

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

The Hay and Grain Harvest.

We have already seen fields of clover ready for the mower. The earlier varieties of clover should not be allowed to remain uncut after it is fully in blossom. Your mower should be put into it even though you do not cut the after-growth. And there is an interim between the hoeings which should be improved in this work. Depend more upon the horse and cultivator to do the hoeing, and look out that the hay crop is secured in the right time. For the manner in which it "spends" in winter depends greatly upon your saving in it the nutritious juices which go to develop the seed, before they have become woody matter. This remark applies to the time of harvesting all grasses intended for forage. For just in proportion as the seed is allowed to mature, in just such proportion are the nutritious properties of the plant allowed to deteriorate. We have seen illustrations of the truth of this statement so often, that we can not doubt it.

We thought it proper to say thus much before introducing the following timely communication from DANIEL A. ROBINSON, Union Springs, who writes:—"As the time for haying and harvesting is near at hand, permit me, through the columns of your useful agricultural paper, to make a few suggestions on the curing and housing of both hay and grain.

"To retain the most volatile and best parts of clover hay especially, and also to retain its green and bright color, it ought to be cured as much as possible in the shade. How is this to be done on the large scale? I answer by putting it into cock as soon after it is cut as well may be. The cocks should be small on the ground, say three and a half and four feet in diameter, and as high as they can be made to stand. If the clover be cut when it is wet, it would be well to leave it long enough exposed to the sun for this moisture to dry off. By putting it into cock so soon after being cut, it will at once be said that it will heat and spoil; it is true, in the course of twenty-four or thirty-six hours it will heat, and in some instances become quite hot. But what is the effect of this heating process? The moisture that is naturally in the clover rapidly passes off in the form of vapor or steam, and as most of the moisture is contained in the larger stalks, or parts of the clover, in its passage off it will keep the finer parts, as the small stalks, leaves and blows, in a moist and toughened state, and consequently all will be saved. At the expiration of thirty-six or forty-eight hours, all that will be necessary to do, will be to turn the cocks over from the ground and shake out the bottoms, and in one or two hours the hay will do to be housed or put into stack. The heat generated in the cock, together with the direct action of the sun and air, will soon dry it sufficiently.

"When I was a lad, now over fifty years ago, my father adopted this plan of curing his clover hay, and I have always pursued the same course when I have had clover of my own to cut, and have uniformly recommended the same to others. I well recollect the time my father

first adopted this plan. He commenced cutting his clover the beginning of the week, (Monday,) with some seven or eight men, with scythes. It was a very hot day. The clover was all put into cock as fast as cut. That night it commenced to rain, and it continued to rain more or less for three or four days. I well recollect we all supposed the hay would be ruined. But when it cleared off, and the day was dry and hot, the cocks were opened and found to be uninjured. In a few hours they were sufficiently dry to be housed, and we never had better hay than that was. In this case it will be recollected it was a very hot day when the clover was cut and put into cock; the effect of the heat and sun was to wilt the grass on the outer surface of the cock, and cause it to lay close and compact; this undoubtedly prevented much of the rain from penetrating the cocks.

"Clover, or any hay, may be put into the barn or stack much greener than many would suppose, by observing proper care in mowing it away, or putting it into stack. The plan of making an air-hole or chimney from the base of the mow or stack to the top, is a very important matter. This may very easily be done by making a square box, eight or ten inches at one end and twelve or fourteen at the other, and about five feet long; place the small end on the ground or bottom of the mow, and so stow away the hay around it; and as you go up the mow or stack, draw up the box, and when at the top take it out altogether. In this way a hole will be made through the mow or stack, which will carry off the heat and steam very rapidly. Some use a bag filled with hay or straw, and some a common barrel, instead of the box I have described; but it is not so convenient; you want more length,—five or six feet is the best. The effect of this chimney, or air-hole, will extend some five or six feet each way from the center,—that is, some ten or twelve feet the whole diameter; so if your mow or stack be very large, it may require two or more of these air-holes or chimneys.

"Next, the addition of a little salt to all kinds of hay is, I believe, universally admitted to be good; two quarts to the tun is sufficient. But there is another most excellent way of preventing hay from being burnt and becoming musty in the mow or stack when put up too green, or not sufficiently cured. That is, to add newly slaked lime to it; of this two or three quarts to the tun is sufficient. It is bad stuff to handle, but this may be obviated by using a small paddle made of a shingle, or other substance. The paddle part should be four or five inches square, and the handle twelve or fourteen inches long; in this way the lime may be scattered about on the hay after each load, without much inconvenience to the workman. It is of no injury whatever to the hay; on the other hand, it frees it from must and dust, and improves its quality.

"On the same principle, the application of lime to wheat and other grain, when being stacked and put into the barn, holds good. A few years ago, on ROBERT B. HOWLAND'S farm, in Union Springs, Cayuga Co., we harvested a very heavy crop of wheat. We commenced cutting it before it was as fully ripe as many farmers cut their grain. We commenced to cut it on Monday, which was a very hot day; the next day was equally hot; we cut both these days. The third day was also very hot and sultry, with every indication of a heavy rain storm to come on soon. We decided to secure what we already had cut, although we knew it was not sufficiently dry. The bay of the barn in which it was to be stowed was thirty-five by thirty-six feet square, with a tight floor, and posts in the center, running from the floor to the beam, and from that to the roof. A thrashing floor was on each side of this bay. (The barn is 100 feet long.) In the first place, we made a passage for the air from each thrashing floor, in two places, to the center posts, and around them (the posts) so placed scantling as to make a continuous air passage to the roof of the barn. This being done, we began to run in the grain. And to make it doubly sure, we added lime to every load, and also a little salt. We put into the barn that day all that we had cut the two days previous. Our neighbors and our workmen predicted that the wheat would be nearly worthless. Now for the result:—When that wheat was thrashed, the straw was as bright as when it was put into the barn, and the berry plump and sweet,—in other words, it was a perfect success. The rain, as predicted, came on that night, and a most drenching rain

it was. We saved all the wheat; there was no loss from shelling. The heavy rain storm and wind laid prostrate all the remaining standing grain. The field, eighteen acres, however, yielded forty-one bushels and a peck to the acre.

"There has been much discussion among farmers as to the proper time to cut wheat. My own observation has satisfied me that early cutting, when the joints of the straw are yet a little green, is the best time. There is then no waste from shelling, and if bound and put up into shocks so as to secure as much as possible the heads from the sun, the berry will be heavier and more plump, and the yield greater."

About Making Honey.

TIME and space fail us to show up the different ways resorted to by lazy rascals to make money without labor out of credulous people. And happening to notice the advertisement of a recipe for "making artificial honey" in last week's paper, we were reminded of a circular we received some time since from a Michigan correspondent, wherein the advertiser announces confidentially to the man who has sent for his circular, that he has "discovered the art of making honey in every respect as good as that made by bees;" (we wonder if he puts it up in as neatly made comb!) and that one of the ingredients is "the powdered bark of the slippery elm, a small quantity of which will bring up a pailful of warm-water to the rich, creamy, substantial consistency of Honey!" The italics are BROWN'S own—the advertiser's! And this honey is made for six cents per pound—one hundred pounds can be made in twenty minutes! And it can be sold for twenty-five cents per pound anywhere, "in as large quantities as you choose to make!" Think of it, oh ye easily duped—in twenty minutes you may increase your \$6 investment to \$25! And then its merits! It "tones up the sinking system, gives strength to the weak, good spirits to the strong, purifies the blood of the scrofulous, restores appetite to the dyspeptic," &c. "It is an elegant tea-table dessert." "It looks like amber, clear, fresh and tempting as Olympian Ambrosia!" It takes the place of preserves, and supersedes butter!

Now see how shrewdly this rascal plies his trade. He does not propose to send you the recipe until he has sold you a sample of his honey. On receipt of thirty-five cents he will send you a pot of it; and then, if you like it, you can purchase the recipe and right to make it for \$5. But suppose you don't like it and don't send for the recipe. BROWN sells you his honey at a profit, which is probably precisely what he aims to do—even if he sends you anything for your thirty-five cents, which will be exceedingly doubtful.

We have given this space to this matter, at the request of a correspondent, and for the purpose of saying that we find it exceedingly difficult to decide which are, and which are not swindling advertisements, in many cases. The only mode is to devote money and time to the business of detecting them, neither of which can we spare for such purpose. If our advertisers do not do all they promise to do in our columns, we will name them upon reliable information of the fact; but our readers must use a little discretion. And when a man proposes to send you honey as good as the bees can make, set him down as a very big liar and rascal.

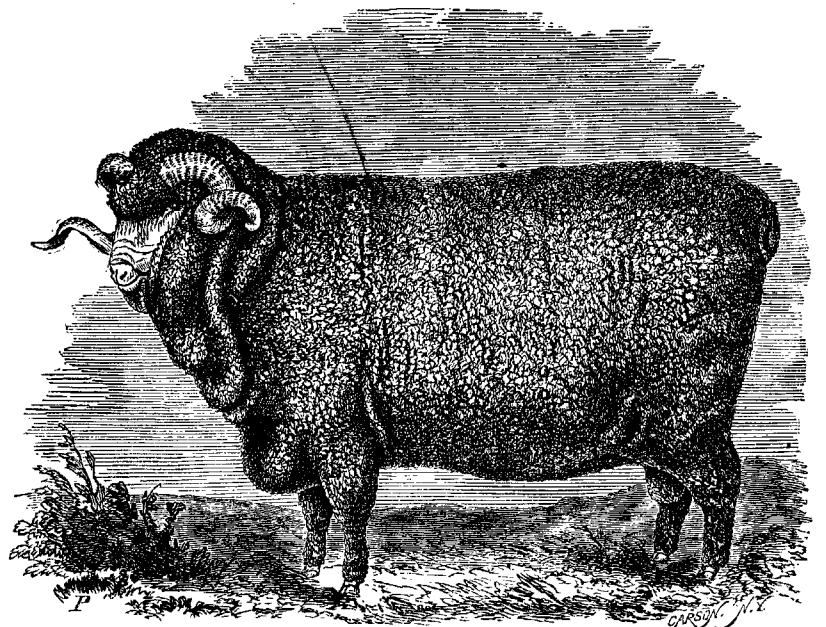


SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

MR. HAYWARD'S INFANTADO SHEEP.

MR. CHAS. N. HAYWARD, of Bridport, Vermont, cuts of two of whose rams accompany this article, thus writes us:—"In the autumn of 1854 I purchased of my esteemed townsman, PROSPER ELITHARP, his entire crop of ewe lambs numbering nearly fifty and ten breeding ewes. A large proportion of these were pure Infantados. Since that time I have replenished my flock by purchases from VICTOR WRIGHT, then of Cornwall, now of Middlebury, whose



MR. HAYWARD'S INFANTADO RAM "IRONSIDES."

breeding flock is exclusively of the HAMMOND stock, and from C. B. COOK, of Charlotte, whose flock was drawn partly from STEPHEN ATWOOD'S and partly from Mr. HAMMOND'S stock. Since I have commenced breeding full-blood sheep I have used rams bred by Mr. HAMMOND, and by NELSON A. SAXTON, of Vergennes. 'Ironside' was bred by NELSON

RICHARDS. He was got by 'America,' bred by Mr. HAMMOND and sold by him to N. A. SAXTON. 'America' was got by 'Sweepstakes.' The weight of 'Ironside's' first fleece was 14 lbs; of his second, 20½ lbs; of his third, 23½ lbs. As a stock getter I consider him one of the best I ever owned. 'Young Ironside' was got by 'Ironside' out of one of my best ewes."



"YOUNG IRONSIDES."

IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

SOME weeks, or rather months since, a correspondent hailing from Pike Run, Pa., expressed a desire that either LEWIS F. ALLEN, or ourselves, answer the communication on the above named subject by R. H. SAUNDERS, which we published March 5th; and he a little sarcastically (as Artemus Ward would say), suggested that the respondent to Mr. S. "deal in facts and not in theories,"—as much as modestly to hint that Mr. ALLEN in his communication of January 16th, and ourselves in our recently published Works on Sheep, had "dealt" mostly in the latter material in discussing this topic, at least in comparison with Mr. SAUNDERS.

After twice recently treating the subject somewhat fully, we cannot shake off the feeling that in coming before the public for the third time, we are literally "with a thrice told tale vexing the dull ears of drowsy men." Yet by far the major part of the present auditory is a new one; we have never presented our views on the subject in these columns—and it is time, we suppose, that our Pike Run friend was answered. We shall not now, however, take time or space to make much more than a reference to some of the most prominent of those facts which Pike Run is so anxious to have us "deal in."

Let us drop a word prefatory to the discussion. How prone are men to assume and honestly to imagine that their own preconceived notions are built on the solid foundation of experimental knowledge, and that all opposing notions consequently rest on the shifting quicksands of hypothesis! The truth is, that nearly all the facts which directly illustrate the results of in-and-in breeding, go to show that among sheep and all other brute animals, (even, per-

haps, among human beings,) it is not *per se* injurious to any portion of their human organizations; and that among the skillful breeders of brutes, it is found the readiest means to expedite and perfect great improvements. It is the contrary belief that is the theory. It was founded on the effects of improper in-and-in breeding—on the abuse instead of the use of it—and the former being much the most common, prevailing impressions have settled into fixed beliefs, and become so imbedded in popular tradition, that each new generation adopts it without experiment—precisely as each succeeding generation of children carefully avoid certain perfectly harmless forest plants because the older children pronounce them *poison*; no one choosing to test the truth of the prevalent belief to the danger of his own person!

Mr. ALLEN, in his discussion of this subject, mentioned the significant fact that "the genealogy of God's chosen people, the Israelites, is full of close intermarriages." He said:

"ISAAC, SON OF ABRAHAM, married his cousin REBEKAH. JACOB, SON OF ISAAC and REBEKAH, married his cousin RACHEL, and of the twelve sons of JACOB (JACOB and BENJAMIN only, sons of RACHEL), more or less of them, intermarried with close relations. MOAB and AMMON, founders of powerful tribes, were sons of the incestuous connection of Lot with his two daughters. Aside from these, numerous instances of illustrious men and women of ancient civilized history, trace their origin to what, under our present laws, would be rank incest, yet not so considered by Greek or Roman law-givers."

The special force of the above Israelitish examples rests on the fact that we cannot but suppose that if such intermarriages necessarily lead to a degeneration of mankind, the "chosen people" would have been prohibited from thus intermarrying by Him who gave them their laws. But there is a vastly stronger case in point, affording the direct sanction of Omnipotence,

tence to far closer, indeed to the closest possible in-and-in breeding. The Bible informs us that mankind started from a single pair. The sons and daughters of ADAM, then, must have inter-married to perpetuate the race. Omniscience foresaw all results; Omnipotence was able to have guarded against the necessity of such marriages by creating more original and unrelated pairs of the human family. If it did not do so, can we possibly suppose that the inter-breeding of closely related beings is necessarily and in the nature of things the cause of either moral or physical injury? It appears from the Sacred Record that a Divine prohibition was eventually imposed on such marriages. There was a reason for it. Disease and sin had entered the world. Disease, and those physical imperfections which tend to disease, were in many cases hereditary. Procreation between diseased or imperfect animals frightfully increased the aggregate of disease and imperfection in the progeny. With man's moral corruption came circumstances which rendered marriages between close relations temptations to immorality. Then, such marriages were made *malum prohibitum* by Divine and human law.

But among brutes no such prohibition was necessary to be made. Among them, brothers and sisters and even parents and offspring copulated from the outset, and they continue to do so at the present time, where they remain in the state of nature. Yet they evince no degeneracy. The dove hatches in pairs, and these pairs remain together and procreate other pairs in endless succession. Many beasts, like the lion, live in solitary families, and unless there is a natural repugnance of brothers and sisters among brutes to interbreed, the chances would be one hundred to one, that the young males and females brought up together and measurably separated from others, would exhibit their first sexual fondness for each other, and consequently pair together. Sentimental theorists have assumed that there is a natural disinclination of closely related brutes to pair together. Every observing farmer has had constant occasions to notice that there is not a shadow of such disinclination among domestic brutes of any kind—and all the *known* facts relating to the same point among wild brutes, tend to the same conclusion. Among animals which live in herds like the elephant, the buffalo, the wild horse, etc., it is a very common habit that the mightiest males destroy or drive out to a considerable extent, the weaker, and thus predominate over the herd and make its females their harem, until they become old and enfeebled and in turn are vanquished by some younger and stronger rival. In the case of the elephant, and many other species of gregarious animals, this mastery of one individual is known to last for many years, so that the male parent procreates with his daughters, and oftentimes with their daughters begotten by himself. And the chances always are in such cases, that his successor is his own son—and that son commences a new career of in-and-in breeding with his own sisters, and, if we may use the term, more than sisters. This thing has been going on for ages on the plains of South Africa, on the prairies of America, and in every other situation where herds of certain kinds of animals are found to roam. Have they degenerated? Did the Creator implant in them instincts which must of necessity produce their ultimate extinction? Will anybody presume such to be the order of benevolent Providence?

But the theorists tell us this is provided for. The strong abandon and trample down the weak. The inclement winter, or the protracted summer drouth, cut off the usual supplies of food, and the feeble animals perish. So they do. And this is a most beneficent provision to meet cases of accidental malformation or debility—and thus prevent them from pouring themselves, like the waters of a poisoned spring, into the broad and healthy stream of the race. But if breeding in-and-in necessarily produces degeneracy, and degeneracy is always stopped at the fountain head by such external circumstances, then would whole races of gregarious animals—and of those animals which live in families have become nearly or quite extinct;—and with their present instincts, large herds of herding animals could not exist together. If it be assumed that the supposed evil is not necessarily arrested at its beginning, but must produce a certain degree of degeneracy before destruction is the necessary result, then the animals we have particularized must all be approaching that state of decay and debility which when reached will result in destruction—in other words, whole races of God's creatures, His most useful wild creatures, are by His own inevitable laws degenerating and approaching extinction. Is any body ready to believe such nonsense—if, indeed, blasphemy is not a better word for it? We say blasphemy because such a theory seems to us to impeach the benevolence of that order of things which the Great Father of All Things has established throughout the Universe.

Yet have not domestic animals often degenerated rapidly from in-and-in breeding? Unquestionably so. But they had been first reduced from their normal state by man. His kindness or unkindness to them changed their natural habits. His mismanagement brought upon them hereditary diseases, predispositions to disease, and malformations. Therefore, as in the case of man, the inter-breeding of these diseased and defective animals produced rapid deterioration—and nearly related animals are much more likely to have the same maladies or the seeds of the same maladies in their systems. Experience has clearly demonstrated that where a hereditary disease or imperfection exists in both parents the progeny is likely to inherit it, or a predisposition to it, in a greater degree than it exists in either parent—particularly in the case of diseases. Thus we should expect the progeny of two first cousins, whether human

beings or brutes, of a family afflicted with scrofula, to exhibit that disease in a more aggravated form than it was manifested in the parents.

It is a rather singular fact, but seems to be very well attested, that in this hereditary transmission of maladies, an analogous disease is sometimes transmitted for a longer or shorter period to the offspring instead of the actual one which afflicts the parents. Mr. FINLAY DUN, the well known lecturer at the Edinburgh Veterinary College, in expressing his assent to the above proposition, says:—"Thus, a stock of cattle previously subject to phthisis (consumption) sometimes becomes affected for several generations with dysentery, to the exclusion of phthisis, but by and by dysentery disappears to give place to phthisis."

But it is time that we go back to those particular and specific facts which illustrate and, it is claimed, prove our leading propositions. Finding, contrary to our expectations, that the limits of a single article have scarcely advanced us to the middle of our subject, we shall resume it in our next number.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, MINOR ITEMS, &c.

WOLF DOGS.—Major CHAMBERLIN, of Daysville, Ogle Co., Ill., wishes to know where dogs can be procured that will protect sheep from wolves. The Spanish, Hungarian, and various other shepherd dogs of Europe will do this—and so will the genuine Mexican shepherd dog. We know not where any of these are to be found. The Scotch Colley is not large and powerful enough for this business. When traveling in the West a few years since, we saw a prairie wolf, with a broken leg, confined in a small inclosure—and an infamous looking wretch he was! When enraged, he opened his mouth about as far back as a gar fish or a pair of shears. His possessor told us that a few days before, some English sportsmen who were on a hunting tour, on hearing of the fighting qualities of a prairie wolf, proposed to turn in a massive and beautiful bull dog belonging to them on the poor maimed brute. The dog sprang forward and caught the wolf by the skin of his neck. The like neck, however, was at liberty, and the keen fangs cut like shears in every direction and at every touch. The bull-dog was covered with wounds and one of his feet nearly amputated in less than two minutes.

We were told the prairie wolf was not successfully encountered by any variety of dogs which bite and hold on. We saw many crosses between the greyhound and the cur—large, powerful dogs—having the activity of the hound and the strength of a large cur—which were said to be redoubtable wolf killers, and were kept for that purpose. They would at once overtake the slow prairie wolf, and like himself they would inflict a slashing bite, elude the jaws of the wolf, and then bite again until he was worried down and slain. We give these statements for all they are worth—not ourselves having a particle of experience on the subject.

WINTERING SHEEP IN WISCONSIN.—EDWIN REYNOLDS, of Metomen, (if that is the name,) Pon du Lac Co., Wis., thinks that the statements made by "Yorker" in this paper, April 30th, in regard to the wintering of sheep in the region of Pon du Lac, "have a tendency to produce the impression abroad that it is a poor region for wool growing purposes." Mr. R. feels that he is qualified by experience "to testify to the contrary." He cites three instances of flocks under his own observation, that have wintered well and almost without loss, on fair ordinary feed. One of these is his own. He says:—"I wintered 110. To 52 teds and old ones I fed half a bushel of oats per day. On the 3d of March I commenced feeding all my breeding ewes in the same proportion. My wethers went through on prairie hay and wheat straw without a particle of grain. All are now (May 23d,) in first rate condition. From 50 ewes I have raised 50 good, strong, healthy lambs. I raise oats for my sheep, and sow with them half a pint of club wheat to the acre. * * * I am satisfied that we have as good a region for wool growing as there is in the Northern States."

We are happy to record Mr. REYNOLDS' testimony—but he is mistaken in supposing that "Yorker" asserted anything to the contrary. He expressly said that the flocks which had good "care and feed" wintered well; and the losses he mentioned were attributed by him to a want of these, and to the unusual severity of the winter. Mr. REYNOLDS' plan of sowing a little wheat with his oats is a good one, to whatever animals he proposes to feed out the crop. For sheep, the mixture of peas (in larger quantities) with oats, is probably, however, preferable.

COSTIVENESS IN LAMBS.—MATTHIAS SOUTH, of Onondaga Co., N. Y., writes:—"It can easily be determined when lambs are thus affected. They will lie down and sleep—walk with difficulty—look broad along the back (owing to bloating)—give up sucking—and finally die in great pain. They require to be quickly attended to. I give a teaspoonful of antimony mixed with two or three times that amount of unsalted butter, once in 8 hours until it operates. This is a sure remedy. Also, give the ewe an ounce of epsom salts in half a teacupful of warm water. Costiveness is generally caused by over-feeding the ewes, whereby their milk is rendered unnaturally rich."

Sulphuret of Antimony is a diaphoretic (i. e. produces perspiration) and an alterative. If it encounters acid in the stomach it causes vomiting and purging—sometimes with violence. It is always uncertain in its operation. We cannot, therefore, consider it as the most suitable remedy to administer to costive lambs, though we doubt not it has worked well in the hands of our correspondent.

HOOF-ROT.—"Inquirer," of Tyre, Seneca Co., N. Y., is informed that we consider the disease he describes to be hoof-rot—not putting on the extreme symptoms of that malady, because chronic and prettily well kept under. The samples of ewes' wool sent are good,—especially that of the seven year old ewe. The ewe's teds exhibit excellent length of staple. The ram's wool we do not like as well. It is fine enough, but lacks the proper uniform crimp from end to end, and if the sheep has been housed, it does not exhibit sufficient yolkiness for a ram.

"LAMB CROP."—A friendly correspondent writes us about his "crop of lambs," and twice uses the phrase, "the lamb crop of 1884." This is as legitimate perhaps as talking about the "hog crop," the "butter crop," &c.; but in neither case is it "anything else" than a barbarous murder of the King's English!

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

Communications, Etc.

THE TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Timber should be felled during the summer months, to avoid early decay and the powder-post. The best quality of white oak for staves should be cut in June; barrels made from these will hold oil perfectly well, if thoroughly seasoned.

Ox bows, made from the walnut, ash and oak, should be cut in summer, while the sap is thin and flowing; it then rises to the limbs, bud and leaf, and soon passes off in vapor. As the wood contracts, the pores are closed; the timber, bark and soft wood, becomes dry and seasoned before the miller deposits the egg. This occurs in the month of May. The larvæ soon feeds upon the alburnum or soft wood, and, as it increases in size and strength, will penetrate deeper. If timber be cut during the cold months, after the falling of the leaf, the ascending sap remains dormant and fixed in the outer wood. This changes into a more dense and grosser fluid, causing the more speedy decay, also furnishing food for the larvæ or worm.

Pines which are felled late in autumn or during the winter months, and remain stationary, are sure to be filled with the grub or borer, unless the bark be cut along the uppermost side, admitting the rains to soak down and penetrate between the dry outer bark and soft wood, which will destroy their operations. We have had many a fine tree prostrated by storms of wind, also by fire, during the summer season, and lay there for years before they were cut into mill logs. These proved perfectly sound and free from the effects of the grub.

While I am now writing, the borer is at work in the rafters and other timbers of this house. Our tables, floors and clothing are daily sprinkled with their powder. This timber was cut and used in the fall of 1861.

Cedar posts should not be set into the ground before they are thoroughly seasoned, if you desire them to last. This is our experience and observation. SOLOMON W. JEWETT. El Tejon, Cal., 1864.

SUGGESTIONS ON RAISING CORN FODDER.

To raise the greatest amount of fodder from a given quantity of ground, is a matter worth the attention of every farmer.

For some years I have practiced sowing corn for fodder, with the most decided success. The process I have pursued has been something like the following:—Select a piece of ground of ordinary strength—a common wheat soil is strong enough, and a poorer soil will do better than a stronger one, as in a strong soil the corn will be apt to grow too strong and heavy in the stalk, make coarser fodder, and lodge. If sown upon a sod, it should be plowed but once; but if there is no sod, the better way is to plow in April, and harrow and plow again about the fifteenth of June. From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of June, sow three bushels of corn per acre. If the soil is loose, harrowing will do very well, but if somewhat heavy, harrow before sowing, and plow in with a cultivator; no more attention is needed until it is fit to cut. The best time to do this is generally in September or October, when the leaves have become somewhat dry, and the stalk more stiff; it will then be easier to handle, and stand up better. The most important part of the process is cutting and putting up, and all the failures that have occurred within my knowledge, have been the result of an error in this particular.

If the growth of fodder is not more than four to six feet in height, it may be cut with a strong grain cradle. A short scythe and but three strong fingers, are the best. Cradle it down, and let two hands follow with rakes; take a swath each, and set it in small shocks perfectly loose—no binding in sheaves about it. Let the shocks be of sufficient size to stand up well; tie the tops firmly with a handful of rye straw, and let it alone until winter, and if well put up, it will require but little attention to keep it from falling down, and when once firmly set, will shed water so as not to wet half an inch deep. If, however, the growth of the fodder should be very large, the best way to cut it is to take the German sickle, throw it in bunches, and put up as before, and draw as needed in the winter. It can not be put up in a mow, however dry it may appear to be, without heating and spoiling.

When the height of corn is from four and a half to six feet high, it makes the best quality of fodder, and if sown sufficiently thick, it will then be soft and sweet, and horses, cattle or sheep, will eat it up clean, stalk and all. The best way to feed it to sheep when the ground is frozen or covered with snow, is to scatter it thinly on the ground.

The quality of the food it makes, I consider superior to the best of hay, and the quantity three times that of the best meadow land. I have kept from two to four hundred head of sheep upon it almost exclusively. From an acre and a half to two acres of the fodder, I have found sufficient to winter one hundred head of sheep without any grain (except to ewes) through the month of March.

The advantages of making corn fodder in this way, instead of hay, are these:—First, you can plow up any rough, dry, hillside, and get from four to six tons of the best fodder per acre. It will grow and make a good crop in a season when clover and timothy will entirely fail. You can cut and put it up just as well in cloudy as in clear weather. It does not need to be cut in the throng of harvest, but may be left until the after part of seeding, as a few frosts will

* This communication is sent us by W. DUNBAR, who says he cut it from an old public document. It is certainly "above the average" of Pub. Docs.

do it but little injury. It yields three times the quantity per acre that ordinary meadows will. It does not cost over one-half the labor per ton to make it that hay does.

The causes from whence failures generally occur, are these:—Sowing on too strong a soil, producing a heavy, ligneous stock, and apt to lodge. Sowing too little seed, which also results in a heavy stalk. Tying it up in sheaves when cut, producing mold, and finally rotting. Stowing a quantity of it away in a mow, producing fermentation and injury.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

For Bruises or Sores on a Horse.

EDMUND HEWITT, of Galway, writes us he has used the following with good success:—"Take smart-weed, (*Polygonum Hydropiper*.) boil it in chamber ley. After boiling, put in a little soft soap. Wash while warm, two or three times a day. If the weather is cold, either dry it with a hot brick or cover with a cloth."

Storing Wood.

S. G., of Peterboro, N. Y., sends us his mode of storing wood that is green, for the purpose of seasoning it. He has an open shed 14 by 40 feet—built by setting six posts firmly in the ground—three of them being enough shorter than the other three to give the required pitch to the roof—lays poles on these posts and covers with boards—covering each joint with a good slab. Under this shelter he cords the wood when it is prepared stove length in winter and spring, whether it is green or wet, or both. In November he removes it to his wood-house adjoining the kitchen. He thinks such wood is worth one-third more than wood that has not been cured under cover. We agree with him.

Imphee Profits.

SANFORD BROWN, of Walworth Co., Wis., raised a half acre of "White Imphee" last season for sirup, and although it was an unfavorable season for its production, he got sixty-three gallons of the nicest sirup, weighing 12 pounds to the gallon—equal to the common grades of sugar for cooking, he says; but if nice, we say it is much better. He gave us the figures as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include: To fitting ground and planting, Cultivate and hoe, Cut cane, Draw cane eight miles, Use of half acre of land, Twenty-five cents per gal. for making 63 gals., By 63 gallons of sirup at 80 cents per gallon, worth one dollar.

An Experiment with Corn Cobs.

ON page 14, current Vol. RURAL, we copied from an exchange a statement of an experiment with corn cob meal compared with clear meal, and corn and cob meal. After reading it, CARLTON SMITH, of Niagara, N. Y., writes us he "went in for the cob meal," and he relates the result of his experiment as follows:—"I paid \$2 to get 22 bushels of cobs ground. I boiled or scalded the meal and fed it to my cattle and horses. The cattle would not eat it but a few days unless I put corn meal with it. Now, Mr. Editor, I will give you or "W. G.," (the writer of the article alluded to,) or any other man, \$1 per pound for all the beef or butter that can be made from corn cob meal."

We think our correspondent is safe in making the offer. We should have too much regard for our reputation as a humane man, to try to make beef or butter by giving animals a simple cob meal diet. Evidently, our correspondent has learned his lesson well.

Inquiries and Answers.

SEEDING WITH FLAX.—"Phiber" writes:—"I think no man will ever get a heavy crop of grass seeding with flax. I have tried it several times."

POTATOES AFTER BUCKWHEAT.—A correspondent writes in answer to an inquiry sometime since:—"Potatoes will do well after buckwheat, and rot but little in the worst of seasons."

GRUBS CUTTING BEANS.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me what will prevent grubs from cutting beans? I have about six acres of beans planted, and I find a good many grey grubs. They are also making sad havoc with my corn.—H. BROOKWICH.

WHAT WILL MAKE A HORSE'S MANE GROW?—I wish to inquire if you, or some of the readers of the RURAL, can tell me what will make a horse's mane grow fast? I have a valuable horse which has rubbed his mane off, and I am anxious to have it grow out as soon as possible.—A SUBSCRIBER, Delaware, Wis.

HAY-LOADING MACHINE.—(M. W. C., Lorain Co., Ohio.) We have seen engravings and models of hay-loading machines, but we have never seen one at work. We agree with you that if machines can be procured that will save this heaviest labor of the hay-field, it will be an important addition to the labor-saving machinery of the farm. But it is important that the price of such machines should be such as to render it economical for the farmer to purchase them.

—Since writing the above we have seen a report of a trial of "FAUST'S Hay Loader" in Herkimer Co. But the trial does not seem to have been conclusive as to its merits.

COWS LEAKING MILK.—(A. C. C.) A correspondent of the RURAL once said he cured a cow by bathing her teats, previous to her making bag, with melted tallow, every three or four days, till she calved. It can be done after milking as well, when the bag is empty. There is an article called Colloidon or Liquid Gutta, which may be obtained of druggists. Apply this to the end of the teats after milking the cow. It at once forms a thin, tough skin, and closes the orifice. At the next milking this skin can be broken through, and after milking the Colloidon again applied. After a few applications in this way, the defect will be cured, and no more need be applied.

Rural Notes and Items.

NEW HALF VOLUME AND NEW TERMS.—As already announced, the Second Half of Volume XV of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence next week—July 2. All whose subscriptions expire with the first half of the volume—this week—will find the number of the paper (No. 754) printed after address on labels. Those wishing the paper continued without interruption—as we trust all do—should renew promptly, as we shall not print a large extra edition, and may not be able to supply back numbers more than two or three weeks. [See article headed "To Agents and Subscribers," on page 211.]

Agents, Subscribers, and all others interested, are referred to last page for the terms upon which the RURAL will hereafter be furnished. Our reasons for establishing these terms have already been given. The rates are low, considering cost of publishing the paper, and must be rigidly adhered to. Every one having occasion to remit for the paper—either at single copy or club rate—should first examine the terms, and be sure to send in accordance therewith.

THE DEATH OF JUDGE E. H. GILBERT, of Nunda, N. Y., is announced. For the past quarter of a century Judge G. has been a resident of Livingston county, extensively engaged in agricultural pursuits, and prominently identified with all the public and useful enterprises of his locality. The Nunda News, in a just tribute to his character and memory, says he "was respected in community for his stern and inflexible principles of integrity, his many qualities and his public spirit. In the circle of his more immediate acquaintance, no citizen has been more highly esteemed and respected for the social and friendly attributes which ever distinguished him, and for those qualities his memory will be cherished for years to come. As a counsellor of the young, and an exemplary christian man, he was always noted, and his decease occasions a vacancy in society which will long remain unfilled."

Judge GILBERT was among the most ardent and substantial friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Through his efforts and influence its circulation and usefulness were largely augmented, not only in his own locality but in other sections where he was acquainted and induced friends to introduce the paper to notice and support. He has probably sent us over a thousand subscribers during the past ten years, and no doubt induced others to send a still greater number—and all for the benefit of the cause and community, rather than any pecuniary or personal gain. He was engaged in promoting many rural enterprises, and we only cite his aid of the RURAL as evidence of his influence and success. Judge G. was nearly sixty-seven at the time of his decease.

THE RAVAGES OF THE ROSE-BUG.—In another column, in our horticultural department, we publish an article on this pest, which we learn from B. M. BAKER, Esq., is doing a good deal of damage in Brighton, in this county—not only eating the orchard foliage, but ravaging the corn fields to a serious extent. We know of no mode of exterminating them when they appear in such force. We give here Dr. HARRIS' description of them, because it is more detailed and accurate than that given by Dr. WARDER. It is a beetle; "measures seven-twentieths of an inch in length. Its body is slender, tapers before and behind, and is entirely covered with very short and close ashen-yellow down; the thorax is long and narrow, angularly widened in the middle; the elytra are short, and the legs are of a red color; the joints of the feet are tipped with black, and are very long." By this description our readers may be able to identify it—and then invent means to save the crops on which it predepredates. They have got to be caught and killed. We know of no other way to get rid of them.

THE BAY CITY SIGNAL is the title of a large, handsome and well-filled weekly newspaper, just started at Bay City, Mich., by Capt. Wm. T. KENNEDY, Jr., recently of this city, and for many years connected with the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Capt. K. lately resigned his position as Assistant Office Editor of the RURAL to enter upon this new enterprise, and No. 1 of the Signal gives evidence of the talent, taste and enterprise we have long known him to possess. We wish the Captain signal success, and are confident he will merit and find troops of friends and substantial patrons in his new home and business enterprise.

SANFORD HOWARD TO THE FARMERS OF MICHIGAN.—We have received a circular issued by the new Secretary of the Michigan Board of Agriculture, SANFORD HOWARD, to the farmers of that State. The circular contains twenty-eight questions which the Secretary desires answered by farmers into whose hands it may fall. The object of these questions is "to obtain correct information in regard to the Agricultural resources of the State." We trust our readers in Michigan will respond promptly and in detail to these inquiries.

SOLDIER'S AND TRAVELLER'S WORK, TOLLIT AND WRITING CASE.—Such is the "title" of a "work" placed on our table by ALLINGS & CORY, of this city, which in a space of 8 inches long and two inches in diameter, contains paper, envelopes, checker-board, buttons, thimble, chalk, ink bottle, needles, scissors, tweezers, pins, tooth-picks, pens, pen-holder, pencil, tooth-brush, silk, twist, yarn, black and white thread, and pocket room enough for anything else not enumerated. It is a big "work."

AFRICAN SEEDS.—We find the following in an exchange:—"The Commissioner of Agriculture has just received from TIMOTHY D. HIBBARD, M. D., of Sierra Leone, seeds and specimens of several native African plants—among them, HOOS-KOOS, a kind of corn much esteemed as food for man, beast and fowl, and very prolific; sour sorrel, useful as seasoning, &c.; Congo beans, gourds, peanuts, a plant called Fundi, and an unnamed flowering shrub similar to the catalpa."

THE USE OF LIME IN STORING HAY AND GRAIN.—We call the especial attention of our agricultural readers to what is said in the first article on the first page of this paper, about the use of lime in storing hay and grain. It is a matter of no little importance and value to hay makers. Philosophy, in this instance, commends what practice has demonstrated to be valuable.

HAYNES' PATENT BRACE FENCE.—From recent examination and testing of a specimen (several lengths) of this fence, we have formed a favorable opinion in regard to its merits. It can be made portable or stationary, and is apparently very substantial and durable, as well as cheap. We commend the fence to the attention of farmers and others interested.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE FAIR.—This exhibition is to be held at Easton, commencing the 27th day of September, and continuing four days. Preparations for a large exhibition are being made.

IMPLEMENT TRIAL IN IOWA.—Such a trial is announced to take place at Burlington, Iowa, Sept. 26th, under the auspices of the State Agricultural Society.

Horticultural.

APPLE TREES DYING IN THE WEST.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—What ails the apple trees at the West? The largest and oldest trees—those twelve to fifteen years old, that bore apples last year—are dying now. The proportion will average about one-third. A month ago they looked thrifty and good; but now the leaves are wilting and drying up. Some that were very full of blossoms four weeks ago, are now dead. The leaves first wilt, then curl up and dry up, as if there had been a fire under the trees. Where the trees are well cultivated, and where they are not, it is all the same—especially about grafted trees.

Now what ails the trees? Is it the dry, hot weather, (for it is dry and hot here now,) or is it disease; or was it caused by the severe winter? If the latter, why not kill the young trees as well as the older ones? I set twelve acres two years ago; they are doing well; all cultivated alike. Is there any cure or remedy? Please answer an old subscriber. O. D. V. Columbus, Wis., June 9, 1864.

REMARKS.—We do not know what ails your trees. We hear of similar cases in other localities. We shall be glad to receive full reports of the condition of orchards, from all quarters.

THE HARDY MAGNOLIAS.

Of all the hardy ornamental spring flowering trees which embellish the garden and lawn in our climate, the Magnolias, by common consent, take the front rank. There are two classes, one indigenous to North America, the other to China and Japan.

Of the former, DOWNING says:—"The North American trees composing the genus *Magnolia* are certainly among the most splendid productions of the forests in any temperate climate; and when we consider the size and fragrance of their blossoms, or the beauty of their large and noble foliage, we may be allowed to doubt whether there is a more magnificent and showy genus of deciduous trees in the world. They attracted the attention of the first botanists who came over to examine the riches of our native flora, and were transplanted to the gardens of England and France more than a hundred years ago, where they are still valued as the finest hardy trees of that hemisphere. The American Magnolias, which are hardy here in Western New York, are:

1st. The Cucumber Magnolia, (*acuminata*), indigenous to our own forests; it attains the height of fifty to eighty feet; growth regular and symmetrical; leaves six inches long by four wide; in young plants nearly twice as large. Flowers pale yellow, tinged with bluish-purple, three to four inches in diameter; fragrant. Blossoms here about 1st of June.

2d. The Umbrella Magnolia (*tripetala*) attains the height of twenty to twenty-five feet; has leaves eighteen or twenty inches long and seven or eight broad, arranged in threes and fours, like an umbrella, on the ends of the shoots. Flowers white; very large and fragrant; appear in the early part of June. Trees now (June 16) in full blossom at Rochester. In our climate this tree sends up a succession of shoots from the root, which form new stems to take the place of the old ones as they decline. It is fatal to it to attempt to train it to a single stem or trunk. The magnificent tufted foliage of this tree gives it a semi-tropical appearance, which few trees of our climate possess.

3d. The Large-leaved Magnolia (*macrophylla*).—This tree has not, we believe, been found indigenous farther north than North Carolina, and is not so hardy as the others; yet in sheltered situations it endures our climate. It attains scarcely so large a size as the *tripetala*. The leaves on young trees are of enormous size, and the flowers also very large and fragrant. We have a tree here about twenty feet high, from which we have taken a leaf two feet nine inches long and fifteen inches wide. It is just now (June 16) coming into blossom. Like the *tripetala*, the leaves are grouped in tufts on the ends of the branches.

4th. The Swamp Magnolia, (*glauca*), with deep green, glossy leaves, and white, sweet-scented flowers, about the size of a common tulip. The under side of the leaves is quite silvery. A beautiful, small tree.

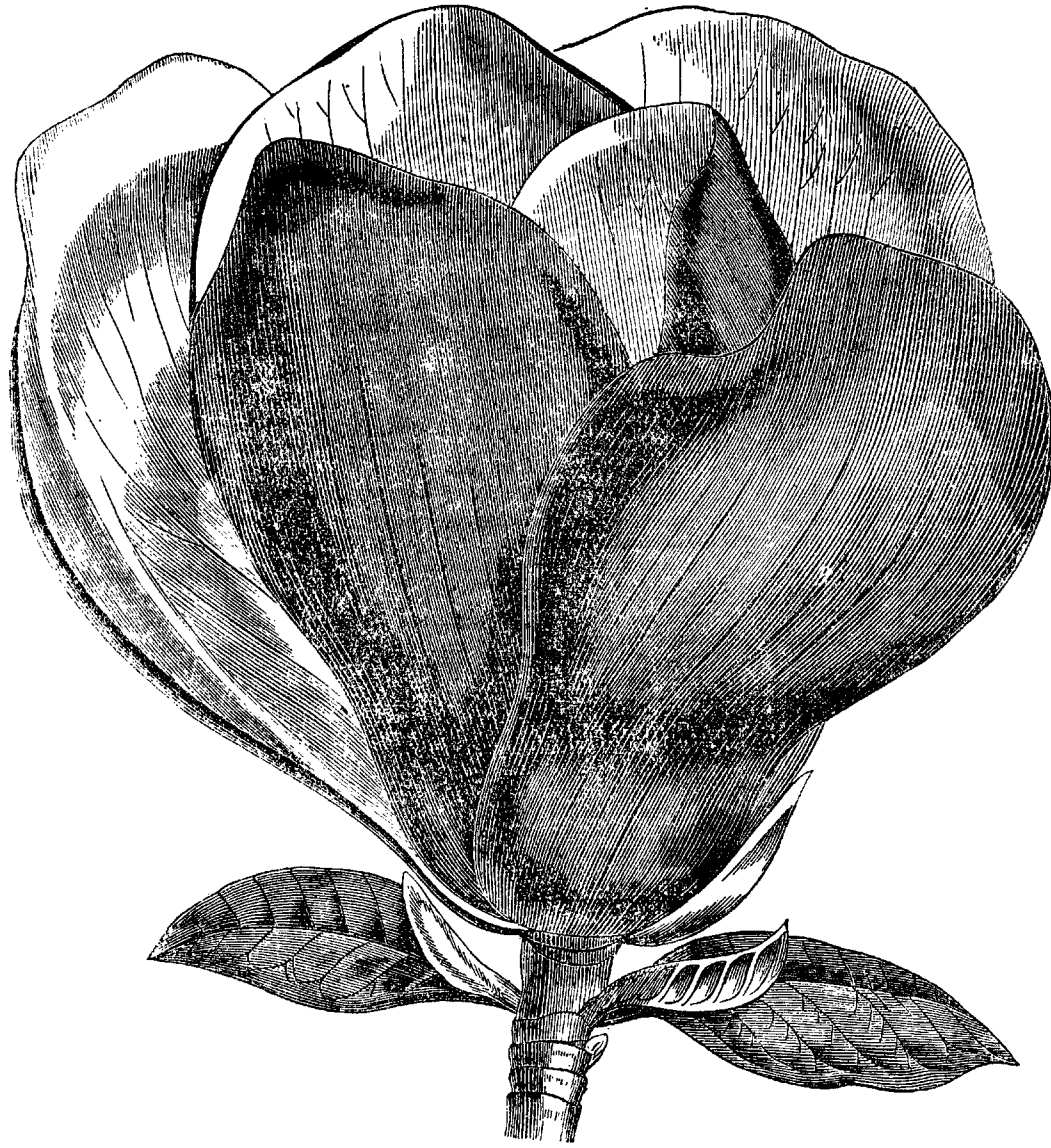
5th. Thompson's Magnolia, (*Thompsoniana*), said to be a hybrid between the *glauca* and some other. We think it is merely a variety of *glauca*. It has large foliage and flowers, and a stronger growth, than the species. This one is usually propagated by budding or grafting in the *acuminata*. All the preceding are grown from seed.

There are several other species and varieties of American Magnolias, including the Evergreen one of the South, (*grandiflora*), which is not hardy here. Those we have named are all propagated and sold in the nurseries.

THE CHINESE MAGNOLIAS.

These differ in one very important particular from the American. Their flowers appear before the leaves, during the month of May. The American species flower in June and July, when in full leaf. While the Chinese species do not equal the American in the size and grandeur of the foliage, they far surpass them in the profusion, beauty, and showiness of their flowers. Indeed, as floral ornaments in the garden or on the lawn in early spring, they have no rivals nor equals.

They are perfectly hardy, and quite as easily grown as the native species. They can all be



FLOWER OF MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA.

grafted on the *acuminata*, which seems to improve them both in size and hardness. They can also be grown from seed and from layers. The species and varieties in cultivation here are as follows:

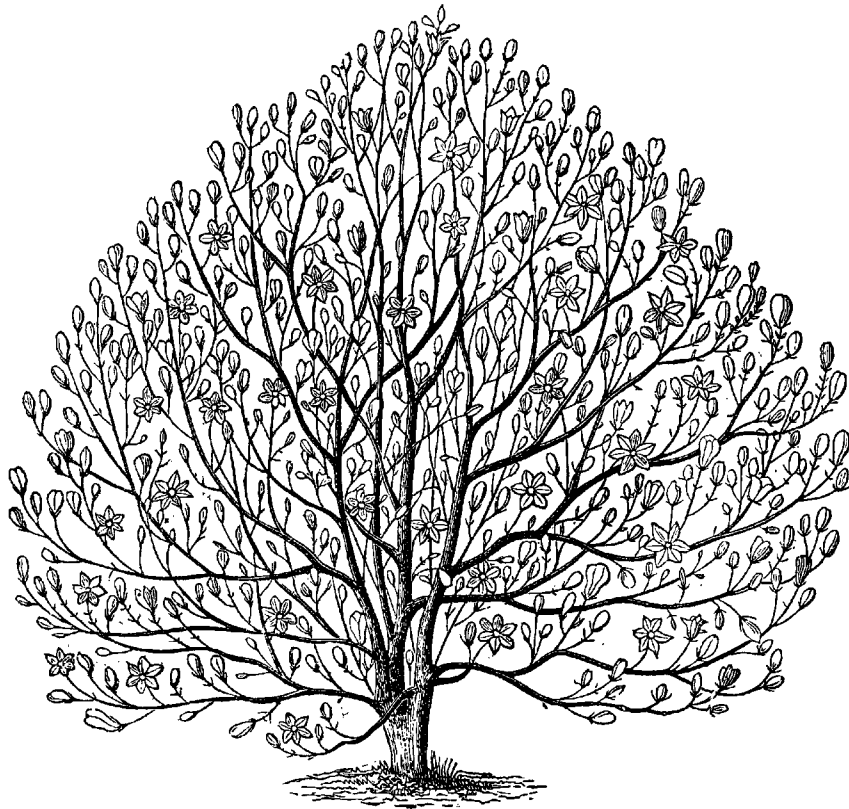
1st. The Purple Flowered, (*purpurea*), which attains only the size of a shrub, some six to eight feet in height. Has numerous stems, produced from the root or collar. Flowers purple outside and whitish within.

2d. The Chinese White Magnolia or Yulan, (*conspicua*).—This was the first of the Chinese or Asiatic species introduced to Europe by Sir JOSEPH BANKS, in 1789. It attains the height of thirty feet, and is of symmetrical growth, assuming a fine pyramidal form. The leaves are of good size; flowers pure white, about three inches in diameter; blossoms here in May. A large tree covered with these beautiful white, lily-like flowers, is an object of wondrous beauty. LOUDON mentions a plant in England in 1835, trained on a wall, having 5,000 flowers on it. DOWNING mentioned one in the *Horticulturist*, in the year 1847, on his own grounds, which had on it 3,000 flowers open at once. This tree had been planted fourteen years, and was twenty feet high, the branches spreading over a space fifteen feet in

diameter. It was grafted, a foot from the ground, on the *acuminata*.

3d. Soulange's White and Purple, (*Soulangeana*).—This is a hybrid between the Purple and Conspicua, produced by a French Horticulturist many years ago. It is a little more hardy than the Conspicua, more spreading in habit, and the flowers are a rich lilac purple outside. The accompanying wood cut is the portrait of a tree of this variety, about twelve feet in height, and the same in diameter of branches. The blossoms on it this season might have been counted by the thousand. We annex a wood cut of a single flower. Several seedlings have been produced from this variety, differing from it in some unimportant particulars. *Speciosa* and *Norbertiana* are now in our catalogues. A new one named LENNE, lately figured in the *English Florist*, is described as best of all the Purple Magnolias.

The Magnolias are generally regarded as being somewhat difficult to transplant, unless when very young. Our experience is that the most favorable moment to transplant them is just as the leaf buds begin to open in the spring. This, however, is not always practicable. We have moved several trees of large size, almost fully in leaf, without losing one.



MAGNOLIA SOULANGEANA.

Portrait of a tree 12 feet high and 12 feet in diameter of branches, in the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY.

DR. WARDER ON THE ROSE-BUG.

THE rose-bug, or *Macrodactylus subspinosus*, formerly *Melolontha subspinosus*, is found very abundant in some seasons, in different parts of the country, about the middle of June, clustering upon roses, grape vines, apple trees, and other plants, upon which it is crowded, and which it eats occasionally. It is a small, buff-yellow beetle, with shining yellow legs, and very long, black feet. It is very voracious, and not very discriminating. The elder is freely eaten by them, though generally considered obnoxious to insects. It is singular that it should be so irregularly distributed over the country, being rare at some points and most

troublesome from its abundance at others, and utterly destructive of some fruits, particularly of the apple in some parts of the West. One orchard, in Mercer county, Ill., was entirely stripped of its fruit for seven years, in succession, except two years, when there was some very imperfect fruit.

This beetle belongs to the family MELOLONTHIDÆ, the same group which includes a common insect of kindred habits—*Iachnosterna quercina*—which some years is so numerous in particular localities as wholly to destroy the fruit when in its germ. * * * These insects make their appearance suddenly in incredible numbers. In 1826, not a rose-bug was visi-

ble on the last day of May. Esquire Lowell, who prepared a history of this insect, says that he gathered some peas at 8 A. M. on the 1st of June, and that then there was not a bug to be seen on the vines. At 10 o'clock, on revisiting the vines, they were literally overrun with rose-bugs of both sexes, generally paired. He proceeded to kill them by hand. Three hours afterward they had appeared upon some rows of bunch beans, to the number of some thousands. These were all killed, and then, on returning to the peas to see if any there had been overlooked, he found the vines as full as before. The next day he found them upon his corn, then only six inches high; twenty-five bugs were counted upon a single leaf, and one hundred and five upon one of the hills. They also attacked his young cherry trees, and in twelve hours completely stripped them of their leaves. He says it would be but a moderate computation to allow that they killed a hundred thousand of these insects on a quarter of an acre. They followed them up regularly every morning for a week, and thus nearly subdued them, on that piece of ground.

They continue about a month, and then disappear. Toward the close of their lives, the females crawl an inch or more into the ground, where they deposit their eggs, about thirty in number, whitish, and almost globular. These hatch twenty days afterward, and the little grubs feed upon whatever tender, juicy roots they can find, and grow to their full size before winter; they are then three-quarters of an inch long, yellow, and polished, and six short legs beneath the breast. These worms descend into the ground for the winter; and in the spring come up near to the surface, and pass into their pupa state by crowding out a cell in the earth. * * * These latter have several natural enemies; the large Dragon Fly, and several other predacious insects, seize and devour numbers of them, but human aid is necessary for their destruction, when very numerous.

Horticultural Notes.

TO DRIVE ANTS FROM PEONIES.—Smoke them well with tobacco and pour a weak solution of the same around the roots. I have tried the above this summer, and now see my Peonies doing well.—LIZZIE R.

THE CURRANT WORM.—We know from repeated experiments the past week, that powdered hellebore, sprinkled on the bushes in quite limited quantities, will clear the worms in double quick time. We have succeeded in completely eradicating them from ours, and have the promise of a superb crop.—*Ithaca Journal*.

RIPE PEACHES IN JUNE.—A ripe peach on the 25th of June! This is crowding the season, but nevertheless the fruit is as luscious and palatable as though produced in the regular order in August. Mr. WILLIAM HARRADENCE, the skillful gardener at SMITH'S Nurseries, puts us under obligations to him for a ripe peach raised in the conservatory of that nursery. Several trees of this species are now bearing ripe fruit there.—*Syracuse Journal*.

HARDY APPLE TREES.—My soil is inclined to clay—my situation is near the edge of the prairie, and is well sheltered by groves of young timber. The lowest point I observed the thermometer, the past winter, was 30° below zero. The following varieties with no protection, except as named, passed the winter entirely unharmed: Vandevere, Rawle's Janette, Keswick Codlin, Rambo, Dutchess of Oldenburgh, Seek-no-further and Wine Sap. Some other varieties were but slightly injured. These trees were three years from the graft and one year transplanted. Will your Wisconsin readers report the effects, in their localities, upon the above and any other varieties they may have in cultivation?—L. L. FAIRCHILD, *Rolling Prairie, Wis.*

Domestic Economy.

PAPERING WHITE-WASHED WALLS.

L. L. F., writes that a pound of glue dissolved in three gallons of paste, thin enough to flow rapidly, is used, while hot, to size the walls. Add glue to the paste used in papering, also. Washing the wall with salt and vinegar is also recommended by the same writer.

WM. H. LACY, of Ohio, writes:—"Add to one gallon of good strong vinegar, four ounces of glue. Heat until glue is dissolved, then take a white-wash brush and wash the walls with it, and I will warrant the paper to stick."

E. GILLET, of Iowa, writes:—"Take milk—skimmed milk will do if not sour—and whitening, mix and go over the walls with a white-wash brush. I have tried it to my satisfaction."

E. M. WHITMER writes:—"Scrape off all the loose white-wash. Dissolve one pound of alum in ten quarts of soft water. With a large brush apply it to the wall. When dry put on your paper, using rye flour for paste, and it is sure to stick."

U. S. GRANT CAKE.—Take one pound of flour; one of butter; one of sugar; ten eggs; one gill of brandy; two pounds currants; two and a half pounds raisins; half pound citron; half an ounce mace; half ounce cinnamon; two nutmegs; one spoonful ginger; half wine glass rose water. The currants should be washed and cleaned the day previous. Stone the raisins and cut them in halves; sprinkle the currants and raisins well with flour; mix the brandy and rose water into a cup, adding thereto the spice, pounded fine. If you use brown sugar dry and roll it; if white, crush it and pass through a coarse sieve. Stir the butter and sugar together, beat your eggs very light, and add to the butter and sugar; to this add a part of the flour; then stir in the spices and liquors; then add the remainder of the flour, and the currants and raisins alternately. Stir the whole a few minutes. Butter a large tin pan, and cover the sides and bottom with sheets of white paper well buttered; then put into the pan some of the cake, as above mixed, and spread upon it a few strips of citron; then another portion of the cake and upon that some citron, and so on until the whole is in the pan. It will require four or five hours baking.—MERTIE MAC.

PICKLING CAULIFLOWER.—T. ROESSE, the proprietor of the Delevan House, at Albany, has long been famous for his fine celery. His work on the culture and care of celery is a valuable one. It is asserted he is equally unrivalled in the culture of cauliflowers, and manages to keep his table supplied with this delicious esculent at all seasons of the year, and this is the way he pickles it.—He splits the stalk with a knife, in order that the brine may penetrate the interior. He then determines the strength of his brine, not as is usual, by making a potato swim in it, but by placing the potato in the bottom of the jar and pouring the brine on, increasing its strength as it (the potato) rises slowly to the surface. This will give the exact measure of the proper strength. Most people spoil their pickled cauliflowers by making the brine too strong. It took Mr. R. three years of experimenting to discover the true secret; and now that he is master of it, he is anxious that the public should reap the benefit of it.

WATER COLOR PAINTING.—For the benefit of MARY, I would say that I do not know the system of painting with water colors, as I never had a teacher; but I will give my experience. I bought one of ROGERS' boxes containing twelve different paints; also brushes, dishes to contain water, and pencils. I procured mine in Ithaca; price one dollar. Wet the brush slightly in the dish and brush on the edge of the paint. Always draw the flowers before painting them. Have one sized paper for all, and when done they may be bound.—Mrs. S. M. R., *Mecklenburg, N. Y.*, 1864.

WETTING THE BROOM.—The *Rural New-Yorker* advises the women to wet the broom often when sweeping a carpet, so as to keep down the dust. Don't you do it. Two or three such sweepings will fade a carpet more than a year of sunshine.—*Buffalo Courier*.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM SILK.—Can you, or any of your correspondents, tell what will remove wheel grease from silk, without injuring its luster?—A. R. *Flint, Mich.*

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Will the numerous correspondents of the *RURAL* favor me with some recipes for strawberry shortcake? and oblige—A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

TO MAKE SNAIL-SHELLS TRANSPARENT.—Will some one tell me how to make snail-shells transparent? I have seen them almost as transparent as glass, but do not know how to prepare them. I am very anxious to know. I have been told to boil them in saleratus water and it would make them so. I have tried it, but it would not do it. I can make them a chalk white by boiling them in strong vinegar, and then scraping or brushing them. If some one will tell me how to make them transparent, they will greatly oblige—ELIZA C. P., *Midleville, Mich.*

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

THE BEST TREE IS CLUBBED.—The vendors of worthless Saleratus make a point against De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, and have gone so far as to put out a spurious article, hoping thereby to destroy its reputation. It is the best tree in the orchard that is most clubbed. Buy only the Chemical Saleratus. We have tried it.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY POEM WILL NEVER BE FINISHED.*

BY BROTHER L. TO KATE WOODLAND.

This poem will never be finished—
"This beautiful poem of mine;"
But when I with joy may resume it,
"Only my God can divine."

'Tis true, long ago I commenced it,—
"This beautiful poem of mine,"
Which angels in pity are reading,
And dropping a tear on each line,

'Tis true "Wedded love" led each stanza
And ended each rapture thrilled line,
And Poverty vainly attempted,
To shatter its measure divine.

'Tis true that my song once so joyous
Died away to a wail on my lips;
And the blossoms bedecking my pathway
Were hidden by Death's dark eclipse.

Yet I feel that the old tones of gladness
In my soul are lingering still,
And the notes that her sweet voice sounded
Will sometime in unison thrill.

And the flowers, I know, are still blooming,
That bloomed in the bygone years;
Although I can scarcely discern them,
My eyes are so blinded with tears.

God rules over all in His mercy;
And though for the present bereft
Of all but "a leaf" of my poem,
I thank Him for what is still left.

Oh! no, it will never be finished,
"This beautiful poem of mine,"
But when I with joy may resume it,
"Only my God can divine."

*On page 144, current Vol. RURAL, we published a poem entitled "The Unfinished Poem," inscribed to Brother L. by KATE WOODLAND. This is in response to that poem, by the brother, who was in the army and is now a prisoner.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AMARANTH.

"Immortal Amaranth, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom."—Paradise Lost.

It was a summer day in Greece. All day the landscape had rejoiced beneath a cloudless sky, and now, as the sun sank toward the western wave, the blue vault seemed to descend until its edge rested upon the distant mountain tops. Earth and heaven met in serene embrace. The departing rays flashed across the dancing waters, filling the atmosphere with a golden glow, until it seemed transformed into a sea of glory.

Presently the silence was broken by a merry shout, and a company of maidens, bearing garlands and baskets of flowers, appeared upon the brow of a neighboring hill, and looked out upon the bright blue sea. In an instant every voice was hushed. Not a motion, not a whisper indicated the rapture of the moment, but the Grecian spirit, attuned to melody and possessed of an exquisite appreciation of the beautiful, flashed from the kindling eye, quivered in the dilated nostril, and curled in the chiseled lip. Slowly they descended the slope, the light drapery of their Ionian robes floating like a mist about them, their golden girdles and snowy fillets bathed in the bright glow of the atmosphere, until standing upon the very beach, one might have imagined that Aphrodite and her train of sea nymphs had arisen from the waves.

It had been a festal day among the Grecian youth, and the maidens gathering together upon the shore, spoke sadly of the fast passing hours. "Let us keep this day in remembrance," said the gentle NEREA. "Let us gather the rose-lipped shells upon the beach, and build a grotto which may tempt even Amphitrite from her watery realm."
"Nay, rather," spake the fair-haired THALIA, "let us choose some favorite tree and adorn it with our garlands. Let us enjoy the short-lived beauties while we may, for see, they are already fading."

"And let us each weave a crown of her favorite flower," replied the dark-eyed MYRRHA, "and when the moon has waxed and waned, and only a slender horn hangs in the distant horizon, let us return to seek the garlands of our choice."

When each had made her choice of flowers, they seated themselves by the beach and wove the gay chaplets. Day was fast fading into darkness as they climbed the verdant slope, each explaining to her companions the reason of her choice.

"The rose is beauty's queen, said the white-armed CALISTA, "and beauty's sway is universal."

"The Olive is the favorite of Athene," spake the staid SOPHIA, "and I shall choose it mindfully. Thus they discoursed until all but one, the blue-eyed ATHANASIA, had assigned the reason of her preference. "And what is thine, little one," asked the queenly IDA. "Hast thou no choice?"

The maiden raised her large and thoughtful eyes toward Heaven, and reverently placed an Amaranthine garland upon her snowy brow. "Immortality," she murmured; and the maidens gathered around her and blessed her choice.

The moon waxed and waned, and again its slender horn hung above the horizon. At the same bright hour of sunset, the group of maidens appeared again upon the hill. No merry shout heralded their approach, but with bowed heads and tearful eyes they came down the slope; for one, "the blue-eyed ATHANASIA," was not in their midst. She had passed away, even as the fading flower. Slowly they gathered beneath the tree upon which each had hung her chosen garland, and there, amid the faded glories, hung the purple wreath, as bright and fair as when it first glowed in the rosy twilight. The Amaranth was immortal.

Gouverneur, N. Y., 1864. L. A. O.

WHAT IS BECOMING.

THE effects of color on complexion are learned from experience, and the subject cannot be treated successfully in a short paper like the present. Portrait artists know how many are the colors that mingle in one face, and slightly varying proportions and small omissions produce differences in the skin, so that colors which suit one person are not becoming to another, although the complexions of the two are supposed to be the same. A candid friend, or the more candid looking-glass, must be the ultimate appeal. Now that we have touched the delicate subject of the mirror, let us notice the fact of how much the position of a glass, in reference to the light, has to do in making a person satisfied or discontented with his, or her, appearance. The most flattering position for the glass is when placed between two windows, the equal cross-light reducing inequalities and roughnesses to a minimum. The most unbecoming reflection is from a glass in front of a window, the only one in a room. It is remarkable, and perhaps unexplained, that any irregularity of the features, anything out of drawing in the face, is increased when seen in a glass. There is a great difference in the color of the glass itself; some glasses are very pure and white; some have a greenish tinge, necessarily producing disheartening reflections.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

—THE following touching story of a dollar greenback on exhibition at the New York Sanitary Commission Fair, is told by the *Spirit of the Fair*:—"A pastor in an inland town had called upon his congregation to contribute to the Sanitary Commission, and had met a liberal response. The next day a woman, who depends upon her daily work for her own support and that of her children, brought him a dollar bill to be added as her mite to the collection. Her pastor declined to take it, telling her she ought not to give so much; but the woman insisted, adding, 'We've had it in the house many weeks; we can not spend it.' Seeing that the bill was much torn, and supposing that she had found difficulty in passing it, her pastor said, 'Oh, I'll give you a good bill for it.' 'No, that's not it. It was in brother SAM'S pocket when he was wounded. He's dead now, and we have his torn pocket-book; and mother said (the mother is a widow, and he was her only son,) we will give that dollar to the Sanitary Commission; we can not spend it.'"

—SOMEBODY who watched the turn-outs at Longchamps, on the "Fashions" day in Paris, says of the ladies' apparel:—"The color worn was pink of different shades. To be perfectly *à la mode*, pink is the word—but no—see—there comes a lovely blue dress and bonnet, and parol all to match. Blue mantles is not *de rigueur*, for there is the next one, all in blue, wearing a black mantle. Then, here comes a green cape bonnet, trimmed with roses, and there is a love of a lilac one, alone. So my conclusion is, that each fair one is at liberty to choose the color which best becomes her. Pink or white, trimmed with roses, can better be worn with mixed toilettes than blue, and is therefore always more worn. A peculiar shade of purplish pink is a novelty which will doubtless take."

—A NEW YORK paper relates that last week the daughter of a wealthy citizen residing up the Fifth avenue, eloped with a young man belonging to a respectable family in Newburgh. The lady is twenty years of age, handsome, and highly accomplished. The gentleman is only seventeen, homely, awkward, and by no means remarkable for intellect. The lady accidentally met the young man in company some months ago, and fell in love with him. She insisted, they say, upon eloping, and he complied with her wishes. They married at once, but her parents will do nothing for their support, and the young bridegroom is unable to support himself, leaving a wife out of the question. Marry in haste, repent at leisure.

—JENNIE asks if we will be so kind as to permit some of the intelligent readers of the RURAL to give their views in regard to the education of young ladies for physicians; and where the best advantages for a medical education can be obtained, on terms within the reach of those in moderate circumstances. We have not the least objection to the intelligent, candid discussion of this subject. Of one thing we think there should be no question—that women should be educated for and employed as physicians by their own sex. We believe a great deal of suffering would be saved to women thereby.

—A NEW "love of a bonnet," a recent fashion writer says, "is called the 'Night Blooming Cereus,' and so far as we have been able to find out, is only one in the city. It is of the finest quality, exquisitely beautiful, and trimmed with the outside with a bouquet of the rare and beautiful 'Night Blooming Cereus.' The flower is made of threads of pearl and white silk, sprinkled over with dewdrops, so as to deceive the most practical eye at first. It is fastened to the bonnet with a pearl clasp, certain of white blonde, face trimmings with star flowers set in illusion—and strings of white ribbon."

—A YOUNG clerk in Albany saw a beautiful young girl among the Mormons who passed through that city on Saturday week, and falling in love at first sight, offered to marry her outright. He was scornfully refused, the girl preferring to run her chances of getting the twentieth or thirtieth part of a man in Utah.

—THERE is a woman twenty-eight years of age, now on exhibition in Montreal, who has been in the habit of swallowing needles ever since she was eight years old, and who has thousands of them in her body. She seems to like them.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMORIES.

BY KITTY CRANSTON.

MEMORIES, both sad and gay,
Linger round the heart to day;
Forms of the past seem to come
Floating through the twilight gloom.

Now they sweep in circles bright,
Fill the room with holy light;
Now in darker trains they tread,
Mourning for the early dead.

Forms more bright, earth may not boast;
Dearer ones were never lost;
And as now they come, we know
All the joys of long ago.

As they pass, once more we hold
In our own hands so cold;
Once more wish that we might die,
Go with them to worlds on high.

Now, too, comes the thought of home,
Paths, 'twas our delight to roam,
Trysts where youthful friends we met,
Friends whom we love dearly yet.

Memories of hopes of old,
Ere the heart grew sad and cold;
Bright dreams of a world of truth,
And the trust of early youth.

All too soon the visions fade;
Deeper shadows have they made;
But they leave some gleams of light
Which will cheer our sorrow's night.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PERSONNEL OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE almost invariably associate men of fame with men of frame—commanding intellect and influence with commanding personal appearance. Though the two are often found associated in the same individual, as in the case of GEORGE WASHINGTON, HENRY CLAY, Gen. SCOTT, and many others; yet there is not unfrequently a striking disparity between the two. We find an instance of this in the person of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the man who now enjoys the unenviable distinction of being accounted (as he doubtless is) the head and front of the present rebellion,—the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever known.

It would not be surprising if those who have never seen Mr. DAVIS and know of him only as the arch-traitor of this wicked rebellion, should imagine him to be, in stature and physical proportions, considerably above the average of men, with a countenance indicative of his real character as a man of great energy and ability, wholly given up to the accomplishment of a most wicked purpose—the ruin of his country. My recollections of Mr. DAVIS' personal appearance, however, are very different from any such conception of him.

While spending a week in Washington, soon after the meeting of Congress in December, 1863, I received an invitation from a friend, a member of the House, to accompany him to a "Congressional Party" at the residence of Col. JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War. I gladly accepted the invitation, and at the appointed time called on my friend and accompanied him to the residence of Mr. DAVIS. Colored servants (slaves) in black dress suit and white kids, answered the door-bell and showed us to the dressing-room above. In a few moments we descended to the parlor, near the entrance of which Mr. and Mrs. DAVIS were standing to receive their company. After an introduction by Senator FOOTE, of Vermont, and a few minutes' conversation, we stepped aside and gave place to other parties who were constantly arriving and waiting an introduction.

The official position of Mr. DAVIS, together with the occasion which brought me there, served to direct my attention particularly to him, and to fix in my mind the impressions then formed of his personal appearance. He is a man somewhat below the medium height, with a slight frame. His features are quite regular, with a mild, pleasing countenance, (at that time, at least,) and a keen, intelligent eye. I was particularly struck with his quiet, gentlemanly manner, and wondered that a man, who in appearance and manners betokened so little of a military character and spirit, should be called "Colonel," and hold the important position of Secretary of War.

Mrs. DAVIS, who is somewhat taller than her husband, has much more of the martial air and military fire in her looks and manners.

Whenever I hear or read of JEFF. DAVIS, the rebel chief, the arch-conspirator, the man whose name and fame strike awe to many a faint heart, I recall to mind the small, spare man of pleasing look, gentle tone and unassuming manner, whom I met a few years since in a Washington parlor, and wonder at the contrast. Rochester, 1864. E. M. C.

"THANK YOU!"—What music there is in these words when uttered by a pretty woman. They touch a man's heart-strings, as the fingers of some fairy musician touch the strings of his harp. "Thank you!" she says, and you are happy. Perhaps the favor extended has been only slight—no inconvenience—no trouble to you—a mere exhibition of politeness on your part. You look up; a radiant smile beams upon you—a bright twinkle of the eye, and the lips open to the unfolding of a rose, and the words—"thank you," drop from their pearly recesses. Those words are more sweet to you than honey, more precious than the wealth of India. Reader, should you ever see a lady in need of your courtesy, extend it to her—be kind and good to her as you would to your sister—and if you look for your reward, you will find it in her.

NAPOLEON AND HIS "FRIENDS."

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York World, writing from New Orleans furnishes the following interesting gossip concerning "the Nephew of his Uncle":

"I was in a circle, a few days back, composed of both native French and some newly-arrived Parisians. At last, the conversation turned upon the Emperor, and the late arrivals were full of marvelous stories of attempts upon the Emperor's life. One 'yarn' ran as follows:—A beautiful young Italian girl was requested to make him a drink, which she did. As if accidentally, in receiving the goblet he contrived to drop into it a small silver knife, with which he had been toying, as he sat. The knife almost instantly turned black from the presence of some poison which the Italian had dropped into the beverage—probably as a 'flavor.' She was quietly sent back to the Orleansist tribe, whence she came, disgraced.

"Another damsel offered Napoleon the larger piece of an apple, which she cut before his eyes, and while in conversation with him. (She was French and a privileged member of the imperial household.) With true politeness he requested an exchange, he to eat the smaller piece, and she the other. The lady demurred; she could not eat so much. He bantered and insisted—a whim of his—but she would not taste. He seized both pieces and bowingly retired. Next day the lady consented to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air' of a convent, where she can reflect that the very first trouble which arose in the world, in the year one, came from Eve offering Adam an apple not fit for his mastication at that time."

HOW TO TREAT AN ENEMY.

If you have an enemy, and an opportunity occurs to benefit him, in matters great or small, act like a gentleman, and do him good service without hesitation. If you would know what it is to feel noble and "strong within yourself," do this secretly and keep it secret. A man who can act thus will soon feel at ease anywhere. It is said of Callot, the eminent French artist and engraver of the seventeenth century, that he was once slandered in a pasquinade by a certain nobleman of the court. At that time, to have one's portrait engraved by Callot was an object of ambition with the highest dignitaries of the kingdom, and it was attained by very few. Callot's answer to the injury was to publish a superbly executed likeness of his enemy, with an inscription setting forth his titles and great deeds. To this day the incident is cited as an instance of proud nobility of soul. Callot was in the highest sense polite.

Politeness is shown by passing over the faults and foibles of those whom you meet. Cultivate this especially towards relatives. The world is severe in its judgment of those who expose the faults of kindred, no matter what the provocation may be. Vulgar families are almost always at feud. It is not polite to detail injuries which you may have received from any one, unless there exists some urgent necessity for so doing.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—BISHOP MORRIS, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thus sums up his ministerial labors for the last fifty years:—Sermons preached 7,500, miles traveled 200,000, annual conferences presided at 200, preachers ordained 5,000, preachers appointed to their work 20,000.

—ALL who have read the Springfield (Mass.) Republican during the past two years will remember the war correspondence over the signature of "Dunn Browne." This was the *nomme de plume* of Capt. (Rev.) SAMUEL FISKE, of Madison, Ct. He was pastor of a Congregational Church in the above named place when he joined the army. He was wounded during the recent battles in the Wilderness and died of the wound at Fredericksburg. He leaves a wife and one child.

—M. ALLARD, a distinguished painter, of Lyons, who at the commencement of the winter went to Rome with his mother, wife, and four children, to study the great masters, has just been murdered in his studio. When found he was in a dying state, having received no less than sixteen wounds on the head with a heavy instrument. The murderer is believed to be a man who sat to him as a model for a picture representing "JUDAS giving the kiss to our Savior." The model was setting for the figure of the betrayer. The man has since been arrested in Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome.

—A CORRESPONDENT of the Rochester Democrat, writing of what he saw in some artist's studio in Washington, says:—"The cast of Mr. CHASE'S head was most striking; towering in the moral regions above all the others, with Force prominent upon the side and top head, the appetites and passions chastened, and the mechanical talents, and all the diverting organs, small. It is the largest head of the group, and how the massive brow expands and rises so like the brow of WEBSTER! But Benevolence predominates upon his centre forehead, with more distinctness than on WEBSTER'S. The great organ of Finance—which phrenologists inadequately name 'Calculation'—swells above the outer corners of his eyes as if it were some unnatural development. This head is a noticeable one for craniologists. Caution large, Veneration small, Causality and all the reflectives immense, Individuality—that is, thoroughness, and attention to details—jutting out like a butternut above the nose—this is pre-eminently the head of a thinking man and a prudent radical. SALMON P. CHASE is the finest looking man I have ever met, and I doubt if there is another in America whose mere presence would so impress one with his greatness."

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO MITES.

"AND He looked up and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And He saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites, and He said of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."—Luke 21: 1-3.

THE man of sorrows saw, with thoughtful eye, The rich, the proud, approach in state and cast Their offerings in the treasury. Some with Affected meekness, some with careless mein, As of their wealth they gave a trifling part;— Not such as woke within their hearts sweet thoughts Of gentle charity, or caused the loss To them of one accustomed luxury.

What sadness settled on the Savior's brow As He, reading their hearts, perceived the want Of worthy motive, prompting to the deed. But as he mused, lo, one approached alone! A widow, one on whom the world ne'er smiled, Who cast two mites, her earthly all, within. She knew not whence her daily bread would come, Nor what dire want might wait upon her way; But such a living faith in the Most High Had she, that with undoubting heart, to Him She yielded up her all, in loving trust That all her future wants He would supply.

O, when the gentle Teacher searched her heart, So free from taint of worldliness, so strong In holy love and faith, how thrilled His heart! Turning to those about Him, as she passed, He spake: "I say unto you, of a truth, She hath given more than all."

How true of all

Our works and gifts to-day these words remain! Not they who of their rich abundance give Large gifts shall be most blest, but they Who willingly would place their future in God's hand, giving their all to help His cause— Are most truly His. Knowing our hearts, The judgment still shall be, however small The gift, 'tis the pure motive hallow's it. Elkhorn, Wis., 1864. B. C. D.

"WELL DONE."

THESE are the terms in which the great Ruler will finally welcome his true and faithful servants. It is matchless commendation. There is in it no mixture of reproof, no whisper of censure. Has human praise ever approached it? What can equal this unerring "praise of God?" Not he who is flattered by mortal lips, not he that commendeth himself, is approved; but whom the Lord commendeth. And this is the seal of the righteous:—"The Lord knoweth them that are his." He notices their constancy and fidelity;

He knows, and he approves
The way the righteous go;

guiding them throughout the whole of their course. When the race is run, and they have reached the goal, he will be ready there to greet them with his recognition and his love.

How sweetly such greeting will sound in the ears of the saved! Having, through much tribulation, entered into rest, upon the believer's entrance into the paradise of God the tried and faithful one will meet this precious welcome. How it will thrill his soul to hear it! What rapture for him to receive it from the lips of his Lord! "Here at last," will be his blissful thought, "here I find myself in heaven! Life's eventful race on the earth is run! Toil and suffering fare at an end! The fight of faith is fought! The victory is won! All my doubts and fears triumphant grace has forever quelled! Perils and hardships are all, all passed! And here am I at home, in my blessed Master's presence. Can it be that he is addressing unworthy me in words like these? To myself I seem to be less than the least of all saints; and yet I hear him say 'Well done!' even to me. Of what profit have I ever been to him? What have I ever done for him who gave himself to the death for me? If I had gained anything by trading, the praise must all be his. I am a saved sinner, a debtor to his grace, a monument of mercy. With all my imperfections and unprofitableness as a Christian, he is graciously pleased to recognize, to receive, to welcome me. In the hearing of all heaven, he greets me, fresh from the scenes and experiences of the earthly vineyard, with the salutation, 'Well done! This, then, is the kindness of the Lord to his servant.' His grace will all the work perform, And give the free reward.

CHRISTIANITY.—What do you gain by becoming a Christian man or woman! Rather should you ask, what do I lose by staying where I am? In the one case, you gain everything, in the other case, you lose everything. For in the one case, acting from a new set of principles, your life is filled with harmony and beauty; and in the other case, mystery is added to mystery, pain to pain, death to death; and no light from the window of heaven bursts upon your soul. What do you gain? Or what do you lose? Just look at those who have followed Christ, and then at those who have let him alone, and you are fully answered.

Men cannot get to heaven by any way they may please. There are no secret by-roads by which they can gain a short and easy access to the rear gates of the eternal city. It has only a front entrance, and all that would pass through it must approach by the "Street called Straight," and reach the end only after patient toil, and repeated efforts and conflicts and victories.

CHEERFULNESS.—Cheerfulness is the promoter of health. Repinings and murmurings of the heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibers of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent; soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm.—Addison.

The Traveler.

SIGHTS SEEN IN CUBA.

AN esteemed Waterloo, N. Y., correspondent, sends us extracts from letters which he says were written from a slave plantation in Cuba, by an ex-member of Congress; and he says of the author, "that he has 'nothing extenuated nor set down in malice' I can vouch."

"We visited Mr. ALDAMA'S estates among others, and at one of them made our headquarters. He has seven; each worth a million dollars, or more; and with an average of 400 or 500 hands on each, he makes 85,000 boxes of sugar which are worth one and a half million dollars. His profits this year are not less than \$1,000,000. At the estate where we spent the night, a Yankee was overseer.

"There are 2,700 acres, 1,500 in cane; they grind as they cut. From good, fair cane they get 300 cart loads per acre; each hand cuts six loads. The grinding season commenced about the 1st of December, and continues five or six months; during this time the labor is continued night and day; half the hands taking one night, and half the other, or else divide the night. They have 300 oxen and carts in proper trim, make 65 to 70 hundred boxes sugar, of 500 lbs. each; 500 hds. sugar and 600 hds. of molasses. (I suppose he means instead of 65 or 70 hundred boxes of sugar.)

"It is entirely true that the darkies stand in the sugar and molasses as nearly naked as can be and not quite so. In three years, with 400 hands (equal as to sex) the births have exceeded the deaths but five only—this is more favorable than the average, as the deaths usually exceed the births. At 7 P. M., on Sunday, the bell tolls for three minutes for Vespers, when every darkie drops his work, stops his oxen, his mill, in short stands still and is supposed to be at prayer. This is their Sunday, and gives them twenty-one minutes rest in a week. (He here describes the negro quarters.)

"One woman who destroyed or neglected her new born infant so that it died, as a punishment, had chained around her a wooden baby, which she carried with her to the field and every where else, night and day. One man who run away, had a chain around him above his hips. From this chain one led to each ankle, and, entirely naked, he had to labor. A woman who had stolen off to the railroad depot, two miles, and purchased whiskey, was standing in the stocks—the lash we did not see applied. These creatures go to work at 5 o'clock in the morning, take their scanty breakfast at 11 1/2 o'clock A. M., and dine at dark. Be it late or early, two meals serve them; and their hours of labor are not less than seventeen. Mothers who are to have infants are kept at their regular labor until the hour of confinement.

"There are, on this estate, 60 Chinamen; and they are very numerous over the Island. They are treated precisely like the negroes. They are contracted out for eight years at \$4 per month, out of which they clothe themselves, are paid punctually, are the greatest thieves in the world, and, not as good in the field as negroes. But about the mechanic shops, mills, etc., they are greatly preferred. Carts, boxes, and various other things are made in the shops, and mostly by the Chinamen.

"The oxen, as in Italy, draw by the horns. Their plow is a piece of wood with a bit of iron nailed on the point. The cane is planted in the spring and is cut for the first time, in 18 months, when it is eight or ten feet high if it is good. As a general thing it is renewed once in three or four years, although it sometimes stands eight or ten years, but then yields less. My description is of one of the best estates upon the Island, and where every thing is done in the best manner; where the poor slave is the best cared for, and the whole system is the least objectionable.

"At Santa Rosa, Mr. ALDAMA has his summer residence. We met him there and he insisted upon our spending the day with him. His residence is a palace where he entertains on a grand scale; with his 75 riding horses, he not unfrequently has to get others; they are nice little ponies. The palm, cocoa nut, orange, lime and lemon trees, with a large variety of fruit bearing trees, whose names I cannot remember—the quantities of bananas, pine-apples—the beautiful gardens filled with all manner of roses and other flowers, so unlike those we were familiar with, and then the kitchen garden loaded with every vegetable, corn, peas, beans, potatoes, cauliflowers, beets, &c.—when we reflect that it is all midwinter with us, and that these are perpetual here, many trees producing fruit twice each year, it is not surprising that this is called the land of bread. The palm tree is the most useful, the body good for lumber. Near the branches is a green portion of the body five or six feet long; here the bark peels off five or six feet long and 12 or 18 inches wide; this makes the sides of the negro huts; the branches make the thatching, while the fruit supports the swine. Planted in avenues or scattered, they are a beautiful feature of the Island.

"Feb. 16th. We went to market. Darkies, Coolies, Creoles and Spaniards stared at us. The fish especially attracted our attention; nothing can be more beautiful. The gold fish is tame in color, in comparison with these. The lobsters even appear as if painted for exhibition. There is a marked difference here, to all the Catholic countries I have visited, in the entire absence of monks, priests and sisters of charity, not one of whom have I seen as yet. We know they are here, but they are either early or late birds and fail to make an exhibition of themselves. * * * "I am constantly drawing comparison with Italy, where the climate so much resembles

this; but here are no Alps, no Vesuvius, St. Peters, Herculaneum, &c.; yet here are the plains of Lombardy with its wonderful productions, the rich perpetual foliage and tropical fruits—the cities filled with churches and cathedrals—strangely framed vehicles, loads of all sorts of things upon the heads of bipeds, (I just saw a darkie with two loaves of bread laid one upon the other upon his head marching off. I hope there was nothing of the animal in his wool;) narrow streets, mostly unpaved, buildings curiously painted; predominant color, yellowish and blue. * * * * *

(Another letter.) 29th Feb. They started at 4 1/2 o'clock in the morning by rail, were invited to go to Mr. ALDAMA'S, but being desirous to see more of the institution as it is, declined. "From an eminence in the heart of the sugar district you can, at a glance, see thousands upon thousands of acres of cane and look over the heads of at least fifty thousand slaves, over groves of oranges, lemons, bananas, &c., and fields of sweet potatoes and pine-apples—shrubbery, palms, coconos, &c., dotting every portion of the landscape. * * * * *

"There is the long row of 'the people,' as they call the slaves, coming in to eat and sleep, to be again called at the crack of the whip long before morning. Having spent a couple of days here before, almost bewildered by what I then saw, reflection was benumbed; how could I think and reason with myself upon the indescribable horrors of the slave system and the utter want of humanity in those having charge of slaves! Here it is a simple calculation of how can I make most sugar—at the least expense—by working 'my people' 17, 18, or 19 hours per day,—by feeding them well, or ill,—on this food or on that,—by treating mothers in such a manner as to raise their infants, or, disregard all care and permit them to die. An infant at its birth is valued at \$25; at three months \$50. Now if the mother is so treated by severe labor, late and early, they may afford to lose the infant. * * * * * Every gang, more or less, has a driver with a lash in hand over them continually calling out to them to jump; and jump they do, for the lash is over them. Nothing that has been written exaggerates the horrid realities of a Cuban estate.

"A visit to the OVIEDO coffee estate—the diamond wedding man. This distinguished gentleman and lady had gone to the city, but we saw more perhaps than if they had been present—the house, gardens, vines, fruits, flowers and shrubs—the wax-plant was running about as common as the morning glory with us. We gathered oranges, lemons and pomegranates from the trees while fruit lay under them like as in an apple orchard. * * * * * The most beautiful foliage was that of the coffee trees. The trees are about four feet high, the leaf long, and as deep, glossy a green as can be imagined. The white buds just starting; next month they will be out, and so on to June; the coffee is matured in September and October. * * * * *

"Here we were permitted to see the Creoles—a pen or great room with nearly 100 infants, from the age of two hours to those able to sit up and creep, all by themselves except the mothers, who on their miserable apologies for beds were unable to rise. Three old women, too old to work, and four or five little darkies five or six years old—thus were they cared for.

"While we were looking at another pen full of from four to six-year-olds, who were romping around, we heard the clanking of chains; went out and found a large number of mothers coming from the field to receive their breakfast (now 11 o'clock), and nursing their infants. The moment they entered the room the bleating of the infants was like a flock of lambs. They entered only to get their basins, then came out, stood in a square, where two wenches, from a hand barrow they carried, filled with ground meal, jerked beef and plantains, gave each their portion. * * * * * This they took and ate while their infants received their nourishment. It was all done quick, and away again to the fields and toll.

"Around the neck of one mother was an iron collar with a heavy chain reaching to the middle, and that linked to other chains reaching to each ankle; to many we saw a chain reaching to each ankle; and on many others we saw chains in various forms, so that when they came up the clanking seemed as if all were chained. * * * * *

After describing some other scenes he says:—"I could not refrain from tears, even while kindled into anger and almost revenge by the infernal treatment to the poor enslaved Africans. The crack of the whip is the training to rise and go out, and come in, to go to labor and cease from it; the three cracks of it can be heard at all times or hours, the cut here and there, upon this and upon that one, is constant; but that is mere nothing. The regular floggings are always given by laying the poor creatures, flat upon the ground, face down—never standing. The reason assigned is that they may impulsively turn upon their tormentor, while if prostrate, the brute may get out his knife, pistol or bludgeon and strike the poor defenceless creature down if the least resistance is made or meditated. Thus we spent our morning,—if not abolitionists before, we are died in the wool since here, thoroughly detesting everything and every body who has an apology for the "sum of all villainies."

A GALLANT gentleman of the old school in one of the street cars the other day, gave his seat up to a lady, who, as is almost always the case under like circumstances, failed to make the proper acknowledgment. Standing awhile after the car had moved on, he stooped over as if to listen, and said to her, "What did you say, madam?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply of the startled lady. "Oh," said he, "excuse me; I thought you said 'Thank'ee."

War Literature.

Society in Washington.

THE Washington correspondent of the Rochester Democrat relates the following:

Into the street-car in which I rode up town the other morning, at one of the crossings, came two rather stylish, middle-aged ladies, dressed in black. I judged them to be sisters—one living here, the other in Baltimore. She of Baltimore was remarkable for a very pug-nosed nose and a mild smirk; she of Washington was equally remarkable for a profusion of long brown curls and a pensive sneer. They discussed the last official war bulletin to the edification of the half dozen persons sitting nearest them, and professed the soundest kind of sound loyalty. To get in out of the draft, some friend had gone to California; and in a late letter, which she of the pug-nose had seen, he spoke of society there. Whereupon ensued this bit of conversation:

Pug-nose.—"But then, Baltimore isn't what it was two or three years ago."
Long-curls.—"Ah, no. Neither is Washington."

Pug-nose.—"Would you believe it—only the other day Mrs. Perkins told me that she heard Annie Forest say that a friend of her's was riding in the street-car, when one of these Yankee women took hold of her dress and actually asked her what it cost a yard?"
Long-curls.—"I never! You don't say! Didn't she get up and go out?"

Pug-nose.—"Yes. Actually took hold of her dress and asked her what it cost?"
Long-curls.—"Has Annie heard from Tom lately, do you know?"

Pug-nose.—"Yes. She got a letch ten days ago. He's in Richmond yet, and says he won't have to go into the army, he thinks."
Long-curls.—"I suppose it's unpleasant thaaah, but the society at least is better than 'tis heah. You don't know, my dear, how vulgar everything is heah. We actually have no society—tha's nothing but northe'n women, and soldiers, and nusses, and so on."

Pug-nose.—"You always had a house full of cha'ming people—you must miss them so much. I declaaah, it's too bad!"
Long-curls.—"Yes, but all that's ovah, and we don't sca'ceely see any one now. The Yankee women are every whaaah, and since the battle it's all nusses and wounded soldiers."

Pug-nose.—"We shall not have any more society till the wah is ovah. Baltimore is had enough, but we have some nice people yet. 'Tisn't all Yankee, as 'tis heah."
All this conversation was perfectly audible to nearly every person in the crowded car, and yet these women were dressed like ladies, and called themselves friends of the Union. There is a good deal of just such Unionism, hereabouts.

How Gen. Grant entered the Service.

NEVER was the quotation "Man proposes, but God disposes," more strikingly exemplified than in the following anecdote of Gen. Grant: At the commencement of the rebellion an Illinois Representative called upon Gov. Yates to recommend to him Mr. Grant as a fit person for some military position. The Governor had received applications from some men over six feet in height and of muscular frames, and, therefore, curiously eyed the small man, attired in homespun, that stood before him as an applicant. He then asked his grounds for making the application. "I was educated at West Point," said Grant, "at the country's expense. I served in Mexico, and when I went out to Oregon, I thought I had returned to the country an equivalent for my education, so I resigned. The country is now in trouble, and I wish to serve her in her need." Gov. Yates had no appointment for him, and he therefore left.

Someshort time after this occurrence, the Governor was very much distressed in regard to the raising of the quota of the State. He had plenty of officers' positions, but he personally did not know the minutiae of the regimental organizations—how many privates composed a company, or how many subordinate officers there should be in a regiment. In distress he asked the Representative of that plain, little man, to whom he had been introduced, if he knew anything of these matters. The Representative replied by bringing Grant into the Governor's presence. "Do you understand the organization of troops?" inquired the Governor. The answer was in the affirmative. "Will you accept a desk in my office for that purpose?" was the next question. "Anything to serve my country," was Grant's reply. And to work he at once went. And but for this, Grant might still be unknown to the world. By his energy Illinois became noted for the speed with which she filled her quota.

A Mother and Her Boys.

The Washington Star says:—Mr. and Mrs. Bowdish, residents of the State of Michigan, who had two sons—Horace and Coradin—in the Seventh Michigan regiment, came to this city a day or two ago in search of Horace, who they learned had been wounded in the battle at the Wilderness, and had been brought to this city. Falling to find him in the hospital, they yesterday evening visited the Sixth street wharf. A few moments afterwards the steamer Jefferson steamed up to the dock, and standing near the bow of the boat was the looked-for son, badly wounded; his right arm having been shot off above the elbow. As soon as the plank was thrown from the boat to the wharf, Mrs. Bowdish sprang on board the steamer, and throwing her arms around her son's neck burst into a flood of tears, with her head bent upon his shoulders.

For a few seconds there was an affecting silence, which the fond mother broke by saying:—

"Horace, where is your brother Coradin?" Horace pointing to a rough wooden box by his side replied:—"There mother, there is Coradin!" The afflicted mother threw herself on her deceased son's coffin, sobbing aloud in agony of grief while the father and wounded son stood by with bowed heads. The scene was truly a heart-rending one, and it can be better imagined than described. Many of the bystanders were compelled to turn aside, while silent tears could be seen stealing down the cheeks of all. Several kind-hearted ladies present did all in their power to comfort the afflicted mother, but it was long before she could be induced to leave the side of her deceased son.

Self-Mutilated Cowards.

WITHIN the past week I have seen some ten or twelve cases of self-mutilation by soldiers desirous of getting to the rear. These cowards shoot themselves through the hand selecting generally the second finger of the right hand, and then go back to the hospital in the hope of being sent to Washington with the wounded. The surgeons having noticed the recurring frequency of these cases—as the character of these wounds, burned and discolored with powder, was sufficiently indicative of their origin—they reported the matter to headquarters, and the delinquents in future are to be put upon the skirmish line. It is customary in ordinary cases to put the patient under chloroform; but, as a punishment to the coward, the surgeons now perform the amputation of fingers without any anæsthetic.

Twitting on Facts.

"In one of the hospitals in this city, a day or two ago, a wounded Virginia rebel and a wounded Pennsylvanian, occupying adjoining beds, had a good-humored verbal tilt, as follows: Union—Say, reb, where are you from?
Secesh—I'm from Virginia, the best State in America.
Union—That's where old Floyd came from, the old thief.
Secesh—Where are you from, Yank?
Union—I'm from Pennsylvania.
Secesh—Well, you needn't talk about old Floyd coming from Virginia as long as old Buchanan came from Pennsylvania. Don't you wish you hadn't said anything, Yank?"

Corner for the Young.

AN ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 13, 14, 15, 3, 4 is the name of an animal common in this country.
My 2, 6, 1 is the name of an article men wear.
My 13, 14, 15, 20 is the name of a small open building.
My 17, 18, 19, 20 is the name applied to a large number of animals together.
My 5, 6, 4 is what we first do on reaching a friend's house.
My 13, 14, 15, 6, 5, 13 is the name of an article all ladies have.
My 2, 3, 6, 20 is something all animals have.
My 19, 18, 6, 20 is something boys should do in the evening.
My 10, 11, 8 is the name of an animal that lives in the house.
My 12, 9, 16, 13 are very useful members of the body.
My 7, 9, 18, 17, 13, 19 is what we do at school.
My whole is the title of a popular book which often appears in the columns of the RURAL.
Rochester, N. Y., 1864. HENRY BARNARD.
Answer in two weeks.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 49 letters.
My 44, 7, 32, 29, 4, 3, 27, 12 is a river in the United States.
My 45, 31, 21, 24, 29, 11 is a river in New York.
My 17, 14, 19, 23, 27, 28, 20, 1, 25, 5 is a bay in Michigan.
My 8, 9, 19, 17, 6 is a river in North Carolina.
My 34, 42, 41, 40 is a river in Iowa.
My 43, 35, 47, 28, 49 is a river in Georgia.
My 23, 34, 44, 29, 32, 35, 2, 36 is a lake in Utah.
My 1, 31, 30, 33, 10, 35, 13 is a city in New York.
My 18, 16, 7, 3, 21 is a river in South Carolina.
My 28, 19, 41, 10, 25, 23, 15 is a river in Florida.
My 44, 12, 8, 44, 37, 3, 48 is a river in Mexico.
My 30, 42, 34, 40, 15 is a river in France.
My whole is the words engraved on the tomb stone of Alice B. Haven, and may be found in the New Testament.
New Haven, Ohio, 1864.
ROXIE E. WARREN.
Answer in two weeks.

AN ANAGRAM.

Uno reutyno dsants tiwh tsaouercodth dsanb,
Aalginep ot erh soyb;
Omfr nithe extin tfo reh lwae ro ewo—
Reh gishua ro erh esj.
Eth irdsnfo fo grith tiwh oamrt tgrihb,
A haatvn Cifarhst dbn,
Ghnotru oqd rou lda yma eyt eb daem
A sbshing of uor daln.
West Hebron, N. Y., 1864. C. A. TOWNE.
Answer in two weeks.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THE length of a degree of longitude at the equator is 69 16-100 miles, what is the length of a degree, longitude 47°, 41' North of the equator?
Verona, N. Y., 1864. S. G. CAGWYN.
Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 752.

- Answer to Rural Enigma:—Raise good stock and keep it well.
Answer to Anagram:
And ever thus in this lower world,
Should the banner of love be widely unfurled,
And when we meet in the world above,
May we love to live, and live to love.
Answer to Anagrams of Places:—Toledo, Ringgold, Sing Sing, Kalamazoo, Charleston, Baton Rouge, Harrisburg, Leavenworth, Chattanooga, Des Moines City.
Answer to Problem:—125 acres, and 2 3-10 rods.

The Reviewer.

UNITED STATES CHRISTIAN COMMISSION FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY—For the year 1863. Second Annual Report.

WE have received this interesting report of nearly 300 pages. The report opens with the following encouraging paragraph:—"The year opened with great promise for the work of the United States Christian Commission. It closes with every promise more than fulfilled. And the indications for the coming year are those of a work for our defenders, our country and our God of still greater extent, interest and power."

We find the value of the contributions of Cash, Stores, Scriptures, Railroad and Telegraph facilities, and Delegate's services to the Commission is put down at \$216,837 65. Of this amount \$358,239 29 was cash. Of this cash \$265,211 28 was expended by the Commission during 1863—leaving a cash balance on hand the 1st of January, 1864, of \$98,028 01.

A few items illustrating the amount of work done will be interesting: Christian Ministers and Laymen commissioned to minister to men on the battle fields and in camps, hospitals and ships, during the year, 1,207; copies of Scriptures distributed, 465,715; Hymn and Psalm books distributed, 371,859; Knapsack books distributed, 1,254,891; Library books, 39,713; Magazines and Pamphlets, 120,492; Religious Newspapers, 2,981,489; pages of Tracts, 11,976,732; Silent Comforters, &c., 3,235; Boxes shipped, 12,648.

To the principles which are the base, and which govern the Christian Commission, no one who is not a bigoted sectarian will object. They are Catholicity and Nationality—"the Church of Christ of various names united in behalf of the men of every State gone to the war—a new thing under the sun! These principles in combination guarantee freedom from sectional favoritism in distribution, or sectarian influence in teaching, and give breadth of resource for supply at home and power of equalization in application to those in the field. By their action, ministers and others are enlisted from different denominations, stores gathered from all the people, and publications secured from the religious press, and all are sent where and when they are needed, without flooding one part to the neglect of another, whilst the defenders of the nation from every State, and of every denominational preference, are cared for without partiality."

Such principles must commend the United States Christian Commission to the good everywhere.

THE TALISMAN OF BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS.—By A. O. GARDNER. Rochester, N. Y.

WE have spent a pleasant hour looking through this book. The author says concerning it:—"After being discharged from the service of the United States, and yet unable to engage in any business pursuits, on account of the severity of my wounds, the time unoccupied by other studies was devoted to composition—the result of which, in this little volume is submitted to the public. The poem from which the volume receives its title is founded on facts which came under my own observation, and descriptive of scenes in which I actually participated during a term of service exceeding fifteen months in the Army of the Potomac."

The above is the author's preface. The key to the story of the poem which gives name to the volume is told in the following lines:

"He had his soldier's trappings on—
The burnished sword hung by his side,
And dashed as ever and anon
"Mong swaying boughs down poured a tide
Of moonlight, while his promised bride,
A shining braid of her own brown hair
Child like about the bright hilt tied,
And whispered,—"William, leave it there
Till it shall stain of War's red dew-drops bear.
"You will be brave, I know you will,
And when this sword shines in the fight,
This dark braid bound upon it still,
Let it remind you of this night,
And of the vows which were sworn plight;
And when at length the war is done,
Let this, presented, prove your right
To claim the heart which you have won,
And hand in hand through life we'll journey on."

This story, aside from some gross violations of all rules of poetical measure, is very well told—especially the battle scene, which affords evidence enough we think, that the author has seen, if he has not participated in a battle. Despite its mechanical or constructive faults, this poem has a good deal of merit.

The "Other Poems," called by the author "Arrow-Flights of Song"—which title, we think, has been copy-righted times enough to be called hackneyed—are cheerful and most of them meritorious. Some of them indicate a want of study, while all furnish, we think, evidence that the author possesses a natural talent which deserves better culture than it has yet received. We recognize one poem which came to our table and was rejected—and which adds nothing to the good character of the book. But we do not think any one need regret investing 75 cents in this little work by a Western New York "soldier-boy."

INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY EDUCATION. By Prof. J. B. TURNER of Jacksonville, Ill. Chicago: Emery & Co.

WE are indebted to H. D. EMERY of Chicago, for a copy of this paper, written at the special request of ISAAC NEWTON, Commissioner of Agriculture, for his forthcoming Report, and by him rejected because it contained more sense than he could comprehend. We are grateful for the pleasure the receipt and perusal of this report has given us. While it is peculiar, strong, Saxonish in words and terms, and in this respect open to the criticisms of carping conventionality, it is equally peculiar and strong in its sound, sturdy sense—coming as it does from one of the, if not the greatest and most independent thinkers to be found on the prairies. And it comes from a man who has given this subject more thought and attention, perhaps, than any living man in the United States—who better comprehends the object

by this effort to establish industrial schools! ISAAC NEWTON thinks his views too radical! NEWTON!
I regret that we have not space in this connection to extract we have marked in our hasty reading; we promise our readers a large taste of its quality. And we cannot forbear giving an extract or two. Talking of the present system of education he says:—"I happen to know something of this popular Collegiate and University Curriculum as they significantly call it. I was some eight or ten years of my life under its drill as a pupil, and some twenty more as a teacher and professor. My instructors and comrades were near and dear; I shall revere them as long as I live. They did much for me; all that it was possible for mortal man to do under a system so unnatural, and upon a subject so unpromising. But they left me ignorant of nearly all I need to know, (as the reader can easily perceive,) and put me to the trouble of forgetting much that no man on earth ever ought to know."

Talking about the undue importance given to the languages in our present system of education, he says:—"Why should a boy learn all the different words in a dozen different languages, or in forty different technical sciences, before he truly learns a single thing that God ever made or ever will make? How can we teach him to use his brain before he learns to use his eyes or his ears, his hands or his feet. His tongue is evidently to be used last of all, if indeed at all, except for the mere purpose of swallowing."

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 25, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

GENERAL GRANT has removed his base of operations to the James River, or south-east side of Richmond. From dispatches dated at headquarters June 14, we learn that the Army of the Potomac took up its line of march for the Chickahominy on Sunday, at 3 P. M. The 5th corps took the advance on the middle road, by way of Providence Church. The 2d corps took the western road. The 6th and 9th corps took the road leading to Jones' Bridge, and in the meantime the 18th corps (General Smith's) embarked on transports at the White House.

The advance of the army halted for the night near the Chickahominy, which they crossed on the day following. No signs of an enemy were to be seen, except a few cavalry pickets, who fled at our approach. The 2d and 5th corps, after crossing the Chickahominy, marched to Charles City on the James River, which they reached on Monday at 6 P. M. The 6th and 9th corps reached the James River (Wilcox's Landing) at half past five P. M.

The change of base has been very successfully made, with the utmost order. Our loss was very light. The rebels left their works almost as soon as we did, taking the roads to Richmond. The White House will be evacuated as soon as the supplies can be shipped on transports.

The whole army crossed the James River on Tuesday, the 15th.

General Grant visited Gen. Butler on the 15th, and inspected the line of intrenchments. He expressed himself well pleased with the condition of affairs under Butler's command.

The 18th corps, we learn from Secretary Stanton's official, landed on the 14th near Gen. Butler's headquarters on the Appomattox.

On reporting to Gen. Butler, an order was immediately issued to Gen. Smith to move the next morning at two o'clock upon Petersburg, in conjunction with a strong cavalry force under Gen. Kautz.

The command moved, as ordered, and surprised and captured the very strong works, northeast of Petersburg, before a sufficient force could be got in by the enemy to defend them.

Gen. Smith was joined the night following by the 2d corps, which, in turn, captured more of the enemy's redoubts further south.

The 9th corps came up and captured two more redoubts with four guns and 450 prisoners. A correspondent at headquarters June 17, says our lines have been pushed steadily forward. Several strong positions have been taken from the enemy.

Prisoners state that portions of Lee's army commenced arriving in Petersburg on Wednesday night, only a few hours after the arrival of Hancock, with the 2d corps, and that a brigade commanded by Wise in person, held the town until that time. The City Point Railroad is now in our possession, and the Norfolk and Petersburg line is commanded by our troops.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock Wednesday morning, the enemy began a heavy artillery fire on our line, rendering an advance or retreat necessary. Accordingly an advance of the 2d and 18th corps was ordered by Hancock, who, in the absence of Gen. Meade, took command of both corps.

The assault was highly successful, several lines of rebel works being carried at the point of the bayonet, and a number of redoubts of great strength occupied. Sixteen guns were taken from the enemy by the 18th corps.

At 6 o'clock an attack was made by the 2d corps and an advance position assumed and maintained. Earthworks were immediately constructed.

Our lines, as now formed, face the city from the east and south, partially encircling it, and extends across the City Point Railroad southward to the vicinity of the Petersburg and Norfolk Railroad. Burnside holds the left of our line, Hancock the center, and Smith the right.

Dates from near Petersburg of June 18, say yesterday morning the 9th and 2d corps, forming the left of our line, were considerably advanced, where for a short time, the fighting was exceedingly severe. The results of the battle were considered favorable.

An incessant cannonading was kept up during the day on the left. At noon Burnside charged the enemy in front. The fight was short but bloody, resulting in our troops getting a position considerably nearer the enemy's works. The firing was kept up at intervals till after midnight.

The Times special, dated June 18th, says Gen. Birney's division, 2d corps, occupies a line within 2,500 yards of the city, and threw a few shells into it yesterday, setting fire to several houses.

The heaviest fighting occurred on the right of our center, where each division of the 2d corps at different times, charged the rebel works in front, but without success.

Our guns are within a mile and a half of the city, which can easily be destroyed.

The Federal losses are, no doubt, severe; but up to Monday night (at 10 o'clock) the Secretary of War had received no official list of the casualties. It is time thrown away to speculate.

Dispatches from Gen. Sheridan to the Secretary of War report a victory over the enemy at Trevilian Station, on the Virginia Central Railroad, a few miles south of Gordonsville, where Gen. Lee, a few days ago, reported a rebel victory. The enemy were completely routed, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. The enemy lost 20 officers and 500 men, prisoners, and 300 horses. Sheridan's loss was quite heavy—reported at 575 in killed and wounded. [The number of the enemy killed and wounded is not given.]

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—Morgan's invasion of Kentucky has been brought to an inglorious issue. He expected to find our authorities unprepared for him, and counted upon an extensive expedition of rapine, arson and plunder. Making his appearance suddenly, he captured a few towns, invested Frankfort, marched upon Cynthiana, and took that place, together with its entire garrison, comprising, it is reported, some 1,200 men. But before he could get off, he was overhauled by Gen. Burbridge and terribly beaten. His command fled in the wildest confusion, throwing away their arms, and giving themselves up entirely to panic. A dispatch from Louisville says the rebels raised the siege of Frankfort on the 12th, and fled.

The Louisville Democrat of the 14th says:—Everything is now quiet at Frankfort, and no rebels are in that vicinity. No fears are entertained of another attack, but if it should be renewed, Gov. Bramlette is confident of his ability to hold the city. The dispatch of Gov. Bramlette states that the main portion of Morgan's force crossed the road yesterday morning at Painesville, 10½ miles this side of Lexington. A dispatch from Gen. Burbridge states that the rebels were moving south, in the direction of Lebanon. Hanson is close upon them, and it is to be hoped he will catch the last one. The raid of Morgan into the State is virtually at an end, as he will not be able to rally his force in the State for another stand. It is generally believed that Morgan is now endeavoring to make his way out of the State in the best manner he can, and if he succeeds in again getting beyond the bounds of Kentucky he will be lucky.

About two o'clock yesterday morning a portion of Morgan's force which had strayed from the main command, entered the city of Bardstown without opposition. They took quiet possession of the place, as the citizens generally were so frightened that they knew not what to do.

Their first act upon entering the town was to break open the jail and release the prisoners, twenty-three in number, among whom was one man indicted for murder, having killed a citizen of Nelson county for his money. The convicts, after being released, were armed, and the majority of them joined the guerrilla band and left with them. A number of the stores were entered, and a large amount of goods carried off.

Three hundred guerrillas, on the evening of the 13th, robbed Captain Wilson's house, at Calhoun, taking \$700, his wife's jewelry, cutting his furniture to pieces, and then leaving in the direction of Owensboro.

Trains from Louisville to Nashville run regularly twice daily, and have not been interrupted for some days.

The rebels had blown up a train of cars with a torpedo, in the neighborhood of Calhoun, hurling the locomotive six feet from the track, tearing four cars that were immediately in the rear into splinters. Nobody was seriously injured.

MISSISSIPPI.—The expedition of Gen. Sturgis, which left Memphis June 1st, is returning. We learn from an officer that they met a large force of rebels at Guntown, said to consist of 10,000 infantry and cavalry, under command of Forrest, Lee and Roddy. This large force attacked them suddenly and a most desperate fight ensued, resulting in the defeat of Sturgis, with the loss of his wagon train and ammunition. The last was a most severe loss, as Sturgis had run out of ammunition, and was obliged to destroy and abandon his artillery. Many of his infantry were captured, but the exact number was not known. Gen. Sturgis' force consisted of 3,000 cavalry and 5,000 infantry.

The large rebel force which attacked them is supposed to have been en route for Sherman's rear to interfere with his communications.

ARKANSAS.—The Tribune Washington special says:—Parties who left Little Rock on the 4th, report Gen. Steele's army at that place, Pine Bluff and Fort Smith, with a considerable force at Duval's Bluff. Pine Bluff, under Col. Clayton, has an inner and outer fortification, with rifle pits in all directions. It is estimated that forty thousand troops could not take it. Seven thousand garrison it. The rebel Gen. Fagan's command of five thousand is at Princeton, forty-five miles from Pine Bluff. A portion of Price's command are at Camden, and getting supplies from Bayou Mason and thence up the Washita. Several steamers are constantly running on the route. Some three thousand rebels are again at Washington, Hempstead county, seventeen miles from Red river. Cotton is still being burned in that section whenever found.

The Herald's correspondent with Gen. A. J. Smith's Corps, gives details of the battle at Bayou Fish, resulting from the pursuit of Marmaduke, with the object of driving him from the banks of the Mississippi. The fight was on the 6th and lasted two hours. Marmaduke's command numbered 6,000 mounted infantry and 2,000 foot soldiers. The rebels were completely routed, thus opening the Mississippi to our forces. Our forces being infantry, could not pursue, and embarked on the 7th for Memphis.

WEST VIRGINIA.—From Gen. Hunter's command we have good accounts. Imboden's command is thoroughly demoralized. There is no force now of any account in Hunter's front, unless they are re-encountered from Lee's army. Our prisoners, not paroled, numbering 1,040, were sent through Buffalo Gap, and over the mountains, and arrived at Huttonsville, inside our picket line, on their way north.

It is supposed that Gen. Sheridan has reached Gordonsville, on his way to join Gen. Hunter, and to destroy the Richmond and Lynchburg railroad, one of the principal avenues by which the rebel capital is supplied. It is understood that he will pay a visit to Charlottesville immediately, and accomplish all the damage possible

to the railroads and depots in his pathway. He is accompanied by a large cavalry and artillery force, and is fully able to cope with any body of the enemy with whom he may fall in.

Department of the South.

THE British steamer Gonegal was captured June 6th off Florida, and had on board 40,000 pounds of gunpowder and other munitions of war, amounting to about 1,000 tons.

The U. S. steamer Newbern ran ashore the blockade runner Pereney, nine miles north of Beaufort, on the 9th inst. She was laden with arms, lead, bacon, and shoes on Confederate account. Her engines and boilers were blown completely out of her in a few minutes after she struck. She was a fine iron, side wheel steamer of 543 tons register and new, this being her second trip. The vessel and cargo were valued at one million dollars.

The rebels opened fire on our troops from Sullivan's and James' Island (Charleston harbor) on the 7th, which was replied to by our guns. No damage was sustained by us. At night the guns of Fort Putnam opened on a rebel steamer bound for Charleston and Sumter, laden with supplies. She was disabled and run aground, and at daylight was demolished by our guns. Deserters are constantly coming within our lines.

The Unionists of Florida are represented as being in a condition of extreme destitution. Gen. Asboth, commanding the district of Pensacola, writes to the Agent of the Sanitary Commission in New Orleans, that there are at that place over 600, and at East Pass near 200, destitute women and children, entirely dependent on the United States Government for support. Our authorities have afforded them temporary relief; but they can do comparatively little in ameliorating the condition of these unfortunate. What is wanted is not merely food but clothing and medical assistance.

The Herald's Key West correspondent says a detachment of Union troops marched from Fort Myers to Fort Meade, 90 miles, met guerrillas, who fled on sight, captured twenty-two horses, herded over one thousand head of cattle, and drove them all into our lines. Much provision and forage were also secured. Seventy-one Union prisoners were released, and seventy women and children, nearly starved, rescued.

The expedition was absent fourteen days and marched over two hundred miles. Three small vessels, with various cargoes, were also captured.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE Constitutional amendment proposition abolishing slavery, was defeated in the House on the 15th inst. It lacked eleven of the requisite two-thirds vote.

The Senate Military Committee favor the proposed repeal of the \$300 commutation clause of the enrollment bill, with the exception of the chairman, Senator Wilson, who has given notice of his intention to offer certain amendments, the effect of which will be to give \$100 bounty to drafted men after the end of the year's service, and a proportional bounty for a less time if honorably discharged before the expiration of the year. He also proposes to add a provision for voluntary enlistments into other States from States in insurrection, and for securing the freedom of the wives and children of colored soldiers thus enlisted.

Mr. Schenck, of Ohio, introduced a bill in the House on the 14th, repealing the \$300 clause in the enrollment act, and providing that hereafter no money shall be received from the drafted men to be relieved of liability to perform military duty.

An animated debate sprung up in the Senate, Thursday, on a resolution to admit the Arkansas delegation to seats in that body, and ended in referring the matter to the Judiciary Committee.

The Circuit Court has given a final decision to the effect that bankers are not obliged to pay out specie when specie has been deposited, even for deposits made prior to a law of July 11, 1862.

The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to provide for the education of naval constructors and steam engineers, the candidates to be under 18 years of age, was passed.

We extract as follows from an official document relative to the next draft:

Volunteers may be accepted on a quota any time previous to the draft, whether the drawing be for original deficiency or for partial deficiencies remaining to be obtained by subsequent drawings. Circular No. 17 (P. M. G. O.) only forbids the discharge of men after being actually drawn in the draft, on account of volunteers received. Credits for veteran enlistments of date prior to the draft actually taking place in any district will be applied on the present draft, and a corresponding number of the drafted men last drawn may be discharged. Certificates of exemption on payment of commutation should specify that said certificate relieves such person from draft in filling that quota, this exemption however in no instance extending beyond one year. Men may be accepted as substitutes for each other without regard to color. Drafted men can furnish substitutes or pay commutation at any time prior to the day of reporting for duty. Boards of enrollment will not reject substitutes on account of their not being able to speak the English language.

The Herald's correspondent says:—The remains of the First California regiment, brought out by the lamented Col. Baker, are going to be mustered out. Of the 1,647 originally, in 1861, only 113 remain. Their list of battles can not be surpassed.

On the 17th, a terrible catastrophe happened at the Arsenal. Nineteen young women who, among others, were engaged in making cartridges and fireworks for the Government, were burned to death by the accidental ignition of a large quantity of combustibles.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

AT Washington, lately, a soldier, in attempting to escape from a patrol, dodged into a restaurant, and hid in a large box used for steaming oysters. The lid closed with a spring lock, and soon steam was turned on, and the would-be deserter began to wish he hadn't dodged the patrol. He kicked and yelled until the colored cooks and attendants concluded Satan had entered into the steamer, and they lifted up the lid, and the fellow, thoroughly steamed, made a speedy escape.

THE Richmond Examiner of the 8th, says that more than 1,500 prisoners are at Andersonville, Ga., and upwards of 3,000 have died there. Average mortality 35 daily, with prospect of increase. On the 8th, over 1,000 were to be sent there from Richmond. On the 9th, 1,060 more were to be sent. Union officers are quartered at Macon, Ga. Letters for these prisoners should be prepaid to these new quarters.

On the 20th of May, by order of General Brown, carried out by Provost-Marshal Switzer of the Central District of Missouri, Francis Hadley, alias Joseph Anderson, was shot to death with musketry, at Warrensburg, Mo. General Brown had obtained sufficient evidence to satisfy him that Hadley was a desperate bushwhacker, and had participated in the Lawrence massacre under Quantrell.

MR. GRINNELL, member of Congress from Iowa, is the owner of one of the largest farms and the largest flock of sheep in America. He advocates that the West go more extensively into wool growing, "instead of wearing out the soil raising wheat for the world." He claims that the West already has 479 woolen mills to 455 in the East.

ON the first inst. a terrible hailstorm occurred in the vicinity of Hartford, Connecticut. Some of the stones were seven or eight inches in circumference. The "American" mill at Rockville had \$300 worth of glass broken, and every house suffered severely. Gardens and fruit trees were entirely stripped of foliage and fruit.

It is announced in a letter from London that Mr. George Peabody, the great London banker, will retire finally from active business in October. He is desirous of spending the rest of his life in the United States, but has resolved never to gratify that wish until the Union is restored.

An army letter says that a soldier in the 9th corps, while digging, found over \$4,000 in silver. He very generously divided it with his company, and that company has since been "matching" quarter and half dollars as though they were pennies.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has negotiated a loan of one hundred million of dollars with a banker in Holland. Holland, it will be recollected, came to our aid in our first war with England, and she is the first European country to show confidence in us now.

LATE accounts from the Idaho gold mining region are not as glowing as formerly, and without new and large discoveries are made soon hard times are predicted for some of the thousands flocking thither.

THE California volunteers in Arizona fought two hundred Apaches on the 30th of May, and routed them. Thirty Indians were killed. One soldier was killed, and several wounded. Another expedition has been planned.

SEVERAL marines and seamen who enlisted into the navy and took their bounty and deserted, have been arrested and tried by naval court martial in Boston. They have been sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

JOHN BENNETT FREE, an enrolling officer in the District of Columbia, has lost his freedom for three years, for leaving the name of a tailor off the enrollment list, for the consideration of a pair of pantaloons.

A CARGO of 40,000 shovels and a lot of siege guns were shipped from Washington a few days since, consigned to Gen. Grant. Does not this indicate that spades are to be trumps in the great game in front of Richmond?

THE receipts at the great Philadelphia Sanitary Fair now amount to nearly \$1,000,000. The cash receipts in the building are over \$490,000. The average daily attendance of visitors are over 30,000.

THIRTY sailors, recently shipped on board the Ocean Queen at San Francisco, attempted to seize the vessel on her third day out. Two ringleaders were shot dead, and the trouble was soon ended.

THE World's Washington special says that a large number of our wounded, a few days since, were yet at the Wilderness, suffering terribly. The Washington authorities were attending to the matter.

THE London correspondent of the Hamilton (C. W.) Journal of Commerce, thinks that a war between England and the German powers, if not a general European war, is now inevitable.

ON the night of May 27, an incendiary fired the steamer Black Hawk, lying at the New Orleans levee, and the flames spread so rapidly that eight steamers and two schooners were burned.

MRS. MARY MILLER, of New York, staying at Fishkill Landing, cut the throats of her two young children and her own last week, while in a state of temporary insanity.

AN elegant house and furniture, at the corner of Nineteenth street and Delany place, Philadelphia, has been presented to Mrs. General Meade. The purchase money was contributed by citizens.

THE draw of the Railroad bridge at Rock Island caught fire from a steamer on the 17th. The loss will amount to \$40,000, and it will take fifteen days to repair the damage.

List of New Advertisements.

Border and Revolutionary Story—Beadle & Co. Agents Wanted Everywhere—Challen. 575 a Month—D. B. Harrington & Co. To Manufacturers of Cheese.

SPECIAL NOTICES. To Agent and Subscribers of the Rural. The Best Tree is Clubbed—D. B. DeLand & Co.

The News Condenser.

- Gen. Scott is at Cozzens' Hotel, West Point.
- Nearly half of New York city is foreign born.
- A crocodile, a hundred feet long, has been found in France.
- A German paper states that Brig. Gen. Carl Shurz has resigned.
- The U. S. Mint at Philadelphia is coining silver dollars again.
- A grandson of General Harrison is a Colonel in the Union army.
- Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" is now an opera, by Pabot.
- The daily expenses of the Government are now about \$2,500,000.
- Miss Belle Boyd, the rebel spy, arrived in Montreal a few days since.
- Pittsburg, by its Fair, gives \$200,000 to the Sanitary Commission.
- There are in our navy 200 vessels, of which nine-tenths are steamers.
- A Fall River conscript has put his son into the navy as a substitute.
- Henry Farnum, of Chicago, has presented Yale College with \$30,000.
- The aggregate debt of the United States is now about \$1,720,000,000.
- In France there are 26,700 ladies engaged as Physicians and Apothecaries.
- Counterfeit \$50 Treasury notes have made their appearance in Philadelphia.
- A man 108 years old lodged in a Boston station house one night last week.
- During last month over 1,000 men arrested as deserters were sent to the front.
- A full regiment of Indians arrived in Baltimore, June 1st, en route for the front.
- There are about 50,000 seamen, landmen and boys in the navy, and 8,000 marines.
- The Missouri pineries are receiving attention for the manufacture of turpentine.
- A juvenile prize fight took place in Buffalo Friday week between two boot-blacks.
- Counterfeit greenback twenties are in circulation in and around Springfield, Mass.
- Maj. Breckinridge, son of the rebel Gen. Breckinridge, was killed in a recent fight.
- A dry goods house in New York sold \$12,000 worth of dry goods to one lady last week.
- Total number of National Banks up to date, 450; with a total capital of \$38,545,200.
- Ira D. Brown, in consequence of ill health, has withdrawn from the Oswego Times.
- A Mr. Van Nostrand is now living near Farmingdale, L. I., who is in his 107th year.
- The Fulson Sword at the St. Louis Sanitary Fair was voted to Maj. Gen. W. S. Hancock.
- Twelve bushwhackers entered the town of Lamar, Mo., the 20th ult., and burned 10 houses.
- The bones of Dante, the great Italian poet are to be transferred from Ravenna to Florence.
- A Mrs. Kern undertook to whip two editors in Dubuque, Iowa, recently, and got worsted.
- Mr. M. G. Purdy, of Lyons, N. Y., has a sword stamped "1865," the date of its manufacture.
- The Galena & Chicago and the Chicago & Northwestern Railroads have formed a consolidation.
- The new issue of the 50 cent postage currency has been counterfeited, and is now being circulated.
- The male sex in Newbern, N. C., have to go unshaven now. The barbers have been suppressed.
- The Duchess of Brabant, daughter-in-law of King Leopold of Belgium, has given birth to a daughter.
- A grinding mill of the Massachusetts Powder Works at Barre, Worcester Co., blew up last week.
- The railroad bridge over the Wabash River at Attica, Ind., was partially destroyed by fire recently.
- Prince Napoleon's wife, Princess Clotilde, is expected soon to present her husband with another heir.
- Hon. Francis M. Bristow, a member of the 26th Congress, died at Elkton, Ky., recently of heart disease.
- A party of 700 Mormon immigrants from Europe, en route to Salt Lake, passed through this city on Sunday week.
- The Pacha of Egypt recently lost a daughter aged fifteen, who was betrothed to one of his Highness' aide-camps.
- It is reported that Secretary Chase sold a million dollars' worth of gold recently at 90 to 91 per cent premium.
- The trial of the Armstrong and Whitworth guns still continues. Thus far Armstrong is the victor in the contest.
- The Oswego cotton mills have commenced the manufacture of cotton fabrics. They have introduced fifty looms.
- The story that Capt. David H. Todd, brother of Mrs. President Lincoln, has deserted to the enemy is contradicted.
- The graduating class at West Point this year entered with ninety-six members and graduated with twenty-seven.
- The Embargo St. M. E. Church, Rome, N. Y., has seceded from the Conference and organized as an independent Society.
- "Grant does not drink, does not swear, does not tell his plans, and does not have his picture taken." A sensible General.
- A movement is making in N. Y. to raise \$50,000 for erecting buildings and making arrangements for a swimming school.
- Springfield (Ill.) Bankers refuse to receive on deposit other than United States legal tender, and National Bank notes.
- There is a woman 28 years old in Montreal who is said to have thousands of needles in her system which she has swallowed.
- The Democrats of Chicago are erecting a large building on the shore of Lake Michigan, for the accommodation of the Democratic Convention.
- The Atlanta (Ga.) Register confirms the report that Mr. Preston has gone to Mexico to negotiate with Maximilian for the recognition of the Confederacy.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

Our generous neighbor, over the way,
Brings us something every day;
We know his whistle, when heard at night
Thro' the driving storm, or moon's pale light,
We look at each other, and stop to say,
That's our neighbor over the way.

Our neighbor is neither young nor old,
His age to us he never has told,
But seems so merry, brisk, and free,
And uses no glasses to help him see,
We're half inclined to think it wise
To call our neighbor forty-five.

In summer, he brought us berries sweet,
Enough to give us all a treat.
In Autumn, he came with pockets filled,
And on the table the contents spilled;
The shag-bark walnuts rolled around,
So under the table one-half we found.

He brings the papers, and takes them out
Of his great coat pocket, thick and stout;
And 'tis not strange, before he's through
If candy and fragrant come to view;
He laughs, and speaks of rain and wet,
And still declares, "I've pockets to let."

So we advise some miserly men
To follow our generous neighbor's plan
And borrow a coat of neighbor "L."
If he's got one to let or sell,
And do good acts, and live and thrive,
And never grow older than "forty-five."

The Story-Teller.

ELLEN ELLSWORTH'S HOME.

It was a blustering night in March; cold without, but within was light and warmth. The fire glowed brightly in the grate, and I sat with folded hands, and the last number of the Atlantic open on my lap. I had been reading, but dropped the book to listen to the wind as it surged its fitful gusts around the house.

Two years before, on just such a night as this, there fell on me the heaviest grief that has ever darkened my life.

My husband, in the pride and strength of his manhood, was taken from me, and in my desolate home I was left to wall over sundered ties, and to face alone the dreary, dreary future which loomed up mockingly before me.

And on this night of which I am writing, my heart was aching with its burden of loneliness, and longing for a pressure of the hand that would never clasp mine again, and the light of fond eyes that never looked coldly into mine.

In these sad thoughts I was losing self-control, and with a mighty effort turned the current of my thoughts into the channel of every-day affairs.

"I think I must call on our new neighbors, Mrs. Ellsworth, to-morrow," I said aloud. "What if we should find Mr. Ellsworth to be our old schoolmate and friend. Mrs. Wentworth tells me they are from the Empire State."

"What were you saying, Milly?" and my brother glanced up from the paper which had so engrossed his attention he had not heard my remark. I repeated it. "Ah! I was not aware we had new neighbors. I am sure you have not mentioned the fact to Milly."

"I know I have not, Will; but I have had so many things to say to you since your return that I have not even thought of them, and I did not learn their name till yesterday."

"Well, I'll make some inquiries to-morrow, and if it is Allen Ellsworth I will make myself known to him; we can't afford to be strangers in this country," said Will, and resumed his reading, while I sat idly gazing into the fire.

The name aroused a host of delightful recollections. How vividly it brought to mind my childhood's home—the low brown house half hidden by the luxuriant grape vine, whose fruit was such a temptation to juvenile fingers from the time it first took on a ripening tinge till it hung in rich and glowing purple clusters amid the dark-green leaves.

And the two locust trees, the delight of my young eyes, tossing up their sprays of creamy blossoms to the truant breeze. And pleasanter than all, the family gathering on the long, low porch, when the cares of day were over, and the sky was all aglow with the brightness of sunset. Closely interwoven with these pleasant associations was the memory of our friend Ellsworth—"Al," we always called him—who so often made one of our number.

The next morning I equipped myself for a walk down town. It was a beautiful morning, sunny, the air clear and bracing. I walked rapidly, the exercise sending the blood surging along my veins in a warm, healthful current. As I approached a small, well-kept garden, a ample yard in front, I saw a gentleman standing at the gate. A second glance told me it was I should have known him, but I wondered if he would recognize me; I did not; for I had changed much since the years before. I stopped as I came opposite the gate.

"Good morning, Al," I said, lightly, as if we had parted but yesterday, and held out my hand. He appeared surprised and bewildered for an instant, then a bright smile broke over his face—the old-time smile which used to make him so handsome, and he grasped my hand and shook it cordially. "Milly Carlton! is it you, or am I dreaming?" he exclaimed.

"It is Milly, and you are not dreaming," I answered.

"I am glad—very glad to see you," he said, as he opened the gate and passed out, "I was just about starting to go down the street, so I will walk with you. I have a thousand things to say to you, Milly—you must come and see us."

I interrupted him here.

"So you are married at last. I thought you were determined to live and die a bachelor;

however, I am glad you changed your mind. Whom did you marry; any one I knew?"

"No, Milly, I married Cora Brand, a Michigan girl. She will be delighted to see a friend of mine; she has been very lonely since we came to this place."

We walked on, asking and answering questions until our paths diverged.

"I will certainly call on your wife soon, I said at parting, and bade him good morning."

Very pleasant was the little sitting-room into which I was ushered that bright afternoon, with its crimson curtains, crimson covered lounges and ottomans, and the sunlight falling in flickering brightness on the warm-tinted carpet. And a fair, sweet face had its mistress, Cora Ellsworth, shaded by curls the color of a ripe hazelnut, and eyes of the same hue. I introduced myself, and received a warm welcome.

"Allen has been telling me of you," she said. "I am very glad to see you. We have been here some time, but I have made no acquaintance yet. Is it not strange you and Allen have not met before?"

"It is," I replied, "though I have not been out as much as usual this winter. You must have been very lonely here."

"I have been—indeed. I have been quite homesick,—and a slight shadow flitted over the fair face and hid itself for a moment in the depths of the clear, brown eyes,—only for a moment, however.

I was so much pleased with the little lady that my call was much longer than I had intended, and I rose to go.

"You will come and see me now?" I said. "Come at any time, without ceremony. We are going to be the best of friends, you know."

"Yes, indeed; I think we will," she answered, taking both hands in hers, while tears stood in her beautiful eyes. Involuntary I bent down and pressed a kiss on the white brow, and vowed in my inmost heart to be a sister to her.

Time rolled on. April came, with her coquetish smiles and tears, and frequent bursts of petulance, and passed.

Then May—with her timid offering of violets and anemones, her soft breezes and genial sunshine, wooing the bright blossoms forth; then, with frowns and chilling gloom, keeping them in a frightened shiver till her wayward mood had passed.

Then came fairy-footed June—garlands in her hair, and witching smiles in her deep blue eyes; and wherever her footsteps passed, sprang up, as by magic, roses with crimson hearts, golden butterscups, and clover-bloom. On right loyally she moved, to the music of the bird-band and the murmur of water-falls.

The acquaintance, begun three months before, ripened into intimacy. If I was at first charmed with Cora Ellsworth, I grew to love her now for her truthfulness and sweet disposition.

As our acquaintance progressed, I noticed at times a shade of sadness on her face, sometimes stealing into the tones of her voice. At length it grew to be habitual. Very seldom was she in a cheerful mood—never joyous. Almost every fine day we were out walking or riding, often into the country. She always seemed happiest when alone with me. That there was trouble between Cora and her husband I could not fail to see, and the cause of it was equally apparent. She had never been a house-keeper, but I thought it was a lack of knowledge and experience than from a desire to shirk any duty or responsibility. I saw with deep regret that she grew more and more careless in the performance of household duties, and in regard to personal appearance.

She displayed exquisite taste in dress, and when arrayed for a walk or for church, always looked charming. But many times I had seen her at the breakfast table with hair uncombed, and thrust carelessly back into a net, a soiled wrapper, with buttons off and pockets torn down, while the table arrangements were anything but inviting.

I had known Allen from boyhood. He was always scrupulously neat in his attire and habits. Indeed, his mother used often to tell him he was "more nice than wise," though she was as neat as need be, and a model house-keeper.

Knowing this, I could well understand how annoying—not to use a stronger term—was this carelessness on the part of his young wife. Like many others, he did not in the least seek to conceal his chagrin and mortification at her shortcomings; so, instead of smiles, there were cross looks and curt answers, widening daily the breach between them. More than once he had so far forgotten himself as to speak harsh, cutting words to her in my presence—words which drove the blood from cheek and lip, and left her white as the faces laid away under the spring-grasses; but there was no retort—only a look over the compressed lips, and when she spoke she was calm, her voice even, but very low, as if she feared to trust it.

I loved Cora dearly, notwithstanding her faults; and so longed to help her out of this trouble, which was stealing all joy and gladness from her heart.

One day, immediately after I had taken my dinner, I called to invite Cora to take a ride with me a short distance into the country. I found them seated at the dinner table, and knew from their countenances there had been discussion between them.

Sitting down, I made known my errand.

"I would like to go very much," she said, her face brightening.

"You had better stay at home and go to work; you'll find enough to do. There isn't a clean place in the house, nor anything fit to eat;" and with this encouraging remark Allen quitted the table and the house.

Cora burst into tears. He had exaggerated, as people are very apt to when in a passion, and had wounded her by speaking in such a manner in my presence.

"I am mortified and ashamed, Milly, that you should have witnessed anything like this in our house," she said.

I was fully determined now that she should go; so I bustled around cheerfully, assisting with the work, and very soon we were on the road.

We rode on a mile or two in silence, and I turned to make some observation to Cora. She had taken off her hat, and was leaning back in the carriage, gazing up at the blue sky, and soft, fleecy clouds floating lazily along.

Her face was pale, and the shadows in her eyes deeper and darker.

"Cora!" I said; and the words leaped right out of my heart; "can't I help you in your trouble? I wish I could say or do something to make you happier."

The tears sprang into her eyes.

"Dear Milly, your society is the only comfort I have, and believe me your love is all that keeps me from utter despair. I am very unhappy; you do not need to be told the cause. Everything has gone wrong with us since we were married. We did not begin right. I urged Allen to defer our marriage for a year, or until I could perfect myself in the art of house-keeping, but he would not listen to me, saying I could easily learn all that it was necessary for me to know—that such knowledge came naturally to the women, and that a very little practice would make perfect, &c. I remained at home about a month before we went to house-keeping. For awhile I did the best I could. We were among entire strangers, and there was not one to whom I could go for advice, so I plodded on alone. I could not please my husband in anything. He is very particular with his food, as perhaps you know, and I have never cooked anything to suit him yet. It is always either over or underdone, too sweet or too sour, too salt or too fresh, the coffee too strong or not strong enough, or muddy. In short, fault-finding has become habitual. I have grown hardened, I suppose; for lately I have made but little effort. I have no heart for anything. Many and many a night I have wished I might never behold the morning."

She said this, not passionately, but with a hopeless air, as if she was in very truth weary of the life which had in it so much disappointment and heartache.

"Cora," I said, laying my hand on hers, "I think I can help you if you will try to help yourself. You shall have the benefit of my knowledge and experience as far as it goes; but you must rouse yourself out of this morbid state of mind; it will cost you an effort to conquer the apathy which is stealing over you, but you must do it if you would accomplish anything toward a better and happier life, and you will need more help than any earthly friend can give you. Dear child, you have not forgotten how to pray, have you?"

"I am afraid not, Milly; it is so long since I dared to pray. Sometimes when I look back on the old days at home, and remember how happy I was, and the bright anticipations I had of the future, it seems as if my heart would break. My married life has been a bitter disappointment. I know I have done wrong, but if I should do ever so well now it would be of no use. Allen will never be to me what he has been in times past; we have gone too far apart ever to dream of happiness again."

She was weeping bitterly now.

"Don't say that, Cora; don't lose all hope and trust in the future. It looks cheerless to you now, but don't despair. You fancy your husband's love for you has died out, but you are mistaken; it is only hidden for a season by pride and selfishness; and sometime, when you come to see with a clear vision, and have found the only road that leads to true happiness, it will come again to brighten your pathway. Be hopeful, be brave, dear Cora. Do not be discouraged if Allen fails to commend you for any improvement you may make or success you may meet with. Be patient! Thousands of women have lived and died unappreciated. It is a sad life, but, after all the approval of one's own conscience is worth more than the praise of men. I know how a woman's heart hungers and thirsts for words of approbation from those we love; but we must not 'weary in well doing,' must not faint nor falter by the way because they are withheld. There's a reward for us in the world that sets this right."

We did not drive far—neither were in a mood to enjoy fully the beauty of the day, so I turned our horse's head homeward. I set Cora down at the little white gate.

"Pray for me, Milly," she said, as she held my hand at parting, and there was a world of entreaty in eye and voice. "God help me, I will do the right."

The days glided on through sultry August into September. I will not weary you, my reader, with a detail of the changes wrought in Allen Ellsworth's house in those six weeks. Cora toiled patiently and perseveringly, seeking constantly Divine assistance, and with that she could not fail. But I saw with sorrow and indignation that her husband seemed indifferent as ever. I could see how she longed for a return of the old tenderness, or at least a word of encouragement. He did not find so much fault as formerly—he could not. Cora had improved wonderfully in every respect, but he did not seem to notice the pains she took to please him—the care she manifested for his comfort. I was sitting on the west porch one fine morning with my sewing, thinking of all this.

"His conduct is unnatural and inexplicable," I thought; and I was so indignant that I thought aloud; "Never mind, I'll wake him up one of these days if I have a chance."

I had not long to wait for one. In less than half an hour I saw him coming in at the gate. He sauntered slowly up the walk, answering my "good morning" with a smile and bend of the head; and sitting down on the step below me, took off his straw hat, and ran his fingers care-

lessly through his hair, the moist rings clustering in his forehead white as a woman's.

"I called in to say 'good-by,' Milly," he said. "I have taken a job in Grafton, which will keep me from home five or six weeks, perhaps longer. How nice and cosy you always look, here," he added, after a pause.

"I have a very pleasant home," I replied. "I think I could not be as contented anywhere else. It is no pleasanter, though, than yours will be to you when you have been in it long enough to feel at home. Indeed, I think yours a much finer location. And, by the way, there has been a decided improvement made in your front yard within a week; I was passing last evening, but had no time to call."

"Yes," he replied, "it does look a little better. Cora has been trying to straighten things out generally, in-doors and out. It won't amount to much,—in less than six weeks everything will look as bad as ever. She has brightened up wonderfully within the last few weeks, but I expect she will be back in the old track again before long."

"Do you ever try to encourage or help her along?" I asked.

"What do you mean? I provide a home, food and clothing; and all she has to do is to take care of it; it is a woman's business. What more can I do?"

"Shall I tell you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I should like to know."

"You can notice kindly any improvement she may make, either in-doors or out, and give her an encouraging word when you see she has tried to please you in anything. You can avoid finding fault with her for every little thing she neglects to do or does wrongly. You can take an interest in whatever interests her, and treat her with the forbearance and gentleness due a wife,—in short, you can be to her somewhat of all you promised to be when you took her among strangers. You ought to be to her such a loving, tender husband, such a kind counselor and dear friend, that she should scarcely miss a father's care and a mother's lover. But you are not. Your conscience will tell you that. Cora is easily discouraged—she can not endure neglect, and needs a warm, true heart, and a strong arm to help her through this world. Thank God! she has turned over a new leaf. There will be many mistakes at first, and a good many tears shed in consequence; but there will be no wavering nor turning back. I'll vouch for her. So if your home is not henceforth as pleasant and happy a one as can be found on this sinful earth, you will have no one to blame but yourself."

I glanced at him to note the effect of my words; but, save a slight flushing of the brow and compression of the lips, his face did not betray his thoughts. He rose and held out his hand.

"I am obliged to you for your lecture, Milly; I don't think I shall forget it. You are my friend, else I am afraid I should not have listened so calmly to it," and he was gone.

One evening, near the middle of September, I received a telegram from a distant city, summoning me to my brother's bedside. He had been gone from home two months. My preparations were quickly made, and long before daylight I was on my way. I left a note for Cora, explaining my abrupt departure, and promising to write her soon.

It was nearly two months before my brother was able to be taken home. We proceeded thither by slow and easy stages, arriving late at night.

Before we had risen from our late breakfast the next morning, Cora came in. She shook hands with brother Will, expressing her pleasure at seeing him home again, and looking so well.

"Milly! dear, dear Milly, I can't tell you how glad I am to see your dear face once more." How full of life and health she was. Her cheeks were glowing, and eyes sparkling. I looked down into their clear depths,—there was no shadow there,—no—thank God! You may go the wide world over, and you'll not find a happier home than is Allen Ellsworth's to-day.

Wit and Humor.

MRS. PARTINGTON says that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks like a Parisian."

A RELIGIOUS writer recently spoke of an opponent as "an exceedingly sectarian unsectarian—a very unbigoted anti-bigot." That describes a great many men.

A PHYSICIAN examining a student as to his progress, asked him—"Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as a surgeon?" The student replied:—"I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

BISHOP MORLEY was fond of a joke. Once, when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well, to which the coachman made a grumbling objection that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," said Morley, "bring out the coach and four, set the pitcher inside and drive to the well," a service which was several times repeated, to the great amusement of almost the entire village.

A LADY teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know." "Well," responded the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, no," insisted the little one, with an arch look. "You know what it is, and I know what it is, and there is no need of saying anything more about it."

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