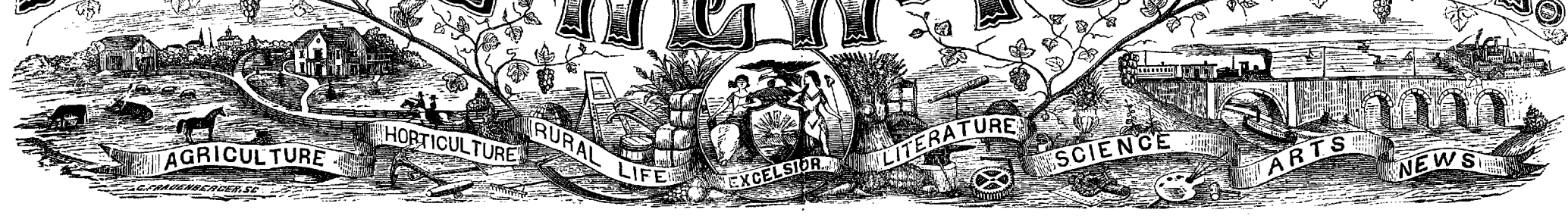


MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



[TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

[SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With a Corps of Able Assistants and Contributors.

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SHELTER—PROTECTION.

THESE two words come naturally from this pencil point after the experiences of the past three weeks. We have all been compelled to seek shelter and protection, and every farmer has thought of his herds and flocks. Thankful has he been if he has had coasey, snug stables and plenty of food for their comfort and nourishment. But tidings of great losses among these dependencies upon man's providence and care, come to us from the prairies. The names of men noted for their successful sheep husbandry, and for their fine horses and cattle—the names of some men of wealth and enterprise come to us recorded as suffering losses by the great storm which swept the country during the first days of the new year.

And the lesson these losses teach is a suggestive one. True, the storm had an extraordinary character. True, the degree of cold was unusually great. True, the like does not occur often. But how do these facts affect the importance of providing shelter and protection from such storms?—from all storms? Only in this wise:—Aside from the duty which attaches to our relations with the domestic animals, there is a business principle involved in this matter. It pays. This has been repeated again and again. Suppose in ordinary cases good shelter is unnecessary—that once in ten years, only, it is actually needed to keep the stock from perishing. Some men during the late storm have lost from one hundred to three hundred sheep. In some cases these were excellent graded sheep—in others, there were pure-bred Merinos. These sheep at this date are very valuable. They range in value from \$4 for grades to \$10 and \$25 for pure-bred. Suppose we place the price at \$5, and the man who loses a hundred sheep loses the interest on five thousand dollars at ten per centum, which will pay for adequate shelter for seven thousand sheep. Add then to this saving, the annual per cent. saved by the increased healthfulness, and appreciation of fleece in both quantity and quality, and it will be found to pay. And not alone sheep, but all kinds of stock repay this care.

But how protect? Not simply and exclusively by erecting sheds or barns. This is not sufficient, nor in all countries is it the best protection. On the prairies, and even in our eastern, timbered countries, the modifying influence of evergreens is too little understood; or at least too little appreciated. The writer has often seen a herd of cows leave the shelter of a shed for the still air and protection of a growth of hemlock. The air seemed warmer beneath such shelter. The sense of security seemed greater; and no finer stock appeared in the pastures in

spring than that sheltered and fed among the evergreens. East and West this kind of shelter is easily provided. In the West, especially, the White, Austrian and Scotch pines grow with wonderful rapidity. The Spruces are also grown with great success. And the investment of \$250 in this kind of protection will grow in ten years to be adequate to the needs of almost any farmer, adding to the amount of his annual revenue and to the value of his real estate also.

This planting of evergreens does not belong to the fancy horticulturist alone. It is too often left to him—to the man who is supposed to possess a superabundance of good taste. It belongs to the farmer—to his work as a landscape artist—to his work as a citizen, a man—to him by virtue of his occupation. Too few of the homes of farmers are protected and warmed by the evergreen influence. Too few of the out-buildings and farm-yards are covered up and sheltered by such screens. It seems to us fitting that the impressive lesson this great storm has taught us should be remembered, and in these columns by both writer and reader—both as a matter of economy and good taste.

AGRICULTURE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

IN a former article I made some acknowledgment of our indebtedness to the Government at Washington for its efforts in behalf of Agriculture. Pretty much believing with JEFFERSON, that the best thing governments can do is to let the people (the honest ones) alone, I certainly think that my suggestion of an *experimental farm* under government auspices deserves consideration. Without much faith in government schools, to teach agriculture,—for the sciences that bear upon agriculture are already widely taught in our schools,—I nevertheless think that a government farm should be put in operation, where every transaction shall be recorded, the expense of raising every crop and animal noted, the comparative feeding value of different grains, grasses, roots, &c., determined, different breeds of animals and different modes of cultivation compared, irrigation, subsoiling, trenching, &c., &c., faithfully tried, and, indeed, everything which "promises well" thoroughly tested. Private enterprise neglects these things. As I remarked before, it is not necessary to sink a great deal of money in the operation, for experiments utterly foolish and absurd a wise man might let alone. Whether we get the experimental farm or not, let us make the most of what the government is now doing.

If a good work has not been rendered by the "distribution of seeds," the fault is more with the people than with the Department. In multitudes of cases, choice varieties have been furnished and lost through negligence and inattention. Nobody can dispute that varieties often deteriorate and need changing, and great loss is suffered for the want of such change. I have not the least doubt that the Patent Office has furnished the opportunity in multitudes of cases to adopt better varieties, which was not improved through stolid indifference.

I am much pleased with the chivalrous common sense that dictated the publication in the Report of the Department of Agriculture for 1862, of the article by Dr. W. W. HALL, on the "Health of Farmers' Families." When the *Country Gentleman* fills its entire pages with matter as vital to the public interest, I shall be more ready to accept its criticism on the "Report" referred to in my former article, than I am now. I quote from the article:

"It is too much the case with our farming population that they have no breadth of view; they cannot sustain a conversation beyond a few comments on the weather, the crops, the markets, and the neighborhood news. The highest form of human health is found in those who exercise the brain and the body in something like equal proportions. The lamented President FELTON was accustomed to urge upon the young gentlemen of his classes with great earnestness, as a means of high health, that they should 'use the mind,' use it actively, and on a variety of subjects, so as to avoid any dull routine.

"The great sources of mischief from eating are three:—Quantity, frequency, rapidity; and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make human life a burden, a torture, and a living death. By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle filled through a funnel, is full before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed

to divide it into sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are the sooner are they dissolved. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating. No laborers or active persons should eat later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the mid-day meal. Persons of sedentary habits, or who are at all ailing, should take absolutely nothing for supper beyond a piece of cold stale bread and butter, or a ship-biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink."

Designing to call attention to this article again, I will close with another quotation:

"In plain language, in the civilization of the nineteenth century, a farmer's wife, as a too general rule, is a laboring drudge; not of necessity by design, but for want of that consideration, the very absence of which, in reference to the wife of a man's youth, is a crime. It is, perhaps, safe to say, that on three farms out of four the wife works harder, endures more, than any other on the place; more than the husband, more than the 'farm hand,' more than the 'hired help' of the kitchen. Many a farmer speaks to his wife habitually in terms more imperious, impatient and petulant, than he would use to the scullion of the kitchen or to his hired man. No farmer's wife who is a mother ought to be allowed to do the washing for the family; it is perilous to any woman who has not a vigorous constitution."

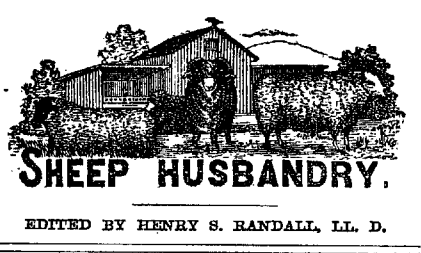
SUGGESTIONS OF IMPROVEMENT.

PERSONS usually regard the commencement of a year as a fitting season in which to break off from the follies of the past, and adopt rules of wisdom, economy and prudence to guide them in the future. Knowing all the readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER to be desirous of improvement, I present the following suggestions, hoping they will aid, to some degree, the plans and labors of those farmers and country residents who would improve their condition.

I. It was a sentiment of Dr. JOHNSON, "that he who waits to do a great deal of good at a time, will seldom do but little;" and it may be stated as a rule, admitting of but few exceptions, that the farmer who waits to perform improvements upon his farm or his buildings, upon a large scale, will in the end accomplish but little. A farmer of wealth, or one who has money enough, can, of course, do what he likes, and when he pleases; but the great mass of our farmers are not in a condition to do this. Hence it is necessary that improvements should be made upon a small scale, but always with a view to future enlargement, so as to harmonize completely. It is the farmer who is constantly "fixing up" his buildings, improving his surroundings year by year, and making annual improvements of some kind upon his farm, who succeeds best and has things in the most complete order.

II. A plan to work by is necessary to all who would improve. It very often occurs, in making improvement that where no plan has been first mapped out the farmer finds that he had no idea of the cost or extent of the operation, and that in a few years the very improvements he once made are obliged to be displaced to give room for future improvements. A judicious and well considered plan of working would obviate all this expense and trouble. If you intend to make any alterations or improvements in your buildings, or upon your farm, the coming season, first sit down and calculate what you want done, and by it needs to be accomplished, and after having considered it well, jot down upon paper a rough outline thereof, that you may have something to guide your labor in an intelligent manner. I will give you one rule, which you may find some value in determining what needs to be reformed. It is this:

III. Do that first which you most need done. This is a very simple one, one already known to you no doubt, and yet there are many persons who, in making improvements, go just contrary from this. Look over your farm, see what field needs draining first, that needs fencing; about your buildings see what must be done now, and what can be put off till next season, or a year after. Thus, by performing first the most pressing jobs in these of improvements, you will have started right to accomplish a great deal in a comparatively short space of time; and can well wait a week or two, until I can throw out to you a few more suggestions, providing these are kindly received.
S. L. B.
Norridgewock, Maine 1864.



EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

THE continued absence of the Editor of this Department, will explain why letters from correspondents remain unanswered.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Jan. 9, 1864.

THE WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION, at Columbus, closed up satisfactorily. This meeting, it is believed, will exercise a great beneficial influence on the wool growers of Ohio, and, through them, on the wool growers of other States.

Ohio is the leading wool producing State of the Union. To the stand taken by her flockmasters, we owe the present prices of wool. But for that stand, the clip of 1863 would have been mostly sold at sixty cents. Much Ohio wool is yet in the hands of the growers, and is held for ninety cents or one dollar per pound.

If I had time, I should like to describe many of the agricultural and political notabilities I encountered at Columbus. I can but briefly mention a few of those I saw most of. Gov. BROUGH is a short, stout, plainly dressed man, with an eye which twinkles equally with shrewdness and humor. He is ready, straightforward filled with "horse-sense," energy and pluck—is a powerful public speaker—has the finest social properties—tells a story capitally—is readily approachable by all—and therefore is, like his predecessor, DAVE TODD, (as the people of Ohio affectionately term him,) the very ideal of a Western Governor. Here in the West men talk and act "up to time," and waste no daylight in splitting hairs!

Lieut.-Gov. Col. CHAS. ANDERSON, whose wonderful escape from the rebels of Texas all will remember, is the brother of Gen. ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter. The brothers were born in Kentucky. Col. A. is a gallant and accomplished man, filled with the genial and flowing courtesy of a Kentucky gentleman. He is reputed an able lawyer and brilliant public speaker. He is one of those delightfully frank, warm-hearted men, whom you become firmly attached to on an hour's acquaintance.

MR. STANTON I mentioned in my last. Senator DELANO is a grave, stately man, who has a high reputation for ability. Ex-Senator McCLEUNG fires right and left without a moment's premeditation, and always hits. Judge CHAMBERLAIN is a clear, ready, able man. Gen. (I by mistake called him Colonel in my last) HARRIS possesses decided sense and ability, and is the very prince of good fellows. When he uncorks, his wit and quiet humor keep the table in a roar. Mr. KILPART, Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, was so occupied with his official duties that I barely had the opportunity of shaking hands with him. He is a signally industrious public officer. ROBERT M. MONTGOMERY, the new President of the Wool Growers' Association, is a clear-headed, sensible, intelligent gentleman, who will fill his position with dignity and ability. WILLIAM F. GREER, of Painesville, the new Recording Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, was particularly alluded to in my last. But I must limit my further remarks to a bare enumeration of names. Among the distinguished wool growers and other gentlemen in the Convention, were Dr. N. S. TOWNSEND, President of the State Board of Agriculture; Hon. T. C. JONES, Ex-President of the same Board; JOHN GURNEY, Vice President of the Wool Growers' Association; Hon. A. P. HOWARD, Senator from Champaign county; Hon. EBEN NORTON, Senator from Mahoning county; THOMAS GORBY, of Portage county; GEORGE ANDERSON, of Stark county; ROBERT HART, of Ashland county; JOHN BELL, of Muskingum county; D. B. UPDEGRAFF, of Jefferson county; DANIEL McMILLEN, JR., of Greene county; D. E. GARDNER, of Lucas

county; JAMES FULLINGTON, of Stark county; A. POPE, of Cleveland; T. B. REBER, of Marion county; U. C. DEARDORFF, of Tuscarawas county, and many others. A more intelligent body of farmers probably never assembled in our country.

In my next I shall commence my memoranda of a short trip among the flocks of Ohio.

RANDOLPH, Jan. 11, 1864.

A party consisting of Gen. HARRIS, Mr. GREER, Mr. GORBY and Mr. MONTGOMERY, of Ohio, and Gen. MARSHALL and myself, of New York, left Columbus on the 7th, for a brief reconnaissance among the flocks of Ohio. Messrs. A. Y. BAKER, C. D. CHAMPLIN and G. H. WHEELER, of New York, accompanied us one day. We went by rail to Newark, in Licking county, thirty miles east of Columbus. The former is a beautiful old village or city of three or four thousand inhabitants, which I was told was originally settled by Virginians. Within a short distance of it are numerous Indian mounds and other structures of a highly interesting character. One of these is a wall or embankment of earth ten or twelve feet high—perpendicular on the inside and sloping on the outside—which, in the form of a perfect circle, incloses an area of probably twenty acres. There is a raised mound in the center, around or in which have been found coals, ashes, stone ornaments, and some small shreds of woven fabrics. Yet so ancient is the structure that trees of large size are growing on the wall. There is an opening on one side of the latter, the approach to which is between two straight lower embankments, which diverge as they extend away from the entrance. There is a square Indian work, with walls about four feet high, having bastions at the corners, which contains about the same area with the preceding; and small circular mounds containing Indian relics are common. The aborigines were excellent judges of rich soils and desirable locations. Licking county is a garden in fertility and beauty.

We took sleighs from Newark to the farm of ELI KELLER. It was an oddity to eastern men to be compelled to go through private roads opening and shutting gates to reach a farm. Mr. KELLER informed us that he had about one hundred and sixty full-blood Merinos, all but about a dozen being of HAMMOND or Infantado stock. Many of them were very superior animals. We were also shown seven Merino ewes said to be imported from Spain by Hon. WILLIAM KELLY, of New York. We also heard much of "the old Spanish imported ram which sheared 36 lbs. of wool and cost \$2,000." Some lambs from the imported ewes and ram were shown to us. If these sheep on investigation prove to be what the seller of them pretended to Mr. KELLER and his associates, we shall carefully describe them hereafter.

About two and a half more miles of traveling brought us to the farm of JAMES PITTSFORD, of Granville. He has seventy full blood Merinos of mixed Infantado and Paulard stock. They have not been summer-housed for show sheep, but the following statement will afford a test of their profitableness. Last spring Mr. PITTSFORD sheared one hundred and twenty-one, which averaged 5 1/2 lbs. of washed wool per head. He sold sheep and wool to the value of \$2,045. He bought sheep to the value of \$777, which in his judgment makes his flock actually as valuable as before his sales (a part of his sales were wethers)—leaving a balance in his favor of \$1,268. Mr. PITTSFORD is a gentleman of great modesty and candor. We returned by the way of Granville village to Newark where we spent the night. The weather was intensely cold. The peregrinations of our party will be continued in my next.

SHEEP HUSBANDRY IN NEW YORK.

HON. HENRY S. RANDALL—Dear Sir: I am sorry that you have assigned to me the duty of replying to an article of our mutual friend, Hon. T. C. PETERS, in the RURAL of the 9th inst., as really I have not been able to determine satisfactorily the exact issue he proposes to make. First he says, "one point of our disagreement is on the relative merits of coarse and fine-wooled sheep in the general farm management of this State. * * * It is more profitable for the farmers of this State to grow sheep for mutton than for wool." Next he says, "outside the grain growing region * * * it is not profitable to grow sheep at all, unless it is to sell fat to the butchers, either as lambs or older sheep;" and,

finally, he says, "perhaps I should qualify my position by saying that growing sheep for wool is not the most profitable branch of farming that the farmer could adopt over most parts of this State in the present condition of its agriculture."

This State of ours is a large one, having great diversity of soil and climate; and quite as important in regulating agricultural operations, some parts of the State have the best markets on the Continent, while other parts are so remote or so inaccessible to the consumers of the surplus of the earth's productions, that only such staples as are of easy and safe transportation can find a market. It is very difficult to apply general rules under such circumstances. Each locality must determine for itself as to the most profitable manner of using its soil. Near great cities large numbers of sheep will be fattened for the butcher, while in the districts remote from markets, the fleece will be more important in the mind of the farmer. I suppose that in a very large proportion of the State, the wisest course will be to have regard to both carcass and fleece in raising sheep. For the mere production of wool small sheep are the most profitable,—for making mutton large sheep are best. The farmer that is so situated that he can sell his mutton for only a moderate price on his farm, and that can depend on that moderate price, will be likely to try to raise sheep that produce the most in value in both wool and mutton for the feed they consume. In this county of Onondaga many farmers are raising sheep that shear from six to twelve pounds of washed wool, that is now worth from 75 to 80 cents a pound, and that have bodies that will weigh from 120 to 140 or even more pounds, when fit for the butcher. I do not know that Mr. PETERS will say that they are unwise in so doing—for I am not able from his article to determine what he would advise us to do—though perhaps it may be supposed that he intends to discourage the growing of wool as the principal object of the flock owner.

To produce manure on the farm, some sort of stock is necessary; some animal should graze the pastures and consume the hay, straw, corn stalks, &c., that every productive farm will have. This farm stock will be selected by each farmer in view of the facts and circumstances of his individual case. Where there is a large family that is willing to work, and where grain raising cannot be profitably made the leading business, perhaps cows will be wisely selected. But where the farmer must hire all his work done, and where he can profitably raise grain, he will be apt to have a flock of sheep; and as time rolls on, he will be apt to increase his flock in numbers, and very likely he will be seen at the Fairs looking for a ram that will increase the fleeces of his next crop of lambs, and this desire for a greater fleece will grow on this man until he will be paying \$100 or more for a ram. Now, if I have not entirely misapprehended our friend, this man needs looking to, and requires some such advice as he gives, but after all this advice will fall on unwilling ears, for it is hard to understand the force of an argument against an increase of our profits.

The superiority of the sheep over all other farm stock is this: it gives its owner a dividend soon after the end of the first year of its life that equals the whole cost of raising it, and from that time forward the account continues more and more in its favor until it is mature for the butcher. This is the case with a wether,—while to the credit of the ewe is to be added the value of the annual lamb.

Wool growing has been supposed to be profitable, as the farmer counts profits. If we have been mistaken in this, it is important that we know it, and I shall look with some solicitude for further exhibitions of the views of the former Editor of the *Wool Grower*.

Yours Truly, GEO. GEDDES.
Fairmount, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1864.

IMPORTS OF WOOL FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

The following is a comparison for nine months (ending Sept. 30) of the wool exported from Great Britain to the United States:

	1861.	1862.	1863.
British.....	126,038	1,310,138	649,442
Colonial.....	55,119	3,200,584	3,736,434
Foreign.....	344,631	5,294,041	7,057,609
	525,788	9,805,108	11,442,485

The actual declared value is obtainable from compilations of English monthly returns, but only in gross aggregate, and for the British wool alone. The total value of the British grown wool above, reduced to dollars, by estimating in round numbers five dollars to the pound sterling, is, for nine months of 1861, \$28,020; nine months of 1862, \$331,255; nine months of 1863, \$196,620. This gives a clue to the price of British grown wool imported, which averaged as above, 22 cents in 1861, 25 cents in 1862, and 30 cents in 1863.

The entire export of British grown wool for the same period averaged 37.3 cents for 1861, precisely the same figures for 1862, and 41 cents for 1863. This shows that it is mainly the lower grades of English wool which we import, while the superior qualities of luster wool sent to France (to which country nearly one-fourth of the entire British export goes), make the average so high comparatively.

The following is the statement of exports from Great Britain to all countries during nine months each of the last three years:

	1861.	1862.	1863.
British.....	11,521,326	8,140,624	7,027,601
Colonial and Foreign.....	33,859,024	36,765,086	48,703,192
	45,510,352	44,905,710	55,730,793
Total value of British.....	\$4,303,215	\$3,082,285	\$2,828,020
British exports to U. S.,	28,020	331,255	196,620

It will be seen that very little British grown wool was formerly introduced, and little now in comparison with the colonial and foreign. The colonial is mainly Australian and Cape Merino, some of it pretty fine but full of dirt; the for-

eign, which comprises much the greater portion of imports from England, is coarse, and cheap, and filthy. Our excess of this coarse quality has reduced the average price of our wool imports, where purchased, to a low figure (about sixteen cents in 1862) though not so low as formerly. J. R. DODGE.
Washington, Dec., 1863.

Communications, Etc.

PAMPERING DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

IN RANDALL'S introduction to his "Practical Shepherd," is the following very suggestive passage:—"We have strong reasons to apprehend that as our country grows older, and our systems of husbandry more artificial, the same causes will be generated or developed here which now produce many of the [ovine] diseases of Europe." The query arises whether the standard at which we are aiming, both for ourselves and our live stock, is not too artificial, including too much of shelter, warmth, high feed, and what is erroneously called *comfort*, if that comfort is inevitably accompanied by fell and dire disease.

On one of the coldest days of this January, sitting in my buggy enveloped in great coat, blanket, and buffalo skin, with a comforter around my neck, and coverings protecting my ears, I had just turned my horse's head toward home, when a lad, without overcoat or comforter, and with bare ears, asked me if he might ride with me a mile. I replied that he might, yet I feared he would be very cold. He sprang into the buggy. Near the close of his ride, while I was rubbing my windward ear, I inquired if his ears were not cold. He said no, his ears were not often cold; and there was no shiver in his cheery chat as he told me of a letter from his father and brother, who were South in the U. S. army. He was young and I am old,—yet I will remember a neighbor aged near ninety who, in sharp, cold weather, I have seen ride on a sled drawn by oxen, his legs extended on a bunch of straw, covered from the cold only by coarse shoes, without stockings, and his pantaloons retracted by his position so that his ankles and a part of his legs were bare, yet evincing no sign of discomfort. Among my early recollections is the instance of a boy who, barefoot on the frozen surface of the river, was delighted that he could distance his shod competitors in a race. An Indian once pitifully accounted for his bare legs not being cold because "me all face."

My first experience as a shepherd was in 1826, with twelve ewes. They had no shelter in winter or summer save inequalities in the ground, which was hilly, and the vicinity of a large orchard. That year I raised, from the twelve ewes, sixteen healthy lambs. The next year the rate of increase was as great. As my flock approached in number 100—beyond which I confined it by sale—I lost from five to fifteen per cent. annually of the lambs dropped, from exposure to chilling spring rains. This was not pleasant, either in a pecuniary or sympathetic sense, yet I would prefer it to a system which involves the attendance of a physician, and obstetric professor, to every flock of sheep. One thing is certain, my lambs, that lived, were not afflicted with rheumatism; *vide* Practical Shepherd, page 155.

Now, when I see live stock exposed, in intense cold weather, to the biting sweep of a prairie blast, I think that something to break off the wind would greatly benefit the animals and their owner. Yet something of caution may perhaps be urged against those extremes of housing, poor ventilation, and artificial feeding, which bring to our shores from Europe such dreadful live stock diseases.

It is worthy of consideration, too, whether the meat and milk of such animals used as food by the human family does not produce disease. Pork fattened in a close pen sometimes brings to our tables the scent of the pen plainly perceptible, while, on the contrary, a hog who roams a pasture while fattening, makes meat as sweet and well flavored as pork can be. I am well aware that more shelter, rather than less, is the need of our country. I only plead for that just medium which will consist with health and hardihood, and profit, too, in the long run, although it may not with immediate pecuniary returns. PETER HATHAWAY.
Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1864.

SOILING.

THE discussion of the soiling question seems to be at a lull. The first enthusiastic burst of recommendation, which it received toward the close of the last decade, and at the commencement of this, has died away. Its ardent advocates have left the subject mainly in the hands and minds of the practical men who are to work out the problem by actual trial, and determine, by results and experiments, whether the system will stand the test of utility and of practicability. They have left it in good hands. American farmers are alive and awake when their interest is involved. They are not slow to adopt any thing that promises a good return in dollars and cents. If they can satisfy themselves that soiling pays, they will soil; if they become convinced that the system is no better than the one they have followed since they first "broke ground" west of the Atlantic, it will go down. They are testing it already, somewhat extensively. Some are trying it only partially,—giving their cows green fodder at night in the stable, and turning them away to graze during the day. Others are giving it a thorough and systematic trial. We shall know in a few years whether it is adapted to our soil and circumstances, and to the price of labor and farm products. If it is proved to be superior to the old plan, there are thousands who are very willing

to be convinced, and who will "fall in" with the practice at once. Facts and figures alone will determine the success or failure of the proposed reform.

I am no enthusiast on this subject, yet am convinced that soiling has a great many advantages, and that in some situations, and under certain conditions, it will pay. Upon a farm that is reasonably fertile and smooth, in reach of a good market for dairy products, and the owner of which has some capital to start with, and can employ help enough at fair wages, I have no doubt that soiling will be more profitable than grazing after the old plan. About double the number of cows can be kept on the same land. As a general rule, about one-fifth the length of fence will be required to confine them. The same amount of milk can be obtained per cow, and, I think, of just as good quality. About double the bulk of available fertilizing material can be made, and, if these statements are correct, twice the quantity of milk, butter, or cheese can be turned off. These are some of the advantages to be mentioned in favor of the system. To offset them, we must charge against it an extra hand for every forty or fifty cows, the increased expense of handling, hauling and distributing the manure, and the interest on the value of the added number of cows.

If, then, we say that the extra help needed to care for the stock can be paid for by the saving in making and repairing fence, and the larger amount of manure obtained is worth the cost of handling and the interest on stock, we have, as a result in favor of soiling, that one hundred per cent. more can be sold from the farm. This looks very well on paper. If we could prove that every actual trial would give a like flattering balance sheet, how quickly we should see the fences torn down and hauled into the woodshed, and every dairy "doubled up" and confined to the stable and the barn yard.

In practical operations, however, a person will find that there are some incidentals to be taken into the account that will materially alter our figures. Among these may be mentioned a considerable expenditure for buildings to accommodate the increased number of cows, and to store the fodder for them; a larger outlay for seed than under the pasture rule, and for the needful, constant, supply of water in the pasture-close, near the barn, &c. Upon farms distant from market, where and fencing material are cheap, and wages high, and where a good range of pasture is obtainable, I cannot see that it would be any better policy to soil than to graze.

Soiling, as a system of farm economy, cannot be advocated unconditionally. Its advantages depend entirely upon circumstances. Neither will it do any good to thrust it upon the attention of farmers without it can be shown that a fair return can be realized for the necessary additional outlay of time, labor and money. Dairy-men do not find their employment so excessively profitable and easy that they will wish to engage in anything that makes any more demands upon them, without a reasonable prospect for corresponding success.

Cattle kept in the stable and yard, need, and must have the best of food. Wiry, wild, or dry grass will not answer. It will keep them alive, but it will not fill the pail. They require, also, a constant succession of good, succulent food, for, at least, as long a time as they could get it in the pasture and meadow. To supply this will lay something of a tax upon a man's ingenuity. The main difficulties in providing for the latter part of May, and from the middle of October until the ground freezes. If a man has on his farm a piece of rough, hilly, stony, or stumpy ground, this may be fenced and furnish a baiting ground for the cow until the first, or middle of June. If he has not then roots or grain must be the main reliance. As to the latter part of the season, late sown oats or barley, beet and carrot tops, may be provided, with which may be fed, occasionally, a bundle of corn stalks,—if they are not half husked or matted, they will do just as well.

I would give other suggestions if I did not fear that in trying to exhaust the subject, I should exhaust also the patience of the *RURAL* and its readers. W. S. F.
Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., Jan. 1864.

Condensed Correspondence.

A Bottle of Sirup.

A. D. WILLIAM, of Maumee City, sends us a sample of Sorghum sirup, manufactured by himself "after six years' experience." He says:—"Perhaps it is yet to be determined who is to furnish our limed sweets—DIXIE, STEWART, or our Western plantations. With a few more years' experience, STEWART must find something beside buck's blood and creosote, and Dixie something else 'secessionism,' with which to keep up with our Western improvements. We have but just begun, and do not think of stopping until we furnish the country with sugar and sirup. For better sirup, we defy all rebellion;ugar of a superior quality has been made from Sorghum—why should it not be again?"

The sample of sirup is of good quality—excellent for the crud article. We have tasted better, but this is above the average. It is proper to say in this connection, that we have reason to fear that the who hope to make the Sorghum a sugar producing plant, will be sadly disappointed. Anases do not warrant the hope. But it will make sirup that is not excelled after being properly refined. And for this alone it is worthy the attention of cultivators—especially those residing as far south as 41° and 49° north latitude. And for fodder, it is exceedingly valuable.

Fencing—Hedges.

WILLIAM MARIALL, of Kane Co., Ill., writes as follows:—"Fencing, just now, to

farmers, is a subject of some importance—especially with fence boards at \$22 per M., nails at \$6 per cwt., and post timber at \$6 per cord. At these figures the material to build a four board fence will cost one dollar per rod—exclusive of building.

"We shall have to raise more live fence. Osage Orange, I think, is better than anything introduced as yet, if properly cared for. I find by experience in cultivating the Osage that, 1st. We want good strong plants, of uniform size. 2d. The two year old plants are better than those one year old. 3d. The ground must be rich. 4th. The ground must be prepared deeply—especially if manure is used. 5th. I believe it better to plant only six inches apart than eight or ten inches. 6th. Cultivate well the first four or five years—cutting back severely the first three or four years. Almost all hedges are thin at the bottom, for they have been let grow without cutting until they were high enough for a fence, and then topped. This thickens the top, but sheep and hogs can go through the bottom. The cutting must commence earlier, and be repeated often, and there is no difficulty in getting a good hedge."

This is true. And we have seen excellent hedges made by cutting back these thin hedges to the ground, and repeating the operation about twice a year. And what our correspondent says of the value of the Osage is orthodox, we think.

Inquiries and Answers.

SAP-BUCKETS WANTED.—Will some friend of the *RURAL* tell where sap-buckets are manufactured for sale, ready for the sugar season, and oblige many.—S. H. S.

STRING-HALT.—I am anxious to learn a cure for string-halt in horses. If you or some of your numerous readers can communicate a remedy, it will be regarded as a favor.—L. TUSING, Findlay, O.

We are not aware that there is any effectual remedy.

TILE MACHINE.—Will you be kind enough to inform me where I can get the best tile-making machine, and oblige—E. CHUBBUCK, Lockport, N. Y.

We believe that A. LA TOURETTE, Jr., of Waterloo, N. Y., manufactures the most approved tile-making machine in this region, if not in the whole country.

CARE OF BIRONS.—Will you please inform me of the most proper way of taking care of the bison? I have a pair recently brought from the Rocky Mountains, and am desirous of obtaining information.—A. SUBSCRIBER, York, Liv. Co., N. Y.

The bison belongs to the ox family and requires similar care. Those who have attempted to domesticate them keep them in pastures in summer and feed them hay and vegetables in winter. We are not aware that they require any peculiar care, different from that bestowed upon our domestic animals. Perhaps some of our readers do, and if so will answer.

SHEEP-SHEARING MACHINE.—Is there any machine now in use, or patented, for shearing sheep, and if so, is there any advantage to be gained in using it?—RUFUS LORD, Painesville, N. Y.

Three or four years ago there were several shearing machines introduced, and two or three were exhibited here. The cutting principle was nearly like the mowing machine, and appeared as though they might perform the operation on plain surfaces. Since then we have heard nothing from them, and therefore infer they did not succeed.

Agricultural Societies.

DELAWARE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At its annual meeting held on the 8th inst., this Society elected the following board of officers for 1864: President—P. G. NORTHERN, Franklin. Vice Pres.—L. G. Hollister, Delhi; C. B. Shafer, Andes; E. M. Smith, Meredith; M. S. Kellogg, Franklin; John Russell, Hamden; Geo. B. Lyon, Stamford; J. J. St. John, Walton; John Bell, Harpersfield; Ralph Dewey, Sidney; Alex. Storie, Bovina. Rec. Sec. P. Rice Ferguson, Delhi. Cor. Sec.—Porter Frisbee, Delhi.

ERIE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Geo. A. Moore, Buffalo. Vice Pres.—Jason Sexton, Buffalo; Christopher Hamilton, East Hamburg. Sec.—Warren Granger, Buffalo. Treas.—George W. Scott, Buffalo. Directors—B. F. Chilcott, East Hamburg; Smith Jones, Boston; and J. B. Young, Amherst.

MONROE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society the following officers were elected for 1864: President—JOSEPH HARRIS, Rochester. Vice Pres.—Stephen Leggett, Henrietta; Kliska Harmon, Wheatland; Stephen Wilder, Rochester. Sec.—C. W. Seelye, Rochester. Directors—In the West Dist., in place of William Rankin, term expired—J. P. Ross, Ogdén. In the East District—L. D. Mitchell, Pittsford.

OTSEGO COUNTY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, Dec. 16th, the following officers were elected for 1864: President—G. POMEROY KEENE. Vice Pres.—Wm. I. Compton. Sec.—H. M. Hooker. Treas.—F. U. Johnson. Directors—for three years—Alfred Clarke and J. R. Morris. The display of apples was large and fine. There was also a good display of dressed meats and poultry.

CHAUT. FARMERS & MECHANICS' UNION.—The annual election of officers took place on the 13th inst., and resulted as follows: President—S. T. CHRISTY, Sheridan. Vice Pres.—A. C. Cushing, Fredonia. Sec.—John S. Russel, Fredonia. Treas.—J. B. Miner, Fredonia. Directors—Alanson Buckingham, Fredonia; John Miller, Sheridan.

SANDY CREEK AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of the Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston Agricultural Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—O. R. EARL, Sandy Creek. Vice Pres.—Jacob Shoecraft, Ellisburgh; John Beadle, Orwell; John Cole, Boylston; Isaac Douglass, Richland. Sec.—H. L. Howe, Sandy Creek. Treas.—John Davis, Sandy Creek. Directors—James Clark, Richland; E. Van Wormer, Ellisburgh. Gen. Supt.—Azariah Wart, Sandy Creek.

BROCKPORT UNION AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Brockport Union Ag. Society was held Jan. 11th. The following board of officers was chosen for 1864: President—LORENZO BARBOCK. Vice Pres.—R. Perry Staples. Sec.—H. N. Beach. Treas.—O. B. Avery. Directors—German Elliott, H. W. Moore, R. P. Hubbard, T. Terrill, Harvey Way, V. P. Brown.

Rural Notes and Items.

DR. RANDALL'S ADDRESS AT THE WOOL GROWERS' CONVENTION.—In his correspondence relative to the Wool Growers' Convention at Columbus, the editor of our Sheep Husbandry Department omits mention of the address on the occasion. We therefore supply the omission by quoting the following from the *Ohio Farmer*:—"On Wednesday evening the Wool Growers' Association, the State Agricultural Convention, and many members of the Legislature and other gentlemen casually in the city, were addressed by Hon. HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D., of Cortland Village, N. Y., well known as a popular writer on Sheep Husbandry. Dr. RANDALL'S address was a masterly exhibit of facts and figures bearing upon the present and prospective commercial condition of the wool business. It was literally full of meat. We have never before seen such a concentrated and instructive grouping of facts and statistics as was presented in this address, for which the speaker had successfully ransacked the whole field of wool trade and wool production. As this address is to be published in a substantial pamphlet, we hope every man who is interested in the production or handling of wool will secure a copy for his own information, and to keep for reference. We do not know where the same amount of information was ever else put together and presented in such an intelligible shape, as in this address of Dr. RANDALL before the Ohio Wool Growers' Association."

—An officer of the Wool Growers' Association writes us that Dr. RANDALL'S address is to be published in a neat pamphlet, (in connection with the official report of proceedings, we presume), and that any person can procure a copy by remitting 25 cents to the Treasurer, Col. S. D. HARRIS, Cleveland, Ohio, or five copies for \$1.

MOISTURE IN CANADA WHEAT.—It has been found by chemical analysis, the *Toronto Globe* says, that the amount of moisture in Canada wheat is 2 per cent. greater than in Ohio wheat, and 4 per cent. greater than in Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri wheat. It is this increased dryness of Southern wheat which has given the Richmond and St. Louis flour the pre-eminence which it holds in the markets of the world. This moisture in the Canada wheat has seriously affected the safety of exporting Canada flour. During the hot months it has soured seriously—two-thirds of a shipment being lost often. The *Globe* congratulates its readers that a machine for drying wheat has been patented and put in operation successfully, by which it is expected that all these difficulties will be overcome and Canadian flour put in condition to compete with that from other localities.

MICHIGAN SALT.—We have heretofore made favorable mention of salt manufactured at Saginaw, Mich., and have just received a sample of coarse salt from the Liverpool Steam Salt Works Co., of East Saginaw, which is worthy of special notice. It is apparently a pure article, and was, we are assured, manufactured without the use of lime. We understand that the specific gravity of the Saginaw springs equals that of our Onondaga brines—and that the springs are an assured mine of wealth and convenience to the people of the West which those living in the region of our salines can hardly appreciate. The sample was accompanied by a stalactite of salt whose crystalline formation greatly resembles satin spur, and is very beautiful.

OHIO AGRICULTURAL REPORTS.—We are indebted to JOHN H. KLIPPERT, Reg., Secretary, for the Annual Reports of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture from 1857 to 1863, inclusive. Each volume embraces some 600 large octavo pages, and comprises, in addition to the official proceedings of the State Board, an abstract of the doings of the County Agricultural Societies. These Reports make a valuable addition to our library, and we shall no doubt have frequent occasion to refer to or quote from their pages. They are alike creditable to the indefatigable Secretary, the Board, and the progressive Agriculturists of the Buckeye State.

QUEENS CO. AND HORSE SHOWS.—Our respected friend, JOHN HAROLD, Secretary of the Queens Co. Ag. Society says in his report of the transactions of that Society:—"It is pleasing to record, that while many Societies are degenerating into mere horse shows, and although several special premiums have been donated to our Society for trotting horses, the judges, with commendable decision, ruled out horses whose only qualifications were a 2:40 gait, enforcing our rules, 'that mere speed, unattended with the requisites of hardiness and endurance, is of no consequence in an economical view, and should not be encouraged.'" Sound!

THE *RURAL* IN THE ARMY.—Though it has long been a favorite with officers and privates in the Union service, the *RURAL*'S popularity seems to be increasing among them. For example, the Chaplain of the 123d Reg't N. Y. V., now located at Brandy Station, Va., writes for two subscribers, and says:—"To procure this list of subscribers only cost me about two hours effort in my Regiment. I did not ask twenty men to subscribe, though I confess I knew pretty well before hand who would appreciate your paper. I think I can easily double the list, and may yet do so."

THE LONDON CHRISTMAS MARKET.—The *Mark Lane Express* glories greatly in the exhibition of fat stock at the Metropolitan Christmas Market—an exhibition of 11,180 head of fat cattle, the weight of which is called "enormous," and the value thereof the *Express* says "could not have been less than four hundred thousand pounds sterling. Such a market was never seen before." And all this went into the beef-digesting stomachs of JOHN BULL during Christmas week, we suppose!

HOW MUCH HAS WOOL APPRECIATED.—In a review of the New York wool market, of a recent date, we find the following:—"The demand for wool has been far in excess of any previous year, owing to the great scarcity of cotton; and although good prices have been secured, they have by no means been inflated, not being over ten or twenty per cent. at most, higher than on an average for ten years previously, when we take into consideration the depreciation of the currency."

SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.—We learn that Mr. C. K. WARD, of Le Roy, Genesee County, N. Y., has recently sold to Mr. JOHN R. PAGE for H. G. WHITE, Esq., of South Framingham, Mass., six head of Short-Horns lately advertised in the *RURAL*, viz., Bright Eyes 5th, Hope, Hope 5th, Governors 3d, Governors 4th, Governors 5th. This sale is complimentary to Mr. WARD as a breeder, and will make a fine addition to Mr. WHITE'S already large herd.

ASSOCIATION OF CATTLE BREEDERS.—The annual meeting of the Association of Breeders of Thorough-Bred Neat Stock is to be held in Worcester, Mass., March 24, 1864. For particulars see announcement in our advertising department.

Horticultural.

"GARDENS AT RAILWAY STATIONS."

This is the title of an article in a London paper commending gardens found at the stations on the lines of some of the railways in the mother country. It suggests the propriety of saying something on this subject here in these United States. It is important that our railway corporations should more completely and practically recognize the influence of the distribution of horticultural knowledge and facts; of the value to them of the cultivation of horticultural taste among all the classes which in any degree minister to their prosperity.

Those who have traveled have not failed to notice how quickly the American's eye takes in and notes whatever is symmetrical and beautiful, either in landscape or architecture. The writer has had occasion to pass through Hamilton, Canada, on the line of the Great Western Railway, often, and has noted with no little pleasure the effect upon the passengers of the sight of the grassy, well shaven slopes that line the deep cut just east of the station, and the pretty *parterres* of flowers set like brilliants in the area about the Station House. No man who has once passed and seen this evidence of good taste and good management on the part of this corporation, but anticipates with enhanced pleasure his next visit there. We are always impatient to get to Hamilton on account of the flowers; and it is one of the pleasures pertaining to this route to the Great West which we place to its credit.

There is a station on the line of the Illinois Central Railway, whose resident agent is a man possessed of horticultural taste and skill; and each nook of corporate ground unoccupied by the business of the road, is made to blossom like the rose. And thus, although in the midst of a marsh, Calumet Station is a pleasant place—the traveler leaves it with pleasant remembrances of good coffee and bright blossoms of beauty.

At the stations of many of the roads trees have been planted and inclosed. During the past season this has been done to a considerable extent. It is well; it will be better if floriculture is included. We hope the time will come when these roads will find it necessary to create a Department of Horticulture, and place at its head a competent man to superintend the garnishing of the hard lines of business, traffic and travel, with something that will gratify the taste, employ the mind of the traveler and protect him in winter from the terrible sweep of wind and snow which now has no obstructions.

This is a subject which will bear further discussion, and there are objects to be attained that deserve the aid of impotunity. For it is a matter which relates to the reputation of States as well as corporations: to the comfort of the traveling public as well as its pleasure. It is a subject which must be kept before the people.

KEEPING PEARS IN THE FRUIT ROOM.

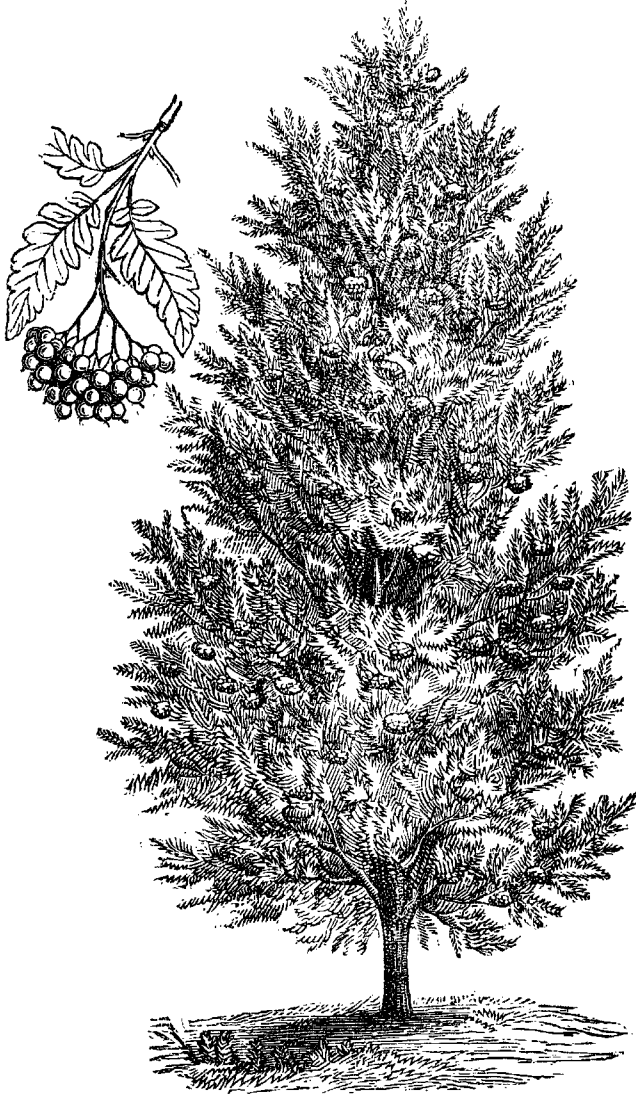
The keeping and ripening of pears, after the period of gathering fruit in the autumn, has not, we think, received that careful attention, in this country, which the importance of the subject demands. Many late autumn and winter pears have no doubt been condemned by growers from want of knowledge of the art of keeping and ripening them, and it is probable that we shall never succeed in the production of such pears until we learn more of this art than is at present possessed by the public at large.

Late autumn and winter pears, when kept in the ordinary way, in drawers or boxes, in common rooms or cellars, shrivel, rot, and fall to ripen satisfactorily. What shall be done? How shall they be kept? In a fruit room or in a cellar? If kept in a room, late in the season, we must have a fire in the room, as they will be frosted, and a fire creates too much dry air; if in a cellar, it may be difficult to keep the temperature low enough, (on account of the earth-heat), without inducing dangerous currents of air.

At what temperature will fruit keep best? We are told by some writers 36 to 40 degrees. Now in a cellar it will be found difficult, without admitting air from without, to get a temperature in winter lower than 50 to 55 degrees. It is very desirable, so the writers generally tell us, to prevent fresh air (fresh oxygen) from coming in contact with the fruit; the less it is ventilated the better, if the atmosphere is not too damp.

But who knows that a temperature of 50 to 55 degrees will not answer? Is a temperature of 36 to 40 degrees indispensable to success? If so, how can it be attained most conveniently and economically? Then what shall be the degree of humidity or dryness of the atmosphere, as shown by the hygrometer? It has been proposed to reduce the temperature of the fruit room by means of an ice-chamber over the room, (NYCE'S plan), and by means of currents of cold air from an ice-box. But here the danger of excessive moisture is evident, and it is then proposed to absorb the moisture with lime. All these are troublesome operations, and demand much care and expense.

We should be glad to hear some reports of the experience of fruit-growers through the columns of the RURAL, on this subject. We trust, also, that the new horticultural contributor will give us the benefit of his knowledge. We want to know how to keep late winter pears, easily and cheaply, not till late in the spring, or beyond the usual period of ripening, but till February and March. A neighbor of ours, who grows a few pears, says he thinks there is no such thing as a winter pear: all pears, so called, he contends, are only fall pears that never ripened. If we were to judge only by the specimens of winter pears we commonly see, we should say that our neighbor was not far



OAK-LEAVED MOUNTAIN ASH.

ORNAMENTAL TREES—NO. II.

THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

The Mountain Ash is one of the most popular and generally planted of all hardy ornamental trees in the Northern States. In the smallest gardens, if there be room for but one shade tree, it is likely to be either a Mountain Ash or a Horse Chestnut. It belongs to the genus *Pyrus*, which includes the Apple, Pear, &c., and to the natural order of botanists' *Rosaceae*. Its great beauties are a stately and regular growth, a profusion of white fragrant flowers in May or June, succeeded in Autumn by clusters of brilliant orange and scarlet berries, when it really has no rival.

The well known common species are the European (*Aucuparia*) and the American (*Americana*). The former attains the largest size, and is the most compact and regular in growth; the latter has larger leaves, stronger shoots, and larger and lighter colored berries. They are both, emphatically, Northern trees. The European species thrives and flourishes at an altitude where most other species perish. The American species is found with the Birch to our most northern regions.

Both are propagated from seed, which ripens in the Autumn. The berries are gathered and mixed with sand or sandy earth, and left to rot for a year, when they are sown in dry soil and thinly covered. Several varieties have been produced, from the European species, particularly—some of which proved to be valuable contributions to our lists of ornamental trees. Among these we shall at present notice:

I. The *Oak-leaved Mountain Ash*, (*quercifolia*), a variety with larger leaves and leaflets than the

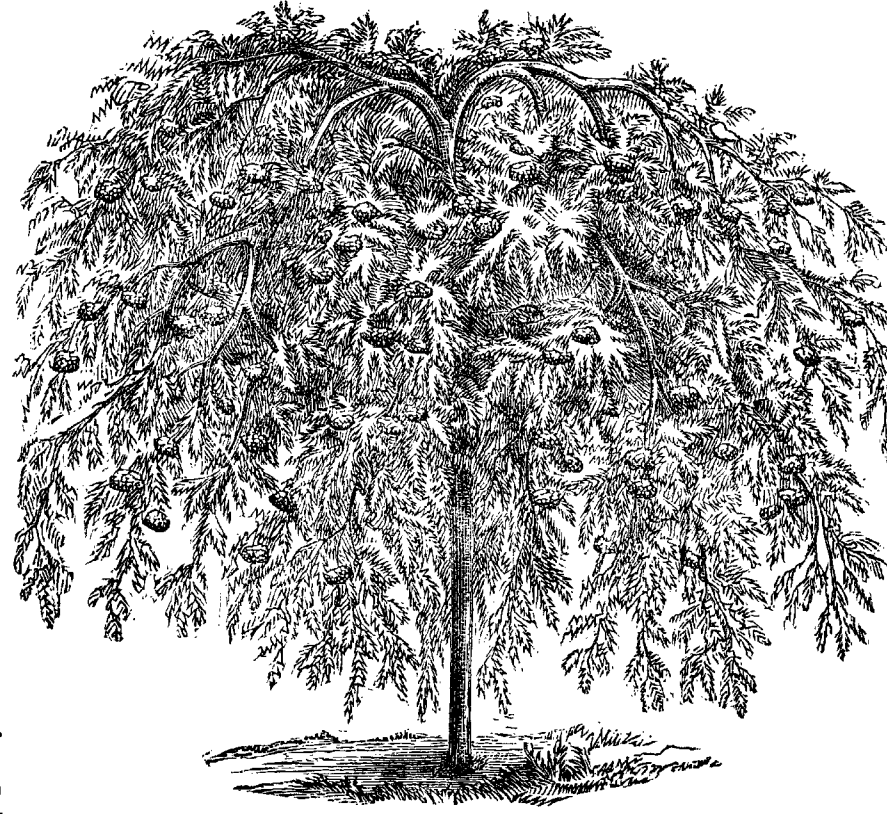
other species, and with a more compact, pyramidal growth. The leaflets, too, instead of being merely serrated, are distinctly lobed, like the leaves of some of the oaks, hence the name. The cut above, from ELLWANGER & BARRY'S illustrated Catalogue, shows both habits of growth and form of foliage. This is a very beautiful tree, and deserves to be generally planted.

II. The *Weeping Mountain Ash*, an accidental variety of the European species, with drooping branches, which, when laden with its brilliant fruits, is a very remarkable and beautiful tree, and deserves a prominent place among that popular class designated as "Weeping Trees." See annexed wood cut, from same source as the preceding.

There are also varieties with curiously variegated leaves that promise to be worthy a place among hardy trees with ornamental foliage. We have not had sufficient experience with these yet to justify a decided opinion as to their real merits. Many of these ornamental-leaved trees fail to endure our midsummer sun.

Among the *Sorbs* (*sorbas domestica*) which belong to this genus, are some very striking and beautiful species. Among which at present we will only mention *Nivalis*, snowy leaved, and *Vestala*, White Beam, both of which have remarkable hoary, silvery foliage, besides a regular, erect growth.

The varieties of the Mountain Ash, above referred to, viz., the Oak-leaved, Weeping, Variegated-leaved, &c., are multiplied by grafting or budding on the common sorts, just as we propagate the pear and apple. They cannot be reproduced, with certainty, from seeds.—B.



WEEPING MOUNTAIN ASH.

ORCHARD GOSSIP FROM ILLINOIS.

LOW-TOPPED TREES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A friend writes from Northern Illinois substantially as follows:

"I have 40 acres of orchard—25 of which are of trees very low-topped—say 10 to 24 inches

from ground. Many writers insist that I have gone to extremes and got my trees too low. One said he had known such an orchard, and the owner said he would give \$100 to have the trunks raised to 4 feet: that they did not bear as well, the ground being so much shaded, and no chance to cultivate under the trees. Now, these very things I think decidedly beneficial, and that the trunks are far more healthy for being so low and shaded. Do you know any such orchards?

APPLES FOR NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

"Why did your Alton Fruit Convention put Duchess of Oldenburg and Fall Orange on the 'List for Trial' in Northern Illinois? I have both in bearing, and find them extremely hardy and productive—the fruit handsome and very salable. The Duchess while in fruit I have had to prop up the past three years.

"From one acre and ten rods in my orchard planted to Carolina June trees, one rod apart, in the spring of 1858, I sold fruit the past year, averaging a dollar and a quarter per bushel, to the amount of one hundred and twenty-one dollars and twenty cents. No others raised on the ground for three years, and the trees look 50 per cent. better than where the land was cropped. I have 600 New York Pippin trees just beginning to bear. The apples are large and very handsome. Last year a neighbor kept one till August. The variety promises well, but it needs time to determine its value.

POISONING RABBITS.

"I have just been out gathering rabbits poisoned last night, fifteen in number, and I am confident many others crawled off into brush-heaps to die. For the past four years I have practiced scattering corn through the nursery, and with good success. Getting tired of thus fattening other folks' stock, I bought a bottle of strychnine, pulverized one-third, and wet it up to the consistency of milk. With a stick and rag on one end, I then washed 24 ears of corn, letting it dry before laying it in the basket. Carrying them into my rabbit pasture they were distributed about with one end stuck down in the snow, and with the above results."

For the North-West the writer most decidedly recommends low heads for all fruit trees. If any exception is to be made, it would only be in favor of very spreading, flat-headed varieties of apple trees. Clover will take care of the ground and trees too, after getting them first well established and mowing the crop to remain on the ground as a mulch, or feeding it off with young or small stock. Those two apples named are great favorites where known at the West, and it is strange they were not placed on the "List for General Cultivation" in Northern Illinois.

Poison for rabbits! Who that has suffered from the pest will not be glad to know of his success and try the same thing? F. K. PHENIX, Bloomington, Ill., Jan., 1864.

REMARKS.—It must be an oversight which placed the Duchess of Oldenburg on the list for trial at Alton; for it is in the list recommended for general cultivation in Northern Illinois in 1860; and its position there was confirmed at the meeting of 1861; and in 1862 no one meddled with it. Its value as a hardy, productive tree, and as a brilliant and successful market apple, and an excellent cooking or pie apple, is too well known to require "further trial." Of the Fall Orange we know less, as adapted to that locality.

Horticultural Notes.

NURSERY CATALOGUES CRITICISED.—There exists among Nurserymen generally, and Rochester firms especially, the great and growing fault of trying to gain a reputation through an extensive and showy catalogue, made up more properly of what they have not than what they have. This is a troublesome nuisance to the purchaser who is guided by, and makes his selections from the catalogue, with the expectation of having his order filled from the very elaborate stock which the Nurseryman assures him he has, but who, upon application, informs him that about nine-tenths of it cannot be supplied, among which are of course the majority of things that he really wants. It strikes me that it would be for the benefit of Nurserymen to obviate this state of things, and only advertise what they expect to furnish, entirely independent of their neighbors. As it now is it is useless to order from catalogues, as it will only subject you to disappointment, and the only way left is to submit yourself to the "tender mercies" of the Nurseryman, sending him the amount you wish to invest, and accepting anything he may send in return. Rochester is getting a "good" reputation for this kind of business, which cannot but be hurtful.—HENRY D. MORTON, Auburn, N. Y.

We cannot say how far this reported practice applies to Rochester Nurserymen as distinguished from their brethren elsewhere; but we do know there is too much cause for complaints of this character, and that parties addicted to this practice lose far more than they make, both of trade and reputation.

IT AFFORDS PLEASURE.—An esteemed correspondent of the RURAL (L. L. F., of Dodge Co., Wis.) writes:—"It is with much pleasure that we learn that Mr. BARRY—whom we consider one of the very best writers in the United States, on Horticulture, and a most reliable man—contributes regularly for the R. N. Y., for 1864. If white-paper, labor, and the like, do leave profits a minus quantity for 1864, the public will reward you in the end. We trust, though, that you will receive something substantial, in return for your efforts to benefit the public, without 'casting your bread upon the waters.' But it will be sure to 'return after many days.'"

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—1. J. M. THORNBURN & Co., (New York City.) Annual Descriptive Catalogue of Vegetable, Agricultural Seeds, &c., for 1864. This Catalogue contains many very valuable suggestions—especially to the inexperienced amateur—relating to the planting of seeds and treatment of crops resulting. If horticulturists—professional—in their catalogues would append such specific directions to their lists of trees and shrubs as they may briefly and easily give, their trade would be greatly increased thereby.

2. ELLWANGER & BARRY'S (Rochester, N. Y.) Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Flowering Plants, &c., &c. This is one of the best arranged and most concise catalogues that has come to our notice. Added, it has the finest engravings of ornamental trees we ever saw in a catalogue or anywhere else.

Domestic Economy.

PLAIN MINCE PIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—My way of making plain mince pies (and I make no other) is this:—Take two-thirds finely chopped sour apples, green or dried, (if dried, they should be soaked till swollen, in tepid water, and then chopped,) to one-third chopped beef, and to this add the broth boiled from the meat, taking off a large share of the tallow which may have risen on it. Then add the juice of dried currants, raspberries, grapes, or almost any kind of small fruit, sufficient to make the parcel considerably sour. Warm all together, sweetening to your taste with half nice molasses and half sugar. To this I sometimes add a little ground cinnamon, as it agrees better with me than any other kind of spice; but it may be omitted altogether, and have a good pie, if made as juicy as it can be baked without running over. If the meat and broth do not make it salt enough to my taste, I also add a little salt.

Now for the crust. Half thick sweet cream and half warm water mixed with flour and a little salt will make as nice and wholesome a crust as can be made. Next to it is good, sweet butter and warm water to mix with. Sometimes I make a biscuit crust, with sour milk and soda, shortened with cream or butter.

Pies made in this way have been pronounced good by those who have been in the habit of eating them much more highly seasoned. I am an invalid, and can eat them without perceptible injury.

Care should be taken to have all the articles used in making these pies of first quality, as a good article plainly cooked might be relished, even by an epicure, while an inferior article would taste insipid without condiments.

Wisconsin, Dec. 22, 1863.

S. B. M.

HOW TO MAKE A FOOT-MUFF.

THOSE who take long rides in winter, are often obliged to resort to artificial means to keep their feet warm—hence hot bricks, heated blocks of wood, and jugs filled with hot water, are variously used. The foot-muff is a great improvement on all these. It may be made in different ways, one of the cheapest and most simple of which is as follows:—Let the tinman make a square box, about one foot square and two inches thick, so as to hold water. A screw, turned by a button, is inserted into one of the narrow sides—the screw-hole should be large enough to admit a funnel. The box should be perfectly water-tight, the screw-hole being the only place for the admission and egress of the water. If a suitable screw cannot be procured, solder in a short tin tube about an inch long, to receive a cork, which is to be tightly pressed in. This box, when filled with hot water, which may be done in a few seconds, will retain heat a long time; but its efficiency may be greatly increased by encasing it with the muff. The box itself may be first covered with a piece of coarse carpeting, and then a sheep-skin, tanned with the wool on, sewed on the upper large flat side of the box, somewhat in the form of a broad shoe, with the wool inwards, and large enough to receive both feet. This essentially completes the foot-muff. The more expensive ones are covered with furs, instead of sheep-skin; and if the skin extends around the whole box, the heat of the water will be retained a longer time. A well made muff of this kind, filled with hot water and placed in the bottom of a sleigh, will continue warm for half a day.—Country Gentleman.

CAKES AND JUMBLES.

BREAD CAKE.—One cup of butter; 3 cups of sugar; 1 bowl of light sponge; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of saleratus; spices and raisins. Flour enough to make stiff.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of sugar; half cup of butter; 3 cups of sweet cream; whites of 3 eggs; two teaspoons of cream tartar; 1 of soda; one and a half cups of flour.

CREAM TARTAR CAKE.—One cup of sugar; half cup of butter; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a half cup of sweet milk; 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; 2 cups and a quarter of flour; nutmeg to suit the taste.

SUGAR JUMBLES.—One cup of butter; two cups sugar; 1 cup of cream; 1 egg; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the cream. Do not knead very stiff. Nutmeg. Bake in a quick oven. JULIA.

GRAHAM BREAD, POT-PIE CRUST, ETC.

EXCELLENT REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Take oil and stir in sulphur enough to make a paste. Bind this on the burn and renew it as often as the sulphur gets dry. It acts like a charm in removing the pain. Almost any kind of oil will answer.

GRAHAM BREAD.—One quart Graham flour; 1 pint milk; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; half teaspoonful soda; 3 tablespoons of molasses. Rub the cream tartar into the flour, and dissolve the soda in the milk. Salt to the taste.

LIGHT CRUST FOR POT-PIE.—One egg; 2 tablespoons of cream; a tea-cup of buttermilk. Stir in as much flour as you can with a spoon, and drop in from the spoon without moulding. Cook half an hour. Spoon covered if possible. Elkhorn, Wis., 1864. BETTY WRINKLE.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

AN AMERICAN PRODUCT.—The article about which so much has been said of late in consequence of its being counterfeited—the Chemical Saleratus—is an American production, and stands peerless and alone with good American housewives who make nice and wholesome bread. That is a fact.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
AT DUSK.

Come and kiss me, baby LORAINÉ,
For I am lonely of heart,
And your rosy lips can make me glad,
And bid sad thoughts depart;
For I know your heart is pure, baby-boy,
And it makes me glad to know
That in your dear eyes there is no disguise,
Though others have cheated me so.

I'm but a young girl, sweet baby LORAINÉ,
And my past is no long dream;
Yet I've found that life is a wearisome strife,
With no rest save where graves grow green;
More hearts are fickle than true, my boy,
More hearts are fickle than true,
And for constant love you must look above,
There is one who will never leave you!

Then come to my arms, sweet baby LORAINÉ,
For I fear no Judas-kiss;
Your feet may stray, but I know that to-day
They are far from Deceit's abyss;
Twine your white arms round my neck, baby-boy,
Clasp your rosy-tipped fingers behind,
There! I envy no girl her necklace of pearl,
For mine is a costlier kind!

What! Won't you kiss me, baby LORAINÉ?
You are coquettish, I fear,
You are too young to begin to flirt,
By many and many a year;
Ah! well some day you will blush, my boy,
And your splendid eyes will fall,
When some prettier girl, with a browner curl,
For your love and your kisses shall call.

Ah! your black eyes will fall then, baby LORAINÉ,
And blushes your white brow will stain,
For love makes the bravest men cowards, my boy,
When battles have tried them in vain;
Ah! you've fallen asleep in my arms, have you dear?
Well! sleep, for the time may come
When you'll pray for rest from woe in your breast
In vain, as many have done!

You'll pray in vain for rest, baby-boy,
And your eyes may grow leaden with tears;
Your brow may be scarred with the lashes of pain,
And your heart, hot and restless with fears;
Ah, well! if that day ever comes, my LORAINÉ,
I'll give you a comfort to keep,
It may be long on the way—but be sure some day
He will give his beloved one sleep!

Brighton, N. Y., 1864.

M. L. R.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

A DAY or two since it was proposed by the ladies of a society formed for the aid of the Sanitary Commission, that a box of books should be selected for the use of soldiers in the hospitals. This morning I went into the library to select my share of the needed contribution,—let me go back, we have no share, all ought to give to the extent of their means. Alas, that all do not so give. I went to the well-filled shelves and took down first one book, and then another. As I turned over the leaves of one, I thought, "a friend gave this to me, I do not like to part with it;" another seemed a book that I could particularly enjoy during the winter; and so on, till when I closed the last book, on the table there lay not more than half a dozen volumes, and those few the works of authors who had lost their popularity, or whose writings had become distasteful to me. True, there were many books unsuitable for such a purpose, or whose value would withhold one from giving; but one-half those books, did not my selfishness hold them back, would be read with pleasure by soldiers in the camp or field.

How many of you have felt as I felt,—felt that you could not part with comforts that you complainantly said were as good for you as for the soldiers? I went about other things, but all day, amid my pleasures and my duties, words that I had copied a day or two previous would recur to me with a power I could not resist. They were these, "When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops which fall, but not a drop from within the rim, and we complainantly call this Charity." I had written those lines with a sneering thought of the worldly cynic who so expressed his want of faith in human kind. At last I laid down my work, and quietly weighed the need of some sacrifice on my part. I have home, friends, and more of wealth than I deserve, if I so cling to pleasures that I can do very well without, but our soldiers, those whom we used to meet in our streets, or welcome round our bright hearth-fires, are this chill winter day sitting in their rude huts, or camping on the snow-strewn ground. A paper or a book is a real pleasure to them, and a gift that they thoroughly appreciate.

But beyond the needs of those thoughtless days, beyond the days when they take their trials and pleasures with a soldier's careless acceptance of his lot, are the days of piercing pain and languid convalescence,—days when he who used to be tenderly cared for, and petted till sickness became almost a pleasure, lies in the close wards of the hospital, and waits his turn to receive the care of strangers. From the hospitals to-day there comes the cry, "Send us books, send us papers, send us something that we may read." It is no wish expressed in formal phrase, or worded in conciliatory tone,—it is the urgent cry of starving human souls. Day by day they live helplessly, aimlessly. There is little to strengthen the heart in the moan-freighted air of the hospital, and there is no tried friend to win them back to the life of the great world that is singing by, past the very doors they have not strength to open. And at last, weary with the weight of listlessness, many an one falls back to disease again, and when they die we call them martyrs for their country, when, in truth, they die for the want of recreations that we would not give,—died martyrs to our selfishness.

The women of to-day do not live up to the day and hour; they do not enter with heart and soul into the needs of the present time. Out of their plenty they give a quart of wine, a bowl of jelly, or, perhaps, a well-read book. Out of their plenty they give much; but how much is given when they really feel that they are giving that which will lessen, even in a slight degree, their own enjoyment of life? Many sit at ease with wealth at their command who will not lift a finger for the soldier's cause, and yet profess to be for the Union and the war. To such I say, as said our CHRIST long years ago, "No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." You cannot live at your ease and serve your country.

There are many noble women, women who have given heart, life and wealth. May GOD bless them with rich blessings! It is not to them I appeal, they stand higher than I, and looking up to them, I can but exclaim, "Worthy daughters, whose fathers fought in the old wars that made this people free."

To you, who stand where I stand, I say, "Can we not give greater gifts?" We need to rise to greater strength, so to take to our hearts our country's cause and the sacrifice our brothers make, that whatever they need, if in any way it lies within our reach, may be given gladly, and with true hearts that know no selfishness. When we reach that point, when we give, not all we cannot use, but all that we can spare, then, and not till then, shall we feel "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

January, 1864.

ANNA PARKER.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

It is a wondrous advantage to a man, in every pursuit or vocation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a suitable delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she really is your friend, will have a sensitive regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing.

A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves and who loves him. If he have that, he need not seek elsewhere. But supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be many an unheeded gap in even the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, such friendships where disparities of years or circumstances put the idea of love out of the question. Middle life has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have.

We may have female friendships with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Moliere's old housekeeper was a great help to his genius; and Montaigne's philosophy takes both a gentler and loftier character of wisdom from the date in which he finds, in Marie de Gournay, an adopted daughter, "certainly beloved by me," he says, "with more than paternal love, and involved in my solicitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my being." Female friendship is, indeed, to man the bulwark, sweetener, and ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it, all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.

THERE is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon, Waste, cries "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition to carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theater of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy; it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious.

MATRIMONY is a bondage, but one that carries with it the protection which is as necessary to a woman as the air she breathes; with a tender and loving husband she will find the chains so overgrown by affection, which is the woodbine of the moral garden, that, instead of being enslaved, behold, she finds peace, love and safety within the charmed circle!

CHILDHOOD has little retrospection; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its pleasures and pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest: it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the inventor and hero.

THE human heart opens only to the heart that opens in return.—Miss Edgeworth.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
THE WANDERER'S GRAVE.

BY LAURA E. WELLS.

On the prairie lying,
By the cedar tree,
Where in rose-cup lying
Larks the honey-bee;
Where the graceful river
Curveth like a bow,
Where the aspens shiver,
And the wild winds blow!
There he sleepeth quiet
On the green earth's breast,
Far from noise and riot,
Near to peace and rest!

There the small bird singeth
When the morn is red;
There the bright spring bringeth
Grass to dress his bed.
There the sunshine loveth
On the sward to stay,
There the shadow moveth
O'er the river spray.
There the wanderer lonely,
Resteth by the wave;
Bird and red man only
Look upon his grave!

On the prairie lying!
Ah, so far away,
Friends for him are sighing
Day by weary day!
Sleeping, dream they ever
Of the cedar tree,
And the curving river
Where the shadows be!
But nor pain nor sorrow
Stirs the wanderer's breast!
Never bright to-morrow
Wakes him from his rest!

Cohocton, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN V Y

OF all the evils which pervade the different classes of society, there is, perhaps, not one that scatters along its pathway so much sorrow and desolation as Envy. Like the subtle, corrosive canker, it fastens itself upon the object of its designs, and by strong endeavors drives joy and the very light of life from the heart of its unhappy victim. Conscious itself of acquiring no higher field of action, it seeks to degrade those actuated by a worthier purpose, and finds its greatest satisfaction when it moves with imperious step among the desolations it has wrought.

When bright scenes of happiness are cheering the weary traveler journeying on life's pilgrimage, the dark and threatening form of envy draws stealthily nigh, and with fierce hatred gleaming from its eye, strikes lifeless the innocent and unsuspecting victim of its evil machinations. It has entered the council chambers of nations in the hour of quiet and prosperity, and arousing the proud and haughty spirits of contention, has filled the realms with the discordant sounds of strife, wrapt the world in a flame of fire and deluged its fairest fields with fraternal blood.

There is no haven so secure, no retreat so sacred that it does not intrude itself, and, like the arid blasts of the desert, leave, on either hand, sad traces of its poisonous breath. In the midst of pleasure and innocent amusement it enters the gatherings of society and marks its victims for destruction. Even the sacred precincts of the home circle it watches with eager eye, and often seeks the shelter of the paternal roof and the comfort of the household hearth. It insinuated itself within the pleasant bowers of Eden, and by its unjust, unhallowed presence brought sorrow and reproach upon its unfortunate possessors. Not content with the evil already heaped upon its victims it still sought other means of distress, and when prosperity encouraged the exertions of the faithful, it imbued the hands of a brother in the blood of a murdered ABEL.

And thus, down through the ages has sorrow, rapine and bloodshed marked its every footstep. Though ages on ages have grown dim in the far distant past, and have borne with them to a long repose many unhappy victims of its unholy designs, yet this power remains to-day just as active, just as vigilant, and designs and executes its schemes just as faithfully and with the same unholy purpose as ever. It has viewed with evil eye the growth of national power, and with subtle zeal plotted its overthrow. The moral improvement of a people have attracted its baneful vigilance, and to-day it involves us in the fierce conflicts of war, and fills the land with the cry of sorrow and suffering.

Though baffled oft, this cunning power ever finds new avenues of approach. Not only is it the cause of sorrow and suffering to the victims of its intrigues, but also to the possessor,—the servant of its dictations. It has caused the brightest flowers to fade; the fairest portions of earth it has blighted, and where once was heard the echoing notes of joy, sorrow now raises its plaintive cry.

The quiet vale of Gethsemane witnessed the anguish of a Savior struggling with the reproaches and transgressions of a world. But Envy, ever designing, stayed not its destroying hand until the consummation of its unholy purposes, and on Calvary's summit raised its shouts of triumph and exultation. "It is finished," nature yields, and night veils the wicked deed, while the merciless participators of guilt stand affrighted as they behold the enormity of their crime, and Envy trembles before the Power it opposes. But its strength is weakened, and as life reanimates the morning of the resurrection a light bursts forth and enlivens the world with the splendor of its beams. Man no longer struggles alone against the errors that may beset him, but may find a Friend ever near, ever ready, ever faithful, and a "very present help in time

of trouble." Life's pathway is no longer an uncertain, weary journey. The designs of nature are developed, the flowers smile, the fields teem with verdure, and the heavens spread out their dark blue canopy, studded with myriads of sparkling gems. Hope, ministering angel of strength and encouragement, displays in rich profusion treasured beauties and unfolds to our vision fairest prospects beyond. And the mind, as it toils on to higher and holier fields of action, grasps the richly-laden promise of life, and still trusting, looks eagerly toward the future, when the all-commanding voice shall declare "peace on earth, good will toward men;" when at the summons all strife shall cease, all animosities shall be forgotten, all errors disarmed of power, and the assembled multitudes of animated beings shall enjoy universal harmony and perfect happiness. J. E. HARKNESS.

Cortland Co., N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THINGS NOW.

IT does seem to me that people are continually growing more and more selfish. Every one is for himself in every kind of business. Young America grows fast,—it won't be long before it will have no childhood,—it will spring full-grown upon the stage of action. Each generation thinks itself wiser than the one before it, and they certainly are, it seems to me, in their knowledge of evil. It is quite fashionable now-a-days to deceive. "What an idea!" some sober head exclaims. But it is so, my good sir! There is scarce any one but will take advantage of his neighbor, if he can. That one who makes the shrewdest bargain is the smartest man in the eyes of community. Some are more cautious than others, but they are few and far between who do not look out for number one, and we are getting so used to it we don't call it cheating,—it is sharp, business tact. You can't tell anything about people, they will soap you over with compliments, and when you turn your back they will call you a fool and skin you of your last penny if they can. And they don't feel guilty about it if you can't take care of yourself,—that's your lookout. I tell you we are fast gliding away from the good old principle that "honesty is the best policy,"—it is taught as much as ever in theory, but not in practice. If you chance into a crowd you are obliged to put one hand upon your head and the other in your pocket, or the contents of both will slip away from you. If you buy anything you don't expect to be told the truth about it, you depend upon your own judgment, and if you get fooled it only makes you smarter next time. If you sell anything you make as much as you can, and you see nothing wrong about it,—everybody does the same. This kind of genteel cheating is getting to be so common with us that we think nothing of it. Children learn it as soon as they learn to talk. This is, indeed, a fast age.

Jan. 4, 1864.

OLD BOYS.

FINE old fellows, it seems to us, are scarcer than they used to be. Now and then one meets with a genial sexagenarian, who laughs in the face of Time, and pulls the ancient mower playfully by the scalp lock as he vaults lightly over his scythe; but such delightful "old boys" are rare. Hood would have been one of them had he lived long enough, and as it was, his cheerful spirit triumphed over infirmity, pain and death. Even when he says,

"'Tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy,"

he was brimful and running over with boyish vivacity. It is matter of surprise to us that dull, saturnine people ever live to be old. There is so little vitality in them that one would think it could not last three-fourths of a century; but then all cold-blooded animals are long-lived. Terrapins that chipped the shell before Washington was born are crawling the earth to-day, and we have seen cut out of a limestone rock a toad that for aught we know might have stuck in the mud of the first great deluge, and been inclosed in its calcareous prison for thousands of years. Man, however, not being a reptile or a polyp, but having in prospect a better world than this, has no right to mope. Why should not a good old man be light-hearted, and grow wiser as he grows older? Does not every year bring him nearer the land where sorrow never comes, and if anything on earth can cheer the spirit of a traveler, the assurance of a perfect happiness at his journey's end should do so. And yet how few take kindly to the down-hill road, or tread it smilingly. Thousands who have died before they reached middle age would have seen three-score-and-ten had they been jollier; for, as Solomon says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit crieth up the bones."

HERE is a charming little thought, entitled "Beginning to Walk," from *Chambers' Journal*:

He's not got his sea legs, the darling;
He's been in our ship but a year;
He isn't versed in our lingo—
Knows nothing of sailing, I fear.

But he soon will hear more of the billows,
And learn the salt taste of the wave,
One voyage, though short, is sufficient,
When our ports are the cradle and grave.

AIMS AND DUTIES OF LIFE.—What are the aims which are at the same time duties in life? The perfecting of ourselves, and the happiness of others.—*Jean Paul*.

CURIOSITY is a kernel of the forbidden fruit which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.—*Fuller*.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.
LAND OF "THE BEAUTIFUL."

BY BELL CLINTON.

O, TELL of the land where the beautiful dwell,
Where the songs of the happy in rich chorus swell,
Where the spirits ne'er flag, or the heart never fails,
Where no breath of disease ever floats on its gales,
Where the luster ne'er dims of the soul speaking eye,
And no stars ever fade from the evening sky.

Is it where shining rills with their silvery tide run?
And flowers bloom so brightly 'neath Italy's sun?
Where the Poet looks up to the soft-tinted sky,
And, inspired, drinks from the fountains on high,
'Till their low, lute-like cadence was wafted to me;
'Till I seemed to have passed from a world such as this,

To one where the soul is o'erflowing with bliss.
To my questioning heart the response has been given,
'Tis the land where the beautiful dwell—*it is Heaven*.
Chenango Co., N. Y., 1864.

CHRIST'S CARE.

CHRIST cares for us, else he would not have died for us—he would not have made such ample provisions for our salvation—he would not have called after us so often by his Spirit, and so freely have pardoned us—he would not have watched over us with a shepherd's vigilance and tenderness. Yes, he does care for us! How cheering the thought,

"Yes, for me, for me He careth."

In the solitude of life, when dark clouds brood over us, and the roaring thunder threatens our destruction, and when it seems as if "no one cares for my soul," there is a cheering ray of light and hope in the thought that, nevertheless, Christ does pity us and love us, and he stands ready to save us out of all our trouble. Even when the dark, appalling waves of death are about to overwhelm us, his care will be more abundantly manifest, and his support will be ample. Let us remember these things, and in all our anxieties, "cast our care on Him that careth for us."—*Morning Star*.

WILL YOU COME?

The first step in religion is coming to Christ. The second step in religion is coming to Christ. The third step in religion is coming to Christ. Religion is a constant coming to Christ, and a constant living to Him, and not to ourselves. We must come to Christ for life, for pardon, for acceptance, for grace to help in every time of need—for all we want. We must live to His glory, doing His will, and imitating His example. Many want religion without Christ; they want hope and joy without repentance and faith; they want heaven without holiness of heart and life. But without holiness no man shall see the Lord; without repentance, there is no forgiveness; without faith, there is no salvation. We are sinners. We must come to Christ. He has died; He lives; He invites. His is the only name whereby we must be saved. We must come to Him, or perish. Reader, will you come? Will you take this first step in religion? Will you come to Christ? Come, for all things are ready. Come now! Come!—*The Presbyterian*.

SENSE, REASON, AND FAITH.—There are three principles by which we apprehend things—Sense, Reason and Faith. These lights have their different objects that must not be confounded. Sense is confined to things material. Reason considers things abstracted from matter: Faith regards the mysteries revealed from heaven; and these must not transgress their order. Sense is an incompetent judge of things about which Reason only is conversant. It can only make a report of those objects which by their natural characters are exposed to it. And Reason can only discourse of things within its sphere, supernatural things, which we derive from revelation, and are purely the objects of Faith, are not within its territories and jurisdiction. Those superlative mysteries exceed all our intellectual abilities.—*Bates*.

AFFLICTIONS.—TRIALS.—SELF-EXAMINATION.—The surest way to know our gold, is to look upon it and examine it in God's furnace, where he tries it, for that end that we may see what it is. If we have a mind to see whether a building stands strong or no, we must look upon it when the wind blows. If we would know whether that which appears in the form of wheat, has the real substance of wheat, or is only chaff, we must observe it when it is winnowed. If we would know whether a staff be strong, or a rotten broken reed, we must observe it when it is leaned upon, and weight is borne upon it. If we would weigh ourselves justly, we must weigh ourselves in God's scales, which He makes use of to weigh us.—*Edwards*.

CHRISTIANITY.—It is impossible that human nature can be above the need of Christianity. And if ever man has for a time fancied that he could do without it, it has soon appeared to him, clothed in fresh youth and vigor, as the only cure for a human soul; and the degenerate notions have returned with new ardor to those ancient, simple and powerful truths, which in the hour of their infatuation they destroyed.—*D' Aubigne*.

The Traveler.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.—NO. I.

DEAR RURAL:—Now that the Mississippi sweeps between us, your face is just twice as handsome as it was in New York.

The unprotected female, sitting among her boxes and bundles in some bustling depot, is, or ought always to be, the subject of kindly interest. Made up as she is of nerves, inefficiency, headaches, cold feet, anxiety, and scepticism, (as for instance, if an official says "yes," in reply to some interrogation, aforementioned female is sure he meant no, and vice versa,) she has "a little clear" to your candid opinion, my dear sir, as to whether the cars are moving east or due west, or even to express her conviction that they are stationary and surrounding objects marching on. But don't think your "fair correspondent," though belonging to the species, is able to answer "here" to a roll-call including all the above-named personalities.

The DOLEFUL family were well represented; four of them sat just in front of me. "Our tickets cost \$—" said Mr. DOLEFUL to his wife. "How dreadful dear," was her solemn response. After a grim silence one of the little DOLEFULS said to his brother, "My hand's swellin' worse and worse where the old cat scratched it," and the reply was, "My boot pinches my foot awfully." The mother had a huge willow basket in her lap which she clung to as affectionately as a young lady does to a poodle. Presently she began to look it over and over, and through and through. "Gone, gone," I heard her say. The search was renewed and the dirge repeated, "gone, gone." Poor woman, I soliloquized, something valuable is lost, like enough the deed to their farm. "What is it?" I asked, with feminine curiosity. "Why, I can't find ROBBIE'S mittens,—they was new ones, striped, yaller and white, an' I wouldn't a'lost 'em for the world."

The SUNNY family had some representatives, and when our engine, for private reasons of its own, suspended walk, they were all the merrier. And so on and on we came, passing the broad fields of Ohio, the well-tilled acres of the Peninsular State, the homes of the corn-crackers and the prairie farms of Illinois. My heavily bound trunk, which had survived a trip to Pike's Peak and back again, refused to be comforted under the affectionate treatment of the Chicago baggage-master, and manifested a severe desire to disgorge its entire contents: but the trunk of some fellow-passenger, which had been carefully encircled with ropes, was partially relieved that the battered sides of my own might be bound together. The best preventive for this kind of accident, I am told, is to put two or three bands of hooping-iron about the trunk and fasten with a nail.

At Davenport we crossed the Mississippi, the only bridge that spans its waters; it is about three-fourths of a mile long. What other river bears on its bosom the products of so thrifty a people and so varied a climate? Its wonders of vegetable existence have a tropical growth and luxuriance, coming upon the eye, at some seasons, like a vision of enchantment. How magical have been the changes along its valleys since the old Spanish adventurers patiently rowed far up toward its mountain source—since DE SOTO found a grave in its waters, and CHATEAUBRIAND wrote of it as "a river of mighty and unbroken solitudes." "And the Father of Waters goes unweaved to the sea."

Staging is a great institution in the West. It always has some pleasant features, but they "grow small by degrees and beautifully less" after one has enjoyed them awhile. A night or two aboard the cars is endurable, for there one can, at least, like JAMES FITZ JAMES,

"Consign to heaven his cares and woes,
And sink in undisturbed repose."

but cramped up in a stage that is bounding over a road that must have been laid out with the old mathematical definition in view, "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," isn't at all favorable to nature's sweet restorer, when the straight line leads over corduroy bridges, steep knolls, gorges, gullies, or anything in its way.

Des Moines, the capital city of Iowa, is principally on the west side of the Des Moines river. In time of high water the river is navigable to the Mississippi. The country round about is very well timbered, the surface quite undulating, favoring ready drainage and relieving it of that painful sameness which is a feature of Middle and Southern Illinois. The capitol is built on a bluff east of the river and about a mile from the Post-Office. The land along the river is flat, but back a little distance the bluffs ascend to a considerable height and are being improved by fine dwellings and ornamented grounds. There are large commercial blocks containing wholesale and retail stores, nice hotels—one or two of which would compete with those of the far-famed Flour City.

Ladies sweep the pavement here as elsewhere with their dresses: social position is an especial end to be kept in view. Many who in the East had served behind the milliner's counter, acquiring a grace and ease of manner really winning, and others, who for various reasons of family relation could never rise out of a certain sphere, come West, put on style, dress to the extent of their means and are the elite of the city or the town. But they labor here for the soldiers with a zeal as noble as it is untiring; the alabaster box containing ointment of spikenard, very precious, has been broken without reserve, and when the bloody struggle ceases, when Liberty stands up disenthralled, the sister States will say of Iowa, "She hath done what she could."

One natural advantage Des Moines possesses are its coal beds. These have not been worked

to any considerable extent, but are thought to be the best in the State. The city is growing rapidly and steadily in substantial prosperity; new buildings are going up, new firms are being established, and boarding houses are crowded. The people are social, hospitable, intelligent and friendly, and many of them believe that the "Star of Empire" will yet culminate above Des Moines. The population reaches nearly six thousand.

The school buildings of Iowa are mostly good structures, on the principle that the miller's pig grew fat,—the money of non-resident landholders has built them.

Covered wagons, drawn by mules or horses, containing emigrants or freight to and from the depot, attract one's attention as they come in from the East. This is the only way families move west hereabouts,—and the mania for moving west prevails extensively,—there is such a broad, grand sweep of virgin soil lying westward, there "remains so much land yet to be possessed," that one cannot wonder.

Very truly, yours on the wing,
Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 8, 1883. M. J. C.

HOW THE FRENCH ECONOMIZE.

THERE are few American families who know exactly the expenses of the year; they all know, probably, that it costs about so many hundred or thousand dollars on the whole. But every European family knows the expense of every year, of every month, day or hour—the exact cost of every breakfast, dinner or supper, of every morsel they eat, of every drop they drink. Every German or French housewife knows not only how much the meat, potatoes and bread of any meal may cost, but also the water in which she has cooked them, and the coal or wood she has burned to boil the water. It is infinitely amusing to an American to observe such a *menage*.

In Paris there is no acqueduct, the fountains of the city belong to the Government, and the water is sold by barrels and pailsfuls to water carriers, who supply families at so much a gallon. In a house of five stories, there are two families on each floor, making ten who ascend the same staircase, up which all articles for family use must be carried. It is a rule that water, coal, and all heavy articles must be taken up before noon, as about that time the *conciierge* cleans the hall and stairs, and they must be kept clean for callers in the afternoon. In every kitchen is a receptacle for water, consisting of an oblong box, containing two or more pailsful, according to the means of the family, and their ideas of cleanliness. In one corner of the box is a small portion of porous stone, which serves as a filter, and to which is a separate faucet. The *porteau* brings two large pailsful of water for three cents, and comes every morning. It is, therefore, very easy to know how much the water costs in which the dinner is boiled.

In the same kitchen is a box for coal, which contains the quantity for which they pay forty cents, and they know exactly how many meals can be cooked with this quantity. If they have guests to dinner, they use an extra quantity of coal, and know how many cents' worth are devoted to each guest, and then, of course, they know if they can afford to invite anybody again!

They know exactly how much of every article is used every day. The streets of Paris are lined with small groceries, where everything is purchased by the cents' worth, and are certainly very convenient for people who earn only a few cents per day. If a family comes into the neighborhood who does not patronize these small shopkeepers, it is considered a great injustice, and we have known them to commence a regu-

lar persecution of such a family, annoying them in every possible way. They keep coffee, burnt and ground, sugar, powdered and in lumps, tobacco, liquors, and every household article in infinitely small quantities.—N. Y. Com. Adv.

THE CITY.

I HAVE an affection for a great city. I feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and "the sweet security of streets." The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to me. I find sermons in the stones of the pavement, and in the continuous sound of voices and wheels and footsteps, hear "the sad music of humanity." Feel that life is not a dream but a reality; that the beings around me are not the insects of an hour, but the pilgrims of an eternity; each with his history of thousandfold occurrences, insignificant it may be to others, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart whose fibers are woven into the great web of human sympathies; and none so small that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach the doctrine of a good Providence; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers and wants and passions and deeds preach this same gospel. The greatest works of his handiwork delight me hardly less than the greatest work of nature. They are "the master-pieces of her own master-pieces." Architecture and painting and sculpture and music and epic poems and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please me evermore, for they conduct me into the fellowship of great minds. And thus my sympathies are with men and streets and city gates and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow; and cathedral doors where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build their nests in the arms of saints and apostles.

And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves with others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man; and finally learn, like Jean Paul, "to look at a metropolis as a collection of villages; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door; a library as a learned conversation; joy as a second; sorrow as a minute; life as a day; and three things as a day—God, Creation, Virtue.—*Longfellow*."

PARIS.—Of the hundreds of elegant seats put up all over the city for the repose of the public, I have not seen one disfigured by a pen-knife. From one end of the town to the other, everywhere, the choicest flowers are blooming, with only a barrier a foot high around the beds, and yet not a single plant or flower is ever touched. Paris has become the best-lighted city in the world, and will soon be, if not already, the best ventilated. Its drainage is known to be nearly perfect. The policemen are not ruffians, but as civil as gentleman ushers of the black and white rod. In the most polite and obliging manner all your inquiries are answered, and every reasonable assistance is rendered if you get into a strait.

THE SOUL.—There is a spectacle grander than the sea—it is the sky; there is a spectacle grander than the sky—it is the interior of the soul.

WISDOM and Virtue are the greatest beauty; but it is an advantage to a diamond to be well set.—*Matthew Henry*.

Reading for the Young.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

WHO was JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, boys? Who holds up his hands first? Every boy and girl who loves birds ought to know all about him. And while we cannot give space to tell all that is interesting in his history here, we can urge each one of the young RURALISTS to find out something more concerning him.

AUDUBON—for he is known by that name in the scientific world—was born in New Orleans the 4th of May, 1780. He was the son of French parents. He was sent to Paris to school, and received a good education. He came back to America after several years absence, and with knapsack, rifle, net and snares, he roamed the prairies of the West for the purpose of completing his education. "Completing his education on the prairies, with net and rifle!" exclaims some bright-eyed little RURAL reader. Yes, indeed! He went out into the prairie wilds to study. "Study what?" Why, Nature, to be sure. He studied the birds that sang to him—their habits, and distinguishing traits. He studied how one bird differed from another, in color, size, the construction of their bodies, and by this means learned their uses in this great world which God has created. He shot or caught every new bird that he could find—not simply for the pleasure of shooting it, but that he might learn something about it. He hunted their nests and kept specimens of all the eggs he could get, and carefully recorded the results of all his labors and studies, for the good and use of all young people who choose to study Ornithology. And because he had such a passion for the study of birds he was called an Ornithologist. He was a great adventurer. Did you ever see the Mississippi river? You can point it out on the map. It is a great river, and its waters flow with wonderful momentum towards the Gulf of Mexico. But as early as the year 1810, AUDUBON was sailing down the Upper Mississippi in a birch canoe—a frail boat for so long a voyage on so great a river. But in this strange, adventurous way, he visited almost every part of these United States and Territories, constantly studying the birds and insects. For a man so fond of God's wonderful creations could not confine his studies to one class of his creatures. The tiny insects were regarded by him with great interest. But it was his main effort to complete his Ornithological education.

AUDUBON knew how to persevere. He was not easily overcome by difficulties. There is a story told illustrating his perseverance. He had toiled for long years to get accurate representations of American birds to be used to illustrate his great work on American Ornithology, when, one night, two Norway rats destroyed two hundred of his original drawings, containing the forms of more than a thousand of the birds which he had studied during the long years. All were gone except a few bits of gnawed paper—all the labor of long years gone in a single night, destroyed by two insignificant rats! How he suffered! Would it not have discouraged you, boys? But it did not him. He soon recovered his usual good nature, took up his gun and note-book again, and went into the woods and wilds to recover what he had lost by the rats. It took him nearly three years to fill his portfolio again with the lost sketches. But he did it! And there is a lesson for you, boys.

If you are interested in this brief sketch of this great man, you should make an effort to



AUDUBON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

learn more of him. We give you here his portrait, set in a frame, ornamented with the figures of creatures he loved, and with which he became so familiar.

GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGER.

"I TOLD you once," said Grandpa to Laura, "about the little spider which saved a good man's life. I will now tell you how God made a little cricket the means of saving a fleet of vessels."

"A sick soldier had captured one of these little creatures, hoping to be cheered and reminded of home by his little pleasant chirp during the tedious voyage. But the little insect was mute as a fly, and all the satisfaction the poor soldier had was in looking at his little prisoner. But all of a sudden he changed his behavior, and rung his clear rattle as loud as a cricket could. It was instantly surmised that he scented the land, and on examination, sure enough they were in the neighborhood of dangerous rocks, where they would soon have been dashed to pieces. God put it into the heart of the man to bring that vigilant little watchman with him, and he proved of more service than the unfaithful look-out man. Surely, God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

"This little story reminds me of still another," continued Grandpa, "in which a curious beetle was made to save the life of a very great scholar and naturalist. He found a very rare one in his little cell, where he had been maliciously imprisoned, and told his surgeon he wished very much to have it sent to two naturalists, who would prize it highly. The simple request was complied with; and by this means the two friends were made acquainted with the fate of the other. This led them to take most vigorous measures to have him released; and at last they were successful. The poor companions of the prisoner were shipped for banishment to some far-off land a few weeks afterward, and the ship foundered at sea, and all on board were lost."

How plainly we see the hand of God in all these little occurrences. You cannot learn to believe too early, my children, that "not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice, and that even the 'very hairs of your head are numbered.'"—*Presbyterian*.

DON'T LIKE MY BUSINESS.

THERE is no greater fallacy in the world than that entertained by young men that some pursuit in life can be found wholly suited to their tastes, whims and fancies. This philosopher's stone can never be discovered, and every one who makes his life a search for it will be ruined. Much truth is contained in the Irishman's remark:—"It is never easy to work hard." Let, therefore, the fact always be remembered by the young, that no life work can be found entirely agreeable to man. Success always lies at the top of a hill; if we would reach it, we can do so only by hard, persevering effort, while beset with difficulties of every kind. Genius counts nothing in the battle of life; determined, obstinate perseverance in one single channel is everything. Hence, should any of our young readers be debating in his mind a change of business, imagining he has a genius for some other, let him at once dismiss the thought as he would a temptation to do evil.

If you think you have made a mistake in choosing the pursuit or profession you did, don't make another by leaving it. Spend all your energies in working for and clinging to it, as you would to the life-boat that sustained you in the midst of the ocean. If you leave it, it is almost certain that you will go down; but if you cling to it, informing yourself about it till you are its master, bending your every energy to the work, success is certain. Good, hard, honest effort, steadily persevered in, will make your love for your business or profession grow; since no one should expect to reach a period when he could have done best and would have liked the best. We are allowed to see and feel the roughness in our own pathway, but none in others; yet all have them.—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine*.

"SOMETIME."

"SOMETIME."—Only a word, and yet no magician's wand ever conjured up fairer pictures than it brings to human mind. All the treasures of earth are gathered in shining richness at our feet, and we see a flower-wreathed path winding beneath the fern-leaved oak and feathery pine, where the music of foaming waters, and cheery bird voices gladden the senses; and joyously we linger amid the mazy labyrinths of imagination.

"Sometime."—Softly the mother breathes it, and to her it speaks of a time far away in the future, when the child she now folds so lovingly and tenderly in her arms shall have reached the pride of manhood, and shall go forth before the multitude to fight a glorious battle for truth, freedom and justice; and the voice, which can now scarce hush its mother's name, shall awaken the echo of earth's farthest shore, with the glad news of the world's redemption.

THE FIRESIDE.—The fireside has always been regarded as the altar of home—the seat of all the domestic virtues. Round that hallowed spot are supposed to be nourished all those tender feelings and sentiments which soften the harder features of humanity. There it is that the true father, the true mother, the true sister, and the true brother are grown, and there it is that society looks for its brightest ornaments. No patriot or philanthropist, worthy of the name, ever sprung from any other soil, or was really moulded by any other influence.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 23, 1864.

The Army in Virginia.

DISPATCHES from Gen. Kelly state that Maj. Cole of the Maryland Cavalry has returned to his headquarters from a scout to Leesburg, and the report that Gen. Stuart was there with a large cavalry force for the purpose of an attack on Point of Rocks, or on any other place in the possession of the Government, is entirely unfounded. Not an armed rebel was seen or heard of within 40 miles of Leesburg.

Gen. Kelly also reports Gen. Early falling back up the Shenandoah Valley, and that all fears for the safety of the railroad are at rest. The latest news from the Kanawha Valley is encouraging. The river is frozen over, and the heavy snows in the mountains prevent any military operations on either side in that direction.

Reports have begun to reach us through scouts and informing farmers of rebel acts during the late raid. All reports agree that the rebels treated friends and foes alike, going into houses and taking bed clothes and such things away. Some houses they literally stripped of such articles, leaving the dwellers suffering from want of something to comfort them. The rebels took cattle, corn, &c., wherever they found them. Their late actions have gained them no favor among those who profess to be their friends.

The Army of the Potomac is still subject to occasional incursions of the rebel guerrillas, but beyond this, the quietude which prevails is not disturbed. A few nights ago they made a dash into the camp of the 1st Massachusetts cavalry near Warrenton, capturing 17 men and 35 horses. The ensuing day another party struck upon the mule train of the 1st Maine cavalry and captured four or five men.

The North Carolina troops in the rebel army have been sent back of Orange Court House, and are no longer permitted to do picket duty on Rapidan.

On Wednesday Gen. Butler sent important documents to City Point by a flag of truce, bearing on the subject of the exchange of prisoners. In the meantime he has ordered the rebel prisoners to be brought within the lines of his Department to await a release which he hopes to be able to effect.

The Baltimore American has a letter dated Point Lookout, 13th inst., giving an account of quite an extensive raid in Westmoreland, Northumberland and Richmond counties, Va., by Brig.-Gen. Mason. His command consisted of three hundred infantry and one hundred and thirty cavalry. The cavalry embarked from Point Lookout on the 12th. It consisted of detachments from the 2d and 5th U. S. cavalry. They landed at Kanisale, Va., on the Wycomako River. Thirty men were detached to go with the infantry. The command marched to Warsaw Court House, Richmond county, captured and destroyed a large quantity of pork and bacon collected there by the rebel government, captured a rebel Major and several other prisoners, and destroyed grain, &c.

From Warsaw they proceeded to Union Fork, on the Rappahannock, and communicated with the gunboats. They then moved down the river, crossed Farnham Creek, and burned a large bridge. Some skirmishing occurred at this point with the rebel cavalry.

The next morning they marched to Little Waltham, and destroyed a large quantity of grain and other produce, and after a slight skirmish with a small body of rebel cavalry, they moved on to Lancaster C. H., where the main command halted. Lieut. Dickerson, of the 5th cavalry, was sent to Killanock, ten miles distant, and from that point a detachment was sent out which burned an extensive tannery and a large amount of leather, hides, machinery, oil, &c. That night the command marched to a point on the Wycomako, where they expected to meet the infantry force and gunboats. They communicated with the feet and found all quiet. On the 14th they moved up the Wycomako to a point where the command were re-shipped and returned to Point Lookout after an absence of three days. Only one man was killed, 25 prisoners were taken; 60 horses and 2 mules, 65 head of cattle, and 106 sheep were captured.

A detachment of the 11th Pennsylvania cavalry returned on the 16th to Fortress Monroe from a raid through Eastern North Carolina. They report that they found the body of a soldier hanging at Smith's Mills, on the 14th inst., with the following words upon it:—"Here hangs private Samuel Jones, of the 5th Ohio regiment, hung by order of Maj.-Gen. Pickett, in retaliation for private David Bright, of the 62d Georgia regiment, hung Dec. 15th, by order of Brig.-Gen. Wild."

The Richmond *Whig* of the 15th thinks the future of the South is involved in the next spring's campaign in upper Georgia.

The second is stated to be from Kirby Smith, who recently sent an authorized messenger to Washington to propose to the Federal authorities to furnish every requisite authority to get out cotton in that portion of the Red River and Wachoto districts within rebel control, the money for the same to be paid to that class of officers excepted from the amnesty offered by President Lincoln, they to retire from the rebel army and go to Mexico.

The *Republican* says editorially of the correctness of this information, we have no doubt of it, for it comes from sources likely to have the best means of information; also, that this would involve the complete disbandment of the rebel forces in Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and the immediate return of those States to the Union.

Refugees from Richmond who traveled via the Wilmington, Mobile and Ohio Railroad to Okolona, bring the *Memphis Bulletin*, which contains a long account of the condition of things in the

Confederacy, describing the state of society in Richmond as terrible. The demoralization among all classes is extraordinary. This same demoralization is said to exist in Mobile. A proposition was made in the rebel Congress to conscript negroes as soldiers, but it was vigorously opposed by the members from Georgia, North and South Carolina. Lincoln's amnesty proclamation has been suppressed as much as possible among the people and soldiers for fear they would accept it and abandon the rebel cause. It was believed that a large majority of the troops, if left to themselves, would lay down their arms and accept the terms proposed.

MISSISSIPPI.—Bishop Polk commands the Department of Mississippi in place of Gen. Johnston, whose reception by the citizens of Atlanta on his assumption of the command of the army was very imposing, while their denunciations of Bragg were very bitter. Bragg's army is completely demoralized and scattered throughout the country, deserting in large numbers.

The intention of the rebel government is to concentrate all the force possible at that point to check the advance of Grant, and drive him back if possible.

The number of troops west of the Mississippi is estimated at 30,000. General S. D. Lee commands. The cavalry has 17,000—5,000 under Ferguson at Okolona, and 5,600 at Oxford. Two regiments of Port Hudson prisoners have been declared exchanged and supplied with arms. Lee's headquarters were at Brandon, Miss.

Immense quantities of corn are lying along the railroad from the Alabama line.

Sixty-two rebel prisoners were sent from Memphis on the 13th, to be exchanged for some of our troops taken in Forrest's raid.

Gen. Sherman has gone to Vicksburg.

ARKANSAS.—Gen. McNeill arrived at St. Louis on the 15th, from Fort Smith, Ark., under orders of the department headquarters to act as witness in the case of Wm. R. Stricken, late Provost Marshal for N. E. Missouri. Gen. McNeill reports the rebels in Arkansas as suffering severely from the cold weather, which extended throughout the South.

Gen. Kirby Smith, commanding the Mississippi Department, had ordered a march, and the Arkansians and Missourians refused to go further South. Deserters in large numbers were coming into the Federal lines, acknowledging that the rebellion was hopelessly lost.

The *Memphis Bulletin* authoritatively contradicts the reports of recent rebel successes in Arkansas. The capture of Pine Bluff, the attack on Little Rock, railroad obstructions of tracks, capture of a train, and destruction of boats by guerrillas, turn out to be fictitious.

KANSAS.—Maj.-Gen. Curtis arrived at Leavenworth on the 16th, and will assume the command of the Department at once.

MOVEMENTS IN THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

TENNESSEE.—Affairs in East Tennessee are very exciting. A heavy cavalry fight occurred near Strawberry Plains on the 10th. The enemy were repulsed with serious loss. Longstreet has been heavily re-enforced from the armies of Gens. Lee and Johnston. The re-enforcements from Johnston's army are on the south side of Holstein River. Gen. Longstreet's headquarters are at Red Bridge. Our picket lines front each other at Blair's cross-roads, twenty miles north-east of Knoxville. The repulse at Bean Station was very flattering. Longstreet's position is a splendid one, presenting a river and mountain front.

Forrest has been badly handled in West and Middle Tennessee, but has managed to escape with most of his command.

The rebel army in our front has been largely increased by conscripts. Gen. Johnston retains a bold front at Tunnell Hill and Dalton.

Gen. Grant has left Knoxville via Cumberland Gap, and is making a complete circuit of this Department. He reached Knoxville via Chattanooga. The army here is in good condition. We have plenty to eat. The weather here is frightfully cold, but we have little sickness.

Part of Colonel McCook's cavalry attacked the 8th and 11th Texas regiments on the 15th inst., killing 14 and taking 41 prisoners.

A large number of carpenters and others have been sent by the Government to repair the railroads in Tennessee, which will be in complete running order on opening of spring.

The Washington *Republican's* Memphis correspondent says two important propositions have recently been made by the rebels to the Federal Government. The first is from the Assistant Quartermaster of the rebel army, at Fernando, acting by authority of Richmond officials. He has offered to sell to Gen. Hurlburt, or the United States Government, all the cotton within a certain district yet outside the Federal line. This offer embraces 15,000 bales, and is all rebel government cotton, and greenbacks will be taken for it. It is said that Gen. Hurlburt favors its purchase and has recommended that the proposition be carried into effect.

The second is stated to be from Kirby Smith, who recently sent an authorized messenger to Washington to propose to the Federal authorities to furnish every requisite authority to get out cotton in that portion of the Red River and Wachoto districts within rebel control, the money for the same to be paid to that class of officers excepted from the amnesty offered by President Lincoln, they to retire from the rebel army and go to Mexico.

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Confederacy, describing the state of society in Richmond as terrible. The demoralization among all classes is extraordinary. This same demoralization is said to exist in Mobile. A proposition was made in the rebel Congress to conscript negroes as soldiers, but it was vigorously opposed by the members from Georgia, North and South Carolina. Lincoln's amnesty proclamation has been suppressed as much as possible among the people and soldiers for fear they would accept it and abandon the rebel cause. It was believed that a large majority of the troops, if left to themselves, would lay down their arms and accept the terms proposed.

MISSISSIPPI.—Bishop Polk commands the Department of Mississippi in place of Gen. Johnston, whose reception by the citizens of Atlanta on his assumption of the command of the army was very imposing, while their denunciations of Bragg were very bitter. Bragg's army is completely demoralized and scattered throughout the country, deserting in large numbers.

The intention of the rebel government is to concentrate all the force possible at that point to check the advance of Grant, and drive him back if possible.

The number of troops west of the Mississippi is estimated at 30,000. General S. D. Lee commands. The cavalry has 17,000—5,000 under Ferguson at Okolona, and 5,600 at Oxford. Two regiments of Port Hudson prisoners have been declared exchanged and supplied with arms. Lee's headquarters were at Brandon, Miss.

Immense quantities of corn are lying along the railroad from the Alabama line.

Sixty-two rebel prisoners were sent from Memphis on the 13th, to be exchanged for some of our troops taken in Forrest's raid.

Gen. Sherman has gone to Vicksburg.

ARKANSAS.—Gen. McNeill arrived at St. Louis on the 15th, from Fort Smith, Ark., under orders of the department headquarters to act as witness in the case of Wm. R. Stricken, late Provost Marshal for N. E. Missouri. Gen. McNeill reports the rebels in Arkansas as suffering severely from the cold weather, which extended throughout the South.

Gen. Kirby Smith, commanding the Mississippi Department, had ordered a march, and the Arkansians and Missourians refused to go further South. Deserters in large numbers were coming into the Federal lines, acknowledging that the rebellion was hopelessly lost.

The *Memphis Bulletin* authoritatively contradicts the reports of recent rebel successes in Arkansas. The capture of Pine Bluff, the attack on Little Rock, railroad obstructions of tracks, capture of a train, and destruction of boats by guerrillas, turn out to be fictitious.

KANSAS.—Maj.-Gen. Curtis arrived at Leavenworth on the 16th, and will assume the command of the Department at once.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

THE President has approved and signed the act extending the bounties to the 1st of March.

Assistant Adjutant General Townsend has made a report containing a list of all known desertions of non-commissioned officers and privates from the regular army to the rebels. The number is only 28, of whom 20 are from the 8th infantry. He has also compiled a list of the officers of the regular army who have left the army by resignation or desertion to engage in the rebellion. The total is 277, of whom 183 have entered the rebel service. Ninety-seven are presumed to have done so, one was dismissed for surrendering his command in face of the enemy, and one made an attempt to desert to the rebels. Two hundred and forty-two have resigned, 26 were dismissed, and 9 dropped.

A message was received by the House from the President, in answer to the inquiry relative to the alleged treacherous treatment of Kansas prisoners by the rebels, transmitting letters from the Secretary of War to the Commander-in-Chief of the army. Gen. Halleck says:—"As no information that the volunteers from Kansas when taken prisoners have been treated any different than volunteers from any other State, the General in command of the Department of which Kansas forms a part knows of no distinction made between Kansas and other prisoners."

The Commissary General of prisoners says:—"There is nothing in the records of this office to show the manner in which the wounded and dead soldiers have been treated on the battlefield, nor is there anything to show that Kansas volunteers have been put to death on being taken prisoners. Only 58 enlisted men of Kansas regiments can be found on the records as having been delivered on parole by the enemy."

Gen. Heintzelman, by order of the President, is placed in command of the Northern Department, which is composed of the States of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, with headquarters at Columbus, Ohio.

The reports of the prevalence of small-pox in Washington are much exaggerated, though it prevails to a much greater extent than heretofore. It is generally in a mild form, and there are comparatively few deaths.

The bill appropriating \$700,000 to pay the Home Guard heretofore called out in the Department of Missouri, now only awaits the President's signature to become a law.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington has decided that a "homestead settler has not a complete legal right, but merely an inceptive right, liable to be defeated for non-performance of conditions, and can therefore only use the timber for fencing, building and repairs. Under the bounty of Congress he is permitted to acquire a homestead in the public domain for agricultural purposes, on the condition of settlement and cultivation for five years. Until this condition is satisfied he cannot commit waste by felling the timber for market, as

the land reverts to the United States on failure to comply with the terms of the law."

A Washington paper says there are large numbers of women now in that city who are suffering from extreme poverty—women who came there to visit their sons, brothers or husbands in the army, to recover the remains of those who have died, to obtain employment or the money due their relatives, but have not the means to take them home again.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

By an arrival from Valparaiso we learn that the Cathedral in Santiago, Chili, caught fire on the 14th ult., from an explosion of a gas pipe, when densely crowded with human beings. The church contained 2,000 lights, from some of which fire was communicated to the drapery of the gigantic image of the Virgin and the paste-board devices. In an instant a sheet of flame rushed along the festoon of lights to the roof and directly spread to all parts of the building. The people rushed to the principal door and it was soon blocked. Most of the men escaped by the side doors. But few minutes elapsed ere the lights suspended so plentifully from the roof, poured a rain of liquid fire on the people below, and in less than fifteen minutes over 2,000 persons, mostly females, were blackened corpses. Some 1,950 dead bodies, mostly ladies and children, have been recovered from the ruins.

ABOUT one thousand rebellious Sioux, flying before the Union forces in Minnesota, have crossed the Canada line, and are now causing much trouble in the vicinity of Selkirk. Some time ago permission was asked of the British government to cross the line with our troops in order to prevent such outrages as are now taking place. After consultation with the home government, Lord Lyons replied that such permission could not be granted.

THE *Nor' Wester* announces the discovery of gold in large quantities on the east side of the Rocky Mountains in British territory. It is represented that a party of American miners crossed the mountains from British Columbia and discovered diggings on the Bow River—one of the upper tributaries of the south branch of the Saskatchewan. So the "Yankees" are the first to discover gold even in British territory.

A NEW ORLEANS letter says working men are prosperous, wages being very high. There are no slaves, and every able-bodied servant expects twenty dollars per month. The "Yankees" have come in with the "currency," and they want "help." They have taken the stores, put up big red and gilt signs of "Dry Goods," "Yankee Notions," "Produce," &c., and gradually they are making a new city.

MR. J. B. KELLOGG, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, of Milwaukee, reports the stock of wheat in store in that city on the 1st inst. to have been 1,134,400 bushels, and of oats 87,500 bushels. The stock of wheat is larger, and of oats smaller than was generally estimated. A year ago, Jan. 1, the amount of wheat in store there was 1,411,601 bushels.

An instrument called a *ballo-metre* has been invented by Messrs. Ludwig & Kromeyer, depending on the principle of closing an electric circuit by means of a substance interposed between the electrodes, by which thicknesses of substances such as hair, spiders' webs, &c., may be determined with exactness to the twelve millionth part of an inch.

A SAW MILL on a new plan has just been put in operation at Cheshire, Mich., by J. G. Lindsay, the inventor; the saw works horizontally, cutting the lumber from the top of the log, and after passing through the log it is turned over, the carriage is started the other way, and the saw works back again, cutting the log as before.

THE aggregate length of the railroads in Vermont is 500 miles, and some of them have been running fifteen years, yet with the exception of two persons who were killed by a car blown from the track at Manchester, no one has ever been killed inside of any passenger car in the State.

THE rebel Secretary of the Treasury proposes an immediate tax to raise \$400,000,000. As there are not more than 700,000 heads of families within the present limits of the Confederacy, each must pay \$5,700! The tax collectors will no doubt have a precious time of it.

A GENERAL officer engaged in the siege of Charleston writes that the much talked of Greek Fire is a humbug—the shells containing it invariably exploding prematurely. He says that as far as is known not a single shell charged with the compound has entered the city.

THE number of emigrants landing in New York in 1863 was 155,223; of which 92,981 were from Ireland, 38,236 from Germany, 18,262 from England and 1,944 from Scotland. Last year the whole number was 76,306; increase this year, 83,609, more than 100 per cent.

L. B. TOUSLEY, well known as a Sabbath-School agent in Central New York and so called "the Children's Minister," died at his residence in Canandaigua last week. He had suffered long and severely from injuries received three or four years ago.

THE present condition of the rebel navy is admirably illustrated by the fact that it contains five hundred and seventy-four commissioned and petty officers, and but eight hundred and seven seamen.

IT is stated that, for the first time since the presidency of General Jackson, the administration has been able to organize in its interest the Congress elected for the last two years of its term.

AT St. Augustine, Florida, the peach trees are in blossom, garden flowers are in full bloom and bouquets grace the tables of the officers having command at that point.

List of New Advertisements.

A Partner Wanted—Box 3,014, Chicago, Ill.
A Great Chance to Make Money—G. L. Haskins & Co.
Association of Breeders, &c.—Henry A. Dyer.
Farmer Wanted—Box 214, Geneva, N. Y.
Now Ready—Fowler & Wells.
Love, Courtship and Marriage—Fowler & Wells.
Good Land—W. H. Gardner.
The Human Face Divine—Fowler & Wells.
White or Hedge Willow—Colby Bros.
Tip Top—Fowler & Wells.
Employment—Ballou & Son.
Beautiful Women—Fowler & Wells.
Apple Grafts—John C. Williams.
Fear Seeds—E. Schroeder.
A Pretty Present—Fowler & Wells.
Peach Pits—E. Ware Sylvester.
Oster Willows—M. Smallwood.
Farm for Sale—E. Road.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

An American Product—D. B. De Land & Co.

The News Condenser.

— Wood is \$10 a cord in Leavenworth.
— Chicago has six miles of wood pavements and wants more.
— The quota of the State of Indiana is full and there will be no draft.
— There were 2,503 marriages and 4,698 deaths in Boston last year.
— The assessed valuation of property in Pennsylvania is \$595,591,994.
— The total cost of the monitors built and being built will be \$22,150,000.
— It is computed that \$60,000,000 are annually expended in firing salutes.
— The street manure of the city of New York is worth about \$45,000 a year.
— The people of Nevada Territory voted upon a State Constitution on the 17th inst.
— In the standing armies of Europe to-day there are more than two million soldiers.
— There are 33,000 Tennesseans in the Union army, 5,960 of whom are colored men.
— During the past year, 1,069 copyrights were taken out in N. Y. city for new publications.
— A merican oysters have been planted at Havre, being considered superior to the natives.
— The Democrats will hold their National Convention at Chicago on the 4th of July next.
— The Pennsylvania Legislature has passed resolutions in favor of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln.
— The House Committee on the Conscription Bill have unanimously recommended commutation.
— Abraham Hanson, of Wisconsin, has been appointed Commissioner and Consul General to Liberia.
— An ice bridge has been formed across the St. Lawrence at Montreal. The Potomac is likewise frozen.
— Twenty-five thousand persons are engaged in Peru to obtain India-rubber to supply the foreign demand.
— The parties at work on the wreck of the Golden Gate have recovered \$654,000 of the treasure sunk with her.
— The Missouri Legislature have passed a bill appropriating \$50,000 to the Sanitary Commission at the West.
— The Pennsylvania Legislature met on the 5th inst., and failed to organize, owing to a tie on the vote for speaker.
— A writer in the Chicago Post says Chicago is about to have an immense flax fibrilla manufactory started in her midst.
— Two thousand head of cattle and mules are estimated to have perished on the plains during the late severe cold.
— The sixty-first Ohio regiment, now at Chattanooga, has re-enlisted unanimously. That is the banner regiment so far.
— The total loss by fires in the United States in 1863, where in each case the loss exceeded \$30,000, was \$14,000,000.
— A man in New York—Mr. Samuel Sears, a merchant—died Tuesday week from the effects of inhaling laughing gas.
— Sixty-eight couple were married in Adams, Berkshire county, Mass., last year. A thriving business for a small town.
— One gentleman had his pocket picked of several hundred dollars in greenbacks at the President's New Year's reception.
— The Massachusetts Military Commission will recommend to the legislature the establishment of a State Military School.
— Two Congressmen have died of small pox at Washington—Senator Bowden of Va., and Representative Harris of Md.
— The New Orleans Trus Delta has been bought by Hon. Michael Hahn, and will hereafter support Administration measures.
— Gen. Banks writes to the President that he will soon complete the organization of the State Government of Louisiana.
— Gen. Averill's recent raid is said to have cost the enemy five million dollars. A pleasant event for a bankrupt concern.
— The police authorities of New York estimate the present population of that little village at 1,000,000, and Brooklyn at 350,000.
— The first twenty bales of cotton ever raised in the island of Cuba were deposited in one of the warehouses of Havana recently.
— Edward Scribner, of the publishing house of Chas. Scribner & Co., died in New York on Friday week after a very short illness.
— There are 8,000 teams connected with the army of the Potomac. If placed in a single line they would extend over sixty miles.
— London has a population of 2,903,969; Glasgow 394,864; Edinburgh 168,191; Dublin 258,328; Liverpool and Birkenhead 435,588.
— At Liverpool, during the week that ended on the 12th ult., 63 wrecks were reported, making a total for the year, so far, of 2,319.
— Geo. Peabody, the London banker, has sent 2,000 volumes of books to his native town of Danvers, Mass., as a New Year's present.
— Chicago in 33 years has grown from a colony of seventy persons into a city of nearly one hundred and forty thousand population.
— The annual meeting of the New York State Temperance Society will be held at the City Hall in the city of Utica, on the 27th inst.
— Mammoth sleigh-rides are all the rage in Berkshire county Mass. Parties of two hundred and fifty or more are an every day occurrence.
— The New York Mercantile Agency reports a largely diminished number of failures during the past year as compared with previous ones.
— At the sale of confiscated property in Virginia lately, Arlington (the property of Gen. Lee) was bid in by the Government at \$28,000.

Publisher to the Public.

BOYS, LISTEN!

LIBERAL PREMIUMS FOR THE BOYS AND YOUNG MEN!

In accordance with the generous proposition of Hon. T. C. PETERS of Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y.,...

Improved Short-Horn Durham Premiums, for the Benefit of the Boys.

\$150.00 - To the Boy or Young Man under 21 years of age...

\$100.00 - For the Second largest list, as above, will be given Mr. PETERS' Short-Horn Bull "Billy Seward,"...

\$50.00 - For the Third largest list, as above, will be given Mr. PETERS' Herd of Short-Horns, a "Princess" Bull Calf, valued at \$50 - deliverable above.

\$45.00 - For the Fourth largest list, as above, will be given either a WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE, Cash Price \$45.00, or one of HICKOK'S PREMIUM PORTABLE CUTTERS AND WINNERS, same price, or an American SILVER WATCH worth \$4.00.

\$25.00 - For the Fifth largest list, as above, either PRINCE'S AGRICULTURAL CALDRON & STEAMER worth \$25.00, or a "ACOLI" worth at least \$30.00.

\$25.00 - For the Sixth largest list, as above, either one of PARR'S TOOL CHESTS worth \$25.00, or a WATCH of equal value.

\$15.00 - For the Seventh largest list, as above, either Fifteen Dollars worth of RURAL (Agricultural and Horticultural) BOOKS (printed or expressed prepaid), or one of ROBERTSON'S EXCELSIOR VEGETABLE CUTTERS (price \$14) and one CRAIG MICROSCOPE with twenty-four (24) objects (price \$6).

FIVE PREMIUMS OF \$10.00 EACH - For each of the next FIVE largest lists, (10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th) above, either Ten Dollars worth of RURAL BOOKS, or one of the above-named VEGETABLE CUTTERS, or six copies of the NEW-YORKER for one year - or one copy for six years.

TEN PREMIUMS OF \$5.00 EACH - For each of the next TEN largest lists, (15th to 24th inclusive), will be given a CRAIG MICROSCOPE with twenty-four mounted objects (Std. Obj. with 11th and 12th as above, either Ten Dollars worth of RURAL BOOKS, or one of the above-named VEGETABLE CUTTERS, or six copies of the NEW-YORKER for one year - or one copy for six years.

ELEVEN PREMIUMS OF \$5.00 EACH - For each of the next ELEVEN largest lists, (25th to 35th inclusive), a CRAIG MICROSCOPE with twenty-four mounted objects, price \$5.00, or if preferred, a PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM, same price.

Persons competing for any of the above Premiums, will please notify us of the fact, stating age and post-office address. As soon after the 1st of February, as the result can be ascertained, a statement giving the names of competitors, and the number of subscribers obtained by each, will be published in the RURAL, (or in a Supplement, and mailed to every one interested), and orders given for the Animals, and the Machines, &c., sent to the persons entitled in such manner as they shall order. A careful account will be kept of the number of subscribers obtained by each competitor, and no favor shall stand upon its own behalf, no consolidated club lists will be allowed to compete. So far as possible we shall strive to have all premiums awarded fairly - "on the square" - and paid accordingly.

TERMS - ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Three Copies, one year, \$3; Six Copies for \$10; Ten for \$15; and any greater number at the same rate - only \$1.25 per copy. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pay American postage on copies mailed to foreign countries \$1.75 is the lowest Club rate for Canada, and \$2.50 to Europe - but during the present year, we will, through the kindness of our Agents or Subscribers remitting us in Bills of their respective Banks will not be charged postage.

United States Treasury Notes and Bills on all Solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but in the United States, if desired. As we pay New York (less exchange), or New York, New England or Upper Canada money so far as convenient. All Subscriptions Money remitted by Draft on New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange), MAY BE SENT AT THE RISK OF THE PUBLISHER, if made payable to his order.

We trust every Boy or Young Man who feels any interest in the success of the paper will at once become a Recruiting Officer for the RURAL BRIGADE, and see what can be done toward securing the Bounties offered. What say, Boys? If Aye, of course you will at once open the Rural Campaign for 1864.

Address D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.

We repeat and call attention to the following offers to all forming clubs for Vol. XV, except successful competitors for Premiums offered to Boys and Young Men under 21 years:

To every one remitting \$10 for Six Copies of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, previous to the 1st of February, 1864, we will send an extra copy of the paper for one year, or, if preferred to Rural, a copy of EITHER of the following valuable and popular works, postage paid:

Randall's Practical Shepherd, Barry's Fruit Garden, Jennings' Horses and their Diseases, Jennings' Cattle and their Diseases, Liebigs' Natural Laws of Husbandry, Langstroth's Hive and Honey Bee.

To every person remitting \$15 for Ten Copies of the RURAL, as above, we will give an extra copy and also send, postage paid, a copy of either of the above named works - and for every additional ten subscribers we will give the Club Agent a free copy of the paper, (or, if preferred, a copy of the Practical Shepherd,) whether remitted before or after the 1st of February.

Subscribe Early! - Back Numbers. - Those who wish to secure this volume of the RURAL complete, as we wish to be the case with ALL our subscribers - should renew at once, and such non-subscribers as propose taking the paper for 1864, and wish all the numbers, will do well to subscribe now. Last winter and spring thousands were disappointed because they could not procure the early numbers of the volume. To accommodate urgent applicants we disposed of many sets saved for binding, which we now need. After No. 1 of this volume had gone to press, the rush was such that we added 15,000 copies to the edition first put upon, and, though the orders are more numerous than ever before at this season, we shall probably be able to supply back numbers to all who subscribe without delay, and as long as our edition holds out shall send from No. 1 unless otherwise directed.

Remit Full Price. - People who remit less than \$2 for a single copy of RURAL one year, (except club agents, clergymen, soldiers, etc.) will only receive the paper for the length of time their money pays for at single copy price. It is useless to send us \$1.25 or \$1.50, and tell us to send one year for that, or add your name to a club (perhaps fifty miles away) for your name, and shall adhere to our published rules and terms - especially when our lowest rate ought to be \$2. While many, who might join clubs, send us the full single copy price, others insist upon getting the paper at a low figure, without joining a club. As an instance of the difference in people, a California lady has just sent us \$10 in gold for a club of six, asking no premium on the coin - while a Canada man sends us a gold dollar asking the RURAL and American postage, one year (\$2.20) thereof.

Help the Agents. - All who wish well to the RURAL are requested to help it along by forming clubs or aiding those who are doing so in their respective localities. Many a person who has not time to attend wholly to the matter of organizing a club can materially aid a friend in so doing. How many readers will kindly do this now?

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, JANUARY 18, 1864. FLOUR, &c. - Choice brands from winter wheat have advanced very materially. Corn Meal has declined. GRAIN - We note a decline in Corn, Oats, and Buckwheat, and a slight advance in Rye. MEATS - Pork of every description has advanced, and holders are not anticipating the market with their stocks. SHEEPS - Clover is up a little, and we quote from \$6.50 to \$7.00 per bushel. There are some other changes, but these are of minor importance, and we refer readers to table of quotations: Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Table of market prices for various goods including Flour, Grain, Meats, and other commodities.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18. - FLOUR - There is a moderate business doing in Flour, and prices on low grades are 20c higher, sales superior, \$7.00; extra, \$7.25; extra State, \$6.90; choice State, \$7.00; superfine Western, \$6.90; common to good shipping brands extra and topped Ohio, \$7.00; superfine, \$7.10; the market closing quiet. Canadian Flour 6c better; sales at \$6.95; for common, and \$7.15; for extra, and \$7.25; for choice extra. Rye, slow and quiet, and prices generally are without material change. GRAIN - Wheat is quoted 1c better, with, however, only a limited business doing, owing to the high prices for flour. Corn - Market firm, with only a little business doing; sales at \$1.25; for shipping mixed Western, in store; and \$1.20; for Jersey yellow - all latter prices for very choice new. Oats firm with a fair demand; sales at \$1.25; for Canada, and \$1.20; for Michigan - closing at \$1.20 for choice, and \$1.15 for common market closing heavy. Rye quiet and without material change. Barley quiet and unchanged. Malt quiet and unchanged. Corn - Market firm, with only a little business doing; sales at \$1.25; for shipping mixed Western, in store; and \$1.20; for Jersey yellow - all latter prices for very choice new. Oats firm with a fair demand; sales at \$1.25; for Canada, and \$1.20; for Michigan - closing at \$1.20 for choice, and \$1.15 for common market closing heavy. Rye quiet and without material change. Barley quiet and unchanged. Malt quiet and unchanged.

ALBANY, Jan. 18. - FLOUR AND MEAL - The weather is stormy and out-door operations are limited. There is no change to notice in flour, and only a little business doing. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged. Wheat quiet and unchanged. Rye steady. Corn dull and the market is drooping. In Barley we note a slight advance in price, and Jefferson county at \$1.25; for choice, and \$1.20; for inferior. Sales State at \$1.25; at the depot and delivered.

BUFFALO, Jan. 18. - FLOUR - There is less doing this morning, and although holders are tolerably firm in their views, there is no important change to note in quotations; sales extra State at \$6.00; extra Illinois at \$6.12; and \$6.15; for choice; and \$5.75; and \$5.25 for the entire range of double extra. GRAIN - Wheat - The market rules quiet, while holders are firm. Corn - The nominal quotations for ear lots are \$1.25; for choice, and \$1.20; for inferior. Oats - The market is quiet, there being little or no disposition to buy or sell; Canadian quoted at 72c. Barley is in fair demand for export, and selling at \$1.30; for fair to choice. Rye - The demand continues moderate, within the range of \$1.25; for choice, and \$1.20; for inferior. Peas - Market steady and in moderate demand at 36c. SHEEPS - Market firm - steady and sales of Illinois timothy within the range of \$3.00; to \$3.25.

TORONTO, Jan. 13. - FLOUR - Superfine \$3.75; extra \$4.25; extra State \$4.00; Superior \$4.15; \$4.25; \$4.30; \$4.40; \$4.50; \$4.60; \$4.70; \$4.80; \$4.90; \$5.00; \$5.10; \$5.20; \$5.30; \$5.40; \$5.50; \$5.60; \$5.70; \$5.80; \$5.90; \$6.00; \$6.10; \$6.20; \$6.30; \$6.40; \$6.50; \$6.60; \$6.70; \$6.80; \$6.90; \$7.00; \$7.10; \$7.20; \$7.30; \$7.40; \$7.50; \$7.60; \$7.70; \$7.80; \$7.90; \$8.00; \$8.10; \$8.20; \$8.30; \$8.40; \$8.50; \$8.60; \$8.70; \$8.80; \$8.90; \$9.00; \$9.10; \$9.20; \$9.30; \$9.40; \$9.50; \$9.60; \$9.70; \$9.80; \$9.90; \$10.00; \$10.10; \$10.20; \$10.30; \$10.40; \$10.50; \$10.60; \$10.70; \$10.80; \$10.90; \$11.00; \$11.10; \$11.20; \$11.30; \$11.40; \$11.50; \$11.60; \$11.70; \$11.80; \$11.90; \$12.00; \$12.10; \$12.20; \$12.30; \$12.40; \$12.50; \$12.60; \$12.70; \$12.80; \$12.90; \$13.00; \$13.10; \$13.20; \$13.30; \$13.40; \$13.50; \$13.60; \$13.70; \$13.80; \$13.90; \$14.00; \$14.10; \$14.20; \$14.30; \$14.40; \$14.50; \$14.60; \$14.70; \$14.80; 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THE DEAD HEROES OF THE PAST YEAR.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER, ESQ.

The same sad song of strife and hate, Of bitter feud and battling host, Of martyr blood and martyred life, Of victory and its fearful cost.

The very snow which Nature sheds On sinful Earth to hide her stains, Is red with more than kingly blood Which flowed in more than kingly veins.

I know not when the strife shall end— When all the bells of Peace shall peal And down the harsher notes of War, The bugle's blast, the clash of steel.

But, patience! God is over all— His hand the rightful issue shapes: We may not hope to taste the wine Before the ripening of the grapes.

O, new-born Year! our dearest hopes, Like lambs, are gathered in thy fold; Reap, with an over-patient hand, But not the harvest of the Old!

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MARGARET REED.

CHARACTERS, when by the term we mean those whose marked or peculiar traits distinguish them from the every-day crowd, are not confined to any age or station. All who knew MARGARET REED, in her retired but useful sphere of life, would unhesitatingly bestow the title upon her.

Here, with hopeful if not stout hearts, they began life in earnest. Here the persevering mistress not only performed every other household duty with her own hands, but spun, and wove, and prepared the clothing necessary for herself and husband, and for her children, as with the lapse of time her family increased, happy amid all her privations; for other society than that of her husband and children was not necessary to her enjoyment.

was a general depository for all Mrs. REED'S little treasures, among which were the identical silver sleeve buttons which her own mother used to hang over the door "down country" to keep out witches, a belief which Mrs. REED seemed to have inherited.

Across the hall was a room of corresponding size, which was kitchen, living-room and all, and this, as the peculiar realm of Mrs. REED, merits a description. A huge fire-place occupied the center of one side. Its tall andirons were kept filled with wood in winter by the strong arms of the active mistress.

It was a pleasant picture that homely kitchen where plenty abounded, and the ruling principle of Mrs. REED seemed to be to have it enjoyed to the utmost by as many as possible, and none who witnessed the zeal and industry, the unselfish disregard of her own comfort, and the hearty, almost boisterous nature of her hospitality, would deny her right to be styled a character.

She had a woman's natural love of the beautiful, although she was but dimly conscious of it herself. She had no time to cultivate flowers in her front yard, and with the exception of two large rose bushes at the corners of the house, there were no floral ornaments in the immediate vicinity, but east of it she had a square plot of ground where she raised her herbs, and here variegated China asters, velvet and sweet-scented pinks, grew beside bunches of sage, and balm, and other useful plants.

Three of her eight children died in their infancy or early years, and she mourned for them with a resignation which might have been harder to attain had she not been entirely convinced of the infallibility of the family doctor.

Such was her reverence for anything time-honored, that she never divested herself of any of the superstitions and prejudices in which she had been educated, as with her strong sense she might have done if she had dared to use her own reason; but she continued through life to entertain contradictory opinions on various subjects with a sincerity which dignified them.

If Mr. REED'S careless indifference to her comfort ever caused her to feel disagreeably she did not trace the feeling to its source, which was, perhaps, as well. She had an exaggerated idea of the benefits of schooling, and always faithfully exhorted her children to "mind their lessons," but her own deficiencies rendered her an indifferent judge of their progress.

But it was not her peculiarities which caused her to be loved by all who knew her,—it was the motherly kindness she manifested toward all who seemed to need it. Many an invalid had cause to remember her with gratitude. She was quick to perceive where she could render such little services as are often remembered more than greater obligations. Let me record one instance which was perfectly characteristic.

PHEBE BROWN, a slender girl of thirteen, was one night making her way home from school against a driving storm of wind and snow. As she came opposite Mr. REED'S house, Mrs. REED called to her to stop. PHEBE halted, turned her back to the storm, and waited to see what was wanted of her. Out went Mrs. REED through the snow, with difficulty forcing open the gate, against which the snow had drifted, and walking into the road she caught up the school-girl in her arms and walked back to the house as unconcerned as possible.

"There, you must not go another step to-night. I told WILLIAM when he came along to tell your mother that you was here; you never could face this storm up the hill in the world."

PHEBE gladly acquiesced, and leaned back in the chair enjoying the warmth and novelty of her situation with all a school-girl's keen senses.

Presently, Mrs. REED stepped up before the fire, and taking up a pitcher that stood covered on the hearth, and pouring out a tumblerful, handed it to her guest, saying, "there, you just drink that to keep you from taking cold. I generally put some cider, with red peppers in, down to warm for Mr. REED about four o'clock." Replacing the pitcher, she began her preparations for the evening meal. The iron tea-kettle was hung on the crane over the fire, and the long-handled frying-pan was soon doing duty on a bed of coals in front thereof. The square kitchen table was set out and covered with a snowy cloth of home-made linen, and Mrs. REED began to make numberless journeys to the pantry returning each time loaded with eatables. In the meantime the thoughtful wife kept looking down the road to see if her husband was yet in sight, he having gone to town. She saw him at length, and called out to one of the girls, "SARAH ANN, run up into the wood-house chamber and tell ISAAC to come and take care of the horse; your father is coming, and he'll be nigh froze to death."

Mr. REED soon after appeared, stamping the snow from his feet. Mrs. REED hastily

dropped the tea-pot and went to assist him in taking off his overcoat. Producing the pitcher of cider, she poured a tumblerful for him, which he drank with apparent relish, but he did not thank her, did not even look thankful for the attentions to which he had long been accustomed. The frying-pan beat a hasty retreat into the corner as Mr. REED approached the fire and seated himself exactly in front of it,—it almost seemed as if he enjoyed it more because he was most in the way there.

Taking the weekly paper from his pocket he began to read, but not before he had looked over his shoulder and inquired, fretfully, "if supper wasn't most ready." "It will be shortly," cheerfully replied his "better half," quickening her steps as she spoke. Presently everything was in readiness, and her hearty voice invited them all to "set by" and partake, a call which none were disposed to slight.

During the progress of the meal her vigilant eye noted the wants of each one, and as to her husband, had he been a favored guest, she could not have been more solicitous to supply him with everything her table afforded. It would seem that such affection as she showed him would have excited a like return in a generous heart, but Mr. REED took all such attentions as merely his due, and, happily for her, she never questioned her right to consideration from her husband. She would have considered it a gratuity if she had received any marks of good feeling from him. Her idea of a woman's sphere might be condensed into one sentence. To use her own words, it was "to do for your family."

Supper being over, Mr. REED subsided into his paper, while his wife cleared away the table, made up the evening fire and swept the hearth before taking her knitting-work from the shelf, and seating herself on the opposite side of the red stand, to begin her evening labor, her girls in the meantime entertaining their schoolmate in any way they liked.

Thus, in constant activity, passed the years of Mrs. REED'S life. Her children grew up, and one after another married and settled in the vicinity, all, excepting ISAAC, who, possessing more of his mother's generous, self-sacrificing disposition, it was settled should remain at home and relieve his father entirely from the care of the farm. A part of the castle-like mansion was assigned to ISAAC and his family, and proved ample for their accommodation.

It seemed now that Mrs. REED, too, might claim a release from her constant labors. She did, indeed; for in the midst of her loving cares she was suddenly stricken down by disease, and after lingering a few days in great suffering she died.

It seemed to the familiar friends among whom Mrs. REED had lived so long that the shock of her death would prove too much for her husband, and that he would not long survive her. How were these opinions rudely scattered, when but a few months passed away before he introduced a new wife to his children, one many years his junior.

Now, sentiment, however much it may be decried, is a much more prevalent weakness than is generally supposed, and even the most common-place of Mrs. REED'S friends felt indignant. They agreed that nothing could be more reasonable than that he needed a house-keeper and a companion, but they had still an unsatisfied feeling about the matter, as if it were, in some sense, a wrong to her who, for nearly forty years, had been so devoted to his comfort and interest. In truth, while Mr. REED had been more refined than his wife, he had been at the same time far more selfish; and the very zeal with which she had always seconded his plans had tended to develop that unlovely trait, and after his faithful wife was gone he thought more of the little attentions which had soothed his invalid health than he did of the affection which had prompted her to bestow them. Being arbitrary, both by nature and long habit, thinking it was woman's place alone to be kind and tender, he dreamed that he had but to marry again to find his old comforts restored to him. Experience taught him differently, yet, however disappointed he might have been, he never complained.

Ten years have passed since the death of MARGARET REED, and her husband, now truly an old man, wanders listlessly about the farm house, but his old expression of self-importance is gone, and there is a longing look in his eye, a plaintive tone in his voice, which tells that, late in life as it was when his spiritual experience began, yet, through much suffering, his nobler qualities of mind have been developed, and that his lost wife is now truly appreciated and tenderly mourned.

Elkhorn, Wis., 1864.

KEEP BUSY.—Men who have half a dozen irons in the fire are not the ones to go crazy. It is the man of voluntary or compelled leisure who mopes, and pines, and thinks himself into the madhouse or the grave. Motion is all Nature's law. Action is man's salvation, physical and mental, and yet, nine out of ten are wistfully looking forward to the coveted hour when they shall have leisure to do nothing, or something, only if they feel like it—the siren that has lured to death many a "successful" man. He only is truly wise who lays himself out to work till life's latest hour, and that is the man who will live the longest, and will live to most purpose.

THE last, best fruit which comes to late perfection even in the kindest soil, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, and philanthropy toward the misanthropic.—Jean Paul.

No support, when we are right, can be derived from those who are very ready to yield to us when we are wrong.

Wit and Humor.

AN ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great compulsion, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C, and three excite our tears, yet when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G.

A YOUNG officer of the British House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of mustaches, on which one of the members said:—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your mustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

A POOR invalid gentleman, very much reduced, lately read in a medical paper something about "letting blood." The unhappy weakly creature writes to us to know if we can inform him "who lets it," and whether he can on moderate terms hire some for a few years: We refer him to the Lancet.—Punch.

We lately met a grammarian, says a California paper, who has just made a tour through the mines conjugating, or rather cogitating, thus:—"Positive mine; comparative, minner: superlative, minus!"

A MODEST contemporary calls veal "unfinished beef." This is pretty good; but why not extend the vocabulary? Suppose we term lamb "incipient mutton," and pig "premonitory pork!"

It is a paradox that loose habits stick tighter to a fellow than any other kind, and, in fact, that tight people very often wear them.

THE girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man, makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky miss.

WHEN an extravagant friend wishes to borrow your money, consider which of the two you had rather lose.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters. My 1, 7, 15, 19 is a girl's name. My 20, 14, 16, 7 is a small bird. My 18, 3, 11, 2, 10 is a useful animal. My 18, 6, 15, 7, 21, 27 is a woman's name. My 8, 18, 3, 16, 2 is worn by women. My 9, 15, 8, 26 is a point of compass. My 4, 3, 13, 24 is a number. My 22, 21, 24, 7 is a useful article. My 5, 24, 13, 12, 27 should be spoken at all times. My 25, 15, 17 is an industrious animal. My 23, 25, 26, 16, 24 we cannot live without. My whole is one of Solomon's Proverbs. Middlesex, N. Y., 1864. A. J. COLR.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. AN ENIGMA.

My First—a nation brave and bold, Renewed in song and story; Whose deeds are told in legends old,— Those deeds of fame and glory. My Second—tells of sunny gleams, Of snowy clouds in azure skies, Of forests deep where dancing streams Shine out like hidden angel's eyes, Of breezes gay that woo the flowers, Of lowly homes where sweet Peace dwells, Of dewy morn—soft summer showers, And songs of birds in woodland dells.

My Third—a title thousands bear— A nobly borne, time-honored name; Strong hearts all swift to do and dare "Are they who proudly wear the same. They sleep in death 'neath Southern skies, They're with our flag on every shore, While brave souls live nor courage dies, All honor to them ever more!

To country and to city, The tide of time oft brings My Whole—a priceless treasure, With blessings on wings. All homes are made the brighter And better by its stay, Oh may it live forever— Forever and a day!

Traverse City, Mich., 1864. M. E. C.

Answer in two weeks.

For the Rural New-Yorker.

ANAGRAMS OF COUNTIES

L. M. B. under a thorn, Lily C. Husk, At port on M. N. H. Tommy G. Oren, Daniel Crumb, Moses Ret, Tomas R. Walden, Su L. Vinal, U. quash senna, D. C. for war. Columbus Jan., 1864. E.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. PROBLEM.

FIND the diameter of two cannon balls of such dimensions that the difference of their solidities is 98.9004 cubic inches, which being subtracted from the number expressing the convex surface of the larger ball leaves a remainder just equal to the number expressing the solidity of the smaller. W. W. C. MILLER, Memphis, Tenn., 1864.

Answer in two weeks.

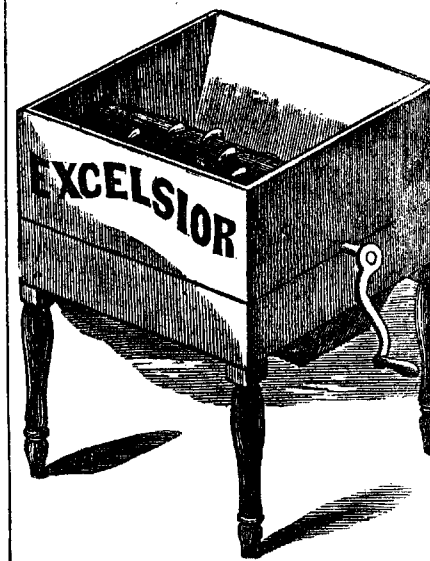
ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 730.

Answer to Geographical Enigma—I can not have never accomplished anything. Answer to Charades of Counties.—Orange, Henry, A. mile, L-a-peer, Green-briar, Edge-field, Ma-comb, Camp-hall, Bed-ford. Answer to Riddle.—David.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

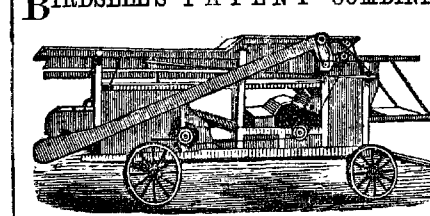
"I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, excepting to think yet better of that which I began thinking well of." REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER. "The Troches are a staff of life to me." PROF. EDWARD NORTH, Pres. Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y. "For Throat Troubles they are a specific." N. P. WILLIS. "Too favorably known to need commendation." HON. CHAS. A. PHELPS, Pres. Mass. Senate. "Contain no Opium nor anything injurious." DR. A. A. HAYES, Chemist, Boston. "An elegant combination for Coughs." DR. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston. "I recommend their use to Public Speakers." REV. E. H. CHAPIN. "Most salutary relief in Bronchitis." REV. S. S. BRIGGIER, Morristown, Ohio. "Very beneficial when suffering from Colds." REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis. "Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to Asthma." REV. A. C. EGGLESTON, New York. "They have suited my case exactly, relieving my throat so that I could sing with ease." T. DUCHARME, Chorister French Parish Church, Montreal. As there are imitations, be sure to OBTAIN the genuine.

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John C. Birdsell,

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