MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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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.

THE LOWEST SUBSCIPTION PRICE of the RURAL is Two Dollars a Year. For particulars see last page.

Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

The Fall Plowing.

The plows are in motion in sward land and stubble. The soil is dry. There is a good hard track for the team. And this hardness and dryness prevents the depth of tillage which ought to obtain on fields preparing for the autumn seeding of wheat. We do not see the plows in beam deep. Indeed, as a rule it is not the best policy. But we do not see the subsoil following the surface plow. This is what ought to be seen in every field that is being plowed for fall wheat and rye.

For some reason these subsoil plows are not used. Why? Is it the scarcity of labor that prevents? Or is it established that it does not pay? Have any of our readers data which go to establish this fact? If so, it is new to us. We have seen the matter repeatedly tested, and we *know it will pay*, on most soils, to incur this extra expense—especially on heavy soils where there is no system of underdrainage.

Where are your best crops, gentleman, this season? On your stiffest and shallowest plowed land? What crops have withstood the effects of the drouth best?—those where the plow ran lightest? We should like to know if there is such an instance known in the entire RURAL parish.

What is going to be done? How are we to obviate the disastrous effects of drouth? How much has this drouth cost you?—that is, what would the difference between your crop the present season and that of a favorable season amount to? Would not the difference go far toward paying the expense of properly draining, plowing and fitting the land? And the time long since passed when any argument was needed to establish the fact that draining, deep plowing, and other thorough culture were insurance against the vicissitudes of seasons—against damage to crops resulting from too much or too little water.

—Then we urge—modestly, as an Editor should—that the teams in the plow-field be just doubled in number, or that the acres plowed be diminished one-half, and the depth of soil stirred be doubled or tripled—quadrupled if possible. So shall the good old harvests of the early time come again. So shall the long dry weather be regarded a blessing to the crop, developing in its greatest perfection the seed and the vegetable, the fiber and the plant. So shall the plant receive all the advantage which GOD designed it should derive from His sunlight acting upon the elements of productiveness contained in the soil. And insects shall be powerless to affect its vigorous growth; no diseased condition of the plant shall invite their ravages nor contribute to their propagation. Stir a less area and stir deeper this fall, gentlemen! It will pay.

A Weed Law.

A CORRESPONDENT commends an article which appeared in the RURAL sometime since with reference to the Canada Thistle, and says:—"Only by legal enactment, compelling the owners of land to destroy weeds, can the country be protected from them. The tidy farmer, who labors hard to keep his farm clean, ought to be permitted to prosecute his neighbor whose thistle seed floats over the line, for trespass."

Well, we think so too. Riding through the country the other day, we came upon a farm whose owner was evidently proud of it, and who found it profitable to keep weeds out of it. We saw neither bushes, brambles nor thistles along the fences or the road-sides, nor in the fields. But on his neighbor's side of a stone-wall, the line-fence, were thistles white with feathery seed which every breeze floated over on the tidy farmer's premises. Ought there not to be a law which would indict such a man as the keeper of a nuisance?—a pest? We think so.

The noxious weeds of this country are multiplying about as fast as the noxious insects. And they propagate unchecked by too large a majority of farmers. The Flemish farmer is said to inspect his clover fields in the spring for the clover parasite—*Orobanche major*—which spreads and destroys the crop; and if found, the greatest care is taken to root up and destroy this parasitical enemy of his forage. If half the pains were taken to defoliate the more obtrusive of American weed-pests, much would be added to the farmer's revenue. Shall we have a law in this State compelling the destruction—at least the timely defoliation—of the Canada thistle, and *Sambucus canadensis?* What do farmers think about it?

Why is Cheese so High?

THIS is a question which puzzles some simple folk, and some who are not so simple. A correspondent asks the question, and wonders who is going to eat cheese and pay retail prices for it, when buyers pay producers from 20 to 25 cents per pound for it to ship to New York.

The answer is that the cheese is not consumed in this country. Near 200,000 boxes have recently been shipped to England. Those who have debts to pay in England buy it and pay those large prices for it and ship it to make foreign exchange, instead of buying exchange here. Thus they save. And at the present rates of gold and cheese here, the latter really costs them only six to eight cents per pound. It is not because there is any legitimate demand for cheese for home consumption that renders it so high—it is simply to liquidate balances standing against us as a people, because of our importations of fashionable finery and gew-gaws, as well as necessities. Of course few of those who consume cheese at home can afford to pay the prices the exporters find it profitable to pay. And so long as it is found profitable to import goods and pay present rates of exchange, so long will importers pay high prices for exportable products.

HUSBANDING MANURES.

D. D. T. MOORE, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I send you proof of the summary of the discussion at our last State Winter Meeting, for insertion in your valuable journal at your discretion.

Respectfully yours, A. B. CONGER.

I. Where sufficient has been reserved for arable lands, barnyard manure may be spread upon pastures and meadows under the following restrictions:

a. If spread early in the Spring on pastures, and designed for *immediate* use, it should not be of the droppings of that species of animals intended to be placed in the pastures.

b. It soould never be spread upon meadows in the Spring, as the coarser parts will be caught by the hay-rake, and mixed with the hay, imparting to it a musty smell, if not tainting it with fungus.

c. It may be evenly spread on meadows at any time after harvest, and lightly harrowed or bushed, especially if the after-math is heavy, so that the grass may not be smothered.

d. The weather should indicate the absence of high winds, the approach of moderate rains, or the presence of copious dews, so that the ammoniacal portion of the manure may not be lost.

e. On rapidly sloping lands a heavy top dressing should be applied near the summit, unless furrows such as are necessary in irrigation are made, so as to prevent the manure being washed with heavy rains to the bottom.

f. In Winter no manure should be spread on either pastures or meadows when hard frozen, even when most of the atmospheric conditions above alluded to are present, *unless* the surface is or soon will be covered with snow, and then only on ground either level or gently rolling, so that in case of a thaw the melting snows may not render the distribution of the manure comparatively useless.

II. Under a system of rotation of crops, as supposed in the question, the husbanding of manures is indispensable to thrift in farming, and is to be regulated according to the supply of litter and the method of feeding adopted.

III. On farms whose principal staple is grain, the amount of straw is not unfrequently in excess of the feeding material reserved, and in such case it is necessary to spread it profusely over the barnyard, that it may be trodden down by cattle and sheep and mixed with their droppings. In such cases it is sufficient that the barnyard should be dished or provided with one or more tanks for the holding of the drainage of the mass; that fermentation should be allowed to proceed until the straw is disintegrated sufficiently either to turn the mass into heaps, (into which the liquid contents of the tanks are to be conveyed by pump and trough,) or drawn out into the fields for Spring and Fall crops—of which method as generally in all departments of the farm service, the labor that can be applied is the discriminating test.

IV. Where from the scarcity of straw upon a farm, its high price in neighboring markets, or its being an element of food prepared for stock, it is necessary to economize its use, the system of box or stall feeding is to be resorted to, and the husbanding of manures is determined as the feeding is either of animals to be fattened or reared.

V. In the former case, neat cattle may be placed in boxes not less than 8 by 10 feet, the bottoms slightly dished with a view to drainage or being filled with muck or other absorbents, and the animals wintered with slight additions of cut straw as litter, so as to prevent the loss of hair and other cutaneous affections, (which proceed from the heating of straw if too liberally supplied,) and the whole mass of droppings, &c., left until removed to the fields.

VI. In the latter case, that of the rearing of young animals, a like method may be pursued, but if their value will admit of a greater regard being paid to cleanliness, &c., the box should have a slatted floor of oak or other durable strips 1½ inch thick, 3 inches wide and half inch apart over a paved, clayed or cemented floor, inclined so as to carry the drainage of the box into gutters leading to a tank, and the manure removed as often at least as once in six weeks, placed under cover of a roof either permanent, or of boards battened, turning on pins and moved by a long lever as in sheds for drying of brick, the liquid manure (if not used separately) being pumped from the tank and conveyed by troughs over the mass so as to prevent fire-fanging. If used separately the sheds are to be opened to occasional rains for the same purpose.

VII. The manure from animals stabled in the ordinary way is to be treated as last above described, and it is desirable that the manure shed should be constructed with access to it from a level below that on which the manure is deposited, so that in Winter the manure may be carted out upon lands plowed in the Fall, the fresh masses placed on top, preserving those underlying from being thoroughly frozen.

VIII. When sheep are alone raised, they should be kept under sheds with small yards connected therewith, and their droppings may be treated either as in the case of fattening or growing animals, at the discretion of the owner.

IX. Where no portion of the manure is designed for top dressing of pastures, that of horses and neat cattle may be always advantageously placed under the same cover, their different capacities for developing heat, operating favorably against over heating.

X. As the value of straw as an article of food if cut up, mixed with feed, thoroughly wetted and allowed to stand in mass for a few hours so as to develop heat, or if steamed, is at its lowest price worth at least twice as much for food as for the manure resulting from its use as litter, where beds of muck or peat exist on a farm these should be ditched and afterwards paved, so that by the use of these materials when dried, the straw may be largely used as an article of food, a greater number of animals kept on the farm, and greater masses of manure made, and with a material more valuable than straw as an absorbent and fertilizer, and for the preservation of the droppings of cattle at a more uniform rate of temperature.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

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

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR OF 1864.

THE N. Y. State Fair of 1864 will be held at Rochester, September 20, 21, 22 and 23. Everything will be arranged on the most liberal and perfect scale for the convenience of exhibitors and the public. It was feared that the pressure of war would seriously interfere with the success of the State Agricultural Society and its annual exhibitions. It has not done so thus far. The American character is elastic, hopeful, and filled with irrepressible energy. The American mind is thoroughly pervaded with the logic of utility. If our brothers and sons are in the army—if labor is scarce and high—and expenses are large—if the clouds of public debt darken around us—if taxes must roll up higher and higher—and finally if drouth comes to threaten us with its calamities—have we not, as farmers, the more need to husband and improve all our agricultural resources to the uttermost? And where can the farmer have the opportunity of examining with his own eyes and forming his own opinions on such a comprehensive list of alleged improvements in domestic animals, in implements and labor-saving machinery, in agricultural processes and results—where, we say, can he do this so cheaply, so thoroughly and so expeditiously, as at the State Fair, where the best specimens of them are brought together for comparison or are practically tested side by side? We boldly answer, nowhere. And not only does every discerning man bring away new information worth far more to him than the cost of his journey, but he also brings away a feeling of genuine satisfaction—derived from having met and communed with friends, with intelligent strangers, and with worthy co-workers in his own and other industrial occupations. This honest gratification—this pleasant change from the steady routine of home—this rubbing up of the feeling of class brotherhood and human brotherhood—this play-spell of the mind and the heart—are more valuable than mere money.

The State Agricultural Society has become as much a State institution as the Legislature, the Judiciary, or our School System. Broadly and deeply as the river now flows on, we knew it in the fountain. Many a time have we gone one hundred and fifty miles to Albany to attend the meetings of the old Society, established in 1832. It has been our felicity to perform the journey several times, in those ante-railroad days, in a "mud-wagon," in a January thaw—once being kept within that interesting vehicle for nearly the full JONAH-an period of "three days and three nights." Our zeal probably outran our discretion in the premises; but we were younger then! At the "Annual Meeting" we usually met Judge BUEL, L. F. ALLEN, FRANCIS ROTCH, Judge VAN BERGEN, HENRY D. GROVE, C. N. BEMENT, L. C. BALL, THOMAS DUNN, J. McD. M'INTYRE, and perhaps half a dozen other *stand-bys* whose names do not now occur to us—mixed up with a dozen or two members of the Legislature who were spirited enough to look in and take part in the proceedings. The Society was without funds, without numbers, but not without vitality. It sent forth papers which attracted public notice. But its great mission was to prepare the way for the present Organization.

The Constitution of the Society was revised in 1841, and the Legislature that year appropriated $8,000 per annum for the "promotion of Agriculture and Household Manufactures in the State." Of this sum $7,300 was distributed among County Societies, and $700 paid to the State Society. The Constitution provided that the latter should hold "an annual cattle show and fair." At a meeting of the Executive Committee in April, 1841, HENRY S. RANDALL, then Corresponding Secretary of the Society, moved that the Annual Fair be held "in the *village* of Syracuse on the 29th and 30th days of September next." Great were the fears of the officers that the first fair might prove a failure—that there would not be a proper exhibition of articles, and especially a proper attendance of *people*. The idea of fencing in the show grounds and demanding an admission fee, was no more thought of than fencing round the moon! The Corresponding Secretary alone, if we remember aright, wrote upwards of one thousand letters to distinguished farmers and other gentlemen all over the State, begging them to attend and to get their neighbors to attend.

Well, the day came—and the Society and public found themselves very much in the situation of Yankee Doodle, who

"Said he couldn't see the town
There was so many houses!"

The "village" of Syracuse (now a well grown city) and its outskirts were one vast sea of men, women and children—principally the former. There was scarcely room to stand up! The exhibition of stock, all things considered, was good. Col. SHERWOOD and Mr. PRENTICE—the great cattle exhibitors of those days—were on in force. But the animals, etc., were so enveloped and hemmed in—literally *packed* in—among the dense concourse of people, that the viewing committees could scarcely find them, and when found it was next to impossible to get a sight of one at a yard's distance. The mounted marshals forced their way through the mass and implored the by-standers to "fall back and let the committees see the stock"—but it was like excavating quicksand. The "ouside pressure" forced it in twice as fast as the entreaties of the officers cleared it out! What a crush of bonnets—what a jamming of hats—what a tearing and soiling and occasional *bedaubing* of apparel—what a stepping on of toes—what a medley of joking and scolding, laughing and fretting (interspersed occasionally, we lament to say, with some tall swearing!) And then what eating and sleeping accommodations were found in the swallowed-up town! We will, out of pure shame, draw a veil over these parts of the performance.

This first exhibition, though rather affluent in "noise and confusion," demonstrated two things—that exhibitors and spectators would come to State Fairs. Indeed, as in the case of him in the German tale who invoked the water spirits, it was as necessary to understand the spell to *lay* as to *raise* them. This was happily found in a high fence and an admission fee. Since that first attempt, the Annual Fair may on an occasion or two have been a comparative failure, owing to very unpropitious weather; but generally its success has been steady and onward. As a whole, it would be difficult to find in the incumbents of any of the civil offices of the State, even the highest, a more able, solid, dignified and upright body of men than the presiding officers of the State Agricultural Society. We have but to name them to prove our assertion: Rotch, Van Bergen, Nott, Wadsworth, Beekman, Johnson, Sherwood, Vail, Allen, King, Prentice, Delafield, Wager, Morris, Kelly, Cheever, Faxton, Upham, McKoun, Conger, Huntington, Geddes, Cornell and Sheldon. We have known all of these men—most of them intimately. How gladly would we pause, were this the proper place and occasion, to pay our tribute of respect to the character of each. But the State Society owes it to itself to see that their memoirs are written, and written by a far abler pen. And there are many other persons to whose character and usefulness in other offices of the Society we can, from our own personal knowledge, testify. The names which first occur to us are those of the Tuckers, Peters, Bement, Walsh, Grove, McIntyre, Gaylord, Langworthy, Kirby, Ellis, Comstock, Hillhouse, Denniston, J. Johnson, Johnston, Morril, Ball, Delevan, Harmon, Thompson, Viele, Fuller, Burnet, Butterfield, Blanchard, Enos, Moore, Watson, Thorne, Wendell, Marks, F. M. Rotch, Wainright, Pratt, Stevens, Granger, Kirtland, Fitch, McGraw, etc. We may forget, for the moment, many others equally useful and conspicuous.

The Society is now in excellent hands. President SHELDON is an able and vigorous officer—familiar with the duties of his position, and highly anxious to discharge them to the general acceptance. The veteran Corresponding Secretary, Col. JOHNSON, himself a host, remains at his post. The Recording Secretary is ERASTUS CORNING, Jr., and the Treasurer, LUTHER H. TUCKER—both of whom have filled the same offices to the approbation of the Society for several years. The Executive Committee are S. Campbell, Elon Comstock, T. C. Peters,

R. H. Avery and S. R. Pinkney. The three first of these we can speak of from personal knowledge, and they are highly competent and experienced men. The ex-officio members of the Board are Ex-Presidents Conger, Huntington, Geddes, Cornell and Faile*—who have always been ranked, by common consent, among the ablest former presiding officers of the Society. The farmers of New York owe it to themselves to see that the twenty-fourth Annual Fair of the Society falls behind none of its predecessors; and to secure this result let every man who has them, bring articles for exhibition—and he who has them not, let him bring himself, his wife and his children.

*Mr. FAILE has died during the year. For sound judgment, integrity, generosity and a beautiful and unaffected simplicity of character, he had few equals.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

OUR WORKS ON SHEEP.—E. PINCKNEY of Dixon, Ill., writes us:—"Will you please inform me of the titles of the different books published by you on Sheep and Sheep Husbandry?" Our first *book* on the subject was "Sheep Husbandry in the South." This originally appeared as a series of letters addressed to Governor ALLSTON of South Carolina, published in the "Plow, Loom and Anvil." Col. JOHN S. SKINNER edited the paper at the time, and he proposed the republication of the letters in a book, offering us compensation for the privilege of copy-righting it. The compensation was declined—the other request acceded to. It was published in 1848, and made a closely printed 8vo. of 320 pages. Our second *book* on Sheep, termed "Fine Wool Sheep Husbandry," consists of a report on that subject read before the New York State Agricultural Society, Feb. 12th, 1862. The report was prepared at the request of the Society, expressed through its President, our life-long and cherished friend, Hon. GEORGE GEDDES. It became a part of the published Transactions of the Society, and Mr. VAN BENTHUYSEN, the State Printer, also published it in a volume by itself, 8vo. 127 pages. It was subsequently republished in a 12mo. of 189 pages, by C. M. SAXTON of New York, who is also the present publisher of Sheep Husbandry in the South. Our "Practical Shepherd," was publiseed by D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., in 1863. It is a 12mo. of 454 pages.

Being in the egotistic vein, let us add something not asked for by Mr. PINCKNEY. During the last thirty years we have, according to our estimate, furnished as much other matter on the subject of sheep, for *publication*, as is contained in the three above named volumes. It was written in the form of addresses, reports for Societies, communications for agricultural and other papers, and letters to individuals. Finally, we believe we have written more on the subject of sheep in private and unprinted letters than is included in either of the preceding classes of publications. It will therefore be conceded, we think, that we have ridden our hobby *hard*, whether we sit him well or not! Another egotism and we have done. Until the last three or four years, we have never accepted even traveling expenses where we have been called away from home. Once, only, on such occasions, have we brought home as many dollars as we took away. Until we sold the copy-right of the Practical Shepherd, and until we became the regular and salaried editor of the Sheep Department in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we never received a farthing of *pay* for anything we have written on the subject of sheep. Well, our gift horse has not been "looked in the mouth" by the public, and we are grateful!

SPECIMENS OF WOOL.—W. T. M. of Ira, Cayuga Co., N. Y., sends us several samples of wool from Vermont sheep, and wishes our opinion whether these sheep are Paulars or Infantados, and what style of ram is best calculated to improve them. The first question can not be answered. There are no peculiarities in the wool of the two families, which distinguish them from each other. The main defect in the samples of ewe's wool forwarded is their length—most of them being less than ordinary medium length, viz., two inches. Most of the wool appears to lack somewhat in style, especially in crimp—though, had the specimens been taken off and put up as we have hitherto directed, they might appear much better. They are sufficiently fine, and the yolkier specimens have sufficient yolk. The ram to improve these sheep should be particularly strong, and from a family particularly strong in the points where the ewe's fleeces are most deficient

CHESTER BAKER, Lafayette, Onondaga Co., N. Y., three specimens. 1, yearling ram, fleece 12½ lbs., wool two inches long, quality and style good, yolk yellow and more abundant than we ever before saw it in a specimen taken from the side (as this was.) We will not undertake to say how much yolk could be squeezed out of a thousand pounds of such wool in a cider press—but certainly no small amount! 2, yearling ram, fleece 12½ lbs., wool 2½ inches long, good quality and style, yolk golden and abundant. 3, grown ewe, fleece 12 lbs., wool about 3 inches long, quality and style excellent, yolk white and not sufficiently abundant to appear in masses between the fibers.

TOE-NIPPERS.—JAMES REMINGTON of Alexandria, Licking Co., Ohio, in answer to an inquiry which has appeared in these columns, writes:—"We formerly used such nippers as blacksmiths pull off horse shoes with, except that they were made a little heavier, and about a foot long, with shoulders at each corner of both halves, so that they just shut together without dulling. We now use pruning shears, and consider them superior to any other instrument for trimming sheep's feet. They are the same used for pruning trees. They have springs between the handles, so that they open themselves—a great convenience. They are to be found in every hard-ware store."

THE WOOL MARKET.—While closing this number for press we received WALTER BROWN'S Wool Circular, dated Aug. 1st, which thus comments on the market during the past month and future prospects:

"The excitement which pervaded the Wool market in the latter part of June was checked early in July, and has not since been revived. Owing in part to the tight money market as well as to the fact that many consumers had partially stocked themselves in the growing districts, trade was very limited through the first weeks in the month; but within the last ten days large sales of fleeces were made whenever a slight concession from the highest rates could be obtained. The temporary quiet in the woolen goods market, and the uncertainty in regard to the effect upon prices of the financial course of our new Secretary of the Treasury, have induced manufacturers to hold aloof; but as figures continue high in the country, and consumption steadily goes on, they will probably buy more freely in the Eastern cities—and many dealers look for a higher range during September and October than we have yet seen. Some mills which have been using Foreign Wools altogether for the last year or two are now buying domestic; and others are changing from cotton warp to all wool goods. The transactions in Foreign Wool have not been large, and the stocks here are firmly held; some parcels have been reshipped, and the expected arrivals are small. Pulled Wools have been in demand at full prices, but operations are limited by the small supply. California Wools have been fairly active, and good light lots of Spring clip brought high prices."

Communications, Etc.

INSECTS ON POTATO VINES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I inclose specimens and eggs of a new (to me) pest which is eating potato vines here; I find the eggs, young insects and full grown slugs, in great numbers, scattered over the vines. When full grown they are as large as a small bean. They threaten to destroy the crop. As yet, I think they are confined to early potatoes, but the eggs may be found on later field crops. Please tell us through the RURAL of their classification, name, habits, &c.; if they are known to science, and you are able to do so. I think lime and ashes will destroy them if it can be sprinkled on them. Very respectfully, W. S. F.

Vernon, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1864.

REMARKS BY ASA FITCH, ENTOMOLOGIST.

EDITOR RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The specimens from Vernon, sent in a paper envelope are so crushed and distorted, so dried and shriveled, that, though macerated in water, they are little else than shapeless masses, which appear to be of a dull yellow color with the smaller end black and shining. This, with the statement in the letter, that they are worms or slugs which eat potato leaves, is all the clue furnished us for conjecturing what they are. A year ago, specimens of a worm destroying the potato leaves in Nebraska, inclosed with the leaves in a small tin box, reached us by mail from that great distance, alive, showing us plainly and unmistakably what it was. This from Vernon we can only guess at. It appears to be the same species with the one at Palermo, N. Y., noticed in the slip which you forward me from the Fulton *Patriot*, as being a fourth to a third of an inch in length and half as thick, of an orange-red color with a black head and six black legs placed anteriorly. Now, if this is a nasty, filthy worm, covering itself with a mass of wet, slimy matter, it is in all probability the larva of the Three-lined Leaf-beetle, *Crioceris trilineata*, this being common upon potato vines every year, all over the Northern States. Every one will readily recognize this beetle upon the potato vines from its near resemblance to the well known yellow striped cucumber bug, it being, however, a size larger than that insect. On the other hand, if this is a naked and cleanly worm I should expect it to be the larva of the Ten-lined Chrysomela, *Chrysomela (Doryphora) 10-lineata*, which for the past two or three years has been completely stripping the potato of its leaves in various parts of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa and Illinois, from whence it may have found its way into our State. This is a larger beetle than the preceding, broad and thick bodied, yellow with five black lines upon each of its wing covers. It is 4-10ths of an inch long, whilst the Three-lined species is scarcely 3-10ths.

The larvæ of these two beetles are the only known potato worms of our country which correspond with the information furnished us of this one in Central New York. And if this last is not a new enemy, what is above said will suffice to enable any one having the worms before him, to determine which of these species it is. ASA FITCH.

Salem, (East Greenwich P. O.,) N. Y., July 18th.

REMARKS.—It is proper to say that persons sending specimens should inclose them in paper, or tin boxes, or in small vials, or quills. Boxes are better. They come to us entirely smashed up, when wrapped in a paper and thrust in a letter without any other protection.

ANOTHER LETTER.

EDITOR RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The ladies must be punctually attended to, however much we neglect the gentlemen.

Mrs. SARAH DAY, writing to the RURAL from Polk Co., Iowa, says:—"Can you give me a name and remedy for the bugs which are destroying the potato vines? I send for your inspection the old bug, one just hatched, and some nits. They increase very rapidly and leave nothing but stalks."

The envelope contains two different potato insects, much pressed out of shape, but being beetles with a hard, shell-like covering to their bodies, they retain enough of their original marks to enable us to identify them without difficulty

First is the shriveled, bright yellow eggs, the full grown larva, and the insect in its perfect form, of a broad oval, almost hemispherical beetle, rather larger than the largest sized marrow-fat peas, of a shining pale yellow color with five black stripes on each of its wing covers and several black dots on its fore body. This is the Ten-lined Chrysomela, scientifically named *Doryphora 10-lineata* by SAY, to which I alluded in my note to the RURAL of the 18th inst., as having within the past two or three years completely stripped the potato vines of their leaves in various parts of Kansas, Iowa and the adjoining States. Now that I come to have the larva of this species again under my eye, I see the worm which is being this season complained of as consuming the potato leaves in Oneida and Oswego counties is so much smaller and more slender bodied than this, that it must be the larva of the Three-lined Leaf-beetle, *Crioceris trilineata*, or else it is something that has been hitherto unknown upon the potato vines of our country.

The other insect is a much smaller dull black beetle of a cylindrical form. It is one of the blistering flies, *Cantharis*, of which there are over a score of species in our country, many of them so closly alike that they can only be distinguished upon a minute inspection of perfect specimens—all of them feeding on potato leaves more than upon any other vegetation.

It is no doubt the former of these two beetles that is the principal pest upon the potato vines in Iowa. Turkeys and other fowls eat many kinds of the Chrysomela beetles with avidity; but this one, subsisting upon the narcotic leaves of the potato, may perhaps be so nauseous they will not touch it. If so, no remedy at present suggests itself to my mind, except that sometimes practiced against the Cantharis beetles where they have become excessively destructive, namely, holding a pan of water under the vines and shaking and knocking the beetles off into it, and then killing them by burning, trampling them under the foot, or otherwise. This, however, would seem to be too laborious a task except for protecting some of the choicer varieties of potatoes. ASA FITCH.

July 21, 1864.

WINTERING BEES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have had experience wintering bees in-doors and out, from the cellar to the garret, in a house built on purpose for them, and by burying them, for over thirty years. I have had losses by all of these modes, but I think I have lost less bees and honey by burying them than by any other mode. It must be done right. It is very simple and easy to do it right and insure the least trouble with the bees through the winter.

Let the bees stand out until about the time it freezes up for winter, then select a dry spot of ground that will rise about one foot in fifteen; take a wide, dry board, lay it flat on the ground, or an inch or two from the ground, drive a short post at each end of the board for a pole to rest on, high enough to clear the tops of the hives; put braces each side of the pole, at each end and center, slanting out at the bottom, the tops resting on the pole; get dry boards enough to fill up both sides from the ground to the top, resting on the braces; put the boards on one side; take dry straw and put on three or four inches thick, then begin to store away the bees.

Begin with the strongest stocks; set them on the board, raise each corner half an inch, open every ventilator at the top of the hive; set them one foot apart until you get the length of the board, then put on boards and straw the same as the other side. Cover the straw with three or four inches of earth. Should there be stocks enough for another length of boards continue it on just the same. Put the lightest stock near the center. Make a tube six, eight, or ten feet in length, three or four inches square on the inside; insert this tube at the end, at the bottom, where the strongest stocks were placed, the outer end to run out to the weather with a wire screen over it to prevent rats and mice entering if possible. Make an elbow of a foot or so, at the outer end to keep the light from the bees; keep the end clear from snow so that a constant current of air may enter. This is the bottom ventilation. Make a tube three feet or so in length the same size, to insert in the top at the upper end of the house, and thus secure a constant current of pure air at all times, and at the same time keep the temperature above freezing.

Should the Apiarian have stocks enough to reach sixty feet, have another tube enter at the bottom as well as at the top—and also at the top at the upper end. The boards and straw being all dry absorb the moisture so that but little mold accumulates, while the current of air keeps them healthy. The Apiarian may go out in the morning when the thermometer is below zero and put his ear at the end of one of those tubes, and hear the bees plain and distinct. Whenever the writer has wintered bees in the above manner they have come out stronger and with more honey than when kept in any other way.

N. B. When the bees are put up for winter, do it all in one day if possible, so that no rats or mice will enter the straw; and should it not freeze up immediately keep a close watch every day until it does, that no rat holes are made anywhere about it. A SUBSCRIBER.

Rome, N. Y., 1864.

HEAVES IN HORSES AGAIN.

As I intended, at the time of writing the article on heaves in horses published in the RURAL of May 7th, page 150, present volume, I now extend, or rather talk a little more on that subject for the benefit of RURAL readers. The subject contains four propositions, to wit.,—couse, location, treatment, and probable cure. Some of the said-to-be-causes were stated in the former article; and I am convinced that many times the disease is contracted by a cause, or no doubt causes which are unknown to the most skillful veterinarian. Let it suffice to mention but one cause in this article. It is said "it may be produced by adhesion of the lungs to the side of the chest."

Let us pass to the second proposition. 2d. *Location.* Heaves, like various other diseases, has its peculiarities, its place of settling or point of concentration. People do not all think, or see alike, hence so many different views, so many theories. Quite a large number of men have professed for many years to understand anatomy of the horse; nearly all locate the heaves on the lungs. *Such* views, in my opinion, are as erroneous as they are of long standing. The theory is being played out. Men of investigation are not always to be palmed off without notions of a darker age, without prying into them, without diving into the very bottom and bringing up hidden treasures that have lain for ages unnoticed; such treasures seem a little rusty to many, when first introduced.. I well know that the mind does not always fall in, at first sight, with *this* or *that* doctrine or hypothesis; and it is right that it should not, without a thorough investigation which most *assuredly* brings satisfactory results; results just and true. Now, I contend that the heaves is located in the windpipe, at or near what is termed the throat-latch. A morbidness accumulates in the windpipe near the aforesaid particular point, and is, in a great degree, capable of augmentation and diminution (increase and decrease) in proportion to the irritating or soothing nature of the food eaten by the animal.

3d. *Treatment.* It is well known by every owner of such a horse, though he may have but a limited knowledge of the disease, that he must wet the feed, if it be hay or oats. Corn is probably better to feed than oats, because not so dusty; it is preferable to soak it from twelve to twenty-four hours before using. For coarse feed, corn stalks are by far the best to ameliorate the heaves, and much easier fed, because they need no wetting and may be fed whole or cut; by cutting however, a great saving is realized. A heavy horse fed on corn stalks will not cough or heave any more than feeding on pasture; in very bad cases there may be exceptions, however. For drink, the horse should have tar and lime mixed in water; this alleviates the heaves, but will not effect a cure.

4th. *Probable Cure.* It is doubtful in my mind that the heaves ever has been cured by a regular medical treatment. It is true that horses in the Eastern States have been taken west, on the prairies, and were cured. A peculiar weed grows on the prairies, it is said, called heave weed, [Rosin weed—*Silphinum laciniatum*—EDS. RURAL,] which horses love and eat very readily, and effects a cure. One man, in our vicinity, said he cured one by putting a handful of corn meal in water and gave as a drink. Another said he cured one by feeding on corn stalks. I nearly or quite believe the latter, because I saw the horse afterwards and no heaves about him; so we must admit it was the stalks or some unknown remedy. L. E.

Cambridge, Pa., 1864.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Do Bees Injure Grapes?

AT a late meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, this subject received the following attention:

"Mr. WELLS said he wished to relate a circumstances about bees. Last winter soon after the very cold weather, he was in his yard on a medrately pleasant day, and his attention was attracted by the buzzing of bees around his head. On looking up he saw a perfect stream of bees coming from a certain hive of his apiary, and after performing the circuit around his head returning to the hives. This induced him to go and see what the trouble was. On examining the hive he found that all the honey had been consumed, and he concluded that the bees had been trying to convey this alarming intelligence to him whom they looked up to as their natural protector.

"This brought up the general subject concerning bees and the effects of the severe winter upon them. It appeared from various statements made, that a great many were killed by the cold weather. In response to this information, Mr. SANFORD said he wished the cold weather had killed them all within a circle of ten miles around Cincinnati.

"Mr. ADDIS replied warmly to this wholesale denunciation of bees. He said he presumed the remark was made on account of the supposed injury that bees committed on grapes. But the scientific members of the society, such as Dr. WARDER and Dr. WHIPPLE, had assured him that the honey-bee never attacked the perfect grape.

"Dr WHIPPLE, being present, stated that he was fully persuaded that the honey-bee never made the first attack on grapes. But after the fruit had become punctured by wasps or other insects, then the bees would come and suck the sweet juice from the opening made. Mr. HODGE, living one and one-half miles from him, was a wine-grower, and they both pressed their grapes in a common wine-press. Mr. HODGE would not keep bees owing to the alleged injury they committed on grapes. But when they pressed grapes last fall, it was found that his (Dr. WHIPPLE'S) grapes were no more injured by bees than Mr. HODGE'S, although he (Mr. WHIPPLE) kept bees, and there were none within a mile and a half of Mr. HODGE'S place.

"Mr. SANFORD remarked that it was for this very reason that he wanted them exterminated or removed for a distance of ten miles. Ceasing to keep them ourselves was no remedy while our neighbors persisted in keeping them. Our vineyards would be their pasture-ground the same as though we kept them ourselves.

"Mr. A. K. WILLIAMS, of Mt. Auburn, said that if the honey-bee did not injure grapes, the bees of a certain citizen in his neighborhood were greatly slandered; for so wide-spread was the opinion among nearly all the grape-growers of Mt. Auburn that the bees of the gentleman referred to were ruining their fruit, that they had felt like getting up an indignation meeting, and see what could be done in the way of compelling that gentleman to remove his extensive stock of bees from that neighborhood."

How a Grass Crop was Made.

H. LEWIS stated at a meeting of the Little Falls Farmers' Club, N. Y., that on 25 acres, he cuts grass enough to feed 50 head of cattle. This is the result of underdraining and top-dressing, with sawdust used to absorb the liquid excrements of his stock. He regards the liquids as more valuable than the solids. The conclusion had been arrived at by experiments. Stakes had been set in pastures and meadows to note the effects of liquid and solid manures, and the growth of grass is in favor of liquid manures. Some few years since he commenced using sawdust for the absorption of liquid manures, and spreading the compost on his grass lands, the soil responding in a remarkable manner. Latterly he had used the dust at the rate of sixty bushels per week. The manure is hauled upon the land and spread out as evenly as possible with a shovel or fork; it is then brushed and completely broken up and distributed. This division and fineness of the manure is regarded as of peculiar advantage, since the plants readily appropriate their food, and it reaches a greater number. About half of the meadow is underdrained with horse-shoe tile, the drains being sunk 3½ feet deep. On this portion of the meadow grows the largest grass.

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE SEASON, CROPS, &c.—We have experienced another dry, scorching week—the rain mentioned in our last being insufficient to materially check or remedy the effects of the severe drouth. The week ending Aug. 1st was unusually warm—Sunday (July 31) being the hottest of the season. In various localities hereabouts the mercury reached from 96 to 102 degrees in the shade. The drouth which has prevailed over a large portion of the country from Maine to Minnesota, was severely felt in this region during the last few days of July, but we trust it is at last checked, though too late for vegetation to recover from its effects. We are now (Aug. 2) having a fine rain, which has lasted some twelve hours, and air and sky indicate a continuance, though the barometer does not. Rain fell in various sections of the State yesterday, especially in Central New York, and it is hoped the drouth has already been stayed. Spring crops are very light. The prospect for corn is poor. Potatoes, especially late planted, may be saved by the present rain. The hop crop of Central New York is said to be a failure,—beyond recovery—caused by drouth and insects.

THE NEW ENGLAND AG'L FAIR, to be held at Springfield, Sept. 6th—9th, promises to be a great success, judging from what we hear and read on the subject. The Society is making ample arrangements for an extensive exhibition, and indications are that it will prove such. A Springfield paper says—"From every quarter of New England come messages of inquiry and messengers with cheer. Even the Empire State asks if her thorough-breds will be cordially received. Of course they will, from any loyal quarter, for New England's sons are everywhere. While parties living out of New England cannot compete for premiums, other than a single sweepstakes, all are welcome, and will receive liberal consideration from the committees."

—All right, brethren. The people of the Empire State will doubtless "see you," in goodly numbers and with eager eyes—after which, your Fair being over, and proving, as we hope, "a big thing," in all respects, please reciprocate by visiting the N. Y. State Fair to be held in the Metropolis of the Eden of America—Rochester—Sept. 20th to 23d inclusive. Though our one State may not beat your six Commonwealths, we shall endeavor to bear in mind its motto—"Excelsior."

SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.—We understand T. L. HARRISON, Esq., has lately sold Hon. T. C. PETERS of Darien, the celebrated Short-Horn bull Hotspur, (4030 of A. H. B.) Mr. PETERS is very fortunate in securing so valuable an animal—probably the best bull in the State for taking a cross with his Princess tribe. Hotspur was got by imported Duke of Glo'ster (11382,) out of Duchess 59th by Grand Duke (10284,) dam imported Daphne, got by Harrold (10299.) The blood is peciliarly rich on both sides, from the most noted herds of England. His breeder, Mr. HARRISON, may congratulate himself as having bred one of the best bulls of his age in the Union. Though only four years old, he has already taken two first premiums at our State Fairs, as well as one sweepstakes.

THE 7-30 GOVERNMENT LOAN.—We direct special attention to the advertisement of this loan. Its various advantages are clearly stated, and will be apparent on perusal. As the entire people are, or should be, interested in the credit and success of the Nation, all who have surplus means should invest in Government securities—thus manifesting both wisdom and patriotism. State and other stocks may be good, but if the Government fails for want of support from the people, the disaster will prove general. In other words, if the bottom of Uncle SAMUEL'S basket falls out, the eggs in other baskets will be lost or broken. Let us look to the MAIN CHANCE first, and by all means sustain the Government, whatever party may be in power.

THE CORN CROP.—We are among those who believe that frequent and continued stirring of the surface quickens the growth and aids in the development of corn—that this stirring should be continued up to the time of impregnation. There is a great deal of corn in Western New York not yet in tassel, which must grow rapidly this month if it produces a crop. It should be aided in its growth by all the appliances of cultivation.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LEAD PIPE.—We learn that ROBBINS & CALENDER, Newton Falls, Ohio, manufacture a stone pipe made from fire-proof clay, in sections two feet long with ends introduced into each other, and joints cemented, which is used for conducting water, and said to be excellent.

PARING AND BURNING LANDS.—What is the process of paring and burning lands which I have seen referred to as practiced in England? By answering this question, you will oblige—A CURIOUS READER.

It consists in paring off the entire sward of lands with spades, curved mattocks or a paring plow in April, May or June, and piling the sod in small heaps, letting it dry, burning and spreading the ashes thereof as a fertilizer. The paring is of different depths, depending on the character of the soils. Light thin soils are pared thinly. Heavy soils, rich in vegetable matter, are pared as thickly as they can be and be dried and burned. The ashes are spread before a rain falls if possible, and in many cases turned under lightly with plows. This process of paring and burning costs about as much as five plowings, but is regarded profitable. It changes the character of the soil. It is especially valuable on stiff, clayey soils. The burnt soil never resumes its original condition as clay. It is always more friable, and mixed with the subsoil changes, radically, the mechanical condition of the soil—and changes it for the better. We are not aware that any experiments have been made in this country, but there are doubtless large areas that would be permanently improved thereby.

QUICK LIME ON SANDY SOILS.—(E. R. P., Pensylvania.) Quick lime may be applied profitably to sandy soils—especially such as contain little vegetable matter, and not sufficient acid to cause them to effervesce; if they contain the latter, mild lime should be applied at first until it shall have sweetened the acidity and then quick lime may be safely applied.

RIDING HORSES.—I have a young animal that I wish to break for a riding horse. Among your readers there must be many who are skillful horsemen, and can give me many valuable hints as to the course to be pursued in order to render the animal most valuable as a riding horse. Will they oblige me by furnishing them to the RURAL?—T. B. B, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

KILLING WOODCHUCKS.—Can you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me of any method to destroy woodchucks without dogs, traps, or bullets? Can they be induced to eat poison? If so, what kind, and how prepared? Information of this kind will be gratefully received, inasmuch as I have a few more than I care for.—N. H. B., *Portage, N. Y.*

Horticultural.

A FRUIT PRESERVING HOUSE.

Mr. B. M. NYCE, of Greensburg, Ind., has constructed a house for preserving fruit, and has adopted processes of his own which have proved successful. The Cincinnati Horticultural Society appointed a committee to visit, examine and report upon this house. Two members of the committee, GEO. GRAHAM and JOHN E. MOTTIER, did so and reported to the Society May 21st. We think our readers will find the report interesting, and we give it entire:

The Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Horticultural Society to visit the fruit preserving house of Mr. B. M. Nyce at Greensburg, Decatur county, Indiana, respectfully report:

That on Thursday morning, agreeable to appointment, they met Mr. Nyce and examined the building, which is 26 feet square outside, and 20 feet high. The outside casing is of sheet iron, closely nailed at the edges to oak or beech studding, painted and made throughout air-tight. The inside preserving chamber is 20 feet square and 10 feet high. Its sides are of sheet iron, the same as the outside, the space three feet between the outside and the inside casing filled with dry saw dust and wheat chaff.

On the bottom, earth is packed in between the foundation walls, and made level with them.

A mixture of pitch and coal tar, while hot, was poured on the bottom one-third inch thick, to prevent the ascent of moisture from the ground; on this is put dry chaff three feet thick. On the top of this is the floor of the preserving room or chamber, made of thin zinc or galvanized iron. The sheets soldered and laid on a plank floor. The ceiling of the preserving room is of strong galvanized iron; the sheets riveted and soldered, inclining to the center, where a tube is attached to let off the waste water from the ice. Directly on this is six feet of ice, which fills the ice chamber above the preserving room. This ice melts or sinks down about three feet in a year. We found in each of the preserving rooms a tier of troughs, placed two inches above each other, in which was put the chloride of calcium. The troughs were inclined so as to let the moisture, absorbed by the chloride, drop down into a vessel below.

This material has a great power of absorbing moisture. Calcium is a silver-white metal, which by its union with oxygen forms lime. It is not known to exist in nature in an uncombined state. Chloride of calcium is produced when chalk, quick-lime or marble is dissolved in muriatic acid, and a solution of chloride of calcium, sometimes called muriate of lime, is obtained. This solution occurs in sea water, in the refuse of salt-pans, and is sometimes allowed to flow away as waste from chemical works. Mr. Nyce produces his chloride by immersing marble spalls or common limestone, in muriatic acid, which produces fermentation by dissolving the marble, and becomes chloride of calcium in its fluid state. This is heated in a large pan of sheet iron, until it becomes very hard and dry. It is then broken to pieces and put into troughs, where it becomes fluid again by taking up moisture in the room. It is then again taken out, dried, and the same substance may be thus used twenty or thirty times. Mr. Nyce showed us a carboy of muriatic acid costing three dollars and fifty cets, which made an amount of dry chloride sufficient to take up 18 gallons of moisture. This absorbent in a room containing six hundred bushels of fruit, takes up about three gallons of water per week evaporated from the fruit. There is a fan in each room which is connected by gearing to a wind-mill on the top of the house, and as no power is required, but simply to overcome friction, the fans operate more or less almost daily, as a gentle breeze is sufficient to put them in motion. The object of the fans is to produce circulation in the rooms, and to bring the vapor that may arise from the fruit in contact with the chloride, to be absorbed by it.

The dry state of the house is ascertained by an ingenious, rude, and simple contrivance used as a hygrometer, which acts as scales. On one side is put half an ounce of dry chloride of calcium, with one ounce of rain water, which is balanced by a weight on the other side, and as the moisture of the house increases or diminishes, the weight of the chloride in the scales indicates it, and thus directs the quantity to be used for producing the desired state of moisture.

The temperature of the room, as seen by a thermometer, was 34 degrees. In one room the ceiling on which the ice rests was perfectly dry, although as cold as the ice above it. In another room we found a slight degree of moisture on the ceiling. This room Mr. N. considers about as dry as it should be for fruit generally, as extreme dryness wilts some varieties of fruit, as exhibited to us in the first room we examined. Some species are more easily affected in this way than others.

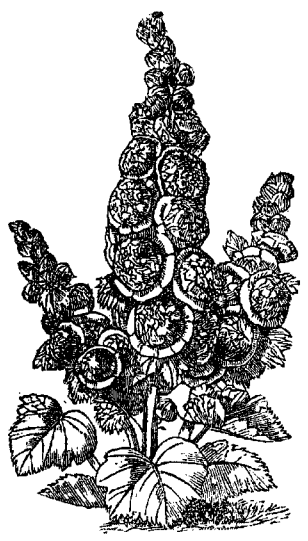
On entering the first room with a common lighted candle, we found the flame gradually extinguished, and it was necessary to get a cup filled with melted lard, with a large wick, to give us sufficient light to examine the fruit. The rooms are gas-tight, and Mr. N. keeps them most of the time so immersed in carbonic acid, created by the gradual ripening of the fruit, that a common candle or lamp will not burn in it. The reason of doing this is found in the principle enunciated by Liebeg, viz :—"That decay is much retarded by the absence of moisture, and by the substance being surrounded by an atmosphere of carbonic acid, which prevents the access of the oxygen of the air from coming in contac- with decaying matter."

Mr. Nyce endeavors, as strictly as possible, to apply the truth here stated by Liebig, and on these principles he has arranged and conducts his experiments, and to which he attributes the chief cause of his success. Your Committee could not ascertain the composition of the gasses in the rooms. They, however, had sufficient evidence that there was a large proportion of carbonic acid, as the lighted candle was extinguished; but as our breathing was not affected, and little inconvenience felt from the carbonic gas, we must infer that there was also sufficient oxygen to support animal life without danger, unless too great a detention in the rooms might have affected us; this, however, would not often occur in a temperature of 34 degrees, as we suffered from the cold more than from the carbonic acid gas.

When a vegetable substance is burned in the air, the oxygen of the atmosphere is the only material agent in affecting the decomposition. The carbon of the burning body unites directly with this oxygen, and forms carbonic acid.

In the natural process of decay, however, at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, vegetable matter is exposed to the action of both air and water; these both co-operate in inducing and carrying on the decomposition, and hence carbonic acid is not, as in the case of combustion, the chief or immediate result.

The final results of this decay are the same as those which attend upon ordinary combustion; but the conditions under which it takes place being different, the immediate results are, to a certain extent, different also. [Concluded next week.



THE DWARF HOLLYHOCK.

EDS. RURAL:—I send you with this a few blossoms of an old and common flower, the *Hollyhock*. Also, a part of a spike showing how thickly the blooms cluster around and conceal the flower-stem. These were produced from seeds sown last summer, about the first of June, and I have picked the flowers as they grow in the row, just to show you how double and beautiful they can be grown.

Those of your readers who know the Hollyhock as a tall, coarse-growing plant with single flowers, could hardly recognize the *Dwarf Double Hollyhock*, as akin to the old sort. Wonderful improvements have been made in this flower the past ten years, and I can now recommend it with confidence to all who love showy yet beautiful and hardy flowers. The Hollyhock has become a great favorite with the florists of Europe, and it is remarkably adapted to our climate.

The seed may be sown in the garden in May or June. In the autumn or next spring remove the plants from the seed-bed, and set them about two feet apart each way. They will flower in July. If the plants are strong the next autumn the roots may be divided and re-set. If the plants are rather weak and no young shoots are growing around the base for next season's flowering the flowering stem should be removed as soon as the first flowers begin to fade, to strengthen the root. In no case should seed be allowed to ripen unless the roots are very strong.

J. V.

REMARKS.—Accompanying the above note were a score or more specimens of half as many varieties of this beautiful, showy flower. They were as perfect and showy as Dahlias. We have grown this plant in our own garden from seed furnished us by Mr. V., and can bear testimony to the gratification it gives, and the attention it attracts. On the rich prairie soils (where we grew it) it was not so much a dwarf as it is here, but its habit is very accurately represented in the engraving. It will be seen that the characteristics of the common flower are retained in the row of outer petals, while the filling up is more delicately done—the petals less coarse and as delicately blushed, in some cases, as a rose, or the edges tinted like a picotee, or splashed like a carnation.

KEROSENE OIL ON APPLE TREES;

In reply to J. FINK, Baldwinsville, N. Y., page 199 current volume RURAL, in regard to kerosene oil for destroying apple tree worms, I would say you had better by far keep your kerosene oil entirely from your orchard. I will admit that it will kill the "varmints," but wherever it touches the tree, it will kill that also. I find this by experience, having tried it to my satisfaction. It is better to go through your orchard once a week, and where you see a nest forming, with a pole or small stick you can keep them from doing any damage. Even yellow snuff is far better than the oil above mentioned. Mr. FINK speaks of going into the top of a tree; it would be impossible to pour it on to the nest without some running down among the branches, I believe that there are other remedies far better; but this is my opinion. I have lost trees by the experiment. W. S. S.

Malone, N. Y., July 1, 1864.

NOMENCLATURE OF FRUIT.

EDITORS NEW YORKER:—L. L. FAIRCHILD, in your issue of July 23, gives us an article on the "Names of Fruits and Flowers" in which he complains of a difficulty which has often been met with by many fruit growers. He very truly says that "People who enjoy the companionship of well educated pomologists and florists and the privilege of attending their gatherings can hardly realize what embarrassments and mortifications country people undergo who are deprived of this privilege. When we consult the books, papers, or magazines we are confronted with a formidable set of jaw breaking names derived from the French, Latin, German, and other foreign tongues." Again he says, "We dare not speak ourselves, as we might expose our ignorance by the use of some outlandish, unknown name."

Here is a difficulty which the writer has often felt, and which he has often heard expressed by fruit growers, and for which they have often wished a remedy. Our leading fruit growers, nurserymen, and others who give tone and eclat to the business of fruit growing should remember that those who are the most interested in growing fruit, who produce the greater part of the supplies of our great markets, are men whose path has led in the humbler walks of life—who, although they may teach many the practical points of fruit growing, are ignorant of any and all these foreign languages from which these "outlandish" names are derived. To them the pronunciation of these "Jaw Breakers" becomes a nuisance. And many times to avoid the use of the word they avoid the raising of the fruit.

But with your correspondent's suggestion of a remedy allow me to differ. I would suggest that instead of a pronouncing vocabulary give us an *English name*, and a plain one at that—one of ease in pronunciation—one which can become familiar to the ear and to the tongue.—There are the names of many localities, many originators, many circumstances, which if attached to our best and most fancy fruits, would be more pleasing to the masses, useful as matters of history, and could be passed with ease from person to person, from generation to generation, like the Rhode Island Greening, the Baldwin apple, the Lawton Blackberry, the Crawford peach, &c., &c., each of which have with their name associated their history.

To the farmer, the more simple the machinery, the least liable to need repair, the least skill of the mechanic required in its use, so long as it does its allotted task, the more valuable it becomes to him. So with this subject, the least that a fruit is encumbered with a name the more apt is he to test its value and become familiar with it. Give us a simple name, founded upon locality, quality, originator, or other circumstance connected with its history, and not a "jaw breaker" which will lead us to fear every time we attempt to speak it, that we have made fools of ourselves and perhaps of our neighbor. And I would suggest that our leading Pomological Society be requested to appoint a committee to arrange this matter. Let them give us simple names, (preserving if they please their foreign names for the higher students,) easy of pronunciation, easily remembered, easily conveyed from one to another. Yours, B.

Victor, N. Y., 1864,

CONSERVATORIES OF PARIS.

THE city of Paris has formed in the Bois de Boulogne, near the Chateay de la Muette, a large establishment, where the legions of foreign plants are reared which decorate the squares and public walks of the capital. This establishment has now been considerably enlarged; it occupies a surface of 44,000 square metres and contains 24 conservatories and 3,000 hot-beds, representing a glazed surface of 10,000 square metres. There is a vast hot-house, covering a space of 433 square metres, and containing about 2,000 palm trees and other large plants. One of the conservatories, comprising 500 square metres, contains 250 aborescent camelias, some of them six metres in height, and partly derived from the collections formed by the Empress Josephine at La Malmaison.

In another conservatory there are about 300 of camelias in pots, a collection of eucalyptuses, and another of mimosas, about 3,000 plants in all. There are other conservatories, containing 2,500 hibiscuses from China, 3,500 bananas, 12,000 begonias, &c. The conservatory reserved for the multiplication of plants is 200 square metres in surface; it is warmed by rows of hot water pipes. There are always upwards of 50,000 cuttings here, which are renewed from 15 to 16 times in the course of the year. From this place the young plants are taken to another called the "weaning conservatory," where they acquire sufficient vigor to be transferred to the others. There is an immense cellar, 1,500 square metres in surface, where a provision of 200,000 tubes of *cannecæ* are kept during the winter—fifty workmen are daily engaged in the various duties connected with there conservatories.—*Wit.*

PROTECTING PEACHES.

WILLIAM PALMER, of Allegany Co., N. Y., writes:—"Englishmen say they never think of growing peaches out-of-doors—in the open air—their summers are too cool. They plant their trees in niches on the sunny side of a wall, and thus produce fine peaches. In Massachusetts trees are planted on the south side of buildings, and their branches are confined, parallel with the wall, with strips of lath about eight inches from the wall, thus gaining a double heat from the sun. This we should do on these Allegany hills, for the trees cannot endure the full sweep of the north-west winds. We should cultivate the earlier kinds, for the late often fail to ripen before the October freezes."

RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.

THE New York *Tribune* says:—"The old canes have about performed their duty, and the new shoots are aspiring to overtop their parents. Remember, that the next year's crop will depend entirely upon these new canes. To insure a vigorous growth, cut out all the old ones as soon as the fruit has been gathered—they would never bear again—and unless an increase of stock is wanted, cut out a portion of the weak canes of the present year. This will throw all the growth into the remainder, and secure strong shoots for future fruiting. They are often left too crowded. If in large hills four feet apart, four raspberry, or three blackberry canes are quite sufficient for a hill. We prefer them in drills, to be trained upon a trellis, with single canes of raspberries fifteen inches, and blackberries twenty inches distant, the rows four feet apart for raspberries and six feet for blackberries. On rich ground, well tended, the growth will be sufficient to fill the trellis, which need not be more than two wires or slats in height. When too aspiring, nip off the shoot at a reasonable height, to induce side branches. This will make a miniature tree, which, with the Lawton blackberry, has been known to produce six and even eight quarts per cane."

Notes and Queries.

THE BUFFALO SEEDLING.—Is the Buffalo Seedling advertised in your paper by JOSEPH KEECH, Waterloo, the same you saw in Buffalo?—G. D. P., *Coventry, N. Y.*

We do not know, but suppose so, of course.

SEA KALE.—(A. M. M., Lewiston, N. Y.) The young shoots are boiled as greens when they appear in spring. Boiled and dressed like asparagus it is scarcely inferior to that vegetable. It requires considerable boiling, and is said to be better if boiled in milk and water.

CUTTING HERBS TO DRY.—When is the best time to cut herbs to dry, and how should they be dried—in the sun or in shade?—MRS. JOHNSON.

Herbs for drying or distillation should be cut when in blossom, and dried in the shade.

QUESTIONS FOR ILLINOIS HORTICULTURISTS.—We have received from W. C. FLAGG, Cor. Sec'y of Illinois State Hort. Society, two circulars embracing thirty five questions, which if faithfully answered by the orchardists of the West would result in the accumulation of information, or data, of great value to them.

LAYERING GRAPES:—When is the right time to lay down grape vine layers to have them take root? And will the present year's growth be the wood to lay down? H. Z. F., *Annawan, Ill.*

Lay down early in spring; use the previous year's wood.

A THIS YEAR'S GRAFT FRUITING.—P. B. NOXON of Watervliet, N. Y., writes:—"I had a graft set the 25th of last May by MR. ELIAS PRATT; it blossomed in June, and now has one apple on it measuring two inches in circumference. The graft was cut from a Tompkins Co. King and set on a seedling some twelve years old."

SPINACH.—What variety of spinach is best for spring use, and what time should it be sown?—A. M. M., *Lewiston, N. Y.*

We should sow the Prickly or Fall for early spring use. It is the hardiest. Sow any time during August and September. For summer and fall sow the Round variety in April, May and June.

SAVING SEED.—(Miss M. R. M.) Seed should not be left on the plant until fully ripe. As soon as the seed is fully formed the seed stalk should be cut and spread under cover or paper on cloth to dry. When the seeds and foliage are dry they may be beaten out and cleaned and thus the whole may be preserved. Much valuable seed is lost by allowing the stalks to dry in the garden where they stand.

THE "TAG ALDER."—(Rachel Smith, Park Co., Ind.) The "Tag Alder" is the common alder of the swamps (*Alnus rubra*, Marsh; *A. serrulata*, Willd.) and, we suppose, may be found in the woody swamps of your State, though we do not remember to have seen it there. It is common in this State, Michigan and Wisconsin. The cherry referred to is the common wild black cherry—*Prunus serotina*, Ehrhart.

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS.—Will you, or some arborist, inform me what time of the year is best, and what month will do, to transplant evergreen trees for shade,—Red and White Cedar, Fir, Balsam, Spruce or Hemlock?—N. L., *Ogdensburg, Wis.*

The *best* time, all things considered, to transplant evergreens is in May—say from the middle to the last in your latitude. The next best time is from the middle of August to the middle of September.

PEACHES IN MICHIGAN.—O. D. PARSONS, of St. Joseph, Michigan, writes concerning fruit in that section:—"About here, the peaches were nearly all killed by the cold weather of last January. In a few orchards to the north of the town there will be some. Trees were not materially injured except in a few cases. Farther north, along the lake, they are said to be better, and there will be *some* in a *few* places in the interior of the State. There will be as many apples as could, perhaps, be expected after the large crop of last year. Pears, a few. Grapes, fair prospect. Cherries plenty. Smaller fruits about as usual. Strawberries were nearly used up by the drouth. As to crops—wheat thin but plump; corn late but coming on well now; oats *very* light; hay ditto; potatoes fair."

ROSES.—Will you please give, through the RURAL, the names of six best standard roses and six best climbing roses that are perfectly hardy? Are the Moss Roses and Hybrid Perpetuals hardy enough for this climate?—MRS. E. M. W., *Farmington, Minn.*

Hybrid Perpetual.—Genl. Jacquimenot, brilliant crimson; Duchesse de Cambaceres, bright rose; Baronne Prevost, deep rose; Sydonie, light pink.

Moss.—Luxembourg, purplish crimson; Marie de Blois, clear lilac.

Climbing or Running Roses.—Queen of the Prairies, bright red; Baltimore Belle, pale blush; Superba, pale rose; Milledgeville, flesh color; Anna Maria, blush; Queen of the Belgians, white. All the climbers named above are Prairie Roses, except the last, which is an Ayrshire.

The more robust varieties of the Hybrid Perpetual and Moss will doubtless endure your winters. We do not give the above list as *the best*, but as among the best. To name the six best roses is about as difficult as to name the six best pears.—E.

Domestic Economy.

DOING UP APPLES.

A dry "Aboriginal" (whose letter we would publish, if we had space and *her* name,) sends us what LAURA ELMER once wrote on this subject. We insert it below, simply saying (to "Aboriginal,") that we'll insert another advertisement if we can only secure another contribution as good accompanied by a *petite* note as spicy, and *get as well paid for it (the ad.) as before*. Read LAURA ELMER:

"First and foremost, always and forever, they must be Spitzenbergs—there is nothing like them for the preserving pan. Let them be of fair, round shape (I can forgive any other apple for occasional humps and knottiness, but never a Spitzenberg;) pare, and with a corer take out the core. Place them right side up with care in your porcelain kettle, or nice tin pan, with water about half their height. Let them boil gently, turning them over with a three-inch skimmer, such as you use for the quarter-inch cream on a pan of real, not swill milk, that they may not be broken. When they are tender, strew powdered sugar on each apple, a few spoonfuls; when they have simmered a few minutes turn them over and strew them again with sugar. In all you need but half the proportion that preserves would require, for these are to be made fresh every week or two, as you want them; and they are more harmless than apples uncooked. (Had Eve known of this recipe there is no knowing what might have happened one day.) Let the apples be well boiled with the sugar, then take them out and let the syrup boil till it is a little jellied.

"Place the apples in a dish, for the table; pour the rich, lumpy (from the jelly) syrup over them; after standing an hour the tops will be drained, then they must be covered again with powdered sugar—it is like snow piled upon amber. If they are right, they are as bright and translucent as amber, and their own flavor is so peculiar and rich, that only for a change will you ever wish to use any lemon in the preparation. Now, with a suffusion of cream (or without it) of that same sort, from grass and clover, or fragrant hay, for lunch, dessert, or a country tea, these will, I aver, make smacking lips; not the best kind, but one kind, and may bring about the best kind as a reward.

"Should any old bachelor be so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to get a taste of the dish, he will at once perceive the unwiseness of his past life, and will live in a state of penitence all the time of Spitzenbergs, at least."

DRIED FRUIT FOR SOLDIERS.

MRS. E. J. ROBERTS, Secretary of the Soldiers Aid Society, New Haven, Mass., has issued the following circular:

DRIED FRUIT VS. JELLIES.—As the time of fruits has again come round, we would remind our friends in town and country that the Sanitary Commission has expressed a decided preference for dried fruits, instead of jellies, for the army, on account of the waste and breakage from fermentation during the heat of summer, and the difficulties of packing. The high price of sugar is an additional recommendation to the dried fruit. The following recipes are considered good:

FRUIT DRIED WITH SUGAR, &c.—To a pound of currants put a quarter of a pound of sugar. Boil together for a minute—that is, let them just come to the boiling—spread them on plates and set them in the sun for two days; then if they are not sufficiently dried, set them in the oven for a little while. When dry, they cna be packed in stone or earthen jars, or wooden boxes.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—Put your berries into a jar, which must be set into a kettle of water to boil for a few minutes; then extract the juice as you do for currant jelly. To a pint of juice put a pound of sugar and a small teacup of brandy. It does not need boiling again, and is fit for use immediately.

ANOTHER.—To one quart of blackberry juice put a tablespoonful each of ground cloves, cinnamon and allspice; boil ten or fifteen minutes, then add half a pound of sugar, and when cool a half pint of alcohol, to which should be added nearly the same amount of water.

PICKLED EGGS.—Boil the eggs until very hard; when cold shell them, and cut them in halves lengthwise. Lay them carefully in a large-mouthed jar and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper alspice, a little ginger and some cloves or garlic. When cold tie up closely and let them stand a month. They are then fit for use. With cold meat they are a most delicious and delicate pickle. LIZZIE F.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup of molasses, one of shortening; one of boiling water, one teaspoonful of salaratus, a little ginger and salt if the shortening is fresh.—LEE M., *Milan, Ohio.*

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Will some of the numerous correspondents of the RURAL give a recipe for making good blackberry wine, and oblige—M.

COOKING SQUASHES.—I should be greatly obliged for the different and best modes of cooking winter and summer squashes.—A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE.

CANNING SWEET CORN.—Will some of your readers tell me the best mode of preserving sweet corn for winter use? Can it be canned successfully? If so, how?—Mrs. W. O. P.

PRESERVING BLACK CURRANTS.—Is there any way of making the black currant useful for sauce, except by drying it. We have no other currants this season and would like information.—IMOGENE.

We have eaten black currant preserves, a year old, that excelled cranberry sauce or any jelly we ever ate as a relish with meat. How it was prepared we dont know.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STEPPING-STONES.

BY BERTHA.

When the busy day's labors were over at last,
And God's signal lights gleamed in the blue,
By the streams where the cooling waves wandered on fast,
I listened, and thought love, of you,
I had thought through the silence I heard thy dear voice,
And now through the gloom I could see
You were coming, (it made my sad spirit rejoice,)
O'er the stepping-stones olden to me.

And I waited in silence, forgetting my pain,
And my sad heart leaped high as of old,
And the old fires burned brightly and joyous again,
Though I once feared their ashes were cold.
I forgot all my sorrows, forgot all the past,
Forgetting all else then but thee;
Through the gathering gloom, you were coming at last
O'er the stepping-stones olden, to me.

When this life's busy day wanes to twilight at last,
And my life-star goes out in the blue,
By Death's stream where the tide-waves roll noiseless and fast,
I shall wait in the gloaming for you.
I shall listen and wait for thy voice as of old,
I shall gaze thy swift footsteps to see;
Will you come? though the dark waves are threat'ning and cold,
O'er *those* stepping-stones olden to me?

THE DRESS QUESTION.

[We have sundry communications on this question which indicate the current of opinion on the subject, and we give such of them as we can find room for in this number of the Rural.]

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As the subject of dress is being discussed through the columns of the Rural, I should like to say a few words to the ladies. I am not going to talk to those who sit idly in parlors, or spend their time in useless employ; except to simply say, keep still, 'tis none of your business what those wear who see fit to do their duty.

I advocate the dress reform. I have worn short dresses for the past three years, and find them much more convenient than the long trailing dresses, which require one hand to keep them from under the feet, and out of slops and mud, thereby leaving but one hand entirely free to work with. I think those who have worn short dresses will agree with me in saying they are a great saving, in both time and patience. I have done more work within the last three years than I could possibly have done had I been obliged to have kept one hand occupied in taking care of long skirts. And, sisters, noble women of the North, now is the time to work if we ever do; while our brothers are fighting for the Union, we should not sit idly down and wait for the victory, but do our duty, and do it faithfully, as become the women of such a nation.

A word to the gentlemen and I close. Gentlemen, I do not advocate short dresses anywhere but at home, at work. At church and on the street, I think long dresses much more becoming, and wear them myself. Short ones are only for work; have you any objections to them there? If you have, I would suggest that you put on long skirts, and wear them for one week, wash, mop, milk, work in the garden, and if necessary help plant corn. If you don't lay them aside at the end of the week, and say, ladies, wear short dresses to work in by all means, you have more patience than falls to the lot of most mortals. Stellie.

Prairie Home, Mich., 1864.

Gussie Gumption, of Woodchuck Hollow, writes us as follows on this subject:—"Now I never wrote a 'piece for the paper' in my life; but being a farmer's daughter, and the oldest one at home, in a family which contains a baker's dozen, I am of course very much interested in the costume which the wise ones may decide to be right and proper for us farmers wives and daughters to wear; and I feel an irresistible impulse to jot down my experience and thoughts for the contemplation of any interested.

I have worn dresses manufactured after Mrs. C. H.'s mode (see page 136, current volume Rural,) for nearly a year, only I make the skirt a little longer, and as yet have not worn any hoops with them. I think, however, I shall adopt them for summer use, as it will be an improvement, if of a suitable size.

There is nothing like the Bloomer for out-door work, and even for housework. I would not again don my long dresses on any consideration; for, besides being more convenient and economical, (which in these times is a strong argument in their favor,) they save a vast amount of washing; for who does not know that the bottoms of these long dresses are always getting soiled before the rest even looks mussed? Bloomers, as we call them, are worn here a great deal by farmers daughters who are independent enough to do as they please in spite of Mrs. Grundy, or her son."

Viola H. E. protests—and it is only fair that we give it in this connection—in the following language:—"Timothy Titcomb, in his 'Lessons in Life,' grants us all the right to do as we please. Men and women will follow the leadings of fashion more or less. In vain, I imagine, have Mrs. Smith, C. N. Little, or Minnie Mintwood, and other writers, both men and women, given advice, suggested different dress, complained of mankind in general, and quarreled with each other through the columns of the Rural. I never have adopted any of the fashions proposed, nor do I intend to; and I am very sure no person in the possession of a moderate amount of common sense ever would. It only makes us indignant. If Mrs. Smith wishes to array her form in Bloomers, no one will object. If C. A. L. wishes to enjoy the convenience of hoops through life, we all wish her desire to be consummated, but we intend to do as *we* please.

We have books in abundance on physiology. We have magazines filled with fashion plates, which are more suggestive than any written article can be. We would enjoy the ladies' column if those who contribute to its store would fill it with thoughts which reach above the faults in humanity, and the faults in humanity's clothes. We all feel these things without being told of it once a week, and are trying to improve. Even if we did not think of it ourselves, it is not half the importance the cultivation of our minds is. I had rather the columns were filled with Sabbath Musings, for then I could read and feel encouraged and bettered by it, instead of discouraged, mortified and indignant. I know a great many good men and women who dress in the fashion, who always appear comfortable, and make those in their company feel so. Oh, Mr. Moore, we do wish to be true, good men and women, but we don't wish our rights interfered with. We will read and prize anything else for our good, but don't talk so much about American women.

These complaining mortals would find just as much fault with English men and women, were they Europeans, for it is natural for some people to be displeased with all that is their own; they are the very ones that are degenerating the fastest, and who will do mankind the least good. I simply suggest they shut themselves up in their rooms, and read 'Lessons in Life,' and apply as much of it to themselves as they can."

Jane E. Higby writes:—"Mrs. Smith's article on dress is a truthful one; but while such a change would be very desirable as a matter of convenience, there are several reasons why it will not become practicable. In the first place, the present style is the most becoming in which to clothe the female form. The airy grace, so often spoken of as belonging to our sex, is in a great measure due to our peculiar dress, and we are justly proud of the distinction. But we might sacrifice our woman's love of beauty to the purely Yankee idea of making everything practically useful, were it not the case that we dress for the other sex, (or that we should, if we do not,) and not for ourselves. I dare say, it was not a 'fear of losing his sovereignty' by our conscripting the pants (which if we consider the new style of equestrian dress, was a fear well founded,) that troubled the Hamilton editor, but a desire to save, if possible, the most essential element of apparel which preserves our womanly grace and beauty, so lovely in the eyes of man—that modesty of dress which goes farther toward making us seem to him the purer part of creation, than merely practical minds could ever understand.

I never yet saw or heard of the man who was willing that his mother, sister, daughter, or the woman who in any way was aught to him, should cut her hair. And why should he? "For if a woman have long hair, is it not a glory to her?" Neither did I ever hear an admirer of the sex speak in terms of approbation of the Bloomer costume; and I always feel that the one who wears it brings a slur upon the whole sisterhood of mankind. But I hear some one say 'Why not adopt this costume for the kitchen, and save the flowing robes for the parlor?' Simply because it degrades labor. I know many who do so, but at the same time they would be unwilling to appear at the door for an early caller on business or otherwise. No true *lady* who is obliged to attend to domestic duties will be contented to do so in apparel which is either too untidy or unbecoming to be seen by neighbor or stranger if necessary.

Again. If flowing robes and graceful folds are becoming, no belle of the drawing-room will lay them by; and in this Republican America, where parlor and kitchen stand almost side by side, it would make too wide a distinction between labor and aristocracy, for farmer's wives and daughters to don the opposite. In England, and nearly all the leading monarchies in the old world, the peasantry or working classes are marked by the dress. Such is the characteristic of any monarchy—the degradation of labor by a ruling aristocracy. Thanks to our Republican institutions, the woman who attends to her own household affairs, and the 'lady of rank,' can meet in society on common ground, graceful array becoming each alike. No would-be social tyrant can point to the farmer's wife or daughter, or even to her servant, as she treads the pavement, and say because of her costume, 'behold one of our working class; I am higher than thou.' We have no peasantry in America, we wish no peasant's dress. Labor does not degrade; why should we degrade labor?"

GOOD MANNERS AMONG CHILDREN.

It is a very graceful habit for all children to say to each other, "Will you have the goodness?" and "I thank you." We do not like to see prim, artificial children; there are few things we dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affection or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie."

The idea that constant politeness would render social life stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of it. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have "sweet, pretty ways with her."

It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of much more consequence that she should avoid what is offensive to others, and always prefer their pleasure to her own.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NO RAIN IN JUNE.

BY VERONA COE.

O never the fall of a rain-drop
Sounds through the air of June;
And never the shape of a shadow,
Lengthens across the noon.

And the trees, in the pale green forest,
Slow shivering under the sun,
Are pushed to and fro by the breezes
That through them, and over them, run.

But we watch all in vain for the pulsing
Of quick, bright rain in the woods,
And we hearken at night for the falling
Of silvery, musical floods.

Yet, haply, not even a dew-drop
Falls through the nights of June,
While the shadows, in dubious silence,
Sail sidewise under the moon.

And we say, "'tis the sign of the coming
Of floods from the upper air,
For the spirits have gathered the dew-drops,
And carefully garnered them there.

"And anon we shall list to the music
Of rains singing down through the night,
In globules of shimmering crystal,
'Mid flashes of tremulous light."

But the clouds lead off to the leeward,
And the planets flash and burn,
And the moon comes up from the shadows
That are silently drifting astern.

And the night grows white with the morning,
And the morning flames into noon,
And never the fall of a rain-drop
Sounds through the days of June.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIBERALITY.

Of all the various attributes that distinguish character, there is perhaps not one more essential for the success of an earnest life-worker than pure Liberality. That spirit which quickly discerns and meets the wants of the unfortunate, which befriends the outcast and relieves the suffering of earth's children is one we admire and love to venerate. We delight to behold it, as it goes forth from positions of affluence and the home unknown to want, to mingle with those of humbler life; to seek the lonely and the helpless, and, by the generosity of earthly means, to give to the fainting heart new hopes of life and better views of mankind. Noble, indeed, is its humble mission, humane and elevating its achievements!

But genuine Liberality is not limited to these noble and praiseworthy manifestations. The use of wealth is not the only power at its command. It does not disown the appropriate use of physical means, but encircles even these with a girdle of holy influences—worthy purposes and exalted motives,—emanating from a pure and contrite heart. As itself implies, it is an exalted power and owns no limit to its munificence. It revels in fields of light, and gaining new vigor at the fountain of truth, from the heart, reaches out into the world of thought and deals with the elements of our social natures—with opinions, prejudices, and the emotions of inner life.

It bears itself not with lofty mien, sweeping opinions before it like an avalanche—breaking those that will not bend and crushing those that will not yield, and seeking a combat with every mind it meets. It seeks not strife and contention, but uses the pleasant means of conciliation; bears, with patience, whatever mental storms may sweep against it, and in the might of moral influence, harmonizes the turbulent passions which excite the mind.

Does some spirit, for an opinion, assail, it girds not on hostile armor, impetuous to give blow for blow and thrust for thrust; neither does it shrink from the contest; but true to duty, carefully examines and *willingly* concedes all rightful claims, and if still compelled to differ, wins its adversary to view all differences in truth and sincerity. Is one maimed by prejudice, the liberal heart seeks not to add to the cruel weight of suffering by indifference or by careless word or act, but viewing the *causes* that first turned, and have borne so far from justice and happiness, gives the friendly hand of sympathy, allays its fears, soothes its passions, and calms the troubled spirit.

What a healthful influence seems to surround us as we associate with the unselfish, wholesouled, liberal man! The atmosphere no longer is burdened with the noxious vapors of rankling passion, envy, malice, selfishness and jealousy, and we breathe freer; and our whole being seems animated with the vigor of a new existence. A quiet consciousness of safety takes possession of the soul. No fear of secret lying in wait to discover some secret spring of our sensitive natures, and to open to the assaults of reproach and calumny, under the dark mantle of insinuation.

There is no desire *there* to obtain prominence of position by being the herald of another's imperfections, either real or assumed; but he gives the benefit of benevolence and charity; not that charity alone which seeks to hide a multitude of sins, but that which stays judgment, grants to all the privilege of time for vindication and an impartial mind to receive the truth. We are drawn nearer by the friendly mien, for frankness beams in his countenance and honesty is seen in every act. Our hearts are opened, confidence takes the place of fear; for we know, even if we have not right views, *that* person will not sound the alarm of suspicion, but will lend the helping hand to assist us in correcting our errors, and be our guide to improvement.

Oh! could there be more charity, more liberality of spirit, far wider would be the field of usefulness, larger would be the increase of good, and far more contentment and peace of mind would exist. Where now there is concealment of hopes and views for fear of ridicule through a betrayal of confidence, there would be more cordiality and frankness, more real workers where the useful are needed, and less cause for complaint. There are many sensitive natures that are deterred from doing the good they might through dread of indolent volunteer critics, who do nothing themselves, but with eagle eyes watch the steps of others.

The chief and most relentless enemy to the full exercise of Liberality is Pride. It is the wedge of discord that insinuates itself into families and societies, and where there might be free good will, generosity and unanimity of effort, it forces them far asunder, and often wages a war of extermination. Does one advance some plan for the general good, too often there suddenly arises a spirited opposition through selfish fear that some one is to be benefited, or honor is to be gained; or, perhaps, another plan is brought forward and urged with unyielding force, which excites kindred combativeness, and both too proud to yield, or unite in friendly conciliation, the good designs that both had in view are lost. One society deems itself superior to another. Kindred dislike or aversion, is the result, and both fail in doing the good they might, had they labored in unison of purpose, guided by unselfish views. This subtle power creeps in where selfishness and pride never should be known, and much less manifested.

The existence of such unpleasant elements can but cause pain to any true and honest heart. How essential that we earnestly study to know the true principles of living—where and how most good may be disseminated. To know others, and how certain means will affect them, we must study ourselves; and to know ourselves, view the results of influences upon others. Then may we cherish more regard for the opinions of those about us, knowing that there is no one so humble but in something he excels, and may teach us,—knowing, too, that the reserve or apparent unfriendliness of those about us may be but our own course mirrored back to us.

And profiting by careful study, through the pure principles of Humility, forgetting self in the broader and liberal views of Philanthropy, we may rise higher in the scale of Christian excellence. J. E. Harkness.

Cincinnatus, 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

It is an universal law that every effect results from some cause, and it is no less certain that every cause produces its corresponding effect. What that effect may be, or how it may be modified by secondary causes, is not always given us to know, but that its occurrence is necessary the human mind is so constituted as to entertain no doubt.

This natural tendency is strengthened by the experience of daily life, until we almost distrust the testimony of our senses when they announce to us any unusual result. We say at once, "It ought to be so and so;" nor does the mind rest satisfied until some secondary cause can be shown to exist, and its modifying influence clearly ascertained. The lessons thus gathered by experience from the outer world probably incline us to expect from every cause some immediate result. The more common and evident changes around us seem almost insensibly to lead us to this expectation. The sun sets and it is night; the earth receives the directer rays of light and heat, and summer smiles upon the lanscape; the seed falls into the ground, and presently the green blade comes forth, rejoicing in its new life; the frost falls, and the verdure withers and dies. In all these instances we see direct results, and if our observations are limited or superficial, we readily conclude that such is Nature's law.

If we look more closely, however, we shall find that even in the material world another law prevails. By silent, insensible influences, protracted through long periods of time, does Nature accomplish her great results. Through the slow agency of frost and dew, of sunshine and storm, the process of disintegration is carried on, and the towering rock melts insensibly into the plain. The current rolls a stream of sand along the Mississippi's bed, and in the lapse of years islands and capes grow up around its ocean mouth. The sea shrinks from its shores and again encroaches upon the land; thus slowly but steadily Adria becomes an inland town, and Venice sinks beneath the waves.

Nature, rightly understood, is a slow worker. Not suddenly, not by a single stroke, does she effect her changes. Little by little is her rule, and patiently she awaits the result. It may be immediate; it may be far removed; but it is always sure. L. A. O.

Timothy Titcomb (J. G. Holland, Esq.,) is certainly a most striking proof that the pen is not the weapon of poverty. Not many years ago, friends will remember, he was indeed poor and unfortunate. But he clung most faithfully to the spirit that moved within him, and worked right valiantly over all doubt and difficulty, until his ideal is well-nigh perfect, and no handsomer home looks down all the Connecticut Valley than the elegant, tasteful and cheerful "Brightwood," the home of his own planning. It is located near Springfield, Mass., upon a beautiful rise of ground that commands a far and near view of surpassing loveliness. Should you chance to pass up that long driveway that leads through the forest to his door-way, you would not think that authorship is the road to misfortune. And should you meet there the doctor himself, and receive the cordial welcome he can give, you would think only of a wealth such as any one might envy, and a happiness that few homes bestow. "Brightwood" is all brighter and beautiful.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

QUESTIONINGS.

BY ALLEN DE LEE.

And did I say an angel's ken
Can pierce thy closed portals?
That thou art compassed night and day,
My soul, by the immortals?

Nay, closer, nearer, one looks out
With wings that brood and tremble;
With power to touch a nerveless hand
Or lips, if they dissemble—

With wings that can receive a stain
Thro' thy influence only:
Then watch, or thou wilt oft forget
The guest so pure and holy!

And did I say an angel's voice
From heaven, some day, shall call thee?
My soul, be very still, nor let
The still small voice appall thee.

But listen! from within thou'lt hear,
Each day, a "come up higher;"—
Walk firmly! thou hast feet to climb;
Walk humbly, yet aspire.

And did I say, some future day
Thou'lt waken in God's likeness?—
And stand by angel hands arrayed
In robes of spotless whiteness?

A robe immortal thou must wear,
And shining as the morning;—
Yet know the texture of that robe
Thy hands are daily forming.

And did I say, O spirit, wait!
Thou'lt enter heaven some morrow?
Thou needst not work, be still and pray
Thro' the dark night of sorrow?

It may be well to meekly wait,
If hands meanwhile are toiling;
No inward shrinking from God's work
Will keep our robes from soiling.

With hands that reach toward the earth
In ceaseless, kind endeavor
To raise thy fellows from the dust,
Thou may'st yearn heavenward ever.

La Crosse, Wis., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF ANGELS.

Of angels we know but little: inspiration has given them to us as bright, glorious creatures with holy natures, doing the bidding of God. They heralded the birth of the Incarnate, and a *host* were present joining in the glorious anthem, "Peace on earth." They are ministering spirits; one appeared to the sufferer in Gethsemane, and with healing, loving words, strengthened the agonized pleader. We think of them always as in Heaven; yet, if we did but consider, many of the things regarded as operations of Nature, are of angelic instrumentality. Flowers have been styled "Thoughts of God," and it is a beautiful thought of poetry, that "*angels* superintend their growth,—their fingers form the delicate petals, and *their* breath imparts to them their fragrance, and they are placed here to remind us of Heaven, and to inspire us with pure and holy aspirations; *every one* teaches a lesson. How far they may be connected with music is seldom dwelt upon; yet the holy influence which it exerts, the tendency it has to draw us heavenward, and the power it has to destroy sinful purposes—do not these *all* speak of angels' superintendence? We all have guardian angels who enfold us in their wings, thus shielding us from a closer contact with the cold, selfish world. And when the waves of sorrow have gone over us, and life seems but a dreary waste, how gently they wipe away the falling tear, with what tenderness and love do they whisper of "brighter realms beyond," and bid the dark heart-tumult hush to peace. Yes! their home is with mankind as well as in Heaven; *they* send the rays of light and joy, which sometimes dart across our pathway, making life what *otherwise* would be a dark, cheerless void. Let us recognize their ministrations, and thus be led to entertain purer thoughts and desires.

Waverly, N. Y., 1864. Mary.

Godly Sorrow.—The broken box of Mary, who poured the ointment on the feet of Jesus, was but the symbol of her now broken and contrite heart, out of which love and grief and hopes, perfumes more exquisite than spikenard, flowed freely. And Christ understood it all. He knew the secret of her grief, and she read His acceptance in His smile. That is a beautiful saying of St. Augustine, "if thou wouldst that the Most High should draw nigh to thee, be lowly. God is above all. Thou raisest thyself, and touchest not Him; thou humblest thyself, and, lo! He descendeth unto thee." Luther hit the mark when he said, "What are all the palaces of the world to a contrite heart; yea, heaven and earth, seeing it is the seat of the divine Majesty?"

Trust Unconditionally.—"There shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship," and yet Paul says, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." We may trust unconditionally, ourselves only conditionally. By faith we may rely upon Him, nothing wavering; but wavering in self-confidence, we must watch and pray would we enter not into temptation. His promises are sure. It is our confidence in them which is insecure. We are changing, and hence often doubting; God is ever the same. The lives of those in the ship *could not* be lost, though there was no natural impossibility in the way, and He is "able to keep that which is committed to Him against that day."

Though it be a Christian's sorrow that he hath sin to bewail; yet 'tis his joy that he hath a heart to bewail his sin.

The Traveler.

Isthmus Correspondence of the Rural New-Yorker.

FROM THE TROPICS.

The thermometer stands at 90° this (May 12th) morning, and I presume you would call it rather warm weather, for a May day, in old Monroe, but it is very comfortable for this place, where, in January and February it often rises to 95° and upwards. I do not remember that I have ever seen it fall below 75 degs. above zero, consequently thick clothing is at a discount the year round. New comers to this locality often bring their thick clothing which they were accustomed to wear north. Upon their arrival, thinner clothing, more suitable and comfortable, is substituted for it, while the former is generally hung up in the closet, or elsewhere, only to mildew and be moth-eaten, and completely spoiled within a month's time. Even boots or shoes, if thrown aside for a week or two, become soft and mouldy. Exposure, quite often, to the sun, is the only thing that will preserve garments of a woolen substance—especially in the wet season. After a sojourn of fifteen months here I have concluded that the only economical way to get along in the tropics is to purchase a single suit, wear it while it lasts, and then get another.

The passengers from New York, passing across here, have very peculiar notions, many of them, in regard to this country. As an instance:—Only a short time since, just as the Ocean Queen had arrived and landed her twelve hundred passengers, half a dozen of them chanced to pass near by where your correspondent was standing. A very knowing chap among them seemed to be giving the rest of his party a piece of information in regard to the weather on the Isthmus. "Rain? by hoky! this is the awfulest place for rain *you* ever knowed on. Well, sir, now I'll tell you what *I* knows. When folks are walking along sometimes, with umbrellers under their arms, and the sun shining like all split, a cloud 'll come up and they'll get wet through afore they've had time to git up their umbrell. One feller that come to 'York from San Frisco last fall told me, 'pon honor, that when he was in this ere place, he saw *seventeen* showers within half an hour, and it all cleared up and sun shined 'tween each one of 'em, and not a cloud in sight." (I did not ask, but presumed his informant *might* have been a Herald reporter.)

It is generally the case, that upon the arrival of a stranger, for the *first* time, he will be able to tell you *more* about the country and its wonders than any one else who may have spent a good portion of his life here. When applied to by the author of the above shower story for information in regard to animals, etc., I told him that it was currently reported hereabouts that an alligator had been caught in the Chagres river—a few miles from here—*ninety-six feet long*, and when opened, they found a *native hut* and *two barrels of pork* in him.

"There," said he, turning to his companions, "Did'nt I tell you this was the queerest country you ever see?"

"I'll be darned if it aint," said a large, brawny, red-whiskered chap from Michigan. "But, mister, tell us, does it rain here so like all thunder, as they talk for?"

"Well," said I, "a little over a year ago, it rained more or less for forty-six days and nights, and neither sun nor moon were visible during that time; the railroad track was washed away in many places, and business generally impeded for a short time, yet I have never seen showers appear and disappear as quickly as your friend tells of."

I am told that every *fifth* year is a very severe one, so far as rain is concerned. The present dry season has been attended with scarce a shower, and water is becoming a scarce article, even for drinking purposes. You will recollect that we have no *wells* in this vicinity, as the island of Manzanilla, on which Aspinwall is situated, has a coral foundation, and only brackish water can be obtained by digging below the surface. As a substitnte, we have large, red, iron tanks, some of them holding thousands of gallons, and they are placed near by to catch the rain-water from the roofs of the houses. They are well filled during the rainy season, but often give out, as at present, during the close of the dry season. Water is obtained at present from one of the way stations on the Panama railroad, eighteen miles from here, and is brought down in a "water car" attached to an engine. At present it is worth—in specie—five cents per gallon, to all vessels in port—at other times, or with water plenty, only two cents.

About a week since, one dark, cloudy night, an engine started up the road for water, pushing the water car ahead. This water car is simply a large flat car, with two square, heavy iron tanks, firmly attached to each end of it, and upon this car were about a dozen black men, negroes and natives, going along for the purpose of pumping the water into the tanks. When about four miles from here, and going at the rate of ten miles an hour, the water car came in contact with a large bull, lying across the track, which threw it bottom up, burying several of the men under it. The concussion put out all the lights and they were left in darkness until a foot messenger arrived at the scene of the disaster, when help was at once sent them. Five of the men were killed and as many more badly injured and now in the hospital. Very few accidents occur on this road. While a train was passing over the road, in the day time, not long since, a bull was discovered on the track a short distance ahead. The train was running fast, and the engineer, finding it quite impossible to stop before he would reach the animal, put on steam and "let her rip." The old bull faced his foe, and "presented horns" for fight. The engine hit him fairly, and I will venture to assert that New Yorkers never saw a higher rise or more rapid decline in beef in one day than on this occasion. No harm was done to the train, however. The bulls about here are very docile creatures, compared with some formidable specimens of their kind which one sees exhibited at Northern State Fairs.

I should like to take a stroll about some of these rice and sugar plantations with "Farmer Garrulous," for I imagine he would be pretty good company. I wonder how he would like farming in this section? He would have to get used to "tiger cats," "tapir," "alligators" and "snakes," out of doors, while he would need to keep one eye open in-doors, looking out for the centipedes, scorpions, tarrantulas and lizards. It is very easy to get accustomed to these things after a few bites and stings. The four last mentioned often present themselves in the domicil of your correspondent, and seem to take pleasure in burying themselves in the clothing hanging up in the closets—and when that clothing is taken down to put on, then "comes the tug of war."

I mentioned in my previous letter that *appearances* indicated a speedy arrival of the "wet season"—but it was appearances only. The "dry season" still hangs on, and everything is parched up. Unless we get rain soon the second orange crop will fail, also the mangoes. Perhaps I forgot to mention in my last that the woods were on fire close by here, and owing to the drouth it was feared that the town might be swept away by the flames. A company of marines were sent for, and came over from Panama, and finally succeeded in confining it to the adjacent jungle. The streets are paroled at night by private watchmen to prevent any incendiarism—for fire once started would leave us all in ashes this dry weather. Adios.

Aspinwall, New Grenada. ISTHMUS.

In connection with our correspondent's letter we give a fine illustration of a New Granada Landscape.—ED.

NEW GRANADA LANDSCAPE.

War Literature.

The Soldier "Saying Grace."

A. B. NILES, writing us from the headquarters of the 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 15th Army Corps, Decater, Ala., sending money for the RURAL, closes his letter with the following:

"To close, I will relate an incident of which I was an eye witness. Last fall, after the battles of 'Mission Ridge' and 'Lookout Mountain,' our brigade, on its return to Bridgeport, Ala., subsisted for two days on parched corn, receiving no rations until arriving at the latter place. On the second day I came up with four of our boys, who were sitting around a skillet parching corn. One of the number proposed to a comrade to say grace before partaking of the frugal meal. The comrade assented and said,

"'Oh Lord! this is our all—
But we thank thee for favors small.
Three ears for four of us—
We thank thee, Lord, there's no more of us.'"

"I thought it very appropriate, and straightway came on my way, not rejoicing. No, verily, for I had not a kernel for myself. That night we arrived in Bridgeport, made a raid on a baker, presented him some green-backs which had a magic power, such as to compel him to fork over some eatables."

Gen. Grant's Habits.

I HAVE been talking with one of General Grant's officers, who saw him familiarly in the South-west, and a few things interested me. If any of your readers are tired of seeing a man served up in all his aspects and relations they can skip this part. Of these things I came away assured:—Grant does not drink, does not swear, does not tell his plans, and does not have his picture taken! There may be other qualifications necessary in a good General, but these are the best negatives I could find.

In the battles around Vicksburg our men took what rations they could and then tried to live on the country, which was rather hard fare. At one time their movements were so rapid that there was no time to cook if they had food. So one night, after a hard day, a drink of whisky all around was all that could be found for most of the men or officers. A hard bread or a corn pone would command a dollar at any moment. Some one found a negro with a half peck of meal, and six men with bayonets mounted guard over the fire while the bread was baking for Gen. Grant's luxurious repast.

After these privations, one of the officers, who was coming down, brought a basket of ale to the General and his staff. General Grant expressed his thanks, appreciated the kindness, and would just taste it in acknowledgment—but he drank none, not even ale. In repeating some anecdote of Grant which he had heard, my friend said, "Grant's answer was:—"I don't believe it. It is one of those d——d rebel lies." "No," said the officer, "I do not think he said that. I never heard him swear; never heard him utter even one profane word."

Washing a Wounded Rebel.

A REBEL prisoner asked for a clean shirt for his comrade whose fresh but blood-stained bandages told of a recent amputation just above the knee.

One of the Sanitary Commission gave the shirt but said the boy must first be washed. "Who will do that?" "Oh, any of those women yonder." A kind looking women from Philadelphia was asked if she was willing to wash a rebel prisoner. "Certainly," was her prompt reply, "I have a son in the Union army, and I would like to have somebody wash him.

With a towel and water in a tin basin, she cheerfully walked through the mud to the tent. Careful not to disturb his amputated leg, she removed the old shirt and began to wash him, but the tenderness of a mother's heart was at work, and she began to cry over him, saying that she imagined she was washing her own son. This was more than she could bear. He, too, began to weep and to ask God to bless her for kindness to him. The scene was too much for the bystanders, and they left the Northern mother and the Southern son to their sacred grief, wishing that tears could blot out the sin of this rebellion, and the blood of this unnatural war.

Gen. Grant's Daughter Photographed.

ONE of the interesting features of the St. Louis Fair was the taking of a photographic likeness of a daughter of Lieutenant-General Grant, who, since the beginning of the Fair, had been personating the character of the old woman in the shoe, in the Children's Department. We understand that she is the General's only daughter, and is eight years of age. She was dressed as an old woman, with cap and spectacles, and seated in a mammoth shoe, and surrounded by innumerable dolls, was photographed. A crowd of spectators gathered about to witnesss the undertaking, and gazed with great interest upon the little old woman as soon as it was whispered about that she was General Grant's daughter. She paid no attention however, to the close scrutiny of the crowd, was not in the least disconcerted, and during the "sitting" was as perfectly self-possessed and unmoved as her illustrious father is usually represented in all his terrific battles. As soon as her likeness had been taken, Major Mackay, the Secretary of the Fair, proposed "three rousing cheers for Lieutenant-General Grant," which were given. The General's daughter is very prepossessing in appearance, with fair complexion and plump features, and dressed as the old woman, she presented a captivating appearance.

Gen. Butler to his Prisoners.

GEN. BUTLER has a way of stating the matter of exchange to rebel prisoners which is beginning to remove the scales from their eyes. "I think you're a pretty likely, intelligent young man, Sir, and will therefore tell you that I don't think you will be exchanged." "Why not, General?" "Because your authorities refuse to recognize my colored soldiers as soldiers. I should be perfectly willing to give you for the meanest colored soldier they have got, but Jeff. Davis thinks the negroes of more consequence than you, and refuses to exchange them." This point generally brings the gentlemen to terms, and they are in favor of recognizing negroes as soldiers.

Johnson's Order on Kenesaw Mountain.

IT was an imposing scene! A rebel regiment, their bayonets glistening in the slanting rays of the setting sun, were having a dress parade on the summit of the Kenesaw mountain. Below were their rifle-pits, and their *comrads de-armes* occupying them. The armies of the republic, flaunting the glorious old stars and stripes, were in the valley making gradual but confident approaches.

A courier dashed up; he handed the Adjutant a document. It is an order from Johnson, announcing that the southern cavalry had cut the railroad behind Sherman, and completely severed his communication with the United States. Breathless silence evinces the attention which every word of the order receives, as the Adjutant reads. Cheers are about to be given, when hark! loud whistles from Sherman's cars, at Big Shanty, interrupt them. The number of whistles increase. Altoona, Acworth, and Big Shanty depots resound with them. The rebel soldiers set up a broad laugh, and the last my informants—some thirty in all, including four commissioned officers—saw of the Adjutant, he was stalking away, with the order in his hand, ejaculating derisively, "Over the left!" "in a horn!" and "what will come next!"

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 8 letters.

My 1 is the second letter of the name of a lake in Lapland, fourth of the name of each of two counties in New York, and third of the name of a river in Virginia.

My 2 is fourth in the name of each of four seas, fifth in each of two, and sixth in the name of a river in Texas.

My 3 is the only letter that occurs precisely five times as the final letter in the names of counties in Ohio.

My 4 is the only consonant representing an aspirate, in a word containing three vowels, used as the name of a city in one of our territories.

My 5 occurs twice in names of Eastern, once in those of Middle, seven times in those of Southern, ten times in those of Western States; and twice in District of Columbia.

My 6 is the sixth letter in the name of the capital of one of the Western States, is the initial letter of the name of each of two rivers in Minnesota, and does not occur in the name of any of the oceans.

My 7 occurs three times in the name of each of two rivers in Asia.

My 8 occurs four times as the final, and once as the initial letter of the name of individual States in the United States. It is also the first and last letter of the name of a city in Missouri.

My whole is the name of a Colonel in a Minnesota Regiment. ORSON.

Alexandria, Minn., 1864.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.

My 17, 15, 5, 9 is a shrub.

My 12, 9, 18, 3, 1, 2 is a place that some despise.

My 6, 13, 8 is in the singular number.

My 12, 13, 3, 8, 19 is a military word.

My 7, 4, 14 is something that is used in a machine shop.

My 16, 13, 8, 5 are used by women.

My 11, 7, 5, 10 is a girl's name.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Italian.

Richfield Springs, N. Y., 1864. HARRISON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

IKEL vesael no ertes, eth ieil fo amn si duofn,
Won ergne ni utohy, own rheginwit no eth nordug;
Enohrat care het longilofw grispn pusleip,
Yeht lail cuisevcess, dan secucvsies iser:
Os nraiotneseg ni rhite snocer cedya;
Os hursfoli ehste, hnew ohtse veah sadsep waya.

La Grange, N. Y., 1864. CLARA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

WHAT is the word of seven letters that can be transposed so as to spell 28 different words?

Rutland, Lasalle Co., Ill. CY. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 758.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Where, where will be Jeff Davis, a hundred years to come?

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Moosetocknoguntic.

Answer to Anagram:

There is a little mystic clock
Though out of human sight,
That beateth on, and beareth on
From morning until night.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
And heareth not a sound,
That clock still ticks the live-long night,
Although 'tis never wound.

Answer to Problem:—8.515.

Answer to Puzzle:—London.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

[Concluded from page 260, this No.]

When Captain HARRIS had finished the reading he folded the letter and returned it to the feeble hand of its owner. Then he remained silent. He dared not break that silence which might be sacred to the sick man; besides he could not speak then, for the words of the letter had sunk deeply into his own heart, and called up before him visions of his home, of his mother, and the true, loving hearts which seemed to beat for his happiness. He thought of the days of his boyhood, when he too was a Sabbath School scholar, of the lessons which he had learned there, and then, of the change which only a few months had wrought in BILLY MORRIS. He remembered how the gruff, surly, hard-visaged youth had grown gentle and kind as a girl, so that all his comrades loved and respected him. Could it be that this was all the result of the letter sent him, with that note from ALICE VANCE? He, too, had been an instrument in this work, though unwittingly. But what was all this to him? Again, he saw before his mental vision, the fathers, mothers and dear little children of the land around the hearthstones and altars, praying for their country and their country's soldiers. He leaned his head upon his hand and listened to thought, but what more she said to him is not for us to disclose.

At last the silence was broken by a sigh from the sick man's cot. Captain HARRIS rose hastily and bent to hear what he would ask. "Are you in pain?" he asked. But BILLY only replied by grasping the proffered hand which he held for a moment, then in a low, faint voice he answered,

"No, Cap'n, you can't help me now; I'm past that. The doctor says I must not talk, but I wanted to ask you to do a few favors for me when I'm gone. My time is short and I must tell you now. There's my knapsack, wont you get it? Now, if you will, you can open it and hand me all those letters. I'd like to hear 'em once more,—I wish you'd read 'em to me. That's the first; don't you remember, you brought it to me one day last summer." The Captain took the package and read them all to the eager, childish man, who listened to them as if they were all new.

"When I'm gone I wish you'd send 'em back to Miss VANCE. Tell her I've gone home where my father and mother went when I was a little boy. I'm goin' soon, Cap'n, where the battles are all finished, where the camp is never moved, and where the banner of JEHOVAH will float over every tent. The Great Captain has sent for me, my pass is all made out, and I'm glad to go. I want to see you there too, sir. I can't tell you very well about the road, but you'll find all about it in that little book in my knapsack. She sent it to me. You'll understand the book better'n I can, for I ha'n't much learnin', but I know it says JESUS CHRIST died for me, and ain't that enough for a poor man? I wish you or somebody would read the book to the boys on Sundays. Maybe they wouldn't swear so much. I want our whole company to enlist in the Army of the Lord. Tell 'em that to serve their country well they must fight for Liberty and for GOD too. It's a short march—over there. You keep—the book—I shall—wait—there. You'll—come—won't you?"

There was a moment of silence; the Captain's watch was over,—BILLY MORRIS was dead!

Next day, Co. G. were gathered around an unpainted pine coffin, while a Chaplain read the solemn words:—"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Then, they lowered the coffin, the clods fell upon it, the grave was covered, and at its head a wooden slab bore the name of WILLIAM MORRIS. Captain HARRIS, with many tears, told his men the dying words of their comrade, and added:—"Boys, I am going to enlist in that army which he joined, under the Banner of the Cross. Will you go too?" True to his word, he tried to lead his men into the Christian ranks by example as well as precept.

In the spring he returned home to spend a few weeks and recruit his failing health. On his way he stopped at the little village of Lyndon and gave ALICE VANCE the letters which she had written to BILLY MORRIS, and told her of the change they had wrought in the life of the departed—of the last words of the dying man, and how the simple, Christian life of that one private soldier had influenced many of his comrades so that they were now trying to walk in the good way too.

Captain HARRIS remained in the village for several days, during which time he discovered that the Aid Society of Lyndon was engaged in doing all that able hands and willing hearts could do, and, under the good management of the President, Miss VANCE, was a worthy example of what such societies should be. After his return to the army he received frequent letters bearing the post-mark, "Lyndon," and report says that Miss ALICE VANCE is going to marry a Captain, and go south to teach "contrabands" to read and take care of themselves, while her husband is fighting the battles of his country.

THE FOUNDATION OF A HOME.—No home is possible without love. All business marriages and marriages of convenience, all mere culinary marriages of mere animal passion, make the creation of a true home impossible in the outset. Love is the jeweled foundation of this New Jerusalem descending from God out of heaven, and takes as many bright forms as the amethyst, topaz and sapphire of that mysterious vision. In this range of creative art, all things are possible to him that loveth, but, without love, nothing is possible.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 6, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

SINCE our last issue there has been very important movements in Virginia. The N. Y. *Herald's* special of July 27, says the rebels made an attack on Foster the 26th, which was successfully repulsed at all points. Foster is still holding his important position. It would require the whole of Lee's army to dislodge us.

Sheridan crossed the Appomattox and James rivers yesterday, to develop the enemy's force in front of Foster. Heavy cannonading on the night of the 26th in front of the 9th corps. The rebels also opened their artillery on the 18th corps on the night of the 26th, but were silenced.

The *Tribune's* correspondent of the 27th ult., says there were heavy cannonading and musketry firing along the line this morning, particularly in Butler's department, and on both sides of the James river. A strong pressure was made on Butler's lines yesterday, and the pressure is being returned this forenoon. Heavy movements of the entire army corps were made last night. The wildest enthusiasm exists among the troops, and the army is in excellent condition.

Another special of the 27th, says that an important movement is in progress from Bermuda Hundreds. This morning, while our troops were crossing the James river to its north side on two pontoon bridges, a rebel force came down and attacked our men on the banks before they had time to organize. A spirited engagement took place, and the rebels were finally driven back to their intrenchments.

Our forces continued to arrive, organized to attack the rebel works, and carried them and captured four guns. We also captured many prisoners. The rebels were driven from their position into the woods. The gunboats were on hand and rendered valuable assistance in covering the landing of our troops.

Gen. Grant rode to the front in the afternoon in company with Gen. Hancock, and viewed the enemy's position. He seemed well pleased with the morning's operations.

Advices from before Petersburg of the 28th, say the rebels opened a fire on our forces from their batteries that afternoon. The batteries on our side replied, and soon silenced those of the rebels. Our mortars also opened fire upon the city and continued to throw shells into it until a late hour in the night. Several buildings were set on fire.

A special dispatch to the Rochester *Democrat*, dated near Petersburg, July 30—10 A. M., says that the great event so long anticipated, namely, the explosion of the mine under the rebel fort in front of the 9th army corps, came off this morning at half past four o'clock.

The rebels had kept up firing all night. In fact, at the time the match was applied to the mine skirmishers were engaged on both sides. The volume of dirt thrown up was immense, rising over 100 feet in the air, and resembled an immense fountain of earth more than anything else. The mine occupied four weeks in completing, and contained a charge of six tuns of powder.

The 9th corps at once charged the works, driving the rebels to their second line of intrenchments, taking a number of prisoners, some of whom were dug out of the dirt badly bruised. These rebel prisoners state that only about a dozen remain of their regiment—a South Carolina one.

As soon as the explosion took place, one hundred and twenty guns opened along our front, while the musketry blazed along the 9th, 18th, and part of the 5th corps.

The scene is one long to be remembered by those who witnessed it. The smoke of our guns soon obscured the view, and the first particulars of success were obtained from those bringing in prisoners. The prisoners say they were completely surprised, they being mostly asleep at the time. The prisoners also state that there were four guns in the fortification, which were, of course, buried clear out of sight.

One of the prisoners stated that they were busy mining our works, and in two days more would have been ready to blow them up.

The movement of a part of Grant's army to the north bank of the James river was but a feint to induce Lee to send troops in that direction. It accomplished the purpose; and on Thursday and Friday night most of the troops engaged in it returned to the front at Petersburg.

A Baltimore dispatch of July 81, says our forces captured two other earthworks, and also the entire outer line of rebel intrenchments.

A brilliant victory was looked for as the result of these operations; but the latest accounts seem to justify us in reluctantly coming to a different conclusion.

After the troops had carried the second line, which was in front of the fort, a colored division was ordered forward to carry the crest of the hill, which would have decided the contest.

The troops advanced in good order as far as the first line, where they received a galling fire which checked them, and though quite a number kept on, the greater portion seemed to have become demoralized, part of them taking refuge in the fort, and the balance running to the rear as fast as possible.

They were rallied and pushed forward without success, the greater part of their officers being killed or wounded, and the men having no one to direct them, finally fell back to the rear, out of range of the volleys of canister and musketry that were plowing through their ranks. Their losses are very heavy.

It appears, further, that the whole attacking force were compelled to relinquish the assault and fall back to their old positions.

The Federal loss is reported between 4,000 and 5,000 men. The enemy's loss is set down at about the same figure.

A special to the Rochester *Democrat* of Aug. 1, says that gentlemen who spent yesterday with Gen. Grant, represent him as in good spirits and confident of ultimate success.

The rebels, it seems, having been so successful in their late thieving operations in Maryland, resolved to make another move northward and again try their luck in pillaging the "hated Yankees." They met the force under General Crook, on Sunday, the 24th ult., about four miles south of Winchester. After skirmishing an hour or so the rebels made an attack, our cavalry forces parting and letting them through. The infantry were posted in order behind a stone fence, and fought fiercely, but the superiority of forces enabled the enemy to outflank us on the right, and Gen. Crook, who commanded that wing, sent word to Colonel Hays, having command of the left wing, to fall back before they struck the left in force. After retreating a short distance our forces were rallied in the face of the enemy and drawn up in line of battle, and fought the rebels with unflinching courage till evening, but the disparity of numbers against them was too great to admit of a chance for success, and the Federals at length retired to Winchester. General Crook's command consisted of about ten thousand men. The rebel force is supposed to have been from 20,000 to 30,000.

The Union troops continued to fall back until they arrived at Harper's Ferry, bringing with them most of their guns and baggage. Considerable fighting occurred during the progress of the retreat. The rebels again occupied Martinsburg on the 25th. As a natural consequence, great excitement existed in portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The rebels extended their visit further northward in this raid than they did a few weeks since. At three o'clock A. M., July 30, a force of 800 mounted infantry reached Chambersburg, Pa., and encamped on the Fair Ground. They were met a short distance from Mercersburg by a small party of troops, who fought the advance stubbornly, but were compelled to fall back on account of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. The invaders set fire to Chambersburg, and over 250 buildings were consumed in the heart of the town. No time was given the citizens to remove their valuables, and scarcely had they opportunity to make their exit with their families from the doomed structures. All the public buildings, hotels and stores in the town (which contained over 6,000 inhabitants) were destroyed. Over 3,000 people were rendered homeless.

The latest advices from the scene of this rebel brutality is, that Gen. Averill had attacked and driven the enemy out of the town and was following them westward. It is reported that the main body of the rebels are retreating south.

Movements in the West and South-West.

MISSOURI.—Gen. Rosecrans, by the authority of the War Department, has called for nine regiments of six and twelve months volunteers for the protection of the State from guerrillas and to repel invasion. In the same connection, Gov. Hall has issued a proclamation stating the emergency for more troops to be great, and to fill up the regiments at once.

Guerrilla depredations continue along the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph rail road. The bridge at Salt River has been burned. The damage to the rail road property and the value of the plunder secured are not ascertained, but the loss is large, as the merchants had large stocks on hand.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of July 28, has a special from St. Joseph's, which says that Col. Catherwood, commanding the Sixth State militia and First Iowa cavalry, has telegraphed headquarters from Hainesville, Clay county, that he is making clean work of the guerrillas in that section.

He also says that Thornton and part of his force have crossed the Missouri river just above Lexington. The recruiting for one and two months regiments continues very brisk. There will be no difficulty in raising the number called for. Many prominent citizens are enlisting.

KENTUCKY.—Loudrum, a small village near Louisville, was entered July 28, by a gang of guerrillas, the stores robbed and the post office ransacked. The Postmaster was told that the building would be burned if he kept any more Government property in it.

A guerrilla force, number unknown, are reported to have been threatening Brandenburg with the supposed intention of crossing into Indiana.

TENNESSEE.—The Nashville *Union* of July 27, says that on Monday night Col. Brackman, of Colonel Stoke's Tennessee Cavalry, attacked Pomp. Curry's gang of guerrillas in DeKalb county, routing them and killing Curry and five of his men. Curry was a noted guerrilla, and long a terror to East Tennessee.

KANSAS.—The St. Louis *Democrat's* Fort Leavenworth special of July 27, says that the Indians attacked our trains and destroyed a large amount of stores on the Santa Fe road. Gen. Curtis has but a small force in that region, but is raising militia for service against the Indians. He has created the district of the Upper Arkansas, including Forts Riley, Larned and Lyon, and assigned Gen. Blunt to the command, who leaves for the field at once. Defensive movements are being rapidly prepared.

ARKANSAS.—Advices from Cairo of July 26, say that a detachment of the Tenth Illinois volunteers, 250 strong, encamped near Darcy, were surrounded and attacked by Shelby's command numbering 1,500 men. A portion of the Federals succeeded in cutting their way through, and the rest are supposed to be either killed, wounded or taken prisoners.

Apparently authentic reports from Helena, of July 27, say that an expedition consisting of a negro regiment, a portion of the Fifteenth Illinois cavalry, and a section of a battery, left that place on Monday morning, going in the direction of White river. When near Nelson, fourteen miles out, they encountered a formidable Rebel force, and after a short fight were obliged to retire with a loss of twelve killed and fourteen wounded. Col. Brooks, of the colored regiment, and the captain of the artillery, are reported among the killed. The Rebels pursued to within nine miles of Helena, where our troops made a stand, and a sharp fight was going on when our imformant left. The remainder of the Ffteenth Illinois cavalry, and other re-enforcements were rapidly being sent forward from Helena.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—The N. Y. *Commercial* has a late dispatch from Atlanta, announcing that Sherman's operations are progressing favorably, the Rebels not having recovered from the blow they received on the 22d.

All the railroads leading from Atlanta, except the Macon road, have been destroyed. There appears to be no disposition on our part to hasten the occupation of Atlanta. Other things can be done than attacking the enemy in his works, and Gen. Sherman is not likely to force an engagement in which the enemy will have very great advantage. Some days more may elapse before any general movement or engagement occurs.

The situation, as described in my dispatch of the 22d, in which we lay east and south of the city, does not appear to have been much changed except that we have approached nearer the enemy's works. Reliable information is received that everything is going right.

The importance of Atlanta can hardly be over-estimated. The Savannah *Republican* (rebel) considers no portion of Georgia safe if that stronghold cannot be held. It frantically calls upon every man in the State to hurry to its rescue. It says:—There is not a man in the State who is not directly interested in the result, for the triumph of Sherman involves the ruin of us all. No man will have anything that he can call his own. Everything will be held at the mercy of the merciless foe, and we may read our fate in the bitter experience of thousands who have been brought under the abolition yoke.

The Government received dispatches from Gen. Sherman the 26th ult., stating that no fighting had occurred since Friday last. Atlanta was being gradually invested by our troops, who were intrenching themselves as they progressed. Intelligence of the successful result of the cavalry raid on the road leading from Atlanta to Macon was hourly expected. There seemed to be no disposition yet on the part of Hood to evacuate Atlanta, and it is probable the city will not be taken without a severe struggle, or by regular investment and siege.

A special to the N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, from Washington, Aug. 1, says official dispatches received here from before Atlanta, state that the rebels assaulted Sherman's line vigorously on the 27th, and were repulsed disastrously. Sherman's killed and wounded numbered 600, and he buried 660 rebels. Hood's loss was 4,000.

Department of the South.

LATE advices from Charleston say that Fort Sumter is undergoing another destructive bombardment from our batteries and fleet. The firing is very slow but accurate, and serious damage has resulted to some of the strongest portions of the fort. The fire on Charleston is also kept up.

The work of erecting residences for the rebel prisoners on Morris Island progresses, though the rebels annoy the workmen to the extent of their ability by shelling the buildings.

General Foster's expedition created a great scare in Savannah. The rams were moved down to the obstructions in the river, and General Johnson sent a brigade of Georgia troops to Savannah, which was diverted at Augusta to John's Island, where they participated in a fight on the 9th.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

GENERAL HUNTER has been relieved from his command in West Virginia. The President has appointed General Crook his successor.

The official statement of the public debt, as appears by the records of July 26, shows that the debt outstanding, bearing interest in coin is $883,887,824, a difference less than the amount stated on the 19th ult. of $731,000, the interest being $52,623,281. The amount of debt bearing interest in lawful money is $404,553,520, or nearly a million and a half more than in previous statement, with an aggregate lawful money interest of $21,027,000. The debt bearing no interest is $516,732,032. The debt on which interest has ceased is $370,170. The recapitulation shows the aggregate amount outstanding to be $1,805,523,565, with interest in both gold and lawful money to the amount of $73,650,530. The principal is $9,320,000 more than the June statement. The unpaid requisitions amount to about $77,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury is nearly $15,000,000.

A circular has been issued from the Adjutant General's office that on and after July 30, men of the one hundred days force, who may have at the date of re-enlistment less than sixty days to serve, will be permitted to re-enlist for one two or three years, as they may in each case elect, a new term commencing with the date of re-enlistment.

The re-enlistments for the increased term will come under the following regulations:—Where 700 men re-enlist in the regiment to which they belong, the regimental organization will be maintained, and the officers thereof be allowed to retain the rank held by them under the 100 days' term.

Should less than 700 re-enlist in the same regiment, the said force will be organized into one or more companies of legal strength, and officered by such officers as may be selected from the original command by the commanding General of the Army or Department.

Men re-enlisting, should they so desire, will be permitted to select the different regiments and company. The remainder will continue with their officers until the expiration of the 100 days term, and then receive their discharge from the service.

All men who desire to take advantage from the benefits of re-enlistments under the provisions of this order, will be regularly mustered out of the service under the prescribed rules.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A CHEESE has been manufactured in Santa Cruz county, California, six feet in diameter and two and a half thick, weighing some 4,000 pounds.

THE Quakers are establishing a college in Pennsylvania. It is incorporated as Swathmore College, and about $40,000 has been paid toward the enterprise.

COAL is worth nine dollars a tun in Nova Scotia, and consumers in many of the Massachusetts seaboard towns are clubbing together to procure their supplies for next winter from that point.

IT is asserted in the London *Army and Navy Gazette*, that the sailing vessels in the British navy will never be sent to sea again, there being 240 steamers in commision, manned by 45,000 men.

THERE are now 9,000 rebel prisoners in the barracks at Rock Island, Ill., and 5,377 at Camp Douglas, Chicago. There are also several hundred at Alton. We have quite a rebel army in Illinois.

THE circulation of the banks of Illinois is $472,000, against $1,136,000 three months ago. This is the result of the substitution of United States currency in place of private bank bills in general circulation.

AN attempt was made recently to rob the dwelling-house of Captain Winslow, the hero of the Kearsage, at Mount Vernon Place, Roxbury. A son of the Captain started the midnight intruders off.

RESPONSIBLE persons have made the offer to the Navy Department to raise gunboats and monitors so that they can pass bars and shoals, upon new principles, which will occupy only five hours in the operation.

THREE young girls, under fifteen years of age, held a Fair in West Cambridge, Mass., on the 17th ult., for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, and paid over twelve hundred dollars as the net proceeds thereof.

THE farmers of New Hartford, Ct., are selling their rye crop to the bonnet makers. It is cut up green and taken off in the sheaf. They follow with a crop of tobacco, and thus get two profitable harvests in a season.

A CHARGE of enlisting men for the Confederate steamer Rappahannock was preferred against Jno. Seymour, a boarding-house keeper, at the Bow-street Police Court, London, a few week ago, and the case was sent for trial.

AMONG the plunder recently secured by some rebel guerrillas, at the capture of a pest house some distance from Port Hudson, was a large amount of clothing intended for the flames, which had been used for small pox patients.

HER MAJESTY'S steamer Margaretta Stevenson, Capt. J. Olebar, left St. Johns, N. F., July 28, for Trinity Bay, with Mr. Cyrus W. Field on board, for the purpose of selecting a place for landing the Atlantic telegraph cable.

GOV. BRADLY JOHNSON, of Maryland, during the late raid, burnt his own house at Frederick, after compelling the occupant to pay him $1,400 for rent. The house had been confiscated and sold by the Government to the occupant.

THE iron-clad Dictator goes to England, in a few days, under command of Capt. John Rogers, who is esteemed the best sailor in the service, and who has full faith in the adaptability of his vessel for the ocean service in all kinds of weather.

IT is said that the order of General Washburne, placing prominent secessionists on the railway trains that go out from Memphis, as targets for bushwhackers, is having a salutary effect. Not a shot has been fired at any train since the order went into effect.

MARCUS T. REYNOLDS, one of the most celebrated members of the New York bar, died in Albany on the 25th ult. He commenced the practice of law in 1811. Twenty years ago the bar of Albany had not a member more distinguished for talent, wit or acuteness, than the deceased.

THE Buffalo *Courier* learns that the Oil Creek Railroad has been sold to the New York Central and Pennsylvania Central Railroads. The result of this movement will be the change of the Oil Creek road to the narrow guage which will connect the Oil region directly with New York and Philadelphia.

THERE is a new oil excitement in Western Pennsylvania. Gushing wells send out oleaginous streams, and many "greenbacks" are the result. In Greene and Lafayette counties the excitement is as intense as it used to be about Titusville and Oil City. Several new companies have been formed, and before many weeks pass all the available territory will be bought up.

The News Condenser.

— The Petersburg papers have suspended publication.

— Hay is twelve and a half cents per pound in Colorado.

— The Republican garden is at present overrun with T. Weed.

— Prime samples of Circassian women bring $100 at Trebizond.

— Gen. Baldy Smith has been tendered a command in the West.

— The Empress Eugene has decreed the downfall of high bonnets.

— Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, has lost the use of his left eye.

— Gen. Grant expresses the belief that Sherman will capture Atlanta.

— The Kearsarge and Niagara are cruising in the English Channel.

— Secretary Fessenden will soon return to Maine to recruit his health.

— Silver stocks in the Washoe region in California have tumbled suddenly.

— The quota of Ohio under the new call is 50,792. That of Connecticut 10,121.

— We have 60,000 rebel soldiers and 4,000 rebel officers in our hands as prisoners.

— A Michigan mail robber has just been sentenced to ten years in the State Prison.

— Edmund Kirke is to tell how and why he went to Richmond, in the Sept. Atlantic.

— Pigeons are hatched in 18 days, chickens in 21, turkeys in 26, ducks and geese in 30.

— Maple molasses was first made in 1765, at Bernardstown, now in Franklin Co., Mass.

— The fortifications of Cincinnati cover an area of nine acres, and mount 80 cannon.

— The wife of a well-to-do boatman in Detroit eloped with a circus clown a few days since.

— Heenan, the Benecia Boy, was injured in the spine by an accident on an English railway.

— Lawrence, Kansas, the scene of the vengeance of Quantrel, has again risen from its ashes.

— The Chicagoans have been welcoming home their veteran batteries, A and B, right royally.

— Mr. Alexander of Louisville, Ky., recently sold a stallion for $17,000 and another for $7,500.

— J. L. Pickard of Wisconsin has been elected Superintendent of the public schools of Chicago.

— Gen. Meade has expelled from his lines Mr. Wm. Swinton, the correspondent of the N. Y. Times.

— Every man, says Prentice, who drinks a glass of Richmond whisky has to pay two dollars and a headache.

— The Emperor of Brazil patronizes in person an American circus company now performing in his capital city.

— The oldest bell in America is in the little Catholic chapel in the village of St. Regis, on the St. Lawrence river.

— A farmer in New Durham, New Hampshire, was recently gored to death by a bull which he was attempting to yoke.

— According to naval laws Capt. Winslow's prize money will be nearly $100,000, and each of the crew about $1,500.

— Hon. Freeman Clarke, Representative in Congress from the Rochester district, has sued the Rochester Union for libel.

— The new capital of Arizona is to be called Prescott in honor of the historian of that name. It is situated on Granite Creek.

— Gen. Lee's personal property, which has been condemned by the U. S. District Court, was sold at Alexandria on the 19th inst.

— Rev. Horatio Stebbins of New York, has accepted a telegraphic call to the pulpit of the lamented Starr King, in San Francisco.

— It is reported that the released sailors of the Alabama applied to the United States Consul at Southhampton for assistance!

— The Vicksburg people celebrated the first anniversary of the surrender of the city on the 4th of July with great *eclat* and brilliancy.

— A child five years old was shot by a soldier who fired at a deserter in Philadelphia lately. The deserter escaped and the child died.

— The body of the unfortunate young man who lost his life at the Cave of the Winds, Niagara Falls, the 4th of July, has been recovered.

— Sulphur in the stockings is a recent European remedy for gout. Add a little nitre and charcoal and it is good for curing rebellion.

— The Brunswick Telegraph says:—"We don't believe there is a pretty foot in town, judging by the length of skirts ladies wear."

— It is said that many of the cotton mills in Rhode Island will be compelled to stop work on account of the high price of the raw material.

— Shoes are now made under a new patent, with heels and soles of valcanized rubber, moulded in a single piece, under a high pressure.

— The Middleboro Gazette says an immense quantity of straw is being cured and bleached in that vicinity to supply the place of imported goods.

— The Indiana Methodist Conference has appointed a committee of five to fix the location of a first female college in the limits of that Conference.

CHARLES F. BIGFORD, a lad about 14 years old, left his home in Shelby on the 3d of July, and has not been heard of since. He had on a grey coat and pants, a grey soldier's cap, and a figured cotton velvet vest. When he left home he had a rifle with him. He has a round, full face, with dark, curly hair. He is about five feet one to two inches high. The family are in great distress, as they know of no reason for his absence. Any information in regard to him will be gratefully received by his father, W. A. BIGFORD, Shelby Center, Orleans Co., N. Y.

Special Notices.

PARTIAL LIST OF PRIZES

GIVEN BY the Metropolitan Gift Book Store, No. 26 Buffalo Street, Rochester, and at its branches, Nos. 320 River Street, Troy, and 199 Main Street, Buffalo, for the month ending July 31, were 128 gold and silver Watches, 54 silver plated Ice Pitchers, 86 silver Cake Baskets, 22 silver Tea and Coffee Urns, 78 silver Card Receivers, 4 silver Liquor Castors, 32 silver Wine Pitchers, 108 Breakfast and Dinner Castors, 44 gold-lined Salt Castors, 280 Fine Photograph Albums, 8 Fine Silver Tea Sets, (six pieces to a set,) 22 Large and Small Silver Trays, 36 fine Toilet cases, 14 Ladies' Fine Furnished Dressing Cases, 35 Fine Port Folios, 480 sets of Silver Forks and Spoons, besides over Ten Thousand other articles of value. Remember you pay no more for a book or Photograph Album at the Metropolitan Gift Book Store than at any other store, and you receive a handsome prize with each purchase varying in value from 50 cents to one hundred dollars. No person should visit Rochester without calling and examining the elegant stock of Books and Gifts always on exhibition at this popular establishment. Descriptive Catalogues mailed free upon application to any address.

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THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD:

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

BY HON. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., Author of "Sheep Husbandry in the South," &c., &c.

Published by D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

THOUGH first published in October last, this work has already reached its *Twentieth Edition*, and so great is the demand for it that others are being issued as rapidly as possible. It is highly approved by both Press and People, and pronounced by far the BEST work on Sheep Husbandry ever published in America. The work comprises 454 large 12mo. pages, and is printed, illustrated and bound in superior style. Price, $1.75. ☞ Sold only by Agents and the Publisher. Good Agents wanted in all wool growing Counties, to whom liberal terms are offered. For particulars of agency, or a sample copy of work, (sent post-paid for $1.75,) address the Publisher.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, August 2, 1864.

WE make few changes in figures. There is a firmness among dealers, with but little speculative activity. There is nothing worthy of note to say.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	20@22c
Flour, win. wh't.	$11@12.50	Honey, box	18@20
Flour, spring do.	9,50@10,00	Candles, box	20@21
Flour, buckwheat	2,00@2,00	Candles, extra	22@22
Meal, Indian	2,00@2,10	**Fruit and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	2,20@2,25	Apples, bushel	75@125c
Best white Canada	2,15@2,15	Do. dried ⅌ lb	9@10
Corn	1,50@1,50	Peaches, do	18@22
Rye, 60 lbs. ⅌ bu.	1,20@1,25	Cherries, do	18@23
Oats, by weight	1,00@1,00	Plums, do	18@20
Barley	1,20@1,30	Potatoes, ⅌ bush	60@85
Beans	2,00@2,25	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	00@00c.	Slaughtered	8@9c
Meats.		Calf	14@22
Pork, old mess	00,00@00,00	Sheep Pelts	38@75
Pork, new mess	38,00@40,00	Lamb Pelts	50@1,00
Pork, clear	40,00@42,00	**Seeds.**	
Dressed hogs, c't	10,00@11,00	Clover, medium. $	—@ —
Beef, cwt	8,00@11,00	Do. large	—@ —
Spring lambs	2,00@3,00	Timothy	—@ —
Mutton, carcass	8@10c	**Sundries.**	
Hams, smoked	20,00@21,00	Wood, hard	$6,50@7,50
Shoulders	15,00@16,00	Do. soft	4,00@5,00
Chickens	00@00c	Coal, Scranton	12,00@13,00
Turkeys	00@00	Do. Pittston	12,00@13,00
Geese	00@00	Do. Shamokin	12,00@13,00
Dairy, &c.		Do. Char	12@15c
Butter, roll	32@38c	Salt, bbl	2,90@3,00
Butter, firkin	32@38	Straw, tun	8,00@10,00
Cheese, new	17@19	Hay, tun	10,00@20,00
Cheese	00@00	Wool, ⅌ lb	75@90c
Lard, tried	20@21	Whitefish, ½ bbl	9,75@10,00
Tallow, rough	9@9	Codfish, quintal	8,50@8,75
Tallow, tried	15@16	Trout, half bbl	9,00@9,50

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—ASHES—Sales firm, at $13,-50@13,50 for pots, and $15,25@15,50 for pearls.

FLOUR—Sales at $9,25@9,55 for superfine State; $9,90@10,00 for extra State; $10,10@10,25 for choice do; $9,25@9,55 for superfine Western; $9,60@10,15 for common to medium extra Western; $10,20@10,50 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio; $10,55@12,00 for trade brands, the market closing quiet. Canadian Flour; sales at $9,95@10,15 for common, and $10,20@12,00 for good to choice extra. Rye Flour rules quiet and firm; sales at $7,75@9,00 for inferior to choice. Corn meal quiet and steady; sales at $8,40@8,40 for Brandywine and $8,35 for caloric.

GRAIN—Wheat, sales at $2,25@2,41 for Chicago spring; $2,42 for Milwaukee club; $2,40@2,45 for amber Milwaukee; $2,54@2,60 for winter red Western; $2,62@2,64 for amber Michigan; $2,60 for common white Indiana, and $2,40 for inferior winter red. Rye steady at $1,90@1,95. Barley rules dull and nominal. Barley Malt quiet and steady. Peas dull at $1,40 for Canada. Corn, sales at $1-57½@1,61 for new mixed Western. Oats, sales at $1,01@1,03 Canada; $1,02@1,03 State; $1,03@103½ Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork, sales at $35,00@35,00 for mess; $34,50@34,50 for old mess; $37,00@38,50 for new mess; $34@34,50 for prime, and $35@35,00 for prime mess. Beef sales at $16@18 for country mess; $9,00@10 for country prime; $20,00@25,00 for re-packed mess, and $28,00@30,00 for extra mess. Prime mess beef unchanged. Beef hams dull and nominal. Cut meats are unchanged; sales at 15@15c for shoulders; 17@17c for hams. Bacon sides rule dull; sales Cumberland cut middle at 14½c. Lard sales at 20@21 cts. for No. 1 to choice. Butter is selling at 35@42c. for Ohio, and 38@46c for State. Cheese firm at 17@25c. for common and prime.

HOPS—Sales at 10@30c for mouldy to prime.

BUFFALO, Aug. 1.—Flour—Sales double extra red winter wheat Ohio $10,25@10,50; choice red winter Indiana at $11,25; spring extra Illinois at $10,50; double extra Ohio at $12,00; double extra Indiana at $11.25.

Grain—Wheat, Racine spring $1,95; red winter Ohio $2,23; No. 2 Chicago spring p. t. Corn—No. 2. $1,37@1,38. Rye, no sales. Oats, no sales. Peas $2. Barley $1,40@1,45. Timothy seed $4,25; clover $8,25@8,50.

Provisions—Mess pork, heavy, $40; light $39; plain hams 20@21c; sugar cured 21@23c; shoulders 16½@17c; lard 19@20c; butter, 40@41c; eggs 23@25c.

CHICAGO, July 30—FLOUR—White winter extra $10,-50; spring extras $9; superfine $7,30@7,82½.

GRAIN—No. 1 spring $2,06@2,10; No. 2 do $1,90@1.94. Corn, No. 1, $1,28@1,28½; No. 2, $1,26@1,28½; rejected $1,21. Oats No. 1, 75@79c; No. 2, 71@76c.

TORONTO, July 27—FLOUR—Prices firmer; Superfine $4,00@4,50 ⅌ barrel; Fancy $4,10@4,25; Extra $4,25@4,30; Double Extra $4,65@4,80.

GRAIN—Fall Wheat 90c@$1 ⅌ bushel. Spring Wheat 90@94c. Barley 45@50c. Oats at 46@47c. Peas 50c. Rye 60c. Hay $10@13 ⅌ tun; straw $6@6,50.

PROVISIONS—Hams $11,00@11,50 per 100 lbs.; Bacon $8,50@9,00. Cheese $11,00@11,50 wholesale; 12½@14c. per lb retail. Butter 10@14c. Lard 11c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 26.—BEEF CATTLE—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:—Extra, $00,00@00,00; First quality, $18,00@19,50; ordinary, $15,50@18,00; common, $12,00@15,00; inferior, $10,00@11,50.

COWS AND CALVES.—Extras, $00@00; First quality, $60@70; ordinary, $45@55; common, $40@45; inferior, $35@40.

VEAL CALVES—Extra, ⅌ lb, 00@00 cts; First quality, 10@11c; ordinary, 8½@9½; common, 7½@8½c; inferior 7@7½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extras ⅌ head, $7,50@8,00; prime quality, $6,50@7.50; ordinary, $6@6,50; common, $4,50@5,50; inferior, $3,25@4,50.

SWINE.—Corn-fed, heavy, 9@11¼c; still-fed, 9@10c.

BRIGHTON, July 27.—BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $13,50@14,00; 1st qual., $12,50@13,00; 2d do, $10,00@11,50; 3d do; $10,25@10,75 ⅌ 100 lbs. Stores—Yearlings, $00@00; 2 years old, $00@00; three years old, $30@38. Working Oxen—Sales at $115, $160@$180. Milch Cows—Prices ranging from $30 to $60 ordinary; $75 to $85 extra. Sheep and Lambs—Sheared sheep 6½@8 ⅌ lb; wool sheep 10½@c. Wool sheepskins, $4,50@4,50; sheared sheepskins, 62@62c. Lambskins $1,25. Calfskins, 22@23c. Hides, 11c ⅌ lb. Tallow at 11@11½c.

Swine—Wholesale, 9½@10½ ⅌ lb; retail, 10@12c; fat hogs prices 11½@11½c ⅌ lb.

CAMBRIDGE, July 27.—BEEF CATTLE—Extra $12,50@13,00; 1st quality $11,00@12,25; 2d quality $11@11,25; third quality $8,00@9,50. Working Oxen—$80, $110@260. Cows and Calves—$36,00@67,00. Yearlings, $00@00; Two years old $00,00@00,00; three years old $30,00@37,00. Sheep and Lambs—$3,50@5,00 each; extra $6,00@7,00, or from 5@7½c ⅌ lb. Spring Lambs from $4@6,50. Hides 10½@11c ⅌ lb. Tallow 10@10½c ⅌ lb. Pelts $0,60@4.50 each. Calf Skins 23@25c ⅌ lb. Veal Calves from $5,00@8.

TORONTO, July 27.—BEEF—Inferior $3@3,50 ⅌ cwt. wholesale; 7@10c retail; extra $5,00@5,50 ⅌ cwt, wholesale; $8,00@12,00 retail. Calves at from $3 to $4.50 each. Sheep—Clipped $3,50@4,50 each. Lambs $2@2,50 each. Sheepskins, $1,90@2,00 each; Lambskins ⅌ lb 35c. Hides 4@5c. Calfskins at 10@12c ⅌ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 27.—During the past week the following were the quotations for the different grades:

Domestic.—Saxony fleece $1@1,10; full-blood Merino 95@$1; ½ and ¾ do. 95@97½; Native and ¼ Merino 90@95; extra pulled 95@1,05; superfine do. 90@1,05; No. 1. do, 80@85; California fleece unwashed, 60@65; Do. common do. 30@45c.

Foreign—Peruvian washed, 40@50c; Chilian Merino unwashed 45@55; Do Mestiza do 45@50; Valparaiso do 40@45; Entre Rios do 40@45; unwashed 25@30; Cordova washed 60@70; Cape Good Hope unwashed 60@65; East India washed 45@65; African unwashed 38@45; do. washed 55@60; Mexican unwashed 34@37; Smyrna do 34@37; do washed 55@65; Syrian unwashed 35@37c.

BOSTON, July 27.—The following are the quotations of wool for this week:—*Domestic*—Saxony and Merino, fine, ⅌ lb, $1@1,10; full blood, 98c@$1; half and three-fourths blood, 97@98c: common, 90@95c; pulled, extra, $1@1,10; superfine, 95c@$1,05; Western mixed, 85@95c. *Foreign*—Smyrna, washed, 45@52c; do, unwashed, 26@40c; Syrian, 25@47c; Cape, 55@68c; Crimea. 23@40; Buenos Ayres, 23@60c; Peruvian, 40@50c; Canada, 65@80c.

CHICAGO, July 29.—Fine light fleece, 90@95c; medium fleece 87@90c; factory tub-washed 95c@$1,10; coarse fleece 82@85c.

CINCINNATI, July 29—Sales are being made at 85@95c; choice clip held at $1.

WOOL IN CANADA WEST.—We give the quotations of wool at different points to July 27:—At Toronto wool sold 40@42c ⅌ lb; Cobourg at 45c; London at 40@44c; Galt at 42@46c; Guelph at 37@38c; Hamilton at 44c.

New Advertisements.

☞ **ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance**—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES (following reading matter, leaded,) 60 cents a line.

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

$80 PER MONTH.—Agents wanted in every town. It is something new and of real value. For particulars address, with stamp, J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, N. Y.

$45.00 A TERM OF 18 WEEKS—Which opens Aug. 18th, pays for board, washing, fuel and room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, N. Y. Tuition in common English, $8. Address J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

BASS BARK.—We can furnish a fine article of Bass Bark prepared for budding, at the rate of 30 cts. per pound, or 25 dollars ⅌ 100 lbs.
706-2t THOMAS & HERENDEEN.
Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., July 26, 1864.

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Wholesale and Retail.
Tents and Flags To Rent. Flags For Sale.
JAMES FIELD, 42 Exchange St.,
760-2t Rochester, N. Y.

TREES! TREES! TREES! 110,000 Standard Apple, Standard and Dwarf Pear, Standard Cherry, Peach, Plum, Red, White and Black Currant, Horsechestnut. 50,000 Russell's, and 5,000 Great Austin Strawberry; 30,000 Grape vines, Isabella, Catawba, Delaware and Concord, for sale in large or small quantites, CHEAP FOR CASH. 760-4teow
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For sale, all of the choicest varieties imported, and selected from the best foreign strains. If it were possible for gentlemen who are not fanciers to know the amount of pleasure in keeping and raising fine Pigeons, scarce any would be without their aviaries which would form a splendid ornament in their gardens or grounds. Send for list to W. C. ASBURY,
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Buffalo Seedling Plants,

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Do. 100 do. for	$3.00
Do. 1,000 do. for	$20.00

Buffalo—$1.50 per dozen; $8.00 per 100.
Cash to accompany orders. Plants warranted true to name, by J. KEECH, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY—FALL TERM begins Aug. 24th. Board, washing, fuel and room furnished with stove, table, stand, chairs, bedstead, matress and bedding, except sheets and pillow cases, per term $44.00

Tuition in common English	6.00
Do. higher English	7.00
Do. Ancient Languages	8.00

A deduction of twenty-five cents per week, from the bills of students boarding in the Hall, will be made to those who use neither tea nor coffee.

Fairfield is seven miles from the New York Central Railroad, at Little Falls, from which students are conveyed *free* of charge, the first day of the term.

For further information, address Rev. L. B. BARKER, Principal, or I. MATHER, Secretary. 760-2t

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Boardman, Gray & Co.
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$75 A MONTH.—AGENTS WANTED TO SELL Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages, and all expenses paid. Address D. B. HERRINTON & CO., Detroit, Mich.

FOR SALE, A NURSERY OF FIFTEEN ACRES, with lease of ground. Location and soil very desirable. Stock one, two and three years old, well assorted, very thrifty and in perfect order. For particulars inquire of JAMES S. STICKNEY,
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WANTED,—A YOUNG MAN skillful in digging and planting, pruning and grafting fruit trees, to take charge of a large Pear Orchard, near Philadelphia. Place open till next September, when the advertiser will visit Rochester.
Address DR. J. S. HOUGHTON,
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THE STANDARD SHEEP BOOK.—Those who want the best work extant on American Sheep Husbandry—the Standard Authority on the Subject—should procure THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, by Hon. H. S. RANDALL. A new and revised edition now ready. 12mo.—pp. 454—well illustrated and handsomely bound. Price, cloth gilt, $1.75—in leather, library style, $2.50. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
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PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, JULY 25, 1864.

Notice is hereby given that subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States, the several Assistant Treasurers and designated Depositaries, and by the National Banks designated and qualified as Depositaries and Financial Agents, for Treasury Notes payable three years from August 15, 1864, bearing interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum, with semi-annual coupons attached, payable in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, redeemable after five and payable twenty years from August 15, 1867.

The Notes will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand, and five thousand dollars, and will be issued in blank, or payable to order, as may be directed by the subscribers.

All subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

Duplicate certificates will be issued for all deposits. The party depositing must endorse upon the *original* certificate the denomination of notes required, and whether they are to be issued in blank or payable to order. When so endorsed it must be left with the officer receiving the deposit, to be forwarded to this Department.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

Interest will be allowed to August 15, on all deposits made prior to that date, and will be paid by the Department upon receipt of the original certificates.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by this Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Officers receiving deposits will see that the proper indorsements are made upon the original certificates.

All officers authorized to receive deposits are requested to give to applicants all desired information, and afford every facility for making subscriptions.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will doubtless AFFORD FACILITIES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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TO INVENTORS AND PATENTEES.—Inventions examined. Patents obtained. Patents re-issued. Patents extended. Rejected cases prosecuted without charge unless successful. J. FRASER & CO., Western New York Patent Agency, Rochester and Buffalo, N. Y.

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With Press Combined, large and small size, for hand, horse or other power. Is strong, reliable, compact, simple, neat of construction, durable, economical & cheap. Grinds all kinds of fruit, fine, fast, easy, and presses dry.

Some valuable improvements have been added to this Mill since last season, and we now feel confident that it is just what the people want.

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HICKOK'S
PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE
CIDER AND WINE MILL.
10,000 IN USE AND APPROVED.

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It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. For sale by all respectable dealers.

On account of the very heavy excise tax on spirits, there will be a large demand for good Cider, (which is, by the way, the most healthy beverage there is, especially for those afflicted with liver complaints,) and every one having apples will make them up into good Cider, if they would study their interests. I intend to have good receipts for making Cider printed and distributed among dealers, for the use of those purchasing mills.

If your merchant does not keep them, tell him to send for one for you, or write to the manufacturer yourself. Address the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
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100,000 Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees.
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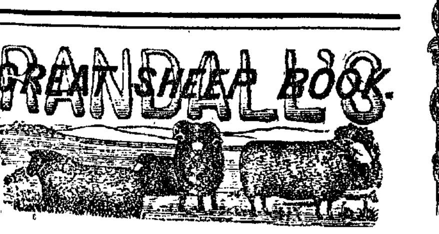

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD,

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By Hon. Henry S. Randall, LL. D.,
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A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

[THE boy-hero, says the N. Y. *Home Journal*, who is supposed to write this letter, is no creation of fancy, but a living and noble reality. He belonged to a Vermont cavalry company, and in his first engagement with the enemy received the peculiar injuries mentioned in the poem. He was less than eighteen years of age! yet he bore his terrible misfortune with a cheerfulness, heroism and manly resignation as wonderful as they were admirable. It is pleasant to know that such a spirit "still lives," and shines forth from its mutilated temple as bravely and hopefully as ever.]

DEAR mother, we've had a battle, and I am glad to say,
Tho' the odds were all against us, we gained at last the day;
It was a desperate struggle—the rebels fought us well,
But our brave boys fought better still, as all who live can tell.

We charged the foe at morning—at the rising of the sun—
And the work of death went hotly on until the day was done;
There was clashing steel, and bursting shells, and cannon thundering round,
And, as the conflict deepened, full many a sadder sound.

But I lived to see it ended—to see the twilight fall
Around my poor dead comrades, like a shadowy funeral pall;
I was glad, in looking upward, that Heaven was so serene,
For earth below, in the star's pale glow, was a sad and piteous scene.

This fighting's serious business—more serious than it seemed,
When 'mid my books last summer such foolish dreams I dreamed;
Then war appeared a pastime—a picture rich and bright—
Ah! the picture has a darker side; less pleasant to the sight.

Yet there's one thing gained, dear mother—I am a boy no more;
I feel almost the steadiness and wisdom of three score;
And I love my country better since I've battled in her cause,
And shed my blood so freely to defend her sacred laws.

Yes, I've *shed my blood*—I'm wounded. Now do not grieve, I pray,
But, to tell the truth, dear mother, *both my legs are shot away!*
You call this something fearful, but think! your Charley's life,
Or what were worse, his *honor*, might have gone in this wild strife.

Ah! *that* is safe, dear mother—and I think it soothes my pain,
To hear our Colonel say *I* helped the victory to gain;
And he often comes to see me, and still with smiling mien,
He says, "How fairs my *hero*—my *veteran of eighteen!*"

My wounds are doing well, mother. The people here are kind;
They send me flowers, and dainty food, and books to cheer my mind;
But still I think of you, mother, and long to see your face,
And in my happy dreams, mother, I feel your soft embrace.

I hope you'll come on soon, mother—and remember, when we meet,
Tho' I cannot run to welcome you with light and nimble feet,
Yet I've arms to clasp you round, mother, and a heart to love you still;
So, we'll be content and thankful, and resigned to Heaven's will.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SOLDIER'S LETTER.

BY L. JARVIS WILTON.

BLESSED be the man who invented letter-writing. FAUST, GUTTENBERG and SCHOEFFER, never conferred a greater gift upon the world at large, HOWARD never blessed humanity more generally, and civilized people in particular, than has this unkown. He deserves a marble pyramid raised to his memory, carved with the praises of all generations. The "stranger in a strange land," the soldier by the camp-fire, the sailor upon the boundless main, the wanderer far from friends and home, may each write with grateful hearts his epitaph; the poet may embalm his memory in sweet words and golden sarcophagal rhymes, and it will only be honor where honor is due.

Thank GOD for letters! They fill our hearts with gladness and joy, they make us cheerful when we have been sad, they awaken pleasant recollections, they paint us beautiful pictures, they bring us happy dreams, they inspire us with noble aspirations and lead us towards "the true, the beautiful and the good." Our catalogue does not include "dunning," nor commercial letters, but those treasured sheets which tell us all about everything, and which are filled with all sorts of epistolary good qualities, such as pithy descriptions, fun, friendship and affection. We know many interesting things about letters, not letters in general but concerning some in particular, and propose giving an episode of a certain series of letters of which we happen to know.

Captain HARRIS sat, one afternoon, in the door of his tent regaling himself with his meerschaum, when his servant thrust into his hand a package of papers and letters. As most people would do, he reads the latter first, giving preference to the home post-mark. But there was one, the writing of which was unfamiliar. It was in a buff envelope, and directed in a neat, plain hand to "Captain Co. G., 5th Reg't.," &c.

"Probably some Mrs. JOHN SMITH wishes me to inform her if her dear son, JOHN SMITH, JR., is not wounded or sick with the measles, as she has not heard from him for a month," soliloquized the Captain, meanwhile opening it at the end and drawing forth the contents. These proved to be, first a dainty little note inscribed "Captain," then a letter in a smaller envelope undirected.

"Shade of Anchises! What's this?" he exclaimed with much astonishment; then, after dusting the ashes from his meerschaum, he opened the note and read:—"Captain, will you write upon the accompanying letter the name of the *private* soldier under your command who seems most to need kind words and the good influences of a cheerful home circle, to follow him. Deliver it where it will be of most real benefit in cheering some low-spirited or sad soldier, who seems to have the fewest friends to gladden his loneliness by letters. Accept the best wishes for the success of our army, and the triumph of liberty, from ALICE VANCE."

He folded the note, placed it in his pocket, then in silence looked at the sealed envelope before him as though he would like very much to know its contents.

"Here is a chance for romance! Am not I the man who most needs to read this letter? If I like the style of it I can answer it in the character of a private; if not, put it in a new envelope and give it to some of my boys, as requested. ALICE VANCE! It's a pretty name, and a pretty hand she writes, too. I wonder if she is handsome? I wish I had that rare gift which some people claim to possess, of reading a man's character from his penmanship, just as a phrenologist does from his head. Let me see: patriotism, prominent. There seems to be an indication of largeness of soul, integrity of purpose, and something truly noble and thoroughly ladylike in the whole turn and look of the billet."

He turned the letter in his hand as he spoke and was about to open it, when his attention was attracted towards a man who sat at some distance from him, apparently morose and sullen, and who had a way of sitting for hours alone and in silence, and making himself unhappy by meditating upon all the trials of life, its uphill path, his own thorny way in particular, instead of trying to smooth down the hill Difficulty by a cheerful and patient preseverance.

BILLY MORRIS had lost his parents when a child and had since found a home where he could. He had been treated as an inferior sort of being, whose chief duty lay in obeying and waiting upon others. He had found the world a hard, stern master, against whose caprices and desiges he was powerless. At twenty-one he found himself a man with but little education, and less social and moral culture. He had covered the grave of the past with his childhood and youth. The future had no bright hopes for him; it was all a dark blank. He had no aspirations for the future. So, when the war broke out, BILLY MORRIS was among the first to enlist. As he placed his name upon the muster roll there was no proud look in his eye to bespeak a future promotion, no patriotic enthusiasm glowed upon his cheek. There was only the same stoical indifference, that gloomy look which had become a fixed fact upon his countenance. Vice of every kind had become familiar to him from childhood, and there had been no hand to guide him away from evil—no mother's voice taught him to shun its dark path. He had lived believing nobody cared for him, he had enlisted thinking nobody cared for *him*, and in turn caring for nobody. As Captain HARRIS saw him sitting there, that afternoon, looking so gloomy and friendless, he paused, dropped the letter he was about opening, struck his hands together forcibly, and looked as if some very pleasant idea had just entered his mind.

"That's it," said he to himself, "I'll give it to BILLY MORRIS. He looks as if he had never had a letter in his life—I don't believe he has since he enlisted, more than a year ago. Upon my word he is the sorriest looking man I know of. It may after all cheer the poor fellow up and make somebody of him." As he said the words he entered his tent, took a pen and traced upon the envelope,

"WILLIAM MORRIS,
Co. G., 5th Reg't O. V. I., care of Capt. HARRIS."

Then, with a business-like air, he walked towards the log upon which BILLYY sat.

"Here's a letter for you," was met by a look of blank astonishment, which the officer pretended not to notice, but left him to enjoy the perusal of the little sheet alone.

"Well, now, I guess he got the wrong man this time. Who can be writin' letters to me I'd like to know? There's JOE WILSON'S, where I worked three years ago—I liked them about as well as anybody I know on, but they wouldn't be a writin' to me, spesh'ly such a purty lookin, letter as this ere. There it is, though, with my name wrote on it, company and all, care of Cap'n HARRIS. I'm goin' to read it anyhow. Jerusalem, BILLY, youre'n I ever thought you'd be." So saying, he broke the envelope and drew forth, as he thought, the most beautiful letter ever written. And a beautiful letter it was, lively, friendly and interesting. There was a true womanly sympathy, displayed in pure language, with here and there a thought, elegant and chaste, which made the reader wish that he was only good. His eyes grew dim several times by reason of some enchanting cloud which rose from the lines before him, so it was a long time before he finished reading his treasure. He folded it carefully, placed it in the envelope, and safely deposited it in his pocket. How many times it was re-read that night and for days thereafter can never be accurately known, but true it is that the letter became daily more soiled and worn than BILLY'S pocket could account for. BILLY'S eyes began to show a new light from their black depths. Something like a smile of gladness might sometimes be seen playing over his face, as if he half believed that somebody cared for him. One rainy day, not long after, was spent by him in writing a reply to the magic letter. He was unaccustomed to work of this kind, and could not manufacture high sounding sentences and fine, flattering speeches to order, but in his own rude way told how desolate his life had been until something in her letter had roused a hidden energy in his soul and made him determine hereafter to be a man, and not the mere existence which he had been. She had made him think of his mother who had gone away beyond the stars. At last the letter was signed, sealed and sent.

Time passed. So did the mail-bags to and from the army of the Potomac, but heavier now by reason of BILLY'S correspondence. It was winter. The army, or that division with which our friends were connected, was in winter quarters, patiently waiting, like Mr. MICAWBER of old, for "something to turn up." It was a long, wearisome winter for those strong, brave hearts, and ere spring many of their number had found rest. With their blankets folded about them they had lain down to a sleep from which no sounding drum could awaken them. Some had gone home to their friends—gone home, but the ones who loved them could only look upon their pale, cold faces, then lay them down in the family burial place beside the dear ones who already slept there. It is hard to see a cherished one, under our watchful eyes and tender hands, drawing the last breath and stiffening into marble before us, but the affliction is nothing compared to the grief of having our beloved lie down and die among strangers, on the battlefield, in the hospital, or camp.

Long nights had BILLY watched by the side of a comrade too sick to be removed to the hospital, when the wind whistled through the rent canvass of their tent, and drove the rain in upon the pallet of the sick. At last he too lay tossing and moaning with the camp fever. Captain HARRIS, who was a kind-hearted man, heard of his sickness and looked in one evening to see if he was comfortably cared for, as it was a matter of personal pride with him that none of his company should suffer while it was in his power to render them assistance. As he stood by the sick man's side and took the hard, rough hand in his own, BILLY opened his eyes, and as he saw who it was looking at him, he clasped the Captain's hand tightly and with a grateful look and an earnest voice said:—"GOD bless ye, Cap'n, and if you ever lie in such a place as this, or feel your life creepin' out through a rebel bullet hole, as I hope ye never will, may somebody be near to look kindly on ye. There, if ye haint put yer own blanket over a poor feller."

And the hot tears gushed from his eyes as from a child's, as he said it. He went on. "Cap'n, you've been kind to me a great many times; I thank you for it. But I wish you'd do one thing more for me—stay by me to-night. It's the last night I've got to stay in your company before I'm discharged. I've got my marchin' orders and am goin' to cross the river and join the reg'lar army. When I'm gone I wish you'd write a letter and send with the other things in my knapsack."

"Oh, yes, I'll watch with you, but I hope you will be better in the morning and soon be able to dispose of your rations as well as the rest of us. The boys will take care of you now, and I will come back in an hour and stay with you."

The patient soon fell into a quiet sleep from which he did not awake until the return of Captain HARRIS.

"I have brought something to make you well again," said the officer, at the same time placing in BILLY'S hand a letter directed in the same style of penmanship as the mysterious note of six months previous.

The sick man looked wistfully upon the precious little messenger, but finding his eyes were weak and dim he handed it back to his friend, asking that he would read it to him. The Captain needed no second invitation, for, to speak the truth, he had entertained not a little curiosity upon the subject of BILLY'S correspondence, ever since the receipt of that mysterious billet, by himself. Eagerly the soldier drank in every word, and sometimes the reader too, was not a little moved, for here was the secret of that change which all had observed in the character and appearance of the before sullen and careless BILLY MORRIS.

The letter told about "Our Aid Society," and what it was doing; how the Sabbath School children were all interested in doing something for the brave ones who stood upon the war fields of our country; what grand times they had picking potatoes and packing boxes to send to the hospitals; that many of their young men had gone to do battle for their country, while the old men, the women and children were keeping the hearth-fires warm at home, meanwhile knitting and stitching with loving hands some garment to send the poor soldiers to cover them from want and winter, all working a shield of prayer in their hearts as they toiled, to cover the brave ones from danger and sin; how, when a brave one fell on the field, or was taken out of the camp, to return thence no more, their hearts were greatly comforted to know that it was a soldier in the service of the Great King, one who had gone to meet the Captain in the Camp of Eternal Peace; and how, too, the writer had wept tears of joy on learning that BILLY had at last enlisted, and that his name was now written on the Muster Roll of those Conquerors who are to wear the Crowns of Life. She told him, too, of the Singing School—what tunes they sang; of the Concert to be given at the close for the benefit of the Aid Society; of the last sleigh ride, and little incidents pertaining to the district school. [Concluded on page 257.

INDUSTRY.—People may tell you about your being unfit for some peculiar occupations in life; but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity, will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in old age. In learning the useful part of any profession, very moderate abilities will suffice; great abilities are generally injurious to the possessors.