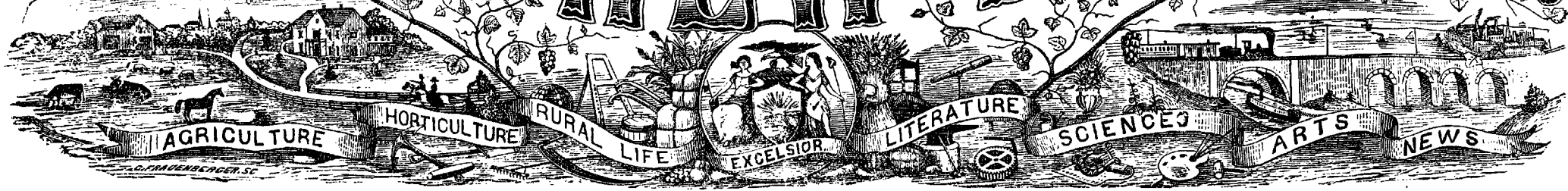


MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



TERMS, \$2.50 PER YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

{SINGLE NO. SIX CENTS.

VOL. XV NO. 34.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

{WHOLE NO. 762.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
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Editor Department of Sheep Husbandry.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

F. BARRY, C. DEWEY, LL. D.,
H. T. BROOKS, L. B. LANGWORTHY.

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 SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the RURAL is \$2.50 per annum. For particulars as to Terms see last page.

Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

About Increasing the Area of Grass Lands.

A FARMER, with whom we talked the other day, in Central New York, asked if we thought it policy to diminish the amount of land cultivated in grain in proportion as we increased the amount of grazing stock? and if we thought it necessary to do so? We replied in the negative to both queries. On the contrary, we believe that the more land there is thoroughly cultivated, and the more grain crops there are grown, the greater the amount of stock the land will support, and the more profitable will stock growing and the dairy business become. The more labor you can profitably employ on the farm, the better it is for the country and the farmer. We believe it altogether wrong that farmers abandon the cultivation of grain in proportion as they increase their flocks and herds. It is true we do not believe it necessary to plow up lands set apart as grass lands, as often as some people do; neither do we believe it to be good policy if they are properly treated. But if a farmer increases his stock he should increase his grain culture in just such proportion. And the more stock he keeps the more grain he should grow.

This position is illustrated in the great grain regions of the West. Grass—the tame grasses—can be as easily grown there as anywhere—especially the clovers (which, in common use, are classed with the grasses.) And yet the proportions of the grain crop are not diminished as the flocks and herds are increased. Grain is grown and sold or fed according as the farmer finds it more profitable. If he can get from ten to fifty per cent. more for it put into the carcasses of his cattle, sheep and swine, he is sure to do it; but if the demand for grain is such, and the price warrants putting the raw material in market, and it pays better than it does to incur the expense of feeding it to stock, it goes direct. But it is an axiom with most good farmers, that the more stock they keep the more grain they can grow, and vice versa. And stock growing and sheep herding should not be allowed to diminish the grain crop of a farm, but should the rather insure better and more thorough culture, heavier crops and greater profits. But this is a subject which requires the testimony of experience and figures. Our readers are invited to talk about it with each other through the pages of the RURAL.

Siding for Farm Buildings.

"WOULD you buy clap-boards for siding a horse-barn, or would you girt it and board it up and down and batten it? There is little difference in the cost at the present price of lumber; but which is better?"

We think the correspondent who asks this question is mistaken as to the relative cost of the modes, especially if he takes labor into the account; and at present prices of that article he

must consider it. It costs far more labor to clap-board a building than it does to board and batten it; and after the work is done it is not worth half as much—it would not be to us. There is no farm building—not even the dwelling—on which if we were going to put a wood siding, we would put clap-boards. Even if we were going to consult good taste, we would not do it. But when, added to good taste, we take into the account economy in construction, and durability afterward, cost of keeping in repair, strength, &c., &c., the advantages in favor of board-and-battens entirely out-balance all that can be said in favor of clap-board siding.

We should use inch-and-a-quarter boards—pine, spruce or hemlock—clear, or at least sound, of uniform width—say one foot—and batten with a three-inch batten, beveled. A house well made in this manner will last a dozen generations. This is not guess-work, nor theory—we have seen the matter demonstrated in respect both to relative cost and durability.

In this connection we quote from a correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, who says, "the most important thing for the protection of all buildings is a good roof." This is true; and to get a good roof, it is important that the "pitch" should be greater than it generally is on farm buildings. The correspondent adds:—"I have never yet seen anything except slate or shingles that was worth half the cost of a trial. Of these two, my preference is for the latter for farm buildings, when not exposed to fire from others, as being the most economical if properly put on. I have noticed recently that the opinion has been gaining ground, that it is better to use a medium quality for shingles, for the reason, as many say, that almost any shingles will last as long as they can be kept on a roof with any nails that can be bought. This is partly true, and I think partly a mistake. Most of the ordinary shingle nails sold at the stores in the country, will not last more than from ten to fifteen years, and almost any shingles will last that length of time, but nails made of Swedes iron are said by men of experience to last more than twice as long, and the difference in cost in laying a thousand shingles is from ten to fifteen cents.

Alsike Clover.

W. H. YATES writes of this clover:—"Is it the Swedish Clover, or is it the Everlasting Clover of Germany, that stands seven years without renewing with seed. When is the right time to sow? and how much seed per acre? If any have had experience with it for pasture for sheep and cattle I would like to hear from them through the RURAL. Where can the seed be had?"

Trifolium hybridum, or Alsike Clover, is called the Swedish Clover, because it has been longest cultivated there. It is a native of Southern and Central Europe, but seems to have been first cultivated as a field crop in Sweden. It may be identical with what our correspondent calls the "Everlasting Clover of Germany," for it is perennial. We suppose it should be sown at the same time as the other clovers. Its seeds are much smaller than even the White Clover. It has not the long-reaching roots of the Red Clover (*Trifolium pratense*), and will not endure drouth as well on dry soils; but it is better adapted to cold, moist soils. It is spoken of in our correspondent's article on page 246, as being extensively cultivated in England. It was introduced into Scotland in 1834. It is doubted if it yields the bulk of forage on good soils that *T. pratense* will do; but on poor soils it will probably do better than the last-named clover. There is no doubt as to the fact that it is relished exceedingly by stock of all kinds.

Seeding Marsh Land.

L. M. ROSE, of Hillsdale Co., Mich., who says he has good Timothy growing on muck five feet thick, where five years ago nothing grew but the coarsest kind of "sickle grass," adds:—"If I had another marsh to subdue I should proceed as follows:—First. Draw off the surface water but nothing more. Deep draining leaves the land too dry. Second. If it could be plowed I should mow it in August, take off the grass, and then turn it over with a sharp plow; harrow well and put on the seed—pure Timothy. If it could not be plowed, or if I had net time to do it, I would sow any kind of grass seed that I could get most easily, each spring and fall—mowing and removing the grass and weeds each year until I got something better than sickle grass. Stock of all kinds should be kept off."

SAVE YOUR OWN SEED.

SAVE your own seed, and then if you prefer a sprinkling of thistles and tares, docks and daisies, you can have them to your heart's content, but if you wish to avoid them, you are master of the situation and can do so.

I felt compelled, during the extreme pressure of the recent harvest, to put a man to digging White Daisies, Johnswort and Yellow Dock in a field recently stocked with purchased seed, and which must have contained these foul pests.

I might, with little or no additional expense, have saved seed of good quality on my own farm. Clean, late cut hay may be pounded a little with a flail, as it is fed next winter, and the seed saved. The true way is to select a rich, clean field, plow it deep, till it well, seed it down, and set it apart to raise seed upon for future use. Good, plump seed in liberal quantities can not be raised from hard, barren land,—the "old settlers" will tell you about the timothy they used to raise on new land. I have heard of timothy in Ohio ten feet high. The degenerate grass that our fathers' degenerate sons raise can't hardly get up a seed. I tell you plainly that we have got to plow less* and manure more.

A great deal of foul seed is sown with our wheat, oats and other grain, and that without excuse. It is a desperate case if we can't find a place where we can raise enough clean grain to sow; certainly, if we can't raise clean seed we should spare no pains to buy it.

The seat of the terrible malady I would guard against is indifference or inattention to the manifold mischiefs perpetrated by these foul weeds. There are ways to get them out and keep them out, if we can fire the popular heart, awaken the public conscience, and convince the understanding of the necessity of the work. Does anybody know to what extent the "children's bread" is given to these "dogs"? Does anybody know how much of our land is occupied and appropriated by what yields no return? Grain crops that are half thistles pay nothing; it takes all the grain to pay for plowing, and dragging, and harvesting, and thrashing the thistles! so the land is lost for that year. Weeds in pastures are not quite so expensive, but if my friend PETERS had made a survey of the weeds of the State, he would have found one-half of the pastures of New York doomed and devoted to them to a large extent. Thistles, daisy, buttercup, dock, Johnswort, sorrel, mullens, &c., &c., occupy from one-fourth to three-fourths of their entire surface! Once established, they double the cost of cultivation, making twice the amount of hoeing and cultivating necessary in order to get a crop. Compare the labor of tilling a field of corn here and in Illinois—but let the West take heed; the weeds are after them.

I don't doubt but the weeds of the United States cost every year half as much as the war does for the same period. Beware, O Husbandman, how you drop a foul seed! It is in a small compass, but another year it has become a thousand, and may cost the next generation years of toil. Let us double our diligence in getting pure seed, and let us take time to dig out the weeds when they first appear, no matter what waits.

There is still another reason why we should save our own seed. We may then have some assurance of its quality. Garden seeds are very apt to fail, and frequently because they are old, or otherwise worthless. In a great number of cases the onions which our citizens patriotically sowed to share with the soldiers failed to come up; and I am satisfied that in most cases it was in consequence of the seed being old or otherwise bad. A friend sowed a quarter of a pound of onion seed, and not having quite enough he bought a small paper to finish with—the small paper grew well, and the rest, sowed on the same land at the same time, scarce grew at all. The loss and disappointment from bad seed is very serious, and might and should be avoided.

Our fathers used to set aside some fine cabbages, turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips, onions, salsify, &c., &c., for seed, and when the right time came, saved it in good order if it was plump and right; such seeds would grow. Now we run to the stores for everything; we can't tie up a bag without buying a string, or light a candle without purchasing a match. Shades of our fathers!

H. T. B.

* "Plow less" land—plow it better and deeper.—
Eds. RURAL.



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.

WOOL GROWERS' STATE CONVENTION.

THE Wool Growers of the State of New York, and other persons interested, are requested to meet at the CITY HALL, (Court House,) in the City of Rochester, on Wednesday, the 21st day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing a State Wool Growers' Association, and adopting such other measures as may be deemed expedient. August 15, 1864.

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| A. B. ALLEN | New York. |
| HORACE ALLEN | Venice Center. |
| LEWIS F. ALLEN | Black Rock. |
| RICHARD H. ALLEN | New York. |
| ALEXANDER ARNOLD | Avent. |
| E. AULIS | Wheeler. |
| ALLEN H. AVERY | Manlius. |
| T. C. BAILY | Albion. |
| LUTHER BAKER | Lafayette. |
| WILLIAM BEBBE | Easton's Neck. |
| E. M. BARKER | North Hector. |
| E. B. BLOOD | Italy Hill. |
| E. E. BROWN | New Hope. |
| H. T. BROOKS | Pearl Creek. |
| CHESTER BAKER | Lafayette. |
| L. BRASNER | South Dansville. |
| EDMUND C. CLAPP | Watford. |
| E. G. COOK | Manlius. |
| ELON COMSTOCK | New York. |
| CHARLES COOK | Havana. |
| SAMUEL CHEEVER | Watford. |
| EDMUND C. CLAPP | Manlius. |
| E. G. COOK | Manlius. |
| WM. CHAMBERLAIN | Red Hook. |
| EZRA CORNELL | Ithaca. |
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| WM. COCKBURN | Kingston. |
| E. W. COLE | North Hector. |
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| ELIJAH FENNIS | Palmyra. |
| THEODORE S. FAXTON | Utica. |
| GEORGE GEDDES | Fairmount. |
| JAMES GEDDES | Fairmount. |
| WM. H. HALESON | Saratoga Springs. |
| OSCAR GRANGER | Saratoga Springs. |
| NORMAN GOWDY | Lowville. |
| BENJ. N. HUNTINGTON | Rome. |
| WM. M. HOLMES | Greenwich. |
| HEALY | South Dansville. |
| CHARLES H. HULL | New Lebanon. |
| C. HATCH | Monticello. |
| JAMES S. HAWLEY | Hawleyton. |
| BENJ. P. JOHNSON | Albany. |
| ORANGE JUDD | New York. |
| JOHN KINGSTON | Geneva. |
| WILLIAM KELLY | Rhinebeck. |
| JOHN A. KING | Jamaica. |
| L. B. LANGWORTHY | Rochester. |
| ROBERT M. LYON | Bath. |
| A. LARROWE | Wheeler. |
| CHESTER MOSES | Manlius. |
| OTIS P. MARSHALL | Wheeler. |
| D. D. T. MOORE | Rochester. |
| D. A. MORRISON | Montgomery. |
| FRANKLIN J. MARSHALL | Wheeler. |
| EZRA P. PRENTICE | Albany. |
| T. C. PETERS | Dartm. |
| E. B. POTTS | Neplea. |
| A. G. PERCY | Newark. |
| GEORGE W. PINE | Herkimer. |
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| CHARLES TALLMAN | Syracuse. |
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| WIN-LOW C. WATSON | Keeseville. |
| J. WHITE | Italy Hill. |
| ISAAC J. WHITNEY | Clarkson. |
| LORENZO WEBBER | Orange. |

CALL FOR A WOOL GROWERS' STATE CONVENTION.

WE have the pleasure of laying before our readers, this week, a call for a Wool Growers' State Convention, signed by a body of eminent sheep breeders, farmers, agricultural editors, woolen manufacturers, wool buyers, etc., scattered throughout almost every part of the State. No attempt has been made, or desire felt, to procure a large number of signers to this call. Only enough were wanted to represent fairly the different parts of the State, and the different interests which it will be the object of the Convention to promote. A body of men embracing more practical skill in their several callings, and ability in business—more respectability and intelligence—more enlightened public spirit—never appended their names to any similar document.

The objects of the Association which the Convention is to organize, have been already

adverted to in this paper. We conceive them to be the collection and dissemination of knowledge tending to the improvement of Sheep Husbandry in all its different branches, and in all its connections with other branches of husbandry, with manufactures, and with trade. Similar societies have already been established in several other wool growing States, and they have uniformly met with decided success. They assemble, in all cases, we think, biennially, and in connection with, or at the same times with, the State Agricultural Societies. These meetings constitute re-unions as useful as they are agreeable, of sheep breeders and other persons interested. The members bring together and compare the experiences of each year—discuss important questions connected with the husbandry—and take all feasible measures for its advancement. Some of the Societies appoint committees and persons to prepare reports and essays to be read at subsequent meetings. In short, they aim to do more specially and extensively what State Agricultural Societies already are doing for the promotion of the interests of wool growing and sheep breeding, except in holding fairs for the exhibition of animals. It is felt that, on many accounts, this last can be more advantageously attended to by the latter Societies. And in other particulars, the State Wool Growers' Association could not desire to exclude the State Agricultural Societies from any field of labor now occupied by them. The two Societies should, in every State, act strictly in concert—each an auxiliary to the other. The establishment of the new organization in New York, we are happy to say, receives the unqualified approbation of the present Executive Committee—i. e. board of officers—of the State Agricultural Society, and of all of its previous leading officers whose views have been obtained. The names of its present president and of eleven of its ex-presidents, are appended to the above call. The time and place of holding the Convention were fixed upon at the suggestion of officers of the State Agricultural Society.

It is much to be hoped that the Convention will be well attended—notwithstanding the hurry, bustle and multiplied objects of interest which fill up the time of the State Fair. It was felt that these were not propitious accessories in securing a large attendance. A meeting at Syracuse, a few months earlier, would have called out thousands,—but it was feared that these thousands would mostly represent the central counties, and that the eastern and western ones would have comparatively little to do with it. The time of the Fair enables every part of the State to be conveniently represented.

We trust that the Convention will not be overlooked or forgotten by any of the sheep breeders, woolen manufacturers, other dealers or interested parties in wool, and public spirited farmers who are present at the State Fair. It is highly desirable that the attendance be as large and embrace as many affiliated interests as practicable. No man of enlarged views can desire to have the proposed Association narrowed down to one exclusively devoted to the interests of a single class of farmers.

Perhaps we are repeating some views expressed on a former occasion. If so, we trust that they will bear repetition.

COARSE WOOL SHEEP AT THE STATE FAIR.

THE remarkable dearth of cotton and the increased consumption of wool occasioned by the civil war, have enormously enhanced the demand for, and consequently prices of, the latter commodity. The high price of wool has naturally produced a corresponding effect on the prices of sheep and a prevalent desire to engage in breeding them. As a larger amount and value of wool for the amount of food consumed can be grown from the Merino than from any other breed—and as the Merino herds far better in large numbers than those improved mutton breeds which approach it most nearly as profitable wool producers—the extra demand for sheep growing out of the circumstances above named has, until recently, been almost exclusively directed to the Merino and its grades. But the price of mutton has at length made an advance corresponding with that of wool; and in localities and under circumstances where mutton sheep were more profitable than Merinos before the war, they have become so again. Those persons, in such localities, who have sacrificed well bred and choice flocks of mutton sheep because they were temporarily less profitable than

Various Topics.

THE PERPETUAL DAYLIGHT IN NORWAY.

THE farther north you go in voyaging along the Norwegian coast during the months of June and July, the brighter and longer becomes the daylight, until at last you arrive at the regions of perpetual day. The exquisite charm of this novel state of things is utterly beyond the comprehension of those who have not experienced it. Apart altogether from the gladdening influence of sunshine, there is something delightfully reckless in the feeling that there is no necessity whatever for taking note of the flight of time—no fear lest we should, while wandering together, or perchance alone, among the mountains, be overtaken by night. During several weeks we lived in the blaze of a long nightless day.

I do not use hyperbolic language when speaking of this perpetual daylight. During several weeks, after we had crossed the arctic circle, the sun descended little more than its own diameter below the horizon each night, so that it had scarcely set when it rose again, and the diminution of light was quite insignificant; it did not approach in the slightest degree to twilight. If I had been suddenly awakened during any of the twenty-four hours, in the cabin of the yacht, or in any place from which it was impossible to observe the position of the sun, I could not have told whether it was day or night! Having said that, it is almost superfluous to add that we could, even in the cabin, read the smallest print at midnight as easily as at noon-day. Moreover, a clear midnight was absolutely brighter than a cloudy forenoon.

Nevertheless, there was a distinct difference between night and day—a difference with which light had nothing to do. I am inclined to think that the incalculable myriads of minute and invisible creatures with which God has filled the solitudes of this world, even more largely than its inhabited parts, exercise a much more powerful influence on our senses than we suppose. During the day-time these teeming millions, bustling about in the activity of their tiny spheres, create an actual though unrecognizable noise. I do not refer to gnats and flies so much as to those atomic insects whose little persons are never seen, and whose individual voices are never heard, but whose collective hum is a fact that is best proved by the silence that follows its cessation. In the evening these all retire to rest, and night is marked by a deep, impressive stillness, which we are apt erroneously to suppose is altogether the result of that noisy giant man having betaken himself to his lair. Yet this difference between night and day was only noticeable when we were alone or very quiet; the preponderating noises resulting from conversation or walking were more than enough to dispel the sweet influence.

We were often very far wrong in our ideas of time. Once or twice, on landing and going into a hamlet on the coast, we have been much surprised to find the deepest silence reigning everywhere, and on peeping in at a window, to observe that the inhabitants were all abed, while the sun was blazing high in the heavens. Sometimes, too, on returning from a shooting or fishing expedition, I have seen a bush or tree full of small birds, each standing on one leg, with its head thrust under its wing and its round little body puffed up to nearly twice its usual size, and having thus been reminded that the hours for rest had returned. Of course a little observation and reflection would at any time have cleared up our minds as to whether day or night was on the wing—nevertheless, I state the simple truth when I say that we were often much perplexed, and sometimes ludicrously deceived, by the conversion of night into day.—*Yacht Voyage to Norway.*

BISHOP WHATELY'S BRAIN TONIC.

A HARD thinker, he required compensating sleep. Man from first to last is fighting a battle with death through the tissues. These are wasted by labor, but as long as they can be fully renewed by food, the man lives and is well. Otherwise he decays and dies. So with the brain; it weakens under continued protracted labor, particularly at night. Sleep restores it to strength and fresh inclination and capacity for work. If sleep fail to do this, or if sufficient sleep be not allowed for the repose and invigorating of the brain, its powers decay, and even insanity may supervene through overwork, especially at undue times. No one knew this better than Whately, who may be said to have slept as fast as he could. Idle people are not to take this as a justification of their sluggishness. When Whately felt fatigue from overtaxing the brain in the day-time, he would close his books, and a quarter of an hour after you might have seen the following instructive spectacle:

The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field to visit professionally some members of the archbishop's household at Redesdale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise to see an old laboring man in his shirt-sleeves felling a tree "after hours" in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly on his wrinkled face. "That laborer," replied Dr. Field, "whom you think the victim of prelatical despotism, is no other than the archbishop curing himself of a headache. When his grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe, and

slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant."—*Life of Whately.*

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

MR. CHARLES BABBAGE, in his second book of reminiscences under the title of "Passages in the Life of a Philosopher," relates the following anecdote of the poet Rogers and himself:—"Once at a large dinner party, Mr. Rogers was speaking of an inconvenience arising from the custom, then commencing, of having windows formed of one large sheet of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these single panes of plate-glass; it appeared to him that the window was wide open, and such was the force of imagination that he actually caught cold. It so happened that I was sitting just opposite to the poet. Hearing this remark, I immediately said, 'Dear me, how odd it is, Mr. Rogers, that you and I should make such a very different use of the faculty of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, having no night-cap I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread tightly round my head, I go to sleep imagining that I have a night-cap on, consequently I catch no cold at all.' This sally produced much amusement in all around, who supposed I had improvised it; but odd as it may appear, it is a practice I have often resorted to. Mr. Rogers, who knew full well the respect and regard I had for him, saw at once that I was relating a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited."

OLD BACHELORS.—In antiquity it was considered unpatriotic in a citizen to remain a bachelor all his days. By the Spartan laws, those citizens who remained bachelors after middle age were excluded from all offices, civic or military. At certain feasts they were exposed to public derision, and led round the market place. Although generally speaking age was deeply respected, yet this feeling was not manifested to old bachelors. "Why should I make way for you," said a Spartan youth to a grey-headed old bachelor, "who will never have a son to do me the same honor when I am old?" The Romans pursued the same policy toward bachelors. They had to pay extra and special taxes, and under Augustus a law was enacted by which bachelors were made incapable of acquiring legacies and devises of real estate by will, except from their near relatives.

War Literature.

A Deserter.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the RURAL the following written for the home circle of which he was a member, by a soldier who is now a prisoner in the hands of the rebels, "In memory of one remembered by few?"

In a grave, in the hillside, scooped in clay,
Far from his home and friends away,
They placed his body one wintry day—

No one who loved him, standing by—
No one to utter a wailing cry
Or e'en o'er his stark corpse breathe a sigh.

Never a word of fond regret—
Never a tear, his cold cheeks wet—
Never a kiss his cold lips met.

Stern and silent they laid him there,
Without a coffin, without a prayer,
While the snow fell thick through the frosty air.

God of Mercy! Why, O! why
Should a creature, formed in thine image high,
Be left alone, unloved, to die?

'Alas! the reason is soon, soon told.
Weary of marching, of hunger and cold,
He had deserted—the story is old.

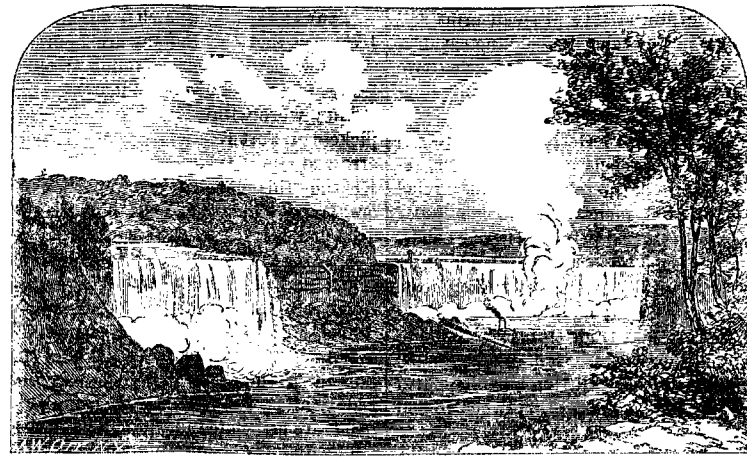
What cherished memories homeward drew,
Or Love's endearments, tender and true,
No one cared, or no one knew.

"Died in the guard-house"—true 'twas a shame,
A lasting stigma upon his name;
Yet I can pity—enough will blame.

The Soldiers' Truce.

RECENTLY an order was issued by Gen. Meade, forbidding unauthorized communication with the enemy. The men on both sides have been holding intercourse with each other for interchange of newspapers and the barter of coffee and tobacco. In this way a great deal of mischief was likely to result, as information of vital importance is always apt to leak out. The opposing lines of rifle-pits, it must be borne in mind, are not a hundred yards apart—in some parts of the line much closer. For any portion of the body to be exposed, the penalty is certain wounding, if not death. But the men are utterly weary of loading and firing. They have kept up this heavy skirmishing for days, and no visible advantage has been gained by either side. The fire gradually slackens. Officers become careless about urging the men to their work. A tacit and magnetic spell influences with equal power our own men and their mortal enemies. It is very curious. The combatants are entirely hidden from each other's sight. The last shot is fired, and the lull in the battle storm is perfect. Adventurous spirits on both sides cautiously raise their heads above the earth-works:—"How are you, Johnny?" "How are you, Yank?" are questions usually banded. "Won't you shoot?" says one. "No," says the other:—"Well, 'we won't," chime in all, and immediately the parapets are swarmed with the men who were concealed and protected behind them.

Out jumped the fellows from the rifle-pits, and putting down their guns, stretched their

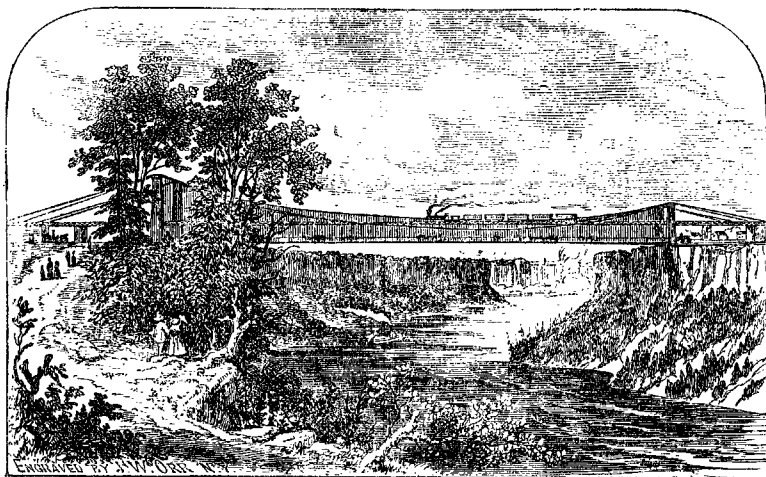


NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS have become classic! They will hereafter remain so! Has not "Colorado Jewett," the messenger of the Ministers of Peace, contributed to this result? And does not the "Correspondence" which passed between "H. G." and JOHN HAY, of the first part, and Messrs. HOLCOMBE and CLAY, of the second part, forever determine the classic character of this great fall? And what a fall is there, O countrymen! Did not BLONDIN, and is not FARINI piling up its classical fame? Has not VALLANDIGHAM and SANDERS, and hosts of other notabilities—not to say notoriety—contributed to this classic pillar which newsmongers and penny-a-liners, "special correspondents" and "special dispatches" have been

rearing? The Falls, abstractly, were once the theme of monographists; but now events have carved a place for Niagara Falls in American History that shall be as enduring as the walls of rock over which the waters of the lakes flow.

Because of the added classic importance and interest which just now attaches to them, and because of the probability that many of our readers are either too short, (of funds,) or too sensible to follow the sweltering crowd of fashion thither, we have determined to illustrate this page of the RURAL with the two great features of Nature and Art to be seen there—the world-renowned Falls of Niagara and the celebrated Niagara Suspension Bridge.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE—NIAGARA FALLS.

cramped forms upon the grass. Sharpshooters covertly slide down from their perches in the trees and loiter in utter abandon. Trade is quickly opened, and all sorts of commodities are exchanged. The men have been pleasure in their singular armistice, bantering each other sharply, and never out-stepping the half-way line which separates their respective fortifications.

Suddenly the cry is raised—"Run back, Johnny's," or "Run back, Yanks," just as it happens to be, "we're going to shoot," and the hostilities begin again. It is always understood, however, that the first shot shall be aimed high, and the veriest dawdler gets back to shelter safely. While this fraternal scene is being enacted on one limited part of the line, the battle rages hotly at other portions of the extended front, which measures by miles. Was ever such strange warfare known before? It is easy enough to see, however, that these anomalous episodes may be abused. The rebels availed themselves of such a truce the other day to strengthen a battery which had been reduced to silence, and had kept still for nearly a week. The work, consequently, has had to be done over again.

"Here's your Mule."

In the battle of Stone River a raw Hoosier recruit in one of Groose's regiments got interested in the fight. It was the first time he had smelled fire. He had been long enough in the army to learn its slang; and he used it zealously. The fellow fought like a tiger. He loaded in a good deal less time, than "nine times," and fired whenever he could see a head. His whole soul was in it. Every time he leveled and fired, he shouted:

"Here's your mule," snap, bang, "here's your mule!"

About the twentieth round a rebel sharpshooter struck him in the left arm. He looked at the wound with amazement, and with a short spasm, ejaculated:

"They've shot me!"

Then laying down his musket carefully and stripping off his accoutrements, he also laid them down deliberately and ran to the rear with frantic energy. It was evident that "here's your mule," had stampeded. The officer who described the affair said that it was the most ludicrous incident he had ever witnessed on a battle field. "Rosey" laughed at it until tears rolled down his cheeks.

The Air is Full of Tidings.

Two officers, wounded in the battle of the 20th, before Petersburg, were going home last Friday by the Erie route. When the train neared Owego, a well-dressed lady, accompanied by a child and a gentleman, entered the car and took the seat in front of them. As the officers talked over the recent engagements at Petersburg, informing each other of various acquaintances who had fallen, one remarked "there was Capt. Warwick, of the 180th New York, as brave a fellow as ever lived; he was shot through the head and instantly killed." The

lady referred to immediately sprang from her seat, and throwing up her hands, exclaimed:—"Oh, don't say that, he was my husband," and then burst into an agony of tears. This was the first intelligence she had received of her husband's death. The child with her was his daughter, and the gentleman his brother. There were very few dry eyes in that car during the rest of the journey to Elmira.

A Yankee Trick.

I STATED in a letter how Barlow's division swept the ground before them on Friday morning—how the enemy's reserve came up before their did, and forced out of their grasp position, prisoners, rebel guns and rebel flags—and how they at last entrenched in advance of the line of the night before. In those intrenchments they have now burrowed two days, no man standing erect save at his peril, all living on hard bread and water, for it is impossible in those narrow trenches to prepare meat and coffee. Naturally the time hangs a little heavily when, as sometimes happens, nothing that may be shot at is seen for an hour and a half.

During one of these intervals this morning, one man conceived a brilliant scheme, which, unfolded to his comrades, was instantly adopted. Every man loads his piece and points it over the parapet, or through one of the many small port-holes made by placing ammunition boxes in the wall. Then the author of the plan begins to shout orders, as though commanding at least a brigade:

"Colonel, connect your line with the 47th!" "Give away to the right!" "Close ranks!" "Right dress!" "Fix bayonets!" "Double-quick!" "Ch-a-a-ge!"

Instantly Five hundred men rise into plain sight behind the rebel works, expecting to see an advancing line. Not so, but five hundred men from safe cover fire upon them on the instant. The volley, which must have inflicted terrible loss, is followed up with cheers and jeers, laughter, and much chaffing, as "What do y' think o' Yankee tricks?" "That's the way John Brown's soul marches on." "No use o' baitin' hooks when you're fishin' for gudgeons."

The trick has been repeated several times during the day, with ingenious variations, always to crowded houses, and always eliciting much applause from the performers.

About Gen. Weitzel.

AFTER the glorious exhibition of the fighting qualities of the negro last week, he was heard to say:—"This war is as good as settled, the negroes will fight, and Baldy Smith says so." Up to that time General Smith was supposed to distrust negro soldiers. During one of the engagements on this front a soldier cried out to General Weitzel, "General, a Johnny has got me prisoner! Come out here and save me." The General sprang out; presented his pistols, released the man, and brought in the rebel, who begged him not to shoot, and was astonished beyond measure when he learned the rank of his captor.

Reading for the Young.

THE LITTLE BOY'S DREAM.

LAST night, when I was in bed,
Such fun it seemed to me;
I dreamt that I was grandpapa,
And grandpapa was me.

I thought I wore a powdered wig,
Drab shorts and gaiters buff,
And took, without a single sneeze,
A double pinch of snuff.

But he was such a tiny boy,
And dressed in baby clothes;
And I thought I smacked his face, because
He wouldn't blow his nose.

And I went walking up the street,
And he ran by my side;
And because I walked too fast for him,
My goodness, how he cried!

And after tea I washed his face,
And when his prayers were said,
I blew the candle out, and left
Poor grandpapa in bed.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, yet I generally carried my point."

Character creates confidence in men in high stations as well as in humble life. It is said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gate unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket, or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of the old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto Virtue that can serve her without a livery."

When Stephen, of Colonna, fell into the hands of base assassants, and they asked him in derision "Where now is your fortress?"—"Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest luster; and when all else fails, he takes a stand upon his integrity and courage.

Virtue is a power for good in itself. On the other hand knowledge is power for good only as it is allied to virtue. Unsacred knowledge is often a dangerous instrumentality, while unlettered virtue is a tower of strength to society. A character in its nearest perfection, combines the two,—virtue—religion—and knowledge. These form the safeguard of a nation, and are objects of the highest importance in the State.

Young men should early lay the foundations of a good character—lay them deep in integrity and truth—so deep that the storms of life shall not prevail to overthrow them. Thus shall they find favor in the eyes of their fellow men.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

LITTLE children, don't lose your playthings. Let them not be scattered to the winds or broken by careless hands, or crushed by hurried feet. They may become, in your man and womanhood, most precious "water-marks" of your childhood. You will love to look at them, to handle them, and to caress them softly, for they shall be precious letters to you from a far country, and sweet voices from out the silent past. So put them away—the books and the toys—when they have done their services, whether of instruction or diversion; cover them up carefully, and bestow them in some safe and sacred nook to go and look at sometimes when the eyes you bend over them will be a little sadder, and the heart beneath a little—nay, it is likely a great deal, heavier than it is now—pray God a great deal riper and better.

HOURS OF SADNESS.—Though youth be a season of jollity, yet it is in hours of sadness that the man is most strongly reminded of the days of yore. The deep feeling of melancholy is the only one that extends like a clue through life; that blends present, past and future, into one, and places our identity palpably before us. It is the point at which we all feel at home; and when, after intervals of apathy and distraction, we return to it, it seems as if life like time, were but a series of revolutions, and at certain periods found itself at the very goal from whence it first started.

A BIRD STORY.—A Boston paper tells this little bird story:—"A pair of robins whose twitter enlivens the groves of Newburyport, have manifested their love for 'the land of their birth' and their loyalty to the Union by weaving into the fabric of their nest for this season a paper copy of the American flag, 'red, white and blue,' and inserting beneath it a brass thimble, mouth upward like a mortar. Doubtless to serve for its defence. The nest, we are sorry to say, was robbed of four eggs and knocked from its perch by some mischievous boys."

