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

Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

The New York State Fair, 1864.
"DON'T look back after you have taken hold of the plow handles." If that is not a Scripture quotation it is a faithful paraphrase of one. And it occurred to us, when we took from the post-office this morning the list of premiums to be awarded by the State Society at its Fair to be held in this city the 20th and 23d days of September next. Now, we advise our readers to send directly to B. P. JOHNSON, Secretary, Albany, N. Y., (inclosing a two cent stamp), for a copy of this premium list. It contains much that is instructive and interesting—more than we can notice in this article. And it will be likely to create a desire on your part to attend the fair and do something to render the exhibition a worthy and interesting one for the State. For, be it remembered, the American Pomological Society meets here the week previous, and there will be gathered here eminent Agriculturists from all the Loyal States, who will expect New York to maintain, by the exhibition of its farm and manufactured products, her claim to the title of "the Empire State." Thus much by way of introduction. Now, allow us to call your attention to some of the features of interest contained in the Society's publication before us.

1. The Evening Meetings.—There are to be evening meetings at the City Hall for the discussion of agricultural topics. And we may be allowed to say that we regard these meetings the best feature of these fairs. And they should be so conducted that fair, practical speeches should occupy the time from 7½ to 12 o'clock each evening. And it would have been well if the Society had announced some of the subjects to be talked about, that farmers who obtain or possess information on these topics may be prepared to give it; and that others who desire such information may be induced, and calculate, to be present. The truth is, no farmer should come to this fair simply to look with open-mouthed curiosity upon the articles on exhibition, and go away again without having contributed something to make this festival interesting and profitable to other people. Every man and woman has one, or more, talent to cultivate—and we and disgrace to him, or her, who buries it.

2. About Statements.—Now, in the outset, in beginning to prepare your articles for exhibition, no matter what they may be, be careful to secure the data required to complete the statements asked for by the Society, concerning the different articles on exhibition. A great deal of the good that might result from these exhibitions is lost because committees but half do their duty, and fail to incorporate in their reports of awards, their reasons, in detail, for their action. And this failure is often because exhibitors fail to make complete statements concerning the pedigree, character, or mode of manufacture and relative value economically of whatever they exhibit. The simple award of a premium, without any reason why, by which the public may judge of the value of the award, is the purest farce. Exhibitors do themselves



HALL'S PATENT HAND-POWER STUMP MACHINE.

an injury by neglecting to furnish this information; and judges do the Society an injury by failing to require it, and the fullest test that can be given, of the article submitted to examination. With these details the reports in our transactions would be largely increased in value, and the good influence of the State Society upon Industrial interests would be most potent.

3. We commend the following items:—Overfed fat animals are to be excluded from competition in the classes of breeding animals. Unsound horses will not be allowed to compete. Foals must be the offspring of the mare with which they are respectively exhibited. Exhibitors of sheep must make a statement, on oath, when the animal was last sheared. Stubble shearing is denounced. "Implements requiring trial must be reported to the Secretary as soon as the first of September, so that preparations can be made for their trial." "The plowing match shall continue as long as the judges may deem necessary for a full and perfect trial." The questions to be answered by exhibitors of dairy products.

4. A Reversible Plow.—W. D. Cook, of Sodus, Wayne county, offers a premium of \$100 for a reversible plow. The plow to be thoroughly tried, and the draft to be tested by a dynamometer, and not to exceed that of our best plows; to be equally as strong, no heavier, and to turn a furrow either way, as deep, as wide, and as well as the best plows now in use. The mold-board and other parts upon which the greatest strain and wear come, to be made of steel; to be simple in construction, and to be adapted to both steel and iron points. The cost to the farmer, full rigged, not to exceed fifteen dollars; the plow taking the premium to belong to Dr. Cook after the trial.

The above proposal was acceded to by the Executive Committee, and the above premium will be awarded in compliance with the offer of Dr. COOK, at the next Annual Fair, should the desired plow be presented; notice to be given to the Secretary by the first of July.

—Want of space prevents our calling attention to many noteworthy features of this list. Again, we say, send for one, and place yourself in communication with the worthy and venerable Secretary of the State Society. Such communication will do you no harm, will be likely to do you much good, and may enable you, through him, to render your State good service.

Agricultural Etiquette.
At this season the denizens of towns and cities swarm into the country, visit their country cousins—the farmers to whom they may be in some wise related. And many of these visitors neglect to remember that this is the busy season with husbandman and housewife—that such visits fail to give pleasure to the rural population, unless the visitor in his or her effort to restore strength and stamina lost in the pleasures and cares of city life, develop it by other modes than being waited upon—unless they share the labors of the farmer and his wife to such an extent as fully to compensate for time given by them to excursions, pic nics, &c., in entertainment of their visitors.

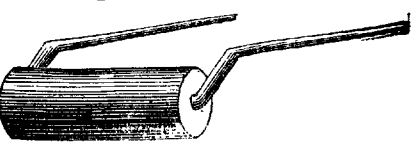
This country cozzening is a great nuisance to

farmers—a great tax upon the strength and patience of farmers' wives at a time when all of it is needed and should be applied in insuring and securing a harvest. We have used the word cozzening advisedly. It is nothing else, unless the aid we have above suggested is given. And especially this season when labor is scarce are these plain words needed—when the country demands increased production to supply the waste of war, and when the force of the farmer has been drawn upon to give force to the army.

Farmers, conscript your visitors. Make them take the hoe, the scythe, the fork, and visit by your side in the field. Do not give them precious time—lend it to them and exact payment in kind and in full. By this means they will learn to enjoy and appreciate rural life as witnessed from a labor stand-point. And they will the better estimate the character and intelligence of the men who are called "the bone and muscle" of the country. And if your visitors lack the good sense to appreciate your position and duties, leave them to their own resources. Feed them on plain farmers' fare. Give them the hardest beds and the hottest rooms—don't let them think you feel honored and overwhelmed by their presence. Don't make yourselves uncomfortable on their account. We don't believe in that kind of hospitality. It ought not to be agricultural etiquette during the busy season at least.

To Prevent Hogs Rooting.
C. B., Harbor Creek, Pa., asks—"Can you, or some of your numerous subscribers, tell me through the RURAL how to prevent hogs from rooting in the lanes and pastures? I have, for the past two years, put rings in their noses, taking a piece of wire the size of a large knitting needle, twisting a small ring on one end, sharpening the other, then sticking it through the nose and twist another ring; but without success. The wire in a short time would cut through the flesh, drop out, and the hogs root as bad as ever."

We give herewith an engraving of a jewel we once saw in the noses of swine on a thousand acre farm. The farmer, who is a thorough, driving, practical man, thought very highly of it indeed. He said it was an English mode of ornamenting swine. These jewels were made



by an English blacksmith in the neighborhood, and put on the swine for five cents each. It consists of a light iron roller a half inch in diameter and an inch and a quarter long, through which passes a light nail rod six inches long. That portion of it which passes through the ring, and the shoulders, is hammered round. The shoulders are about a half inch in length. The arms are flat, pointed sharp like a horse shoe nail, and are about 2½ inches long, measuring from the shoulders.

The snout of the animal is punctured just beneath the rooting ring of the snout, the sharp, flat ends of the arms pushed through up

to the shoulders, and with a split iron rod made for the purpose, the ends are rolled, twisted or kinked on the top of the snout, in a way which renders it impracticable for Mr. ROOTER to get rid of his jewels. The effect is, that when it is desired by his highness, the said ROOTER, to thrust his nose under the clover or blue grass sod in search of worms, the effort, with the aid of the permanent roller on his nose, propels said organ along on the surface, and his occupation is gone.

But a better way, some farmers think, is with a sharp knife to take off the rooting rim of the hog's nose. It is quickly and easily done, and he will feed in the pasture or meadow as harmless as a sheep. There are farmers who object to this, however, averring that it injures the animal. How it can do so, more than to jewel him, we can not understand. We should prefer depriving the animal of his rooting power without the ornament. But good farmers use jewels.

Cure for Hard Milkers.
"LA FOCHE," Cambridge Valley, N. Y., writes:—"Insert the blade of a small pen-knife from one-half to three-fourths of an inch into each teat, and you will find that the milk will flow free and easy without the least injury."

G. S. DWIGHT, Cortland Co., N. Y., writes:—"I have used the simple insertion of a goose-quill, with success. A large, tapering hen's-quill will answer the same purpose. It may be necessary to repeat the operation; but it is seldom the case. I have three cows now that I have successfully treated in this way. Two of these cows could not be milked without tying before this treatment, but are as peaceable now while being milked as could be wished."

C. C. P., of Vernon, N. Y., writes:—"Cured one two years ago, and it remains good yet. It was cured by milking the teat with both hands—a cure which I found in the Albany Cultivator, Vol. 2, (1854), page 304. I will give it as it is there:—Take both hands to milk one teat. With one, press the milk down from the udder, and with the other milk it out; applying as much force as the cow will bear with both hands. The difficulty will gradually diminish, if sufficient force is applied in milking, until, in two weeks, an entire cure will be effected."

W. H. H. KELLER, Steuben Co., N. Y., writes:—"My father keeps a dairy, and one summer he served eight of his hard milking cows in this wise:—Take a penknife or a lance made on purpose, with an edge on both sides, put your thumb on the blade about one-half of an inch from the point, take the teat in your left hand and fill it with milk, then run the blade into the end of the teat up to your thumb, the edges cutting on both sides the hard skin that has grown on the end of the teat. The cow may flinch at it a little; the teat may bleed a few drops of blood, but no matter; it will spatter for a few times, but they will milk as easy as any cow. The larger knife you use the easier they will milk; nor will they leak their milk as a great many will say; it is a certain cure every time. Try it, every one of you who have got hard cows to milk."

Stump Machines.
We have inquiries concerning stump machines. Correspondents want to know where they can be obtained, at what price, and which is the best. We give an engraving of one, on this page, which was manufactured in this city and sold for \$60 in 1861, which was popular then because of its simplicity, portability and cheapness. And it had the reputation of doing its work well. Persons desirous of knowing more concerning it will doubtless be able to get information by addressing A. M. BADGER, of this city, who formerly manufactured it. We have hitherto published engravings of several patented machines. Which one is the best we do not know. We will be glad to receive experience on that point.

To Prevent the Rot in Potatoes.
W. H. B., a soldier in the 116th Reg. N. Y. Vol's, wrote us from Louisiana sometime since, giving his experience in digging potatoes so as to prevent rot. He digs just as soon as the potato leaves begin to decay—as soon the first signs of rust appear. And he never lost two bushels during six years' experience in growing potatoes extensively, while his neighbors, some seasons, lost largely, and one year when he neglected to dig according to the above rule, his rotted badly.



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.
BREEDING IN-AND-IN.

SECOND ARTICLE.
MR. ALLEN, after mentioning the close inter-marriages of the Israelites, etc, adduced some modern examples. He said:
In modern times, the history of the present reigning family of England is a succession of cousin-marriages for several generations, as well as of the same practice for many generations previous in their German homes. The Third GORON of England married his German own cousin CHARLOTTE, who bore him thirteen stout, healthy sons and daughters, of quite average mind and capacity. The Fourth GEORGE married his German cousin CAROLINE, from whom descended "the Princess CHARLOTTE," first wife of LEOPOLD, her own cousin, now King of Belgium—a Princess of rich promise—and had she lived, would have been Queen of Britain. EDWARD, Duke of Kent, and fourth son of GEORGE III, married one of his German consins, and from that marriage came VICTORIA, the present Queen. She married her first cousin—German also—ALBERT, late Prince Consort, and their family of eight children, show, in appearance and promise, no deteriorating effects of intermarriage in their ancestry.

The English House of Lords—a body of men fully ranking in ability and judgment with other men of equal education throughout the British realm—is in a great number of instances from families in which marriages between relatives have been as close as in the Royal family. Similar examples have been common in the lineages of men well known in history, in all ages and all parts of the world. King KAMAHAMEHA, the able barbarian monarch who brought all the Sandwich Islands under his government, and thus opened the way for the introduction of Christianity, was the descendant of a line of continuous intermarriages between brothers and sisters.

It is quite as easy, it is true, to point out examples of lines of Monarchs and Nobles who have, as it is supposed, and probably justly supposed, incurred physical and mental decay, and in the expressive popular phrase, run out, by reason of in-and-in breeding. To this it may be answered that the in-and-in breeding took place between related persons of imperfect physical or mental organization, and that accordingly by the natural law of inheritance already named, the imperfection continued to increase in each succeeding generation. The successful in-and-in breeder of brutes selects only sound and perfect animals for procreation. No such selection of human beings for marriage takes place. Those of the most feeble constitution—those known to be the subjects of the most serious hereditary maladies—those laboring under life-long diseases—marry, nay, are sometimes the first to marry. The hand of rank and wealth rarely goes a begging in matrimony! And when neither of these baits exist, we daily see girls with that pale, unearthly beauty which shows that disease is gnawing like a worm at the core, preferred by sensible men for wives, to robust, healthy females, of better form and sounder mind, (*mens sana in corpore sano*), but who have not on their faces that hectic bloom which is the harbinger of death. Unless human beings select, or are selected in marriage, for the same perfection and soundness of organization which the successful breeder makes indispensable in choosing brutes to pair together, the ill results exhibited in their posterity prove nothing against in-and-in breeding. Indeed, the inter-breeding of diseased, degenerate, or imperfect animals, will produce those results, whether the parents are related or not.

It may be considered probable that brutes and human beings are subject to the same physical laws in the above particulars. But we do not know that fact to be true. Mind, to a certain extent, controls matter in respect to conception, disease, and in other particulars. We will not, therefore, carry out Mr. ALLEN'S ideas any further in this direction, but turn to the examples of brutes. In regard to the in-and-in breeding of these, he says:
"Let us consult history as to the matter of in-and-in breeding, so far as we are enabled to arrive at results. The Short-Horn breed of cattle are acknowledged, under favorable conditions, to be the finest and most richly developed cattle in existence. The brothers

COLLING—ROBERT and CHARLES—commenced breeding them in England about the year 1780. They selected the best animals they could get without regard to their blood relations. These animals they closely interbred in every possible relation of consanguinity—even, in one case, to six consecutive crosses of one bull—Favorite—and he very closely interbred to his daughter, grand-daughter, and so on, and the last descendant of this incestuous breeding was equal, if not superior, in style and quality to any of her maternal ancestors. Comet, a son of the same bull—Favorite—by his own daughter, from her and his own mother, was considered the best bull of his day, and sold by CHAS. COLLING for \$5,000, the highest price ever paid for a bull, up to that time, in England. CHARLES COLLING quit breeding in the year 1810, after continuing the business thirty years; and his brother ROBERT bred thirty-eight years, until 1818, when he died, and his herd was sold. No Short-Horns in England possessed higher reputations than those of the COLLINGS, nor brought higher prices at the time, and the choicest animals now of the breed known, trace their pedigrees back to the COLLING herds. There were contemporary breeders, who, like the COLLINGS, pursued the same practice of in-and-in breeding. They were the MAYNARDS, and BOOTHs, and WERNERs, and WILSONs, and TROTTERS, the late EARL SPENCER, SIR CHARLES KNIGHTLY, and sundry others, all more or less practicing the same method of improvement. The late THOMAS BATES, whose herd of Short-Horns, at his death, stood the very first in England—and the prices his cattle brought since have proved it—bred for fifty years, and in the closest possible manner. He frequently asserted that he never went out of his own blood for a fresh cross, but to his damage. The late MR. PEARCE, the most celebrated breeder of Hereford cattle of his day, asserted, in a communication to the *British Farmers' Magazine*, that he had not gone out of his own herd for a breeding animal for forty years. The Devon breeders—the two DAVYS, QUARTLY, MERSON, and others, so far as their course is known, have interbred their stock from the closest affinities, and their cattle approach as near perfection in their kind as is possible.

Here are "facts" for our Pike Run friend's consideration, and facts which do not rest on the authority of floating newspaper paragraphs, or on vague tradition. They rest on the explicit authority of the persons named in most instances—in all, on undeniable authority. Is any one prepared to present an equal array, or any approach to an equal array, of successful breeders of cattle, who have effected their improvements without breeding in-and-in? Of another kind of domestic animals, MR. ALLEN truly says:—The English blood horse, in his finest developments of speed, power and endurance, has sprung from very close interbreeding, as his various genealogies are traced in the stud books." The same is the case with most of the improved English species of smaller pure bred animals, such as pigs, poultry, rabbits, pigeons, etc.

We come now to the direct subjects of the question under discussion—sheep. By far the most valuable ancient breed—the most fixed and perdurable one in its characteristics—the *hardiest* one (which possesses any general value) to withstand all varieties of climate and other circumstances—namely, the Merino, has been bred in-and-in from a period of time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The traditions of Spain are persistent in this particular, no one pointing to a period, far back in the ages, where any different mode of breeding prevailed. Each cabana, or flock, furnishes its own rams perpetually; and the cabanas are never mixed together.* What signs did they exhibit of decay when introduced into the United States? They almost instantly became acclimated, and when acclimated they excelled all our own breeds in hardness—not even excepting the "native" wood-ranger! We scarcely know of any domestic animals which rivaled them in this particular, unless they were the donkey and the goat! Now here is a *fact*—not exceptional, not influenced by this or that incidental circumstance, but proved by the example of a whole race, and by an experiment of ages—to oppose to the theory that in-and-in breeding necessarily produces constitutional degeneracy and decay. The Spanish flocks were kept weeded of those feeble animals which ought not to be allowed to breed, by two causes. First, by the annual culling out and killing of the inferior lambs by the shepherds. This was a duty these thoroughly experienced men could well perform, though in that enterprise, general knowledge, disposition to investigate and compare, freedom from prejudice, and disregard of cost, which are necessary to great and rapid improvements, they were immeasurably behind our American Merino breeders. Second, the migratory flocks (the best) of Spain, annually traveled on the average 800 miles, in their journeys to and from the mountains. They started when their lambs were young—found much short feed on the road—and in thickly populated districts were often necessarily pushed forward even twenty miles a day to obtain subsistence. This finished the weeding out of the flocks, if the shepherds left it incomplete. According to the theory of the opponents of in-and-in breeding, it should, hundreds of years ago, have destroyed all of them!

ROBERT BAKEWELL was the first great improver of sheep in modern times. It is true that his original selections were made from different and probably unrelated flocks; and it is even contended that he chose from different varieties,—though there is no proof on the subject pro or con. But it is admitted on all sides, that after getting together his materials, he was a constant and close in-and-in breeder. His sheep spread over Great Britain, and to some extent over Europe and America; and to this day they hold rather the first place among the British people. No one avers that they degenerated during the life of MR. BAKEWELL. In the hands of some of his successors the pure bloods degenerated in no known particular except size. With others, they acquired a certain delicacy of constitution and became less prolific—until they took a dip of other (usually Cotswold)

* At least this was true down to the period of the last important importation of Merinos into this country in 1811 and 1812; and if any change has been made since, we are not informed of it.

blood. BAKEWELL'S system of breeding involved the attempt to produce a highly artificial form of body—an unnatural amount of fat—a peculiar distribution of the fat and lean parts of the meat—and a remarkable and unnatural proportion of carcass (meat) to bone. His rule in the latter particular, was to leave his sheep barely sufficient bone to sustain their weight and perform the other animal functions dependent thereon. He consequently purposely sacrificed the locomotive powers, the animal vigor, and capacity to endure hardship. In effecting the above objects he deranged the order and course of some of the secretions: he enfeebled certain functions and he strengthened others: in short, he created a more artificial animal than the world ever saw before, and it required a proportionally artificial and skillful system of breeding, feeding and management generally, to keep the wonderful machine perfect, and in perfect "working order." Here, then, are a multitude of circumstances wholly outside of in-and-in breeding, highly calculated to result in ultimate deterioration—which, indeed, require the application of the most consummate skill to prevent deterioration. Of the amount of skill applied since BAKEWELL'S death we can not speak. But whether much or little, any loss of constitution, or any necessity for the infusion of fresh blood, which has occurred, is not necessarily attributed to in-and-in breeding; and with the great Merino example before our eyes, we are not authorized to attribute it specially to that cause.

The great improvers of the South Down sheep, ELLMAN, WEBB, etc., have all been close in-and-in breeders. Even the English advocates of crossing become in-and-in breeders in course of time. They intermingle two families to obtain certain properties from each: but when those properties are obtained—when the desired new standard is reached, it is thenceforth perpetuated by close breeding. How could it be otherwise perpetuated? Could a *middle* animal between two varieties be obtained, beyond the first generation, by resorting alternately to the males of each pure variety? For the purpose of broad illustration, let us suppose a cross between a Merino and a South Down. The progeny has half the blood of each. Let this half-blood animal represent the standard aimed at by the breeder, and which he wishes to perpetuate. If the half-blood ewe should be coupled with the pure South Down ram, the progeny would be three-quarters South Down instead of half, and would proportionally differ in its characteristics from a half-blood. Thus the desired standard would be departed from at once. Unrelated half-bloods, it is true, might be coupled together—but few take this trouble; and it would thus be rendered vastly more difficult to obtain strictly homogeneous materials—animals of very close resemblance—for interbreeding.

But we have not done with the Merinos. One great branch of them has been bred strictly in-and-in, for upwards of sixty years, in the United States. There is not a particle of doubt that Colonel HUMPHREYS' imported sheep exclusively of one cabana—and it is now generally believed that it was the cabana of the Duke of Infantado. Colonel H. never went out of his own flock for rams. STEPHEN ATWOOD bought one ewe of him in 1813, bred her to pure Humpheys rams until about 1830, and subsequently to rams of his own raising. EDWIN HAMMOND bought a portion of Mr. ATWOOD'S flock in 1844 and 1846—and has kept them pure from any other intermixture from that day to this—breeding first from rams purchased of Mr. ATWOOD and since from his own rams. The original stock had been bred in-and-in for ages in Spain—and has since been bred far more intensely in-and-in, by reason of the smallness of the American flocks we have named.

What is the result? MR. ATWOOD somewhat improved the size and form, and materially improved the fleece of one of the prime cabanas of Spain. MR. HAMMOND has improved more on MR. ATWOOD'S sheep than MR. ATWOOD improved on the Spanish stock. He has not only very greatly increased the fleece, but he has changed a smallish, comparatively flat-sided, small-boned and attenuated animal (the old Spanish type) into a good-sized, extremely round and strong boned one. He has shortened the legs, shortened and thickened the neck, given more fullness to the quarters, and increased the substance in every direction. All this has been done without sacrificing anything useful in the constitution, and with an improvement to it in some particulars.*

The other leading branch of American Merinos—the Paulars—was bred in-and-in strictly by ANDREW COCK, HON. CHARLES RICH, and his son JOHN T. RICH, from the period of their importation until 1842—thirty years—and they had become at the last named date proverbial for their compactness and hardness. A dip of Jarvis blood was then taken to improve the fineness and evenness of their fleeces, but not with the most remote idea of adding anything to the constitution. The Messrs. RICH, ERASTUS ROBINSON, TYLER STICKNEY and others, subsequently took more or less Infantado crosses

* The Spanish sheep; lean, narrow, deep-chested and longer legged (the very model of a traveling animal) would doubtless better endure the long journeys to which it was subjected in Spain, than would the round-chested and short-legged American Merino. It probably, too, could better withstand extreme privations of food. Long annual journeys and starvation are not required of sheep in this country. The American Merino is quite equal to all that is demanded of it, and far surpasses the English improved varieties in these particulars. In circumstances of plenty, it is a better feeder than the original Spanish sheep, and makes a far better return for its feed, both in meat and wool. It is more prolific, and a better nurse and mother. We do not think it so subject to certain diseases, or that it succumbs so readily to disease. It is a stronger, but less active animal.

—founding several different and well known families; but fresh crosses with the Infantado were not generally continued. These proprietors thenceforth bred from their own rams, or from those of their neighbors of the same blood and family. In other words, breeding in-and-in was resumed, and has been, in many cases, continued to this day—a period amply sufficient to "run out" the families, if such were the inevitable results of this kind of breeding. Yet the sheep so bred, continue proverbial for their easiness of keep and good constitutions.

We need not go into Vermont to find the above facts. All the most celebrated flocks of heavy woolled American Merinos in the United States are from one or the other of the above stocks, or are crosses between them. If pure of either stock, they are necessarily as much bred in-and-in as is the parent stock. What does it matter that MR. A. B., when he went to New England, five or twenty-five years ago, bought of different proprietors—of proprietors, if you please, incapable of tracing, or even unconscious of any near relationship between their flocks. Yet if pure Atwood or Hammond sheep, every one of them are descended from the one ewe, bought by STEPHEN ATWOOD of Colonel HUMPHREYS in 1813—and from a stock bred intensely in-and-in ever since. The pedigree of MR. HAMMOND'S sheep, published in the *Practical Shepherd*, (page 121), throw a flood of light on this subject. We will select out a single example in the case of the world renowned ram, "Sweepstakes." His dam and grand-dam were got by the same ram, "Old Greasy"—so that the latter was both his maternal grand-sire and great grand-sire. "Old Greasy" was also his paternal great grand-sire. The dam of "Little Wrinkly," the sire of "Sweepstakes," was got by "Wooster," the sire of "Old Greasy." "Old Wrinkly," the grand-sire of "Sweepstakes," was got by "Old Greasy," and his maternal grand-sire was "Old Greasy." "Old Greasy's" paternal and maternal grand-sire was the same animal, "Old Black." MR. HAMMOND'S present favorite ram, "Gold Drop," is as closely bred—and so indeed are all his choicest animals.

With the exception of the few dips of other blood adverted to, the Improved Paulars have been bred in the same close way—though it is not probable that one breeder in twenty who does not keep a record of individual pedigrees, is conscious of the closeness of his own in-and-in breeding!

The Silesian Merinos of the United States are the result of a cross commenced in 1811 between four Negretti rams and one hundred Infantado ewes. Since then—a period of fifty-three years—they have been bred strictly in-and-in. These sheep are much larger than either of the parent stems, and yield double the amount of wool. "Medium aged ewes," says MR. CHAMBERLAIN, "shear from 8 to 11 lbs., bucks from 12 to 16 lbs." of unwashed wool. They are also improved as breeders and nurses.

When no Merino flock-master in the United States or the world, can show animals of this breed comparable with the Improved American families named—comparable in production and superior or even equal in hardness of constitution—is it not the most transparent nonsense for any man to assume that in-and-in breeding must inevitably end in degeneracy and decay?

Against such an array of affirmative "facts," what have dissentients like our Pike Run friend and MR. SAUNDERS, to offer? Generally, 1st, a comparatively few instances where in-and-in breeding has been attended with injurious effects; but whether those effects were caused by the closeness of the breeding, or by an error in breeding, is not proven. 2d. A specification of instances where crossing has proved highly advantageous. Granting the truth of all such allegations, it does not establish the fact that in-and-in breeding has not led to equal or still greater successes—and it unquestionably has done so. 3d. A quotation from early authors, like DEBRIGHT, CLINE, etc., objecting to close in-and-in breeding. These men did not understand the term in the sense it is now understood in the United States. SIR JOHN SEBRIGHT, who is often quoted, did not consider procreation between parent and offspring to be breeding in-and-in! He thought breeding between brother and sister might "be called a little close," but "should they both be very good, and particularly should the same defects not predominate in both, but the perfection of the one promise to correct in the produce the imperfections of the other, he did not think it objectionable!" He also says breeding in-and-in "may be beneficial, if not carried too far, particularly in fixing any variety which may be thought valuable." The last object, substituting the word "improvement" for variety—which would not alter the intended meaning of the author—is the most important one of all in-and-in breeding. The objection to interbreeding animals not nearly connected, we understand to be principally confined to the United States, where it has never been practiced, and consequently tested, to any considerable extent!

The objections to the popular views and practice on this subject are these. They lead to a constant sacrifice of very valuable rams, and consequent trouble and expense in procuring new and unrelated ones, in order to keep up improvement, and at the same time avoid in-and-in breeding. Second, unless in the case of extraordinary good judges in the selection of rams, and of any who have a definite standard of breeding, they also lead to constant changes in the character of the flock. A short-legged, compact ram is succeeded by a comparatively tall, "rangy" one—a short and thick woolled ram, by a long and open woolled one—a moderately yolk fleeced one, by an excessively yolk fleeced one, and so on. The flock is thus kept ever vibrating between extremes—without any fixed type or standard of its own. This greatly impairs its

intrinsic value, and is, very properly, ruinous to its reputation.

Are we asked if we advocate close intermarriages of human beings, and a close general inter-breeding of sheep? By no means. High moral considerations stand in the way of the former. And no man can inter-breed sheep closely with safety, unless he thoroughly understands the physiology, the "points," and the tendencies to diseases and defects in each animal. This is a degree of knowledge which but few persons possess, or are capable of attaining even in respect to their own flocks. Without it, in-and-in breeding, the most rapid source of improvements, and the surest mode of fixing them, is an "edge tool" liable to cut the fingers attempting to use it. But it is necessary for no one to plunge so far into the opposite extreme as the popular notions on the subject demand, and to incur the resulting losses. We advise that no farmer having sheep possessing the points which he desires to perpetuate, and sheep which he knows to be habitually healthy and hardy, hesitate to breed between those not closely related—not more closely related, for example, than cousins.

SHEEP WORK IN JULY.

HAVING commenced the discussion of the subject of in-and-in breeding, we have preferred to continue it to its close, this week; and our second article on the subject is so long that our usual paper on sheep work, for the current month, must go over until next week.

Inquiries and Answers.

A POTATO DIGGER WANTED.—Where can I get a machine to dig potatoes?—S. B. J., Kingston.

JAS. HARRIS, Cataraugus Co., N. Y.—We cannot furnish you the book you ask for.

GUENON ON MILCH COWS.—(S. Tinnerman.) "Guenon on Milch Cows" is such a book as you inquire for. We can send it to you post-paid on receipt of 60 cents.

CUTTING TIMBER.—O. K., Licking Co., O., writes:—"From an experience of twenty-six years I can endorse the recommendation to cut timber in the fall for durability."

HOW TO BUILD A TROUT POND.—Can you or any of your subscribers give or refer me to any information how to build a trout pond? Are two ponds necessary? Is hard water as good as soft?—C. B. CREE, Monroe Co., Wisconsin.

On page 133, last volume of the *RURAL*, you will find the information you ask for in detail.

LEACHED ASHES FORTY YEARS OLD.—I wish you or some of your readers would inform me if there is any value as a fertilizer in leached ashes that have been leached forty years, and laid exposed to the weather, for hops or tobacco?—A. B. H., Franklin Co., N. Y.

Very little indeed. The only good effect likely to be derived from their use, would be their mechanical effect on stiff soils. Such is our opinion.

TO KILL SORREL.—Can you inform me what plan I can adopt to kill out common red sorrel? It seems to grow equally as well on part of my land that is rich and highly manured as on poorer soil. The soil is sandy loam.—Damos, Newwalk, O.

So ten to twenty-five bushels of lime per acre and cultivate well, keeping ground clean, and you will not be troubled with sorrel. The presence of sorrel indicates the want of alkali.

MANURE LEACHING.—Would it be advisable to manure my ground in the fall and plow it in? The soil being sandy, would not the virtue of the manure leach out?—Damos.

If we were going to plow manure under in your soil in the fall we should cover it very lightly. Whether it would leach would depend upon its character. If coarse it would leach little; if fine and rotted it would leach more; although we must say that we do not have so much apprehension of loss from the leaching of manure incorporated in the soil, as some do.

SCOURS IN CATTLE.—WM. PALMER writes:—"Use the bark of the 'Hobble-bush' for the scours in cattle. It never failed with me." We suppose our correspondent means *Hobble-bush*—*Viburnum lantanoides*—which is common in the rocky woods of New England and New York. It bears large, brilliant, white flowers. Height about five feet. Branches long and crooked, often trailing and rooting. Leaves very large, covered with a rusty pubescence when young, at length becoming green, the dust and down only remaining upon the stalks and veins.

A MARTIN HOUSE.—Can I obtain from you a plan for building a martin house? I wish to know what size the rooms should be, also full instructions, if not too much trouble.—W. F. BISSALL, Oneida Co., N. Y.

We never owned nor built a martin house. We have seen a great many, but don't know the size of the rooms, or whether any particular plan or size, other than the fancy of the builder is essential. Architects sometimes furnish drawings or plans with especial view to exterior effect. If our readers know any rule governing size of rooms, will they inform our correspondent?

SCHOOLERY'S PRESERVATORY.—On page 70, current Vol. of *RURAL*, a correspondent asks—"Can you or any of your readers say anything about SCHOOLERY'S Preservatory?" We did not reply because we knew nothing of it. We know nothing of its value now by experience, nor by testimony, but we can tell our correspondent something of its character. It is a patented plan for preserving fresh meat, fruit, and other perishables by the construction of a building with two apartments, one of which contains ice, and the other the articles to be preserved. It is so arranged that a constant circulation of air is kept up between the two apartments, the fruit room having a dry, equable temperature of about 40°. It is useless to give a more detailed description of its construction, since it would not be available to our readers because of the patent.

CATCHING FROGS.—Will you please inform me through the *RURAL* how frogs are caught? I have caught a few by shooting them, but think from the vast numbers used in the city restaurants that there must be some easier mode of catching them.—W. F. S., Fredericktown, O.

We have never seen a frog-catcher at his work, but have always supposed they were secured by covering them with a circular net fastened to a hoop with a long handle. We know, too, that some use a light spear, which they handle with great skill and success. But we do not know the most approved mode. We do not find any prescribed mode, in the works on frogs, at hand.

Rural Notes and Items.

THE SEASON, CROPS, &c.—For two weeks preceding the 27th the weather was excessively warm and dry for the season. We never experienced such a "heated term," in June, as that of last week in this region, and accounts from both East and West speak of excessive heat and drouth—though Iowa and portions of Illinois and Wisconsin, have recently been favored with copious rains. The crops of the whole country are generally promising, except in regions where affected by the drouth. In the West sorghum and corn are said to look very promising generally, having suffered less from the drouth than other crops.

Prof. DEWEY, of this city, favors us with the following facts and figures:

The Hot Period of June, 1864.—This commenced on the 15th, when the temperature was 83 degrees at 2 P. M., and the mean was 69.7 degrees. The heat of the 17th was 80 degrees at 2 P. M., from a cool breeze which came at 12 from some distant shower; but the mean was 71.3 degrees. The 18th was 90 at noon, and for the day 77 degrees. The 22d was 89 at 2 P. M., and hot all day, so that the mean was 79.3 degrees. The 24th was 93, and its mean 81.3; and the 25th was 92, and its mean 83.7 degrees. This was the *summum bonum* of hot weather, and this hot Saturday will not soon be forgotten. The following day (Saturday) was not quite so hot—91 at noon, very warm at sunset, but a great change occurred soon after the thunder shower of 8 P. M., which was short, but most reviving and grateful. At 9 P. M. the heat was 10 degrees below that of the night before, and 21 degrees below the noon. On Monday morning, the temperature was 19 degrees below that of the previous morning, and 31 degrees below that of Saturday noon. No rain had fallen from the 12th, except a few large rain-drops at 1 P. M. of the 25th.

The last five days of June, 1863, were hot, but much below these twelve days. Four days in the last week of June, 1863, were much below these. Three days, from 9th to 12th of June, 1861, were hot, but far less. Three days in June, 1859, from 27th to 29th, about equal to these. Seven days in June, 1853, 23d to 29th, equal some of these. The last half of June, 1856, was hot, but not so hot, and more variable than these twelve—this memorable heated period of June, 1864. The Barometer has been higher this half month than for some months.—c. p.

From Wisconsin we have more unfavorable accounts concerning the drouth and crops than any other State, but, although in type, we are obliged to omit them.

EDITORIAL EXCURSION.—By invitation of the N. Y. Central Railroad to the Newspaper Editors of Western New York and Canada West, quite a number of our brethren of the peculiarly-shaped steel said to be mightier than the sword, left "these parts" on the evening of the 24th inst. for New York—going, in commodious sleeping cars, via Troy, in accordance with the recent excellent arrangement of the Central which avoids any change of cars between Buffalo and New York. The party, including a goodly number of choice spirits, arrived in New York Saturday A. M., and were hospitably hosted at S. T. NICHOLS' tavern, Broadway. The programme was to see the sights on Saturday, go to church (of course) on Sunday, take a steamboat trip down the bay on Monday, board the new steamer "Vibbard" for Albany on Tuesday, and thence proceed homeward by rail. Trust our friends had a good time, and regret we could not accept a kind invitation to be one of them. We observe, however, by a published list, that the *RURAL* NEW-YORKER was represented, on paper at least, by S. S. AVERY—a very clever fellow, we hope, but, though many employees of this office have risen to distinction and are occupying responsible positions, we fail to recognize the name of AVERY on our "slate." Perhaps this S. S. AVERY means an enterprising Rochester bookseller, who bears that cognomen, and if so, his kin to the craft must be his excuse for an exhibition of good taste in attaching himself to this journal,—but if it is any other AVERY, we object and protest.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR—to be held in this city, Sept. 20-22—will, according to indications thus far, prove worthy of the Society, State and location. The grounds, buildings, etc., are being improved for the occasion, and there is every reason to believe that, the weather being auspicious, the Fair will not only be numerously attended but unusually creditable in its leading departments. The June number of the Society's Journal (edited by Secretary JOHNSON) says:—"We have the most encouraging accounts from all parts of the State in relation to the State Fair at Rochester. We assure our Rochester friends that the people intend to be there, and we doubt not that every needed preparation will be made for the farmers and mechanics of the Empire State, as well as our friends across the line."

BIRDSELL'S COMBINED CLOVER THRASHER AND HULLER.—As will be seen by reference to advertisement in our present issue, this popular machine is now manufactured for the Western trade at South Bend, Ind. The demand for the machine at the West, with the difficulty of shipping, has induced the establishment of a branch manufactory at a favorable point to reach the various Western States. As we have received occasional letters of inquiry relative to clover machines, we take this occasion to say that the success of BIRDSELL'S Thrasher and Huller is evidence of its adaptability to the wants of farmers. It is considered a decided improvement upon the old methods of separating the seed from the straw,—and as the clover crop is of immense value to the country, we commend this machine to all growers thereof who have occasion for its use.

FLAX CULTURE IN CANADA.—The Canadians are manifesting great interest in flax culture, and wisely too. We notice that a council of the counties of York and Peel, C. W., recently met at Toronto and resolved to appoint an agent to lecture through the Province on the culture of flax. Fibrous products should receive attention.

WHICH IS THE BEST MOWER?—(W. F. M., Hamilton, C. W.) That is precisely what we would be glad to know. But we never found one who could answer the question yet. The season ought not to pass without associated trials of machinery of this kind, in all parts of the country.

A WOOD-SPLITTING MACHINE.—We notice that a St. Louis citizen has invented a wood-splitting machine which is operated by horse-power, and which does the work rapidly and well. If the price is a reasonable one, it will be a valuable aid to the farmer.

HORSE FAIR AT SENECA FALLS.—We acknowledge the receipt of a ticket to this Fair, which takes place the 2d and 4th inst's, as before noticed. Also, for the Horse Show, at Lyons, on the Fourth.

Horticultural.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

SUMMER MEETING.

The Society met at the City Hall in this city, Wednesday, the 22d inst. There was a full attendance. The meeting was called to order by President BARRY. The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved. Additions were made to the Committee on Programme, and they retired to prepare a report.

GROWING STRAWBERRIES.

During the absence of the Committee on Programme, a gentleman said that nearly half the crop of strawberries had been lost the present season in consequence of the drouth, and asked if there was any preventive of such a result, which could be adopted practically.

CHAS. DOWNING.—I know of none except to mulch and irrigate.

Question.—Will it pay to cart water to irrigate?

DOWNING.—I have had no experience, but should think not unless the water is very convenient.

GEO. ELLWANGER.—The best preventive is to plant in hills, keep runners off, and cultivate thoroughly during the season. Mulch before the berries begin to ripen.

THE PRESIDENT.—We find that vines cultivated in hills, the ground kept pulverized,—mulched with hoe and rake,—stand the drouth well. Too much water without culture is likely to cause the earth to crust.

HERENDREN.—I would mulch and apply the water on the mulch, which would, I think, prevent a crust forming.

THE PRESIDENT.—In the market gardens around Paris the arrangements are most complete for irrigating. Each garden is supplied with water from a large well, from which it is elevated to a tank by a horse-pump, and thence carried to all parts of the garden by pipes.

SMITH, of Geneva.—I have used fine manure, muck, and fine grass, for mulching, with success, as a preventive of the effects of drouth.

MOORE.—Is the short crop this season to be attributed entirely to dry weather, or to blasting, occasioned by cold, wet weather about the time of blossoming?

A gentleman replies that the cold weather, he thinks, blasted a majority of the blossoms.

The Committee on Programme here entered, reported, and the first question announced was taken up.

1. Question.—What requisites are essential for securing a good crop of Strawberries in all seasons, wet, dry, and otherwise?

H. N. LANGWORTHY was called for, and said:—Deep culture, a good, finely pulverized bed, well drained, suitably enriched and properly cultivated, will produce in all seasons. Excess of water is ruinous to the strawberry plant. There must be drainage. Moist ground is good for propagating plants, but not for producing fruit. It is true the plant wants and uses a good deal of water at the time of ripening the fruit, but there should be no excess at the period of blossoming.

J. J. THOMAS.—It is a fact that strawberries seem to be suffering from the drouth. Will irrigation be any advantage?

A REPORTER.—Had known a plantation on sandy soil that was irrigated every night from hydrants. As soon as the sun went down, water was distributed over it, men kept at work all night. The crop was not only saved from drouth, but, to a certain extent, the development and ripening of the fruit was controlled so as to insure its succession in market.

DOWNING.—Mr. PEASE, of the farm school in Westchester county, succeeded in growing very fine Triomphe de Gands last year, for which he got a large price. He did it by irrigation.

PHINNEY.—I know that if plants are kept in hills and cultivated constantly, the drouth will not so seriously affect the crop, as if the vines are allowed to cover the ground.

J. J. THOMAS.—How much has the crop of this year been diminished by the present drouth?

R. SCHUYLER, Seneca Falls.—I have not half the usual crop; but I do not attribute the failure entirely to the drouth. Think the wet, cold weather the early part of the season had something to do with shortening it.

LANGWORTHY.—Was there not too much water in the soil before the plants were able to consume it?

SCHUYLER.—I think so. Vines put out in October last stand and bear better than those planted early this Spring.

MOODY, of Lockport.—A friend who is an excellent planter and cultivator, lost his vines by the cold, combined with the strong wind, last winter—which seemed to exhaust the vitality of the vine, though the degree of cold, alone, was not sufficient. The plants were on lands where they could not be injured by excess of water. They looked fine in the fall, and were mulched.

HOAG.—I find young plants stood the winter well, while old plants died. The old ones had been set a year.

H. E. HOOKER.—Some years since I planted in hills, kept runners off, and the severe winter killed the vines, while those allowed to run were much less injured. The runners afford protection. Did Mr. MOODY's friend allow his to run?

MOODY.—He allows the runners to make a row eighteen inches wide. Beyond that they were not permitted to take root.

BENJ. FISH.—The destruction of the crop

this season is due in some localities to the ravages of the strawberry worm.

THE RUSSELL STRAWBERRY.

2. Question.—What is the result of another year's experience with the Russell Prolific Strawberry?

[It is proper to say in the outset that there was a large exhibition of this variety on the table—indeed, it was the feature of the exhibition, so far as display was concerned—JOSEPH KEECH, of Waterloo, and RENSSALAER SCHUYLER, of Seneca Falls, making the bulk of the display.]

R. SCHUYLER.—The berries I have on exhibition here grew on vines planted out late last season and poorly cared for this. The productiveness of the plant is wonderful. It is very hardy, easily fertilized—scarcely needs fertilizing at all, but produces a good deal better with some staminate berry mixed with it. An acre of land, I do not hesitate to say, with good cultivation, will yield 300 to 400 bushels of fruit planted with this berry. I would cultivate it in hills, keeping off runners, and mulch two or three inches deep in winter.

H. E. HOOKER.—I called on both Mr. SCHUYLER and Mr. RUSSELL last season, to see their crop of this fruit. In RUSSELL's garden the pollen of the WILSON's Albany fertilized it. I think it fertilizes easier than its parent—MC-AVOY's Superior. It is, no doubt, a superior fruit. It will produce greatly, if fertilized. There can be no doubt, however, as to its sex. It is pistillate. I thought I never saw larger crops, of any variety, than I saw of this last year. It has its characteristics—good quality, productive; it is not a firm fruit.

J. J. THOMAS.—I have grown this fruit differently from any one present, probably—grow it more densely. And I think it will prove productive. It may be one of the class pistillate that develop more pollen in the anthers than others. This may be determined by the aid of a powerful microscope, and plate glass on which to press out the pollen from the anthers.

JOSEPH KEECH.—I have watched the fruiting of this plant five years. RUSSELL thinks it fertilizes itself to some extent, but he recommends planting one to twenty-five of WILSON's, so as to secure impregnation and a crop. The few WILSON's cost little. The fact that RUSSELL's Prolific is a pistillate berry, ought not to be used to depreciate its value; but it should be known that it produces better planted with staminate varieties. There is a less show of fruit on the vines of this variety this year than there has been any year during the past five years—there are more imperfect berries. I attribute this to the heavy rains about the time of fertilizing. But, gentlemen, I never saw such sights of berries, so far as productiveness is concerned, as I have seen on the RUSSELL Prolific vines; and I have tried every variety I could get hold of that ever came before the public. If the ground is properly prepared, planted, and the plants cultivated, it will produce more bulk and more berries than any variety I ever saw. I regard the treatment of the plants in the fall of the year the most important of the season. The vines should be lifted, and a mulch of fine manure, compost, or even soil, be thrown over the roots. It may be done by running a light plow along each side of the row, and throwing a furrow over the roots. The roots require this protection in this climate.

SCHUYLER.—Last season this variety began to ripen about the 18th of June, and I had fine berries from the plants the middle of July. It develops all its fruit, and thus its season is longer than the WILSON's Albany and some other varieties. Last year, WILSON's, right along side it, dried up and did not develop its fruit when this did.

HOAG.—I have counted 210 and 250 berries on single plants of it.

BRADON.—How does it carry? It is important that it should carry well.

SCHUYLER.—I sent some to New York city last year. They were thirty-six hours en route, and arrived in good condition. The third day they were pronounced good.

THE PRESIDENT.—Did you send them to market?

SCHUYLER.—No, sir.

SMITH, of Geneva.—I have not had much experience in fruiting this variety. I visited RUSSELL's grounds two seasons, and saw it in bearing. I never saw such crops of strawberries. It is superior to the WILSON in flavor, but not as good as the Triomphe de Gand. I did not give the plants good care, and had no staminate plants near it, as I ought to have had. I would plant it in rows four feet apart, and let them run. We get double the quantity of fruit to the acre that we do by hill culture. We get larger fruit by hill culture, but not half as much.

HOAG.—My plants were adjoining CUTTER's Seedling, which is a good fertilizer.

MOODY.—I think there is a little exaggeration as to the product of a single plant. In other words, if the runners are kept off, the plant multiplies itself by increasing its crowns. And the plants produced by runners from a plant, as much belong to it, and may be called a single plant with as great propriety, as these associated crowns. It should not be understood that a single crown produces this great number of berries.

HOAG.—The gentleman does not dispute my word as to the number of berries I counted on a single plant?

MOODY.—By no means, sir! I have not a doubt as to the correctness of your statements. I was simply defining the difference between one of your plants and those commonly grown.

[Continued next week.]

GATHER up the fruit under the cherry and plum trees daily, and give it to the hogs. By this means you will destroy certain insects that make fruit "wormy."



DOUBLE SWEET ROCKET.

DOUBLE SWEET ROCKET.

ALL of your readers who have ever lived in Europe, or traveled there during the flowering season, will remember the *Double Sweet Rocket*, one of the sweetest of flowers, rivaling in this respect, the popular *Mignonette*. It is a perennial plant, perfectly hardy in this country, and bearing long spikes of double flowers, that at first sight would be mistaken for the *Double Stock*. The single variety is quite common in all our gardens, but all my efforts to obtain the double were unavailing until, through the kindness of a friend who made a trip to Europe, the true double sort was procured. With this success I was much pleased, as all my attempts to grow it from seed had failed. In every case the plants came single and worthless. The *Sweet Rocket* is easily propagated from cuttings, and can be increased very rapidly, and is in all respects a most desirable plant. The flowers appear early in June, and continue to bloom during the month—just following the Tulips, and at a season when flowers are scarce.

REMARKS.—The above communication and illustration we find on our table, from our friend JAMES VICK, with whom most of our readers are acquainted. The testimony of Mr. V. to the beauty and value of this flower will need no endorsement from us.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

WE have inquiries on this subject which it is the purpose of this article to answer.

1. *Location of Yard.*—A sheltered location, where a constant supply of moisture can be secured to the roots without stagnant water on the surface. The soil should be warm; and the moisture supplied should not be cold. A warm exposure is important. If you can get such a location, where you can flood your yard or plantation in the fall, and keep it flooded until the next May, all the better. But there must no stagnant water stand within eight or twelve inches of the surface during the growing season.

2. *Soil.*—The soil should be sand if possible. Cranberries grow naturally on beach sand and on muck or peat soils. Sand is best. Muck next. Stiff soils will not do except great care is taken in culture; and the care will be entirely disproportionate to the value of the crop. The ground must be thoroughly cleaned of all growing substances. If muck, it should be prepared the fall before planting, and lie exposed to the frosts of winter.

3. *Varieties to Plant.*—On this subject there is a difference of opinion and we are not sufficiently posted to warrant an opinion. If we had access to a swamp, we should not hesitate to select sorts from the bearing vines there, if we had observed concerning productiveness, size, &c. If any of our readers have any experience it would benefit many if they would give it.

4. *Planting and Time to Plant.*—Plant in May or June. If the plants are taken from the swamps just previous to planting, separate the vines as found in the moist earth from each other and from the sod which covers them. This may be done without injuring their vitality by destroying the fibrous roots. A single vine will plant several hills, if properly planted. The best way to plant is to take a cutting five or six inches long and bury the middle of it in the soil, leaving both ends out. These will quickly and surely strike root if the soil is in the right con-

dition. Some insert three or four cuttings in a hole made with a dibble, the four—if all grow—making the hill. But the first named mode of planting is preferred. If the soil is clean, plant close so that the vines will quickly overrun and cover the whole surface. If the soil is not clean, you had better not plant until it is. You will get a satisfactory crop quite as quick and with less labor than when planted on a weedy and unsubdued field.

5. *Culture.*—The weeds must be kept down, or rather pulled out if you have planted close, which is pretty much all the culture required, if you have selected locality and soil, and planted as above described. If you have chosen a stiffer soil, lacking moisture, hoeing will be needed to supply moisture, and of course with this view you will not have planted as closely. The vines should be flooded in the fall—where practicable—and the water kept on in the spring until it is too late for the frost to injure the fruit blossoms. The plant is hardy, but the fruit blossoms are easily injured by frost—hence the water should not be drained from the yard too early in the spring.

Horticultural Notes.

TO KEEP BUGS FROM VINES.—Early in the morning, while the dew is on, with a fine sieve, sift lime over vines. I have complete success with this remedy.—I. H. H.

DOUBLE PORTULACAS.—Such beauties as JAMES VICK, the Florist and Seedsman, placed on our table this 24th day of June, we never saw before! We easily passed them off for roses until our friends held them to their noses!

BOOK ON SWEET POTATO CULTURE.—("Junius," Pleasant Hill, Iowa.) We know of no publication extant devoted to sweet potato culture. J. W. TENBROOK, Nansemond, Ind., published a small hand-book which he circulated among his customers. It is not in the market here.

PEACHES ON THE TREES.—Hereabouts, so far as we have been able to learn by inquiry, a bearing peach orchard is the exception. From New Jersey we have good tidings of great joy to peach consumers. The crop is said to be all right. From Ohio and Illinois—especially the latter State, we receive no hopeful notes—except greenbacks—concerning this crop. And will not our Michigan friends on the edge of the lake tell us whether their crop is "developing?"

SULPHUR AND THE CATERPILLARS.—A correspondent of the *New York Herald* suggests that persons owning shade trees that are infested with worms will at once bore a hole in the trunk of each tree, extending to the center or heart of the tree, and then fill the hole up with pulverized sulphur and plug it up tight. In a short time the sulphur will spread through all the branches, and the worms will soon disappear.

TO SAVE MELONS AND CUCUMBERS FROM BUGS.—A. BLODGETT writes:—"Take two pieces of inch board 14 inches in length, and two 12 inches in length; nail together and you have a box 12 inches square, which is large enough to cover any ordinary hill. At any time after planting, before the appearance of the plant, place the box on the hill. This will not only effectually keep off the bugs, but hasten the growth of the plants. If this should not succeed, cover the top of the box with millinet."

BUYING SUGAR TO PUT WITH RHUBARB JUICE.—(R. N. F., Oneida Co., N. Y.) No, Sir; we would not advise you to buy sugar at present prices for the purpose of manufacturing your rhubarb into "wine." We cannot positively assert that there are not foolish people enough left who will buy it at rates that will pay you; but, personally, we should dislike to risk it. And we think the sugar of more value alone, than in combination with rhubarb juice and water. It would be to us.

Domestic Economy.

PUDDINGS AND PUFFS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I send some recipes for puddings, which I think are nice:

RICE PUDDINGS WITHOUT EGGS.—Put five-tablespoonfuls of uncooked rice in three pints new milk, stand in a warm place an hour before baking. Add salt, sugar, and nutmeg or cinnamon to suit the taste; if you choose, raisins. After it begins to boil, mix thoroughly one-tablespoonful flour with the same quantity of butter; thin with a little of the boiling milk and stir slowly into the pudding. Stir occasionally and bake two hours and a half. Or it may be made without sugar, and a sauce made of two-large-tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour rubbed well together; add butter (half the size of a hen's egg), in small bits, pour on two-thirds of a pint of boiling water, add a little salt and boil a minute or two. Flavor with grated nutmeg.

INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—Take one pint of new milk, half pint of water, mix and scald. Turn the mixture gradually on six-tablespoonfuls meal; put in a bit of butter the size of an egg; a little salt; three-tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of molasses, and one egg. Beat all together and bake two hours.

PUFFS.—Take half pint new milk; half pint sifted flour; four eggs; a little salt, and a spoonful of melted butter. Beat the eggs and flour well together, turn the milk on gradually, and add the salt and butter. Butter tea-cups, half fill them with the mixture, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven; serve instantly with cream and sugar. MRS. J. A. S. GASKILL, Columbia Co., Wis., 1864.

KEEPING DRIED FRUIT OVER SUMMER.—In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of 14th of May, is an article on keeping dried fruit through the summer. My plan is easier and I think as safe. I was raised in a neighboring State where fruit is plenty, but have lived part of my time where we had but little, except what we took with us. Some of the choicest I preserved several years, merely by having them in good bags; and my small bags enclosed in a thick cotton bag, without any appearance of being disturbed by millers. If kept more than three or four years, they ought to be put in the oven until they are hot. Be sure there are no holes in the bags, and do not use common muslin; see that the bags are well tied. They may be set in a closet or garret if necessary, with perfect safety.—HANNAH, Bruce, Ill., 1864.

CURING HAMS.—Here is a valuable recipe for curing hams and keeping them through the summer.—Weigh the hams, and make a brine, allowing one ounce of salt to every pound of meat, and one ounce of saltpetre to every 25 lbs. Pack the hams closely, sprinkling a little salt on the bottom of the tub, and fill the chinks with stones. Have just brine enough to cover them well, and let them lie four or five weeks. Then take them up, dry, and smoke them, wrap them in papers and pack them down in ashes in a cool, dry cellar. This will keep the flies from them and prevent them from getting dry and hard. We have used this recipe for 20 years; never had any hams spoil, and they are not too salt. They will keep the year round.—E. M. W., Plymouth Rock, Iowa, 1864.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Put to boiling one quart of sweet milk, add two eggs, well beaten, with three-tablespoonfuls of meal and one of flour. Bake three-fourths of an hour. Serve with sugar and cream. Sweeten a little before baking. You will have a cheap and excellent pudding.—F. M. P., So. Onon., N. Y.

ANOTHER.—Boil one quart of sweet milk, stir in seven-tablespoonfuls of meal and one of flour; add one quart of cold milk, one cup of nice molasses or sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, spice, three-tablespoonfuls of cream (to make it wheyey), and bake one hour.—MRS. C. H. W., Nile, N. Y.

GRASSES FOR FRAMES.—In answer to Mrs. A. M. M., I would say I use green leaves. She should have her frame painted before she begins to ornament it, as it may be difficult to varnish it all over with the leaves on it. They will not shrink enough to disfigure the leaves, if her glue is thick enough. She should prepare her glue with as little water as possible; and varnish as soon as they are hard, or in a few days, i. e., as soon as it is dry.—BELL.

BREAD CAKE.—One pint of bread dough; one pint of warm milk; one cup butter; two cups of sugar, three eggs; two cups of raisins, one half-teaspoonful of soda, one nutmeg. Mix thoroughly, put it in two two-quart pans, let it rise, then bake one hour. Warranted to suit the taste of the most fastidious.—MRS. J. C. R., Sterling, Ill., 1864.

FRIED CAKES.—Three eggs, one cup of sugar or molasses, one cup of buttermilk, five-tablespoonfuls of lard, one teaspoon of salt, one of saleratus; season to suit the taste; knead rather stiff.—M. M. C., Independence, Iowa.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

AN APOLOGY DECLINED.—A lady apologized to her visitors the other day at the tea-table, for inferior biscuits. A lady who was a guest accepted the apology only upon condition that her friend would promise ever after to use only De Land & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus, assuring her that with that article she would have no occasion to apologize. Few housewives are ignorant of the value of this article, and none need be, for all the best grocers sell it.

Ladies' Department.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

BY T. B. HEAD.

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles.
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart shall shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who grinds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And gravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder—
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon a field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief,
When to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IDEAL WOMEN.

In all ages, Poets have given us portraits of noble women, each one his own ideal. They have gathered up all that is worthy from the old-time legends, and woven them into songs that will not die. Whatever is good and true; whatever is worthy of honor, has been consecrated by the pen of Genius. Sometimes these ideals of the poets are far too bright—too perfect for realities; yet if in contemplating them we are led one step nearer true womanhood, the poet deserves our deepest gratitude. We are sure no woman of refinement can read these portraits of her sex, without striving to be worthy of the consecration the poets have given her.

Among modern writers, TENNYSON, the "Poet Laureate" of England, deserves our first notice. Many of his fair women are drawn from real life; from the "cottage homes" of England, as well as from her stately palaces. That they are good and true, argues well for his qualities of mind and heart.

As an instance of passionate devotion we have ENONE. Her cry—

"O mother Ida, many fountains Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,
My heart is breaking and my eyes are dim,
And I am all away of my life,"

is the wail of a broken heart, and speaks of fixed despair after PARIS' perfidy.

An exquisite little poem is his "Sleeping Beauty." It is the "old, old story" of man's protection and woman's trust, and its melody haunts one like a dream. After the spell is broken that has held the lady locked in sleep for a century, she goes forth with her deliverer.

"And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went,
In that new world, which is the old.
Across the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into her dying day,
The happy princess followed him."

The story of MAUD, of "the singular beauty of MAUD," is doubtless familiar to my readers. In her we have a character whose sweetness haunts us. Perhaps it is because a sense of the completeness of her character grows upon us gradually; for the first impression received from her "passionless, pale, cold face" is not a favorable one. Her lover describes it as "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." But he finds that beneath that calm exterior, her heart is keenly alive to all that is noble and good. He hears her "singing of Death, and of Honor that can not die," and his own pulses are quickened by her chivalrous battle song. We can not but admire the womanly tenderness with which she seeks to conceal even from herself, her brother's faults, excusing him as being "rough, but kind." She forgets his tyranny and petty meanness, and only remembers when she lay

"Sick once, with a fear of worse,
How he left his horses, and wine and play,
Sat with her, read to her, night and day,
And tended her like a nurse."

The garden song is a gem. In no other poem in the language are flowers personified with such grace. MAUD'S brother gives a "grand political dinner," to which her lover is not invited; but he waits all night in her garden of roses—where MAUD has promised to meet him—that he may

All homage to his own darling
Queen, MAUD, in all her splendor."

At last she comes—but we cannot refrain from quoting the closing stanzas:

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
The white rose weeps "She is late;"
The larkspur listens "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers "I wait."

"She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth, in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

MAUD has hardly reached the gate when her brother discovers her, and, in his rage, heaps on her terms of disgrace, and offers to her lover

the indignity of a blow. A duel is the consequence, and her brother falls, mortally wounded.

"Then glided out of the joyous wood,
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know;
And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry,
A cry for a brother's blood:
It will ring in my heart and my ears till I die, till I die."

The "Miller's Daughter" is a representation of home love that a life-time can not change. Its very simplicity charms us, and we seem to know "Sweet Alice," and to sympathize with her when she goes half loving, half doubting, to meet her mother that is to be.

I think no modern writer has given us fairer, sweeter portraits of ideal women than TENNYSON'S *Enid* and *Elaine*. The effect of both poems is heightened by the accessories of tilts and tournaments and all the paraphernalia of ancient chivalry. They were both pure—both gentle and good. ELAINE'S journey down to Camelot after her death, and her burial by ARTHUR'S Knights, is touchingly beautiful. They buried her,

"Not meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies
And mass, and rolling music like a Queen."

We love to linger over TENNYSON'S portraits of fair women,—he has given them so much spiritual loveliness and purity; and we think but few can look upon these fair creations without aspirations toward the beautiful and true—without being elevated in heart and soul by contemplating his Ideal Women.
S. AMELIA GIBBS.

MOTHER.

WHEN she changed worlds, and before the time, what was she to others? A small, old, delicate woman. *What was she to us?* A radiant, smiling angel, upon whose brow the sunshine of the eternal world had fallen. We looked into her large, tender eyes, and saw not as others did, that her mortal garment had waxed old and feeble; or if we saw this, it was no symbol of decay, for beyond and within, we recognized her in all her beauty. Old! how heavy and bitter would have been her long and slow decline, if we had seen her grow old instead of young. The days that hastened to give her birth into eternity, grew brighter and brighter, until when memory wandered back, it had no experiences so sweet as those through which she was passing. The long life, with its youthful romance, its prosaic cares, its quiet sunshine, and deep tragedies, was culminating to its earthly close; and like some blessed story that appeals to the heart in its great pathos, the end was drawing near, all clouds were rolling away, and she was stepping forth into the brilliancy of prosperity. Selfishness ceased to weep under the light of her cheerful glance, and grew to be congratulation. Beside her couch we sat and traced with loving fancy the new life soon to open before her; with tears and smiles we traced it. Doubts never mingled, for from earliest childhood we had no memories of her inconsistent with the expectations of a Christian. Deep in our souls there lay gratitude that that morning drew near; beautiful and amazing it seemed that she would never more bow to the stroke of the chastener; fresh courage descended from on high, as we realized that there was an end to suffering; it was difficult to credit that her discipline was nearly over; how brief it had been, compared with the glorious existence it had won her. How passing sweet were her assurances that she should leave us awhile longer on earth with childlike trust, knowing that our own souls needed to stay, and that the destiny of others needed it. But the future seemed very near to her, and she saw us gathered around her in her everlasting home. She grew weaker, and said her last words to us. Throughout the last day she said but little, but often her tender eyes were riveted upon us; they said, "Farewell! farewell!" In the hush of the chamber, a faint, seolian-like strain came from her dying lips; it sounded as if it came from afar; then the angels were taking her to their companionship. She softly fell asleep, resigning her worn-out body to us, and she entered heaven.

Ah! do we apprehend what a glorious event it is for the "pure in heart" to die? We look upon the bride's beauty, and see in the vista before her anguish and tears, and but transient sunshine. The beauty fades, the splendor of life declines to the worldly eyes that gaze upon her. Deaf and blind are such gazers, for the bride may daily be winning imperishable beauty, yet it is not for this world. A most sad and melancholy thing it seems when children of a larger growth judge their parents by their frail and decaying bodies, rather than by their spirits. And more deeply sad still is it, when the aged learn through the young to feel that the freshness of existence has gone by with them. Gone by? when they are waiting to be born into a new and vast existence that shall roll on in increasing majesty, and never reach an end! Gone by? when they have just entered life, as it were. The glory and sweetness of living is going by only with those who are turning away their faces from the Prince of Peace. Sweet mother! She is breathing vernal airs now, and with every breath a spring-like life and joy are wafted through her being. Mother! beautiful and beloved! some sweet, embryo joy fills the chambers of my heart as I contemplate the scenes with which she is becoming familiar. Dead and dreary Winter robes the earth, and autumn leaves lie under the snow like past hopes; but what of them? I see only the smile of God's sunshine. I see in the advancing future, love and peace—only infinite peace!—S. A. Wentz.

THE Louisville Journal, commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply spare ribs for the immense West.

Choice Miscellany.

LABOR AND WAIT.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

GOD'S seed will come to harvest
When the summer-time is past,
When the leaves of Memory, faded,
Go drifting down the past;
When Autumn winds are blowing
Across the field and moor,
And solemn shadows gather
About our lowly door.

The good seed may lie buried
In an unkindly soil,
Desolate, blind, and helpless,
We may in sorrow toll;
But unseen dew is falling
Upon the stubborn rock,
The barren place no longer
Our eager souls shall mock.

For with the dawn of morning,
Beneath a golden sun,
Desire shall reach fruition,
God's harvest be begun;
The perfect fruit be gathered,
The garnered sheaves be bound,
For while our faith has faltered,
God has enriched the ground.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1864.

THE VISION OF WASHINGTON.

THE following description is related by ANTHONY SHERMAN, a gentleman of ninety years of age, who had it from the General himself. The darkest period of the American Revolution was in the year 1777, when WASHINGTON, after dreadful reverses, retired to Valley Forge, to encamp during the winter. Often did I see the tears of distress course down the cheeks of the loved commander, when he reflected on the sufferings of his brave soldiers. WASHINGTON had the habit of praying to GOD for help and prosperity. A certain day WASHINGTON spent by himself alone in his chamber, and when he came out he looked unusually pallid. Then he related as follows:

"As I sat this afternoon writing and my mind was deeply weighed down with trouble, I discovered opposite me a most beautiful female form. I was much surprised, for I had given most peremptory orders not to be disturbed by any one. I could not, on the moment, find words to inquire of this unlooked for visitor. Three or four times I inquired without receiving an answer. She only elevated her eyes a little. I now felt a most extraordinary sensation throughout my whole body. I would have risen up, but the staring of my mysterious visitor made me displeased with her. I attempted again to address her but my tongue was tied. A certain unknown, mysterious, irresistible power overpowered me. I was unable to do anything more than to stare at the apparition. By degrees the room became filled with a remarkable light; the image herself became suddenly luminous and bright. I now had the feelings of a dying person. I could not think, reflect, or move. I am only conscious of this fact, that I looked sternly on the vision.

"Here I heard the voice saying, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn,' at the same time the figure stretched out her arm and pointed with her finger eastward. Transparent clouds arose in the distance; and these lifting themselves, there was formed a most astonishing figure. Before me there spread all the countries of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. Before Europe and America I saw tremendous waves brandishing; and also between America and Asia. Again the voice repeated, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' Instantly I beheld a darksome image, as of an angel, poised between Europe and America. He dipped water with both hands, and with his right hand he poured it on America, and with his left hand he poured it on Europe. In a moment black clouds arose from both countries, which met half way upon the Atlantic. Here they tarried awhile, and then moved westward, and then covered the terra firma of America. Livid lightning flashed through the dark clouds. I heard the deep groanings of the American people.

"Again the angel dipped and sprinkled water as before, then the dark clouds receded and sank into the ocean. Now for the third time I heard the voice, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' I looked up and saw in America populous towns and cities, and improvements spreading from the borders of the Atlantic to the coast of the Pacific. Upon this the dark angel turned toward the South; and I saw a horrid grizzly spectre approaching from Africa to our town and lands! The population now part one against the other. As I contemplated this scene, I discovered an angel of light, and on his head he had a glorious crown with the word 'Union' inscribed. In his hand he bore the American banner and cried out, 'Remember you are brethren.' Immediately the armed hosts threw down their weapons, became friends, and marshaled under the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Again I heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' The second danger has passed over. And now I saw cities and towns and fields increasing in numbers till the whole land was thickly covered, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and the people were as the stars of the firmament and the sands of the sea—numerable.

"Again I heard 'Son of the Republic, the end of one century is approaching, look up and learn.' Upon this the dark angel set a trumpet to his mouth and blasted thrice, and dipped water with his hands and poured it on Asia, Europe and Africa. Now my eyes beheld a most terrible scene. From each of these countries arose black and heavy clouds which united in one great mass; through these spread lurid

lightning, and I beheld immense legions of armed multitudes, marching and sailing towards America, which soon were enveloped in the black clouds. And now I beheld how these immense armies wasted and burned our towns and cities. And now I heard the thunder of cannon, the furious clash of the swords, and the war shouts of millions encountered in deadly strife.

"I again heard the mysterious sound, 'Son of the Republic, look and learn.' After this the dark angel gave another loud, long and fearful blast. Now suddenly broke forth and dispersed the black clouds from over the American country. After this I saw the angel with the glorious crown inscribed, 'Union,' descending from heaven accompanied by legions of glorified spirits, having in one hand a sword and in the other the Star-Spangled Banner.

"Now again, amid the din of battle, I heard the voice, 'Son of the Republic, look up and learn.' After the report of his voice, the dark angel for the last time, dipped water and sprinkled it on the American Continent, when the dark clouds with their armies rolled back instantly, leaving the glorious victory to the Americans. Then I saw villages, towns and cities and improvements arise like magic, while the angel of light planted the Star-Spangled Banner amid the vast multitudes of people and cried, 'As long as the stars of heaven endure and the dew falls upon the earth, so long shall this Republic endure.' And while he took and set it upon the Star-Spangled Banner, the vast multitudes bending under it, unitedly cried out, 'Amen.'

"Now by degrees the vision vanished, leaving nothing but the mysterious and very beautiful female figure, who once more said, 'Son of the Republic, what thou hast seen is thus to be expounded:—Three great and dangerous calamities will come over this Republic; the second is the greatest. When this event shall come, then the whole world cannot conquer it. Now let every citizen of this Republic learn to serve GOD, his fatherland and the blessed Union.' With these words the image disappeared. I arose from my chair with the full conviction that this was a revelation to me of the birth of this Republic, its progress and its varied destinies."

All this history, says Mr. SHERMAN, I myself heard from the mouth of Gen. WASHINGTON.

HOW THE EYE IS PRESERVED.—There is dust on sea and land—on the valley and on the mountain-top—there is dust always and everywhere. The atmosphere is full of it. It penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth. No palace door can shut it out; no drawer is so secret as to escape its presence. Every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, which yet is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blindest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads itself over the surface of the eyeball, at every wink, and washes every atom of dust away. This fluid, so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactory, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyeballs washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

DICKENS AND THACKERAY.—Charles Dickens sat in his chambers in London in the full flush of the fame of his "Pickwick Papers." He was preparing another story to be published as all his great works were, in numbers, with illustrations. One day a man came in and said, "I come, sir, to ask you to look at some sketches; I would be the artist of your new book." The young author glanced over them, and then said, kindly, we are sure, "I think you will not do." The man went away; worked faithfully along, both with pencil and pen; wrote little papers for public journals—whatever came in his way. Years passed—he was still known only to those that are familiar with the second-rate names in the London literary circles. One day he carried a great bundle of manuscript to a publisher, with a proposal to print it. It was refused. Finally another ventured on it, and the world was suddenly full of wonder over the story of "Vanity Fair." The most popular author in Britain had from that day a divided kingdom.

BENEFITS OF ABUSE.—A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits, on his manhood; he has gained facts, learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. A wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies.—Emerson.

LIFE'S GOOD MORNING.—The following lines were written by Mrs. Barbauld, in her old age. It is, to us, one of the most beautiful stanzas in the English language. The poet, Rogers, it is said, was very fond of repeating it to his friends during his latter years, and did it with much feeling and fine effect:
"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather!
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a silent tear.
Then steal away, give little warning.
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night; but in some happier clime
Bid me good morning!"

Sabbath Musings.

GOD IS LOVE.

NATURE, in all her fair creations, doth
This precious truth declare; the Scriptures too
Unto the weedy spirit whisper it,
And bid us to take courage when the world
With all its cares and sorrows weighs us down,
For in yon upper world there dwells the God
Of never falling love.

He loves us still,
Though every earthly friend should fail us in
Our hour of sorest need. For God so loved
The world that unto us he sent His Son,
Not to condemn, but that we might thro' Him
Be led back to the ways of truth, and saved
From blighting sin, and from the fear of Death,
And reconciled to God.

O may this thought
Within our hearts a living faith, inspire
In us returning love, and lead our souls
From worldly paths to seek that higher life
Which leads to blest communion with our God,
To noble works on earth, and the pure joys
Of the celestial world, when life is o'er.
Elkhorn, Wis., 1864.

GOD'S LOVE.

LONG years since, in the fair eastern land
where ISRAEL'S children dwelt, there came a
night when to the virgin blest of God, the
Saviour, JESUS CHRIST, was born. The shep-
herd's knelt to worship him, and the stars of
heaven told to wise men that the world's redemp-
tion was at hand. Years went by, and the child,
from reasoning in the temple, came up through
Jordan's waters to teach the wandering Jews
of the new faith that He, by His own blood,
should buy for the erring world. From the
mount, to the listening thousands gathered
from far Jerusalem, and the regions lying nearer,
to hear the story of GOD'S love, He gave them
precious truths, that were as jewels and gold to
their law-trammled hearts. He taught them
who the blessed were, and where their treasure
would not rust; taught them of the straight and
narrow way, and of the house builded upon a
rock. To the waiting people He told of GOD
who careth for even the sparrow's fall, and
freely giveth to all that ask; giving to those,
the poor in heart, the golden rule, "Whatsoever
ye would that men should do unto you, do ye
even so unto them."

Since that hour, when on the hills of distant
Galilee, Christ taught the multitude, the world
has older grown; and JESUS' spoken word is
now our written law. Still we bow to Him in
reverential love, and still His promises are
blessed. "Do unto others as ye would that
they should do to you," is still our rule of daily
action; still we profess to live thereby. But are
our hearts so pure, and is it thus our lives are
spent? Do we follow in the steps of holy ones
who sleep in GOD, or are we wayward children,
heeding not the master's voice?

"Blessed are they that mourn." Through
suffering, if by no other path, we rise from the
groveling depths of selfish love; by the yearning
of the soul after its transplanted idols, and
by the intuition felt in the subdued heart, of the
strength of GOD'S right arm, we learn to stand
on higher ground, to yield our earth-love for the
heavenly joy, to accept the present as but trans-
ient, and the future as eternal. It is no joy to
live for self alone; it is not best to concentrate
our strength to smooth the path our feet alone
may tread.

The spring down in the glen is from a hidden
fountain fed; you may dip the water up but the
little pool is never dry; so when you turn thither
to slake your thirst there is no dearth of pearly
drops; the quenchless stream is ever flowing.
So are the fountains of GOD'S love, ever fresh
and ever full. We have but to ask, and from
lavish hand the shower of blessings fall: and
yet, GOD'S children, subsisting on His riches,
we close our hands when the needy cry to us for
help, and pass the sick and suffering coldly by.
No great sacrifice may be demanded; perhaps
the world has been chary of her gifts to us, yet,
poor we are not, if we can but give to those
wearier than ourselves, a cheering word, or
kindly smile.

To the neglected child who has never seen the
beauty of the woods, the wild flower placed in
her hand by some more favored one, will speak
of Him whose infinite skill transformed into so
delicate a mould, the black earth of the swamp,
and the rank growth of the fern. There is
work enough for all; among the humble and the
lowly there is need of patient charity; among
the erring and the worldly, there is room to
scatter precious seed that shall bear fruit even
in unfruitful ground. There are none so low we
can not help them, none so degraded that we
may not raise them from their depths of sin and
wretchedness.

The crawling worm that we hold as the low-
est of GOD'S creatures, after months of rest in
the silence of the dark cocoon; in the fair dawn
of a summer day, may emerge from thence a
brilliant butterfly—type of beauty—emblem of
immortality. So man, degraded by sin more than
all other of GOD'S created beings, may sleep in
the silent grave, and from the chrysalis of the
tomb, go forth into the clear light, beaming from
the Eternal's throne, wearer of spotless, blood-
washed robes, and possessor of immortal life.

Treading our way through the checkered
world, doing the little good we can, striving to
follow in our suffering Saviour's steps, and to
bear in part His heavy cross, though life may
prove to us a battle-field, yet may we keep our
own hearts holy land; where the birds of peace
shall sing, and the flowers of faith shall bloom;
where through the dews of sorrow may fall the
sunlight of GOD'S love will clear the sky again,
and where at last upon our revived sight shall
burst the light of an eternal day.

ANNA PARKER.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
INSECTS ON APPLE TREES.

A CORRESPONDENT of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, at Smithfield Station, Mahoning Co., Ohio, on the 9th inst., forwarded specimens of gnawed and perforated young apples, with the larva of an insect which was supposed to have done this mischief, wishing to know the name and habits of this insect, which had never before been noticed in that vicinity.

Two young apples are sent us, both growing upon one stem, one of them showing a large cavity irregularly gnawed in its side, the other showing a large hole perforated completely through the apple and taking away all the seeds in its center.

The larva comes to us alive, being inclosed in a small vial, into which vial has also been crowded one small young apple, and the half of another one which had been smoothly cut in two with a knife. The creature is now almost dead from hunger, yet it has not eaten or even nibbled any perceptible wound or scratch upon either of the apples in the vial with it. This fact, therefore, indicates at the first glance, that these apples are not its food, and that this is not the insect which gnawed the holes in the affected apples.

This larva is a formidable looking, dragon-like kind of worm, upwards of a quarter of an inch long, somewhat flattened and tapering backward, with three pairs of legs placed anteriorly upon its breast, and six rows of sharp thorn-like prickles upon its back. It is of a coal-black color throughout, with a small, bright yellow spot upon the middle of each side. It is unmistakably the larva of a Lady-bug, or coccinella. These Lady-bugs are small beetles, of which the larger ones are about the size and shape of a half pea, and of a bright red or orange color, ornamented with a few small, black spots. They are so common that every observing person has probably noticed them walking about, one in a place, on the foliage of currant bushes or other vegetation in our gardens and orchards.

There are many kinds of these Coccinellas or Lady-bugs, and in their larva state they are so similar to each other that I will not undertake to say which particular species this one from Ohio is; this being of little importance, as all the species are alike in their habits. They feed upon and destroy the Aphides or Plant-lice; and whenever the latter become multiplied and numerous the Coccinellas and their larvae gather to subsist upon them. From various parts of the country we have accounts of the apple aphid (*aphis mali*) or little green fly, as it is sometimes called, as being unusually numerous this present season. The Coccinellas and their larvae will consequently be attracted to the apple trees to feed upon these vermin. And they are quite liable to be taken for some new enemy which will be injurious to the trees. It has happened, probably, in the instance before us. From being seen upon and around the wounded apples they are inferred to be the culprits who are gnawing these holes in the fruit—whereas, they are wholly innocent of the crime imputed to them. Instead of being an enemy to be combated and destroyed, they are doing a valuable service, in ridding the leaves of the plant-lice upon them, and therefore merit to be cherished and protected.

When the grain aphid recently appeared in such swarms in our fields of wheat and other grain, these Coccinellas accompanied it in such numbers as gave me a most favorable opportunity for learning several interesting particulars respecting them. The observations then made will be found fully reported in the Transactions of our State Agricultural Society for the year 1860, pages 342-354. Among other things, it was ascertained that the larva, when pressed with hunger and unable to find any plant-lice on which to feed, would attack and devour its own species. An instance of the same kind is stated in the note which accompanies this remittance. Into the vial containing this larva, a second worm was put, which was immediately seized and overpowered by it, and was fed upon until it was wholly consumed, only its feet and claws being left. This is a further evidence that this larva is carnivorous, and will not therefore eat the young apples or any other vegetable substance.

What it is that has wounded these young apples in this way it is impossible for me to say. Two years ago the attention of the Town Farmers' Club of Oyster Bay, Long Island, was directed to the ripening apples in the orchards at Glen Cove as being wounded in many instances in a similar manner—looking as though a hole had been scooped or chipped out of the side of the apple by crowding the finger nail into it. The insect which ate these holes was presented to me for determination. It is a very short, thick-bodied beetle, nearly as large as the end of the finger, of a black color, with pale yellowish-brown wing-covers which are mottled irregularly with black spots. It is rather common all over the United States, and is incorrectly regarded as being the *Cetonia Indica* of Linnaeus, by our American authors, (which is a very similar East India species, of which I have authentic specimens in my cabinet,) its correct name being *Cetonia Marylandica* of Frollich, i. e., the Maryland Cetonia.

Several species of wasps and hornets also eat similar holes in apples when they are ripening; but I am not aware that they attack small, young apples.

I may add, in conclusion, that the hole which is bored entirely through one of these apples, as though a small bullet had been shot through it, appears more like the work of a bird than of an insect.

ASA FITCH.
Salem, N. Y., June, 1864.

HIGH PRICES—THE TRUE CAUSE.

It is quite the custom just now to attribute the present high prices to an expanded currency. We are flippantly told that this is the one cause of commercial derangement, and that if the currency were only reduced to the standard of three years ago, prices would come down in the same proportion. Let us think a moment, and we shall see the utter absurdity of such a conclusion. No matter what is the medium for making exchanges, or what is currency, or what is lawful money—whether it be gold, or bank-notes, or treasury notes—war prices always were and always must be high prices. Europe learned it during her Napoleonic wars; we learned it in the war of 1812, and the same stern teacher compels us to submit to it now. The reason is clear and simple. Production is diminished, and, by the waste of war, consumption is increased. The war draws the farmer's sons from the plow, and fewer acres are sown and smaller harvests are reaped. The mechanic arts suffer in the same proportion. Scarcely less than two-fifths of our adult male population are now devoting all their time and energy to putting down the rebellion. Of these, a vast number are in the field with our brave generals, a large part man our ships of war, now counted by hundreds, and many are in hospitals; while those employed in the navy yards, iron-works, machine-shops, and in the manufacture of military clothing and equipments, and in producing munitions and supplies, swell the aggregate to the limit we have named. This great class of producers cannot be withdrawn from their ordinary pursuits without a great diminution in the products of the country. When the supply is greatly diminished, and the demand not only continued but increased, prices must advance. There is no possible help for it. If we could return to a specie basis to-morrow, it would still be a war basis, at war prices.

There is but one exception to this advance in prices, and that is the Government bonds, and they are no exception to the rule, and only follow the general law of supply and demand. The necessities of war have made them abundant, and therefore they are cheap; but when the war ends the supply will cease and they will be dear—and the man who invests in them now is sure of a liberal profit.

A reduction of the currency will be well, and we have the official assurance of the Secretary of the Treasury that it is now taking place, but it is not the infallible panacea for financial disorder that many suppose. Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer of the United States at New York, states that he has canceled forty-one millions of interest bearing legal tenders within two weeks, and that he now holds thirty millions of greenbacks—and yet bread and butter, wheat and corn and cloth are no cheaper.

The first cause of the increased cost of all commodities, gold included, is altogether outside of the currency. A redundant currency increases the misfortune, but does not create it. But suppose the Government does contract the currency; what is to prevent the State banks, that give no security for circulation, from quadrupling their paper issues, as they have already done in many parts of the country? What, then, can be more absurd than to make the Government or Treasury Department the scapegoat for evils that are simply consequent upon the most gigantic war the world ever knew. If the body has a fever, is it just to make the hand that supplies its wants responsible for its unnatural condition?—N. Y. Examiner of June 23d.

ADVANTAGES OF CRYING.

A FRENCH physician is out in a long dissertation on the advantages of groaning and crying in general, and especially during surgical operations. He contends that groaning and crying are the two grand operations by which nature allays anguish; that those patients who give way to their natural feelings more speedily recover from accidents and operations than those who suppose it unworthy a man to betray such symptoms of cowardice as either to groan or to cry. He tells of a man who reduced his pulse from one hundred and twenty-six to sixty in the course of two hours, by giving full vent to his emotions. If people are at all unhappy about anything, let them go into their rooms and comfort themselves with a loud boho, and they will feel a hundred per cent. better afterwards.

In accordance with the above, the crying of children should not be too greatly discouraged. If it is systematically repressed, the result may be St. Vite's dance, epileptic fits, or some other disease of the nervous system. What is natural is nearly always useful, and nothing can be more natural than the crying of children when anything occurs to give them either physical or mental pain.

Probably most persons have felt the effect of tears in relieving great sorrow. It is even curious how the feelings are allayed by their free indulgence in groans and sighs. Then let parents and friends show more indulgence to noisy bursts of grief, on the part of children as well as older persons, and regard the eyes and the mouth as the safety-valves through which nature discharges her surplus steam.

CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—Dr. Hall, in the February number of his *Journal of Health*, says that "the essential, the fundamental, the all-controlling agency in the arrest of any case of consumptive disease, and a return to reasonable health for any considerable time, is an active, courageous, and hopeful out-door life, in all weathers and in any latitude, with some rousing motive other than regaining the health, beckoning them on to do and to dare."

BE temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

War Literature.

CURRENT WAR LITERATURE.

Gossip about Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan.

WE heard of him first at Corinth, Miss. He had been commanding cavalry under Rosecrans—whose estimate of *Soldiers* carries weight. He delighted more to talk of "Phil." Sheridan than of any man in the army—Gen. George H. Thomas excepted. Of him he always spoke reverently—a man who reminded him of Washington. Rosecrans admired Sheridan's curt, decisive way of doing things. "Phil.," he said, "has no surplussage. He does things;" and the General was happy in describing the grim, inimitable pleasure with which Sheridan outwitted the enemy, or hung a spy. Language can't express it, because it lacks the essentials of voice and manner. "Send Phil. Sheridan on an expedition," he was wont to say, "and he will accomplish it if it is in the power of man—he is ready, fertile in resources, with large executive faculty, and he fights, fights!—do you know what that means?"

Fighting was his forte, and yet he is the "mildest mannered man" that ever slashed a rebel crown with saber. It is related of him that he fought his way through West Point, and almost fought his way out. We have his own confession, that during his last year he had only "five points" to make to be permitted to retire without the honors of the institution. The management of those "five points" was a difficult and delicate operation. Nevertheless, he graduated with distinction, and was one of the most popular men of the Academy.

Your first view of him disappoints you a little. Imagination always plays mischief with your estimate of a hero whom you have not seen; heroic stature, handsome face, commanding presence, all seem associated with heroes. Sheridan is a quiet, wiry, strong little man, not over five feet seven, or a half inch more, but with broad shoulders and strongly knit frame—weighing perhaps one hundred and forty or a trifle more; short, wiry black hair, compact head and medium forehead, sharp gray eyes, a composed and firm countenance—with somewhat Milesian features, and brownish complexion, shaded with closely cropped whiskers.

He is only thirty-two, but his weather-beaten face advertises at least five years more. But his stature is soon forgotten in his presence. He grows wonderfully on a horse, and especially on the battle field. On the dreadful morning of Stone river, when he emerged with his mangled division in solid phalanx from the frightful cedars, he loomed up like a very giant. He was grave, but firm, strong, and, as Rosecrans dashed up to him in the tumult of battle, his department seemed to express, "You see, General, it was not the fault of my division that we did not stay." He had lost his hat and fought bareheaded until a trooper handed him a hat picked up in the field—a dead soldier's, no doubt. Sunday morning afterward—the enemy had gone then—Sheridan, sitting upon an old stump, at general headquarters, told the story quietly, but graphically:—"General, I lost 1,796 men, seventy of them officers, with my three brigade commanders."

A "Bully Boy."

COMING out from church in the morning, we found a line of ambulances going down the street. A driver told me that they had just left a hundred "bully boys" at Judiciary Square hospital. Do you think the adjective a coarse and vulgar one? Go anywhere from Pleasant Hill—what sting and satire there is in the name—go anywhere from the banks of the Red River—forevermore cursing bloodily through our memories!—anywhere from Alexandria to Spotsylvania, and see how it is refined and sanctified by the men who battle for us, and you will be ready to do as I did—follow the leading. I went to the hospital. In one of the wards I found a man, or rather he found me—for I marked him as a reserved man, while I passed, who would choose to be left to his own thought. But he called to me—"I say, you're a Yankee." It seems that my dozen years of knocking about the world have not worn off all the marks of nativity yet; though I had flattered myself that I was grown a cosmopolite. So I told this soldier. "I knew you because I'm a Yankee, too," was his answer—which I pass over to students of mental organism. I found him a man from Maine. He had a bad flesh wound in one arm, and one leg was off just above the knee. "Don't mind the leg, but tell me about Sheridan's raid." I read Secretary Stanton's telegram relative to it. "O, I tell you, we'll fetch 'em yet! Old Lee'll find what 'tis to 'come to judgment' before he gets through with it, I guess, in a way he didn't look for. Go down by that room and read that to that man on the right." That was my dismissal, and I went.

Another "Bully Boy."

"THE man on the right" I found to be a Boston notion, red of hair, freckled of face, blue of eye, square of chin, broad of nostril, in a word not a man with whom Araminta would fall in love at first sight, not a man whom Susan Jane would idolize as the hero of a romance. "Mornin'," was his answer to my salutation—terse and pointed as possible. What could I say to one who cut me off in that way? While I stood an instant he made an inventory of me—I felt he was passing judgment as only a man can whose wits have been sharpened by long experience at picket duty. Suddenly he opened his large eyes to their widest, and said, "What's the news?" I saw that one arm was gone above the elbow, and I judged there was a body wound somewhere, and I knew by the working of his forehead that he was in pain.

I own this question astonished me. I briefly summed up the morning papers for him. Then as I saw he was in extreme pain, I made a remark about his arm, and asked if I could do anything for him. For answer I got, "O damn the arm! what's the difference if we only lick the rebels!" We had further talk, and I found him a hero from head to foot—every quarter inch of his five feet nine. His parting word was:—"Somewhere you'll find a youngster with a hole in his leg—he's a kind of pug-nosed boy with white hair, but he's got the grit—I know him, and he came up in the ambulance with me; please get him an orange or two if you find him, and cheer him up—he's a little down in the gills this morning, but he'll be all right in a day or two." Yes, he will be all right in a day or two, for he will be where pain and death never come.

The Christian Commission at Fredericksburg.

STARTING down the street, you reach the rooms of the Christian Commission. Some of the men are writing, some eating their night rations, some dispensing supplies. Passing through the rooms, you gain the grounds in the rear—a beautiful garden once—not in attractive now. The air is redolent with honey-suckle and locust blossoms. The pennifolia is unfolding its delicate milk-white petals—roses are opening their tinted leaves.

Fifty men are gathered round a summer house—warm-hearted men—who have been all day in the hospitals. Their hearts have been wrung by the scenes of suffering. In the exercise of Christian charity, imitating the example of the Redeemer of men, they have given bread for the body and food for the soul. They have given cups of cold water in the name of Jesus, and prayed with those departing to the Silent Land. The moonlight shimmers through the leaves of the locust.

The little congregation breaks into singing—"Come thou fount of every blessing."

After the hymn, a chaplain says:—"Brethren, I had service this afternoon in the first division hospital of the Second corps. The surgeon in charge, before prayer, asked all who desired to be prayed for to raise their hands, and nearly every man who had a hand raised it. Let us remember them in our prayers to night."

A man in the summer house—so far off that I cannot distinguish him in the shadow says:—"There is manifestly a spirit of prayer among the soldiers in the second division of the Sixth corps hospital. Every man there raised his hand for prayers!"

Similar remarks are made by others, and then there are earnest prayers offered that God will bless them, relieve their sufferings, give them patience, restore them to health; that He will remember the widow and fatherless far away—that Jesus may be their friend.

Ah! this night scene! There was an allusion, by one who prayed, to the garden scene of Gethsemane—the blood of the Son of God, and in connection to the blood shed for your country. You who are far away can understand but little of the reality of these scenes. Friends, everywhere, you have given again and again, but continue to give; you cannot repay these brave defenders of our country. Give as God has prospered you, and great shall be your reward. Faint, feeble, tame, lifeless is this attempt to portray the scenes of a day at Fredericksburg. Picture it as you may, and you will fall short of the reality.

Grant on "the Situation."

A VISITOR to the army called upon him one morning and found the General sitting in his tent smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The stranger approached the chieftain and inquired of him as follows:

Gen. If you flank Lee and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncover Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?"

Gen. Grant discharging a cloud of smoke from his mouth indifferently replied:

Yes, I reckon so."

The stranger, encouraged by a reply, proposed question number two:

"General, do you not think Lee can detach sufficient force from his army to re-enforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?"

"Not a doubt of it," replied the General.

Becoming fortified by his success, the stranger proposed question number three.

"General, is there not danger that Johnston may come up and re-enforce Lee, so that the latter will swing round and cut off your communications and seize your supplies?"

"Very likely," was the cool reply of the General, and he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar.

The stranger, horrified at the awful fate about to befall Gen. Grant and his army, made his exit, and hastened to Washington to communicate the news.

How a Spy Goes Home.

DURING a full in the firing a man, dressed in the uniform of a Union soldier, advanced from our lines and sallied towards the rebels. It was supposed that he was going in search of a wounded comrade, and many encomiums were passed upon the strength of an affection which would take him into so much danger to aid his friends. The rebels rose along their lines and brought their muskets to bear upon him; but, for some inexplicable reason did not fire, but allowed him to approach, when he suddenly entered their lines and became lost to sight. It is now supposed that he was a daring rebel spy, who had made the tour of our lines during the night and returned as above stated.

It has been compared to a race; but the allusion still improves by observing that the most swift are the most apt to stray away from the course.

THE OLD FLAG.

[Concluded from page 220, present No.]

"And your good mother? What does she think of all this? I should have thought she would have been strong on the Union side." Peyton's face grew crimson.

"I have lost my mother, Percy," said he.

"My dear friend, pardon me. I did not know it, and would not have wounded you for the world!" cried the generous actor, overcome with the delicacy and sorrow that belong to all really fine minds. "But really, Ralph," he added, after a pause, "is your heart in this?"

"Oh, I have little fear of a war. It is the democratic party of the West and South and the Middle States against New England."

After some discussion of the subject, then a very much lighter one than now, the young men went to dine together, and became more confidential. Ralph told of his mother's death and his own desolation. He averred that the army was as good a distraction as anything else; but confessed that he feared his mother would not have approved of the rebellion, had she lived to see it. The remote kinship she bore to George Washington, made her a staunch patriot, and an ardent lover of his handiwork—the Union. It was just possible that her State pride might have overcome this feeling; but it was unlikely, and Ralph owned that he grieved and wondered, through many a sleepless night, over the question of his duty.

The young men parted. The rebellion ripened. The storm burst. Blood was spilled, and the fury arose on either side. The regiment to which Captain Peyton's company was attached was ordered to the coast to occupy various forts and batteries, and everywhere the alarm of war was heard.

On a certain low, reedy island, near the mouth of a certain shallow bay, on the shore of one of the Southern States, stands a strongly built fortress of pentagonal form, with a water-battery protecting its sea-front, and two tiers of casemates grinning above. Over its picturesque citadel, bomb proof, and pierced with loopholes for musketry, floated, at that period, the Stars and Stripes.

Captain Peyton's orders were to the effect that this flag must be replaced by the stars and bars; and such of the garrison of United States regulars as refused to join the Confederate service must be held as prisoners of war.

As the garrison consisted of twelve men, under a sergeant, Capt. Peyton did not consider his task one of great difficulty or danger. He merely procured a few barges, embarked his men therein, one hundred strong, and rowed quietly over to the fort.

He asked an audience of the sergeant commanding, and the terms were speedily arranged. Four of the men consented to enter the rebel army, and the remaining eight, knowing how useless resistance would be, gave up at once, and were dismissed on parole.

Captain Peyton, having concluded this arrangement, ascended to the esplanade for the purpose of hauling down the flag with his own hands, as a trophy of his simple victory. It was sunset. The gentle rippled water was all aglow with reflection that streamed downward from the amaranthine and golden clouds that lay piled in glittering masses above the horizon. Everything was calm and solemn. The night wind whispered faintly, and here and there a sea gull flapped blackly and silently across the shining fields of heaven, out toward the low-lying bar whence came the distant sound of breakers.

The young officer felt a thrill of mysterious reverence in his heart as he approached the staff whence floated the fairest flag of any land, and involuntarily removed his casquette. His hands trembled violently when they touched the halliards, and a sensation of dizziness overcame him.

He looked upward at the flag. Was it imagination! If so, what is imagination? What is a delirium—an optical delusion? To him, at least, it was reality. A figure, clad in white, and surrounded by a glow of gentlest radiance, floated down from the roseate sky, and signed him, by gestures of sorrow and warning, to desist. The face was that of his mother, and bore the expression that had cut him to the heart's core once, long ago, when he had deeply grieved her.

He started back aghast, and the vision floated upward again, toward the banner, upon the glittering stars and ruddy stripes of which the twilight began to pale. Claspings the flag in her arms, the figure strangely enwreathed it with her white drapery, which streamed out in a misty cloud upon the freshening wind.

Lieut. Dwydell ascended to the esplanade, and found his friend lying in a swoon, from which he could not be aroused till late that night. The lieutenant hauled down the flag without misgivings; but the cause of Ralph's strange illness was a puzzle to him. For many days, Capt. Peyton lay in a strange, apathetic state, until the surgeons ordered him to be relieved from active service for a time, and he was sent inland, on a furlough.

To make his way through the lines, and to the headquarters of a Federal general, was his first movement.

"I have taken an oath," he said, "never to take up arms against my old companions, mistaken and deluded though they are. I can not join your army, then, as I would wish. Will you hold me prisoner of war?"

The curiosity of the general was aroused, and in reply to his queries, Ralph told him the foregoing story. Half incredulous, but much impressed, the officer accepted his prisoner's parole of honor, and permitted him to go northward. Last week I heard that he had returned to his homestead, now again on Union ground; and from its venerable roof-tree waves the flag of our whole country—the symbol that his father died for, and his mother's spirit saved.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 2, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 20th ult., the rebels, under Gens. Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, made an attack on our forces entrenched at the White House under General Abercrombie. They were repulsed and driven back; our gunboats there, the Commodore More, Capt. Babcock, and two others, aiding materially in discomfiting them.

At seven o'clock, the rebels having succeeded in planting a battery of three guns in range, returned the fire upon our gunboats and land forces. This artillery firing was kept up until four P. M.

About noon the Commodore More threw a shell that exploded a rebel caisson, causing great confusion, and having the effect to slacken the rebel fire very perceptibly. The rebel loss was comparatively heavy. Some prisoners captured say they mistook our gunboats for transports, and had expected to capture our troops at the White House before Gen. Sheridan's command arrived, and then intercept his course, and, if possible, prevent his arrival. In all these movements they were defeated.

At three P. M. General Sheridan's advance arrived at the White House, and at five o'clock the General himself with his entire command. There was considerable skirmishing among the pickets the day following. During the continuance of the attack, General Abercrombie received a dispatch from Gen. Grant to hold his position at all hazards until assistance arrived, which, by the aid of the gunboats, he was enabled to do successfully.

The Tribune correspondent with Gen. Butler's headquarters the 21st ult., says that Gen. Foster with his troops moved north of the James river to a position within nine miles of Richmond and entrenched himself. This movement seems to puzzle the rebels.

The Herald correspondent of June 23, says Gen. Foster has been confided by Gen. Butler with a most important and perilous command on the James river, the objects of which, when fully accomplished, will elicit a generous popular admiration. The position is in full view of the enemy, between Aiken's Landing and Four Mile Creek. The General's force is a formidable one, sufficient to accomplish the object contemplated.

Throughout the 22d, the enemy vigorously shelled our gunboats co-operating with Foster. They returned the fire, and in a short time silenced their batteries.

The enemy on Foster's front consists of a large force of artillery, cavalry and infantry of General A. P. Hill's corps. They have a large force acting as skirmishers. They have another large force under the command of a nephew of Gen. R. E. Lee, four miles nearer Richmond. The rebels have also several regiments on the right of Foster.

The 2d corps were attacked the 22d ult., on the Weldon railroad. We give a brief account. The lines, formed by Barlow's division, were on the left, Birney's command in the center, and Gibbon's on the right.

It was expected that the 6th corps would have connected with Barlow, but it seems quite a gap was left, into which a rebel corps entered, and before our men were aware of it they received a volley from the rear, which caused a panic in our ranks and a rapid retreat to the woods.

This left the flank of the 3d division unprotected, and the enemy, taking advantage of that, charged fairly into our pits, ordering our men to surrender. The troops, however, left the trenches and fell back rapidly. Many were killed, and quite a number captured.

A battery of the 12th N. Y. artillery was annoying the rebels, who succeeded in getting round on the flank and charging it. The infantry supporting the battery were surprised, and, after a faint show of resistance, retired, leaving four guns in the hands of the rebels. The number of our loss in killed and wounded reported at 1,500. Our loss in prisoners is set down at 1,000.

Some of our officers engaged in this fight had just joined their commands after being exchanged, and when surrounded and ordered to surrender, replied, "Never! Death to Libby prison." In fighting their way out as best they could, a part of them succeeded in getting back safe to our lines.

At 8 P. M. a charge was made by the 7th corps, and the line of works from which they had been forced in the afternoon was recovered. A number of prisoners were taken. Skirmishing was kept up all night along the line, the pickets being at some points not fifty yards apart.

At 3 o'clock A. M., the 23d, an advance of the entire line was made, when it was found that the rebels had fallen back some distance and entrenched themselves during the night. The 6th corps then moved in another direction, toward the railroad, driving the enemy before them. The intention was to get possession of the railroad and destroy it.

The Tribune special of June 24, says that during two hours yesterday morning, from 6 to 8 o'clock, the earth trembled to the thunder of one hundred cannon. Baldy Smith (18th corps) was attacked. It will be remembered that he holds a position within less than half a mile of the city on the right bank of the Appomattox.

The line stretches along the plain at right angles with the river, while the rebels have undisturbed possession of the left bank. They suddenly uncovered 60 guns, subjecting the 18th corps to an enfilading fire and reverse fire.

While the artillery fire was raging, a charge was made on the position of Gen. Stannard's division of the 18th corps by Hoke's brigade of rebels. About 400 of them succeeded in entering our front line of rifle pits, a mere picket line, our skirmishers retiring to the rear breast-works of the front line of battle. While the rebels were coming on, our troops did not fire a shot for fear of hitting our own men.

The rebels, encouraged by this, marched boldly to our intrenchments, but the moment all our skirmishers got in, a volley was fired into the ranks of the enemy which mowed them down fearfully.

Their advance was checked, but to retreat was as much out of the question as to advance, and while placed in this position our men continued to fire upon them.

They made signs of a desire to surrender, which was not at first perceived, but as soon as their wish was ascertained firing was discontinued and they received a cordial invitation to come in. The number of prisoners was 166, and 36 wounded were brought off the ground. The prisoners say the remainder of the 400 were either killed or mortally wounded.

Gen. Wright, 6th corps, had destroyed several miles of the Weldon railroad. The shelling of Petersburg had been very disastrous, and the rebels were every day expecting a general attack.

There has been considerable fighting in the vicinity of Petersburg the past week, much of it being what is called artillery duels, skirmishing and picket firing. The accounts appear to agree that Gen. Grant is making good progress. Our forces having cut off most, if not all, rebel railroad communications, Petersburg may be considered pretty well hedged about with hostile bayonets. May Grant prove as successful as did Titus when he built a "hedge" about the rebellious Jews.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—Officers on steamers from the Ohio river report that guerrillas surrounded the town of Owensboro, and sent in a flag of truce and demanded the surrender of the place. On the following day a party of thirty guerrillas were at Woodville, opposite Metropolis, engaged in conscripting.

The country above the river, between Southland and Louisville, seems to be completely overrun with guerrillas who fire into boats and commit various other depredations.

Intelligence from Indianapolis of June 25, says that information has reached the authorities here, that on the Ohio river from the mouth of the Salt river thirty miles below Louisville, guerrillas are at work on the Kentucky side at different points. Steamers are fired into, and navigation from this cause is becoming hazardous. Bradensburg, a few miles from Louisville, was sacked the other day by a band of these rovers.

COLORADO.—A private dispatch received at Chicago from Denver, says that the Indians continue to commit outrages near that place. They killed and scalped two families. Citizens are in pursuit of the red-skins.

ARKANSAS.—The steamer Iago was captured by guerrillas in Arkansas River, four miles above Arkansas Post, on the 13th ult.

The rebels (600) made an attack on two companies of the 12th Iowa infantry, near the mouth of White river on the 22d ult. The steamer Lexington made her appearance during the fight, and the rebels were handsomely whipped, losing 74 men in killed and wounded. Marmaduke was moving on Little Rock with the intention of capturing the city.

WEST VIRGINIA.—A large number of refugees from Greenbrier and the adjoining counties are daily arriving at Charlestown, Va. They consist of whites and blacks, men, women and children. They represent the condition of the people there as most deplorable. The suffering of all classes of people for the want of food is quite heart-rending, and the impression seems to be that many poor people unable to escape from their homes will perish. Very little corn has been planted, or any efficient agricultural provisions made to subsist any considerable number of people there next winter, and the consequence is expected to be the almost entire desertion of the country.

Gen. Hunter has been very successful in destroying railroads near Staunton, Gordonsville, and Lynchburg; likewise a portion of the James River canal. He is still doing good service.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—The rebel Gen. Wharton on the 18th ult., with 2,500 men, captured and burned five freight trains loaded with supplies near Dalton. On the 20th, two freight trains were captured near Resaca. Some eight hundred rebel soldiers, mostly conscripts, had voluntarily given themselves up to Gen. Sherman. Our troops had made successful raids on the enemy, doing them much damage.

Department of the Gulf.

A DISPATCH has been received by the Navy Department from Admiral D. D. Porter, giving the particulars of the expedition up the Atchafalaya river by Lieut. Commander Rains with the steamers Chillicothe, Neosha and Fort Hindman.

When about a mile and a half from Semmesport, the battery from the shore opened upon them. The Rebels were driven away. A battery containing two 30-pound parrots was captured. Our loss was small, one only being wounded.

Brig.-Gen. Fitz Henry Warren has been ordered to Brownsville to take chief command of all the forces in that part of Texas. Gen. Detor assumed command of the District of Baton Rouge on the 13th ult.

Gen. Sickles arrived at New Orleans on the 18th. The health of New Orleans is excellent.

Several guerrillas have been captured on Atchafalaya river, by the Second Maine cavalry. The rebels attacked the gunboat at Tunica Bend on the 15th, and a passenger steamer the same night near Como Landing. The former drove off the rebels, but it is supposed the latter was considerably damaged.

Lieut. Cobb, of the New Hampshire cavalry, captured by the rebels, was murdered after surrendering.

Department of the South.

A LATE Newbern letter states that the United States transport John Farren arrived there with a portion of the crew of the gunboat Lavendar, run on Cape Lookout Shoals on the 11th ult. She was bound from Philadelphia to the blockading squadron, with a crew of twenty-three, fourteen of whom were saved by the Tarren, after experiencing great trouble. The following is a list of the saved:—Capt. J. Gleason, Acting Master; Acting Chief Engineer Thos. Foley; Acting First Assistant Daniel B. Brown; Master's Mate James McLane; Boatswain's Mate Owen McGuire; Fireman, C. Waite; seaman, A. B. Sherman; ord. do., J. White, W. R. Dewitt; landsmen, H. Drinker, Geo. Thompson, Alexander Rogers; Master's Mate, Mr. Devonshire, James Fitzpatrick.

Several Federal officers (prisoners of war) have been placed in exposed positions in Charleston, to intimidate our forces, now bombarding the city. The Union commander has retaliated by placing rebel officers of high rank in exposed situations in our fortifications.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE act repealing the Fugitive Slave Law passed the Senate on the 23d ult., by a vote of 22 to 12. It now only awaits the signature of the President to become a law.

An important treaty has been negotiated by Samuel Hallett for the Union Pacific Railroad Company with the Delaware Indians, and it has been confirmed by the Government. It secures the construction of a railroad from Leavenworth to Kansas City, and effects the removal of those Indians from Kansas.

In the Senate on the 23d ult., Mr. Collamer's proposition to make the commutation \$500 was rejected, and the bill to repeal the \$300 commutation amended and passed—24 to 7.

The Military Committee of the House has prepared a new bill, repealing the draft commutation and permitting substitutes and the right to fill quotas by recruiting in Southern States. It provides that the President, in his discretion, may order a draft for not more than three nor less than one year. Any person volunteering or offering as a substitute for a drafted man and mustered into the service for one year, shall receive a bounty of \$100, and if for a term of two years, \$200, and if for three years, \$300, one-half of which bounty shall be paid to the soldier at the time of his being mustered into service, one-fourth at the expiration of half his term, one-fourth at the end of his term; in case of his death when in the service, the residue of his bounty shall be paid to his legal representatives, and in case he is honorably discharged from wounds or sickness incurred in the service, he shall receive the full bounty. Among other provisions, it permits drafted men, substitutes or volunteers to elect the companies or corps of their respective States into which they will go. The Secretary of War is required to discharge any minor who enlists without the consent of his parents or guardians.

The President has signed and approved the act to increase the pay of soldiers of the United States Army. It provides that on and after the 1st of May last, and during the continuance of the present rebellion, the pay per month of non-commissioned officers and privates, in the military service, shall be as follows:—Sergeant Major, \$26; Quartermaster and Commissary Sergeants of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, \$20; Sergeants of Ordnance, Sappers and Miners, and Pontooniers, \$34; Corporals of Ordnance, Sappers and Miners, and Pontooniers, \$20; Privates of Engineers and Ordnance of the first class, \$18; second class, \$16; Corporals of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, \$18; Chief Buglers of Cavalry, \$23; Buglers, \$16; Farriers and Blacksmiths of Cavalry and Artillery, \$18; Privates of Cavalry, Artillery and Infantry, \$16; Principal Musician of Artillery and Infantry, \$22; Leaders of Brigade and Regimental Bands, \$75; Musicians, \$16; Hospital Stewards, first class, \$33; second class, \$25; third class, \$23. All non-commissioned officers and privates in the Regular Army, serving under enlistments made prior to July 22d, 1861, shall have the privilege of re-enlisting for a term of three years in their respective organizations until the first of August next, and all such non-commissioned officers and privates so re-enlisting shall be entitled to the bounty mentioned in the joint resolution of Congress, approved Jan. 13, 1864. In all cases where the Government shall furnish transportation and subsistence to discharged officers from the place of their discharge to their enlistment, or original muster into the service, they shall not be entitled to travel pay or commutation of subsistence.

The following important order has been issued by the Commander of the Department of Washington:

General Order No. 51.—First. Hereafter no citizen, commissioned officer or enlisted man will be arrested on the report of any detective employed by any officer subject to the jurisdiction of this Department, except in extreme cases, where there is no doubt of guilt and immediate action is needed, until the report has first been forwarded for action to these headquarters.

Second. All officers serving in this Department employing detectives, will send, with as little delay as possible, a list of those employed to these headquarters, specifying the authority,

by whom employed, and they are notified that they will be held responsible for improper action or abuse of authority on the part of their employees.

By command of Maj.-Gen. C. C. AUGUR.

J. H. TAYLOR, A. A. G.

The Secretary of War, in an official to Gen. Dix, dated June 22, says:

A dispatch from Gen. Sherman's headquarters, dated yesterday evening at 8 o'clock, states that it has rained almost incessantly, in spite of which our lines have been pressed forward steadily, and an important position has been gained by Gen. Howard. The enemy made a desperate attempt to retake this position last night, making seven distinct attacks on Gen. Whittaker's brigade, of Stanley's division, and losing not less than 700 or 800 men. Two hundred killed were left on Whittaker's front. The assault was followed by a heavy fire of artillery, under which the position was fortified and is now safe. Our cavalry is across Noon Day Creek on our left, and one brigade of the Twenty-third Corps is across Sny Creek on the right, but the rebel left is behind a swamp, and the rains prevent any advance. The fighting has been quite severe at all points, the enemy resisting stubbornly, and attempting the offensive whenever he can.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

EXTENSIVE contributions were levied on the flower gardens about Frankfort, Ky., for the purpose of making a magnificent floral wreath with which to encircle the brows of John Morgan, when he should enter the place. The wreath was made, and was to be presented by the transient young ladies of the Capitol Hotel. The presentation speech was written, memorized and rehearsed. Mr. Morgan, however, did not call.

THE Wisconsin papers generally concur in the opinion that the crops in that State are already permanently affected by the absence of rain, and that the yield for the season, in proportion to the extent sown, must be extremely light. The Milwaukee News says it is more than five weeks since rain has fallen in that vicinity.

IN New Haven, recently, several boys from 10 to 14 years old, were playing in a store-house with an old pistol, when it went off and killed one of their number. The boys, frightened by the affair, ran to their homes, and kept their terrible secret for five days, when the body of the unfortunate lad was discovered in a state of decomposition.

A DEAD mule, belonging to a Memphis citizen, was being hauled out of the lines the other day, when a bayonet thrust revealed the fact that the carcass contained 60,000 percussion caps, a quantity of ammunition, and other contraband articles, which some rebel sympathizer had taken this means of smuggling.

THE Mormons, with 100,000 people in Utah, "boast that in all their settlements is not to be found a drinking saloon, a billiard table, or a bowling alley; and with pride point to their cities, their churches, their school houses, their manufactories, farms and possessions, as evidences of their achievements and industry."

THE Cincinnati Gazette says a two-thirds crop of winter wheat may be calculated on from at least ten central and north-western States; and of spring wheat there will be a greater yield than ever before, both on account of the greater breadth of ground sown and the favorable weather for its growth.

GEN. ROSECRANS was made the recipient, a few days since, of a very handsome testimonial, presented him by his old friends and neighbors, of Licking county, Ohio. It consisted of a silver pitcher, two silver goblets and a salver, all of the most graceful and exquisite workmanship.

A VETERAN Colonel of the French army, on a visit to Washington, declared in a diplomatic circle that Grant's movements had been of the most admirable character, and that only an army magnificent in its intelligence, courage, discipline, and condition could have executed such movements.

THE army worm has appeared in Norridge-wood and Madison, Me., completely devouring the foliage of alders, poplar branches, maples and other forest trees, and making the wooded district to look as though a fire had swept over it. The worms appear to be traveling in a northerly direction.

IN a recent number of the Leipzig Medical Gazette, there is a case of successfully practised transfusion of animal blood into a human subject, "twelve ounces from the veins of a lamb having been injected with benefit to a local patient."

THE Woonsocket, (R. I.) Patriot says the prospects of the cotton manufacturers are so discouraging that some owners of mills in that village and vicinity contemplate stopping their works soon, unless the price of the raw material recedes.

THE rebel Gen. Jenkins, who died a few days ago from the effects of his wound, owned property in Virginia valued at \$300,000. His wife and three children arrived within our lines recently, wretchedly clad, and destitute of shoes and stockings.

GEN. HANCOCK is still suffering so severely from the condition of his old Gettysburg wound, that on the 18th ult. he was unable to sit in the saddle, and therefore not in a position to personally superintend the operations of his corps before Petersburg.

THE Prince of Wales was an exhibitor in the late Islington dog show, and carried off the first prize for Newfoundland by his black dog Cabot. Some of the dogs exhibited by the Prince had been raised by the late Prince Consort.

List of New Advertisements.

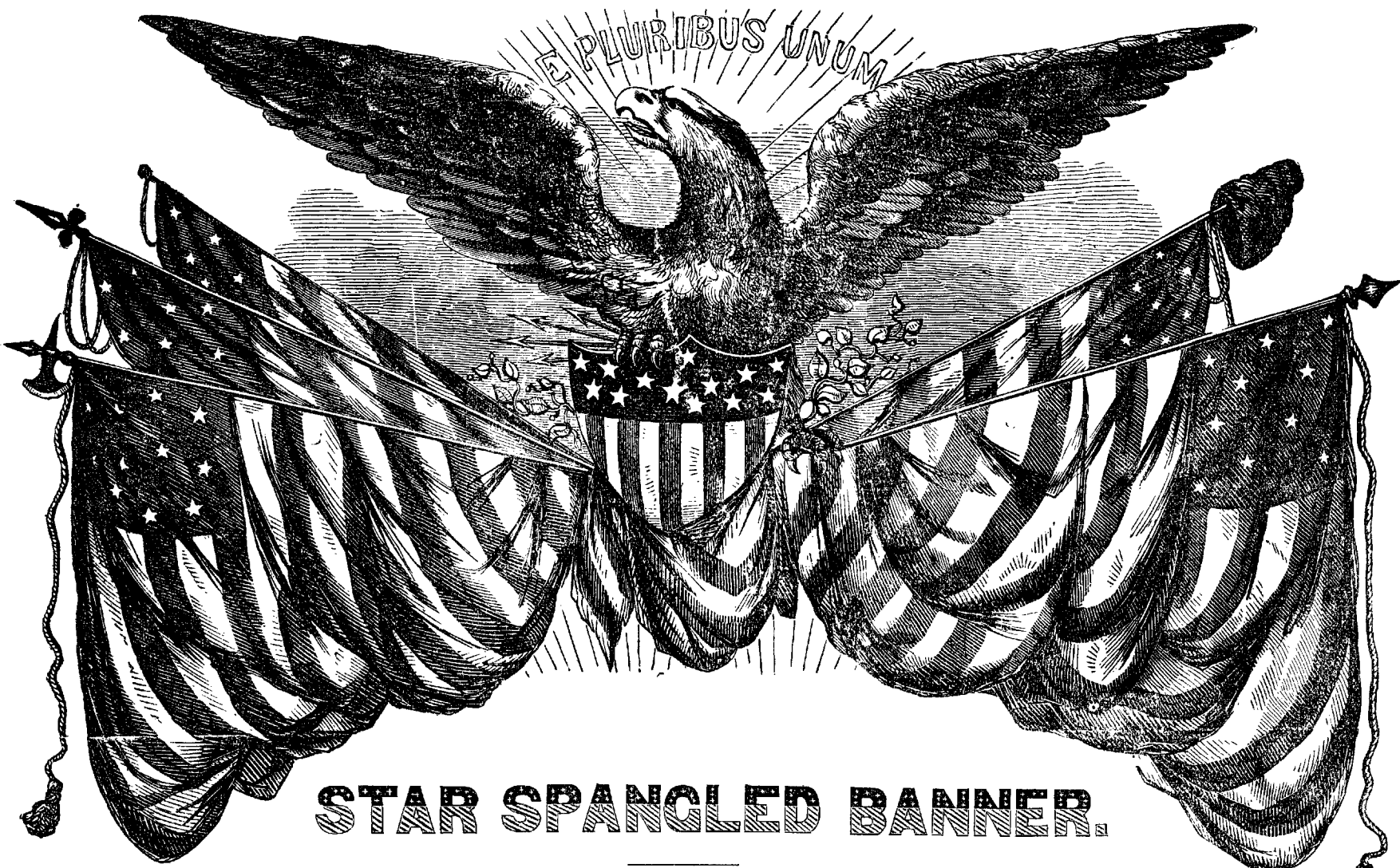
The Government Loan of \$200,000,000. Birdsell's Patent Clover Thrasher and Huller—John C. Birdell. Flax Cotton—B. P. Johnson. Cure your own Horses and save the Farrier's fee. To Sheep Owners—A. S. White. Valuable Farm for Sale—Thos. R. Minton. Refreshments at State Fair—B. P. Johnson. Trees, Shrubs, &c., wanted—Thos. Wright. Tracy Female Institute—Luella Tracy. A Young Man Wanted. Harvest Gloves—A. R. Pritchard. Educational and General Agency—J. A. Nash.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

An Apology Declined—D. B. DeLand & Co.

The News Condenser.

- Andrew Johnson is 56 years old.
- Gribaldi's income is about £150 a year.
- The Saratoga season has fairly commenced.
- Silkworm eggs are sold in London by all florists.
- One of the younger Rothschilds has just died at Paris.
- N. P. Willis has almost entirely lost his power of articulation.
- The Richmond Examiner is a dingy half sheet at \$50 per year.
- One of the principal streets of Paris is to be named after Meyerbeer.
- The Philadelphia Fair is said to be far ahead of the New York Fair.
- Capt. C. F. Hall sets out on a second Arctic expedition on the 15th.
- A picture in the cathedral of Mexico is said to be worth \$14,000,000.
- Garibaldi has sent his dagger to the Sanitary Fair of the Quaker City.
- Dr. Vogel, physician and friend of Goethe, died recently at Weinmar.
- Geo. Peabody, the London banker, is to retire from business next October.
- There was a heavy snow storm on the White Mountains the 13th ult.
- Rev. D. A. Wasson has joined an excursion to Labrador and Hudson Bay.
- The Sanitary Commission spent \$100,000 in May for the Army of the Potomac.
- Senora de Avellaneda, a Cuban poetess of celebrity has just arrived in this country.
- Adeline Patti continues to be the leading attraction at the Paris Italian opera house.
- Out of every thousand British soldiers quartered in Bengal, 65 die every 12 months.
- The Prince of Wales presided at the recent annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund.
- The State of New York is in excess of all the calls upon her for troops more than 5,000.
- There are in the Springfield armory 265,000 muskets and the daily product is one thousand.
- The Monroe Co. Board of Supervisors have just offered a bounty of \$300 for volunteers.
- Twenty-one vessels were loading in Philadelphia with petroleum for Europe the 9th inst.
- One out of every 41 of the population of New Zealand were convicted drunkards last year.
- The insurrection in Algiers—according to the French papers—has been practically quelled.
- W. H. C. Hosmer, the poet, is said to be a descendant, on his mother's side, of the Aborigines.
- Two-thirds of the army of the Potomac have not changed a garment since the campaign began.
- Benevolent people in Switzerland, have contributed \$45,000 to the U. S. Sanitary Commission.
- The pupils of New York public schools have contributed \$23,706 69 to the Sanitary Commission.
- Maximilian has charged Anber, the composer, with the duty of composing a Mexican National Hymn.
- Sydney E. Edgerton, of Ohio, was nominated by the President as Governor of the Territory of Montana.
- The Court of Prussia expects to entertain this summer, at Kissingen, the Czar and Czarina of Russia.
- Robert C. Fenton, Esq., has been appointed President of the New York Relief Association at Washington.
- Gen. Grant is the owner of ten thousand dollars' worth of stock in the West Division Railway of Chicago.
- The rhubarb crop in Connecticut finds no takers, the sugar necessary to make it palatable being so high.
- Miss Dorothea L. Dix formerly had charge of a school for young ladies in Boston. Her parents are dead.
- During the recent furlough of the Second Iowa Cavalry, two hundred marriages took place in the regiment.
- A spark from a lighted cigar burned over about fifty acres of wood land near Roslyn, Long Island, last week.
- The Chinese cannot mend a common watch, and when it is out of order they say it is dead, and throw it away.
- A large amount of gold arrived in New York this week from Europe. It was sent out from London for speculation.
- The N. Y. Herald circulates over 100,000 copies, and pays four hundred thousand dollars a year for white paper.
- Two notorious bounty jumpers have just been sent from Washington to the Connecticut Penitentiary for ten years.
- Rev. Gordon Winslow, M. D., D. D., of the Sanitary Commission, fell overboard and was drowned in the Potomac.
- Miss Garrett, recently admitted to practice medicine in England, is the first instance of a female M. D. in that country.
- The Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg road will pay, the 15th of July, a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent, free of tax.
- Alderman Roberts, of Chicago, has brought an action of libel against the Tribune of that city for \$20,000 damages.
- Three match manufactories in Boston consume twenty cords of wood and five hundred pounds of brimstone per day.
- Stonewall Jackson's sister, Mrs. Arnold, is a loyal woman. She had her husband arrested recently on a charge of disloyalty.
- A Montgomery, Ala., paper announces the putting in circulation of a \$3 Spanish coin, causing great activity among business men.
- David Thurston, American Vice Consul at Toronto, has been ordered to take the post made vacant by the death of Joshua R. Giddings.



STAR SPANGLLED BANNER.

WRITTEN BY FRANCIS S. KEY.

O SAY, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

O! thus be it ever when Freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land

The Story-Teller.

THE OLD FLAG.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

RALPH PEYTON was the only son of the widow Mary Washington Peyton, of Virginia,

Ralph loved his mother with the peculiar intensity of the proud, carefully nurtured, sensitive scion of an old and historic family.

But death respects no feeling, no emotion. Whether we love or hate, the destroyer surely comes, and his shafts are just as certain to strike our friends as our foes, when the time draws near.

Ralph, while still a mere stripling, at college, learned that he was an orphan, alone in the world, and the last of his name and lineage.

My reader may imagine the passionate grief and rage that consumed the poor boy's heart for many months, till time had softened and sorrow had chastened him into a meek obedience to the fiat of the All-Wise.

It was at this time that there came a murmur on the breezes that hitherto had wafted northward nothing but odors of the magnolia and orange.

Six months of weary waiting and anxious watching passed by. Some delayed, some sneered, some despaired, some shuffled and some dodged, some hurled back wrath for wrath and threat for threat.

Then throughout the lower States, arose all picturesque life of a mistaken devotion. Young boys shouldered the heavy musket, or labored like their negroes on the earthworks.

time of fierce and heartfelt devotion seems, when compared with the present situation. These fine heroes of a day, these poor victims of a delusion so monstrous as to be almost sublime, driven and hunted into the jungles and brakes of a desolated country, after such a series of humiliations and defeats as defies parallel!

We of the North have ever been unwilling to believe that the actual mass of the Southern people were ever in earnest in this Rebellion. We have, for the sake of human common sense, preferred to lay the extent of the army and the destruction of property to a reign of terror—a mob-law government.

We are compelled, however, now to acknowledge that the folly of man is greater, by just that measure, than we had thought. What the Southerners have done, they have done as a people; and no Robespierre, were he backed by the armies of the world, could have driven a hitherto easily governed people into such fantastic tricks, against the will of the majority.

Well, it was shortly before the dawn of this picturesque enthusiasm, that Ralph Peyton left college and returned to his old homestead. Everything there reminded him of his sainted mother. Her books, her drawings, her favorite walks, her carefully attended flowers, her guitar—a thousand eloquent trifles spoke to him in a language to which he could only reply with tears.

Accordingly he invited a number of his old comrades to visit him, and soon surrounded himself with a pleasant party of young fellows, gay, light-hearted, open-handed, thoughtless, and of his own age.

Here they roved and rambled, chatted and sang, wrote and read, and gave entertainments to newer friends from a neighboring town, and all was as pleasant and holiday like as could be. Meanwhile the murmurs swelled from farther South, and rumors came, from time to time, of active preparations for red-handed war.

"They are fortifying Charleston harbor," said young Dwdley, one evening, as the friends gathered about the supper table; "South Carolina proposes to hold Forts Moultrie and Sumter, since the Confederate Commissioners are not received at Washington."

"Good for the Palmetto State!" said Charlie Key.

"A war would be an awful nuisance, just now," added young Chouteau, a Missourian, who owned large estates in the West.

"And a good deal of fun, too," replied Peyton. "It can't last long. The North is really democratic; and though Massachusetts might send a few John Browns down here to invade us, you couldn't find ten thousand soldiers in the whole country really willing to fight us in earnest."

"I think it would be a grand spree," said Dwdley. "Soldiering is good fun when you don't have to see the nasty side of it. Uniforms, horses, dress parades, camp life—eh? There's a summer's experience for a set of young fellows with nothing to do! And if we

should have a skirmish or two, so much the livelier. A little glory and a good time! Bah! Let's organize a company."

"Good, I'm with you," responded Key. "Here's a bas le Nord, et vive le Sud!" Chouteau was silent for a time; but being ultimately convinced that the war could not be of sufficient extent to affect the West, (how odd these reminiscences seem now), he consented to join the company.

"And you, Ralph, you're in of course?" said Dwdley, inquiringly.

Ralph looked troubled. "Go on, gentlemen," said he, "and give me a little time. I'm not sure that it will be worth while to meddle with the matter, up here in Virginia; but I'll see about it. Meanwhile, I favor the proposition."

"Make him captain," whispered Chouteau; "we can't get a better one, and I am not ambitious."

This was agreed to by Key and Dwdley, and the offer made and accepted. It was further agreed that a recruiting office should be opened at once in the town, and the requisite number of men enrolled as soon as possible.

Immediately thereafter came the news of Major—now General—Anderson's coup d'etat, the evacuation of Fort Moultrie and occupation of Sumter in a single night. Moultrie was seized by the Charleston militia, and a series of formidable works erected on every point and island that held Anderson's new stronghold within range. With that moment came the Southern "uprising" to which I have alluded, a phenomenon only second to the blaze of furious splendor that swept over the North when the first fatal gun of the Rebellion lifted up its voice against Fort Sumter.

The Americans, after all, are very much alike in temperament and manner. That were a subtle distinction that one should draw between Illinoisians and Kentuckians, or Pennsylvanians and Virginians. And, when the actual war is over, this fact will be seen more strikingly than ever.

The rolls of Captain Ralph Peyton's company filled up, then, as rapidly as some of our Northern organizations were formed, in the flush and prime of the "uprising," and, being joined to a regiment which was enlisted in the same county, went at once into camp for drill and discipline.

It was some weeks, then, before the storming of Fort Sumter, and the Federal Government had taken no steps whatever toward quelling the mighty insurrection that was snuffing at the door. Officers, in uniform bearing the Confederate button, were permitted to promenade the streets of Washington openly; and many houses were permitted to show the Palmetto flag without fear.

A young actor of talent and celebrity, Percy Langford Smith, stood at the door of Willard's one fine morning, watching, perhaps studying, the odd characters that passed before him, when his quick eye recognized the familiar face of Ralph Peyton, whom he had often met in Richmond.

"Hallo!" cried Smith, "is it you, Ralph? and in uniform? You don't say you are going to fight the prospective battles of your native State against our ancient Union?" "Not many battles, I fancy," replied Peyton. "But I have got a company over yonder, and if we are called upon, I hope we shall do ourselves credit." [Concluded on page 217.]

Corner for the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 28, 29, 24, 31 is a kind of money now very little used.
My 2, 6, 9, 31 is a girl's name.
My 11, 22, 27 is a word for all to remember.
My 8, 3, 15, 19 is a vegetable.
My 1, 20, 7, 17, 23 is an adverb.
My 16, 7, 8, 21, 10, 32, 34 is what we all strive for.
My 20, 9, 8, 23, 33 is a man's name.
My 18, 11, 29, 4, 24, 3, 25 is what we all like to hear.
My 26, 15, 31, 13, 29, 28, 24, 31, 29 is a cape.
My 6, 15, 32, 19, 9, 19, 18 is what we all learn.
My 6, 12, 23 is an alkali.
My 13, 29, 30, 8, 32, 25 are what all have.
My 14, 24, 18, 5, 22 is what all wish to become.
My whole is a patriotic proverb.
Sterling, N. Y., 1864. LIZZIE R.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 17, 12, 1, 14, 7, 5, 16, 18, 1 is a river in North America.
My 10, 17, 15, 5, 8 is a county in Kentucky.
My 11, 8, 18, 1, 6 is a city in France.
My 8, 13, 7, 6, 5, 17, 4 is one of the United States.
My 2, 3, 5, 16, 5, 17, 10, 17 is one of the West Indies.
My 9, 15, 8, 8, 5, 16, 1 is a bay in North America.
My 4, 3, 15, 19, 5, 10 is a country in Asia.
My whole is a Strait.
Bloomington, Mich., 1864. EDWIN.

A PUZZLE.

WRITE down 100 very plain,
A unit more will swell your gain;
Then 5 more put into the train,
And then 1 more please add again;
Add 50 more to help explain,
Then one more unit entertain.
Add, after tea, 1/2 of yourself,
And the sum, for your friend,
Is more pleasant than self.
Milwaukee, Wis., 1864. M. L. SKINNER.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

IT is required to find four numbers in proportions such that their sum shall be 20, the sum of their squares 130, and the sum of their cubes 980.
Verona, N. Y., 1864. S. G. CAGWIN.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 753.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—There is no excellence without great labor.
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—All quiet on the Potomac.
Answer to Anagrams of Battles:—Chancellorsville, Antietam, Chattanooga, Gettysburg, Chickahominy, Murfreesboro, Shiloh, Bull Run.
Answer to Puzzle:
Give, oh, give me fairly moonlight,
Silvering fountains, shrines and towers,
Chasing now the fleet cloud shadows,
Lighting dew-drop gems for flowers.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—1864.

CURE YOUR OWN Horses and save the Farrier's Fee.—The following letter received from Dr. Deal, who is a Veterinary Surgeon of great skill:
I have given Perry Davis' Pain Killer in many cases of colic, cramp, and dysentery in horses, and never knew it fail to cure in a single instance. I look upon it as a certain remedy.
JOHN R. DEAL, Bowersville, O.
For Colds, Sprains, Scratches, etc., there is no better Liniment. Try it. Sold by all medicine dealers. [75-2100]
Price 35 cts., 75 cts., and \$1.50 per bottle. (7)

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