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{WHOLE NO. 763.

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.

Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

Paper and Cloth from Corn Husks.

MORE than a year ago we received samples of paper and a material somewhat resembling gunnies, from Austria, through the agency of a friend. We see it announced now that the Agricultural Department has received further samples of the result of efforts to give corn-husk fiber an economic value. A package has been received which embraces paper apparently equal to the finest linen paper, and evidently superior in point of durability. Some of it is thought to be a good substitute for parchment. Specimens of colored paper are remarkable for their evenness and delicacy. Tissue paper, very light and transparent, is included; tracing and drawing papers, preferred by artists to those of English and French manufacture; cigarette papers, black and brown; flower paper, in beautiful colors, for the making of artificial flowers; silk paper of several qualities—in all sixty samples of paper, thick and thin, white and colored, substantially useful and delicately ornamental. They constitute a wonder of ingenuity, and illustrate the power of invention to create new forms from common materials and the utility of patient effort in developing the perfection of skill in industry.

"Nor is this all. Bleached and unbleached crash, of several kinds, are exhibited, from the same material, the fiber of corn husks (the outer covering of the ear, called, in our Southern States, *shucks*.) But, perhaps the most successful results, in heavy fabrics, is oil cloth for floors, of which two different colors are shown, both apparently of superior durability.

"The process of paper-making has been for several years in development. The spinning and weaving of maize fiber was commenced late in 1862. Both processes have been patented in Austria and other European countries, and in this country.

"These results have been attained under the direction of Dr. Chevalier Auer de Welsback, director of the imperial printing establishment at Vienna, and superintendent of the imperial paper mills at Schögelmuhi, Austria.

"All portions of the husk are converted into paper-stuff, spinning-stuff, or husk meal, which is mixed with common flour. Nineteen per cent. of paper fiber, ten of spinning material, and eleven of feed stuff are obtained, together making forty per cent., leaving a refuse of sixty per cent., much of it fine fiber and gluten, which may yet be filtered and utilized.

"Nor does the invention, even in its infancy, lack the important element of profit. An expenditure of 278,740 florins in its manufacture yielded a gross return of 379,000 florins, and a net profit of 105,260 florins, exclusive of rent and use of capital employed."

Hen-Lice and Gapes in Chickens.

A CORRESPONDENT writes the *Colonial Farmer*, "I set it down for granted some years since, that if hatching hens could be kept from hen-lice, the chicks would not take the gapes or pips, and to prevent that, I found by experi-

ments that to kill the lice off the hens as soon as they come off with their broods, is a sure preventive to gapes in their chickens. A correspondent of the *Rural Advertiser* says, to cure gapes, "take a teaspoonful of ground black pepper, moistened and mixed with a pint of corn meal, and given twice a week or oftener if necessary. It is a preventive as well as cure."

Sowing Rye Among Corn.

In the West it is the practice among many excellent farmers to sow winter rye among the corn, about these days. And we have never yet found a farmer who practiced it who thought it injured the corn crop to any extent, or who regarded the practice unprofitable. The grain is scattered among the corn, a horse is muzzled and attached to a light cultivator by a short whiffletree, and the grain is cultivated in.

This cultivation is regarded as of great service to the corn crop. By the time the corn is ready to cut up, the rye will have grown to yield good pasturage. But its chief value in the sections where this practice most obtains—Central Illinois—is as a winter and early spring pasturage—affording abundance of excellent food for young stock. Then in spring it is found to be no disadvantage to a subsequent crop to plow it under. It is an excellent preparatory crop, cleaning the ground—preventing, by its strong growth among the corn, the development of late weeds.

In some cases it is allowed to occupy the ground and mature its seed, and yields of from fifteen to twenty-five bushels per acre are obtained after it has served as fall and winter forage. From what we have seen and heard of the good results following this practice, we think we are safe in commending it to all farmers who grow corn—in the East as well as in the West.

Ask for Demonstration.

WE are an exceedingly credulous people, notwithstanding our proverbial sharpness. We have got so accustomed to wonderful inventions and ideas that we are prepared to believe anything possible without opening either our eyes or mouths wider than usual. The more improbable the plan, project or pretension the more audacious and sublime our faith in its possibility—the more we are willing to take for granted, and the more greedily do we swallow it. A garrulous "agent," with loud-mouthed assertion and unlimited impudence, will impress us and convince us, while we make no demand for demonstration.

By "we" is meant the mass of farmers. How many can you count in your neighborhood who do not pay more money annually for *humbug*, in one shape or another, than they pay for taxes and agricultural papers? If you can count five out of one hundred, you live in a smarter neighborhood than the average.

A picture of a highly colored fruit with a jaw-breaking name—a photograph of a *drawing* of a wonderful live fence—an engraving of a remarkably *caared* hill of corn—a fac-simile of the ram who sired the sheep-peddler's Merinos—a printed pedigree of an itinerant breeder's bull—the sworn statement of some supposed Consul to the wonderful value of some *long-haired* goat—the affidavit of some politician to the measurement of somebody's seedling—the certificate of some imbecile fossil to the medicinal properties of "Wine-plant" wine—the *manifest* potency of somebody's pills—the portraits of ladies dressed for the drawing-room indulging in the delightful recreation of doing their own washing with somebody's washing machine—the credible assertion that somebody's churn will make forty pounds of butter from twenty pounds of cream in the twinkling of an eye, and not half try—the philosophically demonstrated fact that the smaller the quantity of fuel you feed somebody's stove the greater amount of heat you will derive from it, and the more marvelous the work you can do about it—all these, and ten thousand other equally nutritious morsels, are served up and swallowed with a relish which gratifies greatly the caterers to the people's wants and tastes who exact pay down for their disinterested services.

The season of the Fairs is at hand. At these Fairs swarm these insects in great numbers. Their buzzing is unmistakable. They do not confine themselves to the mass of people. They pay especial attention to committees. They are fond of the honey of official commendation. They delight in diplomas. They cringe meekly for medals. Our object is to ask committees and

each good reader, to demand demonstration of these worthies—both at the Fairs and on the farms they may visit. Let the alternative be demonstration or security in case of failure. Such an alternative will rejoice all honest men—all who are depending upon merit for success, while it will sweep away the swindling trash of the swindlers. Ask for demonstration.

FARMER GARRULOUS TALKS.

NOW, JOHN, I've a word to say. I have been told that a man should not say anything unless he has something to say. But, as 'Squire PERTIFOGGER would say, that's paradoxical; for how can a man say anything who has nothing to say? Such talk is what I call cheap wisdom. "What have I got to say?" A good deal. You know I rode over to Captain BENJAMIN DURHAM-BREEDER'S place, the other day, to look at some of his young stock. And when I travel I always aim to learn something with my eyes. I was not unsuccessful. I saw some things which reminded me of what I ought to do as soon as I got home. And now, by way of enforcing the lesson, I want you to yoke the oxen and draw up that mower, and we will pack it away under the shed. Last year you did this little job for me, but you did not do it right. True, you stored it away under shelter, but that is not all that should be done. I want it cleaned before it is put away—cleaned of the dust, and grit, and grease—especially the boxes. Take out the cutting-bar, oil it and lay it up where it will be kept dry. Tighten up all the bolts on the machine. And if there are any missing, see that they are supplied before you are a week older. The fact is, the machine should be thoroughly put in repair before it is stored away for winter. Every wearing part should be oiled; and then, whenever we want to use it, it is ready. I do not believe in storing machinery in a disabled state.

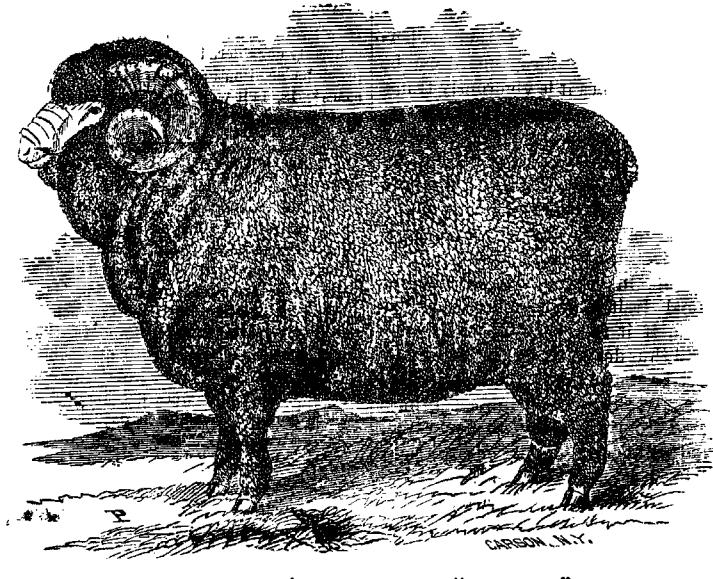
You know it is against my rule to leave a hay-rake out after haying is done. I counted three rakes on the farm of JOHN SMASHUM, laying out there in the field. One was new this season, one two years ago and the other four years ago. SMASHUM says manufacturers don't put good timber in their tools—that it's brackish and brittle, and don't last more than two seasons. Don't you know that horse-rake of mine is ten years old, and good for ten years more to-day, with the repairs I can cheaply give it?

And I saw SMASHUM'S corn-plow standing in the furrow between the corn-rows, where he left it two weeks ago. And I'm just as sure to be President of the United States as that plow is to be removed from its present position before next April, unless somebody steals it or buys it for old iron. And there are two good scythes hanging in that old cherry tree, and a new rake against the corn-barn, under its eaves, and three hoes hanging on the fence by the garden gate, and the fanning-mill, half covered with semi-decayed chaff, is under the barn eaves, and the sleds are turned out to commons by the road-side.

I tell you, JOHN, these are great leaks, even in a fast sailing ship. And seeing these things, I came home determined to caulk up any I might find about my premises. And the first thing I saw was that mower. Take care of it. And if you find a bolt broken, a pin gone, or a screw loose, about these premises, don't you stop to ask questions, but *reform* the situation at once.

—Another thing. I see those editors are making a great blow about the State Fair. I think there is a good deal of humbug about fairs generally, but I like to go and ask questions. And it is not best to go without taking something to show. And as a farmer, I was ashamed of the exhibition of farm products at the last fair I attended. I made up my mind I would not go again empty-handed. We will take over some of that white wheat, those potatoes, a bundle of that *fax* we grew when we sowed two bushels per acre; and another sample of that grown where only one bushel was sown; also some of those tobacco hills; a sample of those chickory roots; and some beans—if we can not beat the State with beans, I'm beat, that's all! So just keep your eyes wide open, and see that the right kind of samples are ready.

Now I'll go down and calculate about getting out some of that muck. We want a big supply this winter, and now is the time to get it.



MR. DOUGLAS' MERINO RAM "MONITOR."

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.

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.

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|----------------------|------------------|
| A. B. ALLEN | New York |
| HORACE ALLEN | Venice Center |
| LEWIS F. ALLEN | Black Rock |
| RICHARD H. ALLEN | New York |
| ALEXANDER ARNOLD | Avoca |
| E. AULLS | Wheeler |
| ALLEN H. AVERY | Manlius |
| T. C. BAILY | Aldion |
| LUTHER BAKER | Lafayette |
| WILLIAM BEEBE | Easton's Neck |
| S. M. BARKER | North Hector |
| E. B. BLOOD | Italy Hill |
| E. BROWN | New Hope |
| H. T. BROOKS | Pearl Creek |
| CHESTER BAKER | Lafayette |
| L. BRAUNER | South Danaville |
| A. B. COONER | Waldberg |
| ELON COMSTOCK | New York |
| CHARLES COOK | Havana |
| SAMUEL CHEEVER | Waterford |
| EDMUND O. CLAPP | Manlius |
| E. G. COOK | Ellisburgh |
| WM. CHAMBERLAIN | Red Hook |
| EZRA CORNELL | Utica |
| A. H. CLAPP | Manlius |
| WM. COCKBURN | Kingston |
| S. W. COLE | Friendship |
| N. M. DART | N. Harpersfield |
| JAMES M. ELLIS | Syracuse |
| ELIAS H. FINE | Falmouth |
| THEODORE S. FAYTON | Utica |
| GEORGE GEDDES | Fairmount |
| JAMES GEDDES | Fairmount |
| WM. H. GLEASON | Sag Harbor |
| OSCAR GRANGER | Saratoga Springs |
| ROBERT GOWDY | Lowville |
| BENJ. N. HUNTINGTON | Rome |
| WM. M. HOLMES | Greenwich |
| I. HEALY | South Danaville |
| CHARLES H. HULL | New Lebanon |
| C. HATCHEL | Monticello |
| JAMES H. HULL | Hawleyton |
| BENJ. P. JOHNSON | Albany |
| ORANGE JUDD | New York |
| JOHN JOHNSTON | Geneva |
| WILLIAM KELLY | Rhinebeck |
| JOHN A. KING | Jamaica |
| L. B. LANGWORTHY | Rochester |
| ROBERT M. LYON | Bath |
| A. LARROWE | Wheeler |
| L. G. MORRIS | Fordham |
| CHESTER MOSES | Marcellus |
| OTTO F. MARSHALL | Wheeler |
| D. T. MOORE | Rochester |
| D. A. MORRISON | Montgomery |
| FRANKLIN J. MARSHALL | Wheeler |
| EZRA P. PRENTICE | Albany |
| T. C. PETERS | Darien |
| B. B. PATTLEY | Napies |
| A. G. PENNY | Newark |
| GEORGE W. PINE | Berkimer |
| J. W. PERRY | North Hoodale |
| WALTON ROBINSON | New York |
| FRY S. RANDALL | Cortland Village |
| JAMES T. REMER | Penn Yan |
| JAMES O. SHELTON | Geneva |
| IRA SPENCER | De Ruyter |
| M. M. SMITH | Lowville |
| JOHN M. SHERWOOD | Auburn |
| LINLEY SHERWOOD | Newark |
| N. SHERWOOD | Italy Hill |
| T. C. SAILLY | Pfaltzburgh |
| A. T. D. JR. | Ontario |
| HENRY TEN EYCK | Cazenovia |
| CHARLES TALLMAN | Syracuse |
| A. S. TAYLOR | Le Roy |
| W. W. TAYLOR | Fayetteville |
| WINFLOO C. WATSON | Keesauville |
| J. WHITE | Italy Hill |
| ISAAC J. WHITNEY | Clarkson |
| LORENZO WEBBER | Orange |

MR. DOUGLAS' MERINO SHEEP.

MR. F. D. Douglas, Shroham, Addison Co., Vermont, writes us the following account of the pedigree of his ram "Monitor," a cut of which accompanies this article!

"In the fall of 1860, which was a year of famine in this section, I took thirty-two ewes of the widow of ERASTUS ROBINSON, to keep upon shares. They were bred by her husband, and were the best of the flock left her at his death. "Monitor" was from one of those ewes, and dropped in the spring of 1861, and was consequently three years old last spring. His dam was got by the celebrated Old Robinson ram.—The sire of "Monitor" was "Old Black," a ram owned by Col. BELA HOWE, HIRAM RICH and myself. "Old Black's" dam was a superior Pauler ewe. He was got by "Greasy," owned by Mr. A. L. BINGHAM, of Cornwall, Vt., who purchased him, at a then high price, of Mr. DAVID CUTTING, of this town, by whom he was bred. He was from his first choice of Pauler ewes, and got by the celebrated Wooster ram bred by HAMMOND.

"The dam of "Monitor" did badly during the season that he followed her, and the result was that he was very small, and required good care to carry him through the first winter, but since then he has been very hardy. His first fleece weighed 9 pounds and 13 ounces, his second 18 pounds and 4 ounces, his third 22 pounds and 4 ounces. His weight of body after his last fleece was shorn, was 101 pounds. He has a long, even staple, and is unusually well covered in every particular, his face being much more heavily woolled than the likeness indicates, though the cut is a very perfect representation in all respects, of the animal at the time it was taken.

Whatever may be the arguments in favor of the in-and-in breeding of the American Merino as a general practice, I am firmly of the opinion that an occasional intelligent cross of the two great families is uniformly attended with favorable results."

CHANGING THE FORMS OF ANIMALS.

AN Ohio correspondent asked us, a few weeks since, "how the wide tail and flank are produced on Merino sheep?" He meant those tails and flanks, now frequently seen, (and which are regarded as "fashionable points" by breeders and fanciers,) which are greatly wider than those of the original Spanish Merino—the former being covered with small folds or wrinkles, and the latter also plaited or corrugated by a redundancy of loose skin.

The origin of all such peculiarities, not natural to the breed or variety when kept pure, is in chance or accident. Modes of keeping or treatment may, indeed, modify certain natural characteristics, and some of these affect form. We imagine, for example, that it would be difficult to preserve a very rotund carcass, if a race of animals was kept half starved for a number of generations. Well sprung ribs are not necessary to contain, nor are they supported in the natural way by, empty viscera. But we neither know nor can conceive of any feed or treatment which would specifically tend to give the tail or flank the peculiar conformation under investigation. We venture to say that neither BAKER, WELL, HAMMOND, nor any other of those great

Ladies' Department.

MY AULD WIFE.

BY SHEEMAN SMITH.

O, DINNA say her bonnie face Is altered by the touch o' Time; Nor say her form has lost the grace, The matchless grace that marked its prime. To me she's fairer, lovelier now Than crowned wi' bloom o' early days; For changefu' years have only made More winsome all her looks and ways.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TRUE SKETCH.

BUT a few years since I saw her made a bride. But few were there, for it was a poor man's outgaze; yet the perfect neatness which reigned throughout, and the simple but tasteful arrangement of the only ornaments—flowers—showed a keen appreciation of the beautiful, seldom found in so humble a sphere. My father had been summoned, as the nearest clergyman, and thus I was permitted to witness, for the first time, the marriage ceremony. With what childish curiosity I gazed, as she, the darling of her aged parents, was led forth from her own little room by him to whom she was about to pledge her all. Parian marble was not whiter than her chiseled brow, and the slight hand that rested on his arm was perfect in its symmetry.

sanction, and it must disappear, for she, like "truth, is mighty and will prevail." Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 1864. M. E. B. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TIRED.

Do you know what it is to be tired?—to sink out of life, and love, and hope, with scarce a sense of want and none of suffering, into nothingness?—to try to think, and see the workings of your brain grow faint and dull, and be roused to find you had forgotten all? If you have been sick, you can pity the poor, feverish wretch, tossing on a couch whose softest feather is a thorn,—but if you have never been tired, you are only half human yet.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

TWO charming women were discussing, one day, what it is which constitutes beauty, in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful members whose merits they were discussing. A gentleman friend presented himself, and by common consent the question was referred to him. It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented for his examination, he replied at last:—"I give it up—the question is too hard for me; but ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives."

VERY plain but clever women, who are restlessly conscious of their plainness, will decline to adopt the attitude of humiliation, but discharge their impressions with a bang, like the bolts of a cross-bow, in a way that shows they almost triumph in disregarding the etiquettes of social snavity; but, after all, they are better worth talking to, and will generally succeed more entirely in getting out of themselves, and changing for a time the moral atmosphere they carry about with them, than those who lose half the singleness of their aims in studying pretty attitudes, or in watching the effect of each drop in the healing stream of conversation. Conscious beauty, and conquering ease of carriage, in man or woman, ooze out in a mannerism that generally awakens, and always ought to awaken, a sort of reactionary thirst for hard, healthy hitting.

HATTIE of St Charles, Illinois, asks:—"If a married woman gets a divorce what is her legal name—in other words, what name has she a right to sign to any document, her maiden name or her husband's name? Is she Mrs. or Miss?" Once divorced, she of course resumes her maiden name and title. She has no longer any right to her former husband's name, and is no longer Mrs. The knot which gave her these has been untied. The same correspondent asks who CHARLES MARTEL was. CHARLES MARTEL was the duke of Austrasia, Mayor of the palace of the French King, son of PEPIN of Heristal by his mistress ALPAIDA. He was born in 659 and died in 741. His name, MARTEL, was given by the Moslems, against whom he prosecuted a vigorous war in 721, and signifies "hammer."

WHAT do the RURAL readers think of the following paragraph from Miss EVANS, in her work "Macaria":—"Noble wives, who properly appreciate the responsibility of their position, should sternly rebuke and frown down the disgraceful idea, which seems to be gaining ground and favor in cities, that married women may, with impunity, seek attentions and admiration abroad. Married belles and married beaux are not harmless, nor should they be tolerated in really good society. Women who so far forget their duties to their homes and husbands, and the respect due to public opinion, as to habitually seek for happiness in the mad world of so-called fashionable life, ignoring household obligations, should be driven from well-bred, refined circles, to hide their degradation at the firesides they have disgraced."

The nurses sent out by the Army Relief Association will wear a neat uniform, consisting of a blue jacket with bright buttons, a tunic of moderate length, (Indian style and no hoops,) and pants. The costume will be appropriate, modest, and much more convenient than the usual female dress for a nurse in attendance at the hospitals.

A Mlle P., in Paris, advertises a salve for the production of a slight down on the lips of ladies, a little moustache, so great is the favor the hair on the upper lip of woman is received with in France.

A VILLAGE belle, somewhat straitened in financial resources, remarked that she could get along without stockings, so long as she wore fashionable dresses, but a bosom pin and kid gloves she must have.

The scesah ladies of the town of Morgan, Kentucky, feel very unpleasantly—they recently kissed a Federal officer by mistake, supposing him to be a rebel.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SONG OF TIME.

I glide along with my laugh and song As swiftly as ever can be, And evening shades, as daylight fades, I ever am bringing with me. You may hide the hours in fairy bowers, But I quickly steal them away, For I love to trace the welcome face Of every new-born day!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OPPOSITION.

A CERTAIN amount of opposition every man is destined to meet in his journey through life; and upon the way he meets it—whether he overcomes opposition or allows it to overcome him—depends his success or failure, as the case may be. Man's entire existence, from the morning of life till the sunset of death, is one unintermitted scene of conflict, and upon his conduct in this conflict rests his ultimate fate, be it for weal or be it for woe. The world has been aptly compared to a great battle-field upon which man, in some way or other, is continually warring with his fellows; and it does often appear that unless he is well armed and equipped with selfishness and knavery he cannot hold his own. But, in reality, unless he shows a goodly amount of courage, firmness and perseverance, he will cut but a sorry figure on the stage of life.

We must, all of us, meet opposition in whatever vocation we pursue, and the sooner we make up our minds to meet it fairly and squarely, bravely and well, the better it will be for us. We cannot escape difficulties. They are strewn thickly around us in the walks of life. It is useless to try to back out of them or to go around them. They can't be avoided. The best plan is to bundle up courage and climb right over them. We sometimes read of cloudless skies and sunny climes, where all is ease, plenty and peace, and where the stream of life flows gently on, untroubled by a single breath of passion or discord; but who under Heaven ever found those regions? They exist only in the fevered imagination of poets and Platonic philosophers, who are ever dreaming life away, and who never wake up to its stern realities. The earth since our first parent's fall is no longer a garden of Paradise; she (the earth) is laboring under a curse, and everywhere puts forth her thorns in obedience to her Maker's angry word.

We find difficulties in every thing, difficulties everywhere. The very air we breathe is tainted with them. Where is the man we cannot point out and say, "he is laboring under difficulties?" But a certain amount of opposition is often a very great help to a man. It teaches him what life is and how to live in earnest. Nothing is better calculated to wake up his "sleeping energies" and to set him to thinking and to working, than difficulties. They call forth his resources and try his metal. The fierce armies of Gaul and Britain gave CÆSAR his skill. The snowy Alps made HANNIBAL the greatest general in history. The greatest man is he who overcomes the greatest difficulties. It is utter folly to say that circumstances make the man. No one was ever greatly benefited by circumstances. There is no such thing as luck, good, bad or indifferent. It is all humbug. Every man, under God, has his destiny in his own hands, and he is emphatically the architect of his own fortune. If he does not carve out for himself a worthy salvation in life it is his own fault. Difficulties are thrown in his way, but he always has the power, if he has the will, to overcome them. Then let no man trust his fortune to luck. Nothing but labor will accomplish any thing. Labor and perseverance conquer every thing, surmount every obstacle, bear down every opposition, overcome every difficulty.

Glendale, Ohio, 1864.

BASE men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them.—Shakspeare.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALEXANDER DUMAS tells the following story concerning VICTOR HUGO, Lord PALMERSTON and himself, which is interesting, whether true or not:—"Some months before my departure for Spain, I was with VICTOR HUGO, at a grand evening reception given by the Duc DE CASES at the Luxembourg. Lord PALMERSTON came to this reception. The Duke presented to him the political personages who swarmed in his saloon. But as we were only poets and romance-writers, the presentation of VICTOR HUGO and myself was forgotten. We consoled ourselves by chatting away a portion of the evening in a corner of the saloon. It appears that Lord PALMERSTON had inquired who were the two misanthropic beings that thus chatted together; they had told him our names, but not being presented, English etiquette positively forbade him to address a word to us. This is what occurred. Our two arm chairs, that of VICTOR HUGO and mine were touching each other.

The Duc de G— came to me and said: "I do not know what is Lord PALMERSTON'S object, but he wishes that for a moment you should sit upon the arm chair which is to your right, and thus leave vacant the one upon which you are at present sitting." I was satisfied to salute Lord PALMERSTON from my place and to do as he desired. Lord PALMERSTON then arose, took Lady PALMERSTON by the hand and led her with marked solemnity to the vacant chair, seated her, and pointed with his finger to the clock. "My lady," said he, "have the kindness to tell me the hour?" "It is a quarter past eleven, my lord." "Well, my lady," replied his lordship, "always remember that at a quarter past eleven, in the evening of this day, you had the honor of being seated between Messrs. VICTOR HUGO and ALEXANDER DUMAS, who are two of the first literary characters of France, an honor which, during your life, you may never have again. Come my lady." My lady arose, and with the same solemnity as they came, he reconducted her to her place, without address to either of us a single word.

Some Washington correspondent thus describes Dr. Breckinridge of Ky., whose unflinching loyalty to the Union has given his name a place in the history of the Country:—"Dr. Breckinridge is but a small man, say five feet nine in height and of one hundred and fifty-five pounds weight in his prime. He reminded me of nothing else so much as of a terrier dog. Trim, compact, alive in every square inch, with small hands, narrow face, low forehead projecting far over the eyes, hollow and hairy cheeks, iron-gray beard hanging on his breast and snowy white at the end, short and white and bristly moustache, long and bushy gray eyebrows, dark and sunken eyes, flaming out from the sides of his spectacles, resolute mouth, you guess from the line of his lips, nose broad in the nostril and slightly raised in the bridge and sharpish in the end, with an abundance of semi-gray hair, ramblingly parted a little to the left of the middle and falling irregularly on his forehead—that is a picture of the man as he stood there yesterday. As I said before—I thought of a terrier when I looked at him. Always ready, untiring, fertile in expedients, loving a front-to-front encounter, too watchful to be flanked, quick to see an enemy's weakness, infinitely scornful of a meanness, magnanimous to the last degree, vigilant, canny, having much tact, slow to comprehend a defeat, self-reliant—that is the picture of the man as he stood there yesterday.

THE Emperor LOUIS NAPOLEON, says a Paris letter, takes matters uncommonly cool, and seems to grow fatter and older in the utmost tranquility of mind and body. "I saw him the other day at a private view of the annual exhibition of paintings, walking about with his little boy and showing him the pictures. He has become so corpulent that his figure is quite short and rotund, giving him, with his long nose, a strong resemblance to PUNCH. He looked as he generally does, very good humored, with both hands as well as his little cane stuck in the pockets of his overcoat. I saw him take his son up to a painting of NAPOLEON I. on his return from Elba, and point out and explain to him all the incidents. But the boy did not display much admiration. He is very like his mother, and seems soft and gentle, without much life or vigor. Presently the Empress also came into the saloon to complete the family party, wearing her petticoats exceedingly short, in order to display the pretty boots and tassels reaching half way up the leg, which the Parisian ladies now delight in. To see them all three standing together makes one think of the strange fortunes past and present of the parents, and ponder on what would be the future destiny of the child."

THE design for the Gettysburg monument, awarded to MR. JAMES G. BATTERSON, of Hartford, is as follows:—"A solid white marble base with four buttresses, each supporting a statue representing respectively, History, War, Peace and Plenty. From the center rises a shaft of marble, crowned with a colossal bronze statue of the Goddess of Liberty fifteen feet high. The height of the monument will be fifty feet, and the cost will be fifty thousand dollars.

Archbishop WHEATELY when preaching has been known in the height of his argument to get his leg over the pulpit. He was an inveterate smoker, was usually accompanied by three favorite dogs, whom he had taught various tricks, and was a thorough believer in clairvoyance and Mesmerism.

Lord PALMERSTON in a recent debate grew angry, "threw a blue book across the table at Lord JOHN MANNERS, and left the house in a huff."

GOLDSCHMIDT, the husband of Jenny Lind, is writing articles in London in favor of the Danes.

Sabbath Musings.

CHARITY.

WHEN you meet with one suspected Of some secret deed of shame, And for this by all rejected As a thing of evil fame, Guard thine every look and action, Speak no word of heartless blame, For the slanderer's vile detraction Yet may soil thy goodly name.

When you meet with one pursuing Ways the lost have entered in, Working out his own undoing With his recklessness and sin; Think, if placed in his condition, Would a kind word be in vain, Or a look of cold suspicion Win thee back to truth again?

There are spots that bear no flowers, Not because the soil is bad, But the summer's genial showers Never made their bosoms glad. Better have an act that's kindly Treated sometimes with disdain, Than in judging others blindly, Doom the innocent to pain.

TEACH THE CHILDREN TO PRAY.

It is said of that good old man, John Quincy Adams, that he never went to his rest at night until he had repeated the simple prayer learned in childhood—the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep." Is there not something inexpressibly touching in the thought that these words breathed from the rosy lips of infancy, went with him away down through old age into the dark valley of death? Some people object to teaching children forms of prayer, lest the act become only a form. But did not Christ teach us to say, "Our Father?" Do you not remember those still evening hours far back in your childhood, when your mother first taught you to say those words? Can you forget the solemn hush that fell on everything as she knelt with you and commanded you to the care of the blessed Father?

She is dead now; but ever as the night falls you think of her, and the little sister she left in your care—how it fell to you to hear the little one repeat the same old words in the dim twilight, and how at last, when she had learned to love the Saviour, who watches over the little children, He called her suddenly, one day, to go up where they sing the new song.

Oh, teach the children, the little children, to pray! Years of sin may come, but the memory of those early prayers may yet soften the heart and prepare the way for better things. Or, never neglected, this habit may grow with their growth, strengthen with their strength, become a strong shield against the temptations of life, and through faith at last, free immortal souls from earthly sin. So let us teach the children, the little children, to pray.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

It is recorded of Queen Elizabeth, that, ignorant of the laws of painting, she commanded her portrait to be taken without a shadow upon the canvas. With an ignorance of the laws of mortal painting equally as profound, and infinitely more serious, how often would we have obliterated from our history those sombre pencillings of life's picture—the dark background and blended shadows—which the Divine Artist knew to be essential to the fidelity, harmony, and perfection of the whole! We would have life without its moral discipline. We would efface from the portrait all the shadings of sorrow and sickness, suffering, poverty and bereavement; leaving nothing but the bright and sunny hues of unmingled, unclouded happiness.

But when we gaze upon the carvings, the paintings, and frescoes of our whole life, each epoch, event, and incident—the lights and shadows beautifully and exquisitely blended—we shall then see the infinite rectitude of our heavenly Father in all His present dealings with us, both of sorrow and of joy. With what vividness shall we then see the necessity, as much for the cold, dark pencillings, as for the warm, roseate tints of the picture; and for both the lights and shadows, the joys and sorrows of life, we shall laud and adore His great and glorious name!

EXPERIENCE.—Lassus is reckoned by some as one of the wise men of Greece. He was noted more particularly for the laconic answer he gave to a man who asked him what could best render life pleasant and comfortable. He replied in one word—"Experience."

"I never," said Luther, "knew the meaning of God's word till I was afflicted." "I well know now," says Cecil, "what it is to have preached from a text which I did not so much as understand, till it was thoroughly opened to me by experience."

MAN WITHOUT PIETY AND VIRTUE.—The true reason why the societies of men are so full of tumult and disorder, so troublesome and tempestuous, is because there is so little of true religion among men; so that, were it not for some small remainder of piety and virtue, which is yet left scattered among mankind, human society would in a short space disband and run into confusion; the earth would grow wild, and become a great forest, and mankind would become beasts of prey one towards another.—Trolson.

THE lodestone can not draw iron when the diamond is in presence, no more can the beauties of this world draw the soul after them, when assurance, that choice pearl of price, is in presence.

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. HINTS FROM BITTERSWEET.

Spelling class No. 2 was not in an altogether satisfactory condition. Indeed it had acquired a local notoriety for bad behavior. It comprised perhaps twenty boys and girls ranging in age from eight to eleven... "What is the matter?" inquired the lady addressed. "I really don't know."

only in exuberant spirits I not only effect no good but I do positive harm; I harden him. When I either blame or punish a child for a moral act which he has not committed, he, though too young to reason much, feels the injustice of the thing. He also naturally and rightly loses faith in my penetration and the chances are that he will end by rebelling against my authority—morally at least.

War Literature.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE SOLDIER'S STORY. BY W. L. INGRAHAM.

"YOU see," said the soldier, straightening himself up on his crutches, "I belonged to the Army of the Potomac. I don't take no pride on myself on that account, but the boys have always done their duty," said he, earnestly. "Well, one day it came my turn to stand on guard. I stood my tricks during the day, but towards night I was pretty sick. You see, it was winter, and we had been on a long march, through mud and rain, and terrible bad roads."

thing and that thing, and trying not to think about home, and by and by the sergeant came up to me and said he guessed it was about time for me to go onto my post, and then he went off. So I took my gun and went and relieved the sentinel that was there. It was on a hill that overlooked our camp, and the wind was bitter cold, and I chattered and shivered all over. I tried to walk in the beaten path, but I stumbled and staggered about, and could hardly keep on my legs. My coat flapped about in the wind, and it seemed as though demons was all about me.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE FLOWERS AND RAIN-DROPS. AN ALLEGORY.

It was a hot, sultry day in August. The air was faint and heavy—the ground parched and dry, and all Nature seemed groaning under the oppressive burden of heat. No gentle breeze came to cool the heated air, and the warm sun shone with intense brightness. Every tender plant was dry and wilted; and each beautiful flower leaned its bright head upon its withered stem. "Oh! for one drop of water," sighed a meek, blue-eyed little Violet, and then a pure, white Daisy caught the sound of her voice, and, slightly lifting her fair head, she, too, sighed—"Oh! for one drop of water."

Special Notices.

RANDALL'S GREAT SHEEP BOOK

WANTED, in every County wherein a State, County, or other Agricultural Fair is to be held this season, an efficient agent for RANDALL'S PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, the most valuable and popular work on Sheep Husbandry ever published in America.

D. D. T. MOORE, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

To Business Men.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM of its class is MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, the leading and largest circulated Agricultural, Business and Family Newspaper in America.

From the New York Daily Tribune. We don't care what a publisher charges, so that he gives us the worth of our money.

From the New York Daily Times. MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester, has a very large circulation, especially among the agricultural population of the North and Middle States.

From the New York Daily World. MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER comes to us freighted with its usual amount of valuable matter.

Agents Wanted. - \$50 per month guaranteed. For terms and specimens address, with stamp, L. L. TOND & Co., New York.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

There is no noteworthy activity in this market. But little wheat is as yet offered, and it varies a good deal in quality.

Rochester Wholesale Prices. Flour and Grain. Flour, wh. wh. \$13.00 @ 14.00. Wheat, Canada \$1.20 @ 1.25. Corn, white \$1.00 @ 1.05. Beans, white \$1.00 @ 1.05.

THE PROVISION MARKETS. NEW YORK, Aug. 27. - WHEAT - Firm, at \$13.50 for spot, and \$14.50 for export.

CHICAGO, Aug. 27. - FLOUR - White Winter extras, \$11.00 @ 12.00. Red do, \$10.25 @ 11.00. Wheat - No. 1 red, \$2.00 @ 2.10.

TORONTO, AUG. 17. - Flour, lower. Superfine, \$4.25 @ 4.50. Extra, \$4.00 @ 4.25. Spring Wheat, 76c @ 80c.

VEAL CALVES - Prices firm; supply of prime not equal to demand. Sales - Extra and Choice, 10c @ 11c.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 17. - BEEVES - Supply light, but sufficient for the demand. Sales - Extra, \$13.00 @ 13.50.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 17. - BEEVES - Best stock quick; some few sold as high as \$14.00 @ 15.00.

ALBANY, Aug. 27. - BEEVES - Poor stock plenty; good, scarce. We quote - Extra, \$23.00 @ 23.50.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20. - BEEVES - Sales range at \$3.00 @ 6.25, chiefly at \$4.50 @ 5.00 cwt. HOGS - Market dull; sales range at \$6.50 @ 7.00.

THE WOOL MARKETS. NEW YORK, Aug. 17. - The Eve Post says: - The market for domestic fleeces has been more active since our last; the inquiry is mainly for Kerseys, and prices have advanced and close buoyant.

BOSTON, Aug. 17. - The following are the quotations of wool for this week. Domestic Saxony Merino, 1/2 fine, \$1.10 @ 1.25.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. To sell Patriotic Medals of Gen. Grant, McClellan and President Lincoln.

TREES, VINES AND PLANTS. - Will be found at the Seneca Nurseries, a good assortment of TREES and GRAPE VINES.

ILLINOIS AND IOWA LAND FOR SALE. 1,000 ACRES - 160 acres, 30 of young timber and 130 of rolling prairie.

EMERY'S RAILROAD ENDLESS CHAIN HORSE-POWERS, Threshers, Separators and Cleaners, Wood Saw-Mills, &c.

BULBOS FLOWER ROOTS FOR FALL PLANTING. We are now prepared to fill orders for the following and other hardy Bulbs.

EMPLOYMENT - \$75 A MONTH. - Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will give a commission on all Machines sold.

A NEW STRAWBERRY - MEAD'S SEEDLING. - A large, conical berry, brilliant scarlet color, glossy surface, and sweet, juicy flesh.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864.

These notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date.

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.

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.

It is a NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and the best security. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond. In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation. But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, only, is pledged for payment.

While the government offers the most liberal terms for its loans, it believes that the very strongest appeal will be to the loyalty and patriotism of the people.

ALL RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS throughout the country will give further information and AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THORNDALE SOUTH DOWNS. - Having recently purchased from SAMUEL THORNDALE the entire stock of celebrated SOUTH DOWNS SHEEP.

RUSSELL STRAWBERRY PLANTS, ALSO Buffalo Seedling Plants. For all orders received after August 1st, 1864, the following prices will be charged:

George H. Ellis' PARLOR MUSIC STORE AND PIANO-FORTE EMPORIUM, NO. 35 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FIRST-CLASS PARLOR. The undersigned having been engaged in this exclusive business for several years, is a thorough judge of all kinds OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

PIANOS FURNISHED FROM ANY FIRST-CLASS MANUFACTURERS. That the purchaser may desire when ordered, and ALL FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS with proper care.

THE STOCK OF SHEET MUSIC IS NEW! Selected with great care; is large and complete. Music Teachers will find this a very desirable place to make their purchases.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Ellwanger & Barry

Solicit the attention of Planters, Nurserymen, and Dealers in Trees, TO THE GREAT STOCK OF STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS AND PLANTS.

Of every description, which they now offer for the FALL TRADE. The Stock is of the FIRST QUALITY in all respects.

A WHOLESALE CATALOGUE Is just published, and will be sent post free to applicants who inclose a stamp.

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE. - NEXT SESSION OPENS SEPTEMBER 1ST. A superior institution for advanced students. Terms moderate.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD, MASS. commences its 4th annual session Oct. 6th, 1864, with important improvements in its buildings, added to the great beauty of its location.

\$45.00 A TERM OF 18 WEEKS - Which opens Aug. 18th, pays for board, washing, fuel and room furnished, except sheets and pillow cases.

WYCKOFF'S PATENT WOOD WATER PIPE. - N. Y., manufacture all sizes of this pipe, from one to twelve inches bore.

FAMILY WINE AND CIDER MILL, With Press Combed, large and small, for hand, horse or other power.

TREES! TREES! FOR THE FALL OF 1864. 100,000 Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees. 50,000 Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees.

BALSLEY PATENT STEP LADDER. MANUFACTURED BY D. S. PLUME & CO., NO. 59 Duane-street, New York.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS. A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound. Warranted To give Satisfaction.

RUSSELL STRAWBERRY PLANTS, ALSO Buffalo Seedling Plants. For all orders received after August 1st, 1864, the following prices will be charged:

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THE CHAMPION HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.

10,000 IN USE AND APPROVED. This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1864.

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

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

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

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE. From the New England Farmer, Boston. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD is a work that has long been a favorite, and well worthy the attention of all farmers.

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

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

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS. The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Allen's American Farm Book, 1.25. Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals, 1.00. Do. Diseases of Poultry, 1.00.

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