

# MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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[WHOLE NO. 769.]

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

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

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the RURAL is \$3.00 per annum. For particulars as to Terms see last page.

## Agricultural.

### NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Continued from page 318, last number.

#### A WILLOW PEELING MACHINE.

Two years ago we exclaimed, "Eureka!" when we first found this machine in precisely the same location in the Hall, in which we find it now, exhibited by EASTERBROOK & BRONSON, of Geneva, N. Y. The bark is set on the willows, but a box of them is taken down to PRINDLE'S steam apparatus, steamed, and now we see this machine strip them completely, and without breaking the fiber of the wood in the least. The changes made in the machine since we last saw it do not relate to its principle, except in the better adaptation of parts to the work to be performed. We think there is no doubt as to its efficiency as a willow peeler. Price, \$110.

#### GROVER'S SWING BEAM PLOW ATTACHMENT.

The working and advantages of this invention was talked of some years since in the RURAL. It consists of what is called a flexible draft beam which is used in connection with a short wood beam, to which the cutter and wheel are attached, and hinged in between the landside and mold-board as far forward as possible, and curved and extended forward over the mold-board and passing through a slot affixed to the wood beam near its end. By this means the power is applied at the exact point of resistance and a center draft secured, besides allowing the vertical play of the beam, securing a change in the line of draft without lifting upon or depressing the handles in passing over uneven surfaces. We think this attachment an important one, diminishing the draft of a plow, insuring better work, and its easier performance. We wonder that it has not been more generally adopted. This plow and attachment was exhibited by D. C. ALLING of this city.

#### A BEAN PULLER

Here is a queer arrangement, near by, attached to an axle supported by two light wheels. We are compelled to inquire what it is. And we hear a good many wiser men inquire its name as we stand here trying to identify and associate it with some service. "It is a bean puller," says the cool-headed chap seated on the axle. It consists of a frame work eighteen inches or two feet wide (we did not measure) supporting two sharp steel shoes, each of which is adjusted to run under a row of beans, cutting off the roots. To each of these sharp steel shoes are attached two skeleton drags, conical, made of half or three-fourths inch round iron, between which the beans fall and pass as they are cut, and the dirt completely shaken from them without waste by sheafing. We are assured that it works well. We can see no reason why it should not; but we think it might be made much lighter and simpler, and become a useful imple-

ment. It is certainly a novelty, and will probably prove a preventive of back-aches. It was invented by NORMAN CHAPPELL, of Avon, N. Y., and cost about \$30. We believe this is the first and only one built.

#### PRINDLE'S PATENT CALDRON AND STEAMER.

Tuesday night there was a discussion of the profit of steaming food for stock, which we reported, and shall publish in full as we find room. And in this connection we must do what we have often done before, call the attention of farmers to this cheap and efficient steam apparatus of Mr. PRINDLE'S. We think there is no sort of doubt as to the economy and profit of steaming food—especially with the present price of both hay and grain. We have ample testimony before us, and from men who have experimented during a series of years, to prove its importance. We have no space to discuss the matter here, but shall refer to the subject again. D. R. PRINDLE East Bethany, N. Y., is the proprietor.

#### CORN AND BEAN PLANTER.

WHITESIDE, BARNET & Co. of Brockport N. Y. exhibit a very simple, and in our judgment, very excellent corn and bean planter. It is operated by one horse and one man, plants in check rows if desired, any distance from fourteen inches to four feet. The corn is covered by a cast scraper. Rollers would be far better. This opinion was confirmed by farmers present who had used it, and commended it highly. It is the best and cheapest corn planter we have seen in this State. Price \$25.

#### IMPROVED STABLE STANCHION.

CHARLES E. PETRIE of Cherry Valley, Ohio, exhibits an ingenious device by which cattle that are fastened in stables with stanchions may be quickly fastened by a single pull of a lever, or quickly let loose by the use of a second lever—thus saving the necessity of crowding among the stock to fasten them, and in case of an emergency, such as fire, enabling the farmer to let the whole herd loose as quickly as he could a single animal by the ordinary process. This arrangement is such that standing at one end of the stable the animals may be loosened in succession, or all at once. The device is simple, cheap, and we judge efficient; if so, it is certainly a very convenient one.

#### A GOOD HARROW.

G. E. MORGAN of Deerfield, N. Y., exhibits a harrow which must commend itself to any one who has ever used such an implement. It is a square double harrow. It is so arranged that the team does not lift it when drawing; the joints, though secure, have a play of six inches, so that the parts operate independent of each other. And it is easily adjusted, so that the teeth may cut almost any required distance apart. A prominent member of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, who has it in use on his farm, commended it highly to us.

#### THE HORSE HAY FORKS.

Here are a half dozen in operation. And here comes SIMON SUPERSTITION, who dare not buy one lest he make a mistake and fail to get the best, and he asks us, "Mr. B., which do you think is the best fork on the ground?" Now, we can not tell SIMON, any more than we can answer a letter on our table at the office, asking which is the best reaper. We have one rule for judging for ourself in all such matters. The machine which will do the most work in the best manner, at the least cost, and combines the greatest simplicity with durability and efficiency, is the machine we seek after. And after having seen most of the forks in market work, we bought, last June, two—one for ourself, and one for a friend—of RUNDELL'S Horse Hay-forks. And we have no reason whatever to change our opinion of them, or regret our purchase. This fork is exhibited here by E. D. RUNDELL of Hudson N. Y., and is also manufactured at Chicago by R. J. RUNDELL & BR. Another fork, called "The Empire State Fork," exhibited, was very simple in construction, and although not at work, we think will prove valuable.

#### A HAY ELEVATOR OR LOADER.

This is a machine for loading hay from a winnow, exhibited by HALL & PIERCE of Holland Patent, N. Y. We are not inclined to attach much importance to this implement, as an economical labor-saving machine—certainly not at its present price, and with our imperfect knowledge of the way in which it will do its work. We advise our readers to see such a

machine operate, or operate it, before you invest your money in it.

#### EMPIRE WIND MILLS.

We have inquiries about wind mills. MILLS BROTHERS of Marcellus, N. Y., exhibit wind mills for pumping water, which are, apparently, well made and efficient. The price of these mills is \$100. A pump and standard is added for \$15, and wood pipe is supplied at 25 cents per foot. We asked these questions and make these statements for the benefit of parties who have asked us questions which this paragraph will answer.

#### PLASTER SOWERS.

It is a good time now to sow plaster. The fall sowing, we think, more valuable than the spring dressing. And it is significant of the importance attached to this top-dressing for land, that here are three or four plaster sowers, designed to be operated by horse-power—SEYMOUR'S, FOSTER'S and a Buckeye grain drill and plaster sower combined. SEYMOUR'S has already been noticed in our columns. It is made by P. & C. H. SEYMOUR, East Bloomfield, N. Y. Price \$65. FOSTER'S, we think, will prove to be a good implement, made by NEWTON, FOSTER & Co., Palmyra, N. Y. Price \$48; with a combination for sowing grass seed, \$54. The Buckeye grain drill, grass seed and plaster sower combined, seemed to us to be an excellent machine. The price of the combined machine is \$100. We are sorry to say that we have lost the address of the manufacturer.

#### HORSE RAKES.

Here is a novel revolving horse rake exhibited by J. GRAHAM & Co., Horsey Falls, N. Y. Its novelty consists in the fact that the horse is not attached to a frame, as in the ordinary revolving rake, but to chains attached to each end of the rake-head. It is handled by a lever running directly back from the center of the rake, at the junction of which with the head is a contrivance which prevents the rake turning except at the will of the operator. The head runs on wooden runners, and each tooth is well braced. It is very simple, and we are confident will be found an improvement upon the good old revolving horse rake, of which it is only a modification.

There are also several wire toothed gleaners, or rakes on wheels. But the one which most favorably impresses us is STODDARD'S. This is a wheel rake, and the driver rides with his rake before his eyes, controlling its operations with his foot, both hands being free to drive. And the labor for the foot is not half that a lady's foot is compelled to perform on a sewing machine. We have never tested this rake, but we are so well convinced of its merits that we intend to have one, and lay aside the old revolving rake. It is exhibited by J. C. STODDARD, Worcester, Mass.

#### HICKOK'S POTATO DIGGER.

On page 221, current volume of the RURAL, we gave an illustration of this plow. It is on the grounds here, and we are promised an opportunity to see it operate.

—Since writing the above, a field of potatoes was found in which to operate it, in order that we might see it, but we could not attend this trial. Messrs. JOHN HAROLD, General Superintendent of the Fair Grounds, and GEORGE A. MOORE, of Buffalo, have kindly made and subscribed to the following statement of the trial:—"The undersigned have examined the above named newly invented plow, and have endeavored, in the limited time allowed, to test its merits. The inventor claims that the machine runs under the row without cutting the potatoes, digs them as clean as a fork or hoe, and that the draft does not exceed the usual mellow ground plow."

"The plow was tested on the farm of Mr. ROBERT BELL in the town of Brighton, first on about six rods of ground. The potatoes were well lifted in the center, and none were covered on the sides. At the second trial on a row with a rank growth of vines and Canada thistles, it was found to work well, and the potatoes were left well out to dry, and none cut. The draft was apparently light, and the machine in the limited time given for the trial, seemed to promise to be of interest and advantage to potato growers."

This statement was written by Mr. HAROLD, and we deem it entirely trustworthy, and certainly valuable testimony—so far as it goes—such as have use for such implements. [Continued on next page.]

## Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

### THE TOTTINGHAM RAM.

THE celebrated Paular ram known by the above name, was, we learn from letters received from DARWIN E. ROBINSON and E. A. BIRCHARD of Shoreham, Vermont, bred by said



THE TOTTINGHAM RAM.

BIRCHARD from an ewe owned by the first named gentleman. In November, 1855, Mr. BIRCHARD took the entire lot of ewes belonging to Mr. ROBINSON and his mother—the widow of the late ERASTUS ROBINSON—to keep on shares, and he retained possession of them for three years, and a portion of them for five years. The Tottingham ram was dropped in 1858. His dam was a strong, wrinkly-necked, heavy-fleeced two-year old ewe which died the same autumn. She was got by the "Old Robinson Ram," a pedigree and description of which is given at pages 417 and 418 of the *Practical Shepherd*. Her dam was got by a Robinson ram called "Old Columbus." The Tottingham ram was got by a ram bred and owned by ERASTUS ROBINSON, and was his favorite stock-ram at the time of his death. He was got by the Old Robinson ram out of a Robinson ewe.

Mr. BIRCHARD sold a half interest in the Tottingham ram to B. B. TOTTINGHAM of Shoreham, in the fall of 1860, who took care of him, and hence his name. He thenceforth served about 400 ewes annually—first at \$5, and afterwards at \$10, a head. His fleece averaged from \$18 to 19½ pounds. He was not large, but beautiful, exceedingly compact, and remarkable for the shortness of his legs. The accompanying cut is said to resemble him closely. He died the present season. His get give great satisfaction to the breeders of Paulars in Vermont.

#### SHEEP WORK IN OCTOBER.

THE proper directions for this month are but little more than a repetition of those given last month. The breeding ewes and tegs should receive prime feed, and the latter grain, if small and thin. It is also better now to begin to shelter such tegs from heavy storms. Continue to feed grain as recommended last month to stock rams—increasing rather than diminishing the amount. Look to your fences, and look to the manner in which your own and your owners rams are confined. An English or mongrel ram will do great mischief in your flock of Merinos in a single night—and you do not want even your pure blood rams to get your ewes in lamb for a month or more yet, unless you wish to raise very early lambs and have conveniences for doing so safely.

#### WESTERN PRAIRIE SHEEP LANDS.

WINNEBAGO AGENCY,  
BLUE EARTH CO. MINN., Sept. 14, 1864.

SIR:—Noticing an item in the RURAL of Aug. 27th, asking for information about Western Prairie Lands, and at the same time mentioning the amount of capital that the inquirer had to invest, and also the number of his boys, I thought if I could give him any information that would help him or any one that wanted a

home in the West, I should not be wasting my time and paper. In answer to Question 1st: the amount of land lying to pasture here is (this year) all of it; but next year there will be a great deal fenced, about as much, probably, as one-sixth of the whole,—I couldn't tell the number of acres, but I will describe as well as I can the reasons for the land being fenced, and also for that left vacant or open for free pasture. This is on the Reservation vacated by the Winnebago Indians in the spring of 1863, and a cer-

tain portion of it was open for settlers, which portion is all claimed, and the claimants are now awaiting the action of the Government to say what they shall pay for it. This is the portion that will be partially fenced; the rest of the Reserve is sold under sealed bids; the strip of sealed-bid land is two miles wide on the south side of the Reserve, which will be mostly bought by speculators, (though it is not all bid off yet,) and so, of course, it will be open for pasturage for quite awhile. I should judge from appearances that there would be plenty of pasturage for five years to come. The Reserve is 13 by 25 miles. 2. The flocks and herds are not so extensive here as to perceptibly diminish the pasturage. 3. The land is somewhat rolling. The soil is a rich black soil of 18 to 34 inches in depth, on a clay bottom. The nature of the grasses appear to fatten everything earlier than I ever saw the grasses of the East. The abundance of it is wonderful; it has to be seen to be believed. 4. "How is the land watered?" There are numbers of small lakes, and on the range, on this Reserve, are two or three small streams. 5. Those that have lived here and in York State, say that they have to fodder about the same length of time they do there. Your 6th and 7th Questions are answered in this last one. 8. Natural meadows will cut from 1½ to 3 tons per acre of hay, and around here there is quite a good chance to get it, which, in my estimation, is worth more than it would be to have a better location, and not the hay. It will cost a man with a horse and rake about three dollars a ton to put it up at the present price of wages; and I should allow about five sheep to eat a ton in the winter. 9. As for sheltering sheep in winter a man would be simple, I think, not to shelter them to a certain extent in any climate, but here, in winter, it is windy and dry and pretty cold. No rains in winter or thaw, muddy times, which, I think, would be better for sheep farming. But I would shelter by all means. 10. Shelter in lambing would be at the owner's option; if he went in for comfort for his flocks he would do it. 11. There has not been any sheep of any amount in here yet, but some sheep owners are bringing some in this fall to let out to settlers. They let for half the wool and half the increase readily. 12 and 13. What few sheep there are here they don't fold, for wolves are not thick enough to amount to anything; but a good shepherd would fold his sheep so as to be on the safe side. 14. No diseases that I can learn by inquiries of those who own sheep; no signs of the foot rot here as we have it at the East. 15. We are 18 miles south-east of Mankato, the county seat of Blue Earth county, on the Minnesota river, and 14 miles from Wilton, the county seat of Waseca county, and five miles from the stage route that runs from Rochester to Mankato. Rochester, this fall, will be our nearest point of railroad going east from here, which is about 75 miles from here. It is about 60 miles from here to the Mississippi at Hastings.

We have a post-office about six miles from here, but calculate to have one five miles nearer soon.

Now, as I have said before, if what I have written will be of any benefit to any one, my time will not have been wasted.

The range I speak of is in the town of Medo, Blue Earth county, six miles south of the Winnebago Agency.

Yours, &c., JOHN VARRICK.

Hon. H. S. RANDALL.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

GOOD FLEECES.—C. K. CUMINS of West Bethany, N. Y., writes us that his twelve 2 year old Merino ewes, nine of which were bred by Mr. LANE and three by Mr. SAMSON of Vt., yielded the following weights of unwashed wool:

Table with 3 columns: No., Pounds of Wool, Weight of Sheep. Lists data for 12 sheep.

These are excellent weights. We should like to see average specimens of the wool, and to be informed how old the fleeces were when shorn, how the sheep were fed, and how far they were housed summer and winter.

OUR FEED FOR SHEEP.—J. ADAMS LOWELL of South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y., inquires as to the value of cut feed—any straw and wheat bran—for sheep.

FRIDAY FOURTH DAY. To-day the attendance is thinner, though visitors are constantly coming and going.

EXHIBITION OF HORSES. We only had opportunity to see these animals as they passed around the ring this last day of the Fair, and we must say that the character of the stock we saw was most excellent.

OF THE CATTLE AND SWINE. Exhibition it would give us great pleasure to speak more in detail than we have done, or than we are now able to do.

THE MEMORIAL EXERCISES. Relating to the late Gen. JAMES S. WADSWORTH, by Hon. LEWIS F. ALLEN, and to Ex-President EDWARD G. FAILE, by Hon. A. B. CONGER.

THE LESSONS OF THE FAIR. Are important. And had we space we should like to write at considerable length thereon.

SALE OF PRIZE RAM LAMB.—Messrs. OLIN & SHELDON of Perry, Wyoming Co., N. Y., paid L. J. BURGESS of North Hoosick, N. Y., \$800 for the Merino ram lamb which received the first premium at the N. Y. State Fair.

ILLINOIS WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.—At the recent Illinois State Fair, this organization elected the following officers: President—DANIEL KELLY, Wheaton, Du Page Co.

EDUCATIONAL JOURNALS.—(Lucy Hall, Jasper Co., Iowa.) The following are among the leading educational journals:—The Iowa Instructor and School Journal, published at Des Moines, Iowa, by MILLS & Co.

DAIRYING IN THE WEST.—(H. N. Gros.) You can find such farms as you desire in Kane, Du Page, De Kalb, Lee, Whiteside, Winnebago, Stevenson, or almost any of the Northern counties of Illinois.

NORTH & BUSH'S WASHING-MACHINE.—In our reference to this machine last week we gave the address of the above firm as "Canton," when it should have been Canton, N. Y.

GRAV DORING FOWLS.—(R. H. P.) E. N. BISELL, Shoreham, Vt., can furnish you with these fowls.

Agricultural.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Continued from first page, present No.

BOB SLEIGHS.

"Stop! stranger, and look at the sleighs." So said a little bill thrust into our hand by a good-natured gentleman. We stopped and looked.

THE BEATER HAY PRESS.

We must not omit to notice this prominent feature of this Fair, which really deserves more space than we can give to a discussion of its merits, and of the influence it must have upon grass husbandry.

THE WIND UP.

But no man can look at, think and write of, and do justice to one-half the novelties, meritorious and otherwise, that are here. There are thrashers, horse powers, corn-stalk and straw cutters, reapers and mowers, &c., &c., which merit, perhaps, just as much attention and space as we have given to the implements and machinery above named.

WORKING OXEN. Rest yoke over 5 years—1. Noah Stottle, Chili, 15; 2. C. J. Douglas, Oak Ridge, C. W., 15; 3. Wm Simpson, Gates, 10.

THOROUGH BREED. Stallions 4 years old—1. H. T. Carr, Canandaigua, 20; 2. C. J. Douglas, Oak Ridge, C. W., 15; 3. Wm Simpson, Jr., Yonatt.

OTHER HORSES. Stallions 3 years old—1. G. J. Whitney, Rochester, 15; 2. Saml Thomas, Waterloo, 10; 3. C. Duncan, Seneca, Dadd.

MATCHED HORSES. Sixteen hands and over—1. J. J. Parsons, Auburn, 15; 2. Thos Clark, Ilion, 10.

SADDLE HORSES. 1. B. Ashley, Auburn, 10; 2. M. D. Hollister, Rome, 8; 3. Geldings, 3 years—1. Harley Parker, Theron, 10; 2. O. B. Warren, Victor, 8.

JACKS AND MULES. Best Jack—J. S. Whitney, Connetquot, O., 15. Fair Mules—1. Saml. Thos., Waterloo, 10.

LONG WOOLED, NON LICKSTERS. Rams over 2 years—1. Gazeley & Deuell, Clinton Corners, 10; 2. E. Gazeley, 8; 3. A. Jeffrey, Practical Shepherd.

SOUTH-DOWNS. 2d best Ram over 2 years—1. O. Howland, 8. Rams under 2 years—1. Geo. H. Brown, 10; 2. Geo. H. Brown, 8; 3. Geo. H. Brown, Practical Shepherd.

FINN-WOOL SHEEP WITH FLEECE. Rams—1. Percy & Burgess, North Hoosick, 10; 2. H. Rapalee, Rushville, 8; 3. A. J. Blood, Carlton, Pract. Shepherd.

LARGE BREED SWINE. Boar over 2 years—1. S. P. Huffstater, Watertown, 10. 1 year old—1. A. C. Clark, Henderson, 10; 2. S. P. Huffstater, 5.

SMALL BREED SWINE. Boar over 2 years—1. W. B. Dinmore, 10; 2. Tennis Braze, 5. 6 months—1. Robt. Bell, West Brighton, 8.

TURKEYS. 1. Heffron & Barnes, 3. Wild—1. E. A. Wendell, 3.

GUINEA FOWLS. 1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. PRA FOWLS. 1. Heffron & Barnes, 3.

FIGONES. Best and greatest variety—1. Henry D. Jought, Rochester, 8; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2. Best Exhibition of Poultry—1. Heffron & Barnes, 5; 2. Wm Simpson, Jr., Trans.

RABBITS. Common—1. H. Ellwanger, Rochester, 8; 2. Heffron & Barnes, Trans.

heated, drunken brawlers—no rowdies filled the air with profanity and obscenity. We did not see an arrest nor hear of one on the grounds.

PREMIUMS AWARDED ON STOCK, &c., AT N. Y. STATE FAIR, ROCHESTER, SEPT. 1864.

CLASS I.—CATTLE—SHORT HORNS.

Bulls, 3 years old and upwards—1. E. Cornell, 1th-ca, \$20; 2. Jas S McCall, Lyons, 15; 3. Wm Jackson, Fayette, Transactions.

Second best Bull, 3 years old, Walter Cole, Batavia, 15; 2d best Bull, 1 year old, Wm Simpson, New Hudson, 10.

Bull Calves—1. Joseph Hilton, New Scotland, 5; 2. Walter Cole, Trans.

Second best Bull—E. Corning, Jr., Albany, 15. Cows—1. E. Corning, Jr., 20; 2. do., 15; 3. do., 10.

Heifers—1. E. Corning, Jr., 20. Heifer Calves—1. E. Corning, Jr., 5; 2. do., Trans.

Second best Bull—Erastus Reed, Coldbrook, 15. Yearling Bull—1. O. Howland, Auburn, 15.

Third best Bull—B. G. Morse, Red Falls, Trans. Second best Bull, 2 years old, B. G. Morse, 10.

Cows—1. V. W. Mason, 20; 2. Benj Fellows, Chili, 15; 3. H. W. Little, Henrietta, Trans.

Heifers—1. V. W. Mason, 20; 2. Benj Fellows, Chili, 20; 3. D. H. Richardson, Henrietta, 10; 3. Wm Rankin, Charlotte, Trans.

Heifers, 1 year old—1. W. H. Slingerland, Norman's Kill, 15; 2. H. W. Little, 10; 3. R. Jackson, Henrietta, Trans.

Heifer Calves—1. H. W. Little, 5; 2. Robt Bell, West Brighton, Trans.

Milk Cows—1. W. H. Slingerland, 15; 2. Henry Jackson, Henrietta, Trans.

Stallions—1. M. A. Phillips, Middlesex, 20; 2. S. B. Dunklebridge, Lockport, 15; 3. J. W. Runner, Ovid, Onatt.

Pairs—1. C. R. Parsons, Rochester, 15; 2. N. Grimshaw, Cobourg, C. W., 10.

Stallions 4 years old—1. H. T. Carr, Canandaigua, 20; 2. C. J. Douglas, Oak Ridge, C. W., 15; 3. Wm Simpson, Jr., Yonatt.

Stallions 3 years old—1. G. J. Whitney, Rochester, 15; 2. Saml Thomas, Waterloo, 10; 3. C. Duncan, Seneca, Dadd.

Mares—1. Robt Bell, West Brighton, 15; 2. Wm. Rowe, Greece, 10; 3. R. Lotridge, East Henrietta, Dadd.

Colts—1. C. J. Champlin, Adams, 10; 2. Robt Bell, 5.

16 hands and over—1. J. J. Parsons, Auburn, 15; 2. Thos Clark, Ilion, 10.

15 hands and over—1. Kingsley & Stewart, Albion, 15; 2. W. Halsey, Trumansburg, 10.

1. B. Ashley, Auburn, 10; 2. M. D. Hollister, Rome, 8; 3. Geldings, 3 years—1. Harley Parker, Theron, 10; 2. O. B. Warren, Victor, 8.

1. Albert Mills, Perry, 6; 2. Henry Martin, Brighton, 4.

1. Benedict & Warren, Rochester, 10; 2. Geo Fake, Gorham, 8.

1. Jas. G. Ladd, Frankfurt, 6; 2. Albert Parker, 4.

1. R. Tobey, Pittsford, 6. Single Trotting Horse—1. W. G. Gastin, Le Roy, 10; 2. Henry Battell, Gratton, C. W., 8.

1. J. S. Whitney, Connetquot, O., 15. Fair Mules—1. Saml. Thos., Waterloo, 10.

1. G. W. Walker, Pearl Creek, 10. Single do.—1. S. Heaton, 6.

1. E. Gazeley, Clinton, 5. Rams over 2 years—1. A. Jeffrey, Woodbridge, C. W., 10; under 2 years, 1. A. Jeffrey, 10; 2. A. Jeffrey, 8.

Rams over 2 years—1. Gazeley & Deuell, Clinton Corners, 10; 2. E. Gazeley, 8; 3. A. Jeffrey, Practical Shepherd.

Rams under 2 years—1. A. Jeffrey, 10; 2. A. Jeffrey, 8. 3 Ram Lambs—1. E. Gazeley, 5.

MIDDLE-WOOLED NOT SOUTH-DOWNS. Hampshire Ram—1. A. T. Parsons, Riga, 10. 5 Hampshire Ewes—1. A. T. Parsons, 10.

Rams—1. Percy & Burgess, North Hoosick, 10; 2. H. Rapalee, Rushville, 8; 3. A. J. Blood, Carlton, Pract. Shepherd.

Rams under 2 years—1. W. T. Curtis, Groveland, 10; 2. D. E. Robinson, Shoreham, Vt., 8; 3. J. C. Taft, West Bloomfield, Pract. Shepherd.

Single Ewe under 2 years—1. Loan Burgess, 8; 2. W. T. Curtis, 8; 3. J. F. Braymer, Hebron, Pract. Shepherd.

Single Ewe over 2 years—1. D. W. Percey, North Hoosick, 10; 2. John Pierce, 8; 3. W. T. Curtis, Pract. Shepherd.

Single Ewe 2 years and over, having suckled and raised lambs this year—1. H. M. Boardman, Rushville, 10; 2. Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook, 8.

5 Ewes under 2 years that have not raised lambs—1. O. T. Wilder, Victor, 10; 2. D. E. Robinson, 8; 3. H. M. Boardman, Rushville, Pract. Shepherd.

5 Ewes under 2 years—1. Loan Burgess, 8; 2. J. C. Taft, West Bloomfield, 8; Baker & Champlin, Pract. Shep.

Ewe Lamb—1. D. W. Percey, 8; 2. J. C. Taft, 6; 3. L. Babcock, Pract. Shepherd.

Single Ewe 2 years and over, not having raised lambs—1. J. F. Braymer, 8; D. E. Robinson, 8; Wm. Chamberlain, Pract. Shepherd.

5 Ewes—1. A. C. Clark, 8; 2. S. P. Huffstater, 4. 5 Pigs—1. A. C. Clark, 8; 2. Geo. Anderson, 4.

Boar over 2 years—1. S. P. Huffstater, Watertown, 10. 1 year old—1. A. C. Clark, Henderson, 10; 2. S. P. Huffstater, 5.

6 months—1. A. C. Clark, 8; 2. J. Ives, Watertown, 4. Sow 2 years old—1. T. T. Kavanagh, Watertown, 10; 2. T. T. Kavanagh, 8.

1 year old—1. A. C. Clark, 10; 2. A. C. Clark, 5. 6 months—1. S. P. Huffstater, 8; 2. S. P. Huffstater, 4. 5 Pigs—1. A. C. Clark, 8; 2. Geo. Anderson, 4.

Boar over 2 years—1. W. B. Dinmore, 10; 2. Tennis Braze, 5. 6 months—1. Robt. Bell, West Brighton, 8.

5 months—1. W. B. Dinmore, 10. 5 Pigs—1. W. B. Dinmore, 8.

White Dorkings—1. Heffron & Barnes, Utica, 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Black Spanish—1. E. A. Wendell, Albany, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. White Poland—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Black Poland—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. Golden Polands—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2.

Silver Polands—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. Bolton Greys—1. E. A. Wendell, 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Game—1. Geo Westfall, Brighton, 3; 2. Wm Simpson, Jr., 2. Leghorns—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. Wm Simpson, Jr., 2.

Gold-Laced Bantams—1. E. A. Wendell, 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2. Silver-Laced Bantams—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. do., 2.

Brahmahs—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. do., 2. 1. Heffron & Barnes, 3. Wild—1. E. A. Wendell, 3.

Muscovy—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. O. Howland, Auburn, 2. Aylesbury—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. do., 2.

Black Cayuga—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. O. Howland, 2. Top-Knots—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Rouen—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. do., 2. Broomer—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. O. Howland, 2.

White China—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2. Brown China—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Frisian—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. Wild—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3.

1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2. Common—1. H. Ellwanger, Rochester, 8; 2. Heffron & Barnes, Trans.

1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. O. Howland, Auburn, 2. Black Cayuga—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. O. Howland, 2.

1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2. Rouen—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. do., 2.

Broomer—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. O. Howland, 2. White China—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2.

Brown China—1. Wm Simpson, Jr., 3; 2. Heffron & Barnes, 2. Frisian—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3; 2. E. A. Wendell, 2.

Wild—1. Heffron & Barnes, 3. 1. Heffron & Barnes, 3. Wild—1. E. A. Wendell, 3.

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STREUBEN COUNTY FAIR.—On our return from a trip toward the Cattaraugus Fair, (as noticed elsewhere), we had an opportunity of stopping a few hours at the Steuben County Fair.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Bath provided a sumptuous dinner, spreading several long tables in a commodious building on the Fair Grounds.

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**Horticultural.**

**AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**

**TENTH BIENNIAL MEETING.**

Continued from page 319, last No.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

DISCUSSION ON GRAPES CONTINUED.

**MOODY of N. Y.**—My opinion is that when the real merits of a grape determine its value in market, this grape will be dropped from the list. At first the Delaware was rejected in the market, but as its quality becomes better known, although small, it is profitable. I think we should drop the name Ontario.

**DOWNING of N. Y.**—It drops from the bunch before it is ripe. It is worthless as an eating grape.

**SAUNDERS of D. C.**—We can get much better grapes before we can get the Union Village.

**DOWNING.**—There is no mistake about the identity of the Union Village and Ontario.

**CAMPBELL of O.**—I have had an impression that the two were distinct—that the Ontario might be a seedling from the Union Village. I have seen some evidence of it, I thought; but I may be mistaken, since gentlemen present are so positive concerning this question. The difference I have discovered is that the vine known as the Ontario ripened its fruit earlier, stood the winter better, and has larger and coarser foliage; and there is a sort of down on the upper surface of its leaves which distinguishes it from the vine called Union Village. But the fruit seems to be almost identical.

**Noted that the name Ontario be dropped.**

**Rebecca.**—**HOVEY of Mass.**—I have believed this, from the first, to be one of our finest grapes—so far as quality goes, one of the finest in this country, and I am glad to know that it is improving in habit of growth and other good qualities. It is wiring its way rapidly with us in the East. It is sufficiently hardy for any part of the North East, and is a good grower—quite as vigorous as the Delaware. It is to be placed at the head, or among the very first of our American grapes.

**BROCKSBANK of N. Y.**—I have propagated it ten years. It is as good a grower as the Delaware, ripening one week later. It is perfectly ripe now with me. Has never mildewed with us. It is as hardy as the Isabella. I protect it, as should be, with me, except the Lincoln.

**FIELD of N. Y.**—The last speaker's location is very high, and very much exposed, on the banks of the Hudson.

**BERGEN of N. Y.**—I do not protect any of my vines. I found the Rebecca slightly injured two winters ago. The fruit is good. I find it more liable to mildew than the Delaware; but has always ripened its wood with me.

**TOWNSEND of N. Y.**—It is an excellent keeper. I keep it until April, in paper boxes in a cool room. It keeps as well as the Diana.

**PAUL of Mass.**—I have ripened it in the western part of Massachusetts. The vine is nearly as hardy as the Delaware with me. Quality of fruit the very finest. I have kept it all winter.

**BROCKSBANK of N. Y.**—It is not a shy bearer. [Stated an example of productiveness to prove this assertion which the reporter failed to get complete.]

**HOAG of N. Y.**—Vines planted on sandy loam are bearing fifteen to twenty pounds each.

**FIELD of N. Y.**—It is better for higher latitudes. It sun-scalds with me.

**CARPENTER of N. Y.**—It is perfectly hardy with me, but a feeble grower, not so strong as the Delaware. But I would recommend it as an amateur grape.

**FIELD of N. Y.**—It is a better grape for stiff soils than for sand.

**HOOKER of N. Y.**—**H. N. LANGWORTHY** of Greece, N. Y., grows it on sandy soil, and says it is improving with him. But I am surprised at the statement that it is a good grower. With me it is not a good grower—not as good a grower as the Delaware. So far as I can procure good wood it is productive.

**KNOX of Pa.**—It is a good grower with me. I am not prepared to say that its reputation for feeble growth is due to the fact that the earlier distributed vines were over propagated, but I am sure that the later planted grow a great deal better.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—Have you noted, Mr. PRESIDENT, the fondness of this Pomological body for talking of grapes bearing feminine names? This Rebecca is Mr. HOVEY's pet. And if he keeps her well wrapped up, and don't let her get too far away from home, she will do very well. But she should have the protection of the garden. She must be sheltered from the North, North-East and North-West winds. Her foliage is tender. She is grown under glass and sold for seventy-five cents per pound—sold as a foreign grape, thus grown. If offered as a native grape it would bring but about half that price. It is a hardy grape in winter, but tender in summer. It should be placed high as an amateur grape.

**CARPENTER of N. Y.**—In New York City it is growing popular as a table grape under its own name.

**Mazatawney.**—**BERGEN of N. Y.**—I want to hear from Pennsylvania about this grape.

**NOBLE of Pa.**—I have seen it. It grows better in city gardens than in country vineyards. It is more thrifty than the Rebecca.

**HOOPES of Pa.**—We consider it the best white grape. It is later than the Rebecca, but more valuable with us. It is perhaps too late a grape for the North.

**CAMPBELL of O.**—I have fruited it two years. Last year it did not get fully ripe—the robins took it before it ripened. Its bunches are rather loose, long, compared with the Rebecca grown on the same trellis. It is a stronger grower,

better covered with foliage and mildews less than Rebecca.

**PARRY of N. J.**—Last week I saw and tested it fully ripe. Vine healthy, bunch not so compact as the Rebecca—most valuable white grape I think. I saw it at Moorestown, N. J.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—I cannot ripen it. I can't ripen the Rebecca. It will not ripen till ten or twelve days after the Rebecca with me. It is a very good grape indeed, as to quality. For our locality and North-West of us it is no use to attempt to grow it. About Philadelphia and South it will be valuable.

**PRICE of Pa.**—As to vigor of growth with us that is established. It ripens as early as the Diana.

**SAUNDERS of D. C.**—With us it is quite an early grape, ripening with the Delaware. I have been familiar with it eight or ten years. I described it once as the White Isabella. Have been deceived in regard to it. I think it will ripen with the Isabella anywhere. Its flowers seem to be defective. It is a strong grower—the third perhaps in this respect among 150 varieties we have.

**DOWNING of N. Y.**—It is a hardy, vigorous grower. Does not ripen with me. The fruit does not set well. Bunch is small.

**THOMAS of N. Y.**—In comparing the time of ripening of grapes, gentlemen should give dates. There is such a difference in the ripening of grapes, and the further North you go the greater the difference. I hear some gentlemen comparing the ripening of a grape with the Isabella. Some grapes will ripen ten years before the Isabella in the North where it does not ripen at all.

**Iona.** (sample exhibited.)—**DR. GRANT.**—This is the seventh year of its bearing. It is supposed to be a seedling of the Diana. It first bore fruit in 1857. It began to ripen its fruit the 20th of August, was better the 26th, and ripe and very good indeed the 1st of September. Thoroughly shaded it does not color so well but ripens well. The form of bunch is precisely like Grizzly Frontignan.

**CAMPBELL of O.**—Has it rotted any?

**DR. GRANT.**—It has never been troubled with rot nor mildew. This season my Delaware were touched with mildew, but this, beside it, showed none. It has a hardy leaf. I do not protect the vine—it is perfectly hardy. It is harder in leaf than any other grape I know of. At its first setting it shows the transparency of the foreign grape. It is extremely productive. I do not know of any other grape which can carry through to perfect ripeness such a crop of fruit. It has been grown from Delaware to Vermont. The Delaware ripens scatteringly, this evenly and at the same time. It is safe to state that it is as early as the Delaware. I do not lay it down in winter. Never have lost one for want of protection. Have had other grapes rot when this did not rot. It has been kept until spring—keeps any desirable length of time—until it dries to raisins.

**HOADLEY of O.**—Have you made wine from it?

**DR. GRANT.**—No, I have never made wine from it, but must have been made and weighed, and it weighs about the same as the Delaware.

**DOWNING of N. Y.**—I have fruited it three years. If it does as well the next three years as it has the three past, shall think it one of the best grapes we have in all respects.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—I suppose I have fruited the Iona in greater perfection than Dr. GRANT himself. I have fruited it six years. It ripens its wood thoroughly and holds its leaves well. [At this point the reporter was unable to distinguish a word for some minutes.] It is as free from disease as any grape I ever knew. It is a good, hardy, healthy vine. It is a good grape—there may be some difference of opinion as to how good it is.

**Isabella.**—**DR. GRANT.**—The Isabella ripens from the surface towards the center. It ripens earlier than any grape I've ever cultivated, and keeps as well as any, with two or three exceptions. It keeps easily until the first of March. The Isabella is probably its parent. The wood is hardy—never had any protection. It is much earlier—full two weeks—than the Delaware. It is ripe and good to eat before the Hartford Prolific has turned. It is the best early grape. The bunch is six inches long and shouldered on one side.

**Diana.**—**BATEHAM of O.**—There is a disagreement with us about the quality of this grape and the time of ripening. I should like to hear it talked about.

**KNOX of Pa.**—I have a great regard for it—it is among the best grapes. The vine is a little tender and must be protected. Protect it, and the tendency is to overbear, hence I am compelled to prune it severely. In a selection of five varieties of grapes, I would put it in. It is a good table grape, a good wine grape and a good keeper. I prune it severely in November to prevent overbearing.

**ARNOLD of C. W.**—The Diana is a shy bearer with me, although I protect it. Will it bear high cultivation?

**KNOX.**—Yes, I think it will.

**FIELD of N. Y.**—It bears sparsely with me—does not fill its bunches well. Alongside of it are thirty varieties, and I can get more fruit from one Delaware vine than from all the Diana vines I have.

**EDWARDS of Me.**—I wish to ask Mr. KNOX about his summer pruning of this variety. Do you summer prune severely?

**KNOX.**—No more than I give to other varieties.

**BORT of Mich.**—It succeeds well in Western Michigan—ripens well; was ripe two weeks ago.

**DR. GRANT of N. Y.**—Since the third year I cultivated it, I have not failed to get a good crop from it. It rots a little when other varieties rot badly. It comes good to eat early, but is not perfectly ripe until late in the season. It is

second only to the Delaware for wine—superior to the Catawba. The fruit buds will not be developed close to the base of the vine if allowed to grow too long.

**LANGWORTHY of N. Y.**—I have a vine planted over the dead body of a horse, and it has not given satisfaction—run to wood and borne sparsely.

**A New Hybrid** is exhibited by **JACOB MOORE** of Brighton, N. Y., and introduced by **H. E. HOOKER**, who says—This is a cross between the Black Hamburg and Diana—the result of patient effort in cross fertilizing, using the native grape as the mother plant, and the foreign for impregnation. Although a native it really looks more foreign. The experiments of Mr. MOORE prove that the foreign and the native grapes can be crossed. There is no doubt as to the fact that this is a hybrid.

**MOORE.**—The grape, when ripe, is dark crimson. The sample is not perfectly ripe. I fruited out of doors. I think it perfectly hardy. It was wound about with straw last winter and tied to a trellis.

**MEAD.**—I consider this a very promising grape indeed. It is unmistakably a hybrid. The Diana is not only an excellent grape, but the mother of more good grapes than any other I know of.

**Rogers' Hybrid.**—**CAMPBELL of Ohio.**—I know there is a difference of opinion as to whether these grapes are hybrids or not. I believe them to be hybrids; but I believe the female parent so poor a grape as to render them nearly valueless. I regard No. 3 the best of them, and No. 4, next best.

**THOMAS of N. Y.**—No. 9 is a very beautiful grape of the Catawba type, and has a Catawba flavor. It is earlier, larger and handsomer than the Diana.

**CAMPBELL.**—I have fruited No. 9, but do not regard it as highly as No. 3.

**BERGEN of N. Y.**—I have fruited 17 of these hybrids. So far as flavor is concerned, have found but one that I can call very good—No. 5. It has a small bunch, berries medium size, flavor very good. I found No. 44 the earliest. It was ripe before I left home. I have marked as promising Nos. 43, 41, 33, 13—which may mean 15-4, 3. Marked 5 as best flavored. All have borne. Have been struck with the prolific character of some of them. No. 13—as I have it—4, 43, 41 and 33 may be named as prolific. I have a very good opinion of these from one year's fruiting.

**CAMPBELL of Ohio.**—My Rogers' Hybrids were left unprotected last winter. No. 1, 15 and 19 were somewhat injured. No. 3 is the hardest of them. No. 4 next, the latter being injured about as much as the Concord. The others are tolerably hardy. The thermometer was 15 to 16 deg. below zero, succeeding quite warm weather. I have ripened No. 1, which is rather insipid and flavorless—large and handsome, however. It is not early—ripens about with Isabella. No. 15 seems to suit the palates of many who test it, much better than it suits mine. I do not like it as well as No. 4, which is the most prolific of them all, and a better grape than the Concord.

**BERGEN.**—With me, No. 44 is earlier than the Delaware. No. 9 was partially winter-killed. Several of these hybrids are decided by visitors to my place to be superior to the Concord and Hartford Prolific.

**BARRY of N. Y.**—I have seen no evidence that these grapes are hybrids, though whether they are or not does not affect their value. My own opinion is that Mr. ROGERS has made some mistake. I do not believe he has intended to deceive anybody as to their origin.

**CAMPBELL of Ohio.**—I have not any doubts that many of these grapes are hybrids, and some of them exhibit the characteristics of the Connecticut Mammoth, the Fox grape on which this cross was made. Others have the appearance of the foreign grape; and I regard this fact good evidence that these are hybrids. No. 4 is so very like Black Hamburg in appearance, that I could not tell them apart without tasting of them.

**MOORE of N. Y.**—There is no doubt whatever that they are hybrids. The No. 4 is like a foreign grape. The leaf resembled it also.

**HOAG of N. Y.**—I have several of these hybrids. No. 33, exposed, killed to the ground. All were left uncovered. The rest stood the winter well. No. 1 mildews this year. Its fruit is large and fine. No. 4 surpasses all others in cluster. Not one of them ripened with me last year. There is not anything very valuable about any of them.

**PARSONS of N. Y.**—I move, Mr. President, that the Fruit Committee be instructed to report at the next meeting such of these hybrids as really have merit, with names to be adopted by the Society with the consent of Mr. ROGERS. This motion was adopted.

**Isabella** presented by **P. C. REYNOLDS**.

**BATEHAM of Ohio.**—This sample resembles that known as the Aiken in Ohio.

**REYNOLDS of N. Y.**—I know nothing about the history of this grape. I found it on a place to which I removed last fall—soil sandy—the grape trained to a trellis.

**HOADLEY of Ohio.**—We have this grape with us. It is not the Isabella of Southern Ohio, but we have always called it Isabella. It is a better grape. I have never heard it called Aiken.

**Pres. WARDER.**—It is a frequent circumstance that the Isabella is found in this form in localities. Taking cuttings from such vines and planting, the result is a most unmistakable Isabella.

**BATEHAM of Ohio.**—We have concluded in Ohio that it is the result of culture and local influences instead of being a distinct variety.

**HOOKER of N. Y.**—At our Fruit Growers' Society's meeting last year, Isabellas were exhibited by Mr. BEACH of this city, of such ponderous size that it was doubted if they were Isabellas. But I went and examined the vine,

and found it to be an Isabella, with bunches double the usual size. I think there is no question but these samples are Isabellas.

**To Kalon.**—**MR. KNOX of Pa.** is asked to say something about this grape:—I have hardly made up my mind as to the To Kalon yet. I would not recommend it for general culture.

**MERCERON of Pa.**—Rotted badly the present year with us. I do not consider it valuable.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—It is liable to so many casualties it should be passed.

**LANGWORTHY of N. Y.**—It perished in my vineyard last winter.

**HARKENS of Pa.**—I have nothing to say in its favor. It is not adapted to the valley of the Susquehanna.

**DR. GRANT of N. Y.**—I have fruited it fifteen years. Compared with the Isabella and Catawba it is valuable for cultivation. But with its present disposition to rot it should be rejected.

**HOOPES of Pa.**—We get only one perfect crop from it in ten years.

**Lydia.**—**CAMPBELL of Ohio.**—It is a good growing vine; when young it mildews. The berry is large, bunches medium, quality like the Rebecca—fine flavor. It ripens at the same time as the Rebecca, bears better, is a stronger grower, and has better foliage. Color of fruit light green—amber in the sun—berry is larger than Rebecca, and I like it about as well.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—I have grown this fruit. The vine is a good grower and fruit good—not first rate. For vineyard culture it takes a position above the Rebecca. But it is not sufficiently good in all respects to warrant its recommendation for general cultivation. In localities it must be regarded good.

**Allen's Hybrid.**—**MEAD of N. Y.**—It is a good grape. Have been successful in growing it. It is tender, sweet, and has a flavor that reminds me of some of our foreign grapes. It is not to be recommended for general vineyard culture. It mildews when exposed—becomes so covered with it that toward the last of the season it loses its leaves. It is a handsome and good grape, and should be on the Amateur's list. I would place it pretty high for an amateur's grape, and excellent for the vineyard in places.

**HOVEY of Mass.**—This grape has been before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society ten years. It is a true hybrid. I have grown it indoors equal to the Golden Chasselas. Out-of-doors, at first, it was rather inferior, but later years it is getting better and better. Vines of it on Mr. ALLEN's grounds have no more mildew on them than the Hartford Prolific. It is a far better grape than we had an idea it was at first. It will do well planted anywhere that that the Delaware and Rebecca will do well, and it mildews no more than these grapes. I think you may set it down as one of the best grapes. With us it has more than met our expectations.

**B. B. PROSSER of Yates Co., N. Y.**—I have fruited it. It stood exposed last winter and came safely through. It has showed some inclination to mildew, but the leaf is as hardy as that of the Rebecca, and it is a better grape.

**DOWNING of N. Y.**—It is the earliest grape I have, and keeps well.

**TERRILL of N. Y.**—I have one vine fruiting. It bore twenty bunches. I have not a perfect bunch on the vine.

**DR. GRANT of N. Y.**—I have fruited this grape five years. It is as vigorous a grower as the Isabella—remarkably free from mildew. With me it grows better and better. It is a fine amber colored grape. Much better than the Rebecca with me.

**HOAG of N. Y.**—With me it is as vigorous a grower as the Isabella.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—I think so much of it that I do not hesitate to recommend it where it can be sheltered.

**Miles Grape.**—Information is asked for concerning this grape. **DOWNING of N. Y.** says:—It is a good grower, early, hardy, very productive and fine flavor.

**BERGEN of N. Y.**—I have fruited it. Of over fifty native grapes I have, this is the earliest.

**HOOPES of Pa.**—I introduced it eight or ten years since. It ripens with us the last of August—is the earliest grape with us. It is a strong grower, hardy and productive, pleasant flavor.

**Cuyahoga.**—**CAMPBELL of Ohio.**—It is too late for ripening in my latitude. It requires a season fully as long as the Catawba. It mildews when young. It is harder than I expected. It and Colman's White are identical.

**Pres. WARDER.**—They are identical.

**HARKENS of Pa.**—It has not proved satisfactory with me. It does not ripen—is a Fox grape.

**Pres. WARDER.**—There is a Fox grape called the Colman's White, which is distinct from the Cuyahoga.

**MEAD of N. Y.**—The Cuyahoga ripens too late. I have a vine called Colman's White and another called Cuyahoga, but they are not alike. The vines are quite distinct. It may be that the vine sent me as Colman's White is not true.

**Ive's Maderia.**—**President WARDER.**—It is a hardy, productive grape, and makes a delightful red wine. It is growing in favor as a wine grape. [Continued next week.]

**Domestic Economy.**

**HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.**

I have a slate hanging in my pantry with pencil attached, upon which we are accustomed to write down such domestic concerns as need attention. For instance, upon one side of it is now written, "Send for corn-meal, starch and lamp chimney." "Examine butter firkin." "Engage onions of Mr. Allen to-morrow." These are for my own attention, while upon the other side the girl is reminded to "Brown coffee; gather beans for drying." "Scald the bread box." "Wash cellar shelves." Whenever I find any little item that needs attention either from myself or the girl, I trust it to my slate, and find it much safer than to run the risk of remembering it at the right time. You often hear housekeepers exclaiming, "There, I forgot entirely to send for such a thing—or do such a thing, and now it is too late." Try the slate.

**ANOTHER.**—Beside the slate hangs a small blank book, also furnished with a pencil, in which I keep an account of my household expenses. The pages are variously headed, "Flour," "Sugar," "Meat," "Butter," &c., with an extra page for sundries. At the right hand corner of the page, above, I put the amount which I have decided by careful estimate is all we can afford to spend monthly, or yearly, (I have tried both ways) for the article designated. Then I enter every purchase made under its appropriate head, giving date, quantity, price and amount. At the close of each month it is easy to see whether we live within our income or not. You farmer's wives may think this neither possible nor useful for you, but I assure you if you would once try it you would find a satisfaction from it that would abundantly repay the trouble. I recommend it most earnestly, however; for the wives of salaried men, and mechanics whose income is fixed, and who purchase the staples for their family consumption. E. H. M.

**CORN HUSK PILLOWS.**

**EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER.**—Allow me through the columns of your far-reaching paper to suggest a light, healthy, army or hospital pillow. A cheap and accessible substitute for feathers, cotton or "hair" may be found in the soft inner coat or lining of the corn husk, divided into shreds. Several years ago, while "tracing" corn for my husband, I tried the experiment for lounge-pillows, cushions, etc., and found them so nice in sickness I made several bed-pillows the next year, which have since been in constant use, though I still keep some feathers in my house for the accommodation of fogies, September and October are the months to select and prepare these husks. Every yard in city or country, nearly, has its plat of corn and every loyal house its nimble fingers ready to work for the sick at the war, or for the returned invalid. When field-corn is being husked, is a good time to set aside in clean baskets the most desirable, soft, silky husks, until the convenient time to prepare them; a small-pointed knife, a fork or scissors may be the instrument used. I shred them fine for pillows, coarser for beds. Any form to suit circumstances may be chosen for pillows. I make them nearly square, say one-half yard, weighing only 2½ or 3 lbs., or they may be made round, like an old-fashioned portmanteau occupying less space. They may be opened and dusted or even washed, and ticks renovated each year if desired.

Mine were all made in little interstices of time, but boys and girls may get together for this purpose and speedily furnish our army as well as their homes with this luxury and say good bye to spinal complaints, nervous head-aches, feather-dealers, upholsterers in hair, and Southern cotton. The ladies of the North may thus sit as proudly among the corn, as the queens of the East among their treasures.—*Mrs. T., Mexico, N. Y., Sept., 1864.*

**PRESERVING BLACK CURRANTS.**—**DEAR RURAL.**—I noticed an inquiry in one of your late numbers, about preserving black currants. Here is my method: Stew the currants and run them through a colander; add sugar enough to make them ready for the table, and then can them. They are excellent.—*LULIE, Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa.*

**A HINT TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.**—As you empty your fruit jars through the winter, fill them with stewed apple, putting up in the same manner as other fruits. You will find yourself next spring supplied with an excellent article of green apple sauce.—*L.*

**TO USE SWEET APPLES.**—Take good sweet apples, pare and quarter, add a little water and stew till tender. When cold, serve with cream and you will have a dish which is not only economical (requiring no sugar) but delicious.—**HOUSEKEEPER.**

**DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.**

**MILDEW STAINS.**—Will some contributor to this column of the RURAL give directions for removing mildew stains from white cotton cloth? and oblige—*HELEN E. L., Livingston Co., Mich.*

**PICKLED POTATOES.**—We have seen mentioned with other things for the soldiers, the pickled potato; and as we are unacquainted with the manner of preparing them will you please inform us through your columns?—**ADDIE.**

**COLORING WOOLLENS.**—Can you or any of your numerous subscribers give me instructions for preventing black woolen yarn or cloth from fading or cracking, also give recipes for coloring woolen (fast colors) the following colors, viz., black, blue, red, green?—**HOUSEWIFE.**

**Notes and Queries.**

**BARBERRY HEDGES.**—(A. Winters.) There is no doubt but hedges may be made of the Barberry. We do not know where seed can be obtained.

**GRAPES RECEIVED.**—We acknowledge the receipt of very fine specimen bunches of Muscat Hamburg, Deacon's Superb and Black Hamburg grapes from Messrs. BRONSON, GRAVES & SELINGER of the Washington St. Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y. Also, two boxes of well grown Concord from E. B. POTTER, Naples, N. Y.

## Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

## TEDIUM VITÆ.

AUGUST 19TH, 1864.

BY MINNIE MINTWOOD.

FORSAKEN, desolate, alone,  
Last night were my vigils kept,  
With my pale face pressed to the marble stone  
Where for years my mother has slept.

'Tis a blessed place, for to me it seems  
That the shadows which round me lie,  
Are dense with the love and light of dreams  
That shone in years gone by.

The stars came out with measured tread,  
Like a host with armored steel;  
A sentry to guard the sleeping dead,  
Sentinels, loyal and leal.

Mother! so quiet with folded hands,  
Thro' the shades of twilight years—  
With my spirit fettered with iron bands,  
Still rusted with childhood's tears—

I have called for thee at morn and night,  
And oft at the sultry noon,  
But I could not see your face for the light,  
Nor at night for the shadowy gloom.

There's a dark, thick veil that lies between  
My home and where you dwell,  
But here where the grass grows bright and green  
And the daisy blossoms swell—

It seems that an angel holds apart,  
The veil so dark and strong,  
And you press me close to your mother heart,  
While I tell you of pain and wrong—

And how I'm weary of all this strife,  
Tired of clog and clay,  
Tired of god, of thorn, of life,  
Tired of sunless day!

Tired of wearing a happy thought  
Over a heart of tears,  
Tired of love that only is wrought  
Into a blossom of sneers!

And yet this mound of earth may lie  
Under some hearty star,  
"Tis some heart wound," a passing eye  
May say, "and this the scar."

Ah yes, a scar! the wound may heal  
In Time's unerring beat,  
But now and then, the wound you feel  
And trembling move your feet.

Mother, I'm faint! within my heart  
Are wounds that never heal,  
And from their pain I shrink and start  
As from the murderer's steel.

Oh clasp me, mother, close to you,  
Here let me ever be!  
The angel came—the veil he drew  
Between her heart and me.

Ludlowville, N. Y., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
SOME EXPLANATORY REMARKS.

NOTE.—The writer of the following in a private note says:—"It seems that enough has been said already about dress, but my articles have been misrepresented to such a degree that I feel an explanation absolutely due. I was traveling and did not see the paper containing the reply until quite recently."—[EDS. RURAL.]

I had previously supposed a range of ideas as extensive as the circumference of a quart measure, together with some slight knowledge of the matter under consideration indispensable. Even with the possession of such talents as DEMOSTHENES and WEBSTER, it was deemed necessary, before treading upon any subject, to think deeply, imbue their minds with it fully, and look upon it in all its different bearings. What a delusion they labored under! Miss KEYSER has not only shown that such apprehending is arrant folly, but that comprehending an article before criticizing and answering it is quite needless.

Aside from the author's ludicrous mistake in replying to what she had utterly failed to understand, the article evinces such a lamentable want of candor and truthfulness, such a willful misrepresentation of my sentiments, and many of my statements, that notice of it seems beneath one's dignity. And any who have read "The Amiable Woman, Photographed," and the "Reply to the Unprotected Female," wherein my opinion was fully and freely expressed, must consider further words from me on those subjects superfluous. But as some may not have seen the papers containing those productions, who have read the "Reply to LANCILLOTTI," and consequently are not aware that veracity is not one of the characteristics of the writer thereof. If any such there are, for their enlightenment I make answer.

Miss KEYSER affirms that I admire Mrs. BLAND! It seems incredible that even a child of ordinary intelligence should make such an assertion, should so totally fail of entering into the spirit of the article. If admiration consists in cutting sarcasm, in thoroughly despising a character, in holding it up to ridicule and contempt, then I admire Mrs. BLAND, and SOLOMON was wrong in declaring, "There is no new thing under the sun."

I contemplated (but circumstances have thus far prevented) writing a series of articles, portraying the character of different individuals. "The Amiable Woman Photographed," was alone completed, purposely commencing with that, as, to the large-souled and conscientious, these non-committal, sleek, sneaking, crawling, white-washed creatures are most despicable; therefore with such views and feelings it was written.

Mrs. BLAND is a real flesh and blood—or rather milk-and-water nonentity—passive and inert, smiling alike on the villain and self-respecting; who most assuredly would not "disgrace" herself by expressing sentiments differing from any human being, as one with a particle of penetration must have discerned. The

author being unknown, many and free have been the comments thereon in my presence, and while some declared it too sarcastic, not one was so mentally obtuse as to fail in perceiving the contempt for Mrs. BLAND conspicuous throughout, and I think none but those emulating, but not possessing her qualities, would have desired to reply. It seems impossible to realize anything so ridiculous as confounding an author's opinion as expressed in one article, with those of a character that same author has represented in another place as one, in her estimation, of the most despicable on the face of the earth. But Miss KEYSER must needs publicly display her ignorance, and lack of discernment, by replying in a strikingly original and characteristic manner, indiscriminately and confusedly to LANCILLOTTI and the pusillanimous Mrs. BLAND!

After mature reflection I have wondered whether accusing another of being "degraded" would answer for an illustration of the fact "that whatever disorder afflicts a person most, they are sure to charge upon others." It is inexplicable, however remote one's dwelling place, that a person could thus long have remained in ignorance of the certainty that thick-soled boots were fashionable, or neglected noticing some of the many allusions made to that sensible, much-exalted fashion. Our merchants would consider such information decidedly gratuitous, judging from the goodly supply exhibited in New York, "The Paris of America," when I left there in June; nor have thick boots for sale, been wanting for at least three years in any of the numerous towns and villages through which I have travelled. How I have shivered in past times, viewing the poor consumptive, scarcely able to walk a single block, stepping with soles of paper thickness upon the icy pavement! Therefore I rejoice at this reform, rejoice that independence-lacking, Mrs. GRUNDY-fearing individuals will no longer thus risk health, often life!

After expressing my belief that "a French corset scientifically adapted to the figure to be conducive to health," etc., Miss KEYSER says, "The frames that the Creator made are entirely out of fashion and ill-bred, it appears, and the French are obliged to make frames for our misshapen American women," etc. Now the meaning of "adapted" as hitherto understood is, "made suitable," "fitted," and as anything made "to suit" the form, with thin bones, and "so loose when laced as to readily place the hand under," could not possibly compress, or differently mold, to say nothing of "make," doubtless our highest authorities are at fault, and Miss KEYSER should be consulted to amend the definition of words.

I mentioned the French corset because those I have seen more perfectly fit the human form divine, and are without needless, uncomfortable, thick, stiff whalebones. The reason I consider Garibaldi and Zouaves preferable, there is room for full expansion of the chest—the corset only reaching underneath the arms, sufficiently supports back and sides; with the plain waist coming to the throat there is not. I believe those silly enough to injure themselves with tight-lacing would do so equally with tight dresses, which would be no improvement, and out at the bottom of the waist.

Among the many instances I could cite, where I had supposed the corset had proved beneficial, are two sisters who, being exceedingly tall, commenced stooping when but twelve years of age, and in spite of the remonstrances of relatives, the habit obtained complete mastery. The elder and weaker appeared absolutely deformed; when she had attained the age of twenty and the other seventeen, they commenced wearing corsets, and as they immediately improved, afterward becoming straight, with fully developed lungs, both themselves and friends attributed the remarkable change to the corset.

There are certainly physicians with ample practice who can afford to speak the truth. There are others deeply conscious of their responsibility—who would sacrifice ease, wealth, all this world's pleasures, for the benefit of their fellow-men, whom nothing would tempt to a violation of the truth. The noble, God-fearing, wise physician! The humane, sympathizing, benevolent friend! Though scarce, there are such, and to that class I referred.

Granting that a man's hat greatly resembles (though for the life of me "I can't see it," the "Turban," "Waterfall" or "Jockey," with their fashionable trimmings of ribbon, feathers, or velvet, with sparkling beads and pearly shells, I am not aware that it "pertaineth unto the man" any more than to the woman, and can see no reason why ladies should not wear hats of any style or shape they choose, as well as gloves, or shoes. But the "Breeches" I thought had always been universally believed and acknowledged to belong exclusively to man. And I do not think it the "duty" of any woman to appropriate them.

I cannot forbear in this connection expressing my appreciation of VIOLA H. E.'s sound and most excellent advice. And so truly, so faithfully, has the pen of JANE E. HIGBY depicted my sentiments and feelings, that

"What she has written seems to us no more  
Than we have thought a thousand times before."  
LANCILLOTTI.

Greenport, L. I.

LET there be plenty of sunlight in your house. Don't be afraid of it. God floods the world with light, and it costs you an effort to keep it out. You want it as much as plants, which grow sickly without it. It is necessary to the health, spirits, good nature and happy influence. Let the sunlight stream freely in.

EAT, digest; read, remember; earn, save; love and be loved. If these four rules be strictly followed, health, wealth, intelligence and true happiness will be the result.

## Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY JANE E. HIGBY.

O! PRESS onward in the battle,—  
In the battle great, of life,  
Though Death's missiles round thee rattle,  
Still press onward in the strife.  
We are all by birth-right soldiers;  
With no call for volunteers—  
In the ranks we must be holders  
Through the bitter war of years.

Death, the only great discharger,  
Never thins the motley lines,  
But with time, they still grow larger  
And the contest ne'er declines.  
Rouse, O men! and choose your places;  
Be not laggards in the field;  
To the front set firm your faces,  
Nobly make resistance yield.

Many join the subtle faction  
Of the foemen in the fight:  
Some live in the scene of action  
To win triumphs for the right.  
Some ignobly turn to traitors  
In the great and glorious strife,  
Others yet are only waiters  
In this mighty war of life.

Through the serried hosts before you  
Grandly cut a living way;  
Through the mists of error o'er you,  
Bring the truth to perfect day.  
With its earnest band of pleaders,  
Stand a captain in the van,  
Or, if all may not be leaders,  
Be the hero that you can.

In those years of great undoing  
Of the wrongs of ages past,  
Is there not some path, pursuing,  
Which will reach the goal at last?  
Waste no time in idle dreaming  
Of the victory to be won,  
But the precious hours redeeming,  
Let the blessed work be done.

What though often faint and weary,  
As like sentinels we tread  
Through a night of trial dreary,  
With no star of hope o'erhead,  
Never falter in your duty,  
For the day will dawn at last;  
Only so a life of beauty  
May be gathered from the past.

What tho' crushed and torn and bleeding;  
Gird anew thine armor on;  
Still the painful wound unheeding,  
Bear thy given part alone.  
They who watch like mere civilians  
All the battle from afar,  
Never, like the fighting millions,  
Wear the glory of a scar.

Rouse, of those you deem beneath you  
Shall their crowns of laurel wear;  
Those who should have stooped to wreath you  
Will the palms of victory bear.  
God can fill each vacant station  
From the privates in the ranks,  
If brevets of his creation  
In the army are but blanks.

Piffard, N. Y., Sept., 1864.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
A WEATHER CHAPTER.

It is a trite subject, old as the deluge, and common-place as the cares of every day life, yet one in which the children of earth often feel more interest than in many matters of weightier moment. Few indeed are so indifferent as not to give it a passing thought sometimes. Nothing is more natural when we have a visit to make or a picnic or holiday excursion is talked of, than to hope for genial air, and propitious skies, that nothing in nature may retrench the enjoyment of the occasion. It frequently has an untold influence upon our spirits, and also upon the business of daily life. The farmer feels this when he sows his seed in the spring, and knows how useless are all his labors unless aided by the sun and showers, that the seed may germinate and the young plants grow and mature for the expected harvest. However it is not in its useful or convenient aspect that we wish to consider the subject so much as in its effect upon the eye, the changing picture, which like the shifting scenes of a panorama it daily spreads before our gaze, and in which the loving kindness of the All-wise Father is manifested, who has made our world so fair when He might as easily have made it otherwise. No topic is so common in conversation perhaps (except our terrible war) as the weather, and yet in a climate as brilliant and variable as ours, where we have the temperature of almost every latitude, and when the extremes of heat and cold, of gloom and sunshine often succeed each other with a suddenness and rapidity that seems marvellous, it can never become a stale theme. If we have the climate of Sweden one week, we may have that of France the next; though we may have rain and leaden-hued skies to-day, the brightness of the Orient will succeed to-morrow, with as rich a hue on field and wood, and a sky as glorious in its transparent azure, as those that smile upon the dreamy waters of the Nile.

Few things afford more interest to lovers of the beautiful in Nature than the varying forms and appearances of the clouds that daily hover in our atmosphere. What poetical and fantastic shapes, and delicate tints they often assume. Sometimes they float lazily in great snowy masses across the noontide heavens like white sails on a summer sea, passing to unseen and unknown harbors. Again we see them piled above the amber sun-set, in more distinct outlines and picturesque forms. There are stretching chasms, beetling crags, and airy peaks, purple islands and silver castles tinged with crimson and amethyst, fitting abodes for fairies and genii. At other times the storm clouds roll up in terrific grandeur, the thunder booms and crashes awfully along the sky, and the light-

nings flash through the riven clouds, forming a spectacle fearful in its terrible sublimity. Again we have a sky spotless and pure in its whole broad extent, and yet again one, to use LOWELL'S figure, "where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move."

The change of seasons also present to the weather student a brilliant and ever shifting scene full of perpetual interest. First we have Spring, with its many delicious days and balmy breezes, when the young leaflets expand in the rejuvenating air and the tint of the grass hourly brightens and deepens, when the dandelions and violets burst in a glory of gold and azure beneath our feet, when mere existence seems a delight, and air and earth teem with life, and death seems an anomaly save as it comes to the children of men and a form of clay is laid cold and rigid under the spring grass, to await the resurrection, of which all this reawakened life is a glorious type. Then Summer comes with its fiery heats and lengthy days glowing but from the burning zone, its luxuriant growths and gorgeous blooms, and scorching drouths; and Autumn with its luscious days, the richness and mellowness of the Indian Summer, the crimson and golden forests and the falling leaves, all emblems of ripeness and age, rather than youth and freshness. Then last of all we have Winter with its intense cold and brilliancy. There are days of Arctic severity like those of last winter in the West, when the Polar zone seemed to hover over the land with all the excessive rigor of those frozen regions of the far North where Winter holds everlasting sway. Here were the bitter cold and nipping air, clutching at ears and noses like a vice, and threatening to congeal the life current in the veins. Here, too, were the marble-like roads, crisp and pure, the marvels of frost work, and skies clear as crystal, where the sunshine dazzled by day, and the moon shone silver white at night, and the stars gleamed cold and sharp as diamonds.

RACHEL ROBERTS.

San Prairie, Wis., 1864.

## WANT OF DECISION.

SYDNEY SMITH, in his work on Moral Philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little "brass," as it is termed:

"A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they only had been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that in doing anything in the world worth doing, we must stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as we can.

"It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances; it did all very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an extended publication for a hundred and fifty years, and live to see its success for seven centuries afterwards; but at present a man waits and doubts, and consults his brothers, and his uncle, and his particular friends, till one day he finds that he is sixty-five years of age, so that he has lost so much in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time for over-squeamishness at present, that the opportunity slips away. The very period of life at which a man chooses to venture, if ever, is so confined, that it is no bad rule to preach up the necessity, in such instances, of a little violence done to the feelings and efforts made in defiance of strict and sober calculation."

## OCCUPATION.

OCCUPATION! What a glorious thing it is for a human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is horn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, toil not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent—rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that they may brighten the future—flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty. Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is he who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion that brings no joy to his fellow men.

## WHAT DOES "ECONOMY" MEAN?

IN our use of the word "economy," it means merely sparing or saving; economy of money means the saving of money, economy of time the sparing of time, and so on. But economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means administration of a house—its stewardship; spending or saving, that is, whether money or time, or anything else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses, namely, first applying your labor rationally; secondly, preserving its produce carefully; and, lastly, distributing its produce seasonably.—Ruskin.

HE that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

## Sabbath Musings.

THE FLIGHT OF THE HOURS.

BY MISS MARTINEAU.

BENEATH this starry arch,  
Naught resteth or is still,  
But all things hold their march,  
As if by one great will;  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the footfall;  
On, on, forever!

You sheaves were once but seed;  
Will ripens into deed;  
As oave-drops swell the streams,  
Day thought feeds nightly dreams;  
And sorrow tracketh wrong,  
As echo follows song,  
On, on, forever!

By night, like stars on high,  
The hours reveal their train;  
They whisper and go by,  
"I never watch in vain."  
Moves one, move all;  
Hark to the footfall;  
On, on, forever!

They pass the cradle-bed,  
And there a promise shed;  
They pass the moist new grave,  
And bid rank verdure wave;  
They bear through every clime  
The harvest of all time,  
On, on, forever!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
WHERE THEY REST.

ONCE more I am among the graves. There is a sad satisfaction in being here. Here, while I muse, my soul rises to a welcome consciousness of the purity and loveliness of affection which may be found in this dark world. There is woe and sin, but there is also love, worthy of Heaven and the undying! Death sanctifies affection, and teaches what depths there are in the human soul, and how God-like are its ties—too weighty for death to sever. Notice this grave. The sod has been carefully displaced, and it is covered with blossoming plants. Here, imparting their fragrance to my breath, are its snowy blossoms of the white rose. Here are also violets, beautiful pinks, and a "monthly rose," throwing out its crimson bloom. But you could not fail to notice, before any or all of them, the large bouquet, the flowers of which are yet unwithered. How the stricken heart years over its lost one! I do not ask you to pardon the gush of my tears. He who can not pity and weep may pass on to mingle with the heartless world, and humble his immortal being to be satisfied with its common and selfish schemes.

Musing here, in one view, how dark life seems. There is a pain that not unfrequently almost causes the life to die out. But the spirit of these words seems breathed upon me now, and whenever my pen moves in the tracery of thought.

"Darkness in the pathway of man's life  
Is but the shadows of God's providence,  
By the great sun of wisdom cast thereon,  
And what is dark below is bright above."

It is well to speak and write of shadows cast upon the life below, and of eternal brightness given to the life above, and of faith and hope struggling amid the mysteries of the present toward the realization of a better state. There are some lessons which most hearts learn sooner or later; life is serious and earnest,—it would be sad and dark but for the hopes reaching up to the light and blessedness of Heaven. Oh! that all would forsake the vanities of earth, bid adieu to the false hopes of the human heart, and rise to know the substantial joys of aspiring to the Eternal Abode.

CHRIST'S dead are not dead. Men may point to their resting places in the City of the Silent, but the invisible world is brightened by their spiritual presence,—they are with God and His angels, awaiting in bliss the power of that resurrection which shall touch and crown with immortality the mouldering forms of the just.

I have been musing in the twilight till I realize the power of reflection to free from fetters which the world casts about the soul to bind to itself. Every Christian should have such seasons. They lead to a higher faith. From them we may go with calmness to do and patience to bear. There is no more appropriate place or hour.

"When the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer twilight weeps itself away,  
Who has not felt the softness of the hour  
Steal o'er the heart like dew along the flower."

The soul, musing by the grave of "buried love" at the twilight hour, may reach glorious spiritual conceptions, akin to companionship with God and the saved! This is an hour beyond the power of pen or pencil—an hour to teach how weak human speech may be for the purposes of the soul. The long, bright summer day is bidding adieu to earth in the gloriousness of twilight. All must soon bid adieu to the earth, and the grave become the place of long repose. It would seem sweet to me to breathe out my life to GOD, here, now,—to have earth take me as a weary child to her arms. Tried heart, be patient!—in a little while—the longest life is short. By-and-by the angels will softly, sweetly whisper, "ELLATH"—a holy calm of gladness will come over thy soul, and thou wilt answer thy name in Heaven. A. T. E. C.

"EVIDENCES of Christianity," said Coleridge, "I am weary of the word; make a man feel the want of Christianity, its adaptation to his whole moral, spiritual, and intellectual nature, and Christianity will be its own evidence."

Educational.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE TRUE SCHOLAR.

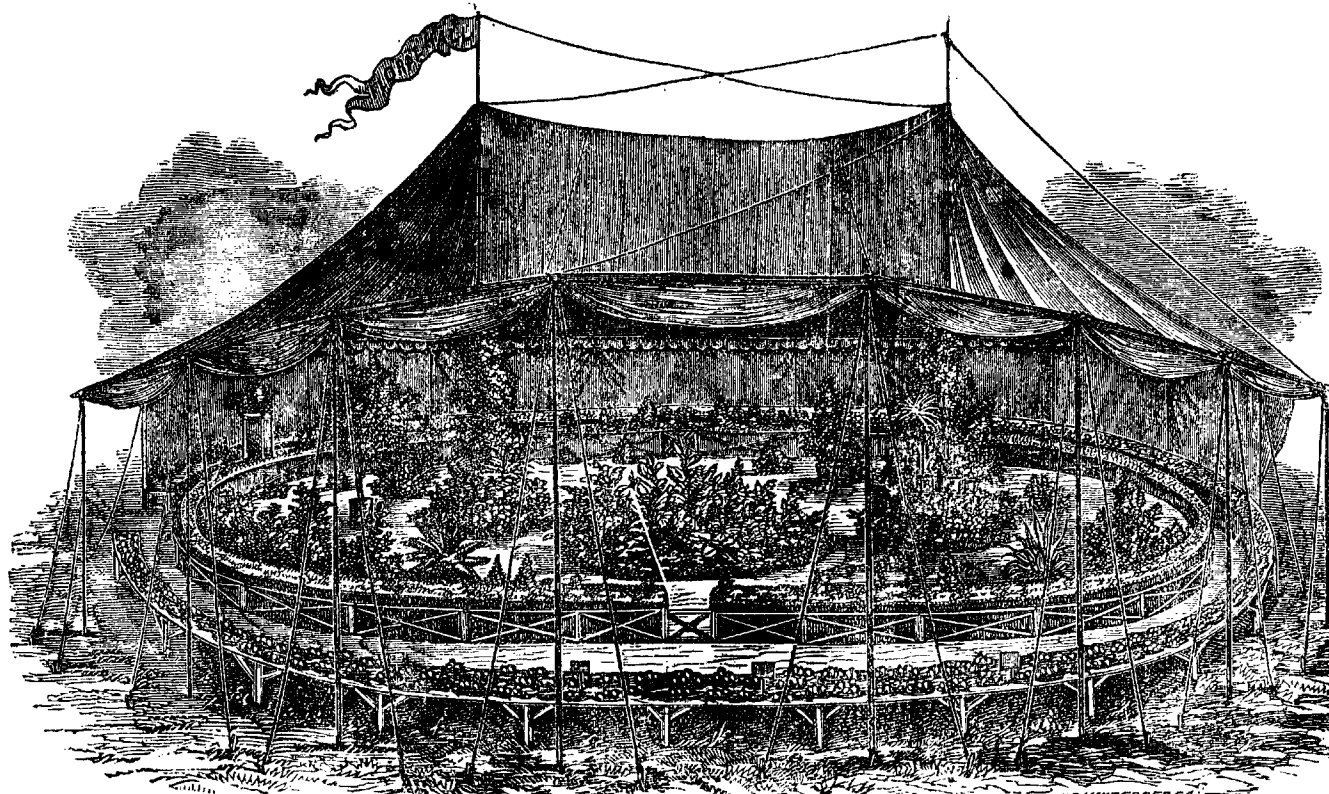
A WELL developed and truly educated mind is one of the noblest works of GOD. The thought-hero is the pride of heaven and the glory of earth. With an eye brighter than gorgeous Spica—a soul larger than the realms of space—a mental wing more radiant than Aurora's folds, man crowned with intellect stands forth. Can the brow of heaven show a loftier majesty than the original thinker?

It was the design of Providence that all minds should be educated; but not that all should be scholars. It is of the mission of this latter class that we are to speak. Oh, thou destined scholar, standing at the gateway of life, what boundless fields welcome thy footsteps—what thought can measure the greetings of thy God! Geology traveling in divine foot-prints, kneels loaded at thy feet. With heroic delight thou may'st build great coral reefs in thy mind's Pacific, and shout with joy as the rushing glacier proudly sweeps them down. Thou may'st read the very first thoughts of GOD in the depths of the old Azotic granite, and trace his finger-prints in the fossils of the old red sandstone. If thou would'st crown thyself with garlands, Botany bares her breast to thee. Flowers are one of GOD's best, purest agencies,—read them well. Can the tongue speak the mystics of Astronomy?—yet thou holdest in thy hand the key which shall unlock its very soul. Would'st thou know Nature?—the queen banquet in every open heart. With messages from out the great Infinite, she sits upon the throne of truth. Search for it, as the great Alpha and Omega of thy life. And above all, thou may'st walk into the rich storehouse of the mind, and boldly, yet tremblingly, read thyself. In thy soul's nursery shall be born great original thoughts; for GOD is a true scholar, and well He knows what knowledge is for man. Thy inventive genius shall chain the lightnings and thy converse reach to the farthest stars. Yea, enthusiasm shall be a secret of success to thee. All this is thine, Oh, student. Yet art thou, with these alone, a most imperfect being. GOD is not satisfied with a half-soul life. Better far to drown thy senses in Lethe's dark sea, than to pervert them in the chimera of an aimless existence. Dwarfed and aimless is thy mind, undeveloped by the principles of true Christianity. Grand and lofty may be the structure thou buildest, yet it is void of all sublimity, if based upon no rock of truth. The student fills his cup and drinks bitter draughts. The true scholar sees the chord which holds his soul-cup to his GOD, and with meek lips and a brow all radiant with wisdom, he cries to the great Teacher, "Here are my talents,—what wilt thou have me to do?" Like the soul-sculptor that he is, he works for the love of his work. All nature, science and analogy are passive to his power. To him life's syllogism has no disputed premise. Its major is no clearer to his view than its minor. He is a student on the great, normal plan of heaven. His searching eye detects no proper void of character—no idle sickle in life's harvest field. What is done, interests GOD more than what is thought. The heart is His magnetic telegraph office, and he measures the force of every deed committed to its wires. Wise and happy is he who, after long years of laborious study, shall have rightly learned to live.

Should ambition be a ruling power? Too many of our students have gone forth ruined by its influence. Its glory may be dazzling; yet its promises are false. Better to write true fame in humble deeds of honest worth, than seek for its substitute in the wild longings of a feverish dream. One original thought dressed in humble garb, is a greater victory than a wide-spread name of baseless honors. Our public schools can do no greater good than to rid their students of this destroyer of vital power. Here is the scholar's weakness, and here he falls if anywhere. But let him turn his zeal upon true worth alone, contentedly accepting his portion, and peaceful delight shall crown his every study. Self-confidence will exist independent of self-conceit, and true dignity consist of true humility. Duty alone should be the standard of his heroism, and as he compares himself oftener with ideals than with neighbors, the cloak of modesty is a most befitting garb.

Shall we ask the question, has the true student trials? Gold is not purified save through the furnace. Leaves must fall, and clouds o'erhang the brightest blue. A volume may be bound in gilt, and yet have in it chapters very hard to read. The path of knowledge is strewn with thorns; conflicts within and without deluge the mental heart, yet these are the March days which bespeak a glorious October. Sorrows are the tests of man's worth. Be not afraid to confess thy ignorance, for herein rests the secret of scholarship. True scholars have been few in every age, because discipline has not been rightly understood. Welcome storms and frosts; for in their train comes that mental month of gleanings—of the filling of raised hands—of the fruition of toil. Oft-times the greatest victory is resurrected within the heart. Down deep and quiescent in the unawakened depths of the soul, rest impulses which too often bespall the life. It requires the truest powers of discriminating judgment to entirely deaden the sleeping though dangerous vitalities. Happy he who, sweeping pure, true waters over the sands of life, obliterates every footprint of evil passion.

The true scholar is a social being. Though he enjoys a well-spring of constant delight in the printed page, and forms friendships with the minds of every age, he does not draw them



FLORAL TENT, STATE FAIR, ROCHESTER, N. Y., 1864.

Reading for the Young.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
SUMMER DAYS.

[We are sure our young readers will be interested in reading the following, which comes to us from Miss Olive, who says she is only fourteen years old. We think it worthy a place in the Youth's Column.]

Soft and balmy is the air around us—bright and blue the sky above us—green and grassy is the earth beneath our feet. Oh! golden summer days, how well I love thee! How I love to sit where I can see the sun-light glimmer through the branches, and dream of the many happy hours I spent in the leafy shade of the old trees at my own dear home! How we played in the sunshine—little sister and I—with the tiny pebbles on the old walk, listening to the wind as it made "sweet leaf music" in the tall pine tree-top—or chased each other round and round the house through the grassy pathways—or searched beneath the old pines, for bits of china and little cones—or ran to meet dear father returning from his labor. Oh! how we were merry, guileless, little children then, and, as we pressed our rosy lips to the sun-browned cheek, we thought not of the bitter tears we in the future might shed. But those days have passed into the dark shades of oblivion, never more to return. Father and mother are sleeping, one in the quiet church-yard at home, and one where the broad Potomac rolls its blue waters to the ocean, and we are left, orphaned, alone; yet not alone—for He who careth even for the sparrows, careth for us. But the tear drops will fall thick and fast, when we think of dear forms lying beneath the grassy sod—heedless of the tears their children shed. And so we sit and dream, but we can only dream; for those bright days are numbered with the past. But there are—still in the future—many happy ones for us; and as we live we learn that, though our afflictions may seem heavy, and the blows of grief cause bitter pain, still our Heavenly Father "doeth all things well."

Best Clarkson, N. Y., 1864.  
OLIVE.

NEVER IN A HURRY.

A GROUP of girls were looking over some drawings which lay on the teacher's desk. They were all members of the drawing-class, and they were very impartial in their criticisms. Miss Stanley, the instructress, would have been surprised had she heard how near right some of the girls' comments were.

"Here," cried Fannie Lee, holding up a small crayon sketch of a child asleep, "here is Cornelia Ames' performance. It is sure to be well done, for she is never in a hurry."

The sketch was indeed well done, and it subsequently took the prize. The lights and shadows were managed with wonderful effect, and the curls upon the pure brow were of the most beautiful golden hue. O, Cornelia Ames! All this because you were "never in a hurry."

Dear little school-girl, don't hurry over those tiresome boundaries and puzzling map questions! Don't hurry over that hateful composition, whose title, "Perseverance," stares at you like a Cyclops from the top of the page. Don't hurry over that ancient history where Thebes, and Tadmor, and Regulus, and Coriolanus, mingle themselves in such confusion. Never be in a hurry! It is only the careful, sober, earnest, pains-taking pupil, who will reap, by-and-by, the pupil's reward, and earn a fair title to that higher name, "scholar."

NO ROOM FOR PRIDE.

"A NICE pass we're come to!" exclaimed a bundle of brushwood to some fine tree-tops that were lying ready to be carted for fire-wood. The tree tops quivered their fading leaves with contemptuous indignation, but did not deign a reply.

"Those were the days," said the brushwood again, "when we were so gay and green. You gave a fine shade then, and as for us, my friends the thorns, black and white, made the hedges like a garden, and the bright gold blossom of us furze bushes was something to see. Ah! those were the days; but we must make the best of it. They have had us in our summer pride, and now they have got to admire us in a blaze as they sit round their fires."

More and more the leaves of the tree-tops quivered, and an ash, in pity to both parties, thus tried first to silence the low-born loquacious furze:

"Friends, our union in fate should make us one in sympathy. You, like ourselves, have to rejoice in life and freedom—like us you are condemned to the flames; but as our beauty and dignity in life differed, so will differ the last scenes of our existence. You will but crackle under a pot, while we shall sustain a clear and steady flame."

Then addressing his unduly sensitive companions, he added, "Nevertheless, forget not that of both of us only ashes will remain!"

THIS world is not made for a tomb, but a garden. You are to be a seed, not a death. Plant yourself, and you will sprout. Bury yourself, and you can only decay. For a dead opportunity there is no resurrection. The only enjoyment, the only use to be attained in this world, must be attained on the wing. Each day brings its own happiness, its own benefit; but it has none to spare. What escapes to-day is escaped forever. To-morrow has no overflow to atone for the lost yesterdays.—Gail Hamilton.

War Literature.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.  
THE MOTHER'S FAREWELL.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROMBER.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, my JOHNNY boy,  
You're all the one I've got—  
The light of these old eyes of mine,  
The blessing of my cot!

Good-bye, my brave—I'm sixty-six,  
That's pretty old I know—  
But I can take in washing yet,  
And I can knit and sew.

Don't fear for me, I'll get along;  
I'm glad you're going, JOHN!  
No mother's sent a better lad,  
Not since the war began.

I knew you'd want to go, my boy—  
To think that rebel crew  
Should trample on the Stars and Stars!  
It stirs my own blood too!

Were I a man I'd go! Eighteen!  
That's young—but trust in Heaven!  
Mother will pray for you at home  
In the morning and at even.

I know you're not afraid to die—  
Don't mind these foolish tears!  
A woman cries so easily,  
And conjures up such fears.

These socks—boy, these were father's socks,  
Poor NELLY knit them, too—  
I've kept them sacred, but now, JOHN,  
They're none too good for you.

This Bible, JOHN, I give you, to  
Remember mother by;  
You'll not forget your God, my boy,  
Beneath the Southern sky?

Good-bye, JOHN!—when you were a child,  
And I was going away,  
You'd want a good-bye kiss, and then  
You was content to stay.

Now, boy, it is the other way;  
You go, I stay alone;  
This kiss of yours will be to me  
A treasure while you're gone.

It only seems the other day  
You sat upon my knee,  
A little curly-headed boy—  
How noisy in your glee!

You were a pretty baby, JOHN—  
Your father loved you more,  
I think, than any little babe  
He ever had before;

Because you was the youngest, JOHN,  
And only son he had,—  
You look, my boy, as father did  
When he was such a lad!

Nigh on to fifty years ago,  
We went, one August day,  
A berrying—I'm hindering you,  
I must not make you stay!

Good-bye, good-bye, my boy! Fear God,  
And know no other fear!  
Just one more kiss, dear JOHN—there—go!  
God bless my volunteer!

The Comfort Bag Letter.

IT is amusing and interesting to see the soldiers overhaul the contents of the bags. They examine each article and pronounce upon its utility. The things most prized are needles, black thread, stocking yarn, small pocket handkerchiefs, and small towels. Pieces of muslin hemmed are as good as anything else for handkerchiefs. Envelopes, with postage stamps on them, little papers of tea, *larkspur seed*, and a *fine comb*, are great comforts. In one of the bags given out to-day was the following letter from the donor, which is so simple and direct in its language that I am sure it will be read with interest:

Dear Soldier—I am a little girl nine years old. My name is Laura Ella, and I live among the Green Mountains. I have made the comfort bag for you, and put some things in that will be good for you if you are sick. But I hope you will not get sick, nor get shot or taken prisoner. I hope you will kill all the rebels very soon. I will put in an envelope all ready for you to send to me, to let me know who gets the bag, and if the things are what soldiers need.

Yours, very truly, LAURA ELLA.

A model letter. How much more direct

in a circle around him to shut out the living world. He is no book-worm. His heart is alive to the keenest interests of his brother, and his hands are large to his assistance. In true patriotism, in the holiest and highest motives of human life, in all the soul's best interests, he cultivates and claims humanity. However comprehensive his ideas, he does not forget to classify himself in the scale of being—he acknowledges relations to the creature, as well as the Creator. Thought is his sole capital, and while he is in duty bound to use it sparingly upon the unworthy, it is poured like a great ocean current upon the great and good wherever found. The true scholar is a patient being. He is acting under sealed orders—sealed and dated at the dawn of life, but which can be delivered only at certain periods and stations. Mysterious packages of commissions fill up his life baggage; yet they belong not all at the same station. Many weary, patient steps must be taken, ere their contents can be read. He receives the crown, who lets not one little commission, as it presents itself, escape a faithful, patient execution. Thus it is with the true student. We can not expect to find perfection in any one—much less in one battling with the elements of knowledge. Yet we do expect of him to chain ignorance with the bands of wisdom—to convict with the truest force of power, and to eulogize the great and good in all his character, and when his term of school days are over, let him not think responsibility is diminished. His study room is lengthened out to all the world—his recitation constant to eternity. The student's work on earth is to mingle humanity with knowledge, and to crown wisdom with the laurels of love. His reward is a large, comprehensive soul, purged from all impurities, and able to interpret well the plans of GOD. A constant inflow of new ideas, and the consciousness of superior intelligence, encourage him through his pilgrimage, and at its close, the noblest legacy he can leave to his Alma Mater is a rich example of sincere worth. His best advice—to be true to books, true to companions, true to one's self, and true to God.

Adrian, Mich., 1864. MARY PRICE.

THE DEFECTS OF OUR EDUCATION.—Our education has this radical defect, that it does not teach us to make the senses the instruments of our higher faculties; to study nature, to revere everything that God makes; that it fails to form us to the highest exercises of which we are capable, and leaves us ignorant of some of the most interesting and important objects of knowledge—God, His word, His works and ourselves. The universal perfection of nature results from the constancy and uniformity of its laws. But it is not too much to go beyond these and behold a Divine mind, which loves beauty for its own sake, and delights to sow it broadcast throughout creation. Though there be no human eye to behold and to admire, it will not therefore be unheeded. It is not true that

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

WM. CULLEN BRYANT gave the following excellent advice to a young man who offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:—"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your article. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance when I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I found a better one in my own language."

RULE FOR SPELLERS.—Many otherwise accurate spellers are frequently puzzled in determining the relative position of e and i in words ending in eive. Such will be greatly assisted by remembering the invariable rule that when the preceding consonant is a letter which comes after i in the alphabet, e comes after i in the word, as believe, relieve; but when the preceding consonant comes before i in the alphabet, e comes before i in the word, as receive.

We like to divine others, but we do not like to be divined ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.



Special Notices.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE AND WATER PROOF OIL BLACKING, Prepared Harness Oil Blacking, and Polish Oil Blacking.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, ROCHESTER, Oct. 4, 1884. The market is unsettled, and must necessarily be, so long as gold continues its mercurial fluctuations.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Flour, \$3.40@4.00 for shipping Ohio; \$3.10@3.25 for trade and family brands; \$2.75@2.90 for St. Louis brands; \$2.20@2.35 for Canadian.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Beef—Receipts, 6,897. Quotations—A premium, 10c; Extra, 17c@18c; fat quality, 15c@16c; 2d quality, 14c@15c; 3d quality, 13c@14c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—Has been extremely quiet since the date of our last review; the chief feature in the market was the large auction sale which came off Wednesday last.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1884, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum.

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

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES OF THIS LOAN.

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

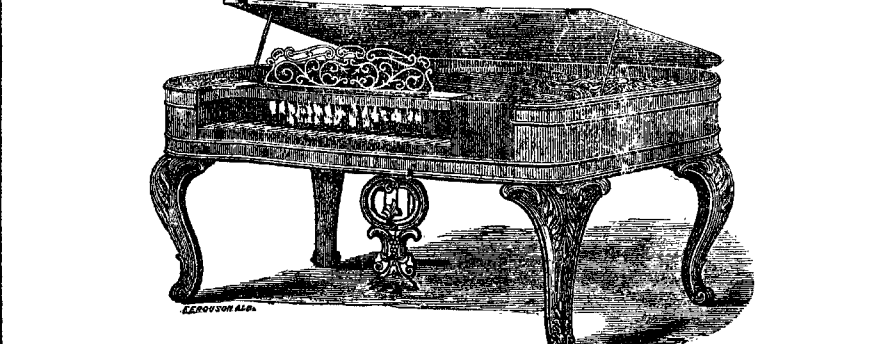
Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress exempts all bonds and Treasury notes from local taxation.

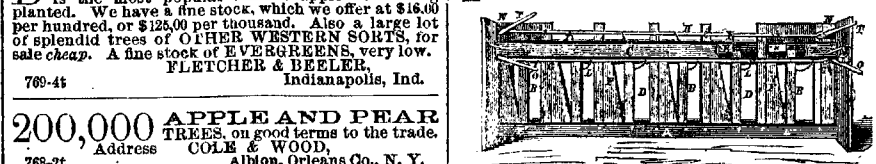
GEORGE H. ELLIS' PARLOR MUSIC STORE.



NO. 35 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FOUR FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMAS awarded for the best Piano-Fortes, American Reed Organs, Harmoniums, Melodeons, and best assortment of Musical Instruments over all others, at the NEW YORK STATE FAIR, 1884.

TELEGRAPH CATTLE FASTENER.



PATENTED MAY 31, 1864.

Before the cattle are let into the stable, the lever O is moved to the left, then the lever T is moved to the right; then lever T is thrown to the left.

200,000 APPLE AND PEAR TREES.

Address COLE & WOOD, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

FAULKNER NURSERIES, Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

We offer to the trade 100,000 Standard Apple Trees, fine stock of Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees, Plum Trees, Apricots, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, Gooseberries, Evergreens, Roses, Pear, Plum and Angers Quince Stocks, &c.

FRUIT TREES SOLD AT LOWEST RATES.

Apple Trees, 6 to 8 feet..... \$ 80 per 1,000 Dwarf Pear, 2 years..... 140 do.

WASHINGTON STREET NURSERIES, GENEVA, N. Y.

Brown, Graves & Selover Call the attention of DEALERS and PLANTERS to their large and well grown stock of TREES, GRAPE VINES, &c., CONSISTING IN PART OF

THE STANDARD SHEEP BOOK.

Those who want the best work extant on American Sheep Husbandry—the Standard Authority on the Subject—THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, by Hon. H. S. RANDALL.

FARMERS' ATTENTION!

Do not purchase a Mower or Reaper for the season of 1885, until you see THE IMPROVED CAYUGA CHIEF MOWER AND REAPER, & improved Cayuga Chief Mower, manufactured by

WYCKOFF'S PATENT WOOD WATER PIPE.

It is the cheapest, most durable, and best pipe in use, for water works, cities and villages, for breweries, tanneries, railroads, and for courses of all kinds.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS.

A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound. To give Satisfaction. For valuable information upon the subject of BELLS send for pamphlets to the undersigned, who are the only manufacturers of this description of Bell with Harrison's self-acting patented rotating hanging mechanism in this country or in Europe.

BALSLEY PATENT STEP LADDER.

MANUFACTURED BY D. S. PLUME & CO., No. 59 Duane-street, New York. STRONG, LIGHT, AND ORNAMENTAL. Sold by all House-Furnishing Dealers.

TREES! TREES!

FOR THE FALL OF 1884. 100,000 Standard and Dwarf Apple Trees. 50,000 Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees.

BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO. were awarded the FIRST PREMIUM at the Great International Exhibition, London, 1882.

HARVEST GLOVES.

Wholesale and retail at the stand for Fruit, Wigs and Gloves, 78 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

GRANDALL BOOK.

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

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

PUBLISHED BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THIS work, first published last fall, has already reached its Nineteenth Edition, and the demand has thus far been extraordinary. A new and revised edition is now ready, and others will follow in such rapid succession that all orders can hereafter be filled promptly.

OPINIONS OF PRESS AND PEOPLE.

From the Ohio Farmer. The reputation of the author—who ranks as the authority in this country upon all that pertains to the breeding and management of sheep—is well known to a large and continued demand for "The Practical Shepherd."

From the New York Tribune.

In this volume the author has exhausted the subject and given all that is necessary for any farmer to know about the management, breeding, and general management of sheep, in health or sickness. We heartily commend this work to all who wish for a sound and thorough treatise on sheep husbandry.

From the Country Gentleman and Cultivator.

As a whole, this book is unquestionably in advance of anything of the kind now before the public.

From H. H. Kippner, Secy. Ohio State Board of Agric.

I shall with great pleasure recommend the "Practical Shepherd" as being the great American work, if not really the best work in the English language on the subject.

From the Maine Farmer.

The name of the author, Hon. H. S. RANDALL, is a guarantee of its completeness and reliability.

From Col. B. P. Johnson, Secy. N. Y. State Agt's Society.

It is the best practical Sheep Book I think ever published, and does great credit to Dr. RANDALL.

From the Scientific American, New York.

It is vastly important that those who raise sheep should obtain all the information possible how best to manage their flocks, and we unhesitatingly recommend the "Practical Shepherd" as the most interesting and reliable work on the subject extant.

From A. B. Allen, Former Editor American Agriculturist.

It strikes me as much the best work yet published for the American breeder; and is unquestionably thorough, honest and impartial. Moreover, it is well got up, and a credit to the publisher, especially in its cuts.

From Prof. C. Devey, D. D., LL. D.

The work seems to be as nearly a complete treatise as is to be expected. It is concise, and yet full; and the coherence of its neat style renders it eminently admirable. It does not tire one in the reading of it. Its details are lucid and yet thoroughly practical.

From Hon. T. C. Peters, Former Editor of The Wool Grower.

The book is all that any one could ask on the subject. It is the best of its kind, and superior to the heretofore standard—YOUTH—on having fully explained your fastidious taste in the style the volume is issued.

From the New York Observer.

The author has brought together in this volume a rich fund of information on the round of topics connected with the subject. Old flock-masters will find much in it not found in any former work, and the new systems of treatment and from an improved character and new varieties of American sheep.

From the Prairie Farmer.

The illustrations of sheep are by the best artists of New York and show the character of the paper and all that could be desired in a work of this character. It will undoubtedly meet with the large sale its merits demand.

From C. L. Flint, Secy. Mass. Board of Agriculture.

I have devoted all my leisure moments to a perusal of the work, and congratulate the publisher on what appears to me to be a complete success.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD is sold only by Agents and the Publisher.

It comprises 454 large double-column pages, and is printed, illustrated and bound in superior style. Price, \$1.75. Sample copies mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

- Allen's American Farm Book.....1.25 Do. Diseases of Domestic Animals.....1.00 Am. Bird Fancier.....25 Am. Kitchen Gardener.....25 Barry's Fruit Garden.....1.50 Liebig's great work on Chemistry.....1.50 Do. Familiar Letters to Farmers.....0.50 Bradley's Manual of Agriculture.....1.50 Emerson and Flint.....75 Miles on Horse's Foot.....75 Bradley's Manual of Agriculture.....1.50 Manual on Flax and Hemp Culture.....25 Modern American Farmer.....1.50 Action & Mrs. J. H. Hale's Manual Land Drainer.....60 Nast's Progressive Farmer.....60 Norton's Elements of Agriculture.....60 Do. Catalogue of Chemicals.....1.00 Do. Borgho and Imp....60 Pardee on the Strawberry.....75 Perry.....75 Do. and Kitchen Manual.....1.25 Do. Essay on Manures.....25 Do. Pray Essay on Manures.....25 Directions for Preserving Natural Flowers.....1.50 Dixon and Kerr's Ornamental and Domestic Poultry.....1.25 Downing's Fruits and Trees.....2.50 Every Lady her own Flower Gardener.....25 Every body his own Law-yer.....1.25 Field Doctor, by Prof. Henry C. Taylor.....1.25 French.....1.25 Farmers' Cyclopaedia of Agriculture.....1.25 Field's Pear Culture.....1.00 Fish Culture.....1.00 Flourens on Grasses.....2.00 Do. on the Horse.....1.00 and Garden.....5.00 Grape Cultivator by Andrew S. Fuller.....1.25 Guenon on Mulch.....1.25 Herbert's Horse-Keep-ers.....1.25 Hooper's Dog and Gun, paper.....25 House Culture of Ornamental Plants.....750 Jennings' Sheep, Swine, and Poultry.....1.50 Phil's new work on Open Air Grape Culture, price \$1.25; Complete Manual on the Cultivation of Tobacco, 30c. The Sorghum Grower's Manual, by W. H. Clark, price, 25c. Young Housekeeper and Dairy Maid's Directory, 25c. Wool Grower and Stock Register, Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 6-8-30 cents each.

Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified. Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

Died.

On the 28th ult. of diphtheria, ARTHUR J. WILLIAM, oldest son of JOHN H. and SARAH OSGOODBY, aged 12 years and 11 days.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 25¢ cents per line of space.

TO NURSERYMEN!

Choice Peach Stocks. 100 bushes for sale. Address A. E. BARTLETT, Kalamazoo, Mich.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE WEST.

Its Grain and Stock Interests, Soil, etc., can be found in the IOWA HOMESTEAD, an Agricultural weekly. Address H. W. PETTIE, Des Moines, Iowa.

A FARM FOR SALE.

In Allen, Allegany county, on the State Road, eight miles south of Nunda Station, 100 acres, and 135 lying both sides of the road. Good buildings, good fruit, &c. Terms made easy—on time. For further information, inquire of J. & R. SLADE, Castle, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

OLD EYES MADE NEW.

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles without aid of doctor or medicine. Sent by mail, on receipt of 10 cents. Address E. B. FOOTE, E. D. M., 118 Broadway, N. Y.

THE TRUE CAPE COD CRANBERRY.

FOR PARTICULARS, INQUIRE OF SYLVESTER LEHMAN, Sharon Center, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER PLANTING.

For upland and garden culture. Under my method of culture, the yield last season, on common dry upland, was over 400 bushels per acre.

FOR SALE CHEAP.

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CHOICE FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Edward J. Evans & Co. Respectfully invite the attention of AMATEURS AND PLANTERS To their extensive stock of

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PRESENCE.

Thy wild, sweet water, as it flows—
The winds, that kiss me as they pass—
The stary shadow of the rose
Sitting beside her on the grass—

doing have pledged myself not to wear or countenance the use of imported goods. Our sex have, by extravagance in dress and living, by a foolish weakness for 'high life,' done great dishonor to our nation.

A sweet, mellow voice tremblingly sings some of these beautiful home songs that everybody loves to hear. With more of tenderness and softness of melody, she sings of the home "beyond the river," but very near to some within that room.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The man who has good judgment in perfection is master of his companions without letting them see it.
WHY are the wicked like corn and potatoes? Having eyes, they see not; having ears, they hear not.

Not Alcoholic nor a Patent Medicine.

DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the LIVER AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS,
The Great Strengthening Tonic. These Bitters have performed more Cures—have and do give better satisfaction—have more testimony—have more respectable People to vouch for them than any other article in the market.

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
Will Cure every case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach, the following symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:—Constipation, Inward Pains, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Hurred and Difficult Breathing, Fluctuating at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness or Vertigo, Headache, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Swellings of the Skin and Eyes, Flashes in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Fains of Heat, Burning in the Face, Constant Imaginations of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

REMEMBER THAT THIS BITTERS IS NOT ALCOHOLIC, Contains no Rum or Whiskey, and can't make Drunkards, but is the

BEST TONIC IN THE WORLD!

READ WHO SAYS SO:
From the Rev. Levi G. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia.

I have known Hoofland's German Bitters favorably for a number of years. I have used them in my own family, and have been pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in testifying to the fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendation will be sustained.

From Rev. J. Newton Brown, D. D., Editor of the Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, and Christian Chronicle, Philadelphia.
Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reason why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the 10th Baptist Church.
Dr. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as one of the most appropriate to the present age, I have declined; but with a clear proof in various instances, and particularly in my family, of the usefulness of Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I depart for once from my usual course, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation. In some cases, and in many cases, it has done more than any other medicinal agent.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church, Germantown, Penn.
Dr. C. M. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—Personal experience enables me to say that I regard the German Bitters prepared by you as a most excellent medicine. In cases of severe cold and general debility I have been greatly benefited by the use of the Bitters, and doubt not they will produce similar effects in all cases.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Philadelphia.
Dr. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—Having used your German Bitters in my family frequently, I am prepared to say that it has been of great service. I believe that in most cases of general debility of the system, it is the safest and most valuable remedy of which I have any knowledge.

From the Rev. J. M. Lyons, formerly Pastor of the Columbus [New Jersey] and Milestone [Pa.] Baptist Churches.
NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Dr. C. M. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—I feel it a pleasure to testify to the efficacy of the German Bitters. Some years since being much afflicted with Dyspepsia, I used them with very beneficial results. I have often recommended them to persons afflicted by that tormenting disease, and have heard from them the most flattering testimonials as to their great value. In cases of general debility, I believe it to be a tonic that cannot be surpassed.

From the Rev. Thomas Winter, Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.
Dr. Jackson:—Dear Sir:—I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland German Bitters, to add my testimony to the deserved reputation it has obtained. I have for years, at times, been troubled with great disorder in my head and nervous system. I was advised by a friend to try a bottle of your German Bitters, I did so and have experienced great and unexpected relief; my health has been very materially benefited. I confidently recommend the article to those who are afflicted with similar to my own, and have been assured by many of their good effects.

From the Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa.
Dr. C. M. Jackson:—Respected Sir:—I have been troubled with Dyspepsia nearly twenty years, and have never used any medicine that did me as much good as Hoofland's Bitters. I am very much improved in health after having taken five bottles.

Yours, with respect, J. S. HERMAN.

PRICES.
Large Size (holding nearly double quantity), \$1.00 per Bottle—half doz. \$5.00
Small Size—75 cents per Bottle—half doz. \$4.00

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

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JONES & EVANS, (Successors to C. M. Jackson & Co.), PROPRIETORS.

For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States.

The Story-Teller.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WEDDING DRESS.

BY L. JARVIS WILTON.

MARY CARTER and her cousin, JULIA SACKETT, were enjoying a cozy, friendly, morning chat, in Mrs. SACKETT'S snug little sitting-room, when ELLA ROSS presented herself before them.

"Girls, did you ever hear of such a strange being as Miss WEST? I always thought she delighted in inconsistencies. I don't see how she can occupy such a prominent position in society as she does, when she does such ridiculous and absurd things. Nothing but her wealth allows her to be tolerated in high and fashionable society."

"I have never observed anything more strange or remarkable in her conduct than might be found in that of any other person," quietly replied MARY.

"You have not observed it? Why, everybody is talking about her. She has just exposed her vulgarity by her marriage. Only think, she wore plain calico for a bridal dress, with no ornaments, and people think that, to save expense, she dispensed with a marriage feast. As Mr. and Mrs. NORTON have not been seen since the occurrence took place, it is supposed they have retired into some quiet nook in the country for a while, sufficient to suggest the idea of a bridal tour. Nothing but low, mercenary motives, could actuate persons in their circumstances to appear so foolishly. It is very strange when she, an only child, can command the whole of her father's fortune."

"Miss WEST certainly had the right, and probably the privilege, of selecting her own apparel, and making such arrangements as she desired for the occasion, without consulting Madame DEMOREST'S Fashion Magazines, or asking her towns-people if such and such things would be agreeable to them. She was certainly a sweet-looking bride, even in a 'calico dress, without ornaments,' and doubtless had some good reasons, best known to herself, for this apparent singularity."

Miss ROSS appeared somewhat discomfited at this remark, but continued the thread of gossip which seemed to have so deeply interested her. "Mr. NORTON is said to be quite wealthy, too. He is junior partner in the firm of WINTHROP, STARR & CO., in the city of C. I should think he would want his wife to occupy a position in society corresponding to his own in the commercial world, to maintain a style of dress and equipage in keeping with their means. If she only would, she might rule the very highest circles of fashionable society."

"Perhaps," said MARY, "she is not 'one born to rule.' I think she has no ambition in that way. I have always considered her as a lady of firm principles and sterling worth."

"But it looks so mean in her, so stingy, for one in her circumstances to have so plain a wedding," said our advocate for "high positions," and "fashionable society."

Let us make the acquaintance of Mrs. NORTON, who has been commended to our notice by that popular institution, "morning calls." We will take the privilege allowed by authors to readers, and see her prior to the evening of that "strange wedding," as Miss ROSS and her friends would call it.

"Well, LILLIE, I will send you a wedding dress from the city, if you will let me. There is an exquisite piece of satin, which I think must have been designed and woven expressly for you, and I know it will look charmingly upon you. May I send it?"

"Indeed, I can not. It would be unpatriotic. I should be unworthy the blood of my Revolutionary ancestors, false to my pledge, and false to my convictions of duty, if I should do so. Our young men have given their lives to put down this rebellion, to preserve the integrity of the nation. Our old men have given their property and lifted their voices in cheering tones to those upon the battlefields; and shall not woman give her mite, her influence, to the noble cause? I can not look upon it as a sacrifice, but deem it a privilege to deny myself any luxury which my country can not afford to have me use. It is a matter which concerns us individually and socially. By our lavish extravagance we nourish habits which will inevitably lead to profligacy. We have only to look around us, in the streets of the smallest village, to find the effect of our social follies. It is quite as much a subject concerning morality as patriotism."

"You are right, LILLIE. It is true that, as a people, as individuals personally concerned, we have not viewed this subject as we ought. I am with you in all measures to begin right. But do you bear in mind that people will misunderstand you, will think strange of any practical reformations, and will impute to you wrong motives, for what may appear strange to them? You know theories are very beautiful, but practice is positively ugly."

"But practice appears ugly only because people have not the moral courage to do it," responded LILLIE.

"God bless you, LILLIE, the noble woman that you are. Although there is nothing too good or costly for such a bride as you to wear, I would not have you tarnish one of your noble principles for all the splendor of the world. Hold them fast, my dear, for they are jewels of priceless value. Any fabrics you choose will look beautiful to me when I think of the truth you love so well. But of our future home? where shall it be? Shall we board, or have a home of our own? There is an elegant house on Walnut street,—a three-story front, with all desirable conveniences,—for sale or rent. It is one of the handsomest places I know of. If you wish, we can board and have a suite of pleasant rooms for a home, without the cares of housekeeping. Which shall it be?"

"Neither of those places, HENRY; but I should like a small house, not quite so fashionably situated. We can make it as pleasant as we choose. We can keep house ourselves; it will seem more like home, and we shall be much happier in having the care of our home. I always pity people who live at boarding houses. While there are soldiers and soldier's families suffering for comforts which the wasted wealth of the rich might procure for them, I believe it wrong to indulge in any needless expense. In times like these, our festivities will become sublime when clothed in simplicity and plainness, if the superfluity be devoted to good purposes."

LILLIE WEST and HENRY NORTON were married. There was no costly bridal veil, no orange flowers, no rustling, shining silks, no jewels sparkled and shed their brilliant light upon the happy bride. When her mother and friends besought her to dress more in accordance with her wealth, she nobly replied, "Neither of us marry for wealth. It is not a ceremony of display. We find the jewels which charm us most in each other's heart and character."

They went on a bridal tour, but, not as ELLA ROSS supposed, to visit country friends, and thus save the expense of a fashionable trip; let us follow and see, for ourselves, where. In a hospital, down on the Cumberland, we find them. There is LILLIE, gliding softly about, bathing the fevered brow of one, moistening the parched lips of another, speaking kind words, sweet and cheering words to all. Sometimes she reads for a while to those who wish to listen. She has read to one the beautiful poem of "Sandalphon," and his heart is filled with subdued, hallowed emotions, and he almost imagines that she is that Angel who

"Stands at the outermost gates Of the City Celestial and waits, With his feet on the ladder of light, That, crowded by angels unnumbered, By Jacob was seen as he slumbered Alone in the desert at night."

The soul of the listener reaches out, and "Grasps at the fruitage forbidden, The golden pomegranates of Eden, To quiet his fever and pain." and from that heart is wafted the incense of prayer—a strange fire which has not burned there for many long, dark years.

We have heard the song many times. It has been sung by thousands. It has been sung upon every sea, and the hills of many lands have echoed the sweet melody, but in that room it was as good as something newer, and tear-dimmed eyes looked upon the singer as she sang.

A few weeks after the opening of our story, we find the same persons again together. "I never was so disappointed in any person in my life, as in Mrs. NORTON," said ELLA ROSS.

"In what respect are you disappointed in her?" asked MARY CARTER.

"Why, every way. She is not such a person as I thought her, at all. You know how much everybody wondered at her strange conduct in having so plain a wedding, when she is so wealthy? Then nobody knew where they went afterwards. Well, they returned yesterday. People really say that LILLIE'S father gave her five hundred dollars with which to procure her bridal outfit. They made a tour among the army hospitals, and used the greater part of the money to purchase comforts for the sick and wounded soldiers."

"It was just like her; I knew her too well to credit the reports which have been floating through the village concerning her," said MARY, who knew that most conspicuous among the "everybody," who had wondered and talked so much about her friend, was Miss ROSS.

"You know SUSAN LEE, who has been sewing at our house?" continued ELLA. "Her brother is in the army. She had a letter from him last week, and he wrote that Mr. and Mrs. NORTON had visited the hospital where he is sick, and had been so kind to them all that when they came to leave many of the boys fairly cried. Besides giving JOHN LEE some money to supply his own personal wants, they gave him fifty dollars to send to his mother to pay her rent with. You know they are very poor, Mrs. LEE is sick, and the money that JOHN sends home is their sole dependence, with the exception of the small amount that SUSAN earns when she is able to sew. I think it is very good in Mrs. NORTON, and I don't know but she did perfectly right in wearing calico for a wedding dress."

THE WOODS OF MAINE.

It is a country full of evergreen trees, of mossy silver birches and watery maples, the ground dotted with inspid, small, red berries, and strewn with damp and moss-grown rocks,—a country diversified with innumerable lakes and rapid streams, peopled with trout and various species of leucisci, with salmon, shad, and pickerel, and other fishes; the forest resounding at intervals with the note of the chickadee, the blue-jay, and the wood-pecker, the scream of the fish-hawk and the eagle, the laugh of the loon, and the whistle of ducks along the solitary streams; at night, with the hooting of owls and howling of wolves; in summer, swarming with myriads of black flies and mosquitoes, more formidable than wolves to the white man. Such is the home of the moose, the bear, the caribou, the wolf, the beaver, and the Indian. Who shall describe the inexpressible tenderness and immortal life of the grim forest, where Nature, though it be mid-winter, is ever in her spring, where the moss-grown and decaying trees are not old, but seem to enjoy a perpetual youth; and blissful, innocent Nature, like a serene infant, is too happy to make a noise, except by a few tinkling, lisping birds and trickling rills?—Thoreau.

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 42 letters.
My 11, 13, 30, 16, 11, 32, 31, 41, 37 was an importer of Spanish Merinos.
My 21, 20, 33, 38, 5, 1, My 16, 19, 25, 11 and My 11, 34, 30, 8, 14, 35 are noted Merino breeders in the United States.
My 7, 23, 23, 30, 21, 35 and My 39, 42, 22, 22 were breeders of South-downs in England.
My 10, 11, 37, 40, 27, 24 is a breeder of South-downs in the State of New York.
My 18, 2, 32, 25, 11, 7, 16 is a celebrated Silesian breeder.
My 41, 26, 33, 34, 30, 10, My 23, 4, 33, 17, 35, 24 and My 16, 21, 27, 1, 34, 23, 23 are world-renowned sheep writers.
My 4, 32, 21, 25, 20, 2, 25, 34, 23, 3, 11, 24, 4, 11, 42, 40, 1 is the best sheep book ever offered to the public.
My 9, 24, 40, 30, 7, 16, 3 are a healthy and independent class of people.
My whole is the RURAL'S advice to farmers for the fall of 1864. O. C. ANES.
Clyde, Ohio, 1864.

Answer in two weeks.

AN ANAGRAM.

NAM, grothuk lab sage to roveginly moti, Gunnichna amn, ni yerve gayrivn melci, Seedm sih novn dani fo yever dani het Pardi, Delvebo yv Heneva re'o laf eth drowi debaie; Sih chmo eth tops fo rathie lypmesue tebis, A redera, reswete tops ham lab eth tres.
East Lyme, Conn., 1864. NELLIE C.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 767.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A Photograph Album.
Answer to Anagram: O, God of our fathers! this banner must shine, Where battle is hottest, in warfare divine! The cannon has thundered, the bugle has blown— We're not the summons—we fight not alone! O, lead us, till wide from the gulf to the sea, The land shall be sacred to Freedom and Thee! With love for oppression; with blessing for scars, One Country—our Banner—the Stripes and the Stars!
Answer to Anagrams of Counties:—Lancaster, Henderson, Washington, Des Moines, Winnebago, Hunterdon, Muskegon, Menard, Edgar, Ulster, Logan, Monroe.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—40,071 3/4.
Answer to Puzzle:—Simile.

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