennison in a stirring speech. The 7th regiment National Guard left on Friday morning for Camp. The 8th, 9th and 10th followed on Saturday. Six thousand troops have left Indiana during the week for the front.

List of New Advertisements.

The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co. Haynes' Patent Brace Fence—R. Haynes. New School Music Book—Henry Tolman & Co. Great Sale of Stock—John Giles. Farm for Sale—Jonathan Scofield. Valuable Real Estate for Sale—D. R. Stillman. Graves' Patent Bee-Hive—Graves & Van Der Brugh. Employment Wanted. Strawberry Boxes, &c.—C. Van Der Brugh.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cautions to Housekeepers—D. B. DeLand & Co.

The News Condenser.

- Gen. Grant is forty-two years old.
- Jefferson Davis' second son is dead.
- The quota of Missouri is said to be full under all calls.
- W. S. Thayer, American Consul General in Egypt, is dead.
- A great religious revival is in progress in Williams College.
- The ladies of Paris now wear dress coats instead of dresses.
- President Lincoln recently had an interview with his school-master.
- Three new woolen mills are going up in the town of Lisbon, Maine.
- A little girl died of excessive laughter in Philadelphia a few days ago.
- The injunction against laying down railway tracks in Broadway is dissolved.
- It is said Lee's principal rebel scout has been felled recently in New York city.
- The U. S. Telegraph Co. is putting up a line between New York city and Auburn.
- At Milan everybody carries a trap in his pocket which is sure to catch pickpockets.
- The Broadway stages struck for ten cent fare; but it didn't pay—they charge six cents.
- Garibaldi is said to have asserted:—"I am driven out of England by Louis Napoleon."
- Christ Church in Hartford, Ct., has voted \$10,000 to buy a set of chimies for its steeple.
- A Kansas paper complains of a great scarcity of Agricultural Implements in that State.
- Over 7,000 boxes of trees have been shipped from Rochester since the spring trade opened.
- The number of veteran soldiers who had re-enlisted up to the middle of April was 118,077.
- Robert Clark, deputy warden of the Illinois penitentiary, was killed by a convict recently.
- The Fenian Brotherhood is rapidly organizing in all the principal cities in the United States.
- The lines of the army at Memphis were closed the 15th inst. to prevent communication with rebels.
- It requires the death of 8,300 elephants annually to supply the demand for ivory in London alone.
- All the Illinois regiments in East Tenn. have recommended the renomination of President Lincoln.
- It is asserted that Senator Jim Lane of Kansas was courted by a young lady in Washington recently.
- The first man killed in the recent great battles in Va. was Charles Williams of the 8th Massachusetts.
- A lady asks why men who lack teeth and cannot bite their cartridges do not soak them in their coffee.
- The Ladies' Aid Society of Buffalo is preparing for a monster strawberry-and-cream festival in June.
- President Lincoln says Gen. Grant is like the man who climbed the pole and pulled the pole up after him.
- The column of rebel prisoners which marched into Fredericksburg is said to have been five miles long.
- The Government boom on the Gattineau river, Canada, recently gave way, and 60,000 saw-logs went down.
- The Congress medal designed by John Antroubis will be completed in about seven months. It will cost \$2,300.
- It is asserted that sixteen millions of dollars have been raised by fairs for the use of the Sanitary Commission.
- Robert S. Whitney, Cashier of the St. Louis Building and Saving Institution, died suddenly of apoplexy, recently.
- The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a married woman can sue alone to recover her separate property.
- The only daughter of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the authoress, was recently married to Captain Lawrence.
- The Archduke Maximilian has officially notified the Mexican deputation of his acceptance of the Mexican throne.
- The Elmira Advertiser says that about \$100,000 is paid out for horses at that place every month for the Government.
- Mrs. David Dudley Field died in New York from exhaustion induced by excessive labor at the recent Sanitary Fair.
- A couple got married in Lewiston a few days since, lived together about twenty-four hours and then sued for a divorce.
- Gen. Halleck is said to be an applicant for Chief of the Engineer Bureau, made vacant by the death of General Totten.
- A St. Paul paper says a Chippewa squaw resides at Bad River whose head is larger than the inside rim of a half bushel.
- The Democratic National Convention pay \$2,008 rent to the Turners of Chicago for their hall during its session next July.
- The Tailor's strike of six weeks duration in Chicago has ceased. They demanded 25 per cent advance, and got 20 per cent.
- Erastus Corning has resigned the Presidency of the New York Central Railroad. Dean Richmond was elected in his place.
- Prof. A. C. Linn, of the North-Western University, Evanston, Ill., is enlisting a company of students for the "Hundred Days."
- The eldest son of the Czar— heir to the Russian throne—is to wed Princess Dagmar of Denmark, sister to the Princess of Wales.
- Sixty business firms at Quincy, Ill., have agreed to secure the positions of their clerks who have enlisted for the hundred day's service.
- Charles Sumner refused to address the Young Men's Association at Albany, because it refused colored persons admission to its lectures.
- The Fulton Patriot notices the appearance of myriads of minute green insects on the apple buds, and fears they will damage the crop.
- It is asserted that Franklin Pierce's portrait has been removed from the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington and pitched among the rubbish.

THE OFFICER.

FROM BERANGER.

"See! down the street the soldiers come, Before our door they'll pass, perchance; My sister, do you hear the drum? And see how gaily they advance? What handsome, gallant men they are! What loves in town they've left behind! We country girls, though simpler far, Amongst them, husbands perhaps may find."

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MAGGIE LEE.

BY WINA HORLAND.

How well I remember when she first came to us. It was seven years ago, although the time seems twice as long, so many tears have I shed since then. I was in the yard one charming day in the last of May. I remember how full of gladness the earth seemed, and my own light heart beat high with May-time hopes, which the summer of my life has failed to realize. I was standing in the shadow of a great lilac tree, playfully shaking its purple plumes at mother, who sat before the open window, when I heard the gate click, and, looking round, saw a little odd figure coming up the path. The child was probably ten years of age, with a slight, graceful form, though clad in tattered garments. Her straight hair, neither long nor short, hung in uncombed mats about her face—the little thin shadow face, with the great eyes looking so eagerly forth. She had no greeting—only a look half entreaty, half defiance—and seated herself upon the broad step of the piazza, looking hungrily upon the great lilac blossoms. I tossed her a spray, and I shall never forget the brightness that flashed into her little sad face. I knew from that moment that whoever, whatever she was, there was a spot in her soul, pure and beautiful, where the angels had written—"Holiness to the Lord."

and coming in stood by the piano while I played. I shall ever remember the brightness, the earnestness, in her little face. "Oh, sing that again," she cried, as I finished singing a touching little ballad, and the tears stood in her great eyes. "Would you like to learn to play, MAGGIE?" I asked. "Oh wouldn't I, Miss MAUDE? oh wouldn't I!" "And will you be a very good girl if I teach you?" I queried. The promise was earnestly, tearfully given; so that bright afternoon MAGGIE took her first lesson in music. It was an era in her life—a turning point. From that hour she was a changed child. She seemed to feel that she, too, had something to live for—something to do. She studied her reading lessons unweariedly, became particular in her personal appearance; but in music her progress was wonderful. Her little fingers seemed almost a part of the instrument, so well did they do their part, while her voice—I never heard its like before, nor since—was deep, rich, passionate, yet clear as the voice of a bird. I was proud of my pupil, and mother of her student—we began to like "Witchie."

In that moment my good angel whispered to me of peace and love; but the angry passions of my own heart surged up and drowned the gentle accents. Pride had begun the work—would finish it. "No mother, it is all over. I have nothing to say to him—nothing to hear from him." Ah how those words echo yet in my heart—those words that blackened my destiny. "At least, come down and say good-bye to MAGGIE. She goes with HARRY. It seems he has told his uncle about her, who has taken a fancy to adopt her, as he has no children of his own. I like MAGGIE, and shall miss her; yet we are not able to give her a finished education. And, as in her new situation she will enjoy every advantage of society and education the city affords, I think we should not stand in her way. So with my consent she goes this morning. HARRY will accompany her to his uncle's, where he will remain for a few days before he sails for Europe."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA. I AM composed of 32 letters. My 21, 6, 13, 22, 28 is one of the United States. My 4, 22, 32, 10, 19, 5, 8, 30, 28, 4 is a county in New York State. My 2, 14, 25, 6, 12, 30 is a river in North America. My 3, 6, 1, 20, 22, 11 is a river in Asia. My 30, 17, 10, 18, 4, 6, 23, 24, 30 is an island. My 13, 9, 17, 7, 15, 10, 23, 30 is the name of a group of islands. My 26, 16, 4, 20, 33, 26, 16 is a city in the British Possessions. My 6, 27, 7, 30, 31 is a range of mountains in Asia. My whole is an old saying. So. Onondaga, N. Y., 1864. L. H. F. Answer in two weeks.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA. I AM composed of 9 letters. My 1, 5, 7, 8 is a man's name. My 6, 1, 5, 5, 4, 9 is not the buyer. My 9, 7, 3, 4 is an article of food. My 9, 8, 5, 5, 1, 9 is often used to move buildings. My 4, 2, 3, 1, 5 is to do better. My whole is a motto we all should live by. Flint, Mich., 1864. WILBUR BUZZELL. Answer in two weeks.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM. How many willow cuttings will be required to set out an acre of land, the rows being 28 inches apart, and 12 inches between the cuts in the row? Castile, W. C., 1864. W. DUFF. Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 748.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Battle of Fredericksburgh. Answer to Anagram: The morning flowers display their sweets, And gay their silken leaves unfold, As careless of the noontide heat, As fearless of the evening cold. Nipt by the wind's natively blast, Parched by the sun's director ray, The momentary glories waste, The short-lived beauties die away. Answer to Problem:—\$5.00 and pair of boots.

WASHING DAY IN THE DARK AGES!



TO HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE

If you don't want your clothes twisted and wrenched, and pulled to pieces by the above old-fashioned BACK-BREAKING, WRIST-STRAINING AND CLOTHES-DESTROYING process of washing and wringing, go before next washing-day and buy one of the best LABOR-SAVING, CLOTHES-SAVING, HEALTH-SAVING, TIME-SAVING, AND MONEY-SAVING INVENTIONS of the age.

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER

— WITH — GOG WHEELS

53,818 SOLD IN 1863! OVER 80,000 SOLD IN THE FIRST FOUR MONTHS OF 1864!

GOOD CANVASSER.

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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 or chronic diseases of the EYE, EAR, AND THROAT, requiring medical or surgical aid, at their office, No. 84 St. Marks-place, New York. To save useless correspondence, persons residing at a distance are hereby informed that a personal examination is necessary in every case before appropriate treatment can be prescribed. Operations for Cataract, Artificial Pupil, Cross-Eyes, &c., &c., successfully performed.

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. E. LIGHTHILL Will be at the American Hotel, Buffalo, May 23d to 26th. Delevan House, Albany, May 30th to June 1. Bagg's Hotel, Utica, June 2d to 4th. Angier House, Cleveland, June 6th to 11th. Osborn House, Rochester, June 13th to 18th.

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 Bookseller. Price \$1.

NEW TESTIMONIALS.

From the Rev. Fredk 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 alternatives, 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 uncollected, 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. FREDK S. JEWELL. Albany, N. Y., March 14, 1864.

Remarkable Cure of Deafness.

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

SYRACUSE, February 26th, 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 Vott, 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 long-suffering deafness, I 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, which has proved so much coveted, 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 my 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 difficulty of body and depression of spirits. I applied to Dr. Lighthill, and he 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 a discharge of so long standing might prove detrimental to my general health, a fear which I find a great many others who have been treated by Dr. Lighthill, and who have 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 for a long time previous, 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 demands upon my time. I avail myself of this opportunity of again publicly expressing my deeply felt gratitude to Mr. Lighthill, in whom I esteem as a gentleman and a man of science, in whom the highest confidence may be placed. JOHN VOTT.

Wit and Humor.

THE broad Scotch, and the dislike of ladies of certain age, to let the public know how old they really are, is well brought out in the following:—"At the recent examination of Mr. John Logie, farmer, Murrayshall, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:—Agent—"How old are you?" "O, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it richt to answer that question." The Judge—"O, yes, answer the gentlemen how old you are." Miss Jane—"Weel, I am fifty." Agent—"Are you not more?" "Weel, I am sixty." The inquisitive writer still further asked if she had hopes of getting married, to which Miss Jane replied—"Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost hope yet; and she scornfully added, but I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

It is a singular historical fact that a confidential intimacy existed between King James II. and William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. James once condescended to use a playful reproach to the peculiarity of the Quaker, who, the first time he entered his presence after he became king, did so with his hat on. James immediately took off his own. "Friend James," said Penn, "why dost thou uncover thy head?" "Because," replied his Majesty, with a smile, "it is the fashion here for only one man to wear his hat."

PETER the Great, when at Saardam, wished to hear a rather famous preacher. The latter consented to preach before the Czar. Having ascended the pulpit, he said, with solemnity and dignity, "Think well; speak well; and act well. Amen." Luther's counsel to a candidate was contained in these words:—"Go boldly into the pulpit, open your mouth like a man, and be brief."

A MORMON priest, named Nicholas, made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which, at least Nicholas said so.

A CONTEMPORARY tells the story of an editor, who, finding the body of a man hanging to a lamp-post one night, after his own paper had gone to press, cut it down, and carried it home to prevent his rival from publishing the news and was himself indicted for murder.

"HAVE the jury agreed?" asked a judge of a court attaches whom he met upon the stairs with a bucket in his hand. "Yes," replied Patrick, "they have agreed to find out for a half gallon."

"WHERE are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped down on an icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his admiration, and in a jocular way said:—"Do not let any one else rumple it." "No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."