

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

(SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.)

VOL. XV NO. 25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

{WHOLE NO. 753.

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

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CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

About Buying Farm Implements.

ON page 150, current volume RURAL, we said something concerning the reputation of SHERWOOD'S Grain Binder. Since writing that article we have had an interview with Mr. S., which interview suggested what we now write:

Mr. SHERWOOD thinks we did him and his machine injustice. He brings us certificates of men whom we know to be above reproach, to prove that it is a practical machine—men who say they have seen it operate in the field. Mr. S. claims that if properly attached to a reaper and properly operated, it will do all that he says and has ever professed it will do. But he concedes that it is much more easily attached to some machines than others; and that there are few farmers who can or do properly attach it. He only warrants it where properly attached to do good work. He concedes that some of the machines sent out were imperfect, for he showed us a circular issued subsequently, in which he offers to replace those machines with an improved machine. In order to be as concise and distinct as possible, we will state the result of this interview with Mr. S. so far as he made any impression upon us.

1. It is evident from Mr. S.'s statements, this binder may operate if properly attached to the right reaper—say J. H. MANNY'S—in the hands of a trained agent or man with considerable mechanical gumption. But it is not evident that farmers may buy it safely, attach it to the reaper themselves, and hope to make it either labor or money saving. Some may do it; the majority may not.

2. Mr. S. warrants it to do good work if properly attached and operated; but his warrantee does not specify what good work is, nor what is meant by properly attaching it; and if he did, since he concedes that there are few farmers who can attach it, and few machines that it can be properly attached to, it seems plain that if he sells it indiscriminately, he sells farmers who buy it, as well as his machines.

3. Mr. SHERWOOD asserts that he has made no money by his machine—that he has not entered the field at the various public trials in the West and elsewhere, because he has been unable to incur the expense attending such trials, in some instances, and from other given causes in others. Hence, it is plain Mr. SHERWOOD'S responsibility, peculiarly, is not such as to render his warrantee of any particular value.

4. Mr. SHERWOOD conceded to us that he had become satisfied that he must confine his effort to adapting and attaching his machine to some one reaper, and sending it out in complete working order; or that he must himself, or through his agents, see that each machine is attached and set to work in the hands of the farmer. To

our attention. Farmers were watching it lift. One farmer objected to it because it required a horse to operate it. Another insisted he could pitch two forkfuls to its one, and he would not have such a concern about him. We will wager that man never read an agricultural paper in his life. And if our readers knew the advantage and saving of time and labor, which results from the use of these forks, there would be such a demand for them this season as could not be supplied. Indeed, every man who can possibly use one, should have a mower, a good horse-rake and a good horse pitch-fork. He may then snap his fingers in the faces of men who ask "high wages in hay-time," and tell them to go and help GRANT on the Chickahominy.

— It is proper to say that since the publication of Mr. SHERWOOD'S advertisement we have received letters from farmers who have purchased this binder, unsolicited by us, fully establishing all that we wrote concerning it and Mr. SHERWOOD on page 150. And further, we are in no wise interested in decrying this implement beyond the general good which may result to the greatest number, by placing it in its proper position. We have no favorites except such as may be successful and economical aids to the farmer. And with the present cost of wire it is seriously doubted if there is a binder so perfected as to be an economical aid. We have grave doubts if there is.

5. The result of our interview with Mr. S. is, that we did the farmers more justice than we did him and his machine injustice by what we wrote on page 150—that we have no reason whatever to change the advice then given, viz.: Do not contract for this machine until you have seen it in operation on a reaper like your own, or on one that you think proper to buy.

And this leads us to remark further, that farmers should apply this rule to all machines about which there is any doubt. The amount of money American farmers invest annually in farm machinery is enormous; and it is a part of their duty to be cautious in their investments. A good machine will win its own way rapidly. There is no danger to it when demonstration is required. And an inventor or agent who has any confidence in his implement will afford the farmer the largest opportunity to learn of its merits before he asks him to purchase.

The First Fair.

THIS 8th day of June we have "been to the fair"—the fair at Brockport, a pleasant little town situated west of Rochester a few miles,—more or less—on the Erie Canal and New York Central Railroad. It was pleasant to trundle out into the country—past farm houses sheltered and shadowed by groves of fruit trees and fragrant shrubs—alongside fields of grain and grass, and witness the work and wear of farmers, their teams and implements, in the peaceful pursuits of husbandry—to watch the boys coaxing the corn with gypsum, and the lea turning for the late planting—to smell the fragrant hay in the newly mown door-yards, and inhale the sweet breath summer exhales in the country.

And we confess we were somewhat elated with anticipation; for were we not attending the first June fair—the first agricultural fair we had ever attended in the Month of Roses? And visions of fresh butter and cheese, sleek young calves and motherly kine, sheep and skipping lambs, fleeces sheared and unshorn, mowers and reapers, planters and cultivators, horse-hoes and shovel-plows, spades, shovels, hoes, hooks, rakes, forks and garden tools, peonies and "postes" of all sorts, got mixed up in our mind in a tangle. But, strange to say! we never thought of a horse—didn't dream we were to see one!

Now, we'll let you see, reader, how suddenly and easily we got out of the tangle into which we had imagined ourself. We arrived at the fair grounds at a quarter to 12 A. M. precisely, and began to look around. We found first, a corn-planter with no one to show it and talk about it! Perhaps it was too late in the season. Next, a Hubbard reaper and mower, which claims to whip all creation on "lightness of draft." Next, a Cayuga Chief mower—a compact, imperishable, serviceable, reliable iron favorite of ours. Next, that good old substantial self-raking favorite of all who use them, SEYMOUR & MORGAN'S Self Raker. And there was a mower with an Ohio man whom we had met before, but who didn't know us, showing "how easy" his machine could be put out of gear—simply by stopping the team, leaving your seat, hitching to a fence, drawing a key, taking off a keyed washer at the left of the driving wheel, going to the tail of the machine, jerking the whole machine bodily to the right, placing the keyed washer on the other (right) side of the driving wheel and keying it in! Very simple!

Enlightened, we passed to the man with a wagon load of machines for plastering corn, described in a recent number of the RURAL. But he, too, lacked the "gift of gab," drew no crowd about him, and we venture did not "pay expenses." A horse pitch-fork next attracted

our attention. Farmers were watching it lift. One farmer objected to it because it required a horse to operate it. Another insisted he could pitch two forkfuls to its one, and he would not have such a concern about him. We will wager that man never read an agricultural paper in his life. And if our readers knew the advantage and saving of time and labor, which results from the use of these forks, there would be such a demand for them this season as could not be supplied. Indeed, every man who can possibly use one, should have a mower, a good horse-rake and a good horse pitch-fork. He may then snap his fingers in the faces of men who ask "high wages in hay-time," and tell them to go and help GRANT on the Chickahominy.

And we entered the large hall devoted to—let us see, what was in it? Two fleeces of wool very neatly wrapped up, a half dozen crocks of butter, two samples of maple sugar, one of maple sirup, a bell of some sort, and a single round hand boquet. We didn't dip into the sugar, sirup, butter, nor cheese. We did smell of the flowers and mentally thanked the owner of the fair hand that arranged them, for thus giving us pleasure. And there were motherly matrons and peach-cheeked maidens under the shelter of that roof evidently employed as MICAWBER always was.

Out of the east door of this building, turning to the right, we found a dozen and a half of sheep and lambs which we called Spanish merino. But we didn't find the owner, and had not even the luxury of an old fashioned sheep-talk—a real disappointment!

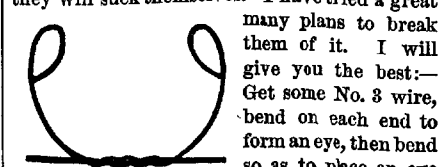
We were adjourned for dinner.

And after dinner we discovered the horses. And there were some very fine ones, too. There is a good deal of propriety in an exhibition of stallions at this season of the year. Men, who are hesitating and undecided what stock to breed from have an opportunity to compare and decide the question. And it would be more profitable to such men if the owners of stallions were to take pains to have offspring of their respective animals on exhibition also. We always want to look at the product. We like to see evidence. There were comparatively few young horses on exhibition. A very notable animal was that sorrel stallion (three years old, we think), exhibited by S. D. WALBRIDGE. There were some very pretty horses there, too. And we noticed two fine English draft horses—such as wealthy farmers need to keep for field service while the light-footed roadsters do the "running about." It will come to this some time in this country—when the coach horse and the cart horse will not be combined, and when people will not seek so to breed as to combine them.

We allowed ourself to sweat and scorch in the uncovered amphitheatre for the purpose of getting a good view of the "style and speed" of "stallions over 5 years old." There were three entered, and we saw them go a single heat, a brown animal, driven by Mr. WALBRIDGE—before named—easily winning it. The bands played "Blue Bells," "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle;" and we came away—thanking the officers for the entertainment their exhibition had afforded us, their kind attentions, for an excuse to visit the pleasant village of Brockport and for a—*lect!*—We may add that we have enumerated all the objects of interest we found on the grounds, except the people. There was a fair—perhaps we should say large—attendance, but the exhibition, as such, was neither remarkably imposing nor instructive. Perhaps it equalled the expectations of the majority of the visitors, and realized the hopes and wishes of the managers. If so, we ought to be content. But we can not help thinking that, aside from the holiday it afforded those who attended, it really accomplished little for the agriculturist.

Milking Heifers before Calving.

W. S. WALKER, Oak's Corners, N. Y., writes—"I would say to 'Young Farmer,' that he should milk heifers before calving, or they will suck themselves. I have tried a great



many plans to break them of it. I will give you the best—Get some No. 3 wire, bend on each end to form an eye, then bend so as to place an eye in each nostril, (the eye keeps the wire from hurting the nose,) then fasten a short piece of wire to the ring, and they can not suck, and will soon forget it."



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE PRICE OF WOOL IN 1864.

EVERY circumstance would seem to show that wool must bear higher prices this than it did last year. Nothing has occurred, or is likely to occur, to diminish the consumption. First, our own great civil war continues to rage—expanding rather than contracting in the magnitude of its operations and consequently in the employment of men. The most sanguine have ceased to anticipate its termination before the close of 1864. Foreign wars have not diminished, and there is a strong probability that they will increase. And while the extra demand for woolen clothing will thus be kept up, the ordinary demand will be promoted by the fact that there is less than the usual surplus of woolen clothing left over from last year, in the possession of consumers. During the high prices of 1863, a disposition was manifested, throughout the world, to economize in its purchase. Even in our own country, where there is less providence in such matters in proportion to means than in any other, there was an obvious retrenchment in this particular. Accordingly nine out of every ten persons have less spare woolen garments than they were in the habit of having before woolen fabrics rose to such high prices. The consequence is that they will be compelled to purchase more freely during the current year; and the least increase of consumption per head, throughout the wool consumers of the world, will sum up to an enormous aggregate.

Second: The price of wool is considerably higher abroad than last year, and the tendency is still steadily upward. Old accumulations are exhausted. In some countries the product, owing to climatic and incidental causes, is diminished in quantity and quality. Mr. GEO. W. BOND, the eminent Boston wool broker, wrote to us about the close of last December:

"Coincident with our own increased demand for fine wools, those grown in the Southern Hemisphere have been unusually good this year, especially those grown in Buenos Ayres and Southern Africa, whence we draw largely our supplies. The season in both these countries was very favorable, rendering the staple of the wool very long and healthy, so that it has been available for many purposes for which it has not before been used. I think I can safely say that the clip of the autumn of 1863, at the Cape of Good Hope, has proved itself fitted for the wants of four manufacturers, where that of the previous year would have suited one. The same is true of the clip of Buenos Ayres, but not to the same extent. The clip of 1861 was very heavy and weak, and much of it now remains unmanufactured, while that of 1862 sold readily. Accounts from there do not indicate so good a clip for 1863, and we cannot expect such another from the Cape. That of 1861 has never, as a whole, been equalled since the wool has been known here."

These are pregnant facts, and though published (in our Address before the Ohio Wool Growers' Association, Jan. 6th,) and placed, as we know, in the hands of many eminent manufacturers, and dealers in wool of every description, no one has attempted to controvert or even to modify Mr. BOND'S statements. From the same source we received the following estimate of imports of wool into the United States in 1863, based upon custom house returns to near the close of the year, from New York and Boston, and estimates for other ports and for the remainder of the year:

From whence exported.	Total.
Europe	21,000,000
Cape of Good Hope	11,000,000
Buenos Ayres, &c.	21,000,000
Russia	2,000,000
East India and China	750,000
Spain and Portugal	750,000
Turkey	3,500,000
Mexico	1,500,000
Chili	2,500,000
Various places in small parcels	1,000,000
	66,000,000
	lbs. Fine.
Europe	11,000,000
Cape of Good Hope	11,000,000
Buenos Ayres, &c.	15,000,000
Russia	2,000,000
East India and China	750,000
Spain and Portugal	750,000
Turkey	500,000
Mexico	1,500,000
Chili	2,500,000
Various places, small parcels	1,000,000
	37,500,000
	lbs. Course.
Europe	10,000,000
Cape of Good Hope	11,000,000
Buenos Ayres, &c.	6,000,000
Russia	2,000,000
East India and China	750,000
Spain and Portugal	750,000
Turkey	3,000,000
Mexico	1,500,000
Chili	2,500,000
Various places, small parcels	1,000,000
	27,500,000

It will thus be seen that the two countries—Buenos Ayres and the Cape of Good Hope (or Southern Africa)—which Mr. BOND says will

yield so diminished or so inferior a clip for the use of the present year, supplied the United States last year with 32,000,000 lbs. of wool—within a million pounds of half of the whole quantity imported; and they supplied us with considerable more than two-thirds of all our imported fine wools.

Third: No doubt exists in any quarter, that the tariff on foreign wools will be materially increased during the present session of Congress.

Fourth: Gold, and consequently exchange, is gradually advancing. Gold yesterday (June 6th) reached 194—so that it would have required \$1.94 in our currency to buy a dollar's worth of wool in England, at the Cape of Good Hope, or in Buenos Ayres. This state of things alone should keep wool fully up to the best last year's prices, provided the consumption, the tariff and foreign production and prices remained the same. But supposing the war to continue, the increase of foreign prices and of the tariff, and the diminution of foreign production, must necessarily, according to all the laws of trade, advance the price of wool in our country in 1864. The usual effort will probably be made to depress the new clip, but if the growers patiently bide their time, all these efforts will fail. And on whom will this advance in wools operate as a special hardship? All the previous circumstances above enumerated, united, have not carried up wools in proportion with most of the other great staples of consumption. Woolen goods, including cloths, carpetings, &c., &c., are about 100 per cent. higher than before the war. American cassimeres and shawls are probably exceptions—they not having advanced over say 75 per cent., and the average of shawls a little less. But carpets have advanced nearly or quite 125 per cent., and so have various other articles. Linens, on the average, have probably advanced full 100 per cent., if not more. Cottons have advanced from 300 to 500 per cent.—brown sheetings and bleached goods (where the cost is mostly in the material) touching the higher rate of advance, and domestic prints (where more of the cost is for labor) the lower. Hardware generally has advanced at least 100 per cent. Pig iron has advanced at least 300 per cent.; bar iron 150; carriage springs 250; tin 150; cast steel 100; nails over 140; screws and bolts, stoves, axes and trace chains 100; lead, window glass and paints 100; oil say 125, &c., &c. It probably would not be unsafe to assume that articles of consumption generally, except provisions, have doubled in cost.

Some of the articles above enumerated have been rendered dear, like wool, by scarcity—others not. Wool has been brought into immensely increased demand for consumption as the only extensively available substitute for cotton in a multitude of important uses. It is not excelled if equaled in importance by any one single specific article of consumption, and in none, probably, except cotton, is the present supply less equal to the demand. Yet wool, as already said, has not risen since the opening of the war like other less important, and in various cases, less scarce commodities. The rise in 1863, in the country generally, in fine and medium wools, probably fell below 60 per cent. In coarse, it was higher.

How is this to be explained? Partly, unquestionably, by the fact that the manufacturers, who are the ultimate purchasers of all wool, are but a mere handful of men, who are wealthy and highly intelligent in their occupation, and who, from the smallness of their number and their business-like habits and associations, are capable, in their pecuniary operations, of acting almost with the unity and energy of a single individual. In this respect, and consequently in the power of effecting their objects in the market, they are to the disunited producers acting without concert, what a Macedonian phalanx is to an unorganized mob. That they have struggled during the past year with indomitable resolution, and with a very great degree of success, to keep down the price of wool, is not, we think, to be disputed.

Are they to blame for those efforts? Whether so or not, we are disposed to believe that the producers would have done precisely the same, with the same opportunity for doing it. Human nature is pretty much alike in all occupations! We take occasion to say this, because in nothing that we have uttered would we be understood as preaching up any crusade against the manufacturers. We want the wool grower to have all that belongs to him, and the manufacturer to

have no less that belongs to him. A feeling of hostility between them is only injurious to both. If the contemplated tariff on wools is enacted, there is no occasion for the former to entertain any jealousies of the latter. He will be placed in a situation where even the circumstances above named will give the manufacturer no advantages over him. But let there be reason and moderation on both sides. In the day of his success, let the wool grower never forget one fact, viz., that in pursuing any line of action which will necessarily prove destructive to the manufacturer, he only performs the Sampsonian feat of tearing down the edifice whose ruins must overwhelm himself. All our present advances in wool growing will be thrown away and lost unless American manufacturers continue to flourish. No American, in our day and generation, can raise wool for profitable exportation, at least north of Texas and east of the Rocky Mountains.

THE GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN SHEEP.

DR. RANDALL:—"A Wool Grower" (in *Country Gentleman* May 19) in attributing my reply to you, pays me, certainly, a very high compliment. I fancy I could show myself a much better judge of his identity. Few persons in Vermont fail to recognize his ear-marks! He makes my alleged filing of "the— in Dr. RANDALL'S book" with the name of Mr. HAMMOND, a pretence for lugging your name into the controversy. The fessiveness and impudence of the pretence appears from the fact that you left no "—" or blank, in your descriptions of Mr. HAMMOND'S sheep, which he refers to. In his article of April 7, he quoted from the *Practical Shepherd* a part of your account of Mr. HAMMOND'S improvements on the Atwood sheep, and he marked it as quoted. But in his commentaries thereon he did not, as you did, give Mr. HAMMOND'S name—termining him throughout, with an affectation of sarcasm, "the great improver," as if there was something absurd in your claiming that rank for him. Thus he created a quasi "blank," and I filled it, as I had a right to do, with the name of the man whom he was just as directly attacking as if he had called him by name—whom he was attempting to insult and injure because he had won reputation and wealth, as a successful breeder, while himself ("A Wool Grower") had as signally failed in breeding Merino sheep. Had I felt that decorum allowed me to give the name of the assailant as well as of the assailed, all further answer to the former would have been utterly unnecessary in Vermont, where both parties are known. One stands as high as the other does low in the respect and confidence of the people of this State. Nature has stamped on their very countenances the infinite difference between the men.

A writer, admitted into a public journal of standing, ought, at least, to have sense and honesty enough not to deny in one number, what he has asserted in a preceding one. When commenting on your partly quoted description of Mr. HAMMOND'S improvements, "A Wool Grower" said:—"The subject is an important one, and ought to be candidly examined to see if all the apparent improvement is real or in part artificial," and he presently announced his own conclusions on the question he thus raised by saying:—"The principles upon which much of this improvement rest are described in Dr. RANDALL'S letter of Jan. 10, 1863, published in the *Country Gentleman* of Jan. 26, p. 60." He then gives, correctly enough, I presume, the following extract from that letter:

"Another important element in the production of *brag fleeces*, is high feed, and how many young buyers who pay fancy prices for a celebrated ram and half a dozen ewes which have yielded monster fleeces, find out speedily they have bought *spend hot-beds*." "If all buyers were themselves breeders, and were perfectly familiar with the above described modes of fitting sheep for sale, and their effects, does any one imagine those monies, troublesome and expensive as they are, would continue to be practiced? Turn or disguise the matter as we may, they do mislead the inexperienced, and they would not be of use to anybody if they did not do so."

Here, and again in a succeeding sentence, the idea is as distinctly advanced that much of Mr. HAMMOND'S apparent improvements is due to the practices alluded to in the above extract as if the allegation had been made against him by name. Yet "A Wool Grower," in his last, is not ashamed to say:—"The assertion that I by implication brought such a charge against Mr. HAMMOND is utterly and notoriously without foundation." And he subsequently confesses "by universal consent Mr. HAMMOND stands at the head as an improver." This is eating his own words about as abruptly as the Judge is said to have recently done on another occasion, rather than encounter the striking arguments of a patriotic neighbor!

Again: "A Wool Grower" said, April 7th: "Buckeye" has made some very sensible remarks in *Country Gentleman* of Feb. 4, respecting the extraordinary improvement made in the Atwood sheep in the short space of ten or twelve years." The words in italic were not marked as quoted, but whether quoted or not, they were adopted as an expression of what "A Wool Grower" believed, and was willing to assume to be the fact in respect to the time consumed in effecting "the extraordinary improvement." And in all his arguments, or rather slurs against the reality of that improvement, the favorite point is that the time above given would not admit of it. After stating that time as above, he subsequently said, "it is truly a wonderful improvement to convert a thin, light-boned, smallish sheep" into a large, round and strong-boned sheep in so short a time as Dr. Randall states," etc. In his last, (May 26), this candid and veracious writer asserts:—"I did not say one word about the time in which the improvement was made, whether ten, twelve, or nineteen years!"

Yet, after this surprising disclaimer, "A Wool Grower," in effect, returns to the same charge in the following question:—"Why does A Breeder stick to 1864, when Sweepstakes, was bred in 1856? That is the stand-point of the great improver." Who, I ask, made the birth of Sweepstakes such stand-point? Is there a word in the *Practical Shepherd* to show, or render probable the fact that its author, writing in 1863, and describing the improvements over the old Atwood sheep, then visible in Mr. HAMMOND'S flock, did not describe what he saw before him, but went back to give an opinion of the flock from a stand-point seven years earlier—when he had never seen that flock? I understand Dr. RANDALL expressly to declare in one of his notes to my first reply to "A Wool Grower" that he never saw Mr. HAMMOND'S flock before the description of the old Atwood sheep, which was published in his *Fine Wool Husbandry*, was read and approved by a number of the leading breeders of Vermont; and on seeing this declaration I turned to the last named work, and in a note on page 77, found it stated that the description was thus read and approved on the 8th day of February, 1862. So Dr. RANDALL never saw Mr. HAMMOND'S flock before 1862!

"A Wool Grower" in his codicil to his first communication (made while he was trying to find my reply!) fell just half in his original statement of the weight of fleeces of the JEWETT buck owned by you in 1844, and also limited the warm eulogium he had quoted you as applying to that buck and to the JEWETT ewes shown by you at the New York Fair that year, down to two sheep! But he still dodges the question when and where that eulogium was uttered—circumstances which would enable his readers to judge, first, whether he has in this instance avoided his characteristic garbling, and second, whether your views were those of twenty years ago, or recent ones.

"A Wool Grower" when driven from one issue flies to another, and usually totally irrelevant one. But wherever he appears—whether pretending to state facts or draw deductions—he is habitually inaccurate, uncandid and malevolent. I could point out a whole batch of new misrepresentations in his last. For example, he misstates the number of Atwood sheep obtained by Mr. HAMMOND in 1844. He grossly and shamefully misrepresents the pedigrees of the PAULAR or RICH sheep of Vermont—reasoning on impudent assumptions of his own, which are destitute of a shadow of foundation. His criticisms on your statements I leave you to answer. Having for the honor of Vermont named to the counter some of his most glaring slanders on her distinguished breeders, I shall now bid adieu to him. To continue to follow him up would be an endless chase, and the game is not worth the candle.

Yours, faithfully,
A BREEDER.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.—The above comes from a gentleman of eminence and of the highest personal character, who feels that the interests and the honor of Vermont have been most unjustly and wantonly assailed in the persons of some of her most eminent sheep breeders, and who does not therefore choose to mince terms with the aggressor. Still we can not but regret the asperity in the tone of the rebuke, however sufficient the provocation.

We scarcely need to say that the assumption of the *Country Gentleman's* correspondent that we were the author of the reply of "A Breeder," was as unfounded as it was gratuitous. To his criticisms on our writings we have no answer to make whatever.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.

SAMPLES OF WOOL.—D. W. PERCEY, North Hoosic, N. Y., sends us a specimen of wool from a two-year old Infatado ram called "Gold Mine," purchased by himself and Mr. BURGESS of Mr. EDWIN HAMMOND. The sample is 2½ inches in length, is fine enough for a ram, and the style fair. It has but little external "gun," (hardened yolk,) but an uncommon amount of "oil," (liquid yolk,) of a yellow tinge, within. Mr. PERCEY writes that his first fleece was sheared May 12th, 1863, and weighed 16½ lbs., carcass after shearing 9½ lbs.; his second fleece May 10th, 1864, weighed 25 lbs., carcass after shearing 119 lbs. The Panlar ewe teg bought by him of the Messrs. RICE, a pair of which we gave May 14th, was sheared May 3d, and yielded 11 lbs.

P. ELTHARP, Bridport, Vt., sends samples of wool of rams and ewes, referred to in his recent communication, accompanying cuts of his sheep. Those of three rams, Crook Foot, Gen. Grant and Cortez, weighed respectively (sheared May 11th,) 21½, 22, and 17½ lbs. The two first are superior in style and quality—the last fair. The two first are 2½ inches in length, the last 2½. Yolk yellow, liquid, and very abundant within. Ewe No. 1, wool splendid in style and quality, 2½ inches long; weight of fleece 12½ lbs. Ewe No. 10, about the same quality, a little less style, nearly an eighth of an inch shorter; weight of fleece 13 lbs. Yolk of both barely medium in amount, and of the true "golden tinge."

A SUBSCRIBER, &c., Ovid, N. Y., sends a sample of a five-year old ram's fleece; weight 14 lbs. It is about 2½ inches in length, yolk, and of sufficiently fine quality, but is deficient in style and lustre.

T. R. GILLET, Fon du Lac, Wisconsin, encloses three specimens, and inquires "in what class each would be put by a wool stapler." We can not undertake to answer this question. We merely give our own off-hand opinions. Each sample is of high quality—the two first of superior and the third of good style for American Merinos. All have abundance of yellow, internal and external, yolk. With half an inch more of length, No. 1 would be a splendid specimen of heavy American wool.

WILLIAM R. SANFORD, Orwell, Vt., forwards specimens of the wool of his ram "Comet" (whose portrait and pedigree we published May 7th,) and of several of his ewes. They labor under the disadvantage of having been taken from the fleece instead of the animal—which does not admit of so good a selection, particularly in respect to length. Comet's fleece weighed 24½ lbs. It is of good style and quality, 2½ inches long, densely filled with yellow and tipped with black yolk. Mr. SANFORD'S two-year old ewes (by

Comet) averaged 12½ lbs., and most of them had lambs. The samples of ewe wool sent are of good quality, yolk, (yolk yellow,) and from two to three inches long.

L. B. (we cannot make out the name,) Vandala, Cass Co., Mich., sends us samples of a ram and three ewes which he says are "Michigan grades," and he wishes to know "how it compares with full-blood wool?" It is of high quality, extra length and splendid style, with a fair share of golden-tinged yolk. We should like to hear a little more of these "grade" sheep from our correspondent—to learn if they have been graded with anything but Saxons—and if so, all the particulars, including the present weight of their fleeces.

MESSRS. I. MOD. G.—& BRO. (why won't gentlemen write their names a little plainer when addressing strangers!) Nobletown, Alleghany Co., Pa., inclose us three samples of ewe's wool, one being from "Princess," the dam of Mr. GONBY'S Hannibal. All the samples are of high style and quality, and that of Princess admirable. It is over 2½ inches long. If it exhibited a little more yolk, (giving promise of greater weight,) it would be almost unequalled.

THOMAS GORBY, Randolph, Portage Co., Ohio, sends us a specimen of the wool of his Hannibal, a pure Infatado ram, whose portrait we now have in the hands of the engraver, and whose pedigree will appear in our columns with his portrait. The present is his second fleece, and it weighed 24½ lbs. The sample is 2-3-16 inches long, has enough, but no extra amount of, yolk internally or externally, (the yolk being of a delicate golden hue,) and the style and quality are superior for a heavy fleeced ram.

H. B. HOYT, West Union, Fayette Co., Iowa, sends us a sample from a two-year old ewe of his flock. He says "they are of a good grade of Spanish Merino"—that he "sheared 300 last year, and they averaged 6 lbs. of washed wool." If they were well washed, and the sample sent is near an average quality, it is a flock of great value for wool growing purposes. The specimen is 2½ inches long, not very yolk, very fine for American Merino, and of good style.

I. HEALY, South Danville, Steuben Co., N. Y., sends us eleven specimens of wool. He says his sheep are mostly bred from the ROBINSON & STRICKER flocks, (Improved Paulars,) and that they average, washed, about 6 lbs. of wool. The ten samples from ewes average from 2½ to 2¾ inches in length. That of the ram (which yields 16 lbs. from a carcass weighing 100 lbs.) is but about 2 inches long. All are of high quality, of good, and in some cases very choice style, and they exhibit about the right quantity of golden yolk. Bay a ram, Mr. HEALY, a size or two larger—having a fleece, if not so fine, weighing four or five pounds more—and on your excellent foundation you will breed up a flock of very high value.

GEORGE FLOWER, Albion, Edwards Co., Ill., while looking over the preceding specimens, an old letter of Mr. FLOWER—then very celebrated throughout the Western States as a Saxon flockmaster—has chanced to turn up, containing seven specimens of ram's wool. The longest sample is 1½ inches long, the shortest 1 inch! The weight of fleeces is not given. Possibly they averaged 4 or 4½ lbs. a-piece! The letter is dated March 25th, 1844. Assuredly, the standards of fine wool growing have altered somewhat in the last twenty years!

DESTRUCTIVE MALADY.—D. B. WATKINS, of Elizabethtown, Washington Co., Pa., describes the loss of six sheep and lambs out of his flock under the following very unusual circumstances. A two-year old wether was first attacked. He was let out of shed at noon, apparently in perfect health. When he came in at night "his hind parts seemed to be powerless across his kidneys, and the skin looked very much inflamed. The next morning he was dead, and where the skin had been inflamed it looked as if mortified." Three ewes were subsequently attacked. The swelling and inflammation appeared from the hip down to the gambrel, "and around and over about one half the udder and up to the back-bone." They were lame only in the leg affected. A young lamb died affected in the left hind hip, another in the left fore leg. None survived over twelve hours. We understand Mr. W. to carry the idea that in the parts not directly affected, the skin appeared natural, and there was no swelling. We also infer from his statements that in all the cases, the parts exhibiting the inflammation put on the gangrenous look after (if not before) death. Mr. W. says "their eyes looked bright, but they did not seem to feed." These are all the symptoms given. The sheep were in good condition, and had been properly fed, sheltered, &c. The ewes that died had all dropped their lambs from five to ten days before.

Mr. W. administered, in one case, the remedies prescribed in the *Practical Shepherd* for rheumatism, and, as we should expect, without any effect. This is obviously a different and far more powerful malady. We never saw, nor so far as we now remember, heard of anything of the kind. The first thought would be that it belonged to some very malignant and inflammatory class of diseases, analogous to black leg in cattle. But Mr. W. mentions no appearances of fever—no constitutional disturbance of any kind, except that they "did not seem to feed." We are constrained to believe that if what is related is accurate (which we have no reason to doubt) the cases are not fully described. There must have been accompanying symptoms which eluded the observation of, or were not understood by, our correspondent. But whatever was the real character of the malady, it was undoubtedly one of those which, in the comparatively feeble system of the sheep, admitted of no cure. Everything connected with the feed and management of the flock should have been investigated, and if necessary, corrected—every sheep stricken with the malady promptly separated from its companions—and probably that was about all that could have been done with any advantage in the premises. We would like to hear again from Mr. WATKINS.

Communications, &c.

A CURE FOR "SWEENIE"

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed your remarks on "Sweeney in Horses" in the RURAL of May 28th. Allow me to give L. SWAIN and others a cure for "Sweeney":—Half pint alcohol; one oz. organum oil; one oz. spirits niter; one oz. oil wormwood; one oz. opodeldoc; one oz. spirits hartshorn. Apply three mornings and omit three, until it has been applied nine times. Warm it in well. I have owned two horses afflicted with "Sweeney," and have known several in the neighborhood cured with this recipe; and never knew it to fail of curing after the cause was removed, which is, as you say, a strain in the shoulder, derangement in the foot, or any cause producing severe pain. The above is a recipe that I can confidently recommend from experience.
H. O. GREGORY.
Lockport, N. Y., 1864.

LET THE RURAL BE PRESERVED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A cheap and convenient file for the RURAL may be made by any one of common ingenuity as follows:—In a piece of five-eighths inch board, thirty-one inches long, and two inches wide, of any good material, make a slit or mortice as long as the paper, and three-fourths of an inch wide, (to hold a volume,) extending to within two inches of one end; the other end may be worked into shape for a handle as desired.

Through one side put two thumb-screws, each about four and a half inches from the end of the mortice, sharp at the ends and long enough to reach the opposite side; these are to hold the papers in place. They may be made of large wire, or bought at a hardware store. On the opposite side fasten a small ring by which it may be hung up.

This is my own invention; we have used it two years and like it well; we have never seen anything better.

Let the RURAL be kept on file where this or some other file is used. An old volume is worth its subscription price, and will continue to be, I believe, however long it may be kept.
Muscatine, Iowa, 1864.
T. J. GODDARD.

BEEES IN WISCONSIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I see that you invite answers to certain inquiries, made by a correspondent as to the condition of bees generally in the country. I am in the bee culture to a considerable extent, and have been, more or less, for thirty years; and I never knew my bees to produce more surplus honey, nor of any better quality, than last season. But I do not find any buckwheat honey stored; think in this part of the country there was not much gathered from buckwheat. Our bee pasturage, in this vicinity, is principally basswood and white clover; and, as a general thing, bees did well. But, in all parts of this country where I have been able to hear from, where there was not plenty of basswood the honey crop was light; and the consequence was that many swarms starved in the winter.

But this was not the great cause of so many dying. In brief, I will give my experience, and my opinion. In the fall of sixty-three, I had about seventy swarms. I buried twenty-nine of them, and a very poor late one; the latter I only buried to experiment with. The remainder of my swarms I put into a good house built for the purpose, intending to sell a number in the winter.

On the last day of December I took a number of swarms into an open sleigh and drove about eighteen miles, and let them stand in the cold until the second day of January, 1864—the coldest days we had last winter. To all appearance they were all right. On my return, on the 3d of January, I examined my bees in the house; found them all alive, but with considerable frost in the hives. In about a week we had a change of weather. It became quite warm. The frost thawed in them and the bees and combs were moist. The weather changed again, suddenly to cold. This second cold snap, the bees being damp, chilled and froze them, and quite a number of my swarms that had stood the first cold spell, perished in the next; although not as cold by a number of degrees.

On the first days of April I took my hives from the pit, and all but the weak swarms spoken of were in the very best condition. I do not think there were two quarts of dead bees about the whole, while the swarms in the house that lived through were reduced to less than one half; and I think they ate more than twice the amount of honey that those did that were buried. I am very confident that the great cause was the bees and comb being damp, and freezing as above described. Should like to hear the opinion of others.
A. H. HART.
Calumet Co., Wis., 1864.

Inquiries and Answers.

EAMES' WATER ENGINES.—(J. Bell, Utica, Ohio.) Your inquiry is answered on pages 121 and 150, current volume RURAL.

NEW YORK COMMISSION MERCHANTS.—I would like to inquire if any of the readers of the RURAL are in the practice of sending their produce to New York to Commission merchants there, to be sold, and if so, with what success? Do they get enough to pay for the extra expense and trouble? I would like to hear the experience of some one.—E. J. BAKER, Orleans Co., N. Y.

COMSTOCK'S SPADER AND EVANS' ROTARY DIGGER.—(Edward I. Evans & Co., York, Pa.) COMSTOCK'S Spader is manufactured in Milwaukee by Mr. C. COMSTOCK. Either HENRY O'REILLY or H. C. HARRISON, of New York City, can give you information concerning EVANS' Rotary Digger. We are not informed whether it is being manufactured or not.

PATENT PAINT OIL.—Can you inform a subscriber what "Patent Paint Oil" is composed of—whether partly of linseed oil and some other substance? Has Petroleum ever been used for outside painting—and with what result?—O. H. J., Sturgis, Mich.

We cannot answer the first question, and we are not aware that Petroleum has ever been used for outside painting.

CORN FOR SOILING.—Can I, with good soil, good cultivation and early planting, raise corn, by sowing or in drills, so as to be ready to cut economically (for soiling cattle) by the time clover hay is usually cut? Would not some of the Western varieties of rank-growing corn be better for "soiling" than the common "eight-rowed yellow" of Western New York? Or would sorghum be better than either?—B. R., East Vartick, N. Y.

Evidently this inquiry has been on hand some time, as have many others which ought to have received attention before. To the first query, we reply no; and if you reflect a moment, you will know why. We should not plant the Western varieties, for soiling, in the East. Sorghum will yield more nutritious matter than any variety of maize with which we are acquainted. And it will grow the same or a greater bulk of forage on the same ground, we think.

Rural Notes and Items.

ANOTHER NEW SILK-WORM.—We do not know where the following item originated, but give it as an important item if true:—"Most of our readers know that a few years since the French introduced a silk-worm that feeds on the alantus, and that it has been so successful that a very large area in South France and North Italy is now covered with alantus orchards (so called,) and that the silk produced from it is becoming quite an important article of commerce. Recently the Director of the Society of Acclimations communicated to the Academy of Science at Paris, the fact that Mr. SIMON had sent from Japan the eggs of a silk-worm that feeds on the oak. That from thirty-three worms hatched, seventy-seven cocoons were obtained; that the only feed was the common oak; that they commenced spinning on the first of June and ended on the 25th; that the cocoons are the size of those of the mulberry worm, and as easily reeled; that the silk is as fine, is stronger, but not quite as brilliant. The Japanese name for the worm is Yama-mal, and the Director thinks this worm the most important one yet found."

HIGH PRICED TOBACCO.—We notice that at the recent Tobacco Exhibition held under the auspices of the Kentucky Agricultural Society, at Louisville, a hog-head of the first premium "Manufacturing Leaf" sold for the enormous sum of \$499. The Louisville Journal says it "is the finest compensation ever awarded to a grower for care in cultivation, preparation, and handling. Mr. J. H. SUBLETT, of Ballard county, Ky., is entitled to the honor of having raised this superb tobacco, and it is a remarkable fact that it comes from the extreme northwestern part of our State at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, where we were under the impression the lawlessness of guerrillas and the depredations of rebel raiders had not permitted the planters to grow any crops."

THE PRESS AND MUSIC.—There was a pleasant reunion of members of the Press representing Buffalo and Rochester, and the musical notabilities of both places, at Congress Hall, in this city, last Friday night. A good dinner, good music, song, sentiment and speeches consumed the night. For this reunion and the pleasure resulting, we are indebted to the enterprising and liberal minded dealer of our city, Geo. H. ELLIS. He adopted this mode of signifying his appreciation of the services of the Press to him, as a business man—of the value of printer's ink. We regret that we have not space for a more extended report of this very successful and pleasant affair.

A VALUABLE FARM.—We clip from an Ohio paper the following:—"The Vanengo Spectator notices the sale of the Blood Farm entire, on Oil Creek, to E. M. SEELY, of New York, for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The farm contains 450 acres, and there are now upon it some 30 wells, mostly productive, and yielding from 400 to 700 bbls. of oil daily. There are also a number of wells partly sunk. With a yield of 400 bbls. per day, at \$6 per bbl., we have a daily cash yield of \$2,400; counting 300 working days to the year we have a yearly yield of \$720,000. So that at the present rate this farm is now paying an interest of 130 per cent upon the purchase money."

AN OLD AGRICULTURAL EDITOR IN EDITORIAL HARNESS AGAIN.—We see it announced that the Rev. J. AMBROSE WIGHT, who after 13 years editorial labor on the *Practical Farmer*, left the tripod in 1855 and entered the ministry, has resumed the quill as a member of the editorial corps of the Chicago *Tribune*. We are not informed what his special department is; but no matter what it is, he brings to the paper a ripe experience, a clear, logical brain, and vigorous, pungent pen. We cordially welcome him again as a member of the fraternity.

MANUSCRIPTS BY MAIL.—Correspondents are reminded that all manuscripts sent to publishers are entitled to be forwarded at the rate of two cents for four ounces; provided that one end of the envelope is cut and left open, and the word "manuscript" is written on the face of the envelope. Authors availing themselves of the provisions of this law will remember, however, that a letter or note enclosed with the manuscript will subject the whole package to letter postage.

AMERICAN ANNUAL CYCLOPEDIA AND REGISTER OF IMPORTANT EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1863.—We have received from Messrs. D. APPLETON & Co. the prospectus and specimen pages of this annual, with an index of subjects. It promises not only to be interesting, but a most valuable historical volume. And its scientific record is not its least valuable feature. Sold by subscription at \$4 to \$7.50, according to style of binding.

AN AGRICULTURAL MISSION TO CHINA.—We see it announced that Commissioner NEWTON has appointed VARNUM D. COLLINS—whenever he may be agent of the Department of Agriculture, and sent him to China, charged with the selection of seed of new varieties of sorghum, and other products capable of acclimation, and the collection of other agricultural information.

WHERE IS THE BANNER COUNTY?—It is a capital idea the Badgers have hit upon—that of offering a Prize Banner worth \$100 "for the largest and most creditable contribution" to the State Fair (Wisconsin) "made by the citizens of any one county, exclusive of Rock"—in which the Fair is to be held. We want to visit the county which wins that banner.

THE SEASON IN WIS.—L. F., Rolling Prairie, Wis., writes under date of June 7th:—"We have had no rain for about four weeks. All late sowings and planting failing to grow. Clay lands badly dried. Every thing suffering for want of rain. Clover curling up. Slight frost last night, cutting some of the vines."

BEE-KEEPERS' CONVENTION IN WISCONSIN.—A call has been issued for a Bee-Keepers' Convention at Madison, Wis., the 16th day of June. That is right—let men devoted to special interests get together and talk; it is where Agricultural Societies are going to.

STATE FAIR IN WISCONSIN.—We learned sometime since that Wisconsin was determined to hold a State Fair this year. Now we see that it is to be located at Janesville, and will take place the 28th—30th of September next.

REAPER AND MOWER TRIAL.—A trial of reapers and mowers is announced to take place at Catlin, Ill., July 5th, under the direction of the Vermillion Co. Agricultural Association.

A HORSE FAIR AT SENECA FALLS, N. Y.—We see it announced that a Horse Fair is to be held on the grounds of the Ag. Society at Seneca Falls, the 2d and 4th days of July—\$700 in premiums are offered.

Horticultural.

GRAPES IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

[Concluded from page 191, last No.]

Delaware.—No. 1. "Foliage not so good as could be wished." No. 2. "A vine bearing its second crop had its foliage a good deal affected, and the fruit somewhat rotted. An older vine exhibited very fine fruit; a third was very full of fruit, but losing its foliage—attributable, it was thought, to too close pruning." No. 7. "Not thriving very well; productive, but affected with leaf blight." No. 8. Produces few layers; drops its leaves. No. 9. Had no fruit; leaves blighted. No. 11. "Grafted on a Norton's Virginia, trained to the south side of a dwelling, although layered extensively, was very vigorous, healthy, and fruitful. This is attributed to the vigorous growing stock. The fruit left upon the vine was protected by little bags of cotton cloth, of loose texture, from the birds who, with the foxes, are said to prefer the Delaware to any of the many varieties grown on the Hermann hills." No. 12. "Bearing very finely grafted on Mammoth Catawba. Grafts of last spring on Catawba roots are doing well. Out of 180 grafted in the house and set out, all but 22 lived. Grafts three years old were tolerable healthy, but dropped leaves somewhat." No. 13. 160 planted. No. 18. Planted 4 by 4 feet. On the Halifax, a fox grape, is bearing finely; also on its own roots. Would plant it for wine. The Committee add:—"The Delaware, like the Catawba, is very capricious, but will probably succeed in a wider range of soil and climate, though never, we apprehend, to remunerative extent, except in the most favored localities, such as the loess or bluff formations furnish. The most vigorous growth and finest fruit we have ever seen was from Quincy, Illinois. At Hermann it was succeeding well as a graft on vigorous varieties, and this, except in congenial soils, will probably be the best method of growing it. For sweetness no grape surpasses it, but for sprightliness it can hardly rank very high."

Hartford Prolific.—No. 1. Reports favorably concerning it. No. 2. Rotted badly. No. 5. Would plant it for market. No. 13. Found here, over-ripe; good. The Committee says:—"The Hartford Prolific is healthy and a good bearer, but apparently not good enough. There is a general looking forward for something better for an early grape. Such, it is hoped, will be the Creveling."

Herbmont.—No. 2. Three or four years in bearing; foliage healthy; fruit rotting. No. 8. "Healthy and vigorous; an abundant bearer if protected." No. 9. "Fine, juicy, lively quality." No. 10. Very fine here; prefers to run the risk of not protecting it. Eleven pounds make a gallon of wine. No. 11. "Very fine." No. 12. "Well liked; has never been entirely killed by frost." No. 13. 500 planted; 10½ lbs. make a gallon of wine; no rot nor leaf blight." No. 15. "Looked well." No. 19. Very fine; "93 lbs. had been taken from a vine." The Committee adds:—"The Herbmont in point of quality we reckon first among the grapes examined. Its freedom from pulp, its thin skin and sprightly vinous flavor are hardly surpassed. Its only fault—a serious one—is its lack of hardness."

Norton's Virginia.—No. 1. One acre planted. Thinks highly of it for profit. No. 2. "Fruiting third time. Trained on a paling fence; doing exceedingly well." No. 5. Would plant it for wine. No. 6. The fruit lay on the ground in many places, yet the crop was good, the grapes sweet and free from rot. "As an evidence of the adaptability of Norton's Virginia to an uncongenial site, soil and treatment, this was an interesting and valuable exhibition." No. 7. Here "with spur pruning on old wood without renewal—good." No. 8. "Believes Concord and Norton's Virginia will produce a good mixed wine." No. 9. "Norton's Virginia, growing in a hollow, was heavily laden." No. 10. Two and a half acres planted. Cuttings died a good deal; 13 lbs. fruit for gallon of wine. No. 13. 1,000 vines planted; 15 lbs. fruit to the gallon; no rot nor leaf blight; calls it "the best wine grape." No. 14. "Very fine" here. No. 15. "Looked well." No. 18. Would plant it for wine. "Showed a good crop even on layers—a severe test." The Committee adds:—"Norton's Virginia, wherever seen, ranked deservedly first as a wine grape. Its hardness, productiveness, and the excellent quality of its rich red wine, make it first with no second."

Rebecca.—No. 1. "Has not succeeded. Foliage bad." No. 2. "Succeeded tolerably; rotted somewhat." No. 7. "Slender grower, and somewhat subject to leaf blight. Unproductive." No. 12. "Unhealthy; not liked." No. 13. "Poor foliage; very little fruit; fine quality." The Committee adds:—"The Rebecca, so far as seen, is, we regret to say, a failure. Its foliage is unhealthy, and its fruit—echo answers where."

Taylor or Bullitt.—No. 1. "Promises well." No. 2. "Esteemed as a wine grape." No. 7. "Leaf a little destroyed; hardy, healthy, productive." The Committee says:—"It seems to have no positive character yet; so far as it goes it is good."

To-Kalon.—No. 2. "Bearing its first crop. Rotted very badly." No. 8. "Defoliated and looking badly." No. 12. "Good bearer as Catawba. Rather inferior in quality; large berries." No. 13. "A nice grape; good bunches; bearing well."

Union Village.—No. 2. "Bearing its first year; free from rot; bearing large, thick-clustered berries, of beautiful fruit." No. 8. Looks unhealthy. No. 12. "Large; fair bearer." Committee says:—"Where seen, was doing well, and approved by growers."

Mead's Seedling.—No. 2. "Rotted a little; not so much as the Concord, and much less than Catawba."

Minor's Seedling.—No. 12. "Very well liked. Healthy, hardy and productive. Showy, and a promising market fruit. Not of fine quality; foxy." No. 13. "Too much pulp; not so good a bearer as Catawba; foliage healthy; too foxy." No. 18. "Healthy and productive."

Creveling.—No. 5. Would plant it for market. No. 8. "Healthy plant; not fruited."

Cunningham.—No. 8. "Vigorous grower. Half hardy, like the Herbmont. Will stand five winters out of six, but that may destroy it. Protect with earth covering." No. 12. "Not much liked. Tender, and an uncertain bearer." No. 13. "Best wine grape." No. 19. "Healthy, but not bearing much."

Isabella.—No. 4. Growing here. No. 5. "Almost worthless from leaf blight." No. 7. "Early Isabella, little differing from the other." No. 20. "An uncertain bearer. Looked as well as the Catawba, and the fruit was well ripened."

Blood's Black.—No. 7. "A few days earlier than Hartford Prolific. Very abundant bearer. Foxy." No. 12. "A vine produced 20 lbs. this year, (1863), and is producing a bunch on the second growth." No. 13. "Early, rich, foxy."

Alvey.—No. 7. "No pulp; healthy plant. A promising wine grape, if it proves sufficiently productive."

Arkansas.—No. 7. "Similar to Norton's Virginia. Not so much pulp, and more juice. Hardy and productive."

Cassady Thick Skin.—No. 7. "Quite sweet. Healthy and productive. Valuable for wine." No. 12. "It is well liked. Makes a good wine."

Clara.—No. 7. "Best American grape, to Mr. HUSMANN'S taste. Foliage healthy. Beautiful transparent berries, without pulp."

Garrigue.—No. 2. "A seedling of the Isabella; has been both this year (1863) and last the most affected by rot of any variety."

Cynthiana.—No. 7. "Much like Norton's Virginia, but sweeter and more juicy." No. 13. "Will make a good wine grape. A two year old graft on a Catawba stock was doing well. Thinks it will make more wine than Norton's Virginia."

Marion Port.—No. 2. "No rot." No. 13. "Good; small bunches; a good bearer. No. 18. "Thriving, but not much valued."

Louisiana.—No. 7. "Healthy and prolific. Resembles Herbmont, and belongs to the same class. Productive enough, and probably hardy. Promises to make splendid wine. Has the heaviest must of any yet tried." No. 12. "A good wine grape. Not ripe, (Sept. 18th.) Classed with Herbmont, Cunningham and Rulander."

Mary Ann or North Carolina Seedling.—No. 7. "Very early and productive. Thick skinned, sweet, foxy."

Perkins Early.—No. 7. "Healthy, productive; red, with lilac bloom; sweet, foxy." No. 13. "Of a peculiar, striped, red color; healthy, foxy."

Poeschel's Mammoth.—No. 7. "A seedling from Mammoth Catawba. Large berry. Not ripe Sept. 18th."

Husmann's Prolific.—No. 7. "Grafted on an Isabella vine in 1862, showed a growth of 40 feet on trellis, and an immense load of fruit. A good wine grape."

Hyde's Eliza.—No. 8. "Hardy, healthy; not of first quality."

Rulander.—No. 8. "Similar to Cunningham. Healthy foliage. Not sufficiently tested." Rots in localities.

Alexander Cape.—No. 9. "Healthy vine and tolerable fruit." No. 20. "Not an abundant bearer, but of better quality than the Isabella."

Berg Orleans.—No. 19. "A graft of two years; a foreign variety; has stood out all winter, and was ripening a fine bunch of grapes. Leaves not healthy."

Missouri Birdseye.—No. 19. "A fair bearer. Bunches loose and not large. A good wine grape, but not very profitable. Regarded by Mr. HUSMANN as identical with Elsinburg." **Restling or Lenoir.**—No. 19. "A grape of the Herbmont family, and an early one. Sweet, good, and tolerably healthy."

LOOK AFTER THE FLOWERS.

LADIES have you transplanted your Annuals from your seed beds into your beds and borders? If so, now is the time for untiring watchfulness. Fail not to look them over every morning; you will find some either wilted or broken off. With a stick or old knife, dig around them and you will find the cause of the mischief to be either a brown grub or a wire-worm. Don't let him escape alive. If you pursue this course you will soon be rid of the pests and it is the only sure remedy I know of. The wire-worms have never been in my garden until this year, and I find them worse than the grub; for they work both day and night and destroy the root, whereas the grub seldom disturbs anything during the day; and they sometimes eat off the top so high that the plant will push out again. It certainly is very discouraging to go out some fine morning and find some of your choicest plants with their heads off.

Our grubs seem to have an especial liking for my Carnations, Picotees, Ten-weeks Stock, Acrolinium's and choicest Asters. But they have always left me a few of a kind yet; last year they left two Stocks and three Picotees. But perhaps I was not as watchful as I should have been. Remember unceasing vigilance is the price of flowers. No matter if Mrs. So-and-So does happen in early in the morning and find your breakfast dishes unwashed. She will send over for flowers during the summer to adorn her parlors when she expects company.

Any one can grow Corn Lilies and single Holylocks, but if you "raise flowers, such as take premiums at fairs," it is necessary to expend

some money and a vast amount of labor and care. But what is more pleasing than to watch their gradual growth and development from the tiny shoot to the lovely flower. Remember that flowers are the gift of GOD, given merely to satisfy the eye. We might have had enough for every want and yet have had no flowers.

"Our outward life requires them not;
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man!
To beautify the earth!
To comfort him, to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whose careth for the flowers
Will teach more care for Him."

Then teach your children to love the flowers. Make little beds and fill them with common kinds, and learn them to take care of them. You'll never regret it in after years. Your boys will be less rough and boisterous, and will care more for their home if you cultivate their love for the beautiful. In after years, when they have homes of their own, they will plant flowers such as mother had, and they will recall memories of their youthful days and help to keep their "hearts unspotted from the world." Eagle Harbor, Mich., 1864. Mrs. A. M. M.

KEROSENE AND APPLE TREE WORMS.

AFTER enumerating old practices to rid the orchard of these pests, a correspondent tells us how he does it:—"I take my kerosene oil can and use the spout of the can to make an aperture in the upper or highest extremity of the nest, and turn a little on the outside and inside; and then to another nest and so on. As to those nests on extreme and difficult parts of the tree, I would fasten my can securely to a pole, and then climb the tree, or use a ladder—whichever was most convenient. This is by far the most expeditious way, as it need not, after arriving at the nest, take to exceed fifteen or twenty seconds to accomplish your desire upon the enemy; and if carefully handled it does not take a very large quantity of oil. As is well known, kerosene oil is very penetrable; and not a crevice nor a particle of space within the limits of the nest can escape.

As to the exact time of season to do this I can not say. My course is when the nest is in a medium size or state. But of the time of day, I am well satisfied; for worms, in warm weather, are out nearly all day and sometimes late at night. But like all enemies they must have their naps; so I make a HANCOCK march upon the enemy and find them napping. If the evening is cool, they will be found in their nest early in the morning. Give them a dose as above described and I hazard no risk in saying I will give a dime for every worm that survives to exceed a minute after the oil strikes him. Some may receive a very slight portion and survive longer; I can not say what effect the oil has upon the propagation of worms, but my opinion is that whatever is so fatal to the worm itself, will not materially aid in the direction of breeding.

Some may object to the above course, because of the cost of oil. It will be remembered that it takes but a trifle of oil, and the time saved in applying oil, compared with other slow processes, at the present high price of labor, is in favor of its use. J. FINK. Baldwinsville, N. Y., May, 1864.

THE CALIFORNIA TEA PLANTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—"In these parts there are two kinds of the evergreen bush, indigenous to the country, used as a substitute for tea. One produces no leaf, but a stem, the annual growth of which is from six to fourteen inches. The new growth is what is used for tea. The stem is of a very rich green color, and is somewhat of a gummy nature. Steeped in the usual method, it produces a beverage of very nice flavor, and is used, to a considerable extent, as a table drink, where the China teas cannot be had. It contains valuable medicinal qualities, acting moderately upon the kidneys. Large quantities are grown about here. We think if the Shakers would make an extract from this shrub, it would be invaluable as a medicine in certain cases.

The other bush bears a dark green leaf, about the size of a pear leaf, rather gummy on the under side. This is also used as a substitute for tea, and makes a pleasant drink.

WILD FRUITS OF CALIFORNIA.

This country is so barren of all kinds of timber, that but few native fruits are found. The elderberry grows along the banks of our streams, and in moist grounds; it is quite tart, and makes good pies and preserves, as well as vinegar.

We have one species of the gooseberry which bears semi-annually very profusely, jet black in color, resembling the largest sized English black currents; little tart in flavor, and tastes much like the blue-berry. They make a very good substitute for the common red currant, in cookery.

On our small creeks, protected from Indian fires, the common, small, wild grapes abound, and bear bountifully. They make fine jellies, and are used for other purposes, the same as the small Eastern frost grapes. All of the above fruits make very good domestic vinegar.

There is another small red berry that grows upon the plains, on a bush resembling the common currant. The squaws gather large quantities of them for food. S. W. JEWETT. Rio Bravo Ranch, Kern River, Cal., 1864.

VITALITY OF TURNIP SEED.—The London *Agricultural Gazette* says:—"After extensive experiments, we can declare, as their result, that turnip seed of one year old will only germinate about 50 per cent.; two years old 80 per cent.; three years old 15 per cent.; 4 years old 5 per cent." This is important if true; for there is scarcely any variety of seed saved so long and so generally, as turnip seed.

POMOLOGICAL GOSSIP.

Winchester Grape.—HOVEY, in his *Magazine*, says of this variety:—"It is very large, quite black, with fine bloom, and its merits over the Union Village, of which it is a seedling, are its earliness, being about a week earlier than that variety. It is free from pulp, and its quality is well indorsed by the Hon. J. S. CABOT, late Chairman of the Fruit Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, who has often spoken of it in his annual reports. It has not, we believe, yet fruited only in the collection of the originator."

The Rebecca Grape in Oneida Co.—A Clinton (N. Y.) correspondent of *Hovey's Magazine* says:—"The Rebecca does finely here. It fruits better even than the Delaware, is fully equal in quality, and is a better keeper." Whereupon HOVEY compliments Rebecca in the following style:—"We are glad to present so good a recommendation of what we have always considered our finest grape—the Rebecca—as much superior, in our opinion, to the Delaware, as the latter to any common grape. We have never doubted, where it was treated right, it would answer the expectations of all. It grows more rapidly than Delaware, is handsome, and possesses an aroma superior to the best Fontignans or Muscats." Poor Delaware! Fair Rebecca!

Grapes for Cold Vinery.—The Eastern Pennsylvania Fruit Growers, at their meeting recently, took vote on the best varieties of twenty vines for a cold graperly, with the following result:—Black Hamburg, 3; Bowood Muscat, 4; White Fontignac, 2; Grizzly Fontignac, 2; Black Prince, 2; Lady Downe's Seedling, 1; White Syrian, 1.

Passe Hamburg Grape.—The English say of this grape, that it is well worthy of culture, from its being the earliest and sweetest of the Hamburgs. The bunches are large and handsome, and black as jet, and the berries, although not so large as what is called Wilmot's Victoria, are better flavored. HOVEY says it is the best forcing grape he has ever tried, being a fine grower and an abundant bearer. He says it is the best of its class to plant in small houses for producing early crops.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANTS NAMED.—Will you please, if you know the name of the flowering plant which is here enclosed, give me both its common and botanical name?—M. R. A., Elliott, Maine.

Polygala pauciflora. Sometimes called Flowering Wintergreen, but more appropriately *Fringed Polygala*. From British America to Georgia.

I send you some specimens which I would like to have named. No. 1 blooms at the same time with the Iris. No. 2 is in flower now. Both are wild flowers.—L. A. F., Iowa City, Iowa.

No. 1 is *Mertensia Virginica*—Virginia Cowslip or Lungwort. It is indigenous from New York to Iowa, and from that line southward to South Carolina. No. 2 is *Dodecatheon Meadia*—American Cowslip, Pride of Ohio, Shooting Star. Found in Pennsylvania and Maryland to the Western and South-western States.

THE BEST BELT PROTECTION FOR FRUIT TREES.—What kind of trees are best to set out on the border of an orchard to keep the wind from killing fruit trees?—W. B. BRAYMAN, Ohio.

Some evergreen—such as will grow best in your soil and climate. Perhaps the White Pine or Norway Spruce, or both. Were we going to plant such a screen we would plant both deciduous and evergreen trees—devoting considerable space to the belt. And we would plant some of the rapid growing deciduous trees first—such as silver-leaf maple, some one or two of the poplars, white and golden willows. Then as the evergreens grow, the deciduous trees may be cut out for timber or fuel, as needed.

LONDON SHERRY.—"A reader" asks us how Sherry is made. We do not know; but a correspondent has furnished the following recipe for the manufacture of "London Sherry":—"Chopped raisins 400 lbs., soft water 100 gals., sugar 45 lbs., white tartar 1 lb., cider 16 gals. Let them stand together in a close vessel one month—stir frequently. Then add of spirit 8 gals., wild cherries bruised 8 lbs. Let them stand one month longer, and fine with isinglass."

BLIGHT IN FRUIT TREES.—M. ELY, of Minn., writes:—"In answer to inquiry about blight in fruit trees, remove the earth from the trunk of the tree and place a shovel full of wood ashes where they will rot the fall destroyers, worms, and the tree will become healthy, whether it be apple, pear or cherry." We can testify to the good effects of such an application to fruit trees, but we doubt about its benefiting trees affected with the blight, and destroying worms.

Horticultural Notes.

A REMEDY FOR THE CURRANT WORM.—A friend asserts that he has saved his bushes by sifting fine air slaked lime over them. He knows it will cure, will not injure the bushes, but increases their productive-ness.

ORANGE SEED IN ILLINOIS.—A correspondent at Jordan, Vermillion Co., Ill., informs us that there are hedges there in bearing which produce seed from which plants are raised. To what extent seed is produced, we are not informed.

EXHIBITION OF THE TORONTO HORT. SOCIETY.—We learn that the exhibition made by this society on the Queen's birthday was one of the most successful shows ever held in that city—the display of flowers, plants and vegetables being very large and fine. We can believe it, for in no city that we have ever visited have we found a finer vegetable, fruit and flower market than in Toronto.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—Our Western New York fruit growers should not forget the meeting of this Society Wednesday, the 22d inst., in this city. We ought to have a large exhibition of fruits—if any grow. Make your arrangements to attend. And pray do not let the attendance be confined to professional fruit growers. Let farmers who have orchards come; and do not leave your wives and daughters at home.

Domestic Economy.

DOUGHNUTS.

It seems very strange that women don't study culinary arts and sciences more thoroughly when they are the levers that move the world. Women, if they choose, can lead their lords whithersoever they will, yet few understand that a good dinner is a powerful aid. "A contented mind and a satisfied stomach go together," said a great philosopher the other day.

Among the various articles of food that claim the attention of a successful cook, the highest in importance is the one under consideration; no wise woman will omit doughnuts, or trust their preparation to an inexperienced hand. Bread, biscuits, muffins, waffles—they are good in their several places, but what are they compared with our doughnuts—the quintessence of the whole tea table, blending subtly together the nourishing qualities of the "staff of life" and the sweetness and delicacy of the entire cake tribe. They fill the place of many a dyspeptic dish, do away with unwholesome sweetmeats and pastry, substituting instead their own unrivalled excellence. Imagine anything more grateful than their spicy fragrance when the crisp, golden-brown lies in flakes upon the plate. Is it possible that the famous dames of old knew nothing of their moral influence?

Doughnuts should not be eaten alone,—pickles and cheese should keep them company always; nor pickled peaches, apples, or pears, nor cherries, olives, or walnuts, but the small, green cucumber, prepared in no common way, but after the recipe found years ago in this corner of the RURAL.

Then the cheese should be judiciously selected, for one of poor quality would spoil doughnuts. It should not be one that falls off in white, tough crumbs beneath the knife, dry and tasteless; nor the reddish yellow Herkimer, of doubtful age; nor the brown-sided Ohio, with its sharp strong flavor; but let it be one innocent of the press, whose creamy richness never departed under the torturing screw. It should be smooth at the bottom, tapering gently upward after the manner of a pine-apple; of a pale golden hue, soft of substance and delicious to the taste. Then, with its triangular pieces upon one side, and the good flint pickles upon the other, the doughnuts will certainly meet with favor.

DORE HAMILTON.

April 1, 1864.

SKELTONIZING LEAVES.

COLLECT leaves when fully mature. Among the best are those of the maple, chestnut, elm, sassafras and horse chestnut and many others. Ferns may be bleached without the rotting process for hardy leaves. Place the leaves in open bowls, pour upon them sufficient hot water to cover them. Place the bowls on the roof of a shed or some place where they will be fully exposed to the sun, and as often as the water evaporates fill up without changing the water. In about six or eight weeks some of the leaves will be sufficiently decayed. Place one by one on a plate, let a constant stream of water fall upon the leaf, and with the finger carefully remove the pulpy part of the leaf. Lay away in a book to dry. Pour one quart of boiling water upon quarter of a pound of chloride of lime; let stand till cool. Then bottle for use. Mix with cold water in about the proportions of one of the above liquor to twenty of water. Place the skeletonized leaves in the solution and let them remain about twelve hours. If they are not white in that time add more of the liquid.—Mrs. N. B. E. G.

INDIAN MEAL PAN CAKES.—Mrs. C. H. W., of Nile, N. Y., writes:—"Take one quart of sweet milk, one cup of sour cream, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of meal, one cup of flour, and lastly, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in half a cup of water. If too thick add a little sweet milk."

LIZZIE F., of Bellefontaine, Ohio, writes:—"Mix one quart new milk; three table-spoonfuls cream; three beaten eggs; one table-spoonful of salt, and Indian meal enough to make a stiff batter. Beat the whole well, and bake on griddles as other griddle cakes."

HOW TO FOLD A DRESS.—The following is said to be a good plan to fold a dress. Our lady readers ought to know:—"Take the exact quarters of the dress, from the bottom of the skirt to the sleeves, double them together with the bosom out; then, on a bed lay the skirt perfectly smooth, and begin at the bottom to fold it up just the width of the trunk or drawer. The waist and sleeves will fold nicely together."

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

BLANC MANGE.—My wife wishes me to ask for a good recipe for blanc mange.—A SUBSCRIBER, Wattsburg, Pa.

TOM.—An Onondaga lady writes:—"Poor Tom!—guess he'll eat his pie next time and not grumble. Please inform us if he survives the present lemon pie campaign?" If any of our readers hear of his death they send us his obituary at once. If he has not found a pie to suit him yet, we have two or three hundred recipes, more or less, and will give him another dose.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

TRAIN YOUR DAUGHTERS.—Mothers, train your daughters to understand the duties of the household, and to know the theory of domestic pursuits, if you would have them become good wives and useful members of society. Instruct them how to make light and wholesome bread, and tell them what most of you know to be true, that the Chemical Saleratus is the article to use in its production. It is made at Fairport, N. Y., by D. B. De Land & Co., and sold by respectable dealers.

Ladies' Department.

SPRING CLEANING.

SOME poor fellow writes from experience; and we do not wonder, if he has lived in as damp and chill a climate as some people have experienced this spring, that he calls the days "melancholy." We think some of the readers of the RURAL will appreciate the following:

"THE melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year."

Of cleaning paint, and scrubbing floors; and scouring far and near;

Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet;

The chairs all topsy-turvy, the house in most dreadful riot;

But now the carpets are all up, and from the staircase top

The mistress calls to men and maids to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented,

Wherein we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented.

Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,

With slops and ends, and soap and sand, and tubs and pails and brooms;

Chairs, tubs, stands, are standing round at sixes and at sevens,

While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floors were cleaned a week ago,

The carpet shook, and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;

But still the sanctum had escaped—the table piled with books,

Pens, ink and paper all about, peace in its very looks—Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,

And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink and pen.

And now when comes the master home, as come he must of nights

To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights!"

When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,

And the carpet woman on the stairs, that harbinger of ill—

He looks for papers, books or bills, that all were there before,

And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afoot;

And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat—He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,

With sleeves tucked up, and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;

He feels quite small and knows full well there's nothing to be said,

So holds his tongue, and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SHOULDER STRAPS."

BY JENNIE.

ALL over the land fair fingers are fashioning the glittering bands handsome shoulders are to bear through the smoke and din of the battle. Many bright eyes have grown dim over the ornaments that are worn so proudly. Many pearly tears have been stitched in with the glittering bullion. In and out with the golden thread is woven the maiden's dreams—dreams of glory and of love. In with the golden thread of bullion, and the more golden thread of glory, is sometimes woven a sombre thread in the shape of the enemy's bullet; and gay shoulder straps, crimsoned with the life-blood of brave men. Oh, that all the men who wear them were brave and noble! Oh! that all were loyal and true!

Now, that our streets are somewhat thinned of them, it is sometimes pleasant to see a broad-shouldered, brave-looking man wearing shoulder straps. It seems just possible he might be home on important business—at any rate, it is pleasant to think so. It is pleasant to see the stalwart, brave men that have so nobly answered to our country's call. Looking upon them, we find ourselves questioning of many things. How does this brave-looking officer bear himself in battle? If the handsome head holds itself proudly, if the chiseled lips grow tremulous and pale, or if the order to march is given with firm lips and unflinching tone? Then we wonder if he has a great, large soul, and spirit grand enough to be given charge concerning so many of his fellow-men? In my poor opinion, it takes a man of no ordinary stamp to be an officer. He must possess his soul differently from ordinary men. He must be noble and great enough to dispense justice and other power vested in him with a light hand. He must have learned the Golden Rule by heart. He must identify himself, in spirit, with his men, and judge them as he would be judged.

I was indignant and grieved at a little incident I witnessed in one of our northern cities some time ago. A young officer had collared a private, and was leading him grimly along as though he were a malfactor. The officer was handsome as handsome could be, with a broad, calm, white forehead, and clustering hair. He looked lovable enough to be loved. Mayhap some woman's love had crowned him; some white arms been often about his neck; some fair cheek pressed to his. But alas! the beautifully chiseled lips were compressed sternly; and the hand—white as a woman's—held with a deadly grip the poor young private's collar. He (the private) was young, almost boyish looking; doubtless some fond mother's pride and joy. It may be some fair young sister speaks of him, with tremulous lips, as "my brother in the army." What had the boy done? He seemed unresisting and sad. Was the young officer "only trying to show

himself?" as the bystanders said; or had the boy sinned enough to deserve the disgrace of being led along the streets like a criminal? Who knows? Only GOD.

Shoulder straps! They certainly add to a man's appearance. It is certainly more—more—well, romantic, to have an arm with shoulder straps steal round your waist than a plain coat sleeve, especially after they have been in an "engagement." Shoulder straps! I know of one young girl who has lying away in the upper drawer of her dressing table, a pair all faded and blood-stained. Close beside them lies a picture of a noble looking man who was mustered out of the service just six months ago. Look at the picture. A handsome head, set proudly upon broad, massive shoulders; eyes blue and tender as a woman's; and a rich, oriental beard that a prince might have envied; there is a mouth strong and tender—the kind of a mouth that woman loves to kiss—that are oftentimes given to loving kind things to mothers and sisters. It does not matter what his name was; that is written side by side with other of our nation's heroes, and is enshrined in the stricken heart of ESTELLE HOWARD. Well, those smiling lips are clay now; for a rebel bullet stilled the pulses of that noble heart. An only son, rich by inheritance, and a peer in birth and breeding, he had yet gone forth as a private. "Be brave and patient, ESTELLE; I will come home to you yet with shoulder straps, and the right to wear grandfather's sword." He did come home with shoulder straps, but they are faded and gory, and his own sword lies rusting in its scabbard.

Alas! and alas! And yet, not alas! He lived and died a hero; and what do we women love half so well as a brave man? Let him come to us begrimed with powder and battle stains; disfigured—maimed, so that he is scarcely recognizable! How we love this battered hero! How we nurse him to health again!—and then, if need be, send him back again to the battlefield. A woman, loving and tender—a woman at whose name our pulses thrill, has written:

"Heroic males the country bears;
But daughters give up more than sons;
Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
You flash your soul out with the guns,
And take your heaven at once."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—THERE is a vast decrease in magnitude, when we analyze the vague impressions which haunt the brain, and compel every idea to prove its identity by expressing itself in words. Often we fancy that we have a great number of thoughts, when in fact we have only a great fog.

—HE who has clean teeth may talk nonsense if he choose, but he who has not, has no right to open his mouth, though it be to utter the highest wisdom. Words of gold are not an antidote to nausea.

—WIT is not wisdom; bluntness is not smartness; and it would be well for us all to remember that when we have carried our obstinacy to the sublimest pitch there is a certain long-eared animal whose capacities in this direction far exceed our own.

—To sit upon the fence may be pleasant enough, but to be forced to jump, with a savage dog on one side and a hedge of steel spikes on the other, is quite another thing. So when the force of circumstances compels a man of the non-committal stamp, to choose between right on the one hand, and popular opinion on the other, you may expect to see some wry faces.

—MEN—and women too—often betray their weaknesses by the very means they use to conceal them. You never hear a single lady go into extravagancies over "Woman's Rights," but you may be sure she will surrender her liberty to the first "tyrant" who offers himself; and it is a well-known fact that the man who is always decrying the "weaker sex," is either morbidly sensitive to their opinion, or has been terribly disappointed in love. L. A. O.

NO MOTHERS IN NOVELS.

THE fact has recently been stated by a writer on modern novels and novelists, that few authors of fiction attempt to introduce into their works the character of a mother. Dickens has very few in the many volumes which he has written. None of Miss Brontë's heroines have a mother; and even Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth rarely introduced the character. "The heroines of fiction have no mothers." There are exceptions, but they are rare. The simple, natural relations of life furnish small scope to the inventive genius of writers, who aim not so much to instruct as to startle and amaze. No one can have read novels without having had the conviction forced upon the mind that secrecy and misunderstanding, not to say deception, underlie every work of fiction. By an outspoken word or candid avowal of the truth, the long-drawn, torturing array of circumstances would melt into air, and the romance be turned into the reality of daily life. This necessity of deception doubtless has much to do with the expulsion of mothers from the pages of novels. The heroine must remain the victim of attentions and sufferings from which no one has authority or power to set her free.

But a still stronger cause for the omission exists in the fact that a heroine must be suffered to act out, without restraint, those natural impulses and wild passions of her heart which any mother, however worldly, would grieve to behold exemplified in a daughter. Liberty of speech and liberty of action are inseparable from the brilliant heroine of a sensation novel. She could never be subjected for a moment to the gentle check of a mother's presence and loving glance. Thus the mother is dispensed with as an element quite too dull and commonplace to be compatible with popular taste.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

JUNE comes again, with bud and bloom,
With balmy breeze, and song;
We hear the music of her step
For which we've listened long;
A thousand pleasant memories
Around her pathway throng.

Ah! is this Summer's very self?
Are these the cloudless days,
Which since our childhood's happy time,
Have won our love and praise?
Is not a shadow on the earth?
And on the sky a haze?

Well might it be—for dark the pall
That o'er our land is hung;
And mournful is the bitter wall
For hearts so brave and young,
That never more will proudly beat
Their kindred hearts among.

One year ago, these vacant chairs
With many forms were filled;
We heard the merry voices ring,
That now are hushed and stilled.
'Tis hard to bear,—yet it must be,
For so our Father willed.

It seems almost a mockery
That the frail flowers should bloom,
And the birds sing,—while those we love
Are silent in the tomb;
Sunshine around us, while our hearts
Are dark with grief and gloom.

"O! ye of little faith." Look up!
Beyond the Summer sun,
There dwells in cloudless majesty,
The High and Holy One,
Who remits earth's severed ties,
When Life's brief day is done.

May He bind up the broken hearts
That mourn their loved and lost;
And safely bring to shore the barques
That now are tempest-tossed;
And show us that all cloudy paths
By sunshine still are crossed.

Rochester, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HODIE MIHI.

In the little room which we occupy at the Calcareous Seminary is a window, through which comes the amber glories of the sunset, barred with ruby and amethyst, and from which we can watch the cloudy fleets, the

"Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

Here are wont to sit, as the slant shadows point their long fingers toward the east, and look at the gleams of light breaking through the crest of trees on a distant hillside, and at the misty gold in the sky above, that deepens with crimson tinge as if the crucible in which the clouds had melted was heated by too fierce a blast. We watch the clouds as they sail slowly through the airy deep, and again we repeat poor POLLOCK'S lines:

"The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the golden gate;
Phantom fleets they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars and milk-white sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales.
Lo, wheeling there, in squadrons gray,
They gather and darken along the way,
And each to its mountain anchorage flies,
While the glory fades from the shining skies."

The day is dying, and the gold-bordered pall that spreads across the west is fitting drapery for him that lived a life of sunshine, yet

"—heralded his millions to their home,
In the dim land of dreams."

Lights glitter from the towers of invisible aerial castles, there to burn till the garish light of another day bids them fade: and so the day fades from earth, and is no more. We draw the curtain, and the lamp light, that makes the gilt letters stand out on the books in the little book-case, throws its gleam up over the window and shows gilt letters there: HODIE MIHI. Such is the odd latin motto which some thoughtful student, a fore time in our place, put up to remind him of his duty. We like mottoes, and somehow there is much in the one into the rightful possession of which we have come. It brings up pictures of a thoughtful, pale-faced student, bending over his books, and looking through the lettered page before him to the future beyond, forgetful that

"Life hath its must and may be, as of yore,
While the same hues that tinge the clouds behind us,
Color the shapings of the mists before."

There is a presence about him that fills the room with glory; a sweet face gleams upon him with a mother's saintly look, from the air above; a sister's whisper stirs the air about; and the thought of love awaiting with patient and yearning heart, is in his soul. The day is done; the volume is closed; and, as he kneels in prayer, angels hover over him to soothe and bless.

One day has been well spent, and "HODIE MIHI," is the satisfactory exclamation, as the mind of the pale-browed student looks back on the hours to rosy morning, and feels that GOD has blessed each moment that flashed by with sunshine on its wings. But where is the youth now? Mayhap in the mission field, preaching liberty to the captive; mayhap on the battle field, shouting at the head of his victorious soldiery, "The day is mine!" Mayhap, too, he is standing crowned with laurels in less bloody fields; mayhap he is under the grass of the church yard: who knows? The world is wide, and time has changes for us all.

But our reveries are interrupted, for JONES, the boring, everlasting JONES, comes in.—JONES, whose very footsteps, echoing along the hall sends all our charming fancies to the wall,

till he, persistence incarnate, leaves the scene. He catches sight of the motto, and the missiles of his tongue fly thick about it. He interprets it thus:—"HO, that means dig; DIE, that's latin for to-day; MIHI, that's for me. Well you have got a motto:—Dig to-day for me!" Good for you! for you will have to dig many a day for yourself, till some one comes to dig for you one day; you know the size? six feet long, four feet deep, and two wide," and seeing us disposed to reverie, JONES, fumbling in his vest pocket for his pony, makes his exit whistling the last negro melody. Our raven, who comes tapping at the door far too often, and persists generally, in staying evermore, has gone and we look at our monitor with a kindly feeling, as one that warns us that time is precious, and

"The present, the present is all we have
For our sure possessing."

Mottoes are memento mori on the walls of our Babylonish temples, and preach truth to us in golden words, though more silently than the pulsating clock.

HODIE MIHI—To-day is mine—speaks of no hereafter; it calls up no reproachful past; it promises no future in which to build air castles. Its rainbow arch spans but the present of the stream of time, and bases itself on the rising and setting glory of one day. It brings the Christian's trust nearer to his heart, it takes him from the arbitration of fate, the dictation of plan, the weary watch lest purpose should come to naught, and gives a Providence to guide and care for him. The Christian is taught to improve the present day alone; to work while the day lasts; to take no thought for the to-morrow; to sow beside all waters, and trust the Rewarder to give the nodding harvest. Half our care, half our toil and half our life-fever, would vanish could we but live in the present; if we felt that within the gold fringed borders of the azure day lay our true sphere of action, that we need have no anxiety for the future, no sorrow for the past. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is one of those gems of heavenly wisdom, that NAPOLEON set in his crown; and such a trust was better than an oracle or a decree of fate. With a trust in to-day alone, we walk in freedom from care, and make our faith the supporter of our labor.

"Nothing before, nothing behind,
The steps of faith
Fall on a seeming void, and find
The rock beneath."

So should we walk, for the Now is secure, and we know not how soon the angel may say that time shall be no more.

"Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past, bury its dead;
Act, act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead."

That, too, was what was meant in the old Latin maxim, "Dum vivimus vivamus," thus beautifully rendered by DODDRIDGE:

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the passing day;
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And gives to God each moment as it flies,'
Lord, in my view, let both united be,
I live in pleasure while I live to thee."

How many heart-aches have we forecast in the future, and built how many prisons in its gloomy clouds? Yet those were needless, and hindered our walk through life, though the gloomy shadows that fall from the clouds of to-morrow, have naught to do with to-day. The curtain of night, with its starry glitter, shuts the future from the present, and the golden day stands sea-like between us and the past. We must have no regrets for the one, we must put no trust in the other. He that weeps for the past neglects the golden present. He lets

"To-day fly on its rainbow pinions to the throne
And write its living record,

without giving it a message of growth and advancement to bear, since he tries to descry the to be in the far distance. More useless regret is wasted on the tomb of by-gone days, and anxious care expended on what our future shall be, than we can afford; yet we try again and again, with unsatisfied yearnings, to peer beyond our coast over the future's sea. Forgetful

"That blindness to the future's kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven,"

we live in wild unrest,

"Murmuring ever, 'If we knew!'"

We call aloud, but only a sad echo comes
"From the dark tomb that hides our buried past;"
And that only to sadden and not strengthen our hearts;

"For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: it might have been."

But to him who rightly improves the present, vision will enable him to see the distant harvest nodding in golden billows over the hills of the future. The rain and sunshine of To-day shall crown it with a rainbow when To-morrow comes.

To-day is all I have,
The future's star-like shine,
Between may stand a yawning grave
To swallow all that's mine.
To-day I'll toil for God,
And journey toward the throne;
Within the vale, walk by His rod,
And know I'm not alone;
And when through crystal walls
That glorious day shall shine,
I'll enter where the sunlight falls,
And shout,—"TO-DAY IS MINE!"

SAISACH.

SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care—supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings, has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn twice as much money as one who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, or August of its meadow larks.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIUMPH HOURS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

THERE are hours of holy triumph,
When the spirit and its God,
Stand as on the sacred mountain
Which of old the Prophet trod.
Stand and talk as friends familiar,
With no shadow stretched between
The uncover'd spirit's vision,
And the holy, heavenly scene.

Upward borne on faith's strong pinions,
From the damp of earthly ills,
'Till we breathe the breath immortal,
Of the everlasting hills.

And the King of Kings, eternal,
Spirit-Father, meets us there,
Bends a willing ear to listen
To the words we breathe in prayer.

O, ye heirs of life immortal,
When for goodly gifts ye pray,
Kneel not down amid the idols
Ye have built of earthly clay.
Not beside the dusty pathway,
Which with weary feet ye tread,
Not amid the grassy grave-mounds
Where ye bury up the dead.

But afar from ills that grieve ye,
As the Lord hath bidden, wait,
For the promise of the Father,
Even at the City gate.

And ere long in show'rs of glory
Shall the sweet baptism descend,
While the wings of peace, to fold ye,
From the gates of crystal bend.

Cambria, N. Y., 1864.

HOW PAUL AND PETER LOOKED.

It is allowable to mention the general notion of the forms and features of the two Apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly-marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face wore a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright eye, under thickly overhanging, united eyebrows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach and inspired the confidence of strangers. It would be natural to infer from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words, on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much in bodily health.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was full and sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two Apostles were together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditional pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination.—*Life and Epistles of St. Paul.*

THE JOY OF PARDON.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered.—PSALM xxxiii, 1.

Is it a refreshment to a prisoner to have his chains knocked off? A comfort to a debtor to have his debts paid and obligations cancelled? What joy, then, must it be to a sin-burdened soul to hear the voice of pardon and peace in his trembling conscience! Is the light of the morning pleasant to a man after a weary, tedious night? The spring of the year pleasant after a hard and tedious winter? They are so indeed; but nothing so sweet as the favor, peace and pardon of God to a soul that hath been long restless and anxious under the terrors and fears of conscience; for though after pardon and peace a man remembers sin still, yet it is as one that remembers the dangerous pits and deep waters from which he hath been wonderfully delivered and had a narrow escape. O, the unconceivable sweetness of a pardon! Who can read it without tears of joy? Are we glad when the grinding pain of the storm or racking fits of the colic are over? And shall we not be transported when the accusations and condemnations of conscience are over? Tongue cannot express what these things are: his joy is something that no words can convey to the understanding of another that never felt the anguish of sin.—*Flavel.*

PRAYER.—How sweet it is to go to God and pour forth the inmost desires of our poor erring hearts. How beautiful in prosperity to tell our Father of our gratitude for all his benefits. How comforting in adversity to ask his assistance, and pray for strength and comfort to enable us to bear the ills of life without repining; and what a solace to the stricken and bereaved heart to have one to lean upon and converse with who knows all about us, and heareth and careth for the wounded soul! He "was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;" how beautifully appropriate, then, to trust implicitly in Jesus to carry us through the dim labyrinth of sorrow.

SIN has a great many tools; but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

PARAGRAPHS NEW AND USEFUL.

Metalic Guards for Pants.—A light but stiff brass band is inserted between two thicknesses of cloth, formed by turning up a seam at the bottom of the pants. The object of this invention is to preserve the shape imparted to the trousers by the tailor, and cause them to fit around the boot even when wet. No buckram or stiffening need be used. But we do not see that it protects or "guards" the bottoms of the pants. The leather now used by first class tailors does this, and is preferable.

Naval Hygiene.—Dr. DUTROLEAU has examined the effects of modern naval improvements in a hygienic point of view. Paddle-steamers are superior to screws as regards oscillation, but the atmosphere in screw steamers is rather better, the engine-room being apart from the rest of the vessel, and in general owing to the short time in which passages are effected in consequence of steam, most nautical diseases have lost their virulence. As regards these endemic maladies which are peculiar to hot countries, the frequent removal of air caused by steam is found to be to a certain extent a preservative against them.

Affinity of Iron for Sulphur.—The strong affinity of iron for sulphur is strikingly illustrated at Prof. EVERETT'S lead-smelting works in Horatio street, New York. While the sulphide of lead is being reduced in a reverberatory furnace, the charge is stirred every fifteen minutes with a large iron hoe, forming a thin stratum of sulphide of iron, which crumbles off, leaving a fresh surface of iron exposed to the action of the sulphur. This action goes on so rapidly that a hoe an inch in thickness is destroyed in the course of each day.

Distributing Petroleum in Pipes.—*Le Cosmos*, of Paris, announces in glowing terms an invention of M. FORCAULT, for lighting houses by means of petroleum, in a novel manner. The oil is driven, by mechanism which is not described, through pipes precisely similar to gas pipes, and issues through burners of a peculiar construction, arranged in the same positions as ordinary gas burners. The force that drives the liquid through the pipes would eject it in a stream from the burners if the flow was not controlled by a regulator, which seems to be one of the principal features of the invention.

Vocal Fishes.—Dr. DUFOSE has communicated to the French Academy an account of certain researches into the vocal powers of certain fish, most of his observations being made upon species of *Trigla* and *Zeus* (gurnards and dorics.) He states the sounds to be produced by the vibration of the muscles belonging to the air-bladder, and that large gurnards may be heard at a distance of six or seven yards. Out of five or six hundred individuals, of the species mentioned, their voices were comprised between *si-2* and *re-5* inclusive. The sounds were instantaneous, or prolonged for several minutes, sometimes as long as seven or eight minutes. The pitch often varies during a single "sonorous emission." The finest vocal performers appear to belong to the species *Morruide*, who surpass all their congeners in producing a great number of completely distinct sounds. "They sustain the simple sounds better, and modulate better the compound sounds; they render more distinctly long successions of sounds different in tone and pitch; in fine, there is less dissonance in the sonorous vibrations they produce. Other species, however, beat them in intensity."

TREATMENT OF THE STING OF BEES.

The organ with which bees inflict their sting consists of two barbed or rather serrated darts issuing from a sheath and placed back to back, so as to leave a groove between them. The sheath is encased in nine cartilaginous scales provided with muscles, eight of which perform the duty of pushing the weapon out, while the ninth draws it back. To increase the pain caused by the mechanical action of the dart, a poison is secreted from two bladders situated on both sides of the intestines, and it is this poison which causes the formation of a small pimple or an erysipelatous redness. This generally disappears in a few instants, but, sometimes when several stings have been inflicted at a time, or when even a single one has injured a nervous filament, the inflammation is rather severe. In such cases, Dr. Latour proposes the following treatment:—1. To pull out the sting which generally remains in the wound. 2. To foment the place with lead water, or else extract of saturn or ammonia. 3. To apply an impenetrable coating of collodion, rendered elastic by the addition of one-tenth part of castor oil, whereby the production of heat in the living tissue is prevented and inflammation avoided.

DISINFECTING AGENTS.—Either of the following will answer the purpose, while they cost but a trifle.

1. One pint of the liquor of chloride of zinc, in one pailful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another pailful of water. This is perhaps the most effective of anything that can be used, and when thrown upon decayed vegetable matter of any description, will effectually destroy all offensive odors.

2. Three or four pounds of sulphate of iron (copperas) dissolved in a pailful of water will, in many cases, be sufficient to remove all offensive odors.

3. Chloride of lime is better to scatter about damp places, in yards, in damp cellars and upon heaps of filth.—*Scientific American.*

A THICK warm dress in winter is a good wood-economizing stove.

ODE TO WISDOM

1. As the fragrant, balmy dew Falls in sweet and gen-tle show'rs, Moistening the dus-ty earth Gath'ered round the wild-wood flow'rs,—

2. As the distant burning stars Cast their brilliant light a-round,— As the home fires on the hearth, Fill the heart with joy pro-found,—

3. Let us prize fair wisdom's lamp, With its glorious, golden light, E'en its faint-est glimmer ings Will in-crease in strength and might;

So do healing waters gush From the fount of wisdom bright; Bringing joy to weary souls, With their waves of liquid light.

So the rays from wisdom's lamp, Lighting the be-nighted mind, Cast their cheering warmth abroad, Giving life to all mankind.

Let us drink from wisdom's fount, While its waters onward roll, Till their mighty influence gives Life and health to ev-ry soul.

War Literature.

CURRENT WAR LITERATURE.

Straw for the Heroes.

Go into the hospitals—armless, legless men, wounds of every description. Men on the hard floor, on the hard seats of church pews, lying in one position all day, until the nurse going the rounds, comes to their aid. They must wait till their food comes. Some must be fed with a spoon as if they were little children.

"O, that we could get some straw for the brave fellows," said Rev. Mr. Kimball of the Christian Commission. He had wandered about town, searching for the articles. "There is none to be had. We shall have to send to Washington for it."

"Straw! I remember two stacks, four miles out on the Spotsylvania road. I saw them last night as I galloped in from the front."

Armed with a requisition from the Provost Marshal to seize two stacks of straw, with two wagons driven by intelligent contrabands, four Christian Commission delegates, and away we went across the battlefield of December—fording Hazel Run—gained the heights and reached the straw stacks owned by Rev. Mr. Owen.

"By whose authority do you take my property?"

"The Provost Marshal, sir."

Rev. Mr. Kimball was on the stack pitching it down, I was pitching it in, and the young men were stowing it away.

"Are you going to pay me for it?"

"You must see the Provost Marshal, sir. If you are a loyal man, and will take the oath of allegiance, doubtless you will get your pay."

"It is pretty hard. My children are just ready to starve. I have nothing for them to eat, and you come to take my property without paying for it."

"Yes, sir, war is hard. You must remember, sir, that there are thousands of wounded men—your wounded as well as ours. If your children are on the point of starving, those men are on the point of dying. We must have the straw for them. What we don't take to-night we will get in the morning. Meanwhile, sir, if anybody attempts to take it, please say to them that it is for the hospital and they can't have it."

Thus with wagons stuffed we leave Rev. Mr. Owens and return to make glad the hearts of several thousand men. O how they thank us.

"Did you get it for me? God bless you, sir."

Grant Finds Transportation.

WHEN the 21st Illinois volunteers was organized, a fine looking man was chosen by the company officers as the Colonel, but having no military capacity, the regiment fell into disorder, and became the terror of the neighborhood where it was encamped. The Governor refused to commission the nominee of the regiment, and asked Grant if he thought he could bring the turbulent mass to order if he were appointed Colonel. Grant thought he could. Half an hour afterwards an application was made to Gov. Yates to send a regiment to Quincy—one hundred and twenty miles distant; but the trouble with the Governor was, not the want of men, but the lack of transportation. "Send my regiment," said Grant, "and I will find the transportation." The command was given and before night the regiment was under orders to march. On foot the regiment was transported to Quincy, and when the men were there en-

camped they were reported as belonging to one of the best disciplined regiments of Illinois volunteers.

"Her Clarence."

ONE of the Editors of the *Home Journal*, visiting the hospitals in Washington, gives us the following scene:—"Here we observed many women, with eager eyes and flushed cheeks, and tremulous voices, inquiring after their 'John,'—'William,'—'Thomas.' One pretty little lady (hardly old enough to be the mother of a soldier), with a basket on her arm, hastily pressed through the crowd, and, having ascertained the 'ward' in which her 'Clarence' was lying, with equal enthusiasm proceeded to the quarter in which she had been directed. Peculiarly impressed with the interesting appearance of the woman, I followed, in the thought that I might, perhaps, serve her wishes. She gained the doorway of the tent to which the one she sought had been assigned, and quickly inquired of a gentle-looking but care-worn female attendant, if he was under her care and custody. Your partner, without any desire to be obtrusive or super-officious, had just entered, to hear these sadly-spoken words—'Yes, he is yonder; but—just dead!' The lady, whether wife or bespoken, I know not, bent over the stiff, but hardly cold, body of a noble son, and opened wildly the flood-gates to her soul! Not a word came from her convulsed lips, simply sobs of intensest agony! Sturdy fellows, all a-covered with honorable scars and wounds, and innured to a thorough indifference to tears, raised their sore bodies upon their arms, and wondering, also wept! The scene beggars my description: I will no longer inflict upon you my essay. Would that woman's tears might further cease to flow, by reason of this internecine strife!"

General Grant's Coolness.

GRANT'S miraculous coolness has not only made itself felt in the army, but it has given steadiness of nerve and courage to the entire country. A friend who was with Gen. Grant six days of the present campaign, or was near enough to him to observe his conduct, gives me a picture of the Lieutenant General while the most trying, the most alarming of his battles were transpiring, which I should like to reproduce, but it is impossible. When Lee delivered his most ferocious blow, while our troops were not in position, but the greater portion were on the march, it was a moment to try the stoutest heart. There is probably not a General in the service except Grant who would not have been profoundly agitated by the suddenness and ferocity of the attack. But General Grant sat quietly under a tree, a map in one hand and a cigar in the other, as calm as he ever was in his life.

Flowers and the Soldier Boy.

FAR down the plank, where Hancock fought, beyond the thickest rebel dead, lay a boy severely wounded, perhaps not less a soldier than he was but a boy. He had fallen the day before when we were fatest advanced, and had remained unmolested within the rebel lines. They had not removed him, and he was alone with the dead, when I rode up. The poor fellow was crawling about gathering violets. Faint with the loss of blood, unable to stand, he could not resist the tempting flowers, and had already made a beautiful bouquet. Having caused a stretcher to be sent for, I saw him taken up tenderly and borne away, wearing a brave, sweet, touching smile.

Reading for the Young.

THE WORTH OF COURTESY.

A FEW days ago, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who, from their conversation, appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large workshops in Boston for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please," said the superintendent, vexed, apparently, at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly dressed, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment, and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the strangers.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter as the manner of his reply that was offensive to Mr. Wolfe and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing; and taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe to his companion, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to see us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many needless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger, and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes, come with me, gentlemen; this way!" So saying, he hurried them along the area strewn with iron bars, broken and rusty wheels of iron, fragments of old cylinders, into the principal workshop. Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused where the workmen were riveting the external castings of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon Mr. Wolfe remarked, "We will not detain you any longer, sir," and with his friend, took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe; "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and workshop.

"Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list."

"Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion.

"Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe. They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect, and apron round his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all there is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office. He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting. Two hours passed away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive, and unsuspecting manners.

"Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.

"I am afraid we have given you a good deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolfe, and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition from the Emperor of Russia."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are our credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were strangers, you did not think it necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and soon after moved his whole establishment there. He had Imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

A PEBBLE, in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the infant plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 18, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Philadelphia Inquirer at Cold Harbor, says:—A week ago to-day (June 6) our lines faced the Central railroad, and to the west, with Mechanicsville and Richmond on our left flank.

If Lee's army were out in an open field, we would make extraordinary short work of them. [Our forces attacked the enemy on the 3d inst. in their entrenchments at 4 A. M., and though gaining some advantages, were obliged to abandon them, with a loss, during the day, of some seven thousand men in killed, wounded and missing.]

Across the Chickahominy, the defenses are in five lines, or series of works. Meantime, as the two armies lie, close fighting is the order of the day. It is the days of Vicksburg over again.

The skirmishing lines are hardly forty yards apart, and each line is not more than that in the advance of the line of earthworks.

The Tribune's correspondence from headquarters June 8th, says:—Our left wing now extends across the railroad on the eastern bank of the Chickahominy. An advance in that direction was made yesterday morning by Griffin and Sumner's divisions of the 8th corps, and Sumner's Bridge taken after a sharp encounter.

A Tribune Washington special says:—Information of the burning of Bowling Green, the county seat of Corodine Co., has been received. It appears that a train of cars was fired upon from a house when passing through the place, when the cavalry in charge of the train took the citizens and placed them in the houses standing away from the town, after which the town was set on fire and completely destroyed.

Washington advices of June 10, say that Lee has made several attempts to break our lines, in all of which he has been foiled. On Tuesday night, the 7th, he made a desperate attempt, but was handsomely repulsed.

There is considerable cannonading nightly, commencing about 6 o'clock, and continuing until morning. Yesterday, about noon, a furious cannonade was commenced in front of Burnside's corps.

In accordance with a truce of two hours, agreed upon by Gens. Grant and Lee, all firing ceased along our lines at six o'clock P. M., on the 7th. A surgeon from each brigade, accompanied by pioneers, advanced from the works on each side, and proceeded to bury the dead between the lines and remove the wounded.

The fighting has been less during the past week, we should judge, than the week previous; but Gen. Grant's army are not idle. A judicious use of the pickaxe and spade will, we hope, in due course of time, oust the Jacobins from their strongholds as at Vicksburg.

Secretary Stanton's report from Grant on the 11th, says the enemy on Friday made some cavalry demonstrations, but were repulsed.

Gen. Butler made an attempt to capture Petersburg on the 9th, but was unsuccessful. The Union forces were under the immediate command of Gens. Gilmore and Kautz. The two Generals moved to the right and left of the town. Gilmore was headed off by Beauregard, who had got information of the movement, and built fortifications. Gilmore concluded not to risk an engagement, and re-crossed the Appomattox. Gen. Kautz, with 1,400 cavalry, entered the city on the opposite side from Gilmore, but learning how matters stood, retraced his steps, taking with him forty prisoners and one piece of light artillery.

The Secretary of War on Monday, the 13th, says:—We have dispatches from the Army of the Potomac as late as eight o'clock this morning. The movement was, at that hour, in successful progress.

Department of the South. A STEAMER from the blockading fleet reports the capture, on the 3d inst., of the U. S. steamer Water Witch, Lieut. Commanding Pendergrast, in Ossabaw Sound, Ga., by eight armed boats sent out from the rebel Fort McAllister. This information was received from one of her crew, the only one who made his escape, by jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

The disposition of our forces was such, however, that they could not have held it in any case, as we were on their front, flank and rear. We have captured a battery of six guns, several hundred prisoners, and many hundred

thousand dollars worth of stores. We do not stop here,—a still more important point is aimed at. Crook's Cavalry are with us, and doing splendidly.

Secretary Stanton's official dispatch, dated June 12—12 M., gives official news from Hunter's command. The fight in which Gen. Jones was killed, took place at Piedmont. 1,500 prisoners, and 3,000 stand of arms were taken.

ARKANSAS.—The steamer Emperor arrived at Cairo on the 11th. She passed Columbia, Arkansas, on the 7th. The town and all the plantations about there were on fire, burned by Gen. Smith. Gen. Smith's command was ashore, resting from a hard fight with Marmaduke, in which the rebels were driven off with severe loss. Marmaduke took shelter beyond an impassable bayou, where he prepared to make a stand. Gen. Smith took possession of his late field of operations, and the embargo upon the Mississippi river had been removed. Our loss was from thirty to forty killed and wounded.

The steamer Peruvian arrived from Duvall's Bluff at midnight, bringing Little Rock papers of the 3d. Thousands of persons are leaving their homes. They come down White river to Duvall's Bluff,—most of them are coming North in a destitute condition. That portion of the country is now entirely at the mercy of the guerrillas and bushwhackers. The expedition had returned from Springfield, Ark., without meeting the enemy.

THE following important documents were laid before the House of Representatives on the 8th, and referred to the Military Committee: WASHINGTON, D. C., June 8, 1864.

To the Senate and House of Representatives: I have the honor to submit for the consideration of Congress, a letter and inclosure from the Secretary of War, with my concurrence of the recommendation therein made.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington City, June 7, 1864.

To the President:—I beg leave to submit to you a report made to me by the Provost Marshal General, showing the result of the draft now going on to fill the deficiency in the quotas of certain States, and recommending a repeal of the clause in the Enrollment act commonly known as "the three hundred dollar clause."

The recent successes that have attended our arms, lead to the hope that by maintaining our military strength, and giving it such increase as the extended field of operations may require, an early termination of the war may be attained. But to accomplish this, it is absolutely necessary that efficient means be taken, with vigor and promptness, to keep the army up to its strength, and supply deficiencies occasioned by the losses in the field.

To that end, resort must be had to a draft. But ample experience has now shown that the pecuniary exemption from service frustrates the object of the Enrollment law, by furnishing money instead of men.

An additional reason for repealing the exemption clause is, that it is intended to make the draft for comparatively a short term. The burden of military service will therefore be lightened. But its certainty of furnishing troops is an absolute essential to success. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War. WAR DEPARTMENT, PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL'S OFFICE, Washington, June 6, 1864.

To Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—In accordance with the amended Enrollment act, approved February 24th, 1864, and your orders on the subject, I am now conducting a draft in various sub-districts for their various deficiencies on quotas of troops heretofore assigned. The results of the draft, so far as shown by the reports to this date, are worthy of attention. They are briefly as follows:

Number of drafted men examined.....14,741 " exempted for physical disability.....4,374 " for other causes.....2,832 Total number exempted.....7,206 Number paid commutation money.....5,060 " who have furnished substitutes.....1,416 " held for personal service.....1,299 The last includes some who may yet pay commutation money.....7,785

These reports come from sub-districts in eight different States. I invite your attention to the small proportion of soldiers being obtained under the existing law. I see no reason to believe that the army can be materially strengthened by draft so long as the \$300 clause is in force; nor do I think it safe to assume that the commutation paid by a drafted man will enable the Government to procure a volunteer or substitute in his place.

I do not think that large bounties by the United States should again be resorted to for raising troops. I recommend that the Three Hundred Dollar clause, as it is known, be repealed.

JAMES B. FRY, Provost Marshal General. In fourteen cases prosecuted under the Confiscation Act of July 17th, 1862, the United States Court, on the 8th inst., passed decrees of confiscation, and ordered an early sale, after due advertisement, of all the right, title and interest in the estate of the respective owners, for and during their natural lives, except in one case in which the property was personal, and the forfeiture was therefore absolute.

Among these cases are those of John Letcher, Governor of Virginia, Truston Polk, late Senator from Missouri, W. T. Smithson, of this city, Judge Scarborough, late of the United States Court of Claims, and French Forrest, formerly Commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, and now a rebel Commodore. The property of Judge Scarborough consists of a valuable law library, which comprises an immense number of volumes. On the 9th inst. a vote was taken on the Bankrupt Bill in the House, and it was defeated—64 to 65.

A law recently passed provides that if a person or persons, except as now authorized by law, shall hereafter make or cause to be made, or attempt to utter or pass any coins, gold, silver or other metals, or alloys of metal, intended for use or purpose of current money or in the

resemblance of coin of the United States or foreign countries, or of original design, every person so offending, on conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$3,000, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding five years, or both, at the discretion of the Court, according to the aggravation of the offence. The House has passed a resolution (should the Senate concur) to adjourn on the 20th inst.

The Secretary of War has received dispatches from Gen. Sherman (in Georgia) of a very late date. Our lines were within four or five hundred yards of the enemy, at a place called Big Shanty. Fighting may soon be expected.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE Hartford Courant says that a very heavy storm of hail fell north and east of that city on Wednesday afternoon, doing much damage to the growing crops of grass, rye, strawberries and tobacco. Drifts of hail were seen as high as the hub of a carriage wheel in some spots—the storm having lasted for two hours. One hailstone seven inches in circumference was picked up! The damage will be severely felt by farmers and others.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says the official records of the military authorities show that upwards of one hundred and fifty female recruits have been discovered and made to resume the garments of their sex. It is supposed that nearly all of these were in collusion with men who were examined by the surgeons and accepted, after which the fair ones substituted themselves and came on to the war.

A TRIBUNE correspondent says of the Army of the Potomac:—"Actual marching has worn out 50,000 pairs of shoes. Two-thirds of the men—more than 100,000—have not changed a garment since they started; have marched and fought, and slept thirty days and thirty nights in heat and dust and rain, and have not changed a garment. They are fighting it out on this line."

A SAD affair occurred at Harpswell, Me., by which two little girls, daughters of James Linnet, aged 5 and 8 years, were drowned. They had been to gather shells to put on their mother's grave, and while returning across the stream the tide came in and swept them under. When found they were clasped in each other's arms.

GEN. SHERMAN having asked the Superintendent of a construction train what time it would take him to replace the bridge near Resaca, and having been told that it would take at least four days, replied:—"Sir, I give you forty-eight hours, or a position in the front ranks before the enemy." The bridge was completed in forty-eight hours!

A PARIS letter states that there are a great many Southern families now in that city seeking refuge, they say, from "Northern tyranny," some of whom have long stories of wrongs to recount. One large room in the "Grand Hotel" is devoted exclusively to the baggage of these refugees, whom circumstances have obliged to leave without settling their accounts.

A BOLD thief walked into a large jewelry store in Cincinnati last week, and pretended to regulate his watch. At a moment when he was unobserved, he quietly opened a door of the show case, abstracted a tray of forty-eight diamond rings, worth altogether ten thousand dollars, and complacently walked off.

A RADICAL U. S. Convention at Cleveland (O.) on the 31st ult., nominated Gen. Fremont for President, and John Cochrane, of N. Y., for Vice-President. The Republican National Convention (at Baltimore on the 8th inst.) nominated President Lincoln for re-election, and Andrew Johnson, of Tenn., for Vice-President.

MISS LIZZIE MAGOWN, of St. Louis, has been awarded, by the Sanitary Fair being held in that city, a handsome sewing machine, as a reward for her labor. She has made during the past two years 500 cavalry overcoats, 8,000 pair of pants, 500 jackets and 600 blouses.

A LADY of Gorham, Me., aged three score and ten years, went into the field with her hoe, the 9th ult., covering 1,100 hills of corn, drove up her cows, milked them before sunset, and retired to rest in good season.

THE steamer Berkshire, running between Hudson and New York, was destroyed by fire on the 8th (in the night) at Esopus Island, eight miles below Rondout. She was on her way to New York. Thirty or forty lives were lost.

A PECULIAR kind of worm, small but very destructive, is making sad havoc with the fruit and shade trees in New Haven. Canker worms and caterpillars are unusually abundant and destructive throughout Connecticut.

THE Taunton Gazette says that Mr. Lemuel Eldridge of that town (next week it will be a city) now has five sons, and has also had three sons-in-law in the volunteer service, two of whom have been honorably discharged.

THE number of emigrants that arrived in New York during the week ending May 28th, was 10,180 making a total of 68,078, since the first of January, against 49,682 for the corresponding season last year.

A YOUNG lawyer of Cincinnati has been held for trial in the Court of Common Pleas, for the crime of having eloped with the wife of a colored man, the woman having taken money and property to the amount of \$1,400.

THE San Francisco Bulletin, of the 9th of April, states that the total number of guns on all the harbor defenses of that city will in a few months be nearly five hundred.

THE size of the rebel torpedoes are startling. The one which blew up the Commodore Jones, it was stated by a rebel prisoner, contained 1,700 pounds of powder! One had been fished up which was emptied of 1,950 pounds!

List of New Advertisements.

The Universal Clothes Wringer—Julius Ives & Co. Whitcomb's Metallic Spring-Tooth Horse Hay-Rake—John Farlee. The Champion Clothes Wringer—N. B. Phelps. Bullard's Patent Hay-Tedder—Silas C. Herring. Books for the Season—Beadle & Co. Cards—Alfred F. Andrews. Commission Merchants—Cooley & Opdyke. Agents Wanted—Edward F. Hovey. To Agricultural Implement Manufacturers. A Noble Dairy Farm—L. Parball. Notice, Artificial Honey—Bert Hill.

SPECIAL NOTICES. Harder's Threshing Machine—R. & M. Harder. The Human Face Divine—Fowler & Wells. Train your Daughters—D. B. DeLand & Co.

The News Condenser.

- Kossuth's wife is dying from a cancer. —Mrs. Gen. Butler is at Bermuda Hundreds. —Gen. Blunt made a speech at the St. Louis Fair. —There are ten Episcopal churches in Pittsburg, Pa. —Barnum is exhibiting Pauline Cushman, the female scout. —The rebel papers admit 19,000 killed in the late battles. —Thirteen dead hogs were found in a Troy sewer recently. —There are but two married women in Arizona Territory. —Cubas, the danseuse, is at the point of death in New York. —The Laird razas have been bought by the British Government. —The Brooklyn people are protesting loudly against dirty streets. —Fifty thousand acres have been put in flax in Canada this season. —Hon. W. Barnes, of Stenben Co., died at Bath on Thursday week. —The New York World is called by somebody the Prince of Walls. —A ladies' Anti-Importation Union has been organized in Cincinnati. —Chevalier John George Hulseman, Austrian Diplomat, died recently. —Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia, a South Pacific Island. —Fifty thousand persons visited the N. Y. Central Park Saturday week. —An average of 300,000 lbs. of meat is consumed in New York city daily. —Gov. Dennison, of Ohio, was the President of the Baltimore convention. —Fourteen newly married couples went to Europe on the Persia recently. —W. H. Wells, for 8 years Supt. of Public Schools in Chicago, has resigned. —Nathaniel Hawthorne was buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, Concord, Mass. —Earl Russell exchanged walking sticks with Garibaldi at their last meeting. —A joint committee on the conduct of the war are to visit Banks' department. —The Empress Eugenia wears short skirts so as to display her boots and tassets. —The Central Railroad bridge across the Hudson at Albany has been commenced. —Major Gen. John C. Fremont has resigned and his resignation has been accepted. —The beef stalls in Philadelphia are closing up. People won't buy at present rates. —The New Yorkers are eating smoked shoulders on account of the high price of beef. —Jas. Hamilton was run over and killed by a train of cars at Granby, Vt., last week. —Iron ferry houses are to be erected on the Brooklyn side, similar to those in New York. —There are over 200 varieties of birds, American and foreign, in Central Park, New York. —New counterfeit \$3 bills on the Chicopee Bank, Springfield, Mass., are in circulation. —A new and mysterious "Order" called Grave Openers has been organized in Chicago. —Ex-President Buchanan has sent a contribution of \$200 to the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair. —Louis Napoleon wants his cousin, Cardinal Bozparte, to be Pope when Pius Ninth dies. —One hundred and seventy-two marriage licenses were issued during May in Washington. —A man in Indiana lately died from erysipelas occasioned by an attempt at self-vaccination. —The rebel Gen. Johnston lately had 25 of his men tied to stakes and shot for trying to desert. —A young woman 19 years old, in Jamestown, N. Y., covered 1,060 hills of corn in five hours. —Rev. Dr. Curry is the newly elected editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal, New York. —The great Ward gun, weighing 46,000 lbs. recently exploded with a charge of 80 lbs. of powder. —L. M. Keitt, the bullying Congressman from South Carolina, was killed in one of the recent battles. —The London letter-carriers wear a uniform of a dark blue coat and vest with gray tweed trousers. —On the day of Garibaldi's entry into London over half a million copies of his photograph were sold. —The citizens of Montreal, L. C., have adopted resolutions of respect in memory of Joshua R. Giddings. —Abraham Gesner, M. D., a celebrated Chemist and Geologist, died at Halifax, Nova Scotia, the 29th of April. —It is said there is in Lowell, Mass., an apple tree which never blossoms and yet is loaded with fruit annually. —S. L. M. Luke, editor of the Dunham (Canada) Standard, has recently been tried for murder and acquitted. —The Pope severely censures the Russian government for its course with regard to the Roman Catholic religion. —An effort is being made in Illinois to secure the endowment of an institution for the education of war orphans. —Henry Tracy, of Hancock Co., Tenn., six feet six inches high, weighing 600 lbs., and 46 years of age, died recently. —Nearly 5,000,000 sheep are now kept in Michigan, and the wool clip for the present season is estimated at 12,000,000 lbs. —Three thousand handkerchiefs were hemmed and variously marked by the ladies of Ulca for the soldiers the other day. —They are making straw hats in Paris without any crown, its place being supplied by two falls of lace, veiling the hair.

Special Notices.

HARDER'S THRASHING MACHINE.

Persons intending to purchase a Threshing Machine, will do well to send for a circular of the Premium Machine, manufactured by R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y. See their advertisement in last week's RURAL.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."

A new system of Physiognomy, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Hands, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and how to read them," in the PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Also ETNOLOGICAL, PHYSIOLOGY and PSYCHOLOGY, in JULY No. Sent by first post, for 20 cents, or a year for \$2, by FOWLER & WELLS, 339 Broadway, N. Y.

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. 734—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 intimated months ago, most of the subscriptions to our present volume, (certainly all received at the club rates previous to May last,) 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 profit.

STEREOTYPES OF ENGRAVINGS.

The Publisher of the RURAL NEW-YORKER is prepared to furnish to order Stereotypes of almost any of the large number and variety of Engravings which have appeared in the RURAL in former years—including Fruits, Flowers, Animals, Portraits, Scenery, Miscellaneous, Music, &c., &c. The assortment comprises several thousand illustrations, many of them choice and well engraved, and as the originals have not been used, perfect stereotypes can be taken. Stereotypes will be furnished at from one-fourth to one-third the original cost of engraving, and in many instances for much less. Those ordering engravings should designate the volumes of the RURAL in which they appeared. Address the Publisher.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, June 14, 1864.

The firmness of the market for all farm products continues to be the feature, together with the fact that prices do not retrograde. There is no excitement, but a steady hard-fisted firmness which continues to grow firmer and firmer, much to the dismay of people who must live and yet whose means of living do not increase as prices appreciate.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

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

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 13.—BEEF—Sales firm, at \$11.50 for pots, and \$13.12 1/2 for steers. Flour—Market for State and Western opened quite steady, with a fair demand, but closed dull and scarcely so firm. Sales at \$7.00 for 75 for superfine State; \$7.00 for extra State; \$7.00 for choice do.; \$7.00 for first quality Western; \$6.50 for common to medium extra Western; \$3.50 for shipping brands extra market hooded Ohio; \$5.50 for trade brands, the market closing quiet. Canadian Flour opened steady and closed dull; sales at \$4.00 for common, and \$2.15 for good to choice extra. Rye Flour quiet and steady; sales at \$6.75 for first quality, and \$6.00 for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and steady; sales at \$7.00 for Brandywine; \$7.00 for Jersey, and \$7.00 for Caloric. GRAIN—Wheat market may be quoted active and firm for prime, and dull and declining for common qualities. Sales at \$1.75 for Chicago spring wheat; \$1.75 for Milwaukee club; \$1.25 for amber Milwaukee; \$1.25 for winter red Western; \$1.00 for winter Michigan. Rye quiet and unchanged. Barley Malt quiet; sales at \$1.00 for 62. Peas quiet at \$1.35 for Canada. Corn is dull, heavy and lower; sales at \$1.50 for white western; market nominal at \$1.50 for yellow. Oats are lower; sales at 91c for Canada; 90c for State, and 91c for Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork rules firmer, and demand good. Sales at \$17.75 for mess, \$18.00 for old mess, and \$18.00 for new mess. Beef firm and demand better; sales at \$10.00 for country prime; \$9.00 for country mess; \$8.00 for extra mess. Prime mess beef quiet and steady; sales at \$29.00 for 100 lbs. Beef hams inactive; sales State and Western at \$27.00 for 100 lbs. Cut meats quiet; sales at \$12.00 for salted, and \$12.00 for fresh. Bacon and sides rule dull; prices nominal for Western short ribbed huddles at 1/2c. Lard market quiet and unchanged; sales at \$26.00 for Ohio, and \$26.00 for State. Butter is steady at 10 1/2c. for common and prime. HOPS—Market rules steady; sales at 18 1/2c for common to prime.

TORONTO, June 8.—FLOUR—Prices nominal. Superfine \$4.37 1/2; fancy \$4.00; extra \$4.30; double extra \$4.75. GRAIN—Fall wheat \$2.00; common to good \$2.00; for extra \$2.00. Spring wheat quiet at 75c. Barley 60c. Oats at 40c. Beans nominal at 50c. RYE—60c. PROVISIONS—Hams \$11.00 for 100 lbs. Bacon \$7.00 for 100 lbs. Cheese \$11.00 for 100 lbs. Butter \$12.00 for 100 lbs.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 7.—BEEF CATTLE—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Extra, \$10.00; first quality, \$12.00; ordinary, \$15.00; inferior, \$12.50. COWS AND CALVES—Extras, \$6.00; first quality, \$5.00; ordinary, \$4.00; common, \$3.00; inferior, \$2.00. CALVES—Extras, \$10.00; first quality, \$12.00; ordinary, \$8.00; common, \$7.00; inferior, \$6.00. SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extras \$3 head, \$8.00; prime quality, \$5.50; ordinary, \$7.00; common, \$4.50; inferior, \$3.00. SWINE—Corn-fed, heavy, \$3 1/2; still-fed, \$3 1/4.

ALBANY, June 11.—BEEF CATTLE—Prices range from 6 1/2c to 10c, the latter for choice extra. SHEEP—Demand is very good. Prices down to 5 1/2c for common to fair. Receipts 2000. PIGS—In fair request; sales at 8 1/2c for corn-fed and still-fed. Receipts 1500.

BRIGHTON, June 8.—BEEF CATTLE—Extra, \$14.00; 1st qual., \$12.00; 2d do., \$11.00; 3d do., \$10.00; 4th do., \$9.00. STORES—2 1/2 years old, \$10.00; three years old, \$8.50. Working Oxen—Sales at \$17.50 to \$27.50. Milch Cows—Prices ranging from \$40 to \$75 ordinary; \$50 to \$100 extra. Sheep and lambs—Shearers and shearers' help, \$15.00 per head. Swine—Wholesale, store hogs \$8 1/2c; retail, \$10.00; select lots \$10 1/2c. Spring pigs, wholesale, \$18 1/2c; retail, \$18 1/2c. Select lots 16c; coarse \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c. Wood sheepskins \$3.50; shearers' sheepskins \$3.00. Calves, \$2 1/2c. Hides, 11c per lb. Tallow at 10c.

CAMBRIDGE, June 8.—BEEF CATTLE—Extra \$13.00; 1st quality \$12.00; 2d quality \$11.00; 3d quality \$10.00. STORES—2 1/2 years old, \$10.00; three years old, \$8.50. Working Oxen—Sales at \$17.50 to \$27.50. Milch Cows—Prices ranging from \$40 to \$75 ordinary; \$50 to \$100 extra. Sheep and lambs—Shearers and shearers' help, \$15.00 per head. Swine—Wholesale, store hogs \$8 1/2c; retail, \$10.00; select lots \$10 1/2c. Spring pigs, wholesale, \$18 1/2c; retail, \$18 1/2c. Select lots 16c; coarse \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c. Wood sheepskins \$3.50; shearers' sheepskins \$3.00. Calves, \$2 1/2c. Hides, 11c per lb. Tallow at 10c.

TORONTO, June 8.—BEEF—Inferior \$2 1/2c; extra \$5.00; 1st quality \$7.00; 2d quality \$6.00; 3d quality \$5.00. STORES—2 1/2 years old, \$10.00; three years old, \$8.50. Working Oxen—Sales at \$17.50 to \$27.50. Milch Cows—Prices ranging from \$40 to \$75 ordinary; \$50 to \$100 extra. Sheep and lambs—Shearers and shearers' help, \$15.00 per head. Swine—Wholesale, store hogs \$8 1/2c; retail, \$10.00; select lots \$10 1/2c. Spring pigs, wholesale, \$18 1/2c; retail, \$18 1/2c. Select lots 16c; coarse \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c; fat \$12 1/2c. Wood sheepskins \$3.50; shearers' sheepskins \$3.00. Calves, \$2 1/2c. Hides, 11c per lb. Tallow at 10c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 8.—During the past week the following were the quotations for the different grades:—Domestic—Saxony fleece \$5 1/2c; full-blood Merino \$0 28; 1/2 and 3/4 do. 7c; Native and 1/2 Merino 7 1/2c; extra pulle 8 1/2c; superfine do. 7c; No. 1 do. 6 1/2c; California fleece unwashed, 6 1/2c; Do. common do. 6c. Foreign—Peruvian washed, 3 1/2c; Chilian Merino unwashed \$6.00; 1st Merino do \$6.00; Valparaiso do \$2 1/2c; Extra Rio do \$7.00; Cape Hope unwashed \$5.50; East India washed \$5.50; African unwashed \$2 1/2c; do. washed \$2 1/2c; Mexican unwashed \$2 1/2c; Smyrna do \$2 1/2c; do. washed \$2 1/2c; Syrian unwashed \$2 1/2c.

BOSTON, June 8.—The following are the quotations of wool for this week:—Domestic—Saxony and Merino, 7c; 1/2 and 3/4 do. 6 1/2c; full-blood Merino, 7c; 1/2 and 3/4 do. 6 1/2c; Native and 1/2 Merino, 7 1/2c; extra pulle 8 1/2c; superfine do. 7c; No. 1 do. 6 1/2c; California fleece unwashed, 6 1/2c; Do. common do. 6c. Foreign—Peruvian washed, 3 1/2c; Chilian Merino unwashed \$6.00; 1st Merino do \$6.00; Valparaiso do \$2 1/2c; Extra Rio do \$7.00; Cape Hope unwashed \$5.50; East India washed \$5.50; African unwashed \$2 1/2c; do. washed \$2 1/2c; Mexican unwashed \$2 1/2c; Smyrna do \$2 1/2c; do. washed \$2 1/2c; Syrian unwashed \$2 1/2c.

WOOL IN CANADA WEST.—We give the quotations of wool at different points to June 8:—At Toronto wool sold at 44c; at St. Catharines at 45c; London at 44 1/2c; Galt at 44 1/2c; Guelph at 44 1/2c; Hamilton at 44c.

Married

On the 1st inst., in Mexicoville, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. P. J. BARBOCK, by Rev. THOMAS A. WOOD, Mr. EDWARD M. EDWARDS, of Seneca Falls, N. Y., and NELLIE M. GREEN, of Rochester.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50% cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded,) 60 cents a line.

The edition of the RURAL is now so large as to require 14 presses, and this party (outside page) should go to press on Friday of the week preceding date, and the last form (inside pages) on Tuesday morning. Hence to secure insertion advertisements intended for the last page should reach us ten days in advance of the date of the paper, and those for the inside (7th page) on Monday.

NOTICE.—The receipt for making Artificial Honey sent for 6 cents, by BERT HILL, Medina, Ohio.

A NOBLE DAIRY FARM, of 300 ACRES, FOR SALE or to rent. For particulars, address W. L. FAIRHALL, Kensington, Michigan.

TO AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT MANUFACTURERS.—Wanted, a reliable party (outside page) should go to press on Friday of the week preceding date, and the last form (inside pages) on Tuesday morning. Hence to secure insertion advertisements intended for the last page should reach us ten days in advance of the date of the paper, and those for the inside (7th page) on Monday.

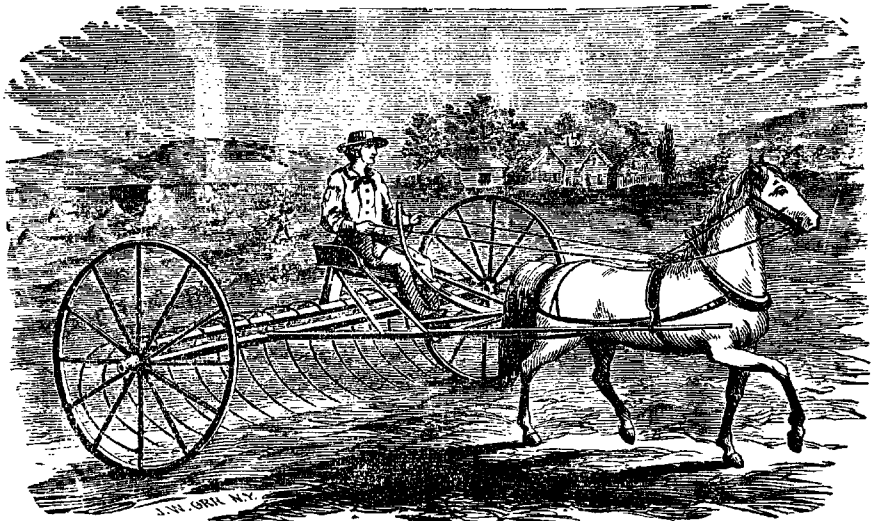
COOLEY & OPDYCKE, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 219 Merchants' Row, West Washington Market, New York.

Dealers in all kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE, Live Stock, Calves, Sheep, Lambs, Poultry, Eggs, Butter, Fish, etc., Peaches, Apples, and all green fruit made a speciality. Refer to first houses in New York, and well known public men. Correspondence from producers, dealers, and fruit-growers solicited. Send us your orders, and we will deliver them to you at the lowest price. Consignments from the country respectfully solicited and prompt returns made. 75-251

A CARD.—The following card was taken from the New York Independent. A short time since we published a card from Mrs. A. P. Munson, of New Haven, describing the fine operation of removing and curing a large cancer in her breast without the use of the knife by Drs. Babcock & Tobin, 27 Bond St., N. Y. These gentlemen evidently possess great skill in the management of this disease, as the following card will show:—

A Remarkable Cure of a Cancer in a Little Girl's mouth after other eminent surgeons had decided to remove the jaw by the knife. AVON, Conn., February, 1864. Drs. Babcock & Tobin—Gentlemen—Permit me to express to you my entire satisfaction in the operation in removing and curing the cancer in my little girl's mouth, and if this statement will be of any service to you, you are at liberty to give it publicity. The main points in the treatment of the cancer in my little girl's mouth, which, as it increased in size began to alarm us very much. We applied to the most eminent physicians, who pronounced it a malignant tumor, and advised us to remove it, which we consented to, the doctor removing it with the bone-forceps; also the upper edge of the jaw. In a few days after the operation, the cancer grew again and in a few weeks was as large as a fig; you advised us to have the jaw removed, but this we could not consent to, as the child was so young, and we thought it better to have the cancer removed, which was done, and commenced treatment, which lasted a little over a week, and caused her no pain. Soon after the tumor was removed, she began to grow as healthy as any other part of her mouth. These are the facts in the case, and we cheerfully recommend Drs. Babcock & Tobin, as skillful and successful in the treatment of this disease, as the following card will show. We are, Gentlemen, your obedient servants, ALFRED F. ANDREWS.

WHITCOMB'S METALLIC



Spring-Tooth Horse Hay-Rake, PATENTED OCTOBER 5, 1858.

BROAD CAST PLASTER SOWER ATTACHMENT.

For full description of the Rake and Plaster Sower Attachment send for circular. Applications for State, County, and Town Rights; also orders for Rakes and Broad Cast Sower Attachment, may be addressed to JOHN PARDEE, Lyons, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON. THE CHAMPION

BEADLE'S DIME GUIDE TO SWIMMING. BEADLE'S DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER FOR '64. BEADLE'S DIME BOOK OF CRICKET. BEADLE'S DIME DRILL BOOK. MEN OF THE TIME. No. 3. LIVES OF GRANT, HOOKER, ETC. No. 12. LIFE OF MAJ.-GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT. Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 14. PATRIOTIC, COMIC, SENTIMENTAL. Contains a very interesting and popular list of songs! All the new and good things are in it, selected from the copy-rights of the principal musical publishers, by exclusive contract.



Champion Clothes Wringer.

The only Wringer in use that is fastened to a tub by the Patent CIRCULAR CLAMP, which has an equal bearing on the Tub the whole length of the Wringer, while all other Wringers are merely fastened to a SINGLE STAVE at each end. The Circular Clamp not only affords the most secure fastening of any in use, but it does not straiten the tub like all other methods of fastening. The Rollers are fastened to the shaft under Haley's Patent, which is acknowledged to be the Most Effectual Fastening in Use.

The shaft being covered with Cement, and closely wound with strong twine, prevents the Rubber from coming in contact with the shaft. If the rubber is allowed to come in contact with the shaft, the sulphur in the rubber acting on the iron soon causes the rubber to become loose, which renders the Wringer useless. The Rollers need no adjusting to wring ordinary clothing, but to wring very heavy articles, they are adjusted as desired, which saves much hard labor and straining of the Wringer.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Send for my circular and terms before engaging to sell any other Wringer. HEAR WHAT AGENTS SAY. ROSE, N. Y., June 6, 1864. I want twenty-four No. A Wringers immediately. If you can spare them, I am ready to take them; they are the best of all others. Yours respectfully, J. JONES CLOSS.

GROTON, N. Y., May 2, 1864. We are very much in want of the No. A Champion Wringer, and would like to warrant the Society to our order and send them as soon as possible. May 14, 1864. We want the balance of Champion Wringers (already ordered) as soon as possible, and 100 more as soon as you can send them. Yours, &c., FERRIS, AVERY & FIELD.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., May 18, 1864. I have sold the dozen Champion Wringers you sent me; they give entire satisfaction. Send 25 more immediately. Yours, &c., HENRY A. COOK.

I can furnish hundreds of recommendations like the above if required. RETAIL PRICES. No. 1, 8 1/2 inch Roller, \$7.00. No. 2, 10 inch Roller, \$8.00. Manufactured and sold Wholesale and Retail by N. B. PHELPS, 21 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

JULY FOURTH, 1864. THE Wayne County Agricultural Society will hold their Eighth Annual Horse Exhibition, at Lyons, on Monday, July 4th, 1864.

The track has been put in good order and ample arrangements have been made to warrant the Society in providing an entertainment worthy of the day. CHAS. DIMMON, Secy.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY. A magnificent business for any one to engage in the sale of the Great "Honey Price Stationary Packet" which contains besides the large amount of one Stationery, ONE CENTS in the great sale of \$50,000 of Watches and Jewelry. Agents can sell thousands of these Packets, as the Stationery is worth more than the price asked, and the Certificate which is added is worth 25 cents alone. As an EXTRA INCENTIVE we will present, free with every 100 Packets, a fine SOLID SILVER WATCH. Send for circulars, and Photographs at prices which will yield the agent nearly \$50 for every 100 invested. Never before were such great inducements offered! Circulars, with full particulars, mailed free. Sample Packets forwarded by mail upon receipt of 50 cents. Address: H. B. HARRIS, 63 Nassau St., New York. 75-41

BIRDSELL'S PATENT COMBINED. CLOVER THRASHER & HULLER. Patented May 18th, 1859; Dec. 13th, 1859; April 28th, 1862, and May 13th, 1862. MANUFACTURED BY John C. Birdsell, WEST HENRIETTA, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.

This machine operates in Clover thrashing similar to Grain Separators in wheat thrashing, doing all the work at one operation, without re-handling the chaff. In the hands of good operators it will thrash, hull and clean from 10 to 20 bushels in way without waste of seed. The undersigned is manufacturing the only machine patented that thrashes, hulls and cleans all at the same operation. All machines that do the whole work, not marked BIRDSELL'S PATENT, are infringements. The public are hereby cautioned not to purchase those that are infringements of said patent, as they will be liable for damages. All communications directed to the subscriber, at West Henrietta, will be promptly responded to. Order early if you wish a machine. This Machine has always taken the First Premium at State Fairs where allowed to compete, and saves more than half the expense of the old way of getting out clover seed, in time and labor. JOHN C. BIRDSELL, Manufacturer, 743-601-Ft. West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y.

MADE FROM 30 ORENTS—Call and examine, or ten samples sent by mail for 20 cents; retails for \$2. R. L. WOLCOTT, 70 Chatham Square, New York.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. A farm about fifty acres of improved land, Almond village, Allegany Co., N. Y., on which is a large and commodious dwelling house, two barns, an iron foundry, a water-power saw mill and a first-class frame for any kind of machinery to be run with water-power or steam. The property will be sold low, and the terms of payment made easy. For further information apply to Mrs. D. R. POTTER, Almond, N. Y., or the subscriber at Alfred Center, Allegany Co., N. Y. (750-41) D. R. STILLMAN.

TO PATENTEE.—Defective Patents RE-ISSUED with improved claims. Patents soon to expire extended for 7 years. (Application should be made THREE MONTHS in advance.) Western New York Patent Agency, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y. J. FRASER & CO. 75-281

BRIDGEWATER PAINT.—ESTABLISHED 1850.—Fire and Water Proof, for roofs, outside work, decays of vessels, iron work, brick, tile, railroad bridges, depots, &c. Depot 71 Maiden Lane, New York. ROBERT REYNOLDS, Agent. 75-281

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING PURCHASED THE exclusive right for the State of New York to make and sell Bullard's Patent Hay-Tedder!

proposes to furnish them to responsible parties upon the following liberal terms, thus giving the farmer an opportunity to test the utility of the machine before he is required to pay for it. A conditional bill of sale will be given, and the full bill will be required when the machine is used. Also, to take orders for the "Acknowledged Standard" HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION, by O. J. Victor, indorsed by the President, Cabinet, Governors, Senators of the Hist.-rian, &c. Vols. 1 and 2 now ready. Also, to take orders for "The History of American Conspiracy, from 1760 to 1860," for the incidents and Annals of the War, and for an Excellent Engraving of Great Art. Send for circulars, terms, &c. Address EDWARD F. HOVEY, No. 13 Spruce street, New York.

They can be seen and furnished at the Factory of Geo. A. Squier, corner of Wallace and Noxon sts., Syracuse, N. Y., who is making, for the subscriber, some of these machines in the most substantial and workmanlike manner, where they will be delivered at \$100. From thence all freight and charges will be paid by the purchaser. Address: S. H. ALLEN, P. O. Drawer 130 Syracuse, N. Y., or at 251 Broadway, New York. Also D. E. BARTON, Agent, 3 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y. 75-81

DRAIN TILE MACHINE, BEST IN USE MANUFACTURED BY A. LA TORRETTE, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y. 75-11

THE ONLY RELIABLE BEE-NIVE THAT GIVES entire satisfaction is Graves' Patent Bee-Hive. Individual rights and one live 50c. Town, County and State rights for sale. Send for Circular. Address, 750-11 GRAVES & VAN DERBECK, Rochester, N. Y.

20,000 STRAWBERRY BOWS, \$4.00 per 100. Also, DRAWER CRATES, holding 100 boxes, at C. VAN DER BRUGH'S, 83 Main St., Rochester, N. Y. 750-41

\$75 A MONTH.—AGENTS WANTED TO SELL All Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all machines, and will give you all work at above wages, and all expenses paid. Address D. B. HERRINGTON & CO., Detroit, Mich.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. A farm about fifty acres of improved land, Almond village, Allegany Co., N. Y., on which is a large and commodious dwelling house, two barns, an iron foundry, a water-power saw mill and a first-class frame for any kind of machinery to be run with water-power or steam. The property will be sold low, and the terms of payment made easy. For further information apply to Mrs. D. R. POTTER, Almond, N. Y., or the subscriber at Alfred Center, Allegany Co., N. Y. (750-41) D. R. STILLMAN.

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GRANDSHALL'S



THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD,

A COMPLETE TREATISE ON THE BREEDING, MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES OF SHEEP.

By Hon. Henry S. Randall, LL. D., Author of "Sheep Husbandry in the South," "Fine-Wool Sheep Husbandry," &c., &c.

PUBLISHED BY D. D. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

This work, first published last fall, has already reached its Nineteenth Edition, and the demand has thus far been extraordinary. A new and revised edition is now ready, and others will follow in such rapid succession that all orders can hereafter be filled promptly. No volume on any branch of Agriculture or husbandry ever had so rapid a sale or gave such universal satisfaction. The work is a timely one, and unquestionably the best and most complete Treatise on Sheep Husbandry ever published in America. It is cordially welcomed and highly approved by both Press and People. Witness the following extracts from a few of the numerous Reviews and Letters the work has elicited:

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From the Country Gentleman and Cultivator. As a whole, this book is unquestionably in advance of anything of the kind now before the public.

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From the Maine Farmer. The name of the author, Hon. H. S. RANDALL, is a guarantee of its completeness and reliability.

From Col. B. P. Johnson, Secy. N. Y. State Agri. Society. It is the best practical Sheep Book, I think, ever published, and does great credit to Dr. RANDALL.

From the New York Tribune. In this volume the author has exhausted the subject, and given all that is necessary for any farmer to know about selecting, breeding, and general management of sheep. It is a valuable work, and one which every farmer who wishes for a sound and thorough treatise on sheep husbandry.

From the Michigan Farmer. Mr. RANDALL has made the very best book extant on American Sheep Husbandry.

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THRILLING STORIES OF THE Great Rebellion: COMPRISING

Heroic Adventures and Hair-Breadth Escapes of Soldiers, Scouts, Spies and Refugees; Daring Exploits of Smugglers, Guerrillas, Desperadoes and others; Tales of Loyal and Disloyal Women; Stories of the Negro, etc., etc., with Incidents of War and Merriment in Camp and Field.

BY A DISABLED OFFICER. With Illustrations in Colors. 12mo., cloth. Price \$1.50.

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AT CHURCH.

ALTHOUGH I enter not
Yet, round about the spot
Sometimes I hover,

The Story-Teller.

AUNT MARY

BY HESTHER HANN.

DEAR AUNT MARY! No one could help
loving her. She must have been very beautiful
once; even old Time, who has stolen all the
blush roses from her cheek, and left his unmis-

Little marvel that, as we grew older, Aunt
MARY was made confidante of all our joys and
sorrows; all our hopes and fears; all our heart-

A long, dusty road led from our home to Aunt
MARY'S; long and dusty in summer—long and
cold in winter. But, when we got to the

Oh, long-gone days! Is it that ye were really
brighter?

Next came the meadow bars; old, gray boards
with chipped-off ends, to slip in and out of the
holes in the posts.

The house, brown really, was so hidden by
clambering vines, that its walls were almost
indiscernible. The windows were draped with
Wistaria, and the doors shaded with White

flowers; and roses waved from the tops of the
chimneys.

Within, all was brightness and warmth, and
gayety and heart-felt gladness. Many autumns
had strewn uncle's grave with the withered
petals of the roses which blossomed round his

And MINNIE was like aunt, too; deep blue
eyes and waving hair; petite, though not tall.

No one could plan such pleasures as Aunt
MARY and Cousin HARRY. No one could
make the winter nights so musical as Aunt

NELLIE and I went to visit Aunt MARY and
MINNIE, one morning in May. How bright the
sun beamed! How the birds caroled on the

"Consumption is hereditary in our family,
you know, ALLIE; I fear MINNIE is not long
for this world."

HARRY came home before we left. There
was an anxious look on his handsome face, till,
at the tea-table, he said—"RUFUS HALE is

Oh, the anguish on Aunt MARY'S face!—the
bitter anguish in the blue depths of her eyes—
the cruel anguish that made her face turn ashy

"HARRY, your country needs you; though
my heart aches at the thought of parting from
you, I cannot say 'stay,' but 'go.'"

What an exalted expression on aunt's face!—
what sadness on MINNIE'S and ours! What
brightness on HARRY'S, as, rising from his

Well, he went—our brave cousin—went as
thousands of others—full of hope, and anticipa-

Months passed, and summer was fast ebbing
into autumn. The leaves were beginning to
fall, and the doctors predicted that MINNIE'S

Dear Aunt MARY! The death of MINNIE,
her youngest life-bud, was a dreadful blow to
her. The silver hairs crept in faster than ever

HARRY'S health was not as good as it had
once been. Our HARRY, like many other loved
ones, had been tenderly nurtured, and the hard-

rebel balls could not pierce the brave depths.
But ah, that cannot be! and that is why

"Full many a soldier lies silent, alone,
Unconfined, unshrouded, beneath the damp clay."

Well, well! when this war does end, the
hearts of those who wait for the ones who will
never come back again, will sicken with disap-

And MINNIE was like aunt, too; deep blue
eyes and waving hair; petite, though not tall.

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once been. Our HARRY, like many other loved
ones, had been tenderly nurtured, and the hard-

in my heart—burning itself into my very soul.

Mother gasped out some words of inquiry; I
know not what; I did not notice them at the
time, and certainly could not tell now; I am

"Oh, LOUIS," I exclaimed, "tell us the
truth—the worst at once! Is HARRY wound-
ed?" I dared not say more; my heart-blood

"Oh, let me pass over all the tears and sorrow—
the anguish and despair! In the midst of all,
there was one bright ray. Our HARRY died a

So, loving her as we and all do, I end as I
began,—Dear Aunt MARY!

PERHAPS men are the most imitative animals
in all the world of nature. Only one ass ever
spoke like a man; but hundreds of thousands of

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 36 letters.
My 7, 12, 4, 9, 6, 11 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 23, 30, 20, 28, 29, 17, 18, 13 is a county in Indiana.

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

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 4, 5, 10, 6, 2 is a species of bird.
My 13, 1, 8 all persons must do.

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

Larchonelsveel, Hack him in coy,
Teamlain, Ebro rem ofers,
Otoahcanag, Hilhos,

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
A PUZZLE.

Gi veohg ivem efa I rymo onlig 'ht,
Si Liver in gfo Nta I nssrh ine, sandto wers,
Chas. Ingrowth, Ed. Eetelo udsh adows,

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

REQUIRED the year of the Christian Era in which the
solar cycle was or will be 15; the lunar cycle 12, and
the Roman indication 12.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 751

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Strive not with
a man without cause if he have done thee no harm.
Answer to National Enigma:—The Charleston Mer-
cury.

WASHING DAY



TO HOUSEKEEPERS EVERYWHERE

If you don't want your clothes twisted and wrenched,
and pulled to pieces by the above old-fashioned BACK-
BREAKING, WRIST-STRAINING and CLOTHES-DESTROY-

THE UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER!

—WITH—

COG WHEELS

53,818 SOLD IN 1863!
46,814
SOLD IN THE FIRST FIVE MONTHS OF 1864!

GOOD CANVASSER.

The EXCLUSIVE RIGHT OF SALE will be guaran-
teed to the first responsible applicant for the territory.
Liberal inducements offered and Descriptive Circulars
furnished by

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the UNIVERSAL WRINGER, please refer to
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sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., Weak Stom-
ach, General Debility, Nursing Sore

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
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