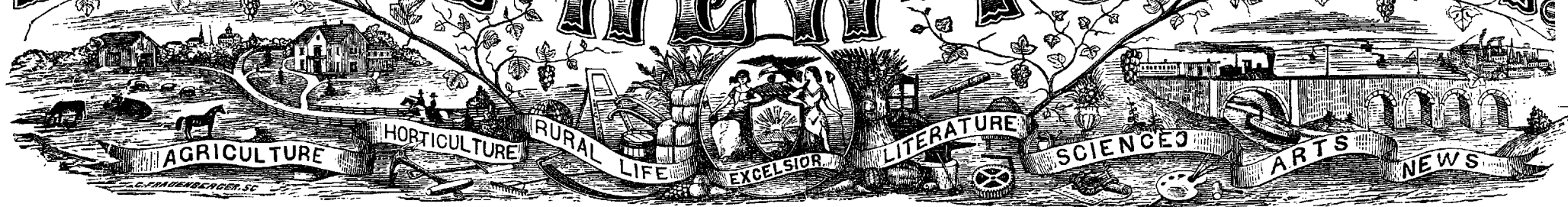


MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.]

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{WHOLE NO. 752.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
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THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Homes of people of Intelligence, taste and Discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate Engravings, than any other Journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

To Dissolve Bones.

JOSIAH BAILEY writes us:—"I would like to learn, through your columns, how to dissolve bones; and about how long it would take to dissolve any given quantity." There are various ways. If you have a large kettle convenient to a steam engine, put your bones in it, and inject into the kettle hot steam. It is the quickest mode of dissolving bones we know of, and does it perfectly, making a very fine paste of them in a very short space of time.

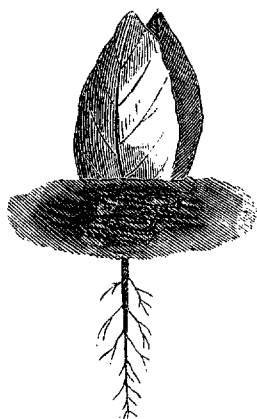
Another way, where the above is not practicable, is to break up the bones as fine as possible, and pack alternate layers of the broken bones and strong, unleached wood ashes in an old hoghead. Then keep wet, but not so wet as to leach, and all except the hardest will turn to paste in six or eight weeks. Some writers claim that nine to twelve months is necessary to dissolve bones by this method; but we have seen most of them dissolved in the time above named. The layers should each be four inches thick. In order to fix the ammonia, add a small quantity of sulphuric acid occasionally, which will materially increase the value of the manure.

There is another excellent and quicker mode than that detailed last, given in the *English Journal of Agriculture* in 1851, which will not be out of place here:—"Get a joinder to put together a rough box say eight feet long by two feet six inches or three feet high, and three feet wide, dovetailed and joined with white lead. The box prepared, put in the water of the preparation first, then the sulphuric acid, allowing one-half more bulk of water than acid, and one-half less weight of acid than bones; that is, to a gallon of acid allow a gallon and a half of water, and to 100 pounds of bones, allow 50 pounds of acid. To the water and acid the bones must now be added—finely broken up into half-inch fragments or less—mixing the whole intimately and equally. This done, cover up the box with straw or old sacks laid on pieces of wood, or have a rough, wooden lid to the box, and allow the whole to stand untouched forty-eight hours. The process of manufacture will then be complete.

"In anticipation of its necessity I would recommend the careful accumulation of house ashes during the year kept in some dry place. When the operation above detailed is completed, put the ashes in a heap in a convenient position relative to the box; make there a basin at the top of the heap, and lift the dissolved bones out of the box, placing them in the basin. Turn over the entire heap with shovels, two or three times till the whole is mixed, and the preparation will then be perfectly fit to be handled, or at least spread with shovels from a cart on the soil."

About Transplanting Tobacco.

C. C. O. asks:—"How large ought the plants to be before being transplanted?" Opportunely, we have just received an Essay* on this subject, recently published. This work purports to have been prepared by a practical man, who says, about transplanting:—"Taking up the plants for setting is done with any sharp instrument that will enter the ground easily. A common table fork, or a piece of hard wood whittled as a spade, will answer. Care should be used in taking up the plants that the roots are not broken off. The plants preferred for setting are those which have leaves about three inches in length; but it is better to set much smaller plants if the season is favorable, than to wait for the plant to grow larger. A small plant set early will do better than a large plant set late. The plants when taken from the bed, should be placed carefully in a basket to be carried to the field; they are then dropped upon the hills prepared for them, by a boy, who will precede the setters a few yards. Transplanting should be done on a rainy or damp, misty day, to be most successful. This is always advisable when such days occur, but if the time of setting is getting late, and the plants are large enough, setting may be done in dry weather by using water freely. It has been found best to water the ground before putting in the plants, in this way:—Make a hole in the center of the hill prepared for the plant, with the heel of the foot, and pour into it from half to a pint of water; let the water soak into the ground a little and then set the plants. This process will require more labor, and is no better than the damp days. To make the dry weather setting more safe, the plants may be covered for a few days, with a little grass or green leaves, which should be taken off as soon as the plant has taken root and begins to grow.



HOW THE PLANT SHOULD LOOK TRANSPLANTED.

"To set the plant, make a hole in the prepared hill with two fingers. Fold the outer leaves of the plant together over the center ones, or bud, then set it. Care should be taken that the roots extend the whole length into the hole, and the earth well pressed about them, and press the loose earth lightly about the base of the leaves to keep them in an erect position. This plan of setting keeps the buds from the rays of the sun, and also secures more moisture about the roots.

"The first week in June is the best time for setting in New York State; the time will not differ much in any of the Middle States; and from this time to the 20th or 25th of the month plants may be set. Plants set later than this will not be likely to attain so good a growth unless under very favorable circumstances.

"After the plants are set it will be found necessary to go over the ground again to fill up the vacancies that may occur. Some of the plants may not live, and may be destroyed by the grub worm [see RURAL, page 150, for remedy] after they have taken root and begun to grow.

"As a matter of convenience, it has been found best, when setting out the plants, to set every tenth hill with two plants, say six inches apart, from which plants vacancies can be supplied during the first hoeing, which is considered a good time to fill up where plants have failed; the plant, if a large one, can then be set with a hoe, after making a hole for it in its place by using the hoe as a spade, and taking up earth with the plant, so as not to retard the growth. If the weather is favorable for re-setting, do not wait till time of hoeing."

* TOBACCO CULTURE, adapted to the northern section of the United States, and the most improved method of managing a crop to fit it for market. Published by CHAS. W. CORNELL, Syracuse, N. Y.

GLEANINGS IN READING.

Salt for Root Crops.—We notice that testimony accumulates in our Irish exchanges in favor of salt as a manure for root crops,—for carrots particularly. It is applied to the soil broadcast the year previous to cropping, at the rate of one thousand pounds per statute acre.

Clover for Cows.—The *N. E. Farmer* states that Mr. JOHN DAY, of Boxford, Mass., who cuts large quantities of clover, feeds it out principally to his milk cows, and he finds that when the clover is exhausted, and he feeds timothy and red top, "twenty cows immediately shrink two cans of milk per day."

Wire-worms in Loose Soil.—We see it asserted that wire-worms work first in loose soil, and that if the soil is packed by driving sheep over the ground, the worm will keep out of it. Why not use the roller on corn land then? Unfortunately, we do not think the experience of a majority of farmers will sustain the proposition.

"Cattle Melon."—The English and Irish agriculturists are, getting excited over what they call the "Cattle Melon," which, it seems, was introduced there from the Hoosier State, Indiana. There seems to be a great demand for seed with but little supply. This "Cattle Melon" is known to botanists as *Cucurbita Pessio*. Some of our readers may be acquainted with it. Its common name in this country is written—*Pumpkin!* It is not unfrequently fed to stock; and humans do not dislike it if made into pies.

The Best Feed for Poultry.—The *Working Farmer* says:—"The cheapest and most advantageous food to use for fattening every description of poultry is ground oats. These must not be confounded with oatmeal, or with ordinary ground oats; the whole of the grain is ground to a fine powder; nothing of any kind is taken from it. When it is properly ground, one bushel of the meal will more effectually fatten poultry than a bushel and a half of any other meal. The greatest point in fattening poultry is to feed them at daybreak.

Hungarian Grass for Sheep.—A correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* tried the experiment of feeding one lot of his sheep with corn and fodder, and another with Hungarian grass. "The result was, those wintered on the Hungarian hay came through the winter much better than those fed on corn, &c., and the hay is a great deal cheaper to raise than corn, and much easier fed; and one acre of this hay will feed further than two acres of corn fed in the usual way." He grew four acres of this grass which yielded four tons to the acre, he asserts.

Early Food for Bees.—DR. PENNINGTON, of Illinois, writing, in the *Prairie Farmer*, of the importance of producing pasture & food for bees at least two weeks before the early spring blossoms appear, says:—"There are many that use flour, rye or wheat, (generally unbolthead.) I have such will give their experience as to its utility. Having used it myself, say from 50 to 100 lbs. to 100 hives, daily for at least ten successive days, (such as the bees can work), I can but report favorably, so far as I have been able to judge of its use. I noticed, however, about the tenth day, a floury discharge from the bees, after which I discontinued its use. This was about the time when the first flowers appeared. I think there is no question as to its utility in preventing robbery and in supporting the young, but how much can be safely and profitably used is a question which those engaged in bee culture should better understand."

The Royal Dairy House.—CHAS. S. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, describes the dairy-house erected by Queen VICTORIA'S late husband:—"The milk-room is thirty-six by twenty, and twenty feet high, the roof rests upon pillars. The shelves all around are marble, and the tables in the middle 'all marble. The pans and dishes are all porcelain, china or glass. The floor, the walls, the ceilings, all porcelain, the floor and roof in the form of tiles, the latter having openings for ventilation. The porcelain on the walls is white. In the cornering and other ornamental parts it is abossed and colored. The whole is perfect in form, coloring and lustre. The pans were five of the richest milk, covered with the yellowest coating of cream. The obliging maid gave us as much as we could drink. Arow the walls, beautifully painted upon china, are likenesses of all the royal family, the children represented in the midst of the quiet, peaceful scenes of country life. The name of each was placed beneath."



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

HOW SHEEP HAVE WINTERED.

THE winter of 1863-4 was one of uncommon severity in the Western, and uncommon mildness in the Eastern States. In the intermediate regions it more nearly approached the average temperature; though Ohio had considerably more and New York considerably less cold weather than usual.

So far as we can learn, both extremes of temperature have been accompanied by an unusual loss of sheep. In the wool growing regions of New England, large numbers have perished—the mortality culminating in New Hampshire. Here, as elsewhere, the loss was not due to the weather alone—though it is considered a well settled fact among experienced American flockmasters, that no winter is more unfavorable to sheep than a very mild, open one, attended with frequent, rapid and brief changes to severe cold—that such weather is greatly more destructive than the intense steady cold. It appears from the Meteorological Report of the Smithsonian Institute,* that at four points of observation in New Hampshire, (Claremont, Littleton, North Littleton and Stratford,) the average number of days in the month of December at which the mercury in the thermometer was below the freezing point was 28, below zero 6; in January, below freezing point 29, below zero, same as preceding. There was a material deficiency in the quality of the preceding summer's hay crop. The weather had been very dry in June and very wet in July. The grass was kept washed by rains two weeks after the proper period of cutting sheep hay, and consequently when harvested was dry, tough and innutritious. Such hay is scarcely worth as much as bright oat or barley straw for sheep of any description, and is peculiarly unsuited for teds. The extraordinary prices of grain prevented it from being used to make up for the poorness of the hay, until that fatal winter decline had commenced among the sheep, which, after it has fairly set in, can neither be arrested by better feed nor by any other yet known means. Sufficient data have not been obtained to estimate the percentage of loss.

In Vermont, at five points of observation, (Brandon, Lunenburg, Craftsbury, Burlington and Rutland,) the average number of days on which the mercury sunk below the freezing point in December, was 27 4-5, below zero 2; in January, below freezing point 28 2-5, below zero 5 4-5. The normal average temperature of these months, in both New Hampshire and Vermont, is considerably below the freezing point—and the above records indicate a very mild winter in their climates. It was unusually mild in Vermont. The mortality among sheep was severe in portions, or rather in flocks, in that State—but it did not extend to the choice breeding flocks and others kept in the same way. These being fed liberally with grain from the commencement of winter and carefully housed both in autumn and winter, were not exposed to any dangers arising from feed or climate.

In New York, at twenty-seven points of observation, (New York city, 2; Oswego, Auburn, Gouverneur, Fredonia, Seneca Falls, Jamestown, Fishkill Landing, Clinton, Garrison's, Rochester, 2; Skaneateles, Fort Ann, South Hartford, South Trenton, Theresa, Buffalo, Sacketts Harbor, Fort Niagara, Charlotte, White Plains, Schenectady,† Wilson, Oneida and Flatbush,) the average number of days on which the mercury was below the freezing point in December was 22 1-27, below zero

* For which we are indebted to the Bi-Monthly Report of the Agricultural Department for March and April, 1864.

† There are no December records for White Plains and Schenectady, but this does not probably vary the average result.

18-27;* in January below freezing point 23 12-21, below zero 1 17-21.† The mortality among sheep in this State was unusually large, but far less than in New Hampshire. It was very capricious in its theaters of visitation. In the same county and even in the same town, many flocks—perhaps about half of them—did as well as usual, while others in the same vicinity lost five, ten, or fifteen per cent. of their number. This was probably generally attributable to the difference in care and treatment. The sheep hay was generally inferior. A severe spring drouth checked the growth of meadow grass. This was followed by almost constant rains which brought it forward with unnatural rapidity, so that however well cured, it lacked substance and nutritiousness. When, therefore, grain was not fed to sheep, and fed to them in time, the old and feeble ones perished and the teds suffered severely.

We have not received sufficient returns of the wintering of sheep in Pennsylvania, to make its December and January temperature a matter of much interest in this connection. Meager returns from the south-eastern portion of the State indicate, that in some localities, at least, the hay crop of the preceding summer was rendered light by drouth; that the lateness of the present Spring caused a great scarcity of fodder; and that consequently more sheep than usual were lost, and the survivors reached grass in a thin condition.

At eighteen points of observation in Ohio, (College Hill at Wilson, College Hill at Hammit, New Lisbon, Rockport, Welshfield, Austintown, Westerville, Hillsborough, Portsmouth, Bowling Green, Cleveland, East Fairfield, Urbana, Kingston, Kelley Island, Cincinnati and Eaton,) the average number of days in which the mercury was below the freezing point was 19 10-18; below zero, 1; in January, below freezing point 21 2-15, below zero 4 4-15.‡ Thus, according to these data, Ohio was colder than New York in January—which, we take it, is a very unusual circumstance. We have not heard very fully from Southern and South-Eastern Ohio, but as far as our information extends, sheep wintered in that State about as well as usual.

In all the North-Western States, with perhaps the exception of Michigan—viz., in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska—the weather was intensely inclement, and except in Indiana, the severe cold commenced in December. We have not space here for further meteorological records. The Western corn crop, it will be remembered, was greatly damaged last year by late frosts. This and the severity of the winter, rendered sheep feed scarce and high—and the ordinarily managed flocks in all those States, it is understood, have lost a considerable per centage of their number.

In California, the winter rains, which usually set in a little before the first of December, were entirely wanting until about the middle of March, so that the winter grazing (solely relied on for the winter subsistence of sheep) was reduced to famine limits. Cattle perished by thousands, particularly in the southern counties. They were in some instances driven fifteen or twenty miles to water once or twice a week, and then driven back to their pastures on the shaded sides of the mountains. Sheep will bear the horrors of drouth vastly better than cattle, but it is not to be doubted that they too have suffered great losses.

We have made earnest but ineffectual efforts to obtain more comprehensive and more exact statistics of the wintering of our sheep. From those collected, it is obvious that the winter of 1863-4 has been a peculiarly destructive one to these animals throughout immense portions of the United States. And those which survived, but which came into the Spring in poor condition, may be expected to yield lighter fleeces than usual; so that, taking the whole country together, we anticipate a smaller yield of wool, in proportion to the number of sheep shorn, than in 1863.

* That is, the mercury was at zero but 18 times during the month in 27 places. In 20 places (if we include White Plains and Schenectady) it did not touch zero during the month.

† In six of the places named (generally places of comparatively mild temperature) the record was not kept in January, and we have accordingly presented the average of only twenty-one places.

‡ The January returns are not full from four of the places mentioned, and they are not included in the average.

THE LAMB PRODUCT OF 1864.

As we have undertaken to show in a preceding article, (given on first page), sheep in the Northern United States have, as a whole, wintered considerably worse than usual; and it follows as a natural consequence, that the proportionable product of good, healthy lambs, this spring, is less than usual. Poor, weak ewes have little milk—and are much more inclined to disown their lambs. We have heard of these difficulties to an unusual extent, in nearly all directions. That loss of the use of the limbs (often after the lamb is two or three weeks old), which is described in the Practical Shepherd as rheumatism, appears to be extending. So far as we can judge, from our correspondence, the number of goitered lambs, and of puny and imperfect ones, is about as large as usual.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.

WILLIAM S. ELLIOT, of Greentown, gives us information in regard to wintering sheep, &c., in his region of country, which would be interesting if we knew where that country was—but as he does not mention his State, and as the post-office mark is illegible, the information is useless.

SAMPLES.—The sample of wool sent us by D. G. CHEEVER, of Clinton, Rock Co., Wisconsin, is of fair quality for a ram, and is well crimped and of good length. It carries the complexion, however, of loose, open wool.

RHEUMATISM.—C. C. WOODRUFF, of Watertown, N. Y., writes us that 30 lambs of his, dropped in March, remained healthy and thrifty until turned out to grass on the 1st of May. "Several of them then began to go as if they had no strength in their legs, and finally lost the use of them. Their appetite remains as good as ever." They were let out to grass very gradually, and were well cared for in every way. This is the disease we have elsewhere described as rheumatism. Its appearance is comparatively recent (within the circle of our experience) and its treatment is not yet well understood. Some farmers have administered three teaspoonful of lard and one of turpentine to each lamb affected—repeating the dose if required: and they have thought they derived material advantage from this treatment. Spooner recommends, in the case of a grown sheep, 3 oz. opium salts, one drachm of ginger and half an oz. of nitrous ether—rubbing the affected parts with stimulants like hartshorn or opodeldoc. The disease is thought to be oftenest occasioned by lambs being exposed too suddenly to rains, or lying on the damp ground—where they have previously been kept in a warm, dry stable.

METALIC EAR MARKS.—C. L. BOYD, of Spring Mills, Allegany Co., N. Y., states how he has put in practice "the ideas he got in the RURAL of 1862" on this subject. He says:—"I sent to GEO. GLANZBECH, Die Sinker, 95 Fulton St., N. Y., for a set of steel gages, 3, 16, and initial letters 1/2 inch; next got a strip of zinc and cut out my plates and stamped them. I marked off the zinc in 1/4 inches by 1 1/2 inches, and cut a groove into strips 1/2 inches wide and folded over edge at a tinner's, (to make it double above the plate for the ring;) then cut the other way. Next I stamped initials at the bottom and figures in the middle, and punched a hole just under the fold, and cut small corners from bottom, and a long one from each side, widening at top, leaving the plate at the top about 1/2 inch. I used No. 14 iron wire for the rings, and coiled them at a tinner's, a little less than 1/2 inch. Brass wire isn't stiff enough. I cut the coils into rings with pliers or blacksmith's "nippers," filed the ends square, pressed them by each other, and the mark was done. Now for cost. Dies, \$2.35. Express charges, 25c. 1 lb. zinc, 15c., (made 245 plates.) 250 rings in the coil, 20c. Total, \$2.95. One rainy day and two evenings is plenty of time for any one, with a common degree of gumption, to make the whole. Perhaps 'twould be better to cut the plate out first, and then roll in a bit of small wire at the top."

SHEEP WINTERING IN OHIO.—J. STANLEY, of Clyde, Sandusky Co., Ohio, informs us that sheep have wintered extremely well in that portion of Ohio—that is, the portion lying about the west end of Lake Erie. He thinks in well cared for flocks the loss of old sheep has not exceeded one per cent, and of tegs still less. Mr. S. has our thanks for the specimens sent to illustrate the wool of his region.

A. D. ORCUTT, of Perry, Wyoming Co., N. Y.—Your sheep, judging from the description of symptoms, suffered from that winter decline which we have so repeatedly described, and for which we know of no remedy.

EATING WOOL.—W. G. RICHY, of Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y., is informed that it is not uncommon for sheep to eat of the wool of others. Whether it is caused by some irregularity in the system which produces a depraved appetite, or whether it is merely a vicious trick, is not definitely known—and no efficient remedy has yet been pointed out but killing the wool eater, or wholly separating it from other sheep.

NUMBER OF SHEEP TO BE KEPT IN SAME BUILDING.—Mr. GEO. T. PAULL, of New Florence, Westmoreland Co., Pa., inquires if it is advisable to have one barn hold 500 sheep; and how it would do to build on a hill-side and have one lot of sheep kept in the lower story and another over them on a perfectly tight and well littered upper floor. In a time of perfect health among sheep, it would be safe to keep 500 in the same barn, provided it was divided into proper apartments, and a thorough system of ventilation kept up and adapted to every change of temperature—and provided there was a separate and suitable out-door yard connected with each apartment. But epizootic diseases would fall with the most destructive effects on such establishments; and every disease would be liable to take on more or less of an epizootic, or more strictly speaking, enzootic character, among such large and dense aggregations of sheep. Consequently such establishments would be always perilous, and we cannot believe that any saving of materials or time that would accrue from them would be sufficient to counterbalance these disadvantages. Using two stories for sheep stables would be practicable enough, where the lower story was partly excavated from a hill-side—but in climates where much winter feed is used, it requires the upper story of a barn of ordinary height for the convenient storage of sufficient hay, &c.

STARTING IN THE "SHEEP BUSINESS."—FRANK J. ALLEN, of Centre, Eaton Co., Mich., wishes to "start in the sheep business" with a capital of \$500, and wishes to know if we would advise him to "go on the prairies, and if so, where?" The prairies are the only regions we know of where so small a capital would

now give its possessor a start in the business with any chance of deriving his support from it for the first year or two. Places are to be found in Southern Missouri, Southern Kansas, and perhaps in some regions further North where moderate sized flocks would scarcely require winter feed; and where Uncle Sam allows all and sundry to use his pastures without paying any rent.

NUMBERING ENGLISH SHEEP.—MR. CHAS. DAWBAM, of Stanwich, Connecticut, writes us:—"I have been corresponding with an old friend, one of the principal English breeders of improved Lincolns. In a letter containing some valuable hints—but almost too long to trouble you with—he mentions his method of numbering his tups, thus: After the rams are shorn, as soon as the wool is long enough, we tie a small lead ticket, with a number stamped on it, to a lock of the wool at the back of the neck and just on top of the shoulder. A few days before we begin to sell or let we brand the same numbers on the side with hot pitch and tar mixed, a small piece of lard being put in to keep the brand from sticking. The brand is of iron, and the letters about two and a half inches long." Will Mr. DAWBAM forward us a copy of the entire letter, as he offers to do?

TICKS.—A correspondent from Ovid, N. Y., who signs himself "A Subscriber to the RURAL and a Reader of the Practical Shepherd," wishes to know how to kill ticks on tegs. We can give him no better advice on the subject than we have done in the latter named work. If they are suffering very severely now, (May 28th,) shear them at once and dip them in tobacco water. The sample of wool sent is fine enough—but it is somewhat lacking in crimp and luster.

Communications, Etc.

CORN CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—While there are various notions respecting the culture of corn, some the result of careful observation, and others only notions, my experience respecting the growing of this valuable cereal may be of service to those who do not know any more about it than I do. My father, when alive, used to say "plow shallow for corn." I have always been certain that deep plowing was the thing for sowed grains, and I failed to see why it would not answer for all crops. But more extensive practice has taught me that my father's adage was true; and although he gave no reason why, I have one, namely, that by shallow plowing the large roots of the corn-stalk get hold of the strength of soil or decomposing sod early in the season and hasten the crop forward to its maturity, while deep plowing supplies the nourishment only in time to create a large growth of "suckers," which detract from the support which the main stalks need just at the time of earing.

An "ash peddler" called at my house not long since, and wanted to trade soap for ashes, or pay seven cents a bushel for what was worth twenty-five cents to me and every other man who wants to raise good corn; and I would say pay cash for your soap and keep your ashes on the farm.

In the spring of 1860 I planted fifteen acres of corn on an old pasture, which seemed much infested with grubs. They didn't scare me, either. Immediately after planting I put a small handful of ashes on every hill, and some of the wise ones said that my corn would "never come up," but it did come up to the tune of eighteen hundred bushels of ears from the field. The variety was Eight-rows Yellow. After hoeing first time, which I do as soon as the rows can be seen, I usually give a dressing of ashes and plaster mixed, about equal parts.

I have tried various experiments with "scare-crows," but am certain that twine and other devices must be put up as soon as corn is planted, and then I am not sure that they are always effective.

In the spring of 1861 I soaked my seed corn in coal tar-water and rolled it in plaster. The crows did not injure it, but it was near the house. Last year I used common tar, and they pulled nearly two acres regardless of windmills, twine, newspapers, dead owls and gunpowder.

Of varieties, I have tried the White Flint, White Red-blaze, Eight-rows Yellow, King Philip, and the Yellow Red-blaze. The last variety I think the best for this locality. It is eight-rows, long ears, large kernel, small eobs, easily husked, and makes tip-top "Johnny" cake. 'Twill do to cut in one hundred days from time of planting. It never should be planted nearer than three and one-half feet each way. I consider narrow board or rail cribs much better than any corn barn can be made to be. I should like to hear from some practical farmer on effective "scare-crows." E. M. P. Gates, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1864.

REMARKS.—We are sorry the above article has evaded us in our explorations of a large pile of manuscripts on our table until this late day; for it has been on hand some time.

VARIETIES OF FLAX.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As you ask your flax-growing readers what varieties of flax they grow, and whether flax seed is simply flax seed with us or not, &c., I say:—As for flax seed is simply flax seed when it is three dollars a bushel; but I have a choice in the kinds that I sow. I have sown four different kinds; one is called Hungarian flax seed. One seed of this kind is as large as four or five of our common seed. It grew about two feet high and had but little seed. Thinking the soil and climate not right for it here, I did not sow it again, but wish I had; for experience shows that western seed will not do as well here the first year as it will afterwards; and I think it would have been so with the Hungarian seed.

I have had good crops from the White seed. This seed was brought from Mexico into Ohio in 1848, and has been quite extensively grown there since, as I have been informed. It does

not yield as many bushels of seed to the acre as the Brown seed, but makes one pint more oil to the bushel. It is as good for fiber as any flax that is grown.

Five years ago, I got seed from Ohio—the White, Brown and Red. It did not do well the first year; the second year it was better; the third year I sowed fifty-five acres of the White and Red mixed, equal parts, and had as good flax as need to be raised. Last year it was not as good, and this year I have got seed out of the town to sow; for I think seed is not worth sowing after it has been sown in the same neighborhood for six or seven years.

The Red seed is longer and slimmer than the Brown. It is called Saplin seed. It grows tall like the White, and has a good fiber. I cannot tell any difference between the White and Red seed except the color. If I should sow flax for the seed I should sow the Brown, and should expect to get three bushels more to the acre than from any other seed.

The White and Red will yield more fiber, and I should sow them if I wished to save both seed and fiber. To save my seed, I pull the best and cleanest of my flax, and keep the seed separate to sow. C. D. FARMAN. Gainesville, N. Y., 1864.

REMARKS.—We thank our correspondent for this letter. Facts and experience of this sort are of great value. Who else can talk on this subject?

LOOK OUT FOR RAIN.

WHEN you see the following signs, prepare for a heavy rain storm, or a shower, at least:

First.—When the air seems light or hollow and sounds reverberate, you hear the woodman's axe, the rap of the hammer, and other distinct sounds a long distance, and echoes of the human voice distinctly, then you may expect a storm to commence within twenty-four hours.

Second.—When you observe several little whirlwinds raising the sand, dust, weeds, &c., into the air, and move along with rapid turning, a shower of rain, generally, soon follows.

Third.—My venerable father, when in earth-life, did not depend upon the changes of the moon, nor look into the almanac, to foretell the weather. However, he had observed for years one sign, which he said he had never known to fail. In the year 1816, the spring and summer held cold, and little or no rain fell in any of the Northern States. A famine was the consequence, as many living can well remember. One day, in the fall season, he returned from his stock farm, and said, "this day I have seen my old and never failing signs of rain; but we shall fail this time, as all signs fail in dry weather." It was simply the cattle licking their hind feet. However, a rain soon commenced, and continued several days. I very well remember the circumstance, though only eight years of age. These are of importance to the farmer, if correct. S. W. JEWETT. Rio Bravo Ranch, Kern River, Cal.

ABOUT PLOW BOLTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would say to PETER WYKOFF, about plow bolts, (although I am not a plow maker,) that one moment's attention to the reason why plow bolts are made so as to turn the nut left-handed, ought to have answered his question. Mr. W. will observe, when a plow is in the furrow, the nut that holds on the plowshare is very near the earth; consequently when the plow is moving it will strike any small stone that may be in the bottom of the furrow, which, if the nut is made left-handed, will serve to tighten it; but if it were made right-handed, it would soon become loose, and Mr. W.'s "inexperienced help" would be more perplexed than they are with the left-handed nut; and perhaps the plow maker might get a reprimand for not using some better method of fastening on his plowshares than by the use of the plow bolt. If Mr. W. thinks that the right-handed nut is best, let him get one made and use it. He will soon become "educated" on that point. J. B. W. Bristol, N. Y., 1864.

THE CLOVERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Are there two kinds of red clover? In addition to the answer given last week to J. F. M., Carmel, Ind., it may be as well to state that in England there are two distinct varieties in constant common use, viz., the perennial and annual; the latter being always sown where the crop is broken up for wheat the first year, as it is two weeks earlier and cuts a great weight the second mowing. On land lying two years in seeds, as they are termed, it is customary to sow clover, rye grass, of the perennial species, and white clover; say about half a bushel of rye grass, eight lbs. of red clover, six lbs. of white clover, and sometimes four pounds of trefol. When red clover alone is sown, fourteen lbs. to twenty lbs. are used. Thick sowing causes a finer texture, and as this kind of hay is always cut there before it is fully out in blossom the quality is first rate for sheep or any kind of stock. The pasture is excellently adapted for all young and growing animals. GEORGE GARDNER. Shrewsbury, Pa., 1864.

CORN AND CHUCH BUGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As it will soon be bug season, I will give our plan to prevent chinch bugs injuring corn, where it is near a wheat field in which this bug has been at work. Leave a narrow strip of land between the wheat and corn, say two rods wide, and sow it with buckwheat at the usual tin for sowing. The bugs will not disturb the buckwheat, nor will they pass through it to the corn. Cumberland Co., Ill., May, 1864. S. KELSO.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Coal Oil for Swellings.

"C. G." writes:—"I have used Coal Oil with success, in the reduction of swellings caused by the collar, on horses' shoulders. Three or four applications are sufficient, without stopping the horse from labor. Has any one else tried it? If so, we ought to hear from such."

A Durable Water Pipe.

C. TODD writes concerning a water pipe that is durable and will not poison the water:—"I know of pipe that has been laid sixteen years, and is still sound, and the water as pure as at the fountain. Said pipe was made of one part good water lime to three parts of clean sand, and laid deep enough to be below frost. And I think, if it will last sixteen years, it will last as long as iron."

To Cure "Sweeney."

BENJ. LILLIE, of Ottawa Co., Mich., sends us a recipe which he says will cure "Sweeney":—"Take one pint alcohol; two ounces camphor gum; two ounces oil of spike; two ounces oil of organum; two ounces oil of wormwood. Mix all together, and bathe the shoulder and rub it in well once a day, and your horse will soon be better." This may be of use when the difficulty is in the shoulder; but if in the foot, it will hardly be of service. See our recent article on this subject.

About Milking and Talking.

A CORRESPONDENT asks:—"Does it affect the quantity of milk a cow will give if conversation is carried on between milkers when milking?" We do not think there is any doubt about it—especially where the dairy is made up of young cows. We would not have a loud talking milker in the stable. And it would be better without doubt, if conversation were entirely tabooed when milking. We remember some years ago, a dairyman asserted at a meeting of a farmers' club, that he had discharged a man because he would talk and interrupt the milking in his dairy, and that in three days the increase in milk was equal to the man's wages. Such are important facts, if established.

How a Broken Horn was Treated.

J. VAN HOESEN, of Clinton Co., Mich., tells how he successfully treated a broken horn for the benefit of others who may have occasion to do so. A two-year old heifer broke one of her horns "out of the head," so that he could thrust his thumb almost the entire length into the cavity. A neighbor declared he could see the brain, and advised killing the animal. Instead of doing so, however, he treated her as follows:—"I took a large spoonful of rosin, a small roll of sticking salve, and a spoonful of very salt butter and melted them all together, spread it upon a rag and pressed it slightly into the cavity and bound it up with long strips of cloth fastened about the other horn and head so as to exclude all the air. I put her in the stable and took good care of her; the result is she got entirely well."

Inquiries and Answers.

SCHOOLS.—"A RURAL READER," Point Quiet, Vt., asks where there is a school or schools where students may teach and pay their tuition. We cannot answer.

CHEESE STRAINER.—What is the best kind of cloth for cheese strainers—cotton or linen, coarse or fine? We have some trouble with strainers sticking to the cheese after pressing.—A BEGINNER.

WATER LIME WASH FOR FENCES AND OUT-BUILDINGS.—(E. S. H., Benson, Vt.) See page 101 current vol. RURAL for reply to your question. See article entitled "The Out-Buildings."

TO CURE A HARD MILKER.—Can you, or any of the readers of the RURAL, tell me what will cure or help a cow's teat that milks very hard, and is all right to all appearances, but a stoppage of the milk in the extreme end of the teat?—C. D. HILL.

WASH FOR HARNESS BUCKLES.—Will some of your numerous correspondents inform me, through the RURAL, what I can use to wash the buckles of a silver-plated harness, where the plating is worn off? Of what is the wash composed, and the method of application?—B. J. HALL, Rensselaer Co., N. Y.

CURING SOWN CORN FOR WINTER FORAGE.—We have inquiries for the best mode of curing sown corn for winter forage. We have already given some experience on that point. But we shall be glad, for the sake of our readers, to hear from others, who have succeeded in storing and keeping it in good condition, their modus operandi.

A SOW KILLS HER PIGS.—With care, I selected what has proven to be—from form and easiness to keep—a good sow for breeding. Recently she dropped a litter of pigs, which she killed, manifesting no disposition to eat them. She was confined in a pen by herself—always very quiet. Would it be prudent to try again? Is there any way whereby a like occurrence can be prevented? Will not some one who has had experience enlighten a tyro in all pertaining to the business?—J. H. WARNER, Clermont, Iowa.

TO PREVENT COWS SUCKING THEMSELVES.—A correspondent recommends (with what we have seen named before but think is too brutal) splitting the tip of the tongue two inches. We have seen muzzles made by attaching a broad band of stiff leather about the chops near the muzzle of the cow, and over it fasten another leather driven full of sharp pointed nails, points turned out. The under strip of leather prevents the nails slipping out, and protects the muzzle from the friction of the heads.

THE BEST BEE HIVE.—(L. A. Brice, of Monroe Co., N. Y.) We do not know which is the best beehive for summer and winter use. We do not know of anybody who does. But we think the value of any hive to any man must depend largely upon his attention and care of his swarms. No man need hope to get a hive that will take care of the bees for him. There are some kinds of hives that afford facilities for handling bees which others do not. But with the simplest hives, the attentive apian succeeds. Success does not generally depend upon the hive.

Rural Notes and Items.

TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

A NEW HALF VOLUME AND NEW TERMS.

AGENTS, Subscribers and all others interested are advised that the Second Half of Volume XV of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence on the 2d of July proximo. A goodly number of subscriptions expire with the present month, and as our terms are strictly in advance, those wishing the uninterrupted continuance of the paper should renew at once—either by remitting the single copy price or joining clubs. Each subscriber whose term expires with the present half volume (June 25,) will find the number of his or her last paper—No. 754—printed after name on address label. As we purpose making the ensuing half volume quite as interesting and valuable as the present, it is hoped that all herein addressed will kindly remember the RURAL and make some effort in its behalf. We trust, especially, that those who have the welfare of the paper, the cause it advocates, and community, at heart, will lend a little timely aid in the way of adding to our list a few hundred or thousand names at rates which will afford some profit—for, as [we] intimate months ago, most of the subscriptions to our present volume, (certainly all received at the club rates previous to May 1st,) pay us no profit whatever. Though we are bound to keep the RURAL afloat, and up to the standard, even at a pecuniary loss, we think that, while most of its subscribers are more prosperous than formerly, it is entitled to substantial recognition from the thousands who acknowledge its merits and the benefits derived from it by individuals and community.

For reasons alluded to above, and more fully stated in previous numbers—such as the great advance in prices of printing paper and other material, wages, provisions, etc.,—we are constrained to increase the Subscription Rates of the RURAL, and hence on and after the 1st of July, 1864, they will be as follows:—Single Copy, \$2.50. To Clubs and Agents, Three Copies for \$7; Six Copies for \$13; Ten Copies for \$20. Agents who have formed clubs for the present volume can make additions at the rate of \$2 per yearly copy or \$1 for six months.

The above rates are very low in proportion to the price of stock, material, cost of living, etc., and we have been strongly advised to make the single copy price \$3,—but we only make such advance as is necessary, looking to the "good time coming," when "this cruel war is over" and peace restored throughout the land, for actual profits.

WOOL IN NEW YORK.—We copy the following from WALTER BROWN'S Monthly Wool Circular, dated June 1st:—"May does not usually witness a very active Wool market, and the month just passed has not been an exception. As a general thing, manufacturers have bought only to supply present wants, their attention being turned to the approaching new clip, from which they expect to derive better selections if they do not realize lower rates. Some buyers with large contracts for goods have, however, thought it prudent to secure without delay a portion of their needed supplies. The demand from this source, together with the advanced rate of exchange, the high price of Wool abroad, and the probability of a largely increased tariff, has maintained a firm feeling with holders, and prices are somewhat higher than a month ago. As usual, at this period of the year, those interested in Wool are anxiously waiting to see what the opening prices will be, and many opinions are held on the subject, but with the probability of an increased tariff, growers will demand full prices. Congress has not taken final action on the new tariff law; it is therefore impossible to state with confidence what increase of duties will be made, but a material advance on the existing rate is almost certain. We think manufacturers will prefer to take their chances in the market rather than to lay in heavily in the country at what they consider exorbitant rates, and dealers will to a great extent participate in this feeling; we may, therefore, look for a steady, though, perhaps, not a very rapid movement of Wool from West to East through the coming season, and anticipate a regular healthy trade in our market here.

Pulled Wools have been in active demand, and good lots of Super have been taken freely and are still sought for by flannel manufacturers and others, who wish to lay in supplies while the assortment is fair; the season is about over, and prices will probably improve for the stocks on hand. California Wools are in light stock and firmly held; they are growing steadily in favor with those who use them. The first shipments of Spring clip that have arrived by steamer are in good condition, and we think will meet with ready sale. Good medium Foreign Wools are very scarce, and all grades are held for extreme rates, some owners declining to sell at any price. Advances from Europe to the 14th ultimo represent their markets as quite active, and prices tending upwards; shipments to the United States were almost suspended.

CROP PROSPECTS IN CANADA WEST.—Under date of June 6, Mr. Wm. E. SIBLEY writes from St. Catharines, C. W., as follows:—"Have recently been over several of our best counties between this place and Lake Huron, and find fruit prospects pretty good. Winter wheat is badly winter-killed in all the frontier counties. But in the North part of the Province, where there was a covering of snow, it is good. Spring work has been very backward, and much of it badly done,—but the fine warm weather of the last two weeks is bringing every thing on rapidly, and think with a favorable summer the spring crops will be good."

THE AMERICAN ARTISAN AND PATENT RECORD is the name of a newspaper which comes to us from New York, devoted to Arts, Mechanics, Manufactures, Mining, Engineering, Chemistry and Reporting of Patents. Published weekly by Brown, Coombs & Co., at \$2 per year. Its mechanical appearance is excellent, and its contents are manifestly prepared with considerable care and ability. Its editors and publishers are men of professed experience, and we wish them all merited success.

WHAT A COW DID IN DECEMBER.—T. B. CHAMP writes us:—"Being in Lima, N. Y., a few days since, a friend there, Mr. H. COX, informed me that his wife made, in the month of Dec. from the milk of one cow, fifty-six and three-fourths pounds of butter, and used what milk was needed in the family besides; butter selling at 80 cents per pound. They would have made as much in January and February had they sold no milk. Who has beat this?"

THE SHEEP SHEARING, at Canandaigua last week, is reported to have been very successful—a fine exhibition, and well attended. We are unable to give particulars this week.

A HORSE SHOW is to be held at Lyons, N. Y., July 4th. See advertisement.

Horticultural.

GRAPES IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

We have before us an interesting report of a Special Committee appointed by the Missouri Horticultural Society to visit the vineyards in Missouri and Illinois, and report all matters of interest relative to varieties of grapes, condition of vineyards, &c. We are indebted to the Chairman of this Committee, W. C. FLAGG, Esq., Moro, Ill., for it. Twenty-two vineyards were visited, in St. Louis county, Hannibal and Hermann, Mo., and at Alton, Ill. It would gratify and interest those of our readers engaged in grape growing to read the whole of this report. But our space is too limited. We must content ourselves with carefully gleaned from it the more noticeable features:

DIFFICULTIES OF GRAPE CULTURE.

Of the difficulties of grape culture in the Mississippi Valley, the Committee says:—"Variableness of climate is one. Whilst the warmth of our summer extends from the northern limit of possible grape growing far into the regions of the north, the severity of our winters make the winter care of a vine a matter of painful thought even in this latitude.

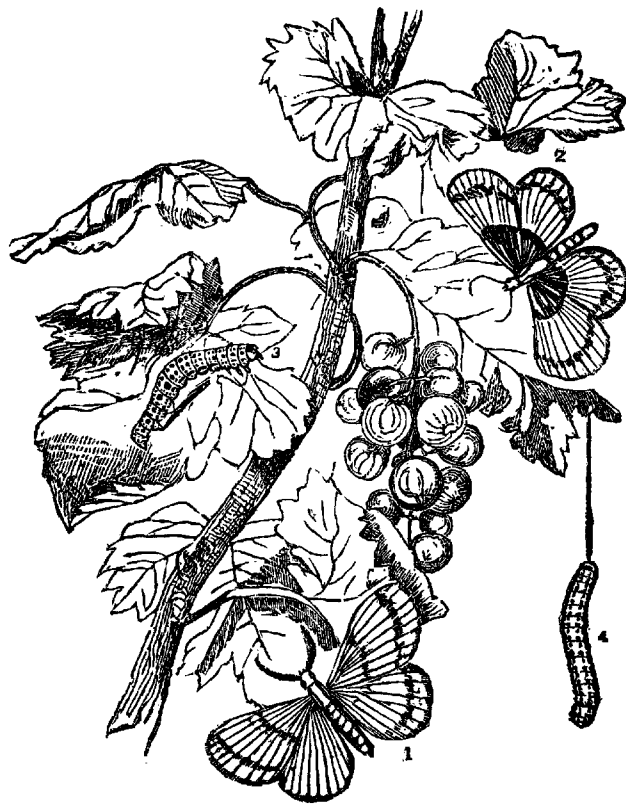
"The humidity of the atmosphere of the Mississippi Valley is another formidable check upon the success of grape growing with old varieties after old methods; and the insect productiveness and vegetable disease to which the combined warmth and humidity of our summers contribute, put formidable obstacles in the path of our first attempts at growing grapes here. All these we regard as inherent difficulties, to be met and overcome by new treatment, and new varieties adapted to our soil and climate, and which should ever be kept in view by the beginner. It is a very different thing, growing grapes in the Mississippi Valley, from their culture in the Orient in Italy, or California, where volcanic soils and dry atmospheres supply very different conditions."

ABOUT VARIETIES.

We said 22 vineyards were visited. We shall speak of these vineyards by number (from 1 to 22) instead of name, for brevity's sake, giving the locality, and compounding what is interesting containing each variety, in a single paragraph.

Catawba.—No. 1, (Webster Station, Pacific R. R., Mo.) 4½ acres of Catawbas; planted in 1860; "has done with the Catawba." No. 2, (10 miles W. St. Louis); this variety not named in report. No. 3, (Alton, Ill.); vineyard ½ acre; 400 vines, mostly Catawbas; planted 5 by 5 feet in 1854; crop in 1862, 4,700 lbs.; sold at 10 cents per lb.; crop in 1863, 4,000 lbs.; but little rot, and a little leaf blight. No. 4, (Alton, Ill.); vineyard of 2,000 vines, mostly Catawbas; planted in 1859 and 1860; no leaf blight if cultivation is kept up; product in 1863, 10 lbs. per vine; regards this variety the best for locality. No. 5, (Eureka, Mo.); vineyard planted 1858, 10 by 10 feet; first bearing year Catawbas yielded 4 lbs. to the vine; second year 10 lbs., nearly; leaf blights; would not plant it again. No. 6, (Hermann, Mo.); Catawba not named. No. 7, (Hermann, Mo.); 4,000 Catawbas; planted in 1850, 5 by 6 feet; no result given. No. 8, (Hermann, Mo.); no Catawbas planted. No. 9, (Hermann, Mo.); "tolerably healthy;" crop moderate. No. 10, (Hermann, Mo.); three-eighths of five acres in Catawbas; planted in 1861, 5 by 5 feet; 12 lbs. grapes make one gallon wine. No. 11, (Hermann, Mo.); vineyard of 2 acres; mostly Catawbas; planted 5 by 5 feet; fruit finely ripened; from 2,500 vines expects 8,000 lbs. grapes. No. 12, (Hermann, Mo.); vineyard of 3,600 vines; mostly Catawbas; planted in 1849 or 1850; product 8,000 to 9,000 lbs. per year; this variety not healthy in foliage; fruit very fine. No. 13, (Hermann, Mo.); 9,000 Catawbas; "bearing well; tolerably healthy; some leaf blight." No. 14, (Hermann, Mo.); vineyard of 2 acres; mostly Catawbas; planted 5 by 5 feet; vine looks "tolerably well." No. 15, (Hermann, Mo.); 2 acres, mostly Catawba; crop "enormously large; planted closely;" shriveled berries and fallen leaves numerous. No. 16, (Hermann, Mo.); Catawbas healthy; foliage green and good. No. 17, (Hermann, Mo.); 400 vines; excellent condition; largest product, 166 gallons wine; smallest, 40 gallons. No. 18, (Hermann, Mo.); Catawbas planted 4 by 4 feet; average product 200 gallons wine per acre; vines a little defoliated; Catawba wine said to be at its best estate at 15 months. No. 19, (Hermann, Mo.); Catawba planted 4 by 6 feet; no notes on it. No. 20, (Hannibal, Mo.); vineyard 2,000 vines, mainly this variety; bearing full; new canes, fine growth; old canes, much defoliated. No. 21, (Hannibal, Mo.); 3,300 vines, mostly Catawbas; half in bearing; estimated product 1 gallon per vine. No. 22, (Hannibal, Mo.); 600 bearing Catawba vines; planted in 1861, (cuttings) 3 by 5 feet; product in 1863, 310 gallons of wine from 600 vines. Catawba more healthy at Hannibal than at Hermann. The Committee says of this variety:—"Catawba, although still a large part of the vineyards, is passing out of favor in most localities, and giving place to varieties more easily kept in health. Its quality as a fruit is still high, but its liability to disease is thrusting it aside, except in the most favorable localities, such as are furnished by the Alton and Hannibal bluffs.

Concord.—[Hereinafter we shall only give the numbers of the vineyards, in speaking of which the Committee name the variety under consideration. And we shall not repeat locality.] No. 1. One acre in this variety; crop (28th August) just ripening; fine sight; vines three years old loaded. No. 2. "Concord in good repute here. By enclosing bunches in cotton bags of loose texture, they are kept on the vines till October." No. 5. "Concords pro-



THE AMERICAN CURRANT MOTH.

Fig. 1, The Male Moth. Fig. 2, Female. Fig. 3, Larva—lateral view. Fig. 4, Larva—dorsal view.

duced first bearing year 10 lbs. to the vine—thirty vines producing more than double the amount of the seventy Isabellas and Dianas;" 2d year, about 17 lbs. per vine; 3d year, 10 lbs.; would have done as well as the second but for the rot. The cultivator would plant it for market. No. 7. In good repute; largely planted; does not succeed with long cane pruning; healthy and productive; berries large and sweet; seventy drops of juice squeezed from a single berry without exhausting the supply. No. 8. "400 vines here in the third year of their growth have produced, 1st year, 1,300 layers worth \$143; 2d year, 7,000 layers worth \$640; 3d year, 4,000 layers and 2,000 lbs. grapes, at 16 cents per lb. net, worth \$700. Total product for three years, \$1,483." No. 9. Culture somewhat neglected, but bearing a tolerable crop. No. 10. Cuttings planted in 1861; approves of short pruning this variety. A vine pruned with long canes produced only four or five bunches of fruit in 1863, while another, pruned after Mr. HUSMANN'S plan, yielded 14 or 15 lbs. of grapes; 200 vines from cuttings put in the ground 2 years and 4 months before, yielded the present year (1863) \$180 worth of fruit. No. 12. Very fine here. No. 13. No rot here; 10½ lbs. to the gallon; called the best table grape. No. 18. The table grape here; fine, bunches heavy. The Committee add:—"Concord has been nearly everywhere entirely successful. Some rot is reported from localities in St. Louis county; otherwise it appears entirely healthy, and very productive of handsome fruit of second rate quality."

Clinton.—No. 2. "Looked fine." No. 4. "Inclined to discard it; one ground of objection is its being troubled with the apple worm. No. 8. "Promises well; foliage bad this year; not as good as Norton's Virginia for wine." No. 18. Puts it with the wine grapes and calls it "good."

Diana.—No. 1. Does not succeed with it; its foliage is not good. No. 5. Planted in 1858, 10 by 10 feet; 1st bearing year produced 4 lbs. to the vine; 2d, 14 lbs.; 3d, very light crop, because they overbore the 2d year; troubled with leaf blight; would plant it for family use; "it hangs well and keeps till Christmas." No. 7. "Healthy, fine; not well tasted." No. 12. "Not liked; a poor bearer." No. 13. "Much liked." No. 18. "Healthy vine, and a load of fine fruit. The Committee add:—"The Diana is a grape upon which there is a lack of agreement, though the testimony is generally favorable. Its strong point appears to be its keeping properties. As a market grape it is probably not profitable, except for late sales."—[Concluded next week.]

AMERICAN CURRANT MOTH.

"A FARMER'S WIFE" (South Royalton) writes us:—"I began early in the season to examine my trees—our currant bushes are all trained into nice little trees—and soon after they began to put forth, I discovered now and then a leaf with forty or fifty little particles, resembling "fly blows," on the under side of the leaf. They began to show signs of life, and in a few days were full-grown worms. They are scarcely perceptible when they begin to eat. Will not some of your readers investigate further?"

Fitch, (2d vol., p. 109), where he talks of the American Currant Moth, (*Abraxas? Rebearia*, FITCH), does not tell us where the eggs of this moth are laid, but he describes the worm as follows:—"A cylindrical, ten-footed measure worm nearly an inch long, bright yellow varied on each side with white, and with numerous black spots and large round dots regularly arranged, each giving out a fine black bristle, burying itself slightly and changing to a pupa without forming any cocoon. The moth comes out about the first of July, of a pale nankin, yellow color, the wings with one or more faint dusky spots behind their middle in the male, and in the female with an irregular band crossing both pairs. Width, 1.30 to 1.45." FITCH thinks the wild gooseberry (*Ribes Cynosbati*) the original habitat of this insect, and shaking the bushes and picking the worms off by hand and destroying them, the only effectual mode of exterminating them. He says:—"Choice va-

rieties of the gooseberry and currant may be securely protected by enclosing each bush in a netting made of the cheap fabric used for musquito bars, or some similar material, every worm upon these bushes being previously dislodged."

—Since writing the above, we find that FITCH, in his description of this moth, published in the Transactions of N. Y. State Ag. Society in 1847, says:—"The exact situation in which it deposits its eggs I have not yet discovered." So that the vigilance of "A Farmer's Wife" may be of some importance in determining an unsettled question—if it is yet unsettled.

BOUQUET MAKING.

I DON'T know as I can exactly describe the operation of making bouquets, since experience is the very best teacher of the art; but perhaps I can give NELLIE a few hints that may be useful if she is a beginner. Her question has set me to thinking on the subject of floral arrangements, and wondering why people that love flowers do not use them more in the decoration of house and table.

For the outer circle of the flat bouquet, take flowers with long, stiff stems, as, Schizanthus, Salvia, Stock, Monk's Hood, Snap Dragon, &c.; arrange two or three branches of these for the top, and tie them firmly with one end of a long cord. I prefer a strip of old cotton cloth about an inch wide—then proceed carefully downward, fastening each addition by winding the cord around it, and taking especial pains to keep all as flat as possible. Trim the ends to fit the vase, and nothing more is needed. For a round bouquet the process is essentially the same, only regard must be had to the different shape desired. It might be well to wind upon a stick, as that would render the work firmer, but after a little experience, it could be dispensed with. The pyramidal is a deservedly popular style of bouquet, and admits the use of almost every flower; it is, perhaps, a little more difficult to arrange, and needs much perseverance.

As a rule, do not put anything full-blown into bouquets; in selecting Verbenas, Candytuft, Sweet Williams, Phlox, Geraniums, &c., be sure that the central buds have not opened, if you wish your bouquet to last any length of time. Especial regard must be had to the arrangement of colors; the various reds, pink, and white, should be the sole dependence for positive hues, but do not ever omit a little yellow, if it is nothing but two or three buttercups. The best yellow flowers are Hawk's eye, Bartonia, Eschscholtzia, Coreopsis and Canary Bird flower. Especial care is needed in the introduction of blue; it should be contrasted with yellow, or better still, with pure white. Bouquets of yellow, blue and white, are novel, and very pleasing.

One important item in regard to this subject is the foliage. Take anything that has a good color, and use a great deal of it—there can hardly be too much. Carrot leaves and May-weed are pretty, but the latter has too unpleasant an odor. Rocket tops, and Chrysanthemum sprouts, are very good, with occasionally a bunch of myrtle, or a few sprays of asparagus.

I might add more in regard to the care and disposition of bouquets, but forbear, recollecting that the subject may not be interesting to all the RURAL readers.

I wish NELLIE abundant success, and hope she will not be discouraged at an occasional failure.

P. S.—Will somebody please name a few plants suitable for a small rockery? D. H.

THE CURRANT WORM.

MANIFESTLY, our readers are not looking upon the ravages of these gross feeders with complaisance; and experiments are being tried; very properly, the results of some of these experiments are coming to the RURAL.

A. EASTWOOD writes, under date of May 27: "The currant worm has made its appearance earlier than last year and is doing great damage. We tried the following recipe upon them last

evening, and this morning find the worms are nearly all dead. They squirm badly when the application is made:—Take 1 oz. carbonate of potash; 1 oz. carbonate of ammonia; 1 oz. niter. Dissolve in one quart of soft soap; mix the whole thoroughly in nine gallons of rain water. Apply the slush through the nose of a watering pot to the bushes, opening them so that the fluid will pass down the forks of the plant. Do this in the evening and the worms will be dead in the morning. This mixture will not injure the leaf."

We find in the Utica Herald the following "remedy" from a correspondent:—"Take three gallons of soft water, dissolve a half pint of soft soap, then put in one gallon of fish or pork brine, and mix well. Take care to wet all the leaves." The writer says that when he applied it, "the brine affected some of the tender branches of the bushes, and killed the leaves, while the fruit seems to thrive and look well." We could scarcely recommend such a remedy. How fruit can thrive without the aid of leaves passes our comprehension. Another writer furnishes what we regard a more sensible and practical mode of getting rid of the pests. He says:—"I have succeeded by taking a large or wide pan, holding it under a bush at a time, taking a stick, giving a sudden strike upon the bush, catching them in the pan and burning or crushing them. In this way I have destroyed quart after quart of them. But this must be done at least twice a day for several days, to reach not only those that may have fallen to the ground and crawled up again, but also the new families that may come forth. They are apt to hang pretty tenaciously to the leaf, and it will require repeated blows to lose their hold."

Inquiries and Answers.

MAGNOLIAS.—Will you furnish, by some means, information concerning the Magnolia tree? Is this part of Canada too severe for it?—or will it require protection in the winter? A friend has sent me trees from Rochester, and I should like very much to preserve them. The Isabella and Clinton grape both summer and winter here, but I know not how the Magnolia will answer. Our best Locusts were killed here last winter.—GEO. S. MILLER, Owen Sound, C. W.

We have no doubt but that several of the Chinese Magnolias will endure our climate; they never suffer here. *Purpurea, conspicua, soulangeana*, &c., are of the Chinese family. The *acuminata*, our native northern species, is hardy at the most northern part of Canada.—B.

APHIDES ON PEAR TREES.—Enclosed please find leaf of pear tree which appears to be much affected by some kind of Aphid. Can you or any of your readers furnish a remedy, as most of the pear trees in the vicinity are almost ruined with it.—GEO. S. MILLER, Owen Sound, C. W.

The destruction of Aphides on trees in the open ground is attended with a good deal of difficulty. In green-houses, or where bushes can be easily covered, tobacco smoke is a never failing remedy. Dr. FITCH recommends drenching the vegetation affected with soap suds or weak lye. Also tobacco water, prepared by pouring boiling water upon tobacco, in the proportion of a gallon to a quarter of a pound. The latter we have used effectually.—B.

HOW TO ORGANIZE A LADIES' FLORICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A lady correspondent—we will not tell where, for we are requested not to do so—asks how she shall go to work to organize such a society. She says "there are lots of flowers in our village and ladies who know a great deal about them, which they do not tell, and which they ought to." A lady of our acquaintance once effected such an organization in the following manner:—She had a fine show of Verbenas. There were other ladies who had splendid beds of the same. She started her friends by the issue of the following invitation:

"Mrs. — Compliments. "She will be happy to see you at her residence Saturday P. M., at 3 o'clock. Cut and bring your best specimens of Verbenas, named. Conversation will be about these flowers; other subjects tabooed. A committee will be appointed to examine and report upon specimens. Company, fifty. Dress, such as a romp in the garden will not injure."

Don't you suppose every person invited was there? Of course they were. The committee appointed to examine and report upon specimens, was a committee of the whole. A general vote settled who made the finest display. All were so delighted with the result of the novel "party," that it was unanimously voted to meet once a week and exhibit and talk about flowers. A little tact and invention exercised, and the work is done.

Horticultural Notes.

A LONG APPLE TREE TAP-ROOT.—Mr. D. GRAVES, of Penfield, has brought us the root and crown of an apple seedling, scarcely three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the crown, which he says was seven feet in length and broken off, when he pulled it from a sandy loam soil. It evidently went straight down—was certainly well anchored.

ARTICLES ON ORNAMENTAL TREES.—Mr. BARRY'S articles on Ornamental Trees are just what is wanted. I hope he will hurry them up, and follow them up with descriptions of shrubs, &c. A little information on one point would be of some use to me, if to no one else; that is the comparative size the trees attain—whether the largest, second, or third size—I mean as compared with each other and with each class.—G. S. C., West Fayette, N. Y.

SANITARY HORTICULTURE WITH THE ARMY.—B. F. TAYLOR writes the Chicago Evening Journal, from Chattanooga:—"Where, last November, I saw Hooker move up the battle in the clouds, his stout and steady legions swinging round upon the mountain side, like an iron index on a mighty dial, and the guns with throbs of fire burning through the night, now the coter cuts the willing earth for a potato field! Under the supervision of M. C. READ, Esq., of Ohio, in charge of the interests of the United States Sanitary Commission at Chattanooga, ten acres of peas, six acres of onions and tomatoes, beside lettuce and radishes, give the sick and wounded soldier rich promise of home luxuries for every hospital, and abundance to spare. Sixteen plows have been going, fifty-two horses making the sober "bouts" of the fallow, and one hundred detailed soldiers employed. Four miles further on, up the river, the peaceful scouts of the Commission discovered a rebel plantation, containing forty acres of Catawba vineyard, in splendid bearing order. A guard has been detailed, needless labor is going on, and, in their season, a burden of grapes will blush through the rents in the leafy screen."

Domestic Economy.

CANNING FRUITS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It may be interesting to some of your readers to know that in these times of high prices, many fruits can be preserved in cans and jars with little or no sugar. Currants, cherries, gooseberries, peaches and pears, require no sugar to preserve them. Raspberries and blackberries do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a quart of fruit; and strawberries but little more. We have now the different kinds of fruit nearly as fresh and good as when first gathered. Put them up the same way as if you used the sugar; that is, expel the cold air by heating the fruit after putting in the jar, by setting the jars in cold water, which heat to boiling. The glass jar that I find the best is MASON'S Self-Sealing, with zinc covers, which can be screwed on before the jar is removed from the hot water. We have never lost a jar of fruit in these jars, as they are perfectly air-tight, and can be used indefinitely. Perhaps the chemical action of the zinc may have some effect upon the preservation of the fruit.—M. S. D., Canton, Conn., May, '64.

REMARKS.—We do not know whether the above was intended as a gratuitous advertisement of the above named cans or not; it looks like it. If they are good it is all right; but that the chemical action of zinc covers, tends to preserve fruit is all nonsense. Tin cans are precisely as good as zinc or glass the first time they are used. We have seen fruit kept two years in them perfectly, without sugar; and we have used them a second time without affecting the good quality of the fruit. Some people whose sense of taste is too exquisite to insure their enjoyment of much that is good in this life, fancy that fruit canned in tin, tastes of it. We never could detect such flavor, where the cans had been properly cleansed and stored.

SUBSTITUTE FOR BUTTER.—The Baltimore Clipper says:—"A lady who is a famous house-keeper, recommends an economical plan for making cake without butter, which may be useful to our lady readers. Take a piece of fat salt pork, melt it down and strain it through a piece of coarse thin muslin. Set it aside until cold. It is then white and firm, and may be used like butter in any kind of cake. In pound-cake she assures us it is delicious. She says that after one trial she never used butter."

RECIPE FOR FLOAT.—Take a pint and a half new milk; two large spoonfuls of sugar; three eggs; beat the whites to a stiff froth. Beat the yolks well in the milk and sugar; bring to the boil stirring all the while. Put the whites in a dish and pour the boiling mixture over it. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Serve either cold or hot. This is an excellent dessert for tea.—LIZZIE F.

COMMON OMELET.—Beat five eggs till quite light and thick. Stir gradually into the pan of eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sifted flour; thin the batter with a large tea cup of milk; take a yeast powder (from the blue paper), in a small quantity of luke warm water, and stir it into the batter; in another cup melt the tartaric acid (from the white paper), stir hard; have in a frying pan some boiling lard, put in the omelet mixture, and fry it well. When one side is done, turn it. To flavor, mix gradually into it, either grated ham or smoked tongue, minced with onions, &c.—A. A. M., Gilead, Ohio.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP FROM SOFT.—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL, how to make hard soap from soft, I will send my recipe, which I know to be good. Make your soft soap by boiling as usual; have it nice. Do not take it from the fire, but stir in salt until it looks like muddy water, and then boil up again and let stand till morning when it is ready to cut in bars. Lay on a board in a dry place, and it will keep good. It is nice to wash calico. Try a small quantity first, if you are afeard to venture much.—MRS. LIBBIE WELCH, Four Towns, Mich.

TO COLOR WHITE KID GLOVES A LIGHT OR DARK PURPLE.—Boil four ounces of logwood, and two of rock alum in three pints of soft water till half wasted. Let it stand until cold, after straining. Then do the gloves over with a brush, and when dry repeat it. Twice is sufficient, unless wanted very dark. When dry rub off the loose dye with a coarse cloth. Beat up the white of an egg, and with a sponge rub it over them. Wet the hands with vinegar before they are washed.—J. E. P., Jeff. Co., N. Y.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

STRAW FOR BRAIDING.—Will some one please tell me how to prepare straw for braiding?—J. O. G.

ALUM BASKETS.—Please inform me through your columns how to make alum baskets?—A. A. M., Ohio.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS.—Will some of your correspondents tell me how to prepare plants for a herbarium, and how to crystallize flowers?—ETHEL H., Kewanee, Ill.

GRASSES AND LEAVES FOR FRAMES.—Will "Bel Howard" tell us whether she lets the grasses and leaves she uses for frames dry or uses them green? I should think they would shrink in time if used green. Are they to be varnished when completed, or not?—MRS. A. M. M.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

NO EXCUSE FOR POOR BREAD.—We tell people wherever we go that there is no excuse for poor bread and biscuits, if they have good flour. De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus mixed with the flour will produce the bread. But mind, reader, that you always get the genuine in red papers. The spurious is put up in green, and who will be so green as to buy it, knowing what it is? Good grocers sell the genuine.

Ladies' Department.

CLARIBEL'S PRAYERS.

BY LYNDY PALMER.

THE day with cold, gray feet clung shivering to the hills,
While o'er the valley still night's rain-fringed curtains fell;

But waking Blue Eyes smiled, "Tis ever as God wills;
He knoweth best, and be it rain or shine, 'tis well.
Praise God!" cried always little Claribel

Then sank she on her knees, with eager, lifted hands
Her rosy lips made haste some dear request to tell—
"Oh, Father! smile, and save this fairest of all lands,
And make her free, whatever hearts rebel.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

"And, Father," still arose another pleading prayer,
"Oh save my brother, in the rain of shot and shell,
Let not the death-bolt, with its horrid, streaming hair,
Dash light from those sweet eyes I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" wept little Claribel.

"But, Father, grant that when the glorious fight is done,
And up the crimson sky the sheuts of freemen swell,
Grant that there be no nobler victor 'neath the sun
Than he whose golden hair I love so well.
Amen! Praise God!" cried little Claribel.

When gray and dreary day shook hands with gray night,
The heavy air was thrilled with clangor of a bell.
"Oh, shout!" the herald cried, his worn eyes brimmed with light;
"Tis victory! Oh, what glorious news to tell!"
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"But pray you soldier, was my brother in the fight,
And in the fiery rain? Oh! fought he brave and well?"
"Dear child," the herald cried, "there was no braver sight
Than his young form, so grand 'mid shot and shell."
"Praise God!" cried trembling little Claribel.

"And rides he now with victor's plumes of red,
While trumpets' golden throats his coming steps foretell?
The herald dropped a tear. "Dear child," he softly said,
"Thy brother ever more with conquerors shall dwell."
"Praise God! He heard my prayer," cried Claribel.

"With victors wearing crowns, and bearing palms," he said.
A snow of sudden fear upon the rose lips fell.
"Oh! sweetest herald, say my brother lives," she pleaded.
"Dear child, he walks with angels, who in strength excel.
Praise God, who gave this glory, Claribel."

The cold, gray day died sobbing on the weary hills,
While bitter mourning on the night wind rose and fell.
"Oh, child," the herald wept, "'tis as the dear Lord wills:
He knoweth best, and, be it life or death, 'tis well."
"Amen! Praise God!" sobbed little Claribel.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.

How can I ever forget the picture! The heart of childhood is too unselfish, too innocent, too appreciative of real worth, to ever lose the remembrance of such a scene. The warm, true characters stand out as boldly upon the clear background as if it were seen of yesterday. And so I'll paint them.

It was a lovely spot. Away from the cares and busy scenes of city life, from the bustling pomp of fashion and the selfishness of deceit, rested the old homestead. Its owners had been out into the world, but had come back again, as the dutiful mother-bird goes out among the dangers of the storm to gather food for her young, and then returns to her quiet nest in the old forest tree,—as the pilgrim gleaner goes forth in the harvest field of earth, and, with sheaves all gathered, returns to the pay-chamber of his Master. The old farm house, with its time-worn front, was full of history. Every stone and tree preached sermons of the past. No wonder the old father thought it looked lovelier, younger than ever before; for was not this the morning of his golden wedding upon earth? On that same day, fifty years before, had he joyously led through the old farm-gate she who had vowed a life-long interest for him; and now beside him, crowned with the jewels of old age, she sat,—a monument of her power of faithfulness. Their lives had not all been sunshine. Thrice had they, arm in arm, followed tearfully their offspring to the silent grave. Thrice had the angel of disease lingered long and seriously at their own bedside, yet when they felt his presence departed for a while, they knew it would have been only a little separation, for death could have but little victory over such as they. Five children were left to bless their old age,—to smooth softly the white pillow, which must soon be used,—bridesmaids and grooms at their parents' golden wedding.

The old willow tree at the gate knew not the weight of silent harps, for the aged pair had never ceased to use them. They had a song for every storm—An Ebenezer for every Bethel-place. And when they drew around the old family altar, we fancied we saw the cherubim of peace, with wings outstretched, hovering strangely near. Soft wrinkles could not efface the smiles of rest which lay like anchors, "sure and steadfast," upon their brows. Life had been to them a solemn reality. Volume after volume had they read. The psalms of DAVID had to them been mingled with the sorrows of JOB. Praise and patience together had been written on every page. One leaf had been read with joyful enthusiasm. Upon the next had fallen great scorching tears. Yet were all perused with the same intense seriousness. And now the book of Revelations was in their hands. There remained for them but to turn its sacred pages, and with sight made strong in the crucible of trial, to read the conclusion of life's great syllogism. They had realized long

ago the principle of conduct which the major premise contained. A long train of goodness and virtue were the facts of the minor premise. And now their declining sun reflects the soft rainbow of peace, as the sure and natural conclusion. The logic of life has been nearly proved by them. Skeptical philosophy has no darts pointed enough to penetrate their strong armor. Their forts are all barricaded against temptation, and a vast army of white-robed angels keeps sentry at every spiritual gate.

Ah! these golden weddings! They make our land a fruitful heritage. As the sun grows brighter in its retiring rays,—as it seems to linger in the western horizon, in a long, fervent good-bye, so the long-lit candle of life burns with a purer, steadier light, as the darkness of night draws near. Be the trials of life ever so great, the standard of true affection is planted firmly in the aged heart, and the weather-beaten anchor of hopeful trust defies all gathering storms. We love to hear of golden weddings; for we know the history of life, in its truest, worthiest sense, is there revealed. Heart witnesses with heart, that the moral government of GOD is a righteous government, and that truth, no less than justice, permeates the good man's character. Who shall say that we may not all celebrate many bridal returns? We are taught that fifty years are but a unit in the great mathematical table of eternity, and that virtue and goodness are GOD's own favorite themes. In the celestial city, angelic choirs keep constant music to bridal feet, forever young, and the Master himself seals and registers the marriage vows. Let us wed to ourselves good qualities upon earth, and we shall have many a golden wedding in heaven. MARY PRICE. Adrian, Mich., 1884.

THE AMERICAN YOUNG LADY TALKING.

I SAID that all the young ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd, intelligent talk, is the shining attainment of all American ladies, and from the school-girl upward. All the school-girls themselves talk with an ease and volubility that would astonish the superintendents of the ladies' colleges at home. There is no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The rapid inanity that pass between partners at the English ball would be scouted. To be shy is to be unparitric. The American young lady goes straight to the point. How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the actions in the present struggle? Are you not struck with admiration at the deeds of valor performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's Wayside Inn? When is Tennyson's Beadicea to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the appearance of Rev. Ward Beecher? Don't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumphs of mechanical construction? Have you been to Niagara? These are a few of the queries she rattles out. You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled; for the intelligent and well-dressed young lady continually addresses you as "sir," and every now and then she asks you a question so naive, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old.—Sala.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

—THE masked and fancy balls of Paris develop a wonderful taste for characters. For instance:—At the last fancy-dress party in the Empress' apartments, Princess Metternich appeared as a swallow. She wore a robe of brownish-gray velvet, with a "postilion" behind, exactly imitating the expanded tail of the bird; a swallow with outstretched wings, perched on each shoulder, and another on the top of her head.

—MAMMAS need no longer force nauseous doses of castor oil upon their dainty offspring, for they can now have it prepared in the recent Paris fashion. The quantity of the oil prescribed is placed in a pipkin over the fire, and an egg broken into it and stirred up. When cooked, a little salt or sugar or currant jelly should be added. The patient can not possibly detect the medicine, and will most likely cry for more of the mixture.

—THERE is a discussion going on in some of the papers as to the proper finger on which to wear an engagement ring—some asserting that it should be worn on the index or fore-finger; others that it belongs on the third. It has always been our understanding of ring etiquette, that the engagement ring should be worn on the index, and the wedding ring on the third finger; but we do not profess to be authority. Who, among our fair readers that has made this a subject of investigation, will give us a chapter on ring significance?

—How the Turkish ladies appeared during the recent Mahomedan festival of the Ramazan, is told as follows:—The ladies turned out then in their carriages—almost all of European construction—dressed in their best attire, their veils made of the thinnest "book muslin," from beneath which flash bright eyes; and ivory teeth set in cherry (no, ruby is the better term,) lips harrow the souls of the sensitive youths who are fascinated by the charmers, and riveted, as by a spell, in the presence of the fair syrens. On their brows they wear gaily-colored *bandeaux*, which they call Garibaldi's, in honor of the great hero (the terror of the Sultan's ministers,) and many wear the best of kid gloves, either white or of the most showy colors, their costly rings of diamonds, rubies and emeralds worn outside. Then, their *feradjees*, or cloaks, are worn so coquetishly, that necks of the fairest alabaster are wantonly exposed to view.

Choice Miscellany.

AFFINITY.*

BY MARY FORREST.

"NUMBER thy lamps of love and tell me now,
How many can't thou reight at the stars
And blush not at their burning."

Be noble in your friendships!
Gather a chosen few
Around the spirit's chancel,
Where drops the heavenly dew:
Let them be rich in wisdom—
Let them be great and true,
With a strong and holy purpose,
Who take the feast with you.

Be guarded in your friendships,
For the love you bear to those
Who like a living chaplet
Your highest life enclose;
Link not a mere pretender
To the jeweled chain you hold,
Nor stain your spirit's tablet
With a worthless name enrolled.

A peerless gem united
To the coronal you wear,
Reflects its blended graces,
And stamps new beauty there;
While the glow of paste and tinsel
Outshine the purer rays,
And o'er your proud diara
An envious mockery plays.

Be reverent in your friendships;
Approach with holy care
Each hushed and guarded temple,
And the mysteries shrined there;
And never a word ungentle—
Never a word unkind,
For the beloved and loving—
The beautiful soul affianed!

Be royal in your friendships:
Gather a noble few
Around the inner immortal,
To drink of the heavenly dew;
For out of the ashes of earth-loves,
Springs the Phoenix divine—
The golden loves of the angels,
That round the Eternal entwine.

* This poem was forwarded to the RURAL by a West Troy correspondent, with a request that we publish; the said correspondent never having seen it in print.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY LEAD PENCIL, ESQ.

ONCE I was presented with an autograph album and asked for a sentiment and my autograph. I wrote:—"Life is a workshop; carve your own future."

Last night I looked in upon my quaint friend THOMPSON—a common name, but not a common man in this case. "I am glad to see you," said he, "for you know my boys are helping the country make history with their bayonets and Spencer rifles; and I hear that in the carving and boring, the slashing and slaying, one of the brave fellows must needs furnish a little blood from his veins for the cause. So they've let it out—how much, GOD knows, I don't. But it is all right, I suppose, and I must go to him, if not on his account and mine, because of the heart behind that quiet face yonder;" and I turned to see a shiver/shake the frame of Madame as she bent over a sock to "take up a stitch" she had dropped.

"You see," resumed my quaint friend, "they have been passing through The Wilderness toward the promised land. And they've left behind them a Dead Sea, sure. ORRIN was left in the Wilderness, but, thank GOD! not because he was faint of heart. JAMES is 'marching on.' Well, you'll look after matters for me a little, keep—and he lowered his voice—a cheerful face on for her sake, and receive and deliver my messages home,"—and his voice sank to a whisper,—and that may be the hardest task you'll have to perform."

"You're ready to go, I suppose? Is there anything I can get or do for you that will add to your comfort or his?"

"Bless you, no. We've not been studying possibilities for more than two years for nothing. Every hour, I think, has been one of preparation for just such an event as this—or worse. Nay, perhaps I should not say worse; for I tell you, PENCIL, it is a glorious future my boys have been carving. They've followed HANCOCK through thick and thin, and yet soberly, calculatingly—not thoughtlessly. I am sure I do not know what may be considered 'fighting the good fight' in Heaven; but ORRIN and JIM have been fighting for their's and their country's future—whatever it is—faithfully. No, no; it would be better for us both, perhaps, if we had something to do between now and train-time. It might make the 'wheel of time fly swifter round' for us. Ah! well!"

And a long sigh followed, its echo coming from the heart behind the quiet face over the knitting; the eyes of my friends seemed turned toward their hearts and the images therein. I quietly crossed the threshold and returned "to my own place."

So individuals and the country are carving the future!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GUMPTION.

If there is any one quality which is absolutely necessary to success and happiness, that quality is gumption; and of all unfortunate and to be pitied individuals, the most unfortunate, and the most to be pitied, are those who lack this inestimable blessing. Not that there is anything very bad about such people. Indeed, they are generally well-meaning, but they "haven't any gumption." That is all one can say about it. No other expression, no elaborate description even, can convey to the mind the precise condition of the class referred to. It

would be a hard matter, in fact, to define gumption, yet every one knows just what it means; it would be hard to point out just what is lacking in those who do not possess it, yet every one is aware of the deficiency except the individuals themselves.

If we might venture into the domain of mental science, we would say that gumption is a faculty of the mind somewhat akin to original suggestion; a sort of instinct; a sixth sense, it may be, inclining now to tact, now to common sense, according as it is more or less symmetrically developed.

The unfortunate individuals who lack gumption seem to fail chiefly in a due appreciation of the eternal fitness of things. They have no proper sense of where things belong, no idea of the awkward and the ridiculous. They do the right things often enough, but always at the wrong time. They seem to have a genius for getting things by the wrong handle. They will bring you the sheep-shears to cut a piece of Florence silk, or a pair of embroidery scissors to cut a hemp rope. Invite them to call, and they will be sure to come in the morning—most likely on washing day. If they have an engagement, they will be prompt enough, unless the business is pressing, in which case it is as morally certain that they will be late as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning.

To this class of people belong sundry public functionaries. Every one has seen them, in the desk, at the bar, in the lecture room, at public assemblies of all kinds. They always succeed in betraying themselves, and in one sense, are like a city set on a hill—they cannot be hid. The worthy chorister who at the close of a stirring revival sermon gave out the hymn beginning, "Peace, troubled soul, thou need'st not fear," is a very good representative of a large class,—he did the right thing in the wrong place.

But we may as well be patient, and call it an infirmity of poor human nature. It seems to be the province of some people to get things bottom side up, wrong side to, and inside out. They are like a lathe out of order. When the power is applied, no one short of a genuine prophet can tell whether it will turn out a butter bowl or a broom handle. Of one thing, however, you may rest assured. If there is a chance to get out of place, they will find it; if it is possible to make an awkward blunder, they will demonstrate it; and if a thing can be misunderstood, or misinterpreted, they are just the ones to do it. L. A. O.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

MARY CLEMMER AMES, the poetess and authoress, writes of Curtis:

"He, (Mr. Curtis) entered upon the game of life with a languid step. He loitered listening to the songs of sirens; he fed on lotus; he dreamed by the way. There were other young men who entered the race with him, not more swift of foot—not more deft of limb nor inspired of brain; yet they fixed their eyes upon the prize, and pursued it. But one day a celestial impetus descended to our dreamer. Suddenly he shook off every weight; he girded up his strength; he fired his eyes upon the sun, started after his comrades. Lo! to-day he has outstripped them all and we crown him victor. In the coterie of masculine writers who have just entered upon the Summer time of their career, can we find another who gives such proof of positive individual growth as George William Curtis? Compare the limner of "Caroline Petticoats," with the Biographer of Theodore Winthrop; the poet who chants that noble lyric of the "American Flag," the editor of Harper's! Yet he just escaped being a parlor dandy; a literary Dunderberg cultivating side whiskers, sneezes, and drawing-room nothings. When he portrayed Mrs. Potiphar, and embodied Kurz Pache, he affected the affectations which he ridiculed, and loved the follies which he so munificently condemned. Was it any wonder?"

All Japonicadom was in love with Adonis. All American maidenhood who studied and dreamed, who had not consecrated their sentimentality to the sorrows of Bayard Taylor, (and afterwards returned it with sarcasm and sour krout,) worshipped as their ideal the How-adj. In those budding days I confess to the weakness of adorning his picture. I doted on his Grecian nose, his Saxon eyes, his transcendent hair! If a handsome man, and a poet can emerge from such a crucible something more than an idiot, his gold is rare mettle. "Curtis is so changed," said a lipping New-Yorker to me. "He used to be so lovely. He had such beautiful whiskers; but he has got into such bad ways." "Does he drink to excess?" I asked in consternation. "O, no; worse; he believes in women's rights, and all that! Then, besides, he is a dreadful abolitionist. Think of him as he used to be in his violent kids, with that irresistible lock in the middle of his forehead. What a falling off!" With the bound of an athlete he has sprung to the level of the time. His stately face fronts the storm; his brawny hand grapples every issue of good or ill; his brave, tender heart ministers to every sorrow of the hour. The lotus eater, the dreamer of the Nile, lures us no longer to linger in idle ease by river and seas; to lie down by limpid lakes, amid the restful hills or to lavish life in the false fever of luxurious crowds. Earnest worker, true helper and brother of woman—lover of man—universal patriot—sacrificing place for principle; yes, you have changed. Brother of the pen, noble servitor of the lowly, prophet of the better time, clearer than in the days of Spring is the clear ripe tone of your Summer voice—through the night of your affliction, calling us to holy labor and sacrifice for God and for each other."

AN unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with terrible anguish, or else it will be your destruction.

Sabbath Musings.

H Y M N

BY ALICE CARRY

TILL I learned to love thy name,
Lord, thy grace denying,
I was lost in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying!

Nothing could the world impart,
Darkness held no sorrow;
In my soul and in my heart
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

All the blossoms came to blight,
Noon was dull and dreary;
Night and day, and day and night,
Weary, weary, weary!

When I learned to love thy name,
Peace beyond all measure
Came, and in the stead of shame,
Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure!

Winds may beat and storms may fall,
Thou the meek and lowly,
Reignest, and sing through all,
Holy, holy, holy!

Life may henceforth never be
Like a dismal story,
For beyond its bound I see
Glory, glory, glory!

SILENCE.

GOD usually works in silence. There is no noise in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies, no jar in the celestial machinery. The sun is like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, but we hear not the shutting of the door or the rustle of his shining garments. The moon, pale with nightly vigils, silently pursues her pathway nor gives a reason for her seeming waywardness in turning her face now from us, and now toward us. The stars looked as quiet as if they were not receiving courtly honors from mighty worlds.

In our best moods God's works command us to silence. The mountain awes us by its majestic presence. On the shores of the sea we commune silently with its greatness. In the pathless woods the rustle of leaves only make us feel alone with God. A beautiful landscape, like a painting, must be gazed at in silence, in order to appreciate the beauty and greatness of the Infinite Artist. The same effect is produced by the presence of great men, in genius, in learning, in holiness.

A man of silent power, who tells us not all he thinks and feels, attracts us himself. The Bible is a power, partly because of its silence on points upon which human curiosity would gladly have it speak. Heaven and hell have more power over us because we know not all their bliss and woe.

In the depths of the sea the waters are still; the heaviest grief is that borne in silence; the deepest love flows through the eye and touch; the purest joy is unexpressed; the most impressive prayer is silent prayer; and the most solemn preacher at a funeral is the silent one, whose lips are cold.

A PRACTICAL RELIGION.

WE want religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late; keeps the wife from being fretful when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs them; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Easter fig tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears not only on the sinfulness of sin, but on the rascality of lying and stealing; a religion that banishes all small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, sand from sugar, chickory from coffee, beet root from vinegar, alum from bread, lard from butter, strychnine from wine, and water from milk-cans.

The religion that is to advance the world will not put all the big strawberries and peaches at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles.

The religion that is to sanctify the world and pays its debts. It does not consider forty cents returned for one hundred given, is according to gospel, though it is according to law. It looks on a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks on a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar.

IMMORTALITY OF GOODNESS.—There is nothing, no, nothing innocent or good that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those that loved it here. Forgotten! O, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear; for how much charity, mercy, and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!—Dickens.

HE who casts off private prayer under any pretence whatsoever, casts off the authority and dominion of God; and this may be as much as a man's life and soul are worth.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
SCHOOLS OF AGRICULTURE—No. II.

HOW MAY SCHOOLS OF AGRICULTURE TRAIN UP SCIENTIFIC, PRACTICAL AGRICULTURISTS?

FOR students who design to take a thorough course in the sciences relating to Agriculture, to study all the branches usually included in the course of instruction at a literary college, would be impracticable, even if it were desirable. If advantages are provided for pursuing unlimited courses in special departments, the regular course at a school of agriculture should not embrace more than four years. To say that in four years a student could complete the course usually taught at colleges, and also pursue a sufficiently thorough course in the sciences relating to agriculture, and perform the manual labor which is an indispensable element in his education as an agriculturist, would be absurd in the extreme. A course different from the one usually pursued becomes, therefore, a necessity. Such a course should impart thorough mental discipline, a fluent command of the English language, as thorough knowledge as the time will permit of the sciences related to agriculture, and should make the student familiar with the manual labor of the farm, the garden, the orchard, the stable, and the dairy.

That the study of Mathematics, Logic, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Philosophy, and the Natural Sciences, is sufficient to discipline the reasoning powers, cultivate the taste, and impart a good knowledge of English, is proved by the fact that the students who pursue a scientific course in our colleges become as correct reasoners, as deep thinkers, as successful men, as those who spend four or six years with the dead languages. The time, then, that is usually devoted to the dead languages may, at a school of agriculture, be spent in pursuing those sciences which will be of practical use to the agriculturist. These sciences embrace Botany and Vegetable Physiology, Animal Physiology, Breeding and Care of Domestic Animals, Entomology, Analytical and Agricultural Chemistry, Geology, Practical Farming, Pomology, Horticulture, Management of the Dairy, and perhaps some others.

To arrange a course which shall include the above mentioned requisites, is a difficult task, and one that can only be accomplished after much experience. I have before me the catalogue of the Michigan State Agricultural College for 1863; an institution which has been for some years in successful operation, has already graduated two classes, and the coming fall will graduate another; hence it is but reasonable to suppose that the course as pursued by it has had the severe test of experience to a considerable degree. The course is as follows:

PREPARATORY CLASS.
First Half Year.—Arithmetic, Descriptive Geography, English Grammar.
Second Half Year.—Algebra, Natural Philosophy, Composition.

COLLEGE COURSE.—FRESHMAN CLASS.
First Half Year.—Algebra, Geometry, Book-Keeping.
Second Half Year.—Trigonometry, Surveying, Entomology, Principles of Stock Breeding, History.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.
First Half Year.—Physics, Structural Botany and Vegetable Physiology, Elementary Chemistry.
Second Half Year.—Physics, Analytical Chemistry, Systematic Botany, Horticulture.

JUNIOR CLASS.
First Half Year.—English Literature, Agricultural Chemistry, Animal Physiology.
Second Half Year.—Industrial Drawing, Landscape Gardening, Rhetoric, Zoology.

SENIOR CLASS.
First Half Year.—Inductive Logic, Mental Philosophy, Civil Engineering.
Second Half Year.—Astronomy, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy.

Essays every two weeks, declamations every six weeks, throughout the course.

It will be at once observed that the above course is very different from that usually pursued in colleges. Its peculiar excellence consists in the prominence given to those physical sciences which relate to agriculture. Botany is pursued during a year, instead of the few recitations or lectures devoted to it in most colleges. Breeding of Domestic Animals is taught as a science, not left to chance or individual whims. Animal Physiology and Zoology are studied a year. Chemistry extends through a year and a half. Entomology is pursued as a regular study for a half year. Those departments of Mathematics are taught which will be beneficial to the agriculturist.

In order to give their students instruction in the numerous manual operations in the different departments of agriculture, the Michigan Agricultural College, and the Pennsylvania Agricultural College, require each student to perform three hours' labor per day. Speaking of this labor, the catalogue of Michigan Agricultural College for 1863, says:—"It is well known that students who pursue a college course very seldom thereafter engage in any industrial pursuit. Four or five years of study without labor, wholly removed from sympathy with the laboring world, at that period of life when habits and tastes are rapidly formed, will almost inevitably produce a disinclination, if not inability, to perform the work and duties of the farm. But to accomplish the objects of the institution, it is evident that its students must not, in acquiring a scientific education, lose either the ability or the disposition to labor on the farm. If the farmer then is to be educated, he must be educated on the farm itself. It is believed that the three hours' work which every student is required to perform on the farm or in the garden, besides serving to render him familiar with the use of implements and the principles of agriculture, is sufficient also to preserve habits

of manual labor, and to foster a taste for agricultural pursuits. It has been found in the past sufficient to keep the student interested in every department of farm and horticultural work; and the daily labor of each one being performed at one time, does not occupy him longer than is requisite for preserving health and a robust constitution."

Such testimony from an Industrial School that has been in successful operation for the last six years, is most important. It shows clearly that students may perform a limited amount of manual labor, daily, without detriment to their progress in scientific studies; a point which by some has been seriously questioned. That a college pursuing such a course has graduated classes, proves that labor need not be distasteful to scholarly young men.

This college seems to have concluded that a systematic course should be pursued in the department of labor as well as in that of science, for it says:—"Students are not employed in those kinds of work only in which they are most proficient, but as the work is classified, each is made acquainted with all the operations of farming successively." The students in its Preparatory and Freshman classes alternate between the farm and the gardens; the Sophomores spend the entire year in the gardens and ornamental grounds, during which time they receive instruction in the more delicate operations of horticulture; and the Juniors are employed exclusively on the farm, where they receive similar instructions in farming. In addition to the above labor, and the instruction given in connection with it by the superintendents in charge, manual operations on the farm, care and feeding of domestic animals, and the application of chemistry to the arts.

The above course, although excellent in most of its features, seems defective in some of its departments. So many scientific works are published in French and German, that it seems important these languages should be taught. Time could be gained for them by requiring a higher grade of scholarship for admission to the college course. There seems to be no special instruction given in pomology or management of the dairy. It may be that this defect is owing to the fact that the college has not yet been able to organize these departments. Certainly, they should not be disregarded. Probably, the Senior year would be the best time for giving instruction in these departments, and for a more thorough course in Stock Breeding than it is possible to impart in the Freshman year, for the students have not then studied Animal Physiology.

In addition to the instruction indicated above, students should be taught how to make experiments. Such instruction could be given during the years that are spent exclusively on the farm or in the gardens, and when properly carried out would become a most interesting and important feature of an agricultural education. Such instruction would necessitate an experimental farm, whereon experiments could be conducted by the students themselves, under the guidance of a competent professor. This subject will be more fully discussed when considering how the schools may make original investigations in agriculture.

Students may be thoroughly instructed in the sciences, and be able to handle a hoe or scythe with ease and skill, yet if they are unable to apply their science and dexterity in such a manner as to make farming pay, their education will be of little value to them as farmers. It is evident that much of the farming in the country is not conducted so profitably as it might be. Large farms are cultivated with only an average production of eleven bushels of wheat per acre, whereas thirty-five might be grown; poor animals are kept at an expense as great as would be required for those much more profitable. But how are farmers to be taught that it is far cheaper to raise thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre than eleven? Evidently not simply by having it announced from any professorial chair, no matter with how much science that chair may be filled. If a student's ancestors for many generations have been content with poor cultivation and meager crops, it will be difficult to convince him by mere assertion that such cultivation and such crops are not best. He must be shown facts; good cultivation, large crops, and a large profit on the yearly balance sheet. Agriculture, like all other industrial pursuits, is a dollars-and-cents question. You may show such crops as were never before seen, but if your farm is mortgaged to the nearest poufrette company, shrewd men will shake their heads; your stock may be of the purest pedigree and most perfect development, but if it is shortly sold to satisfy an execution, you will have but few followers. The final arbiter in all these questions of improved cultivation of farm, garden or orchard crops, and the rearing of superior stock for the dairy or the shambles, is the ledger account.

That agricultural pursuits may be scientifically conducted and be profitable, I think every careful investigator of the subject fully believes; that they will be more profitable in proportion to the extent of our scientific knowledge, all analogy would lead us to suppose. It must not be a profit reaped from selling pears at a fictitious value of one or two shillings each, of which some papers have given accounts, nor from supplying wealthy amateurs with blooded stock at fancy prices, but from sources which are open to the pursuit of all,—from the production of articles of standard value, for which the demand is legitimate and certain. It will then be one of the most important missions of schools of agriculture to teach their students and the community that the highest principles of science may be profitably applied to agricultural pursuits. This can be done most effectually by small model farms, conducted on the strictest principles of economy and science; of

which the methods of cultivation, the receipts and expenditures, shall be correctly recorded and published. It is evident that such a farm should be entirely distinct from the experimental farm. On the experimental farm large outlays would be needed for conducting investigations in modes of culture, value of fertilizers, value of different crops and of different varieties of the same crop, etc.; on the model farm the scientific principles already known and those deduced from the investigations on the experimental farm, should be so applied as to prove to a demonstration that profitable, scientific agriculture is no mere vision of enthusiastic theorists.

From the considerations thus far presented, I would answer the question at the head of this article as follows:

- I. By pursuing a course of study whose main features shall be similar to the one laid down above.
- II. By requiring each student to perform a limited amount of manual labor each day, under proper instruction.
- III. By instructing students in the art of conducting experiments in the different departments of agriculture.
- IV. By demonstrating that the highest results of science may be profitably applied to agriculture.

The Reviewer.

SEVEN STORIES WITH BASEMENT AND ATTIC. By DONALD G. MITCHELL. New York: Chas. Scribner.

We suppose all books are made to sell; but we set down to read some books with the impression that they are written with a wrothier purpose. And so we have a natural distrust of a professional and somewhat noted book-maker's book. We, however, when we commenced at the basement to explore this book with seven stories and an attic, felt charitable toward its author because he had given to lovers of Rural life his "My Farm at Edgewood." And we regard our charity well bestowed in this instance. For we like the *Martell* way of story telling the author has. He is frank and confiding. And his book does not lack humor. Nor is the moral of each story thrown flat in your face—you may infer and supply something. Suggestion is deftly interwoven with the fabric, so that what you read leaves a flavor which lasts long after the relish of perusal is gone. We commend the "Account of a Consul," to imaginative men ambitious to "go abroad" in "an official capacity." And such as like an exquisitely touching and suggestive story, will do well to read "The Petit Soulier." We speak of such as we have found time to read—there may be in the book-structure before us better stories than those we have examined. We think our readers will enjoy the book. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.

NINETEEN BEAUTIFUL YEARS; Or, Sketches of a Girl's Life. Written by her Sister. With an Introduction by Rev. R. S. FOSTER, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a remarkable book. It is remarkable, first, because it sketches the outline of no ordinary character; second, because the process of the development of this character is given in a part of the diary of the deceased embraced in this book; and third, because its design and preparation on the part of the surviving sister indicates singular good taste as well as talent.

No one can read these "Nineteen Beautiful Years," without being made better—without feeling the influence of the charming and pure spirit which pervaded the life of MARY WILLARD—without wondering again and again at the richness of life to those who know how to cull its sweets and appropriate its lessons, and of its contrasting tameness to those who, seeing, see not, and hearing, hear not.

The writer hereof had, years ago, some acquaintance with the writings of FRANCES E. WILLARD, the author of this book; and the manner in which she has acquitted herself in the volume before us, only serves to establish the promise which her earlier writings gave, that, if she lives, she will take high rank among American female writers.

There have few books come to our table, lately, containing so much which we could commend to the general reader, as this little volume of 250 pages, costing 90 cents. It merits a wide circulation. For sale by STEEL & AVERY.

THOUGHTS ON PERSONAL RELIGION. Being a treatise on the Christian life in its two chief elements, Devotion and Practice. By EDWARD METTRICK GOULBURN, D. D. New York: Appleton & Co.

We like to receive such books from publishers. For we are fond of practical works. As its title indicates, this has such a character—it is a practical work. Another reason why we like such a book as this, is because it does not deal with abstractions—with church doctrines—at least so far as we have found time to examine it, we discover nothing of this character. Talking of the tendency of modern sermons, the author says:—"There is, in our exercise of the ministry, no systematic plan on which people are taught, and brought on gradually towards the measure of the stature of the fullness of CHRIST. And the results are most mischievous. Piety degenerates into a series of shallow emotions, which evaporate in the absence of stirring appeals to the conscience. The souls of our people become like Bethesda's pool. Periodically they are impregnated with an healing influence; 'an angel goeth down into the pool and troubleth the water.' But, alas! the virtue of the stirring is but momentary; the dregs quickly fall again to the bottom, and the water becomes dead, stagnant, and unprofitable as before." Judging by what we have read of this book, it is worthy a place in every man's religious library. For sale by STEEL & AVERY.

PATRIOTISM AND OTHER PAPERS. By THOMAS STARR KING. With a Biographical Sketch by Hon. RICHARD FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Tompkins & Co.

The papers in this book are Patriotism, Washington or Greatness, Beauty and Religion, Great Principles and Small Duties, Plato's Views of Immortality, Thought and Things, True Greatness, Indirect Influences, Life more than Meat, Inward Resources, Natural and Spiritual Providence, Philosophy and Theology, Natural and Revealed Religion, The Idea of God and the Truths of Christianity, The Savior's Character and Teachings, and the Chief Appeal of Religion. This indicates the character of the book better than any other language we could use; and these papers are calculated to illustrate the peculiar power and force of Mr. KING as a thinker, theologian and writer. To his especial admirers and charwomen of his school this will be a highly prized memorial volume. And we think no one will be injured by reading it. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.

War Literature.

CURRENT WAR LITERATURE.

THE spring campaigns of the different grand divisions of the Union army are throwing to the surface a species of literature which is read with greedy interest by all classes. We propose to record these detached scraps of history which the brave boys are making, believing our readers will appreciate the same.

Washington after the Battle.

THE appearance of the city during the past two weeks has been in marked contrast with that presented before the late battles in Virginia. The quiet which then brooded over us, while anxious hearts waited for the first sound of the coming strife, has been dissipated, and the turmoil and bustle, the excited crowds, the sickening sights and sounds that ever follow in the train of battle, are again visiting us. About eighteen thousand sick and wounded men, including many prisoners, have within that time arrived here, and been distributed among the different hospitals. Many were but slightly wounded, and those have been seen promenading the avenue, or standing in knots at street corners or about the hotels, perhaps relating the story of their adventures to interested auditors, or it may be, telling how battles are won. Here might be seen one with his head bandaged, another with an arm slung, still another on crutches; on every side the sight of its dreadful results constantly reminded the spectator that the carnival of war is not yet ended. And, as if to impress the horrid realities of war more deeply on our minds, long lines of ambulances have moved in mournful procession through the streets, loaded down with their suffering weight. Slowly and carefully the wounded have been transported from the landing to the hospitals, awakening in the breasts of thousands of spectators a sympathy that has often found vent in something more substantial than words. We venture to say that the wounded of any army that ever existed never received such tender and unremitting attention as has been afforded our own after their reception in this city.

An Arm for his Country.

DURING the lull in the strife, I rode back to the second corps hospitals to see the wounded. "How goes it boys?" was the question. "All right," said one. "Pretty rough," said another. "They niver will get through the second corps," said a Hibernian. The lull had become a storm. How fearfully rolled the musketry! It is utterly useless to attempt a description or comparison. It was volley after volley, surge after surge, roll after roll. Maurice Collins, of the 12th Massachusetts, was brought in, with an ugly wound through his shoulder. He was a Catholic, and the priest was showing him the crucifix. "Will it be mortal?" he asked? "Perhaps not, if you will lie still and keep quiet; but you may have to lose your arm." "Well, I am willing to give an arm to my country," was the reply of one who, though born in the ever green isle, while loving the harp and shamrock, adores the stars and stripes of his adopted country.

Take the City Already Built.

COLONEL SCHAEFFER, Chief of Staff to General Butler, and General Ould, the rebel Commissioner of Exchange, are the best of friends, and in their official interviews are always pleasant and agreeable to each other. A few weeks ago they were chatting at City Point, over matters and things in general, when Col. Schaeffer picked up a map of Virginia, and glancing at it casually, it occurred to him that there was a good site for a very large city in the neighborhood of City Point, and expressed his astonishment that it had been overlooked so long. Said he, with great seriousness: "If I had the capital, I would invest it right here. It's bound to be a big city some day or other."

Ould kept his eyes on the map for a while, and then, looking at Schaeffer, remarked, hardly able to suppress a smile that was trying to force its way out: "It seems to me, Colonel, that instead of building a new city, you had better take one already built."

"Sam," said the Union Colonel to his servant, "get that black bottle out of my basket;" and the rebel joke was washed down with old rye.

"Divide is the Word."

ON one of those biting cold mornings, while the armies of Meade and Lee were staring at each other across the little rivulet known as Mine Run, when moments appeared to be hours, and hours days, so near at hand seemed the deadly strife, a solitary sheep leisurely walked along the Run on the rebel side. A rebel vidette fired and killed the sheep, and dropping his gun, advanced to remove the prize. In an instant he was covered by a gun in the hands of a Union vidette, who said, "Divide is the word, or you are a dead Johnny." This proposition was assented to, and there, between the two skirmish lines, Mr. Rebel skinned the sheep, took one-half and moved back with it to his post, when his challenger, in turn, dropping his gun, crossed the run, got the other half of the sheep, and again resumed the duties of his post amidst the cheers of his comrades, who expected to help him eat it. Of the hundreds of hostile men arrayed against each other on either bank of that Run, not one dared to violate the truce intuitively agreed upon by these two soldiers.

"Pat" and his Gun.

IN the terrific charge of the second corps on the rebel works many grotesque scenes occurred. A few may be interesting to the reader. A member of the Irish brigade, after the charge, was seen making vigorous efforts to force a cartridge into his rifle, which had become "fouled," i. e., the orifice had by constant firing become coated with powder, rendering the passage of the ball impossible. Addressing his commanding officer in an imploring tone, he cried, "Shure, Colonel, I can't load my gun!" "Try again," replied the Colonel; "try hard." He did try again and again until the perspiration stood in beads on his face, and, at last, finding it impossible to force the cartridge home, drew himself up erect and brought his piece to an "order arms," and with a defiant look faced the enemy. "What are you doing?" exclaimed the astonished Colonel. "Faith," replied the soldier desperately, "I'm jist after waiting for a Johnny to come up till I can knock his brains out wid me musket!" Whether his desire to annihilate the cerebral organ of some unfortunate "Gray-back" was gratified, the Colonel did not remain to see.

"Sally" and the "Gray-backs."

A SINGULAR instance of doggish hatred to "gray-backs" is found in the case of the slut Sally, belonging to the 10th Massachusetts Vols. She has participated in every battle in which her regiment has been engaged, and seems to take great interest in the success of the blue jackets, to whom she is invariably kind and affectionate. But a "gray-back" is her special detestation, which she always exhibits by biting at them whenever they are brought within the reach of her chain. She accompanies the regiment on picket, but is always sufficiently discreet to keep within our lines, where she vents her rage by growling and snapping at the enemy's skirmishers. At the battle of Fredericksburg her leg was broken, and, after the wound was dressed by some kind hearted surgeon, Sally returned to the field on three legs, and doggedly refused to leave until the conclusion of the battle. This time she escaped unharmed, and is ready at any moment to participate in the next engagement.

Songs in the Army.

DURING one of these eventful nights, when the troops lay in line of battle behind their temporary fortifications of dirt, logs and rails, and the continuous crack of the sharpshooter's rifle rolled along our front, a solitary voice struck up the patriotic song, "Rally round the flag, boys," and almost instantly thousands of the men who seemed to have been waiting for something to dissipate the gloom which thoughts of the day's carnage had engendered, were shouting in a chorus which "shook the depth of the forest's gloom."

"The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah! Down with the traitors and up with the stars," &c.

As down the line it went, the refrain swelled into one vast roar, exultant, triumphant, and breathing defiance to the wary enemy, whose only reply was the spiteful whiz of extra bullets from their skirmish line whistling harmlessly by. This little episode tended greatly to inspire our troops, and could not but have equally irritated "Johnny Reb."

Hancock and Stuart.

GEN. JOHNSON, when captured, exhibited great emotion, shedding tears freely, and asserting that he preferred death to capture. When received into our lines, Maj.-Gen. Hancock, with his characteristic urbanity and consideration, advanced to his prisoner, at the same time extending his hand, which was accepted by the rebel general. On pleasantly accosting Stuart, whom he had formerly known, with "How are you, Stuart?" the latter replied, arrogantly, "Sir, I am General Stuart, and under the circumstances refuse to take your hand." "Sir," replied Hancock, "under any other circumstances I should not have offered you my hand." Gen. Hancock immediately sent Johnson to Gen. Meade's headquarters in his private carriage, properly permitting his highness, Brig.-Gen. Stuart, C. S. A., to exercise his pedal extremities in walking through the mud and rain to headquarters.

Grant asks for a Pocket Compass.

AN incident occurred during the morning which illustrates the coolness and self-possession of the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States. While the heaviest artillery firing in the morning was in progress General Grant was standing in company with Gen. Meade, near a fire, talking and endeavoring to keep themselves dry, when a rebel shell struck within a few feet of the twain. A disposition to move was manifested on the part of a number of officers standing around, when Gen. Grant, looking slowly around and fixing his eye on the spot where the shell struck asked at once for a pocket compass, which being furnished, he examined the course of the shell, found out the location of the battery, and it was not long before shells were thick among the men working said battery.

Gen. Grant's two Moods.

ONE who has seen him under varying circumstances, says he has but two moods—one of absolute calmness, almost stoic indifference, in which he contemplates his position and lays his plans; the other is of immense activity and enthusiasm, in which he personally superintends everything that transpires around him, and, on occasions of alarming danger, goes to the very front of battle, and seizes upon victory with his own hands. He is never startled from his purpose by a temporary reverse; and if he does not possess a Napoleonic genius for military affairs, he has all of Wellington's tenacity of purpose, and all of his calm courage.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 11, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

WHEN our last issue went to press General Grant was forcing Lee's army southward, and but some twelve miles intervened between the Stars and Stripes and the capital of rebellion. Since that time many important movements have transpired before the rebel hosts. Almost every day fighting has taken place between different portions of the hostile forces, and generally with success to the Union arms. Grant continues to press the rebels still nearer their Richmond defenses, and at this time (Monday, June 6,) the advance line of the Federal army is reported but from four to eight miles from the headquarters of Jeff. Davis. Most of General Butler's army on the James river had joined the Army of the Potomac.

According to the News of Saturday last, White House had been made the base of supplies. Grant's army holds a position between the Pamunkey and the upper waters of the Chickahominy, on a line of fully seven miles, stretching from Cold Harbor to Atlee's, and facing due west. Richmond is eight miles southwest of his left flank. Lee's line is in front of him not far off—also extending between the two rivers, but somewhat more contracted. Lee stands on the ground from which Branch was driven in the battle of Hanover Court House, and from which Stonewall Jackson advanced to the attack of Gen. McClellan's line at Gaines' Mill. Grant thus faces Lee and Richmond. Above Meadow Bridge, the Chickahominy becomes only an insignificant stream, and below (opposite Grant) it is fordable most of the year.

We give some particulars of a fight which took place on Monday, May 30, from the N. Y. Herald. It is called the battle of Totopotomay. The Fifth Corps, on our side, were the actors.

At six P. M. the enemy assaulted our line. It was a general and sudden attack. They advanced in two lines of battle and a heavy skirmish line. Simultaneous with their opening volley of musketry, came solid shot and shell from a score or more of cannon. Firm and unshaken stood our men. The rebels shot too high, and our men coolly waited to return the fire. It was a most murderous volley. The assaulting column was staggered and fell back. Co. D, U. S. 5th artillery; Co. C, 1st N. Y. artillery; Co. D, 3d Mass. artillery, and Co. A, 3d N. Y. artillery, opened responsive to the enemy's cannon. Assault after assault was made by the desperate foe, but each time our troops hurled them back.

On Gen. Crawford's division, the assaults were more repeated and more fierce. The enemy sought to turn his left, and each time was handsomely repulsed, and more than special glory was won by the men meeting and repelling these assaults.

The Pennsylvania Reserves behaved magnificently. In the division, and holding the extreme left, was Gen. Lockwood and his troops, most of them to-day for the first time under fire. They behaved like veterans. The post of danger was theirs, and they held it with unflinching tenacity.

Col. Kithing's regiment of heavy artillery, as yet novices in the field, stood their ground with the resoluteness of old campaigners. They captured eighty prisoners.

The contest closed with our having driven the enemy entirely from the field. Our losses are estimated at 700 in killed, wounded and missing. The loss of the enemy is set down at 1,500. We took 200 prisoners, among them ten commissioned officers.

Among their dead have been found a rebel General and two Colonels.

A cavalry fight also occurred on the 30th ult., at Cold Harbor. The engagement was brought on by both parties attempting to establish a line of pickets.

Our men drove the enemy to the woods, then dismounted and pursued them. As the rebels emerged from the woods, and were ascending a hill, they were met by artillery, and again sought another piece of woods, where they made a stand, supported by a reserve.

Here the contest became severe. Gen. Custer with his sharpshooters, and the 1st N. Y. dragoons, together with the pursuing forces of Generals Divan and Merritt, pitched into the rebels with such energy that they fled several miles. Gen. Torbett followed them until night. Gen. Sheridan came on the field while the fight was progressing, and assumed the supervision of the affair.

Another engagement took place the next day, May 31. As Gen. Merritt's brigade was passing on toward Cold Harbor in the morning, they came upon the enemy's cavalry, re-enforced by three regiments of North Carolina infantry. Merritt at once engaged them, with his regulars, and was soon supported by Divan and Custer. The fight was even more severe than that of the day previous. Sheridan galloped to the ford and found the enemy being whipped beautifully. This action gave us Cold Harbor.

The N. Y. Herald's special gives the following interesting particulars of a fight on Wednesday, the first of June:

This morning the grand line of battle was fully ten miles in length from the north-west to the south-east.

Hancock's corps formed the infantry right, with Wilson's division of cavalry on his flank. His line was just south of the Totopotomay creek on the Mechanicsville road, in front of the residence of the rebel Colonel Edwin Sheldon, and in the rifle pits wrested from the enemy two days before. The defenses were strengthened and made impregnable to an ordinary assault.

Burnside's corps lay next, forming the right center, on the high ground on the south or right bank of the same creek.

Warren formed the left center a little thrown forward, and was protected in front by double and triple lines of the most formidable field breastworks I have yet seen constructed in the whole course of the war.

Wright's corps was marched to the left with two divisions of Sherman's cavalry in the front and flank.

Near Cold Harbor an effort was made to drive our cavalry from the place, which led to a brisk engagement early in the forenoon, resulting in our cavalry repulsing a body of rebel infantry, killing and wounding a large number, and taking between two and three hundred prisoners.

The rebel line was re-enforced for another attack, but the timely arrival of Wright's command changed the character of the contest and enabled us to hold the place and add to the number of prisoners.

In the afternoon Wright followed his success of the morning by advancing his line and driving in the rebel skirmishers. A hard contest was soon brought on, which lasted, with little intermission, till an hour after dark. At that time we had carried the rebel line of rifle pits and driven them to the Chickahominy river, in front of Cold Harbor.

The exact worth of the defenses carried by the gallant 6th Corps, could not be accurately estimated, owing to the darkness of the night; but the ground gained will be invaluable hereafter.

Gen. Wright reports his losses reasonably light, that of the enemy heavy, and adds that he had taken many prisoners—how many, I have no means of ascertaining at present.

Finding a heavy force engaged in turning his right flank, the enemy inferred that we had weakened our center and right, and late in the evening made an impetuous and furious assault on each. Warren's Corps was especially singled out for an overwhelming attack.

The rebels formed and marched to the assault in three lines, determined to pierce the center and throw the line into confusion. One attempt after another is reported to have been made, and the men hurled to certain destruction with a resolve and daring worthy a better cause.

But our troops could not be shaken, and repelled the enemy repeatedly at all points with terrible loss. The battle raged for fully three hours in front of this Corps. The firing was heavy and deadly the whole time, and was continued without intermission till darkness ended the conflict.

Our losses at this point can only be a tithe of what the enemy sustained by attempting to storm our breastworks.

The attack on Hancock was nearly simultaneous with that on Warren. He also repulsed the rebel line with trifling loss, and pressed them back a considerable distance; but in doing this he was drawn into a bad position, from which he was soon compelled to beat a hasty retreat and resume the ground he occupied at the onset. That this pursuit of Hancock was a mere demonstration in the first flush of success, instead of an intention to hold the ground permanently which he might thus have obtained, is proven by his having orders to evacuate that entire position during the night, and move his Corps from the right of the line to the extreme left.

Another correspondent adds this, under date of Thursday: Five hundred and ten rebel soldiers, belonging to the 18th Georgia volunteers deserted to our lines at daybreak.

They say they are tired of fighting, and do not want any more of it. They advised our men to go in and fight it out, as this was the last fight for Richmond, and we could take it this time. They represent the rebel army as becoming every day more and more demoralized with their constant reverses.

A dispatch from Gen. Grant's headquarters to the Secretary of War on the 4th, says that about 7 P. M., Friday, the 3d, the enemy suddenly attacked Smith's brigade of Gibbon's division. The attack was made with great fury, but was repulsed. At 6 P. M., Wilson's cavalry fell upon a rebel brigade in the vicinity of Burnside's command. The enemy were routed and driven from their rifle pits in great confusion. Wilson had, just previous to this action, scattered a brigade of rebel cavalry.

Our loss in the three days' operations around Cold Harbor in the killed, wounded and missing, is reported by the Adjutant-General at 2,500.

Saturday morning (the 4th) the enemy's left wing in front of Burnside was found to have been drawn in during the night.

Movements in the West and South-West.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—The N. Y. Tribune's correspondent has a long account of Gen. Sherman's progress. Of the defeat of Johnston at Resaca, he says:—Our forces had been moved so as to form a semi-circle around the rebels, leaving only the direction toward Resaca for them to escape. They attempted, however, to turn our left, and massed a heavy column out of view for that purpose. The movement was discovered just as they were ready to charge.

The 6th Indiana battery was brought to bear upon the advancing column with grape and canister, when the rebels concentrated to take the battery.

At this juncture Hooker's corps poured into them such a murderous fire that they recoiled, and soon sought the cover of the woods upon the double quick.

During the night Johnston ordered his army away from our front. It was found out, after the rebels had retreated, that they had scalped some of our dead and perpetrated other barbarities.

The retreat of the rebels gave evidence of the panic. Torn and bloody clothing, cast away blankets, muskets bent and broken or thrown into mud holes and gulches, were found scattered along their track; many dead and wounded were found along the road of the flying rebels; also field hospitals where the dead and dying were left intermingled.

The inhabitants of Resaca all fled with the army. A quantity of corn and meal which they could not get off was found, the sacks cut open and the contents spilled.

Resaca had been strongly fortified, and perhaps could not have been carried by assault, nor could it have been flanked, but it would have proved a trap to the army that went into it. All the labor on it was lost, as not a gun was fired from its elaborate breastworks.

At a place called Oak Grove, the rear of Johnston's army was overhauled, and a sharp fight ensued, but during the night the rebels resumed their retreat.

Hooker and Schofield, 20th and 23d corps, formed the left wing and pursued a route parallel to the grand central column.

They were met with much determination by the rebels at Cassville, but a gallant charge on their breastworks and barricades soon sent them pell-mell out of the place.

At Kingston, Johnston made a brief pause, and the rear guard showed fight two miles out, but our forces took possession of the place without opposition.

Gen. Jeff. C. Davis' division had surprised and captured Rome with all its government machine shops and arsenals. The rebels tried to destroy the property, but failed. It is one of the heaviest blows the Confederacy has lately received.

The Cincinnati Commercial of May 31, says there was a sharp and bloody fight on the 25th ult., between Hooker's corps and the rebel Gen. Hood's command, near Dallas.

The battle began at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. The 2d division, under Gen. Williams, drove the enemy from their west line of works, for a distance of two miles. This division was soon relieved by the 1st and 3d divisions under Gens. Geary and Butterfield, who advanced steadily under a terrible musketry fire, and proceeded within 40 yards of a concealed battery, which opened upon them a sudden and murderous discharge of grape and canister. The 1st division in this charge lost 900 men. The battery was finally silenced and the enemy driven away.

There was considerable skirmishing on the 26th. On the 27th, there was a severe fight on the left. Wood's division and Scribner's brigade of Johnson's division lost 400 men. On the 28th, there was heavy picket firing. On the 29th, the rebels made a night attack, but were repulsed with heavy loss. On the 31st, Hooker and McPherson were moving their troops to the left of our position, their right resting on Dallas and their left near the railroad, eight miles from Altoona.

A Cincinnati dispatch of June 1, says news has just been received here direct from Kingston, Tenn., by telegraph, which states that Gen. Sherman arrived at Dallas the 28th ult., and pushed on re-enforcements to General McPherson, who was to reach Atlanta in one week, unless a heavy force of rebels was in his way. At last accounts he was at Sweetwater town, and had driven the rebels across Powder and Nickajack creeks, and got possession of the bridge across Chatahoochie river, twelve miles from Atlanta.

The main army, under Gen. Thomas, was advancing. He occupied Marietta on the 30th ult., taking four hundred prisoners—a railroad train with sick and wounded rebels—with several cannon and some small arms.

It is thought that Johnston, with fragments of his disorganized army, had crossed the Chatahoochie river, and is falling back to Athens.

Polk, with an army of all sorts of material—conscripts—is retreating to Mason, on the Central Georgia railroad.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A dispatch from Wheeling, Va., says Gen. Hunter has reduced his army to light marching orders, and moved it from Cedar Creek. He has issued an order that the army is to live upon the country through which it passes.

The N. Y. Tribune's dispatch from Hunter's army says one of our wagon trains was fired at on the 31st ult., and one of the guard wounded. Gen. Hunter thereupon ordered the houses of two prominent secessionists burned, which was done as a warning.

The General has issued an order of retaliation upon the rebel citizens for depredations committed by guerrillas, which is having a salutary effect.

ARKANSAS.—Guerrillas are represented as displaying unusual activity at present, with the intention to force the Union troops to evacuate all the State except Little Rock and Helena. Jacksonville and Battsville have been evacuated by our forces.

Gen. Steele will soon strike where he is least expected, and force the rebel leaders to call in their roving bands.

Artillery boats from White river report that they were not molested, but rebels were as thick as blackberries in that region. A heavy force of rebels was reported within 25 miles of Duvall's Bluff, marching on that place, supposed to number 15,000. They will receive a warm reception.

The rebel Gen. Shelby captured the port of Dardanelle on the 30th ult., taking about 500 prisoners. Shelby is said to be well mounted, and to have been joined by McRae with 500 cavalry in addition to his own force.

A telegram of the 31st ult. states that a train of Union refugees from Jacksonport, under escort of seventy men of the Second Wisconsin regiment, was attacked at Salem by three hundred guerrillas. The entire train was burned, and eighty men and some women were killed.

TENNESSEE.—The tin-clad gunboats Mormora, Juliet and Prairie Bird, recently engaged the rebel batteries at Gaines' Landing, and succeeded in driving them away. The Prairie Bird was struck thirty times, and the marine brigade boat, Delta, had her donkey engine shot overboard, and the engineer killed. Marmaduke, who is reported to be in command of the rebels, had taken twelve pieces of artillery. He captured and burned the steamer Lebanon, and carried the crew and passengers off as prisoners.

MISSISSIPPI.—Forrest, with 15,000 men, was reported to have been at Tupelo, engaged in moving forage to Corinth, intending to repair the railroad to Jackson. Portions of his command, within a few days, had made their appearance in the vicinity of Union City, Ky.

Department of the South.

The United States naval transport Fulton, Walton commanding, from Port Royal, S. C., having in tow the steamboat Nena, from Port Royal, arrived at New York the 2d inst.

Maj.-Gen. J. G. Foster assumed command of the Department of the South on the 29th ult. Brig.-Gen. Hatch has been assigned to the command of Hilton Head district.

A report had reached Hilton Head, South Carolina, that the navy tug boat Columbine was captured by the rebels on St. John's River, about ten miles above Pilatka, on the evening of the 23d ult. She had on board, it is stated, about 90 soldiers (colored,) besides the crew. She was armed with two 20-pounder guns. The rebels opened a battery on her, and one shot struck her rudder, disabling her and causing her to drift on shore. Three men of the 35th U. S. (colored) escaped, and reached St. Augustine overland. The intelligence of the disaster comes through that source.

At four o'clock on the 26th ult., on the arrival of the train from Newbern at Bachelor's Creek, N. C., a terrible explosion of torpedoes took place. Forty soldiers and negroes were blown into eternity in an instant, while between 20 and 30 persons, white and black, were wounded and mangled in a manner frightful to behold.

The train which left Newbern at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, brought to the outposts the remaining four of thirteen torpedoes, of monstrous weight and proportions, intended to complete the blockade of the Neuse River, in the direction of Kingston.

The last of the four was about reaching the station platform, when an accidental blow from a log of wood striking upon the cap exploded the torpedo.

The concussion was so great that the other three followed on the explosion of the first, and so quick as to make a mighty report, like the crash of a thousand pieces of artillery fired simultaneously. The disaster was one of the most appalling and heart-rending that has happened in this country in a series of years. Heads, bodies and limbs were scattered for a quarter of a mile around, and in many instances it was found impossible to recognize the remains of the unfortunate victims.

The signal tower and a commissary building, twenty feet by eighty feet, built of logs, were thrown a distance of eight hundred feet and strewn the country for a great distance around with fragments. The greatest sufferers by this terrible catastrophe were the 132d N. Y., stationed for the last twelve months on this front, and whose camp is adjacent to the railroad station.

An expedition up Ashepa river, Fla., by Gen. Birney, had been unsuccessful. Owing to disobedience of orders by a pilot, the steamer Boston got aground, and was riddled by a battery, and several men killed and drowned, and the boat burned to prevent falling into the hands of the rebels. Some ninety horses, many belonging to the 4th Massachusetts cavalry, were lost. The troops on board the Boston were safely transferred, and the expedition returned. Fifteen negroes on Morgan's Island had been captured by a rebel scouting party. Three deserters from Savannah arrived at Port Royal on the 27th. They report Johnston retreating before Sherman, four miles from Atlanta. No further movement had occurred in Charleston Harbor. Fort Sumter was materially damaged by the late attack, and large portions of the parapet demolished. Admiral Dahlgren had made a thorough inspection of the fleet.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

SOLICITOR WHITING interprets the draft law to permit persons liable to service to furnish substitutes in advance of the draft; and also, that the substitute may report at any rendezvous, in or out of the State where the principal resides. So that a person living in New York may procure a substitute in Louisiana or Tennessee.

Several days since Maj.-Gen. Fremont sent his resignation to the President. The resignation has been accepted, and Gen. Fremont has ceased to be an officer of the United States Army. It is understood that several members of his staff have also resigned.

Gen. Buell has also resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. It is understood he resumes his position in the regular army, that of Colonel.

The Secretary of War publishes the following, which is the latest reliable intelligence we have received of military matters:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Washington, June 8th—10 P. M.

To Maj.-Gen. Dix:—We have dispatches from Gen. Grant's Headquarters down to 6 o'clock last evening, which state that there had been no fighting during the day. The enemy made an attack on Saturday night, upon Hancock, Wright and Smith, but were everywhere repulsed. Hancock's lines are brought within forty yards of the rebel works. The rebels were very busy on Saturday constructing entrenchments on the west side of the Chickahominy at Bottom's Bridge, and toward evening threw a part across to the east side.

A dispatch from Gen. Sherman, dated yesterday afternoon, June 5th, 3½ o'clock, at Altoona Creek, states that the enemy, discovering us moving round his right flank, abandoned his position last night and marched off. Gen. McPherson is moving to-day for Ackworth, Gen. Thomas on the direct Marietta road, and Schofield on his right. It has been raining hard for three days, and the roads are heavy. An examination of the enemy's abandoned defenses here, shows an immense line of works, which have been turned with less loss to ourselves than we have inflicted on them. The army supplies of forage and provisions are ample.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

List of New Advertisements.

Haynes' Patent Brace Fence, Portable or Stationary—B. Haynes.
Ten New Books—J. E. Tilton & Co.
Great Chance to make Money—G. S. Haskins & Co.
To Tobacco Growers—Chas. W. Cornell.
Dr. Young's Veterinary Guide—Chas. H. Herriek.
Fine Portraits of Lieut.-Gen. Grant—J. A. Eichorn.
The Beard, &c.—John H. Wallis.
Special Attention—Unadilla Manf. Co.
Superior Curry Cards—F. Ellis & Son.
Cider Press Screws—L. M. Arnold.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

No Excuse for Poor Bread—D. B. De Land & Co.

The News Condenser.

- Madame Gris is in England.
- The quota of New York city is full.
- Steamers are running to Lake Superior.
- Green peas are \$1 a peck in Baltimore.
- Sam Medary has returned to Columbus, O.
- Hon. Jere Clemens of Alabama is in Washington.
- Wm. Lloyd Garrison is going to the Baltimore Convention.
- Winans is building a "cigar steamer" on the Thames.
- A four legged turkey is among the latest California novelties.
- Major Gen. Buell has been mustered out of the U. S. service.
- Lord Brougham is reported engaged upon his autobiography.
- Gen. Oglesby is spoken of as the "next Governor of Illinois."
- "Miles O'Reilly," Major Halpine, has been ordered to the front.
- The National Bank circulation is now reported at \$20,000,000.
- There are 6,588 rebel prisoners in the Rock Island, Ill., barracks.
- A convict in the Ohio Penitentiary has earned \$173 by over-work.
- The whole population of Rome is 201,161; in 1862 it was 197,078.
- The excess of females over males in New York State is 11,000.
- A school for maimed soldiers is to be established in Philadelphia.
- It is rumored that Queen Victoria is going to marry Garibaldi.
- More than 20,000 Bedouins are reported under arms in Tunis, Africa.
- Prince Napoleon expresses an ardent wish for the freedom of Italy.
- Illinois grown strawberries appeared in the Chicago market May 19th.
- The newest garment of the later spring fashion in Paris is *Leeriniska*.
- Gen. Sigel has been directed to guard the Baltimore & Ohio R. R.
- Flora Temple is to be withdrawn from the turf for breeding purposes.
- The ladies—some of them—are going to buy Gen. McClellan a sword.
- A new rebel privateer is said to be fitting out at Kingston, Jamaica.
- The Great Eastern has been purchased by the French Government.
- An association of grain warehousemen has been organized in Buffalo.
- Daniel S. Dickinson is talked of as a candidate for the Vice Presidency.
- The 4th regiment (British) left Kingston for London, C. W., June 1st.
- Elihu Burritt is lecturing in New England on the Physiology of Nations.
- John Lyndall, a young Englishman of note, died recently in Washington.
- The soldiers on Morris Island publish a paper called *The Swamp Angel*.
- Edward Everett is nominated for the Presidency by the New York Ledger.
- The present Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon is said to be a native of Connecticut.
- The Delaware grapes on Kelly's Island are alive and putting out vigorously.
- Bonnets are made in France of India rubber colored to imitate Leghorn braid.
- In Providence during 1863 there were 1,233 births, 1,214 deaths and 610 marriages.
- The Legislature of Newfoundland has been discussing the Reciprocity Treaty.
- A company is being organized in Toronto, C. W., to produce sugar from sugar beets.
- The Indians recently captured and destroyed the mail from St. Paul to Fort Garry.
- Fisheries are being established in France for the purpose of manufacturing guano.
- It is proposed to remove the capital of New Hampshire from Concord to Manchester.
- In Chicago, recently, twenty men were drafted who had been dead for several years.
- A Liverpool paper gives thirty-four different modes of orthography of Shakespeare's name.
- Mr. M. Paulding, of Monroe Co., Mich., has planted ten acres of peppermint this spring.
- Wm. Whiting, Esq., Solicitor of the War Department works without pay—refuses pay.
- The only gold medal ever voted by Congress to Washington is for sale in Philadelphia.
- The Pope of Rome has contributed \$500 for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers.
- The Danish monarchy is now reduced to two islands, frozen up six months of the year.
- A French balloonist, Nadar, proposes to attempt to cross the Mediterranean soon in a balloon.
- P. R. Spencer, author of the Spencerian System of Penmanship, died at Geneva, O., May 18th.
- There are officers in Charleston Harbor who have lived on an iron-clad ram two years. Hard grub!
- More maple sugar has been made in Canada the past season than during the two seasons previous.
- The Convention of the Evangelical Synod of Canada is to be held at Berlin, C. W., the 29th of June.
- Richard Kear, a coal operator, died in Schuylkill Co., Pa., recently, leaving a property of \$1,000,000.
- A project is on foot to connect New York and Brooklyn by a suspension bridge to cost \$3,000,000.
- There is to be a tournament of the Wisconsin firemen at Fon du Lac the 24th and 25th of August next.
- The spiritualists of Michigan are to hold a mass convention at Grand Rapids the 25th, 26th and 27th of June.

Special Notices

THE LOWEST PRICE of this Journal is \$2 a year in advance. Agents who continue to remit at former club rate (\$1.50) will please note and act in accordance with advanced rate.

Sheep Wash Tobacco

KILLS TICKS on Sheep. Cures SCAB on Sheep. KILLS VERMIN on animals and Birds. Cures all SKIN DISEASES on Animals. KILLS BUGS on Roses, LICE on House Plants. KILLS CANKER WORM on Apple Trees. KILLS BED-BUGS and WATER-ROACHES. KILLS all VERMIN that infest Grass and Cranberry Vines!

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, June 7, 1884. FLOUR and grain advances; also pork. Hay comes down slightly. The main feature of the market is the armex with which provisions of all kinds are held at quoted prices.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including Flour and Grain, Eggs, Butter, and other commodities.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 6. - ASHES - Sales firmer, at \$10 for port and \$13.00 for pearl. FLOUR - Market and Western may be quoted 5c better, with good demand. Sales at \$7.25, 45 for superfine State; \$7.50, 75 for extra State; \$7.75, 75 for choice do; \$7.85, 45 for superfine Western; \$7.60, 75 for common to medium; extra No. 1, \$8.00, 75; No. 2, \$7.75, 75; No. 3, \$7.50, 75; No. 4, \$7.25, 75; No. 5, \$7.00, 75; No. 6, \$6.75, 75; No. 7, \$6.50, 75; No. 8, \$6.25, 75; No. 9, \$6.00, 75; No. 10, \$5.75, 75; No. 11, \$5.50, 75; No. 12, \$5.25, 75; No. 13, \$5.00, 75; No. 14, \$4.75, 75; No. 15, \$4.50, 75; No. 16, \$4.25, 75; No. 17, \$4.00, 75; No. 18, \$3.75, 75; No. 19, \$3.50, 75; No. 20, \$3.25, 75; No. 21, \$3.00, 75; No. 22, \$2.75, 75; No. 23, \$2.50, 75; No. 24, \$2.25, 75; No. 25, \$2.00, 75; No. 26, \$1.75, 75; No. 27, \$1.50, 75; No. 28, \$1.25, 75; No. 29, \$1.00, 75; No. 30, \$0.75, 75; No. 31, \$0.50, 75; No. 32, \$0.25, 75; No. 33, \$0.00, 75; No. 34, \$0.25, 75; No. 35, \$0.50, 75; No. 36, \$0.75, 75; No. 37, \$1.00, 75; No. 38, \$1.25, 75; No. 39, \$1.50, 75; No. 40, \$1.75, 75; No. 41, \$2.00, 75; No. 42, \$2.25, 75; No. 43, \$2.50, 75; 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The Story-Teller.

WORK OR DIE: OR, CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

THE following quaintly written story, without any fiction in it, was written by N. C. MEEKER, correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. We are positive it will interest our readers:

One of the most prophetic of men is Mr. Flagg. When Lincoln was elected he sold his farm in East Tennessee and came to Massac county, Illinois, where he bought another and is now living on it free from the troubles which he saw approaching. He was poor when a boy, he got little schooling, but by improving his chances he has become well informed; he takes agricultural and daily papers, he has a plenty of grass and cut hay, he has good though rustic buildings, in short is a wealthy and respectable farmer. He is a strong Union man and has two sons, officers in our Western Navy. He has been opposed to slavery since he was a boy, for on one occasion he overheard a conversation of some rich slaveholders in Knoxville who agreed that they thought more of their slaves than they did of the poor whites. He could not help thinking that if there were no slaves the poor whites would have a chance. There is no telling how the hearts of such men in the South for years have been fiercely boiling. The slaveholders kept them under because they had intelligence and wealth, which consisted not only of lands and negroes, but also of a large number of Northern Democrats. The rebellion would have been successful but for one thing, there was a vast number of intelligent, sharp and wealthy men whom they could not buy. They tried to scare them. They could neither buy nor scare.

After the fall of Fort Donelson a few refugees came North and among them was Mr. Flagg. He had been a school teacher, was born in the South, and dressing well he had succeeded in marrying the daughter of a rich planter living near Nashville. Mr. Blow found himself out of business, his father-in-law could do nothing for him, nor for himself, for he had left his negroes; a military post of the Union army had its headquarters on his plantation. He went South and Blow came North.

His wife disliked to live in a free State, the women worked too much; before, she always had a negro to work for her; she could not help herself. She commenced doing her cooking and washing, and would have succeeded had she not been taken sick with a disorder I know not how to name. It is quite common in the South, and some have it in the North. It is preceded by a dull feeling in the head and body, the limbs are heavy, the eyes are without lustre, and what might be called atrophy supervenes. So weak did she become with this disease that she could not get out of bed before 10 o'clock in the morning. It was some consolation that in her affliction snuff-dipping did not disagree with her. She kept her snuff in a box similar to a mustard box; the end of a little stick is chewed into a brush; it is wet with spit, dabbed in the snuff, and then placed in the mouth, where it stays. It will last ten times longer than a chew of tobacco.

Mr. Blow, not finding a school near by, rented a piece of ground and put in cotton, which was the best thing he could do, but he was forced to spend so much time in cooking and washing, and in taking care of his poor wife, that in the fall he had a small yield. After the hot weather was over she improved a little, so that she could walk over to some neighbor's, taking her little box along, and she seemed to enjoy herself in telling how well off she used to be, nor did she neglect to speak of the negroes. When the war should end they would have them back, and they would catch it. However, when the cold weather came she got worse. She seldom went out of doors, and when not in bed she sat by the fire, with the stick in her mouth, or, as a change, she would smoke.

Mr. Blow saw hard times. He owed debts, his cotton scarcely paid them, and that there might be enough to eat he was forced to leave his wife and child all day, while he made rails for the farmers. She was lonesome and complained sadly of her condition. The neighbors used to give them things, and go to see her, but after a while stopped it, for they wondered how she could be so sick and yet eat so much. It was known that Mr. Blow had bought over a thousand pounds of bacon between spring and Christmas, and yet there were not ten pounds left. They noticed, too, that she had become so fleshy as to be the fattest woman in the settlement, and, besides, her child was as fat as she. At last, she got so much worse that he had to stay with her almost all of his time, and this continued till spring, when she improved a little, and he was able to work again. People liked to have him work for them, for he talked well on many subjects; he told pleasant stories to children, he was peaceable, and a very little eater.

About a year ago he went to Mr. Flagg, for whom he had worked, though he lived several miles away, and said he would like to have him keep his wife and child till he came back from Tennessee. Mr. Flagg had a large family and did not want any boarders, still he would take her a few days, particularly as he had never heard anything against her, and as Mr. Blow offered him a ten dollar bill, which had been saved for an emergency. Accordingly, Mr. Blow brought her over one afternoon, and left her without staying all night, for he wanted to reach Metropolis in time for the Cairo and Paducah packet. He did reach Metropolis in time, and he felt happy when abroad.

Mrs. Blow had come to a good place, and she

said she had not seen anything so much like home since she left Tennessee. Mr. Flagg lived well; they had fruit, milk, honey, butter, chickens, eggs—there were ever so many cows, and such long high cribs of corn, and big boxes filled with wheat and oats, and nobody had a nicer garden of lettuce, onions, beets, peas, beans, cucumbers, and the like. Every one spoke of their garden, and besides, they had a large smoke-house, with bacon hanging on wooden hooks, nearly as full as it could hold.

Mrs. Flagg and her girls are great hands to spin and weave, for they have sheep and they raise flax and cotton, and they make almost all the cloth they require, or more justly so, of their towels and table-cloths, woven in checks, birds' eyes, and the like; still, they have sights of flowers—almost swamps of them—and the girls are not ignorant, for they have been to school to the Normal, at Bloomington; they can sing, too, and not through the nose either—why, they will sing you songs in four parts as well as any concert singers, and often better, to my taste, making the house ring; and the result is, that on Sunday afternoon there are as many as half a dozen fat horses, saddled and bridled, hitched to the fence, while the young men who ride them are in the house. The truth is, the girls have more beaux than they know how to manage.

Mrs. Blow had lived in the family over a month, enjoying herself and letting them all know how well off she once was, when Mr. Flagg began to wonder why her husband did not come back. She supposed he was detained by business. Shortly, a letter came from him, inclosing five dollars, stating he had joined the army and did not know when he would come back, that he would send more money when he got it. This did not suit Mr. Flagg. He had a suspicion, and he faintly remembered that his wife had told him that it cost a good deal to keep Mrs. Blow and her child. Then Mrs. Blow got worse. It was true that she was fatter and her child had a belly like a bucket, but she lay a bed every hour during the day, and sat by the fire with a most doleful face, frequently sighing like one troubled with religious matters, while the stick was in her mouth.

One morning in June, Mr. Flagg said to his wife that he believed somebody had been stealing meat out of the smoke-house, locked though it was, for he was certain they had not used so much. She told him if he could see how much the girls cooked he would know what had become of it, and she explained that Mrs. Blow and her child eat more than all the rest of the family. After that he took notice and saw that this was true. He felt as if he had got into a scrape, and he wished to get rid of her, but he did not know how. He had many disagreeable hours.

No one could hire me to write this part of the account, if I did not know it to be true, and if I did not, also, know that such cases are not uncommon. I know of very many small families who lay down from twelve to twenty-five hundred pounds of pork, and are out by June. A farmer told me of a boy from Alabama, he had to work for him, who eat so much meat that once they cooked his by itself, and he positively asserts that the boy eat three good sized hams in two days, and other food in proportion.

About this time Mrs. Blow had a sore trial. Mrs. Flagg's oldest son, George, came up from down the Mississippi, on a furlough, and brought with him a colored man, who had been wounded on the gunboat; he was discharged and was going to live with George's father. Mrs. Blow knew the man as soon as she set her eyes on him, for he had been one of her father's slaves, and he used to play with her when she was a little girl, both being about the same age. With surprise she asked Sam if it was he. He said it was. She wanted to know if he was not ashamed to desert his master, after all that had been done for him. Sam said he had forgotten all that had been done for him except several good cowhiddings. Moreover, if there was any shame in running away, it was old master who was to be ashamed. Mrs. Blow said that when the war was over he would have to go back. Sam thought things were not going back quite so much as they used to. They talked much, and Sam told her things she had never heard before.

Now Sam, naturally, was a gentleman—he was not wholly black; to tell the gospel truth, he was related to Mrs. Blow; he could read and write. George had made much of him, and he knew how to behave as well as anybody. George had got in his head a thing they called "a crotchet," and it was locked in so tight that you couldn't get it out, unless you tore his head to pieces. This crotchet came from a passage of scripture, which speaks of the making of all nations of one blood.

George was out looking over the farm when supper was ready. They called him, and he was coming, but he had to stop in the orchard and climb up several trees to see how some grafts were growing which he had set before he went away. He told his little sister, who wanted him to come right away, that they shouldn't wait for him. Sam had kept with him, and when they came to the house they were all eating. George sat down and he made Sam sit down by him. Mrs. Blow was taking up a mouthful; she stopped, her eyes opened, and she wanted to know if she had to eat with that negro. George told her it was just as she chose. She started up in a rage and left the room, dragging her child after her. But when supper was over she attacked George without mercy. He was sitting in the porch with his bright boots on the rail, smoking a cigar. He smiled a little, and kept on smoking, while his sister wondered how she dared talk so to their brother wearing such long, silky moustaches, and such fine blue clothes, trimmed with gold lace and the curious silver quills in the center of his shoulder straps. To be sure they had never eaten with a negro

before, but what was good enough for George was good enough for them. When Mrs. Blow got through, George told her that Sam was clean and well behaved, that there were thousands of white men who were inferior to him; and then rising from his chair and standing close to her, he said she ought to be ashamed of herself, and never to say a word about negro equality, and such stuff again, when she made such an uproar about sitting down to the table with the son of her own father and her own half brother. How could she expect that the Lord of heaven and earth would receive her with mercy when she was so lost to all feelings of kindred and the closest family ties? And he added, he knew nothing about her family, but it was evident that her father did not dislike to be intimate with negroes very much.

Of course she had something to reply, till George got excited, when she retired to bed and cried. She staid away from the table a few meals, but finding that all she gained was cold ridicule, she surrendered and the trouble ended.

Still no further word came from her husband, and Mr. Flagg had patience. Once in a while he would hint to Mrs. Blow that he was having a hard bargain, but she said she guessed her old man was responsible. At last he began to doubt whether she was not as well as he was, and he urged her to take exercise; a horse and saddle were at her command; she could ride out any day. She said she could not sit on a horse a minute.

The summer was very dry, the grass failed, the cows gave little milk and there was scarcely enough butter for the family. They had always sold much every week, in the metropolis. This made no difference with Mrs. Blow; and she could not take a hint when Mrs. Flagg told the children they must eat less because the cows gave so little milk; and she would pile it on her biscuit as if it was of no more value than wagon grease. She would open one end of a baked potato, fill it with butter, and when melted, empty it on her plate, when she buttered it again. She always put butter on her sweet cake and pie. More than this she fed her child in the same way.

At last, the great frost came, which killed all that the heat had not dried up. The forest trees lost their leaves, and the grass was as dead as in winter. It was a heavy blow to many families besides this one, and it was a new thing in this region to commence feeding hay and menses to cows in September. The best grass after spring, with those wise enough to sow it, is in October and November. Mrs. Flagg did not know how she would get along for butter.

One day at dinner she had used the last and had to churn for supper. There was very little of it, but they had cheese, for during the spring a Yankee lady had taught her how to make it, and they had six or eight set away, intending to save them for winter, or when they had company. One was cut, it was creamy and rich, and the whole family came to look at it. They really felt proud of it. At the table Mrs. Blow took a piece of this cheese and placed a piece of butter on one side of it for a mouthful and in this way eat it. Mr. Flagg happened to be looking after; he had been talking quite chipper, but he stopped and said not a word more. His wife afterwards said he looked as if he had lost all his friends, or as if he were about to faint away.

After supper there was an uproar. Mr. Flagg told Mrs. Blow that he would keep her no longer, and that he would take her to Metropolis in the morning. He said he would not board her for a hundred dollars a week. She talked high and so did he, but it was of no use, and she said she would go. She had friends in Paducah; they would not let her suffer. But she complained of one thing. Mr. Flagg had sworn at her, and as he and she belonged to the same church she thought she ought to reprove him. He lacked patience or had forgotten himself. Mr. Flagg felt rebuked a little, but replied that there might possibly be such a thing as a holy swearing.

She went to Paducah. She found some of her friends; the rest were seeking their rights, way down in Dixie. No one was able to assist her; it was as much as they could do to take care of themselves. The happy days of the slave aristocrats of Western Kentucky had been succeeded by days of lamentation. She almost begged to get places to stay till she could look around. She was most happy to be invited to sit at tables scantily spread. She was convinced that her husband had deserted her. She could not stay long in a place. She tried her best to form new acquaintances. The only chance for a living was to engage in some industry. But to do so in a place where she had been known as a rich planter's daughter, she would not do. In her rambles some soldiers pursued her; she was fortunate in escaping. She was at an extremity.

In about a month she found her way back to Mr. Flagg's house. She came up the lane at dusk, carrying her child, for it was tired out. Her feet were blistered, her clothes soiled. All that was left of the two trunks full of things she took away, was in a bundle on her arm. She stopped on the porch, but did not go in. Mr. Flagg saw her and told the girls she was there; they did not go out. The dogs walked around her. Mr. Flagg came by, and asked if it was Mrs. Blow. She rapidly repeated the little speech she had composed as she was walking in the road. She told how she had been treated; she confessed she had not considered, and she cried. Mr. Flagg took her in; he would keep her that night. She did not speak unless spoken to. She had supper and a good bed. Her child was lifted from the floor asleep. She felt as if her feet were upon a rock, for a little time. When she retired, the family held a council, and in the morning Mr. Flagg took her into the parlor, and told her what they concluded. She could stay with them, on conditions. She

was to go to work. So far as they were concerned, she must work or die! If she did not know how, they would be patient with her and treat her like a sister. They would consider how she had been brought up, and not exact too much. None were more competent or feeling than Mrs. Flagg and her daughters. Mrs. Flagg would see her child was fed properly. He felt delicate in speaking of one thing. He must do it. Mrs. Blow must adopt the habits of the family. At the table, and through the house, she must not act as though he and his family were made to work and slave for her. In short, she must remember that in his house she could not revive the scenes of her father's plantation. Slavery was a play, pretty enough in its day, but it is out now. She had sense enough to understand. What did she say?

She would do all he wanted her to. She would, she would, she would! She wanted to bury everything; she would commence a new life. If they would only have patience with her she was certain she would do well. If her dear husband ever should come back he would find her changed.

She did go to work. When the blisters on her feet got well she stepped lively. She was up early, was attentive in learning, and learned fast, and in a short time was of real service in the family. She would drink neither tea or coffee, and she abandoned snuff and tobacco. Her child so improved that its face began to dawn with intelligence.

Once in her work she stopped and bit her lips. She and two of the girls were washing, and in a hurry, that they might get through, according to custom, by 10 o'clock. The three were singing. Suddenly she noticed that she was washing Sam's crimson flannel shirt. That she should wash the shirt of her father's slave was almost too much. But she thought of this passage of scripture:—"And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." A sweet smile beamed on her face, and she joined again in the singing.

This spring, when the 17th army corps came up to Cairo from Vicksburg, Mr. Blow, as one of the soldiers, came also. He made inquiry as to what had become of his wife, and was surprised to learn still she was at Mr. Flagg's, and hearty and doing well. He got a furlough to go and see her.

He came into the house and surprised her mixing bread. He hardly knew her. She did not weigh by a quarter as much as when he left. Her face was as rosy as if she was a girl, and she was dressed as neatly.

She sprung towards him, and embraced him, and she gave him such a good kiss that he felt he had never had such a one from her before. The flour from her arms was sprinkled on his shoulders; after a little, on observing it, he said it was as honorable as a Major-General's stars.

Before he left, he paid Mr. Flagg, in full. But he said he never could pay him for learning his wife to be useful, and for making a true lady of her.

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For the Rural New-Yorker. RURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters. My 13, 15, 23, 11, 26, 25 it hardly pays to raise. My 2, 21, 21, 27, 5, 4 is a kind of fruit frost has not injured. My 7, 9, 23, is good for sheep feed, and does well next crop after potatoes. My 21, 8, 1, 18 is a staple production of the great West. My 24, 22, 26, 27, 12, 24 is used to swindle farmers with. My 6, 1, 15, 3, 16 would have prevented the sheep dying so badly in New Hampshire. My 9, 12, 6, 10 are common nuisances. My 17, 7, 13, 14 should not be allowed to go to seed. My whole is a good rule for farmers to practice. Clyde, May, 1864. JOHN STANLEY.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ANAGRAM.

DNA vree shut ni hits lorew lodrw, Doluns he nebran fo voel eh dwelli durfuen, Nad hewn ew teem ni eht doriv vocab, Yam ew evol of evil, adn vile of vole. Pleasant Valley, N. Y., 1864. MATH READ.

Answer in two weeks.

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

O do tel. Be not a Rong. Gold ring. Brig Surrah. Gin Signs. North W. E. Lave. Malk a Zoon. Go to Tanahac. St. Chelaron. To my side since. Williamsfield, Ohio, 1864. N. T. P.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. PROBLEM.

WHAT is the greatest area that can be inclosed by three lines which are 308, 123 and 93 rods in length, the first being curved and the others straight? ASHER B. EVANS.

Nunda Literary Institute, N. Y., 1864.

Answer in two weeks.

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