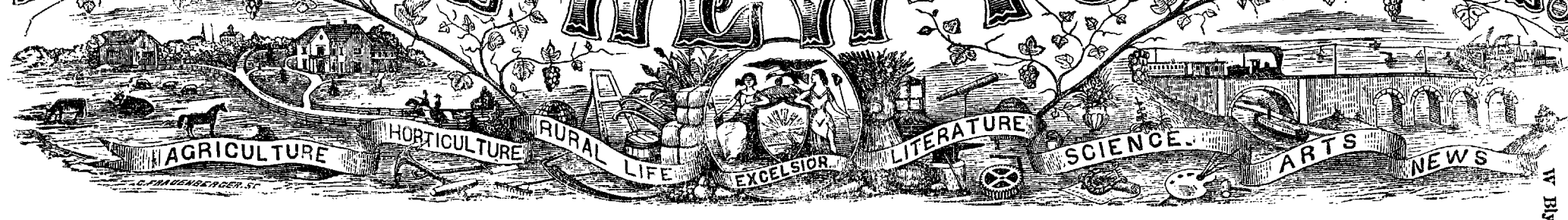


MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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

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Agricultural.

STATE FAIR DISCUSSIONS.

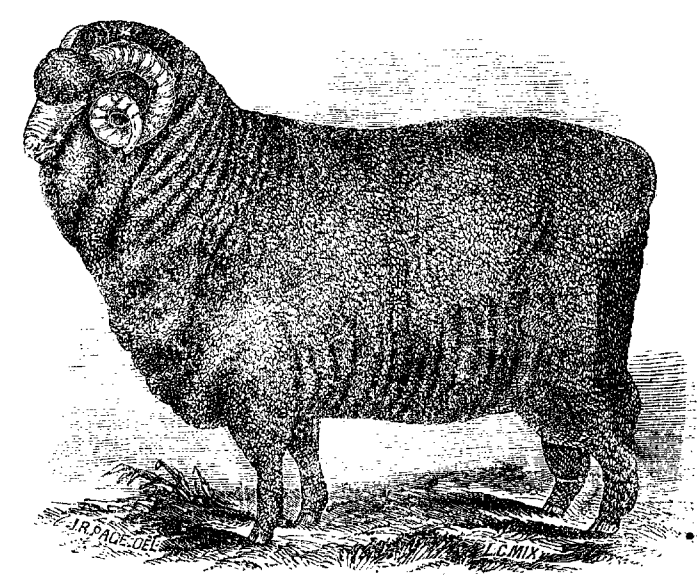
CUTTING AND STEAMING FOOD—CONCLUDED.
GEDDES.—I do not wish to be understood as speaking against cooking food for other stock than sheep. I find if I take ten bushels of meal and wet it in cold water, and feed twenty-five hogs with it, that they eat it well; but if I take the same amount and cook it, it will take the same number of hogs twice as long to eat it up, and I think they fatten quite as fast in the same length of time. By cooking you double the bulk. But I have learned better than to feed an ox or a hog for market. There is no money to be made from it. If you cut poor hay, wet it, mix with meal, and let it lie twelve hours; it is a good way to coax stock to eat it. We feed cut hay and ground oats wet to our teams. Oats ought always to be ground before feeding, I think.
GEO. THURBER.—This question of steaming food is a broad one. It ought to be discussed with reference to a particular kind of food. What good does it do to steam food? A plant is made up of cells, like a honey comb. The walls of these cells consist of woody matter, of little value to animals. The contents of these cells differ in value. The cells of the potato are filled with starch, and the walls are thin. It requires less cooking to prepare them for use. The advantages and profit of cooking must of course depend upon the character of the food to be cooked. If you mean hay feed, that is one thing, and should be considered separately; or straw feed, that is another thing; or bran, the cells of which are very hard, that is another thing.
FAXTON.—It has been asserted here to-night that cooked food injures the animal—affects health and constitution, and longevity. Man is an animal; why is his food cooked? Why do you cook flour, beets, &c.? So far as my experience goes, it is in favor of cooking all kinds of food for animals. I have worked three hundred horses a day, and found it necessary to economize food. I have found it an advantage to cut hay and grind grain, and mix equally. Horses were healthier so fed. It is a mistake many make to feed a horse the same ration, whether he is at work or not. I feed according to the work I have for the horse to do, and I have found my teams to be more healthy and to endure more when fed on cut and ground feed.
STEWART.—I wish to say a word about cooked food injuring animals. I have steamed food for eight years for horses, and they have improved constantly, and been hard worked. They don't have steamed food in summer. Feeding food very warm may be injurious; but I think the position taken by the last speaker, that it is just as much an advantage to cook food for animals as for man, a fair one. Steaming develops, or liberates for the immediate use of the animal, the nutritious matter in the food—it does more perfectly what the stomach of the animal must labor to do, if taken into it uncooked. I can

not conceive what food is for, if it is not to be used by the animal, and the more completely it is used the better. I think the position of the gentleman from Boston (WETHERELL) more theoretical than practical. I know it to be a fact, resulting from eight years experience, that it is profitable to feed cooked food. I know that steaming sweetens food not in an eatable condition. That is a fact which can not be controverted. It may not add to the elements of nutrition contained in the food, but it does render them available to the animal where they were not before—presents it in a condition to be assimilated. I feed sheep with corn-stalks. I cut them into one-eighth inch pieces, steam them, and sheep will eat every particle of them. I regard corn-stalks, if cut up in the field and secured at the proper time, nearly as valuable as hay. Straw is probably worth three-fourths as much as hay. Perhaps I value barley and oat straw higher because these crops are usually cut in greener condition than wheat or rye. Cattle do not like rye straw as well as barley, oat, or wheat straw. Steam your straw, and it can be made to take the place of hay to a great extent. It is my practice to wet feed before steaming it, using twelve to sixteen gallons of water to wet fifty bushels of straw.
GEDDES.—Every animal you keep on a good grain farm is an actual expense. I lose less money on sheep than on any other stock. I do not keep sheep for the direct profit their wool and carcasses bring me; I keep them to work for me—to manufacture my straw into manure and prepare my fields for the plow.
WETHERELL.—In response to the gentleman who accuses me of being more theoretical than practical, I wish to say that I have given the practical experiments and experience of others and their results, not simply my own theories. And it should be remembered, in comparing the effect of cooked food upon man with other animals, that man is not a ruminating animal—that the stomachs of a man and an ox differ.
LEWIS F. ALLEN.—The same rule will not apply to all kinds of stock. I think cooked food of more value to feed to milch cows than any other animal. The more you can assimilate the food to the condition of the animal's stomach the better. A large amount of animal power is expended in grinding and assimilating food. The cow chews her cud because her food goes into the first stomach unprepared to yield nutrition and milk. Further preparation is necessary; and if this further preparation is made by artificial means, I can not conceive why it should be any disadvantage to the animal. I have fed a milk dairy with cut food, adding water, and letting it get up to blood heat, and found this food to increase the flow of milk, with no apparent injury to the animal.
T. C. JONES OF OHIO.—Grinding and cooking food for cattle was once practiced with us, but it was found that the expense of preparation by grinding and cutting food was unprofitable. So we returned to the Illinois mode of feeding stock corn in the field, from the shock, and letting the hogs follow the cattle. And we find, too, that there is little or no waste. It is true cattle void corn fed in this way, but it is also true that hogs do better on corn that has been voided than on that fed direct. We feed corn to sheep in this way—feed one and a half bushels of corn in shock daily to one hundred sheep, they eating corn and foliage. Our people generally believe that grinding corn and feeding it to hogs as a mash is an advantage, but that it is no advantage so to prepare it for cattle. I suppose the exercise of chewing the cud on the part of a cow or an ox healthful, and essential to health. I do not suppose it to be exhausting to the vital forces at all. We find handling cattle more profitable with us than selling grain. And we find it profitable to grow grain to feed. If we "half feed" stock in winter—that is, keep them only in a good, thriving condition—and let them get fat on grass the following season, we find grain feeding profitable. But if we try to put flesh on poor stock by grain feeding in winter, it is not so profitable.
THE FALL has thus far been quite favorable for the maturing of spring crops, fruit, &c., though the first half of October was wet and unpleasant in this region. We anticipate favorable weather for securing crops yet unharvested, and think that, taken altogether, the season will prove a prosperous one for farmers, notwithstanding the severe drouth experienced in June and July.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.
WESTERN PRAIRIE SHEEP LANDS.

We are getting so many replies to our inquiries in regard to sheep lands on the western prairies that we can not publish more than abridgments of them. We have just received an excellent letter on the subject from A. A. SNOW of Marshallton, Marshall Co., Iowa. He says that six miles north-east, at Green Mountain P. O., is a settlement of intelligent Vermont farmers, and he proceeds to answer our questions, in substance, thus:—There is any amount of unoccupied pasturage, the land being settled only along the rivers. The wild lands can be bought for \$3 to \$5 an acre—improved lands near the timber from \$15 to \$20. The county is almost destitute of timber and surface stone—though abundance of lime-stone can be taken from the quarries. There is coal for fuel within a day's drive. The surface soil is of a dark, rich loam, and from one to three feet deep, resting on a yellowish clay. It stands drouths remarkably, and will not suffer badly if no rain falls from corn-planting to wheat-harvest. The country is very rolling near the streams, and less so back from them. There is abundance of water in almost all of the sloughs—wells are from 12 to 25 feet deep, with "first rate hard water." The streams are all of hard water. It is believed to be a fine sheep country. Ten or twelve thousand sheep, generally from half to three-fourths Merino, have been drawn in from the Western States, and all appear to be doing well. Nine hundred were in one instance wintered together on prairie hay without any grain, and yielded from four to six pounds of wool a head. The prairie grass usually starts from 15th of April to 1st of May, and is good feed to the fall frosts, which usually occur between the middle and last of October—then it is "done for," for the sheep and cattle will not eat it afterwards. Prairie hay, to make good fodder, must be cut green, and it may be obtained from the first of July to the last of September, if no freeze occurs, but it is better to cut it immediately after wheat harvest. Prairie hay, corn fodder, wheat, rye or oat straw, can be put up for the cost of the labor. Corn was formerly worth 15 cents a bushel, but this year it has risen to 80 or 100 cents, wheat \$1.55, oats 40 to 50 cents, butter 35 cents. Sheep "require about the same care and treatment in winter that they do in Vermont." Sheep should be herded at night. There are some wolves and "a lot of dogs that don't know what a sheep is." One man with a horse and dog can herd a thousand. Mr. SNOW has 200, and yards them in the middle of the day and toward night. Has heard of no prevailing diseases, but had some hoof-rot in his own flock.
Marshallton is 261 miles almost directly West of Chicago, is the county seat, is on the Iowa river and on the Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad. It is probably within five miles of the geographical center of the State. (Mr. S. thinks the Legislature should pass a law requiring farmers to fence in their stock instead of their crops, and that the country would then very rapidly become settled.) The Mississippi is the nearest navigable stream. Marshallton is the market town—it, Green Mountain and Albion have churches, and there are schools everywhere where there are enough scholars to form one. The country is very healthy, particularly for Eastern people. It is well adapted to grain farming. Wheat, corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, rye, oats, sorghum, and all kinds of garden vegetables do well on it. Corn ground is both planted and tended without hand hoes—all being done by a horse. Corn grows from 9 to 14 feet high and yields from 50 to 100 bushels of ears to the acre. All the other crops follow on the corn ground the next season without any other preparation than dragging in, "stalks and all." Wheat produces from 15 to 20 bushels to the acre, and oats from 30 to 60 bushels. Apple and plum trees grow well and it promises to be a good fruit country. Horses are worth from \$125 to \$200; oxen \$125 \$175 a yoke; cows from \$20 to \$30; hogs \$6 to \$7 per hundred live weight, and the sheep which have been driven there have cost their owners from \$4 to \$6 per head. Dry goods, groceries, hardware, furniture, etc., are as reasonable in price as in the Eastern States. Lumber is from \$35 to \$60 per thousand.



MR. CENTER'S RAM "GOLDEN FLEECE."

G. S. CENTER of South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y., incloses us the following pedigree of his ram, a cut of which accompanies this:
EAST HUBBARDTON, Rutland Co., Vt.,
July 4, 1864.
This certifies that in the latter part of Nov., 1862, I sold G. S. CENTER, Esq., of So. Butler, a buck lamb raised by me, dropped the first of April preceding, which he calls "Golden Fleece." Said lamb was sired by ROLLIN GLEASON's stock buck, of Benson, called "Old Greasy;" he by a buck bred by R. P. HALL of Cornwall, and sired by a buck bred by EDWIN HAMMOND of Middlebury, Vt., known as the "Wooster

Buck." The dam of "Golden Fleece" was from a full blood Atwood ewe, and sired by my stock buck which was sired by a buck bred by said HAMMOND, known as his "Little Greasy Buck."
M. M. DIKEMAN.
Mr. CENTER writes us that his ram on the 30th day of May, 1863, yielded 17 pounds 12 ounces of unwashed wool—that on the 8th day of June, 1864, he was publicly sheared at the Sheep Shearing Festival at Scipio Center, and yielded 23 pounds and 9 ounces of unwashed wool.

bricks from \$7 to \$10 per thousand, lime last summer from 18 cents to 25 cents per bushel—it is now worth 50 cents or 60 cents. There is a great want of woolen machinery. There is a carding machine at Marshallton and a small woolen factory on Cedar river 50 miles East. Marshallton would be an excellent place for a woolen factory.
The best mode of going there is for 8 or 10 families to go together, drive on their sheep and stock, and then go out on the open prairie and form a settlement of their own. They can plow and raise their crops without any fence by yarding stock nights, and could grow their hedge fences as they want them. With decent industry and thrift it is a land of teeming abundance, and is specially adapted to the wants of those who have muscle and enterprise and little cash capital.
We suppose here is a pretty well drawn picture of innumerable localities in the State of Iowa.
MISSTATEMENTS CORRECTED.
WHITNEY'S CROSSING, Allegany Co., N. Y.,
Sept. 28, 1864.
DR. RANDALL.—At the discussion which took place on the evening of Sept. 21st, at the N. Y. State Fair in regard to the proper mode of classifying fine woolled sheep, a Mr. PETTIBONE of Manchester, Vermont, declared in substance that no distinct families of Merinos existed in that State—that the assertions made by yourself and the great body of Vermont breeders to the contrary, are without foundation—and he said that he was ready to sell Infantas or Paulars out of his own and the same flock, according to the wishes of the buyer, or words to that effect. To give an illustration of the fraud that he had just intimated his own willingness to practice, he said that a Mr. BROWN purchased some sheep at the sale of Mr. HASWELL of this State, and afterwards exhibited them at the State Fair at Elmira, although all of the same stock, in both the Merino and Saxon classes. I am the Mr. BROWN who purchased sheep at Mr. HASWELL'S sale, and who showed sheep at the Elmira Fair, and I pronounce the above statements wholly destitute of truth. I showed pens of "Merinos" from my own old flock at that Fair, and also some "cross-breeds of fine wool," which were got by a Silesian ram which I purchased of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of Red Hook, out of "Merino" ewes. I drew premiums in both those classes. By consulting the Transactions of 1860, you will find these facts, and you will further find that there were no sheep exhibited by myself or others as "Saxons" on that occasion! Not regarding it

quite as respectable as it appears Mr. PETTIBONE does, to palm off sheep of the same variety for those of different varieties, I have taken the trouble to correct his untruthful statements in regard to myself; and I hope that you or some of the sheep breeders of Vermont will treat as they deserve the slurs cast by him on the latter and on their sheep.
Respectfully yours,
GEORGE BROWN.
REMARKS.—It is very proper that Mr. BROWN should publicly contradict a statement which he regards as injurious to himself, which was new to the large audience before which it was made, and which was made by an individual unknown by the great body of that audience. But we consider it wholly unnecessary for any sheep breeder of Vermont to reply to Mr. PETTIBONE'S "slurs,"—and most assuredly we shall not do so ourselves. The pedigrees which he attacked have been matters of public record, and so far as we know, have been undisputed through nearly the lives of a generation, until disputed by himself. And he has neither disproved any of the recorded testimony, nor brought any new testimony into the case. His attacks on some of the leading breeders of Vermont, were commenced last spring in the *Country Gentleman*, over the signature of "A Wool Grower." They were contained in two articles, published April 7th and May 26th. They were replied to in the *RURAL NEW-YORKER*, April 23d and June 18th, over the signature of "A Breeder," by a well known and very able gentleman. Those who wish to know how far Mr. PETTIBONE is able to sustain his "slurs" on Vermont breeders—and how he fared generally in that brief but decisive controversy—will do well to turn back to it. We will not dictate any course to the Vermont sheep breeders, or their friends, on this occasion; but it would be our decided preference not to be called upon to waste any further space on individual assertions which can not, from any point of view, be regarded as of any importance.
In our article on the "Sheep Exhibition at the State Fair," (Oct. 1,) we omitted to state that Mr. BROWN drew the first and second premiums on best pen of five fine wool ewes and fleeces. He has repeatedly drawn premiums at preceding Fairs on his Merino sheep.—Ed.
DOGS AND DOG LAWS.
Continued from page 334, last No.
THIS sum of \$38,000,000 may seem a small matter, yet it would pay nearly half the present interest on the national debt; it would buy 168,000 farms, at Government price for land, each year; it would support 165,000 farmers' daughters in boarding schools; it would pur-

chase 132,000 neighborhood libraries of 200 volumes each.

HOW DOGS DISCOURAGE SHEEP HUSBANDRY.
"We should keep more sheep about here but for the dogs." A statement like this should have silenced the wondering inquiry, "Why don't you keep more sheep?" in any portion of this country within the last twenty years. We have allowed the herbage of millions of acres to decay, and imported many millions of pounds of wool yearly, because we chose to spend our substance in feeding worthless dogs with mutton, in deference to the lazy habits and silly prejudices of a class who do not upon the companionship of a dog. A southern agricultural editor, disgusted with the popular partiality for a half-domesticated, predatory animal, once lamented that civilization was not there sufficiently advanced to secure for sheep the favor extended to dogs; and his dislike of dogs was not lessened by seeing on many plantations more dogs in the pack than there were sheep in the herd, not by receiving letters from subscribers saying they had "lost upwards of one hundred sheep by the depredations of sheep-killing curs."

Perhaps some sauntering hunter, stopping his accustomed pursuit of small birds, of sweet carols and insectivorous habits, for more ambitious forays, his fowling-piece instead of a Springfield musket on his shoulder, and a lank pointer at his side, affects to doubt the reality of these damages. If his unimproving pursuit has not destroyed his capacity for primary mathematics, let him note a few of the facts and figures which swell the tide of testimony against the curs.

Massachusetts had 378,226 sheep in 1840, 185,051 in 1850, 145,215 in 1855, and 113,111 in 1860, and about 100,000 dogs. The wool crop depreciated nearly half a million dollars in ten years—a tax of fifty cents per annum upon each dog in the State, paid by wool growers. The State Agricultural Society gives the key to this depreciation:—"The returns which this society have received unanimously ascribe as a reason why no more are kept, the injuries inflicted by dogs." In 1860, the dog law realized \$35,894 upon 32,707 dogs licensed, while as many more were killed to avoid the tax, and an equal number escaped by the connivance of negligent or dog-sympathizing officials. In 1861 there were but 16,905 licenses. The dogs are now reduced one-half, and the sheep, in consequence, bid fair soon to be doubled. But the evil still exists; a young man of this State who recently bought seventeen sheep, worth \$10 each, lost thirteen of them in a single night.

In Ohio, during five years ending in 1862, there were records of 203,824 sheep killed by dogs, and 127,418 injured, involving a loss of \$568,783, or \$111,548 per year, when the average price of sheep was scarcely two dollars per head. Of course there were damages which were never collected, materially swelling this aggregate. In twenty-two counties in Ohio a decrease of more than 300,000 sheep, in consequence of the ravages of dogs, between the years 1846 and 1856, has been chronicled in the Ohio reports. Such items as this from the Springfield *Republican*, are constantly exhibited in Ohio papers:—"Twenty-five superior sheep belonging to E. B. Cassidy were killed by dogs a few nights ago."

A partial canvass of twenty-five counties in New York, which were not the principal wool growing counties, showed that 6,000 sheep had been killed in 1862. From such data, B. P. Johnson, Secretary of the New York State Agricultural Society, one of the best authorities on agricultural matters in the United States, estimated the entire loss in the State at 50,000 sheep, worth at least \$175,000.

Hon. J. B. Grinnell of Iowa, informs the writer that he has frequently lost \$100 worth by dogs in one night, and as this paragraph is penned the following item appears in an Iowa paper:

"We will refer to the case of John Scott of Story county, who, a few weeks since, had 116 head of sheep killed by a gang of six or eight dogs in one night. We are informed by a gentleman who saw the sheep the morning after they were killed, that they were worth \$8 per head, a loss of 92%. Since this loss, Mr. Scott has met with another, though not so great."

A dog in New Jersey—a mad dog—bit and tamed the death of \$1,600 worth of cattle, exclusive of sheep.

An editor of an agricultural paper, limping from dog bites in early youth, after losing twenty-seven sheep of his first flock, shot a dog found feeding on the carcasses of twelve lambs, and was fined therefor the price of six sheep.

Instances innumerable are offering themselves for quotation. They are not needed. If more than 200,000 sheep have been killed in Ohio in five years, more than 2,000,000 have been destroyed in the country, depriving our manufacturing industry of 6,000,000 pounds of wool by actual loss, and of untold quantities by discouraging production. Thus are farmers discouraged, manufacturers thrown into foreign markets, the country drained of gold, worthless dogs multiplied, and the national industry crippled.

But there springs up a necessity for more wool, and immediately the preliminary necessity for fewer dogs calls loudly for dog laws. But the wool grower, impatient of the "law's delay" in coming, seizes his trusty gun, waits and watches the advent of the sneaking cur across the borders of his own domain, and executes justice speedily, diminishes the evil, and increases thenceforth the number of sheep. So it has proved. Dogs are yet numerous, but with the revival of sheep husbandry the decline of dogs inevitably commences. Let the good work go on. All hail to the municipal dog-killer!

No fact in our agriculture is clearer, or more readily acknowledged, than the serious effect of dog depredations upon the flocks of the country. It has almost driven sheep from the east; it has diminished their numbers in the central regions, and the same cry is echoed from the prairies.

Even the herding of sheep upon those distant plains, under the care of shepherds, is affected by it, and the word comes thence, "Dogs are the greatest drawback to the full-range system." [To be continued.]

WOOLEN MANUFACTURERS' CONVENTION.

THE Boston Post says:
A meeting of the Woolen Manufacturers of New England and the Middle States was held at Springfield, on Wednesday last, called by several of the more prominent members of that manufacturing interest, to take such action as should be deemed best to promote that branch of business. There was a large attendance, all the New England States, and New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania being represented. Among the prominent woolen manufacturers present, were Mr. Bigelow of Clintonville; H. H. Chamberlain of Worcester; J. Quincy Brown of Boston; N. Kingsbury of Hartford; A. Hammond of Rockville, Conn.; Mr. Curtis of Norwalk, Conn.; Mr. Merrill of Vt.; Mr. Hall of Stamford, Conn.; J. W. Sitt of Little Falls, N. Y.; Messrs. Pomeroy, Pollock & Barker of Pittsfield; S. Blackinton of Adams; Mr. Brayton of North Adams; Edward Harris of Woonsocket; E. L. T. S. Faxton of Utica, N. Y.; Mr. Gilbert of Ware; and Solomon Woodward of Woodstock, Vt.

The meeting was presided over by T. S. Faxton of Utica, and Messrs. J. L. Peck of Pittsfield, and Geo. Maxwell of Rockville, Conn. were elected Secretaries. After a full and free interchange of opinion, and the discussion of various topics presented by various gentlemen, a committee consisting of Messrs. E. B. Bigelow and J. Wiley Edmonds of Boston, Edward Harris of Woonsocket, R. I., Theodore Pomeroy of Pittsfield, S. Blackinton of Adams, N. H., Chamberlain of Worcester, N. Kingsbury of Hartford, J. G. Robinson of Rockville, Conn., T. S. Faxton of Utica, N. Y., J. W. Scott of Little Falls, N. Y., and Solomon Woodward of Woodstock, Vt., were appointed to mature and present a general plan for the organization of an association to be formed hereafter.

The committee were instructed to have their report printed and copies sent to all the woolen manufacturers throughout the country previous to the reassembling of the Convention. Several resolutions were passed bearing upon the general topics presented and discussed, after which the meeting adjourned to meet in Springfield on the last Wednesday of November next. The action of the body was entirely harmonious, and the results that will arise from it will no doubt be highly beneficial to this important branch of the manufacturing interest of the country.

The U. S. Economist says:
The convention held at Springfield on the 5th inst. were informed, was attended by one hundred and twenty odd woolen manufacturers, representing eleven hundred and fifty-three sets of machinery. The proceedings were harmonious, but no action was taken except to appoint a committee to report at a future meeting what measures were necessary to be taken to protect their interests. Our principal object, however, in alluding to the convention in this connection is to state that we are informed that they agreed unanimously in the policy of holding their goods now on hand prices, firmly believing that the supply was short of the actual wants of the community.

It again says:
The convention of woolen manufacturers held at Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, was very largely attended, but the only conclusion they arrived at for the present, we believe, was, that no material concession in prices should be made from current rates.

Our prediction that this Convention would not, as conjectured in some quarters, seize the present unpropitious occasion to inaugurate a new tariff agitation, by attempting to procure a reduction of the duties on foreign wools, appears thus far to be justified by the facts. If the tone of the Convention can be judged by the selection of its President, T. S. FAXTON, Esq., of Utica, N. Y., its further proceedings will be characterized by wisdom, coolness, and a just respect for all other industrial interests. No business man in our country exhibits these traits in a more marked degree than Mr. FAXTON. While we shall be as prompt as any journal in the United States to meet and resist the first encroachment of the manufacturers on the rights and interests of the wool grower, we shall take the liberty of presuming the former sagacious body of men innocent of any such unwise purposes until they clearly manifest them; and in the meantime we heartily wish them good speed in all their undertakings.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE, ITEMS, &c.

BROOM CORN SEED FOR SHEEP.—D. G. CHEEVER of Clinton, Rock Co., Wisconsin, asks our opinion of the value of broom corn seed as a winter feed for breeding ewes, or fattening sheep. We have never known of its being used for these purposes. Will some one who has tried the experiment, or seen it tried, answer Mr. CHEEVER'S question?

MANLIUS AND POMPEY FAIR.—This was held at the village of Manlius, N. Y., on the 29th and 30th Sept. The Fair was a great success, considering the weather, which was very rainy on the first day, and very cloudy and cold on the second. The different halls were all well filled. The display of horses was good, and there were some lively trotting matches. The show of cattle was excellent, particularly in the department of full-blood and grade Short-Horns. Among the former we noticed some superb animals which have taken first State premiums. The fine-wool sheep exhibited were numerous and very superior—evidencing the great improvements which have taken place in this breed of animals, in Onondaga county, within a few years. There are very few counties in the State which equal it in Merinos. All the arrangements of the Fair were carried out with system and punctuality, reflecting great credit on ALLEN H. AVERY, Esq., the President, and his brother officers.

CORRECTION.—In the *Tribune's* report of the discussion on the proper classification of Fine Woollen Sheep at Rochester, on the second evening of the State Fair, occurs the following statement:

"Mr. PETERS inquired of Mr. RANDALL how many families of fine-wooled sheep were in the present show, and he answered three, distinctly—Pauler, Infatado and Negretto or Merino."

For the words in Italics above, read "Negretti-Infatados." The sheep imported from Silesia by Wm. CHAMBERLAIN, Esq. of Red Hook, N. Y., and usually called Silesians, are descended from four Negretti rams and one hundred Infatado ewes, imported from Spain into Silesia in 1811 by FERDINAND FISCHER—and therefore are, by German custom, given a name compounded of both the Cabanas from which they are descended. To prevent any misapprehensions we also termed them Silesians, in the discussion referred to.

THE WOOL-GROWERS.—In a recent speech, Hon. J. S. GRINNELL, M. C., of Iowa, stated that the West had already 470 woolen mills to 423 in the East, and he predicted that the cloth manufacturing empire would be in the Upper Mississippi valley. He showed that France, with a denser population than ours, kept eight millions more sheep than we; pronounced the American Merino the best cloth-making sheep in the world, and called on his Western countrymen to establish and pursue an agricultural policy that should enrich the soil while clothing the world, instead of wearing out the soil by raising wheat to feed the world.—*Western Rural.*

Communications, Etc.

THE VERMONT STATE FAIR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The Vermont Agricultural Fair was held at White River Junction, Sept. 13—16. The first two days of the Fair were damp and rainy, which prevented a large attendance of people. The weather of Thursday and Friday was favorable, and thousands improved it in visiting the exhibition. The show of Stock was rather limited in number, but excellent in quality. The Cattle pens in particular were not so numerous and full as they are usually at our Fairs. Still, considering the superior quality of the cattle on exhibition, the show was satisfactory.

The exhibition of Sheep and Horses was large and fine. It would have done your eyes and heart good to have witnessed the noble specimens of these valuable animals there exhibited. "Excelsior" is the motto in this particular of the farmers of Vermont, and they have already earned by diligence and perseverance an enviable reputation in that direction. There were about eighty lots of sheep entered for exhibition, mostly of the Spanish Merino blood. Some of the best flocks in the State were unrepresented, however, on account of the distance of transportation. There were several sales during the Fair, ranging from \$500 to \$3,000.

The number of entries of horses was about six hundred. Of the Sherman Morgans there were entered ten stallions and nine mares and fillies; Woodbury and Bullrush Morgans, twenty stallions and thirteen mares and fillies; Hambletonians and other bloods, six stallions and eight mares and fillies. Of matched horses there were twenty-five entries, and they were fine specimens.

The other departments were well represented. Mechanics' Hall contained many articles of merit. Floral Hall was really attractive. The ladies exhibited much interest and good taste in their department. It was one of the pleasantest features of the Fair.

At two o'clock on Wednesday the Hamburg flag was presented to the Society by Col. DANIEL NEEDHAM. The ceremony was very interesting, accompanied as it was with a speech of considerable length by Col. NEEDHAM. The flag is beautiful in design and finish. It is 12 by 18 feet in size, made of the finest kind of worsted, and of a purple color; the inside is white. A gate, pillars and three stars compose the device. The stars represent the three free cities of Anhalt, Lubec and Bremen; the gate and pillars represent Hamburg, and the whole represents Germany. The cost of the flag was upwards of \$130, and the duties \$8 in gold. Immediately after the flag presentation Mr. JOHN GREGORY of Northville, in behalf of the Directors of the Society, presented to Col. NEEDHAM, the Secretary of the Society, a silver pitcher, goblet and salver, all marked with appropriate inscriptions.

The address (on Thursday) was delivered by Hon. SIMON BROWN of Mass.—Gov. SMITH, who was engaged to address the Society, being at Washington on business. The speaker's subject was Sheep and their Management—an attractive subject for the times, ably handled. A wide-awake, practical address, I consider one of the very best features of our Agricultural Fairs, and no exhibition is complete without it.

The fourth and last day was devoted to the trial of speed. There were several horses entered to compete for the several premiums. The first stake of \$100 was taken by "Empress," owned by Mr. PETER JONES of Amherst, N. H.; time 2:42, 2:39 and 2:35. Other lesser premiums were taken with less speed, varying from 2:40 to 2:60. A large crowd of spectators were present the last day, and the conclusion of the trot closed the Fair.
Lyndon, Vt. I. W. SANBORN.

FROM A WISCONSIN FARMER'S WIFE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I will venture to address a few words to you and send two recipes for the RURAL, if you think them worthy a place there. I am not accustomed to writing to editors, as you will readily perceive I presume, but I have received many useful hints from the Domestic Department of the RURAL and like your paper altogether. I am the wife of a farmer who came here several years ago with small means, but we have always found something to pay for a newspaper with. My husband always has the *Tribune*, and has been a subscriber to the RURAL NEW-YORKER, American Agriculturist, Wool Grower, Wisconsin Farmer, Independent, etc.; the first two and last two he takes this year. I don't see how people get along without some good newspaper.

We have suffered from the drouth here. When we have had rain it did not wet the ground so thoroughly but what a few days' hot sun would wilt vegetation, and the chinch-bug injured our wheat, and is working on the corn still. Wheat averages about ten or twelve bushels per acre. Corn is pretty good—ours is the "King Philip" variety. Potatoes are rather small, but we have had rain recently and the vines are still green so they may grow some yet. All kinds of fruit are scarce here. This is not the bearing year for apples; a few of them are ten or twelve years old. Last year we had sixty or seventy bushels of apples; our trees were injured by the cold last winter, and have been some winters before. My husband has expended several dollars for pear trees and has not one good looking tree at present. He has tried the standard and dwarf. Bought some more last spring from an agent of a Rochester Nursery, said to be hardy varieties. Our "tame" plums were very much injured last winter, with the exception of one tree which

was a seedling; some of them are almost past recovery. Peaches we do not think of raising.

The war has taken so many of our men, that it is difficult to hire help at present. Those left at home have to labor more energetically, and women lend a helping hand to those out-doors. Some of them plant corn and hoe it; some harrow in grain, drive the mower and reaper, and rake and bind grain; others teach school, rake hay, or play the melodeon, as circumstances require. One woman that I know, whose husband is in the army before Petersburg, was disappointed in having some grain put in last spring, and she procured a yoke of oxen of an old man, and another neighbor to sow the grain, and she harrowed in seven acres, and then harrowed enough for the old man to pay for the use of his oxen. Another woman and a boy laid most of the shingles on a barn. Some are busy making homespun goods, such as tow and linen for men's wear, linen gingham, Balmoral skirts, flannel, &c., &c. Some are engaged in packing shingles, others in a chair factory, putting seats into the chairs. I do not know but some city ladies, if they knew how Wisconsin women are employed, would consider them growing more and more vulgar; but any honorable employment in preference to idleness, I say, especially in times like these.

I have nearly filled my sheet, and perhaps will weary your patience, (as I presume editors have need of patience, as well as mothers,) so I will close.
Mrs. N. M. LOWD.

REMARKS.—An interesting and sensible article. The recipes alluded to are or will be given in the appropriate department.

WHO INVENTED THE REVOLVING RAKE?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a late RURAL I saw an inquiry as to who was the inventor of the Revolving Horse Rake, where he resided, etc. Now, friend Editor, I think I can answer those questions; at any rate I will try and do the best I can. It is a number of years ago, and I have to write from memory. The rake was invented in Westchester County, N. Y., about the year 1817 or '18, I think, by a young man by the name of CONKLIN. About that time there were two brothers went to live with a man by the name of LEVI CARPENTER to learn the blacksmith's trade. Their names were JOHN C. and JAMES H. CONKLIN, and they both seemed to be possessed of a good deal of genius; one of them whilst there invented the rake, which I think was patented by their boss, and a good many were made and sold in that part of the country.

In the year 1835 my brother THOMAS COX came to this County to live and settled in the town of Chili, and some time the next year sent to Westchester and had one of the rakes sent out to him. From that my brother-in-law made one which worked very well. It was the first one made in this country, I believe. The original rake is yet in being, having been well cared for. My brother sold his farm and sold the rake to my nephew, and I believe he has it yet. I believe with a farmer of Attica, that there has never been an invention so near perfect as the rake has proved itself to be, and I do not know of an implement used on the farm that costs so little money that will save the amount of labor that it does. I think JAMES H. CONKLIN was the inventor. Perhaps the CONKLINS both had a hand in it; they are both now living—one in Peekskill, Westchester Co., and the other a few miles out.

And now friend Editors I think I am correct in what I have written, and if you think it worth publishing, do so; if not let it pass for what it is worth.
HENRY COX.
Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y.

P. S.—I had forgotten to say that all the revolving rakes that have been made in this region were made from that one my brother owned.
H. C.

REVOLVING AND WHEEL HORSE-RAKES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—"A Farmer" asks for three cheers for the man that invented the horse-rake. Let us give the cheers—for any man that makes an improvement in farming or mechanical taste is deserving. But when he claims for it "perfection," he is mistaken—he is not "posted."

The writer purchased a farm and the tools—among them was a revolving rake, and one on wheels. Let me assure "A Farmer" that the revolving rake is behind the age. The wheel rake is made of wire. The raker rides. It rakes faster, easier and cleaner, and leaves the hay in better order. We do not know whether there is any other like it, or whether it is patented, but presume it is not—only know it is a better rake than the revolving rake, which "A Farmer" thinks is perfection. A gentleman informs us that he is perfecting a rake that will rake hay and load it on the wagon. Let us "go ahead." Slow coaches must "clear the track."
A JERSEY FARMER.
Scotch Plains, N. J., 1864.

THE FIRST HORSE-RAKE.—A correspondent of the RURAL NEW-YORKER asks for the name of the inventor of the Revolving Horse-Rake. We made the same inquiry in our old *Genesee Farmer* twenty-nine years ago. The late DAVID THOMAS of Cayuga county informed us that "the horse hay-rake was invented by a colored man who lived in Hempstead Plain on Long-Island, who died about the year 1831. It was introduced into Pennsylvania by MICHAEL NEWBOLD of Oxford, Philadelphia Co., about the year 1812, in consequence of the representation of a Yankee peddler, who instructed him how to make one. His first rake was destroyed by a malicious person who feared its innovating effects on the price of labor." Our inquiry failed to elicit the name of the inventor, and we fear it cannot be ascertained at this late day.—*Country Gent.*

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE RURAL'S ADVANCED TERMS.—\$3 per annum—seem to give general satisfaction, so far as we can judge. No one has thus far offered an objection, tho' many are subscribing at the new price. Some say they would have the RURAL if it cost \$5 per year, and wonder we did not advance to \$3 long ago. We appreciate the kindness being manifested by scores of friends, and assure them that we shall do all in our power to give full "value received," in return for their substantial tokens of regard for the paper and the cause it aims to promote. And we shall reduce the price—or offer club terms—as soon as we can see our way clear. Meantime, those who remit less than full rates (as some are, no doubt unwittingly, doing,) will only be credited for the time their money pays for according to our rates—as will be observed by reference to figures after their names on address labels.

THE STATE FAIR.—Although we have devoted considerable space to reports, proceedings, awards, etc., of and pertaining to the recent State Fair held in this city, many matters have been deferred or overlooked, and no doubt a number of noteworthy features and items of the occasion will pass unchronicled in these pages. Our aim has been to do the best we could with the space at command—to present the most important points of the exhibition, discussions, etc., and give the awards of premiums in those departments most interesting to the Rural Public. Pains have been taken to make the reports and awards published as accurate as possible, as well as more full and complete than those given in any other journal, and we regret that it was impossible to notice many meritorious matters in our regular report.

The success of the Fair exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the Society and its friends, and demonstrated that Rochester is second to no other place in the State as the location for a large and profitable Agricultural Exhibition. And this fact is appreciated, as many recent letters testify. For instance, a distinguished Ex-President of the Society writes:—"Wasn't the Fair a success? You Rochester people have put the Society fairly out of its long drawn out years of poverty; so take to yourselves due credit."

—Though some Rochester people labored zealously, and against much opposition, to secure the Fair, they are not alone entitled to credit for the successful result—for that was mainly secured by the attendance of the spirited and intelligent producers of Western New York. Even the gentlemen who arranged the Fair Grounds—Messrs. F. W. LAY of Greece, and L. D. MITCHELL of Pittsford—belong to the class named, and are entitled to much credit for the manner and promptness with which they prepared the buildings, fixtures and grounds for the exhibition. Mr. LAY, the contractor, labored diligently for months, while Mr. MITCHELL, though entering the arena late, was a host in himself, and fully "up to time" on the "home stretch," or in completing arrangements.

EAMES' WATER ENGINE.—Several months ago we published from the pen of Prof. Wood of the University of Michigan, an article highly commendatory of EAMES' Water Engine. We had not then seen the engine in operation, but have recently improved an opportunity of doing so, and were very favorably impressed with the power and capacity of the improvement. The engine is well adapted to raising water for farms, railroad stations, factories, etc., and is very efficient. It raises water by water, and is more simple and effective than the ram so long in use for the purpose. The manufacturer avers that these engines will raise twice the amount of the ram with the same supply, as they act according to the perpendicular height of the supply. They will use, wherever required, creek water to drive the engine and raise and throw spring water to the place required, or the same water that is used to drive the engine. This engine is especially worthy the attention of farmers and others who wish a cheap and durable machine for raising a constant supply of water from springs, creeks, etc. It is manufactured by MOSES EAMES, Esq., of Watertown, N. Y.—an experienced practical farmer, and formerly President of the Jefferson Co. Ag. Society. Messrs. SHERLOCK & SLOAN, 38 Exchange St., Rochester—a responsible and reliable firm—are agents for the sale of the engine in this region.

THE FARMER'S ORACLE.—published semi-monthly at Spring Lake Valley, Utah, the past year—has been discontinued, because "the times are unpropitious for the maintenance of an agricultural journal in the Territory." The editor, having finished volume one, says he has done all he promised, and "got out of the woods," but assures his readers he has had "a hard road to travel." He now proposes "to rest—work and earn some bread—recuperate and prepare to go on with the next volume as soon as the people are ready for it, and will sustain it with a good pre-paid subscription list." After speaking of abandoning the quill for less credit-able business, he says:—"We can't well afford to work all day for our bread, and then sit up all night to write editorial, and otherwise labor for the production of a paper for the convenience of many who forget to pay us." We hope to see the Oracle again ere long, and that when it re-appears it will be on the cash-in-advance system—the only true one—and that both Saints and Gentiles will promptly "walk up to the Captain's office" with the "gelt."

WISCONSIN STATE AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent Fair of this Society, held at Janesville, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—DAVID WILLIAMS of Walworth. Vice Presidents—J. I. Case, Racine; Levi B. Vilas, Dane; Keyes A. Darling, Fond du Lac. Secretary—John W. Hoyt, Dane. Treas.—David Atwood, Dane. Additional members of the Executive Committee—C. H. Williams, Winnebago; C. Loftus Martin, Rock; G. H. Stewart, Dodge; J. H. Warren, Green; Edward D. Horton, Milwaukee; J. O. Eaton, Columbia.

EASTMAN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE BAND.—During the recent State Fair a splendid Cornet Band, composed of eighteen members—fine looking and gentlemanly young men and excellent musicians—visited our city and attracted much attention. This band was from EASTMAN'S Business College, Poughkeepsie, and reflects credit upon the enterprise and taste of the principal of that popular institution. The band rode in a commodious and beautiful carriage drawn by four fine horses, and the style displayed and music discoursed, charmed the eyes and ears of thousands.

WHEAT IN THIS COUNTY.—The Brockport *Republic* says about one-third greater breadth of winter wheat has been sown the present autumn than was sown a year ago. It came up very finely and never looked better at this season of the year.

DEFERRED.—Several articles intended for this number, and also over two columns of new advertisements (received too late) are necessarily deferred. Contributors and advertisers should bear in mind that we "make up" the RURAL for the press on Tuesday morning.

Horticultural.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

TENTH BIENNIAL MEETING.

Continued from page 335, last No.

CULTIVATION OF VINEYARDS.

Dr. WARDER, of Ohio.—There are various opinions as to best modes of cultivating the vine. Some prefer Nature's way—imitate the way she cultivates her forests, mulching to a considerable extent. In Ohio we cultivate by horse power. Formerly we used to plant close—three by four and four by four feet apart—the sides of the hills even closer, because it was supposed there would be obtained better circulation of air, and a better crop of fruit. Experience has proven that exposure is of little moment with us. The period of ripening depends more upon the condition of the soil and the character and condition of the vine. As before said, the Germans selected the hill-sides, and planted closely, cultivating with the forked hoe. But the Americans soon began to plant wider, and use a light plow to cultivate with. This is now the practice generally adopted in new plantations. For field culture shallow cultivation with the plow is found most profitable. Horse culture has one disadvantage—that without care the roots are cut off and dragged out of the ground. It is proposed to remedy this by cutting off the superficial roots.

Too much care can not be bestowed in the preparation of the soil—in its disintegration to the greatest possible depth. The limit of this labor is only to be determined by answering the question, Will it pay to expend a large sum in this preparation? It is found to be a sufficiently good preparation with us to expend \$20 to \$25 per acre in preparing the soil by trenching with a Michigan Double plow, fifteen inches deep, and following in its path with a subsoil plow, lifting the soil six or eight inches deeper. By this means the trenching is done rapidly and thoroughly and at comparatively small cost. We plow and cross-plow the surface until it is in good tilth. We do not manure; we can not afford it; and if we could, we do not want to until we take off three or four crops.

KNOX of Pa.—Dr. WARDER has described my mode of preparing the soil very well. There is a great deal of mystery thrown around grape culture. But practical questions—such as relate to the solution of this question, "How shall we grow grapes?"—are, Where are the best grapes grown? What are the varieties cultivated? and what is the system adopted? We must get rid of this idea of mysterious manipulation, and let it be known that grape culture is simple culture—that any man with common intelligence, and a common knowledge of horticulture, can grow grapes successfully.

After preparing my soil by trenching and thoroughly pulverizing it, I plant in rows 8 feet apart and 6 feet apart in the row. The third year after planting I put up trellis, and take a crop. Between the grape rows I plant three rows of strawberries, from which I take crops the second, third and fourth years. I cultivate those strawberries and keep the ground clear about the grapes with a hoe. I am afraid of plows among the grape vines. I sometimes let the cultivator go through it, but never the plow. My strawberry crop pays the expense of culture up to the time the grapes bear and more too. I do not pinch off any vines the first year, at all. Let them grow, and train to a stake.

THOMAS of N. Y.—There is a kind of harrow tooth which is splendid in grape culture. I refer to SHARPE'S harrow. It is one of the best implements for pulverizing the soil. It mellow the soil two or three times as fast as the ordinary harrow. There is one fault with it, the teeth should be made of steel. A cultivator made with these teeth, and gauged so as not to cut so deep as to cut off the roots, would be valuable. Its form is such that it would not draw out any.

Dr. GRANT of N. Y.—Cultivators with steel teeth so gauged that they will not cut up roots, are used in France in vineyard culture, and greatly diminish the cost of cultivation. They are perfectly free from objection on this account. There it is regarded an advantage to cut off the surface roots. They act under the influence of the sun in spring before the lower ones. For three or four years they are cut off a depth of the width of a man's hand; for these surface roots damage the vine—enfeeble it. MOTTIER of Ohio adopted this practice of cutting off surface roots in his culture. These roots are annual as well as the leaves.

KELSEY of Ills.—In our preparation of land we have given up the use of the Michigan Subsoil plow. We follow our ordinary surface plow with a deep tiller plow, which cuts a depth of 16 inches, and then follow with a subsoil plow stirring 6 inches deeper. In this way we get the work done with less labor.

Dr. WARDER.—Our vineyardists train on stakes mainly.* In tying the third year, you are supposed to have cut back the weaker cane to two eyes. It is a spar. The bow is to be made from the other cane, two or three feet long. Some prefer to have the main stake rise a foot from the ground. This bow is fastened at the top, and at the centre of the bow, and the bows are made to stand in a line with the stakes, so as to enable the cultivator to plow between the rows. One of the objects in training the vine in this way is to insure that the top and bottom buds shall break alike.

A good deal of summer pruning is done—all the surplus wood is taken out—one of the two shoots from each eye—the weaker—is removed.

* If the RURAL readers have the Patent Office Report on Agriculture for 1866, they will find in it an elaborate article on Grape Culture by Dr. WARDER, in which this system of training is illustrated by engravings.

The suckers below are removed, unless we want to renew the vine. The Germans think no one should go into the vineyard when the grapes are in blossom. The object of summer pruning is to regulate the growth of the wood. Some go through and thin as soon as the shoots show where the bunches are to be. As soon as the shoots show flower buds, we take off the wood of the second bud, and pinch off the bearing shoot—early, so that the leaves opposite the grape bunches are very large, and a lateral growth is started. The object is to get a new and vigorous growth of leaves close to the grapes, and pinching early so as to get large leaves. Now, we break off the laterals—some of us pinch, leaving one leaf. Instead of cutting off the vine we bend it at the top.

[In justice to Dr. WARDER, it is proper for the reporter to say, that he is a very rapid talker, and the above report, probably correct as far as it goes, is far from complete.]

THOMAS of N. Y.—I am inclined to think that in this country vines are planted too thickly. The Cincinnati culturists copy from the European vineyards. It is certainly a beautiful sight to see those grapes in the vineyards trained on stakes, covering the hill-sides about Cincinnati. But I have seen near that city Catawbas growing trained on the trellis, with three or four times the room given them in stake training, producing wonderful crops of better fruit.

Dr. GRANT of N. Y.—It matters little what system of training, is adopted—whether on stakes or trellis. I would plant but three or four feet apart. After a vine is once established it does not increase in the amount of room it requires. It becomes less and less every year. Excellent wine is never made from vines less than ten years old. It is difficult to keep vines uniform. I have never been able to do it. I have them planted 7, 9 and 10 feet apart. The rule should be in training to make the vine fill all the space on the trellis.

FIELD of N. Y.—I have planted the vine some. I plant three and six feet apart. My trellis consists of 10 wires, 10 inches apart, the first wire being 18 inches from the ground. I would plant the Delaware three feet apart in the row, and six feet between the rows. By my system I carry the first vine to the first wire, the second to the fourth, and the third to the seventh.

HOVEY of Mass.—Can vines so trained be protected by laying down?

FIELD.—They can not be protected.

HOVEY.—It seems to me the plan adopted of trellising the peach in France, at an inclination of 45 degrees, would be valuable applied to grapes in this country, so as to facilitate laying down.

THOMAS of N. Y.—I think this suggestion is a valuable one. Have seen such training successful here.

Dr. GRANT.—In France the vine is laid down always. It is bent in its early training so as to facilitate this work.

SAUNDERS of D. C.—In grape growing the subject of suitable trellising demands serious attention. It is worthy of trial whether poles would not answer a better purpose than wire trellis. The best and earliest grapes are invariably produced on strong terminal shoots, and any mode of pruning and training that would ensure the entire crop on such growths, would be a step in the right direction. This may be secured by pruning on what is known as the spurting system, with the important exception that no fruit should be taken from spurs, and instead, the spurs cut close out, a fresh cane would be started yearly to occupy the space that would otherwise be occupied by spurs. This would be the beau ideal of renewal.

I hold two undeniable facts in grape culture: 1st, that the best fruit is produced on the strongest and best ripened shoots, and 2nd, that shoots produced from spurs, never mature so thoroughly as those produced from terminal buds. Further, that properly ripened fruit will never be produced from unripened wood. Fruit apparently well colored may be seen on green growths, but such fruit does not possess the characteristics of a well ripened bunch of grapes.

KNOX of Pa.—We have learned one important lesson in grape culture. It is that foreign vines are not adapted to this country. So foreign modes of training are not adapted to this country. My mode is—and it succeeds well in the vineyard, and I produce good grapes—to have the third year two arms to each vine, each three feet long, and I practice the renewal system. My object is to cover my trellis from top to bottom with good fruit. The strips of which my trellis is made are put on vertical, nine inches apart from center to center. Each vine occupies eight of these strips. I am not confined to the renewal system exclusively. I summer prune considerably, taking off all surplus wood: But, gentlemen, I repeat, this work of growing grapes is not complex. We must make it plain that it is not.

HOVEY.—I like the remarks of my friend KNOX. The idea we want and should seek to convey is that grapes are only produced on young wood, and the trellis must be covered with young wood.

KNOX.—We must give our American vines more room—just as Young America requires it, so do our American vines. You can not confine and control them in our climate and soil, as the vines of Europe are controlled and confined.

HOVEY.—I have found the foreign grape more difficult to control here than the natives. The idea that should be impressed is that the effort should be to cover the trellis with young wood—if we can only induce people to do this, and be somewhat systematic in getting it, they will get grapes.

FIELD.—The only vines that have proved unmanageable with me on the Thomery system of training, are the foreign vines.

NOTES ON PLANTS IN FLOWER.

EDITORS RURAL NEW YORKER:—In my rambles in Canada West for the last four weeks, I have seen some fine flower yards, some of them containing new and very beautiful flowers, and perhaps the following notes on some of the best varieties may be interesting to some of your readers.

The numerous varieties of those old favorites, the Bunch and Carnation Pinks, were very beautiful, though inferior to those of last year. One variety, with long green leaves, resembling grass, is superb. It blooms about the 20th of June. The flowers are about an inch across, variegated, fine and soft as cotton, and full to the center. The Prairie and China Pinks were also very beautiful; the latter is still in bloom. That beautiful climbing annual, the Convolvulus Major, is just passing out of bloom. The new varieties are much superior to the old.

Of bedding plants I have seen none so brilliant and beautiful as Petunias and Portulaca. The best Petunia is a double variety, with large flowers, blotched with red and white. The double variety is done blooming, but the single varieties are nearly as brilliant as ever. The varieties of Portulaca exceed in beauty and varieties of color, any I ever saw before. I like the deep red the best, but the pink, brick color, yellow, straw color, and white are desirable varieties. The Verbena seems to be now in full bloom—the red is very handsome. The double Carnation Poppy, I think, deserves more attention than it has yet received. The varieties are various shades of red, white, pink, or mottled, edged and fringed with those colors. I have seen but few perfect Zinnias. Many of them are as single as a daisy. I consider none but the best double varieties worthy of cultivation. The Dahlias are very small and poor, far inferior to the double Hollyhock, which is so large and double as to have no resemblance to the old single variety.

That splendid flower, the Phlox Drummondii, is still in bloom, and does not seem to have been injured by the frost. I saw some new varieties in Brockville, nearly twice as large as any I ever saw before, and of almost innumerable shades of color. I saw none in bloom before the first of July, but since then the beds have been a perfect blaze of brilliant colors. I have seen few flowers which please me more than Phlox Drummondii, and I consider no flower yard complete without it.

I have raised varieties of the China, German and French Asters, and I have raised one variety two years which I never saw in any yard but mine. I call it the White Quilled Aster. It grows from six to ten inches high, has a few branches near the ground, and bloomed this year about the last of July. The largest flowers are about an inch across, are all of a pure white, as double as the finest rose, and remarkably regular in size and form. I consider this variety a perfect little beauty.

In the village of Gananague, about the middle of September, I saw some Asters that for variety, size and beauty of colors, far surpassed any I had ever seen before. The largest, some of the French varieties, were very double and beautiful, but were surpassed by a smaller variety, which was, I think, the Peony Aster. Some of these were white, with a red centre, some red with a white center, some were pink, fringed with blue, and others were ringed and fringed with various colors.

The varieties of Chrysanthemum are single and poor, with no resemblance to the variety, the illustration of which appeared in the RURAL a few years ago. The Balsams are all very nice; the red and white varieties are the best. They are now in their greatest beauty. The Helianthus is a magnificent, showy annual, but too large to raise in a small flower yard, among the smaller annuals. The green centered variety is the best. It is still in bloom.

H. PEARSON.

Mallorytown, C. W., Sept. 26, 1864.

CAUSE OF ROT IN GRAPES.

JAMES HOWARTH communicated the following to the President of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, and it was read to the Society at a recent meeting:—According to your request I have examined further into the present rot of the grape. It commences, generally, at the connection of the stem with the berry, without skinking, and is superficial, for on peeling the berry we find it only skin deep in the commencement; but, after commencing, decomposition goes on very rapidly, and on the strong-growing or succulent canes the most rot will be found.

It is well known that the fruit of this year is made to grow on the wood of last year's growth. Now, if the small, well matured canes of last year's growth are cut back in the spring to a spur of one bud, it will result in producing the best fruit with the least rot where they have retained their leaves. But in the treatment usually pursued, this retention of leaf is very rare, as volunteers from the crown of the root, or from beneath their cuts for bow and one cane are—unless previously rubbed off by the finger and thumb—always cut off from the old wood on their first developing or at the time the vines are suckered. In my opinion, it is a better plan to let the vine divide into several branches than to concentrate the whole growth into a single cane, to be bent afterward into a bow; and this too without respect to the age or strength of the root being able to produce a greater or less development of the saline; and so, when trouble comes, attributing it to atmospheric causes. I advocate a subdivision of branches, lengthening out of the vine, and multiplying sub-divisions, permitting all to bear fruit according to the strength of the root. The experience of last winter has shown that severe cold weather will

destroy the large succulent canes, while it will not hurt the smaller canes. These latter are able to ripen their wood and retain their leaf fifty per cent. better than the former, while they are five hundred per cent. better for bearing fruit. These small, well-ripened canes are best produced by being grown from two, three or four branches of old wood, or as many as can develop a healthy leaf. These small canes should be some eight or ten inches apart, and cut back in the Spring to a single bud. Care should be taken to tie up the fruiting branches upright before they begin to fall or curve.

SWEET POTATOS IN PLACE OF HYACINTHS.

A CURIOUS as well as simple and interesting experiment may be performed in the following manner:—Take a sweet potato, place it in the mouth of a transparent jar so that it fits loosely and keep it in its place by putting pins in it. Fill the jar with water, and set it where the sun can shine on it, or in a place where the temperature is quite even. Almost any place in the house will do, as in a window where it gets the light. The progress will at first be slow; replenish the jar with water as the potato absorbs it, keeping the water up to the middle of the potato, and soon roots will appear from the part in the water. From this point its growth is quite rapid, the roots striking downward; finally it begins to sprout from the top, green leaves appear, and it continues to grow like a climbing vine, attaining a yard in length, and making a fine plant. I have started several in this manner, and now have one doing well.—Cassini in Scientific American.

PREMIUMS AWARDED

AT N. Y. STATE FAIR, ROCHESTER, SEPT. 1864.

FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

PROFESSIONAL LIST—FLOWERS.

Best display—1. Jas Vick, Rochester, \$10; 2. Ellwanger & Barry, S. S. M. Best collection—1. C. J. Ryan & Co., 6; 2. Ellwanger & Barry, 3. 24 Blooms—1. C. J. Ryan & Co., 5; 2. R. J. Donnelly, Greece, 3. 12 Blooms—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 3; 2. R. J. Donnelly, 1. Roses—best collection—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 6; 2. Frost & Co., 5. 24 varieties—1. H. E. Hooker & Co., 5; 2. Frost & Co., 3. 12 varieties—1. Frost & Co., 3. Phloxes—Ellwanger & Barry, 5. 12 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 3. Verbenas—1. C. J. Ryan & Co., 5; Ellwanger & Barry, 3. 12 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 3; R. J. Donnelly, 1. German Asters—1. J. Vick, 3; 2. C. J. Ryan & Co., 1. Ten Week Stock—1. J. Vick, 3; 2. R. J. Donnelly, 1. Seeding Verbenas—Ellwanger & Barry, Trans. Newly Introduced Flowers—J. Vick, Thomas.

AMATEUR LIST.

Cnt Flowers—1. Mrs J T Van Namee, 10; 2. Mrs Lamb, 5. Dahlias—1. Mrs Van Namee, 6; 2. Wm Newcomb, Johnsonville, 3. 12 Blooms—1. John Charlton, Rochester, 3; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 1. 6 Blooms—1. Mrs Van Namee, 2; 2. Wm Newcomb, 1. Roses—1. Mrs Van Namee, 6; 2. Mrs Lamb, 3. 12 varieties—1. Mrs Van Namee, 3; Mrs Lamb, 1. 6 varieties—1. Mrs Van Namee, 3; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 1. Carnations—1. Mrs Van Namee, 3. Verbenas—1. J. Charlton, 5; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 3. 12 varieties—1. Mrs Van Namee, 3; 2. J. Charlton, 1. 6 varieties—1. John Charlton, 2; 2. Mrs Lamb, 1. Seeding—1. Mrs Van Namee, 1. Phloxes—1. Dr. Newcomb, 5; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 3. 6 varieties—1. Mrs Van Namee, 2; 2. Mrs Lamb, 1. Seeding—1. Mrs Van Namee, 1. German Asters—1. Mrs Lamb, 3; 2. Wm Newcomb, 1. Panicles—1. Mrs Lamb, 3; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 1. Ten Week Stock—1. Wm Newcomb, 3; 2. Mrs Lamb, 1; 3. J. M. Matteson, Jacksonville, Book. House Plants—Best collection—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 10; 2. Frost & Co., 5. 10 Plants in Pots—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 5; C. J. Ryan & Co., 3. Plant Design—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 5; 2. Mrs Van Namee, 3. Pair Hand Bouquets—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 6; 2. Mrs M. Church, 3. Parlor Bouquets—1. C. J. Ryan & Co., 5; 2. Ellwanger & Barry, 3. Sacred Bouquets—1. Mrs Van Namee, 5; 2. Ellwanger & Barry, 3. New Flowers—best display—C. J. Ryan & Co., Trans.

FRUIT—PROFESSIONAL LIST.

Apples—40 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 15; 2. R. J. Donnelly, 10. 20 varieties—1. R. J. Donnelly, 10; 2. C. J. Ryan & Co., 5. 12 varieties—1. Bronson, Graves & Selover, Geneva, 5; 2. R. J. Donnelly, 3. Peaches—30 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 15; 2. Bronson, Graves & Selover, 10. 15 varieties—1. Bronson, Graves & Selover, 10; 2. E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, 5. 10 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 8; 2. Bronson, Graves & Selover, 4. 6 varieties—1. Bronson, Graves & Selover, 5; 2. Jas M. Matteson, Jacksonville, 3. Peaches—6 varieties—E. W. Sylvester, 4. 1 variety—do do do 2. Plums—12 varieties—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 5. 1 variety—Bronson, Graves & Selover, 2. Quinces—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 3; 2. C. J. Ryan & Co., 2. Native Grapes—1. Ellwanger & Barry, 5; 2. C. W. Seelye, Rochester, 5. 1 variety—1. Bronson, Graves & Selover, 2. Foreign Grapes—1. do do do 6. do 1 variety—1. do do do 2.

AMATEUR LIST.

Apples—20 varieties—1. A. Wilder, Greece, 12; 2. E. S. Hayward, 8. 15 varieties—1. A. Wilder, 10; 2. Jas P. Edmonds, West Brighton, 5. 10 varieties—1. John Charlton, 5; 2. A. Wilder, 3. Peaches—15 varieties—1. Wm McNairy, Rochester, 12; 2. W. G. Watson, Rochester, 3. 10 varieties—1. Wm McNairy, 10; 2. Edw. Dagge, Rochester, 5. 6 varieties—1. W. G. Watson, 8; 2. Wm McNairy, 4. Peaches—1 variety—John Hyatt, Henrietta, 2. Plums—10 varieties—1. G. W. Lawrence, Oswego, 5. Quinces—1 variety—do do do 2. Quinces—1. D. S. Whitlock, Brighton, 3; 2. H. G. Warner, 2. Grapes—Greatest variety—1. F. C. Brehm, Waterloo, 5; 2. A. S. Moss, Fredonia, 3. Single variety—1. F. C. Brehm, 2. Foreign Grapes—1. Dan'l Wetlin, Rochester, 6. Single variety—1. G. Granger, Canandaigua, 2; 2. Dan'l Wetlin, 1. Watermelons—Greatest variety—N. Culver, 3. Single variety—1. Albert Bredt, 1; 2. N. Culver, Trans. Muskmelons—Varieties—1. R. J. Donnelly, 3; 2. N. Culver, 2. 1 variety—1. Jas Vick, 1; 2. Geo. Cooper, Trans. Cranberries—Cultivated—1. A. S. Moss, 5. 10 varieties—1. N. Culver, Gravenstein Apples, Downing Ferry, 2; Mrs J. T. Van Namee, New Apple, Book; Jas A. Hurst, Albany, Grapes, Dip.; H. G. Dickerson, Lyons, Pears, Dip.; F. C. Brehm, Grapes, Dip.; H. O. Fairchild, Hammondsport, Grapes, Dip.

PLANTING RED CEDAR SEED.—W. F. STROUD of Ill., asks how to prepare and plant the seed of the Red Cedar. The seeds of the Red Cedar lie on the ground a year before vegetating. When the seeds are ripe they can be mixed with sandy soil and kept in boxes, or they may be sowed thickly in a dry soil and remain for a year, at which time they can be taken up and sowed in regular manner.—B.

Domestic Economy.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

PICKLED PEACHES, (Sweet).—Yellow Clings are best. Seed and halve them. Make a sirup of two-thirds sugar and one-third vinegar. Pour this sirup over the peaches, and, after standing a short time, boil them together; add a spice bag, and bottle them.

ANOTHER WAY.—Put the raw fruit in a jar; then fill up with a sirup made thus:—To one pint of best vinegar, add one pound white sugar; this sirup is drained off the peaches, (or other fruit,) and heated and poured back, for nine successive mornings.

BLANC MANGE.—Mash one-half ounce Irish Moss and boil it in half a pint of new milk, to such a consistence that it will retain its form when cold. Add sugar to taste; and flavor.

Or, it may be made thus:—One pint of new milk, one-half ounce isinglass, boiled fifteen or twenty minutes. Add sugar and flavor to taste; strain, in a mold, and turn out when perfectly cold.

FROTH FOR BLANC MANGE.—Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth; then stir in one-quarter pound preserves—strawberry or raspberry. Beat well together, and pour over the blanc mange.

SUGAR ICING FOR CAKE.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth. Beat in one pound double refined white sugar—a little at a time. Flavor with lemon.

BOILED CAULIFLOWER.—Wash and clean your cauliflower; boil it in water with some salt in it till it becomes tender. Season with rich, drawn butter. It may be boiled in equal parts of milk and water, also. And served up with toast, like asparagus.

BOILED BROCCOLI.—Take the side shoots of the broccoli, strip off the leaves, and cut off all the outer rind up to the heads. Put them in salt and water. Have ready a pan of boiling water, with salt in it, and boil them ten or fifteen minutes.

TO MEND CHINA.—The juice of garlic is said to be a very good cement—leaving no mark when used. Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in two wineglassfuls of spirits of wine. This is valuable for glass as well as china. Another way:—Beat lime into the most impalpable powder, and sift it through fine muslin. Tie some of it in a piece of thin muslin; brush some white of egg over the edges of the broken china, dust the lime quickly over the same, and unite them exactly.

INK ERASURES.—Ink spots may be removed from the pages of a book, by washing them with a solution of oxalic acid in water, and afterward rinsing in clear water. I should cut the leaf out if I were the inquirer, though.

TO CRYSTALLIZE FLOWERS, &c.—Having first selected the flowers, grasses, &c., which you wish to crystallize, suspend them in a basin. Dissolve two pounds of alum in one quart of boiling rain-water, and pour it over your flowers. I should mention—the alum water should not be boiling, when poured over the flowers; a very little warmer than new milk. Let them stand in the shade from twelve to twenty-four hours.

POLISHING SHELLS.—Most shells possess so fine a polish, naturally, that no preparation is considered necessary for placing them in a cabinet, etc. It happens sometimes, however, that when they become dry they lose much of their natural luster. This may easily be restored by washing them with a little water, in which gum arabic has been dissolved. Many shells are so covered by a thick skin, or epidermis, that their surface has a very dull appearance. This is removed by steeping the shell in warm water, and rubbing it off with a brush. I have known people to use nitric acid; but I would not recommend this, as it destroys the luster of any part of the shell exposed to its influence.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM MARBLE.—Make a paste of whiting and alcohol, and cover the stain; when dry, wash with soap. If the stain is not all off, apply the paste a second time.

COUSIN ELLA.

SNOW CUSTARD.—For 1 qt. new milk, take four large eggs; set the milk on top of the stove in a clean iron vessel; then separate the eggs, beat the whites into a stiff froth; when the milk is scalding hot slip the whites on top of the milk, turning them over gently so they will cook; then lift them out and dish; whip the yolks with two table-spoonfuls of sugar; pour into the milk, stirring rapidly all the time until it is scalding. The very moment it comes to the boiling point lift it off; if it boils it will curdle. When it cools sufficiently, pour into the float dish with any kind of flavoring, then put the froth on top, and it will be splendid.—MOLLIE W. GRAVES.—Ind., 1864.

HOW TO SCALE FISH.—Take the fish in the left hand, lower it into a pan of water, turn the fingers of the right hand under the tail, insert the thumb-nail under the last scales, push it up the fish and the scales will fly off easily; plow away until they are all off on that side, and then turn the fish and do *capo*. You will be astonished at the ease and rapidity with which the operation is performed.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Pare and halve the peaches, and take two and a half pounds of sugar and a pint of vinegar to five pounds of fruit; boil the sugar and vinegar together. As soon as they boil, skim it, and put in the fruit. Let it cook till soft, but not fast, as the peaches will break if cooked too long or too fast.—L. W., Newark, N. Y., 1864.

Ladies' Department.

THE WIFE OF A MAN OF GOLD.

I saw her to-day in a crowded street,
On the arm of a man of gold;
Still regally beautiful—still as sweet—
As she was in the days of old.
Yet Fashion swept brilliantly by unseen,
The exquisite ogled in vain;
No glance left the eyes of the splendid queen
Unless loaded with cold disdain.

A change has come over the lady then,
A change which is travail of flames—
She is sick of homage from brainless men,
And the gossip of soulless dames.
I marked the lines on her dignified face—
It was smoother a year ago;
No eye save mine saw the terrible trace,
Chiseled only by tears, I know.

She lives in the house of a millionaire,
In parlors with luxury glossed—
There are diamond pins that she may wear,
There are dresses of royal cost;
Rich jewels will rise at her sweet command,
Her partner will never say nay;
Yet she seems to shrink from the golden hand,
Which she swore to love and obey.

Perhaps she remembers the bygone years,
When her home was poorer than now,
When smiles were the victors instead of tears,
And comfort the victor of show;
When the morning sun from the country skies,
Softly fell on her sleeping face,
Instead of the blaze in her weary eyes,
And the glare on her gown of lace.

Perhaps she remembers the bird's clear song,
Instead of the opera stall;
Or the brook where she sat so soft and long,
In love for its silver fall.
Perhaps she remembers the May-day dance,
In the place of the midnight waltz,
And the hand which fell over hers by chance,
Rough, heavy and brown—not fair.

She may have the thought of the past so sweet,
When her heart and her hand were free—
And thought of the man who fell at her feet
'Neath the shade of an old oak tree.
She thinks of a promise she made to one,
Who was hers in the days of old,
And she thinks of what she has lost and won,
As she walks with the man of gold.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A BEAUTIFUL TEXT.

Lines of warm sunlight streamed through the shutters to quiver and dance upon the church walls, and the air that came in at the open windows was laden with the fragrance of early summer. Beautiful Sabbath morning! Hushed the world without,—within, voices in prayer or song which should have been attuned to heart-felt praise. I casually took a book from the shelf before me and opened to a fly leaf, upon which was pencilled, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Turning it, upon the next was a name. Why did a strange thrill pass over me? I had seen it, heard it, spoken it many times before, but never did it affect me as when taken in connection with those beautiful words. I looked to my left, there was a vacant seat, listened, but missed a voice in our "songs of praise." Did she pen those words? Then the hand was cold and still—the voice silent forever in earthly songs, but adding another rich note to the praise of the "Upper Sanctuary." Freed from the tendencies of earth, its temptation, its sin, cleansed and made "pure in heart" through the atoning sacrifice of a SAVIOUR, had she "seen God?"

Pardon me if the voice of the speaker was forgotten, if the words of exhortation or warning were addressed to ears which heard not, as with closed eyes, and mind unconscious of the external world, I dwelt upon those words, and in imagination strove to penetrate the veil which divided us from the bright world into which we trust our friend has entered. Pardon me if I recalled the Past and looked backward a few years—very few they seem since we "older girls" paused in our studies to hear the little rosy-cheeked one spell long, difficult words, or repeat, "How fair is the rose." Time's footsteps stole softly, and she became a bride, fair, gentle, loving. Little ones came to claim her care and affection, and she met and fulfilled life's duties cheerfully.

But a morning came full soon, when the light seemed suddenly darkened. That too a Sabbath morning, with its clear blue sky and warm sunlight, when spring time robed the green, glad earth, and birds just begun their songs in the tree-boughs. On such a morning they told me, "H— is dying." Had the lightning flashed across the sky, or the stunning thunder-peal echoed from it, it could have surprised me no more. So suddenly do life's realities and sorrows break upon us.

Through the long day friends watched beside her, thinking each suspended breath the last. And, in that prostrate one, the stony fixedness of the blue eye, the white, agonized face, we failed to recognize one familiar look, and yet it was her, all unconscious of earthly love, that would have given worlds had it power to stay the fleeting spirit; all unconscious of the cry of little ones to be left motherless. Ah, methought how kind, how merciful is our Heavenly Father to spare her the trial of parting with these loved ones. Yet "God's grace is sufficient" and might have enabled her, cheerfully to leave them in his hands.

But the deep moaning was past, the eyelids gently closed, the white hands folded o'er the breast of the beautiful sleeper, for when the agony of death was over the lips assumed their sweet smile, and the fair cold clay seemed to reflect the light of spiritual beauty. Not pale, white buds, but bright-hued ones rested lovingly 'mid her dark hair, and were clasped by her waxen fingers, and, looking upon her, we could not but think that to rest thus was indeed bless-

ed. "Asleep in JESUS, O how sweet," and, professing her faith in that SAVIOUR, was she not now with him? Away in the quiet churchyard we laid her, and hands of love have planted flowers upon her early grave. The world moves on as though no shadows came so oft, as though no open graves were waiting to receive our treasures, or none had closed over them, as though no flowers of love and affection were blooming upon the "graves within our heart," but memory tends those buds and oft waters them with her tears, and when the past is recalled, the life, the virtues, the worth and early death of our friend are not forgotten.

Where or what was the morning sermon? The text I heard was those beautiful words, "Blessed are the pure in heart." The voice to which I listened seemed to have caught its mellow accents from the harmony of Heaven, and wooed me to listen to the pleadings of love which are ever urging earth's children to set their affections upon things above. No human voice could have reached me thus, or have led me so really and earnestly to meditate upon the change which awaits those who, having cast off the "mortal" assume immortality, and are admitted to the blissful presence of our GOD and SAVIOUR. BELL CLINTON.
Chemango Co., N. Y.

AN INCIDENT OF MARRIED LIFE.

A WILD young fellow married a lovely girl, and having long been addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from his snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition every reason to expect she did not hold that place in his affections which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits.

It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must of necessity be of several days duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was exposed unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected, too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in an agony of grief and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish—alarming the servants—flying to her father, and renouncing him forever.

As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart he entered his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over the table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of joy and peace; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips, in low music that only flows from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts.

"Your letter is lying by me. The very, very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now I could punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest CHARLES, how could I look you in the face after your return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity, at the expense of honesty, delicacy and confidence. No. The letter is unopened; and lest you should feel uneasy, I inclose it to you with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience-stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure, and as CHARLES met the light of her clear, unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He henceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure being whose influence had lured him to the path of right, had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love.

THE EXPRESSION OF DRESS.—Women are more like flowers than we think. In their dress and adornment they express their nature, as the flowers do in their petals and colors. Some women are like the modest daisies and violets, they never look or feel better than when dressed in a morning wrapper. Others are not themselves unless they can flame out in gorgeous dyes, like the tulip or bush rose. Who has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several double marigolds and poppies. There are women fit only for velvets, like the dahlias; others are graceful and airy, like the azaleas. Now and then you see hollyhocks and sunflowers. When women are free to dress as they like, uncontrolled by others, and not limited by their circumstances, they do not fail to express their true characters, and dress becomes a form of expression very genuine and useful.—Meredith.

If unfortunately you find yourself riding the devil of anger, you had better ride the brute half dead, till he fall down, that you may not have to mount him again for a quarter of a year.

A STRONG but sinful spirit rises upward, not like the lark to make music, but like the falcon to dart down on his prey.

Choice Miscellany.

LOVE

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale wait,
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near;
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling: and yet my one lover
I've conned thee an answer, I waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and thro' the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the day dark or bright.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY A LITTLE.

AH, my friend, I don't like to hear you say,
"It's only a little I can do." It sounds as if, because you can't do some great things which you would like to do, you are discouraged from doing anything. Somebody hears you say it and goes away murmuring, "It is less that I can do, there is no use of my trying," when, if you both had done the little which lay before you, the two little rills would have made a part of a broad stream of good that might have been done. It is "only a little," but you can smile if you only meet a stranger in the street. Who knows what a cloud of darkness, of despondency, one smile may dispel. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street? It dries his tears, the aching heart grows light and glad again. For the word of cheer, that boy is your friend now. Never mind if his jacket is torn, a true heart beats under it. The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your own heart as the summer dew falls upon the vineyards. Night after night through all the long summer they fall and the morning sunshine drives them through the green covering into the young fruit, till from a strange mixture of sunshine and dew we have those purple clusters of rich, luscious juices. So into your own heart will all your little good deeds and good words fall at last, and you will feel the soul growing grander within you,—you will look farther beyond, to the nobleness of life, you will feel that it is a blessed privilege to live, not merely to exist, but to act out the noble manhood which God has given you. The cares and troubles of life will sink to nothing when we compare them with the life we are to live, that life the image of GOD wherein we are created.

It may be "only a little" we can do, but if we do every little, every time that we can, we shall feel our souls reaching outward and upward, grasping towards the infinite, the eternal, and our grasp will not be in vain, for the peace that passeth understanding will come to our hearts, and in such cycle of our being we shall put on a new soul-growth, and find ourselves reaching nearer to the beautiful gardens of the heavenly land. In a little while we shall reach its balmy shores, we shall clasp the hands that are waiting for us, and we shall hear it said, "Ye have done what ye could." L. J. W.

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 not stand shivering on the bank thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scurrah 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 six or 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 time in consulting first cousins and particular friends, that he has no more time for over-squeamishness at present, and the opportunity slips away. The very period of life which men choose 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."

We should read books, not to quote them, but to strengthen our intellects and to suggest thoughts of our own. We fatten our sheep with grass, not to obtain a crop of hay from his back, but that he may feed us with mutton and clothe us with wool.

GIVING JOY TO A CHILD.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the dulcet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself, at this moment, as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, while with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home. And now here, at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—Douglas Jerrold.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—WE see it announced that the degree of LL. D. was conferred on GEO. WM. CURTIS at the late commencement of the Madison University. Mr. C. is a graduate of the Brown University, and about thirty-six years of age. We do not see how he is to be either honored or benefited by this conferring; but a much better title has often been more unworthily bestowed.

—GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is said to be as handsome a man as you will meet in a day's travel—medium height, well and compactly built, large head, covered with black, curly hair, finely-cut features, and dark, piercing, intelligent eyes; and always dressed in the latest Paris fashion. He is a liberal, whole-souled fellow, as the world goes, fond of good wine and good company, operas and theatres, and high life generally.

—GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is described as "a fine-looking man, with dark hair, inclined to curl, dark, expressive eyes, a handsome face, well-rounded head generally, and set upon a well-formed trunk. It would be massive, were it not that it is in just proportion to the other parts of the body. He is about five feet nine or ten inches in height, and weighs probably one hundred and seventy pounds."

—A CORRESPONDENT who shook hands with Mr. LINCOLN on his visit to the Philadelphia Fair, last summer, gives his experience of the President's grip:—"This salutation is with him a popularity. It is not a pump-handle 'shake' nor a twist nor a spasmodic motion from side to side, nor yet a reach toward the knee and a squeeze at arm's length. When Mr. LINCOLN preforms this rite it becomes a solemnity. A ghastly smile overspreads his peculiar countenance; then, after an instant's pause he suddenly thrusts his "flapper" at you as a word is thrust in tierce; you feel your hand enveloped as in a fleshy vice, a cold clamminess over-spreads your unfortunate digits; a corkscrew burrows its way from your finger nails to your shoulder, the smile disappears, and you know you are unshackled. You carefully count your fingers to see that none of them are missing; or that they have not become assimilated in a common mass, and wonder why Mr. LINCOLN does not put that "hand" on the throat of the rebellion, instead of employing it in writing proclamations.

—THE following amusing story is related of MOZART, the famous composer:—HAYDN one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. MOZART accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, MOZART took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and much to the surprise of HAYDN, handed it to him, saying, "There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give it the first trial."

HAYDN smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when stopping all at once he exclaimed—"How is this, MOZART? How is this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, and yet there's the middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music; not even the composer himself.

MOZART smiled at the half excited indignation of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of assurance that HAYDN began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher pronounced impossible to be played. MOZART, as many are aware, was endowed with an extremely long nose, a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out a foot." Reaching the difficult passage he stretched both hands to the extreme ends of the piano, and leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" HAYDN burst into an immoderate fit of laughter; and after acknowledging the "corn," declared that nature had endowed MOZART with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

THE world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHEN?

BY LILLIE E. LEWIS.

When shall cease the restless beating
Of my sad and aching heart?
When its dirges cease repeating,
And its shadows flee apart?

When shall hopes my bosom cherish,
Bad and bloom in beauty bright?
Dreams of hope, alas! have perished,
Shrouded in the pall of night.

When shall music's fairy numbers
With its soft and holy flow
Wake again the soul that slumbers,
Soothe the deep and hidden woe?

When shall friends prove true, tho' sorrow
Casts its shadows o'er my way?
When shall hope of fancy borrow
Light to chase the gloom away?

When shall rest the lone and weary
With the cold and silent dead?
When from earth so sad and dreary
Every joy for them hath fled.

Cease my soul this vain repining—
Seek enduring joys above;
All thy cares to Him resigning
Who hath saved thee by His Love.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

AND there is a third and final home, to which the heart with its Divine Resident, and the church with its redeemed brotherhood, steadily points as the result and development of them both. That home is heaven. But who shall paint its landscapes, describe its glories, picture its inhabitants, or point out its locality? Prophets, poets, and evangelists, have done much; but not enough to satisfy the cravings of curiosity. Like the holy of holies, into which none but the high priest entered, it is mostly veiled from the eyes of others; and "He who came down from heaven" has undoubtedly from wise and kind reasons, said but comparatively little about the mansions of the Father's house. Yet metaphor, similitude, figure, with an occasional glance at a small opening, have excited expectation, and kindled the highest hopes. The language of the heart is eloquent on the subject. The future and final home of redeemed men! It must be worthy of Him who is bringing many sons to glory! And what are all the cares, tears and anxieties, griefs, groans, and bereavements in presence of that short word "glory?" An apostle, the same man who was caught up into Paradise, says—and in the very section, too, in which he speaks of the groanings of creation, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us." He also writes thus:—"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." The heart set on that country may well bear up under the toils of this. There is rest at the end of the journey, and whilst all its associations are not fully understood here, yet its essential character is known. It is essentially peace in CHRIST.

VALUE OF PRAYER.—The following good illustration is told of Dr. NETTLETON's sense of the absolute need of prayer, as a preparation for the Divine blessing on his labors:

The celebrated, but somewhat eccentric Dr. NETTLETON, when the minister was a young man, came to a town in New England where he resided. He had been invited to preach there. He found the church almost prayerless, and was on the point of leaving, when one of the members said to him, "My wife has been praying almost constantly since you came here for a blessing upon your labors." "Then," said Dr. N., "I'll stay." He did stay, and a blessed revival was the result. Let prayerless hearers take heed how they hear. The more prayer there is, the less fault-finding there is, the less fault-finding there will be.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.—Tears, desires, convictions avail but little—you must be "gathered to Christ, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings." There is safety only there; and all that you can do outside that wing will never give you rest, peace and joy—the things that your soul longs for. Until you come to that, it all goes for nothing, soon to rise up in judgement against you. And if you say, "But I cannot do that; it requires a Divine power," those who speak in that way are but too often merely playing with the thing. We need not go into these babblements about doctrine—about the power of the will, and so on, CHRIST still says, "I will have gathered you, but you would not;" and the same heart that melted over Jerusalem will say, "Depart from me."

CRITICISING PREACHING.—I never suffered myself to criticise it, but acted upon the uniform principle of endeavoring to obtain from what I heard all the edification it afforded. This is a principle I would warmly recommend to my young friends in the present day; for nothing can be more mischievous than for learners to turn teachers, and young hearers, critics. I am persuaded it is often the means of drying up the waters of life in the soul; and sure I am that an exact method of weighing words and balancing doctrines which we hear, is a miserable exchange for tenderness of spirit and the dew of heaven.—J. J. Gurney.

The Traveler.

HAVE TRAVELERS ANY RIGHTS?

HAVE Travelers any Rights which Railroad, Express and Baggage Companies are bound to Respect? We ask this question in all seriousness, and in behalf of the thousands who are directly interested in the matter. It strikes us, very forcibly, that travelers have some rights which should be respected and protected, rather than outrageously ignored, as is too often the case, by the agents and employees of those companies which are well paid for the services they should render—which services ought to include, as they imply, decent treatment of persons and property, and, extraordinary exceptions, a fulfillment of every contract. But almost every man who has "traveled with his trunk" during the past year, can "a tale unfold" concerning his treatment by Railroad and Baggage Express Companies that would be likely to deter the hearer from trusting the agents with his baggage, out of reach or sight. We speak feelingly on this subject, because we have not only heard the complaints of others, but know whereof we affirm from observation and bitter experience.

But what, you ask, are the rights of travelers which are violated? My innocent friend, take your trunk and let us go on a voyage of discovery. Start from any point, on almost any railroad, for New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or elsewhere. Place your "baggage" in charge of the hotel or railroad porter or baggageman, and get a "check" for your destination. If you are nervous, don't stand where you can see your trunk handled, for, however strong, very likely it may be smashed in being placed in the baggage-car—certainly, if the Hercules porter can knock or throw it hard enough—and it isn't a pleasant thing to see your iron-bound Monitor "stove to flinters," while your "things," or those of your "better half" or the "childer" are promiscuously scattered about, perhaps in dirt, mud and rain. But if you are a "looker on" you will make discovery No. 1—viz., that railroad baggagemen evidently have a grudge against every traveler's "plunder," and seem bound to annihilate the same on the shortest possible notice. And should you modestly protest against the destruction of your goods and chattels, it is more than probable that the party addressed will violate the third commandment, and moreover direct you to go to an uncomfortably warm place!

But you have other discoveries to make, and scenes of vexation and tribulation to pass through before the close of your journey, unless you are more fortunate than most people. As you near the city—New York, for example—an agent of some Baggage Express Co. will kindly offer to transfer your baggage to any hotel or railroad depot you desire, and positively promise it shall arrive "on time." You confidently hand him your check, pay the fee, and innocently suppose you are relieved of trouble and anxiety. Vain mortal!—for if your experience prove that of many others, you have made an investment the dividends whereof will be hours and days of vexation, delay and expense. If you go to a hotel, and do not require an early change of linen, perhaps the baggage may be there when needed—say in three to ten hours—but if you are to go by another railroad at a certain hour, it's more than likely (whatever the promise made you) that you must either remain or part company with your trunk.

For instance, it is not many moons since we were traveling on the Hudson River R. R.—bound for New Haven via New York. The train arrived at Thirtieth St., New York, at 6 A. M., and we were to take the 8 A. M. train for New Haven. Before leaving the cars we gave our check to the agent of *Wescott's Express*, having a positive promise that our trunk should be delivered at the N. H. Depot in time for the train. The distance between the depots was but short, yet two hours did not suffice the insatiable filcher of our money and time—for, after waiting until the last moment, we were obliged to leave what was necessary to our comfort and convenience while journeying. And on returning to New York we were detained nearly two days, and had no little vexation, in order to straighten the matter. We had directed the trunk to be forwarded to New Haven by Express, but it required the time stated to ascertain the facts in the case. But the most frigid part of the transaction was the refusal of a clerk or agent of the first aforesaid Express—principal office corner of Tenth st. and Broadway—to give us the names of the proprietors of the punctual concern. Our previous experience had convinced us that the W. Express was decidedly slow and unreliable, and the refusal only confirmed the opinion—though it furthermore induced the ventilation of the matter contained in this paragraph.

We trust the W. E. is not a fair sample of the City Baggage Expresses. Indeed, we are assured that it is not, but that many companies are reliable and trustworthy.

— But travelers have other rights which should be respected. Among these is, that Railroad Companies should, unless unforeseen accidents occur, run their trains on and up to time, so that passengers may reach their several destinations in time to meet business and other engagements. Yet many of the roads are so miserably managed of late, that failures to connect, or arrive, are the rule instead of the exception, and the traveling public suffer immensely in consequence. It is about time that the rights of the traveling public were respected by Railroad, Express Baggage and other transportation companies, and we sincerely trust that the coming Legislatures will provide against the abuses and nuisances to which the People are now subjected.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THINGS AT THE SOUTH.

It is a long time since I sat down in my own home among the hills of old Steuben, to pen an article for the RURAL, but perhaps its readers have not all forgotten me; and some, it may be, would like to have a chat with me to-day. But I can not talk with them, now, of the subjects we used to discuss in days gone by. And were I to call up the old themes they would not stop to read, for we are living in other times, and other events have mingled with our daily lives. Nor have I taken up my pen to tell of the magnificence of the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, much as I have admired their picturesque beauty; nor of the lovely landscapes along the peaceful Ohio, nor the romantic scenery of the Cumberland, nor yet of the days and nights passed on the Mississippi, mighty and muddy, monarch of rivers. Other travelers have written of all these things, and will again, and I leave to them their story, while I gossip of times and scenes in this sunny, southern land that nature meant for a terrestrial paradise, but which slavery has cursed and war wasted, until its beauty is blighted and its glory changed to desolation.

At home a feeling of gloom and sadness pervades all classes of society, because kindred, neighbors and friends are in the army exposed to danger and death, or sleeping in the graves filled from its thinning ranks, and every mail may bring tidings of death or disaster having come to some "dear boy" who has gone "at his country's call;" but Oh, how little we know of the miseries of war, in the free and peaceful North, where all the arts of peace flourish undisturbed, and the tramp of opposing armies is never heard. We of the North must come South to this land of blood and tears, if we would realize what sorrow and suffering, misery, destitution and crime follow in its fiery track. These times may be hard, taxes oppressive, and once happy homes be filled with mourning; but here, all business, save that connected with the horrid work of war, is suspended, miles and miles of rich farming lands uncultivated, thousands of families homeless and homeless, and want, vagrancy and crime lift their squalid fronts in every street of the city, and along every lane and highway of the country.

A few days ago I visited the State House of Tennessee and mounted to the top of its lofty dome, to look over Nashville and the country around it. The Capitol stands on an eminence overlooking the city, its cupola is two hundred and twenty-five feet above the surface of the earth, and the view from the summit bounded only by the limits of human vision. You have doubtless read descriptions of that magnificent structure of marble and iron, and seen engravings of it as it looked in times of peace. War has added its touches to the picture by fortifying the place, and sentries now guard its approaches, and cannon frown grimly around its base.

I will not stop to tell of the stateliness of its sculptured columns, or the artistic beauty of its graceful staturary; or of the many interesting relics of other times, and curiosities of nature and art gathered in its library; but ask you to come with me, in imagination, up the two hundred and fifty marble steps leading to its summit, and then if the muscles of your imaginations are not too weary, we will climb the spiral iron stairway leading to the top of the cupola, to be rewarded for the toil by a view of one of the most extended and beautiful landscapes I ever saw, or ever shall see again.

The city of Nashville, with all its artificial beauties, is in full view, and all the meanness, poverty and filth to be seen in its streets, hidden by the rich masses of shade, that everywhere abound; the Cumberland river, with all the wild wealth of scenery along its banks; a range of blue hills far away to the south, and many miles of landscape unrivaled in natural loveliness, but over which the spirit of desolation seems to brood, telling of the fiery baptism wherewith our God has visited this devoted land. No signs of cultivation are anywhere visible, but instead, trampled fields, wasted gardens and ruined fences; a circle of camps stretching nearly around the city, and long lines of army wagons drawn by patient mules or impatient horses with spirits above their stations, fretting and chafing their strength away as if they were human; droves of Government horses, and files of infantry and cavalry moving along the dusty roads. Mingled beauty and barrenness combine to form a picture that is at once delightful and desolate beyond description.

In the city, too, all things bear the impress of war. Nearly every large building suitable for such purposes, is used as a hospital or for barracks; groups of soldiers crowd the corners of the streets, and armed regiments, the moving words of that "fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel," tread its thoroughfares. In times of peace, Nashville was celebrated for her institutions of learning; now her colleges and seminaries are hospitals; and the halls, sacred to science and the arts, are crowded with wasted and mutilated forms crippled with wounds, and languishing with every form of disease; among whom Death stalks daily and chooses who shall be borne away to that silent "City of the Dead," where already nearly ten thousand soldiers sleep, never again to be wakened by reveilles, or startled by the bugle that sounds the signal of battle. Yet this is only one of the many places where our country's brave defenders have been laid to rest, where the last battle is over, and the victory won over the last great enemy of man.

Not many days since, I visited one of the wards of a large general hospital, in which a number of badly wounded rebel prisoners were quartered, and laying my hand on the forehead

of one who was suffering from seven fearful wounds, one arm shattered, the other amputated, and five bullet holes beside, I said to him, "Do you remember that there is a better country, where there are no wars, and where sorrow and suffering can not come?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "and the longer this war lasts the more it makes us think of that good country."

Poor man! I would like to know his history, and whether he was a willing or compulsory soldier of the Confederacy; but when I saw him he was too weak to tell his story, and before this, his waning life has doubtless ebbed quite away. To several others I said, "How are you getting along, my friends?" They replied that their wounds were healing, and thanked me for coming to see them and calling them friends. "I call you friends, and we treat you as such," said I, "as long as you are helpless and suffering; and when you are well, you are exchanged and can go back into the ranks of the rebel army and fight us again if you will." They said they had not expected to be treated with as much kindness as they had received, and when I asked if they had deserved it, acknowledged that they had not, but said they would never bear arms against the Federal Government again.

The prisoners I have seen are a more intelligent class of men than I expected to find. All acknowledge that the North is stronger, that the South is already beaten, and long for peace. And well they may. Now and then we meet Union soldiers from some rebel State, and they are full of the war spirit still; for they know that they can never return to their homes until the power of the rebellion is utterly destroyed. A few weeks since I met a soldier at a western railway station, who, hearing me ask for checks to Louisville, asked if that city was my home. I told him my home was in New York; "and mine," said he, "was in Louisiana before the war, and now it is with my regiment."

"How is it," I asked, "that you wear Uncle Sam's livery? If you are a Louisianian, I should think you would be a 'Grayback.'"

"Why I ran away when the war first began, went North, and enlisted into a Northern regiment, and have fought three years for the Union, and will fight three more if I live and the war lasts so long."

If there were only enough such patriots in the South to force her back to her allegiance in spite of DAVIS and his Cabinet, how soon might she have the peace for which she prays. But unfortunately such patriotism is as rare as it is noble.

It is surprising how cheerful our men are under suffering, how grateful for kindness, and how careful of the feelings of those at home. When dictating letters to their friends at home, most of them will say, "Write cheerfully, and don't say anything to alarm them." One poor fellow who knew that he must die, said to me, "I wish you would write to my father and mother that I am sick; but don't tell them how sick, for my mother could not sleep if she knew; and please cut a lock of my hair and keep it until I am gone, and then send it to mother."

Many of them, on becoming very ill, destroy the address of their wives or other near relatives, that no one may be able to alarm them with news of their situation, seeming, in their care for the feelings of their friends, to forget that suspense is often as painful as the saddest certainty.

But I must close this gossiping letter, for duty demands my time, and if you and your readers desire it I may resume my pen another day.

ELIZABETH BOUTON.
U. S. Christian Commission, Nashville, Tenn.

War Literature.

"Not Afraid of the Draft."

I WAS walking slowly across the common a few days since, reading Thornton Grey's last letter from England, when a mutual acquaintance against whom I had nearly stumbled, stopped me with the exclamation and inquiries, "Pardon me, Miss North. I could not help seeing that the letter you were so intently perusing had a foreign post-mark. Is your—Mr. Gray well? And what does he say to the requisition for more men? Or doesn't he know of it yet?"

"He knows it, Mr. Marks: his mother wrote him as soon as it was published, hoping that the knowledge of the coming draft would arrest his intention of returning now, and keep him in Europe till the present crisis was past."

"And what does he say, Miss North?" again queried my interrogator, who was a distant cousin of the absent Thornton Grey.

For reply, I showed him the postscript to the letter I had just finished reading—"Tell my mother that I am not afraid of the draft; and I hope to be with her almost as soon as my message."

"Not afraid of the draft, eh?" said William Marks. "Well, that's because he has the luck to be rich. He could buy a dozen substitutes more easily than I could find myself in cigars. Money is the magician everywhere, it would seem." And with a bitter tone at variance with his usual studied courtesy, the speaker made his parting salutation, and left me to my blushing indignation and my love.

How I despised his insinuations! They were all as false, I was sure, as himself. The wealth of Cæsus, I knew, could not have bought for him such loving devotion as I cherished for his cousin Thornton. And I did not believe he understood the latter any better than he did me. The fact would be quickly tested, however, for the steamer in which Thornton Grey had taken passage would be in to-morrow.

It was Saturday morning, and I sat beside

Mrs. Grey at the late breakfast which her son's arrival had summoned me to share.

"I can forgive you, mother, for wishing to keep me out of danger," he said kindly; "but I could neither forgive nor respect myself, had I listened to your caution and absented myself longer at such a time. The business which took me abroad is successfully completed. My health is sound; my circumstances are easy; and my heart (at least all of it which you and Ellen have left me) is with my country in her struggle for national life and liberty."

"And all this means that you will go to the war, if drafted," was the tearful reply.

"I shall not be drafted, mother," he answered quietly; and the full resolute glance of his clear blue eyes, as they rested for a moment on his mother and myself, left neither of us in doubt of his intentions.

Before noon that day handbills were posted through the town calling a meeting of its citizens at Liberty Hall in the evening. The object of the call was stated to be "to hear a few words on the subject of the coming draft from their friend and fellow-townsmen, Thornton Grey." Various were the speculations among the multitude who read the notice. "This is Widow Grey's son—been traveling in Europe nearly two years—rich and independent. What does he care about the draft?" "May be he's got a big contract with government, and don't want the concern to smash, just now." "It's more likely he means to show the rest of us that it's our duty to volunteer, so as to keep off a draft here. For the 'lot' might pick him off as well as a poorer man, you know." "That can hardly be; for he says, I understand, that he isn't afraid of the draft." "I suppose that means either that he feels sure of being so lucky as to escape it, or else is easy in the knowledge that he is abundantly able to provide a substitute."

"You misjudge Thornton Grey: if he hopes to persuade us to volunteer, it is from no such selfish motive as some of you seem to think." "It can't be nothing else than selfishness when a rich fellow like him says to the poor, 'enlist, enlist,' and then buys himself off, as such a one is sure to. If a man wants me to volunteer he's got to say 'Come' instead of 'Go.'" And so the talk and comments flew from lip to lip as the afternoon sped away.

Liberty Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity that night; and from my seat in the gallery, reserved for ladies, I looked and listened. "I shall give you no oratorical harangue," the speaker said; "but will lay before you a brief statement of facts, to be followed by a plain, practical proposal." The facts were soon given. All were made to see clearly their country's wrongs, her danger, and her need—the need especially of the brave hearts and strong arms of her sons. Then followed the proposal that all who were not absolutely incapacitated should join the speaker in a voluntary offer of their services in defense of Union and Liberty.

"I invite you, my friends," he said, "to no hardships which I am not willing to share: I urge upon you no duties which I am not ready to perform: I call you to no perils which I am not prepared to brave. And if any of you have families or friends whom your absence would leave without comfortable support, I here pledge the abundant means which Providence has given me to make sufficient provision for their need. This is what brought me from Europe in such haste; this is why I am not afraid of the draft. I volunteer for the war; who will come with me?"

How that manly talk of Thornton Grey's banished doubts, silenced sneers, and stimulated patriotism, is not for me to say. Nor shall I detail the hasty ceremony which gave me the dear privilege of becoming a soldier's wife, perhaps a hero's widow.

Lincoln at Grant's Headquarters.

"ABOUT one o'clock, a long, gaunt bony man, with a queer admixture of the comical and doleful in his countenance, that reminded one of a professional undertaker cracking a dry joke, undertook to reach the General's tent by scrambling through a hedgerow and coming in the backway alone. He was stopped by one of the hostlers, and told to 'keep out of here.' The individual in black replied that he thought General Grant would allow him inside, and strode ahead. 'You'll damned soon find out,' was yelled in reply. On reaching the guard, he was stopped with, 'No Sanitary folks allowed inside.' After some parleying, the intruder was compelled to give his name, and announced himself to be Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, desiring an interview with General Grant. The guard saluted and allowed him to pass."

Shoulder Straps and the Sentry.

HERE is a little war story from the Far West: A Lieutenant of the Tenth United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The Lieutenant was promeneading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The Lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, Ass, and give the countersign!"

Gen. Sherman and the Christian Commissions.

A MEMORANDUM written by General Sherman upon the back of an application from the Christian Commission, for leave to pass its delegates within his lines, reads as follows:

Certainly not; crackers and oats are more necessary for the army than any moral or religious agency; and every regiment has its chaplain.

Reading for the Young.

PUSHING ON.

WHEN I was a boy about your age,
My rosy-cheeked John! rosy-cheeked John!
I took as my motto from some old page,
"Pushing on."

I wrote it all over my books and slate,
All over them, John! over them, John!
And thought of it ever both early and late,
"Pushing on."

At work or at play, at home or at school,
Think of it, John! think of it, John!
At books or at playthings, 'twas ever the rule—
"Pushing on."

I pushed out of boy, and I pushed into man,
That I did, John! that I did, John!
I pushed out of "can't" and I pushed into "can"—
"Pushing on."

Whenever an obstacle in my path lay,
And many did, John! many did, John!
I pushed and I pushed 'till I pushed it away,
"Pushing on."

I pushed through the world with an honest heart,
Honest, John! honest, John!
Than many a man with a fairer start;
"Pushing on."

And now I've a good wife, children well taught,
Very well, John! very well, John!
A snug little fortune, all honestly got;
"Pushing on."

I've pushed a large place in the hearts of the poor,
That is good, John! very good, John!
For I never pushed any away from my door;
"Pushing on."

I'm now an old man, my head white as snow,
And mother's too, John! mother's too, John!
And down the bright valley together we go,
"Pushing on."

I am still pushing on for a happier land,
Trustingly, John! trustingly, John!
Trustingly holding my Father's hand—
"Pushing on."

A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS.

"HOLLOA, young fellow!" said the cock to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let us have it," said Shag; "I am in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the cock, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard, and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.
The cock was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes—I have also to remark—"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls, but the truth is, that fowls were made for farm-yards; get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

TRIFLES! TRIFLES! TRIFLES!

"DON'T," said the pony to the flies, and he shook his head and lashed his tail about, and away they all flew.

"Don't, I say," he cried again, moving to another place, where he hoped he should lose them. And so he did for a minute or two, but no longer. There they were in his eyes, on his nose, at his ears, and all over him.

If he could have eaten them all he would, or kicked them into the country he would; but there was no doing anything with them. As he moved, they moved, and every time he attempted to graze, they settled themselves on him, or buzzed in a cloud round his head as regularly as if they had come by invitation.

"Oh, dear," he sighed at last, "what is to be done? I can bear my master's whip and spur; I can stand being half worked to death over the country, and with the heavy cart—those are evils I make up my mind to; and, if that yelping cur comes behind me, I can give him a reception that sends him flying; but as to these torments, contemptible as they are—I verily believe they'll be the death of me!"

Ah! so is it in human as in pony life. Great trials can often be bravely borne, when petty annoyances, by their number and pertinacity, vex and wear the soul.

AFRICAN PROVERBS.

HE who disappoints another is not worthy to be trusted.

A pig which has wallowed in his own mire seeks a clean person to rub against.

When you are warned, warn yourself.

Peace is the father of friendship.

He who strives to shake the trunk of a tree, only shakes himself.

It is easy to cut a dead elephant to pieces, but no one dares attack a live one.

A matter dealt with gently, prospers; but a matter dealt with violently, brings vexation to the author.

The time may be very long, but a lie will be discovered at last.

The dust of a buffalo is lost in the dust of an elephant.

He who claps hands for a fool to dance is no better than the fool himself.

All men are related to one another.

He who cannot take up an ant, yet tries to take up an elephant, will find out his folly.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 22, 1864.

Movements in the West and South-West.

MISSOURI.—The St. Louis Democrat's Jefferson City correspondent of Oct. 10, says that the rebel demonstration on that place on the 7th was merely to occupy our forces while the enemy's main body crossed the Osage river. After feeling our fortifications and finding them strong, they passed westward during the night, some 20,000 strong, with sixteen to twenty-five cannon and a long train of wagons.

Gen. Pleasanton arrived on the morning of the 8th and assumed command, and in the afternoon followed the rebels with about 8,000 cavalry. At night, reports reached Jefferson City that we had engaged Price's rear while General Curtis, coming from Kansas, was fighting their front.

A telegraphic dispatch to the Democrat of the same date as above, from Jefferson City, says a courier just arrived from California, twenty-five miles west, brings information that our cavalry were skirmishing nearly all day yesterday. In the afternoon the rebels entered California, and burned a railroad depot and a train of cars.

Gen. Price has issued a proclamation, stating that he had come into the State intending to remain. He desired to make friends, not enemies; that the depredations he had committed were a military necessity.

About 4 o'clock our forces placed a battery outside of California, and drove the rebels out. We killed, wounded and captured over 400. Our loss was only a few wounded.

The rebels have torn up about a mile of the railroad track on the east side of California, and it was also torn up in several places on this side. The bridge and water tank at Scott's, eight miles west of Jefferson City, has been burned by the rebels; also, the railroad depot at Look-out, two miles beyond.

Later intelligence is to the effect that Price's army went from California to Booneville, and that Shelby sent 2,000 cavalry across the Missouri at that point. Reports are extensively circulated that General Magruder, with 5,000 infantry, had entered Southeast Missouri and occupied Frederickstown.

Business is suspended at St. Joseph, the citizens having been called to arms by Gen. Fish in anticipation of a visit from Price.

A dispatch from St. Louis of Oct. 16, says that 200 rebels with two pieces of artillery, under Jeff. Thompson, attacked Sedalia at 2 o'clock yesterday, and drove the militia out of the place. A few of the militia in the fort resisted the attack, but finally surrendered and were paroled or shot. The citizens were released without paroles.

The rebels left during the night, and a Federal infantry force arrived there this morning.

The rebels robbed the stores of several thousand dollars' worth of property, and burned the railroad station. The rolling stock was all sent to Tipton.

Price is reported moving on Lexington. Bill Anderson has cut the Northern Missouri railroad at High Hill. He is also reported to have visited Florence. He says his orders are to "raise hell in Northern Missouri."

A St. Louis dispatch of Oct. 17, says it is believed that if our mounted force moves rapidly the train of Gen. Price will be captured. His forces are divided, either part of which can be easily defeated if overtaken.

Gen. Saaborn's cavalry is in hot pursuit of Jeff. Thompson.

The cavalry expedition to Port Gibson captured N. T. Elliott, formerly U. S. Senator.

KENTUCKY.—Advices from Lexington of Oct. 11, say that the rebel Capt. Peter Essett's band captured and burned a train of cars from Covington, about eight miles from that place, on the 10th, and robbed the passengers.

The rebel General Bufort, with 1,200 mounted men, crossed the Cumberland river at Harpeth Shoals on the 11th.

Forty-five guerrillas, according to news from Louisville of Oct. 15, burned the jail in Irvin, Estelle county, on Thursday night, and released the prisoners. The same evening they plundered the stores in Brandenburg. Last night (the 14th) they fired on the Bardstown train. The guard returned the fire with effect.

There are indications that the rebels are going to attack Columbus, and re-enforcements are being sent there.

A large rebel force is at Mayfield, threatening Paducah.

TENNESSEE.—A Nashville dispatch of the 12th inst., states that Col. Hodge, of Gen. Washburn's command, with 1,200 infantry and a battery of four guns, on board of three transports, conveyed by two gunboats, met the enemy at three o'clock on the afternoon of the 10th, at East Point. The rebel force was under the command of Forrest. The Federals were repulsed, and returned to Johnsonville. Our loss was twenty killed and twenty-six wounded.

The steamer J. C. Irwin blew up in the Cumberland river on the 15th inst. Seven of her crew were killed.

Admiral Porter has sent for some of his best officers to join him in his new command.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—The Times' Washington special of Oct. 12, says that General Sherman's official report of the campaign at Atlanta is published. It fills twenty columns of the Army and Navy Gazette. He estimates the enemy to have been between 45,000 and 50,000 infantry, and 10,000 cavalry. He maintained about the same strength during the campaign, the number of men joining from hospitals, &c., about compensating for losses in battle, &c. He pays a frank and cordial tribute

to his corps commanders for the accomplishment of all his desires.

The Richmond Whig expects much from Gen. Hood's last movement, and describes Sherman's position as that of Burgoyne in the Revolution. Sherman's effective force at Atlanta is counted at not over 50,000.

The Savannah Republican charges Gen. Hood's army with licentiousness and fraud. The army is demoralized—it is more feared by the inhabitants than by the Yankees.

Chattanooga advices of the 15th inst., say we have nothing definite of Sherman's whereabouts. He is known to be energetically at work to keep open the route to Atlanta, no matter what rebel column intervenes.

Another dispatch from Chattanooga dated the 15th—9.15 P. M.—says our forces to-day re-occupied Ringgold and the blockade house three miles in advance and found the railroad and the bridges safe.

It is generally believed that Dalton, with the 46th colored regiment, surrendered to Hood yesterday, but nothing official is received.

There was abundance of supplies at Atlanta. In anticipation of such movements by the rebels as might impede free communication, six months' supplies had been provided. Our officers say that Hood is making a movement that will certainly prove disastrous.

The Cincinnati Commercial of the 17th, has a special dispatch from Nashville, which says communication is again open with Sherman. He was at Tilton, nine miles from Dalton, on Saturday, the 15th. Hood left Dalton Saturday afternoon, moving in the direction of Bridgeport. Sheridan has commenced moving in the same direction, and is close on Hood's rear. Hood had nearly his whole army with him.

The Army in Virginia.

The New York Herald's correspondent with General Sheridan, Oct. 9th, in giving details of the late fight near Fisher's Hill, says that Sheridan, having driven Early out of the valley, destroyed the grain, &c., and rendered the surrounding country untenable for a rebel force, determined to return and take up a position near his base of supplies. When he was at Harrisonburg his subsistence had to be hauled in wagons almost 100 miles. On retiring he was not followed by any considerable number of rebels until on the 8th, when a large force of cavalry, under Mosser, made their appearance and attacked our cavalry. They were handsomely repulsed, and our forces then bivouacked for the night. Early the next morning, General Sheridan, having halted the principal portion of his command in the vicinity of Fisher's Hill, instructed General Torbett to attack the enemy and drive him away from such close proximity to our rear. Torbett went to work immediately and carried out the order accordingly. Custar's and Merritt's divisions made a vigorous assault on the enemy at an early hour this A. M. On the right, Merritt's division occupied a position near Tom's creek, on the Winchester turnpike, about midway between Strasburg and Woodstock, and on the left Custar's division occupied a position near the same stream, on a back road, about two miles closer to the mountains.

Custar advanced first with his cavalry and artillery, made a bold attack, and drove the enemy back about a mile, to a strong position on the brook and there the enemy made a determined stand. The rebels were advantageously posted on a commanding hill; barricades and breastworks of rails and stones contributed to strengthen a position, naturally formidable. General Custar, however, threw in his whole command, made three magnificent charges, and at last carried the position by assault. At the same time a junction was formed with Gen. Merritt on the turnpike. Sharp skirmishing in the front did not seem to indicate anything decisive until Devin's brigade succeeded in striking the enemy on the flank. This produced consternation in the rebel ranks in Merritt's front. The whole division line then pushed forward and followed the enemy, who was now in full retreat, which was soon turned into a perfect rout. Custar and Merritt pursued the flying fugitives, capturing guns, caissons, wagons, a herd of cattle, and several hundred prisoners. Also captured several munition wagons, and those containing the baggage belonging to the rebel Gens. Wickham and Tornay's headquarters. Some of the cannon were new three-inch rifle guns, just from the foundry at Richmond. Prisoners say this was the first occasion on which those guns had been used in the rebel service.

The enemy were driven in great disorder through Edinburg and Woodstock, a distance of twenty six miles. The rebel Gen. Lummax had a very narrow escape from capture.

The World's correspondent with Sheridan, says of the last victory, that it was most complete and decisive.

Among the guns captured was the famous "Baltimore Battery," with its gunners. The prisoners captured were mostly of the best class in the rebel army. Some of them were brave men, who cursed their comrades for cowardice.

A singular circumstance occurred in the pursuit. One of our cavalymen, galloping up, alongside two rebel officers, one ordinarily, and one well dressed, called on the latter to surrender. He proved to be the Captain of the Battery. His companion was Gen. Lummax.

The Herald's correspondent from the Army of the Potomac says an important reconnaissance was made last Thursday, the 12th.

Two divisions of the 10th corps proceeded to the right of our right wing, and after advancing some distance they drove in the rebel pickets and continued on to the Central or Darbytown road, running to Richmond.

They had not gone up this road far before they were met by opposing skirmishers, and pressing on found themselves in front of a new and formidable line of works, strongly garrisoned by Pokes' and Field's divisions. This was an important discovery. These works had been built since the battle of the 29th.

They opened on our men and a severe fight ensued. Gen. Terry made an assault on the fortifications, but deeming it impossible to take them, returned to camp.

As soon as his troops commenced to withdraw, the rebels sallied out and attacked him, but were severely repulsed, their dead and wounded lying thick on the ground. After that our force returned unmolested. Our loss was about four hundred. The enemy suffered equally.

A portion of the Army of the Potomac is so near the South Side railroad as to hear trains moving.

Since the affair on the 12th, it has been quiet in the vicinity of Petersburg and Richmond.

Moseby's camp was surprised, near Piedmont, on the 14th, by the 13th N. Y. cavalry, and all his artillery and wagons captured.

Department of the Gulf.

The steamers Yazoo and Creole arrived at New York on the 16th from New Orleans; the latter bringing advices of the 9th.

Reports of General Asboth's expedition to Mariana, Florida, are confirmed. Our loss was 32, including Capt. Young, 7th Vermont, and Lieut. Ayer, 8th Maine. Gen. Asboth's left cheek bone was broken, and his left arm in two places.

The expedition sent by Gen. Dowd from Lodness, Miss., of colored cavalry and infantry, reached Fayette on the 2d, capturing 600 head of cattle, a large number of horses and mules, and several prisoners.

A cavalry expedition under Gen. Lee captured Trenton, La., on the 6th, with 30 prisoners, including Lieut. Col. Pinckney, rebel Provost Marshal General of the district, and considerable stores and ammunition. At last accounts Lee was ten miles east of Clinton, moving on.

A reconnaissance sent out from Morgauza, under Col. Guppey, 2d Wisconsin, with three regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, returned previous to the 6th, after a severe skirmish with 1,000 rebel cavalry.

A force under Col. Dye, of the 20th Iowa, occupy Semmesport and Morgan's Ferry, on the Atchafalaya. The rebels have been driven beyond Yellow Bayou.

Department of the South.

The steamer Fulton, from Port Royal, arrived at New York the 15th.

Capt. Cox, 55th Pennsylvania, escaped from Charleston prison, says that twenty deaths from yellow fever daily occur in Charleston. The Union prisoners are all sent out of the city. About 4,000 rebel troops were there.

Gen. Foster recently made a tour of inspection of our fortifications in Florida.

Col. Noble lately captured a camp of militia at Enterprise, (Fla.) and reported a rebel battalion under Maj. Clinch made prisoners at Tallahassee.

A large side-wheel blockade runner was sunk by our fleet at the entrance of Charleston harbor.

General Asboth had made an expedition into the interior of Florida, and was making considerable of a stir among the rebels, capturing cattle, horses and mules, and destroying a considerable amount of military fixtures.

Charleston papers of the 11th announce the death, by yellow fever, of Col. Harris, Chief Engineer of Beauregard's staff.

The Courier of the same date says eighty-six shots were fired at Fort Sumter and other forts from Swamp Angel and other batteries.

Gen. Beauregard reached Columbia on the 7th, and proceeded immediately to his command.

Charleston papers condemn Davis' Macon speech as unwise.

THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS.—The very latest returns of the result of the elections held on the 11th inst., we give as we receive them just as we go to press:

Ohio—Union majority of 75,000. Union gain of twelve members of Congress.

Indiana—Union majority 25,000 on Governor. Union gain of four members of Congress.

Pennsylvania—Union majority on the home vote (according to the N. Y. Tribune) 3,000, and 20,000 Union majority including the vote of the soldiers in the field. There is a Union gain of five members of Congress.

FROM ENGLAND.

ADVICES from England to the 5th inst. are received. We extract the following from English papers relative to American affairs:

The Times, editorially and in its American correspondence, continues to construe the current of affairs as favorable to Lincoln and damaging to McClellan.

It says the capture of Atlanta made Lincoln's election possible, while Sheridan's victory makes it almost certain.

In reference to the operations on Lake Erie, it says the prolonging of this contest is to be deplored, for there are signs of its extending to regions it could hardly be expected to reach. The Southern refugees in Canada have for some time been uneasy and threatening. A party of these men, by the old stratagem of embarking as passengers, have seized two American steamers on Lake Erie.

It is reported, and we hope it is only a rumor, that two armed Confederate steamers have made their appearance on the lake, to repeat on

those inland waters the exploits of the Alabama on the ocean.

We believe that neither the Federal nor the British government can by treaty keep any armed vessels on these inland seas, but means must be found of suppressing this new kind of cruisers. The lakes are under the joint jurisdiction of the two governments, and that is not liable to the doubts which apply to any one of the oceans open to all the world. We must keep the war away from the shores of Canada as vigilantly as we do from those of Great Britain.

The Daily News regards Sheridan's victory as one of the most important contests of the war, and warmly eulogizes Sheridan's generalship. It thinks matters look serious for the rebels in Virginia, as the Federals are now able to concentrate there.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

AN English court at Leeds has recently awarded one farthing to a man of fifty-five, who brought a suit for breach of promise against a lady of sixty-nine.

An auctioneer lately sold a large lot of testaments at a sale in Baltimore. On examination, the purchasers found that they were in the Choctaw language.

The iron men of Troy made a further reduction of \$10 a ton in the price of iron on Monday. This makes a total decrease of \$30 from the highest price of the article.

The offer of Gen. Lee to exchange troops captured in the fight before Richmond, is regarded as proof of his weakness. That he needs every man that he can get is undoubtedly true.

GEN. ROSECRANS has ordered that traitors and spies caught in the act of passing the Union lines to the guerrillas or to the rebel forces now invading Missouri, be shot on the spot.

The statement recently published in the papers to the effect that the Governor General of Canada had ordered all refugees to report for enrollment proves to have been a hoax, originated by a wag.

It will take till 1868 to finish the tunnel under Lake Michigan, at Chicago, to supply that city with water. The tunnel is to extend two miles under the lake, and as yet only about 400 feet are complete.

A MAN named Foley had a ball given to him in Boston, last Saturday, for the benefit of his sick family. On going home from the ball with the proceeds (\$248) in his pocket, he was robbed and murdered.

In Cuba, a huge cuttle-fish seized a child of eight years of age, with its long arms, and drew it into the water. The child's frantic parents stood by, but could not rescue their child from a horrible death.

A WOMAN in Michigan lately took hold of what she supposed to be a stove holder on the floor of her kitchen, and found it to be a large rattlesnake. She escaped being bitten, but how is a mystery.

A MOB in Columbus, Ohio, a few evenings since, broke into the inclosure where a balloon was being inflated, and completely destroyed it. The property cost about \$3,000, and could not be replaced for double that sum.

THERE are employed in the Canadian Gulf fishery 2,628 open boats and 157 vessels, manned by 6,407 fishermen and sailors, and giving employment to 2,620 shoremen. The value of fish taken in 1863 is set down at \$912,605.

THE rebels in Missouri gobble up every man they come across, and ask if he belongs to the Federal army. If he says yes, they hold him as a prisoner of war; if he says no, then they declare him conscripted under the conscription law.

KIRBY FERGUSON, of Indianapolis, has been arrested on a charge of kidnapping youths between the ages of twelve and fourteen years, running them to Cincinnati and selling them as substitutes. One boy's father shot at, but missed him.

THE steamer Asia brings the intelligence that Captain Speake, the distinguished African explorer, to whom belongs the honor of having discovered the source of the Nile, has been accidentally killed. No dates or particulars are given.

THREE of the Lake Erie pirates, officers in the rebel service, have been arrested in Sullivan county, Indiana, and taken to Indianapolis. They had receipts for making Greek fire and the chemicals for preparing it, in their possession.

IN the Circuit Court of Cincinnati a few days since, while the jury were deliberating, the prisoner (accused of receiving stolen goods,) walked off in the bustle and escaped. It was made all right, though, by the jury bringing in a verdict of not guilty.

THE Boston Journal says it is credibly informed that Gen. Sheridan was born in Boston, and in early life was a newsboy in that city. He afterward removed to Ohio, and received his appointment as Captain in the 13th Infantry from that State.

THE juries at the Toronto Assizes are making wild work among the crimps and bounty-jumpers. Four or five men accused of recruiting for the Federal army, have been found guilty, and sentenced to from two to five years hard labor in the Penitentiary.

THE Swedish journals published a statement to the effect that whooping cough can be cured by inhaling the air from the purifying apparatus in gas works. The practice of sending children to gas works to inhale the gas from newly opened purifiers has been adopted for two years past.

List of New Advertisements.

Great Chance to Make Money—G. S. Haskins & Co. (Gothic Cottage Garden and Nursery—J. E. Wilson. \$50,000 Cheap Watches and Jewelry—T. & H. Gaughan. Nursery Foreman Wanted—A. G. Hanford & Bro. For Sale—Hovey & Wheeler.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Do You Want a Good Magazine?—Ticknor & Fields. A Cure for Cancer—Drs. Babcock & Tobin.

The News Condenser.

- Gen. Stoneman is to be exchanged.
- There are 88 policemen in Chicago.
- Potatoes are very cheap in Vermont.
- They sell horses by weight in Canada.
- There are 101,900 Odd Fellows in the U. S.
- Coal is retailing at \$18 per ton in Chicago.
- The Iron-clad Dictator is nearly ready for sea.
- Erie county has filled her quota. Monroe ditto.
- Florence has been designated as the capital of Italy.
- A Richmond paper advertises a cow for sale, price \$300.
- A lunar rainbow was seen in Vermont Friday week.
- A female violinist is amusing the good people of Troy.
- Sixty thousand officers and men are now in the U. S. Navy.
- Brigham Young has taken to rowing on Salt Lake for exercise.
- The District of Columbia is in Gen. Sheridan's Department.
- The Boston Transcript is now set up by female compositors.
- A young bride has just been poisoned in Paris by the bite of a fly.
- Since the spring no fewer than three Roman Cardinals have died.
- A shocking and mysterious murder is being investigated in Brooklyn.
- A mammoth squash, weighing 151 pounds, is on exhibition at Auburn.
- A new silver mine of unusual value has just been discovered in Sweden.
- A woman recently died in London who had not been sober for 16 years.
- A New York stage driver was arrested lately for offering two cent checks.
- Five thousand dollars was the total receipts at the Pennsylvania State Fair.
- A stage company in New York was fined \$200 for breaking a man's thumb.
- Another draft for the deficiency is to take place in Washington immediately.
- Of the seven million Jews in the world, the United States has two million.
- A reporter's pew has been established at a fashionable church in London.
- A boy fourteen years old killed a man in London by kicking him on the head.
- Twenty square yards of stuff for a petticoat is now required by a Persian belle.
- Eight ministers are elected representatives in the new Legislature of Vermont.
- It is said that a bed of amber has been discovered at Livinia, Russian territory.
- Gen. Breckinridge's mother died in Baltimore on Saturday week, aged 78 years.
- The Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne is just dead. His name was John of Geissel.
- Snow, it is reported, has been falling in the Shenandoah Valley. Isn't it Early?
- Board is offered at the Columbia Female College, South Carolina, at \$2,000 a year.
- A negro who had been drafted in Kentucky drowned himself through fright.
- Great anxiety is entertained concerning the fate of several over due ocean steamers.
- A steam fire engine for the Emperor of Russia has been built by a New Hampshire firm.
- The Baltimore City Council will not permit petroleum to be stored inside the city limits.
- The blockade of the Mexican ports has been raised, and they are now open to all the world.
- Sufficient corn has been produced in Texas this year to supply the State for two years.
- One hundred and sixty-six suits for divorce are now pending before the courts in Boston.
- The family of Jarez of Mexico, arrived in New York on Monday week from New Orleans.
- A powder manufacturing company in Hazardville, Conn., have built a church for their workmen.
- The refugees and freedmen in Missouri who will need government aid this winter number 6,000.
- A young lady in Canada West recently playing with her lover shot him dead with a loaded gun.
- A Boston flour speculator is out \$50,000 in consequence of the fall in gold. Everybody pities him.
- Ten thousand muskets were shipped from the Springfield armory Monday week for Washington.
- The American Express Company was robbed on the Erie & Pittsburg railroad on Friday week of about \$15,000.
- Some riotous soldiers in Memphis recently threw an old apple woman into the river where she was soon drowned.
- Captain Speke, the African Explorer is dead—was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun in his own hands.
- The legality of the late increase of street railroad fares in New York from five to six cents is to be tested in the courts.
- Hon. Robert Pierpont, well known as an eminent jurist, recently died at his residence in Rutland, Vt., aged 73 years.
- The people of Detroit are much delighted at the safe arrival at that port of the first vessel of the direct Liverpool line.
- An Italian Prince has walked through all the sewers of Paris to indulge his curiosity. It was a pleasant excursion, no doubt.
- The coroner's jury in London have found Muller guilty of wilful murder, and he has been handed over to the criminal court for trial.
- Over 600 Canadian riflemen and 4 cannon have been sent from Montreal to Windsor, C. W., to prevent any further rebel raids on lake commerce.
- Two young ladies in Henderson, Ky., lately dressed in male attire and "went forth mounted," passing as guerrillas, scaring the town dreadfully.
- The Minnehaha, a Swampscott, Mass., fishing boat, with ten hands on board, made in a few days of last week, \$3,000 at mackerel catching.

Special Notices.

BRYANT, STRATTON & CHAPMAN'S Business College, Rochester, N. Y. It is rapidly becoming the great Commercial Institution of Western New York.

DO YOU WANT A GOOD MAGAZINE? If so, subscribe to the

Atlantic Monthly

which is praised by literary journals in America and Europe as the best American Magazine ever published. It is thoroughly national in tone, and its literary character is the highest possible.

Terms \$4 a year, 35 cents a number. Liberal reduction to clubs. A specimen copy sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

A CURE FOR CANCER.

We have published several cards from Drs. Babcock & Tobin, (27 Bond street, New York,) of wonderful cures of Cancer—cures which have been made without pain or the use of the knife.

To those afflicted with Cancer:—This certifies that in 1861 I discovered a hard lump in my breast, which soon began to cause me much anxiety and trouble. I applied to several eminent physicians in New York and elsewhere, all of which agreed that it was a cancer, and many pronounced it incurable.

Mrs. HENRIETTA BEARDSLEY, 153 Lusens St., New York.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CASE.

Drs. BABCOCK & TOBIN—At your request I give the history of one of your remarkable cures during the past winter: A tumor appeared on my daughter's under lip, protruding nearly one inch and a half, and which, on examination, the physicians pronounced a fungus form of cancer.

After the first of April we providentially received your treatise on cancer, and immediately applied to you, and after a few weeks had the satisfaction of seeing a perfect cure made without pain or inconvenience after it had been removed by several other methods.

Mrs. C. V. GOLDEN, Long Branch, N. J. P. S.—Will send pamphlet, describing treatment, free of charge. DRs. BABCOCK & TOBIN, 27 Bond street, New York.

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

To Business Men.

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

From the New York Daily Tribune. We don't care what a publisher charges, so that he gives us the worth of our money. Mr. Moore charges 35 cents a line, and his circulation makes it cheap.

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

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, } ROCHESTER, Oct. 18, 1864. THERE has been no little change in this market during the past week, that we make but few changes from last quotations.

Oats are dull and heavy; sales of Western at 35¢@36¢; State, 32¢; and at 10¢ above. Corn is freely offered and is lower, but closing in demand; sales at 1.14.

BUFFALO, Oct. 17.—Flour—Sales double extra, Ohio, 110; do. Michigan, 92.50; do. Illinois, 91. Wheat—No. 1 (No. 1) red winter, 1.15; Chicago, 1.15. Corn, 1.20.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Flour, \$1.00 for White Winter extra; 85¢ for Red Winter extra; and 77¢@80¢ for No. 1. Wheat, \$1.15 for No. 2. do., \$1.30 for rejected red; \$1.60 for No. 1 for Spring.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—During the past week the following were the quotations for different grades of wool: Domestic—Saxony fleece 90/95; full-blood Merino 90/95; 2/4 and 3/4 do. 85/90; Native and 3/4 Merino 80/85.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The Tribune says:—The market continues dull and unchanged. Quotations nominal. No quotations are given.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—Beef Cattle—Sales at 33.25@33.50; heavy at 34.00; Hogs—Sales range from 6.25@11.25; chiefly at 9.40@10.25, with good demand.—Tribune.

ALBANY, Oct. 17.—Bees—Quotations range from 4 to 9¢ per lb., according to quality. Sheep, 67¢@70¢.

MARRIED.

In Williamson, Wednesday, Oct. 12th, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. IRELAND, Mr. W. H. HALE, of Penfield, and Miss SARAH C. RICHARDS, of Williamson.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance.—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 50¢ cents per line of space.

THE EDITION OF THE RURAL is now so large as to render it necessary that the first form (outside pages) should go to press on Friday of the week preceding date.

FOR SALE.—The best stock and grass farm (at the price) in Monroe county, lying five miles south of Rochester, and containing 13 acres. Apply to HUBBARD & WHEELER, Attorneys, Rochester, N. Y.

NURSERY FOREMAN WANTED.—One who thoroughly understands the propagation and culture of fruit trees and other out-door stock, has had experience as foreman for a number of years, and is capable of managing a considerable number of hands.

\$50,000! CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY at Wholesale. Suitors, Country Merchants, Peddlers, and general traders supplied at immense bargains.

GOthic COTTAGE GARDEN AND NURSERY.—The above justly called a little cottage is now offered for sale on easy, long terms, at a bargain, on account of failure of the proprietor's health.

GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY! Watches, Diamond Pins, Chains, and a large assortment of jewelry, for one dollar each.

FIFTH THOUSAND NOW READY.—THE GRAPE CULTURIST: A TREATISE ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE NATIVE GRAPE.

\$6 FROM FIFTY CTS. Agents come and examine invention, or samples sent free by mail for 50 cts.; retails for six dollars easily.

\$10 TO \$20 A DAY.—AGENTS WANTED to sell the Improved LITTLE GIANT SEWING MACHINE.

RANDALL'S GREAT SHEEP BOOK.—The price of THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD, by Hon. H. S. RANDALL, is now \$1.75, and if paper, binding, &c., continue to advance, (as we can) we shall send the book at 25¢ more.

HARVEST GLOVES.—Buck and Dog skin Gloves, whole and retail, at the old stand for Trunks, Hats and Shoes, 78 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD.—This is the best and best of RANDALL'S works on Sheep Husbandry. It tells all about the Breeding, Management and Diseases of Sheep, and is THE work for every wool grower on the American Continent.

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

GEORGE H. ELLIS' PARLOR MUSIC STORE, NO. 35 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y. FOUR FIRST PRIZE DIPLOMAS awarded for the best Piano-Portes, American Reed Organs, Harmoniums, Melodeons, and best assortment of Musical Instruments over all others.

WELLS CIDER MILLS.—See Editorial notice of these Mills in RURAL of October 1st, page 318. SAMUEL WELLS, Ripley, N. Y.

WASHINGTON STREET NURSERIES, GENEVA, N. Y. BRONSON, GRAVES & SELOVER Call the attention of DEALERS and PLANTERS to their large and well grown stock of TREES, GRAPE VINES, &c.

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 free, on receipt of 10 cents.

IVIN'S PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS. LADIES, TRY THEM. They will make your hair wave beautiful without heating it.

THE TRUE CAPE COD CRANBERRY, FOR 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.

150,000 APPLE TREES.—I have the disposal of a large lot of Apple Trees 3 and 4 years old, grown near Coldwater, Michigan.

FAULKNER NURSERIES, Danville, Liv. Co., N. Y. We offer to the trade 100,000 Standard Apple Trees, fine. A fine stock of Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees.

WYCKOFF'S PATENT WOOD WATER PIPE.—L. S. HOBBIE & CO., 109 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y., manufacture all sizes of this pipe, from one to two inches bore.

STEEL COMPOSITION BELLS. A good Church or other Bell for 20 cents per pound.

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

FOR THE BEST SELECTED STRAWBERRIES, Raspberries and Blackberries, which yielded from the past summer over 1,500 bushels of fruit, send for catalogue gratis.

CANCERS CURED.—Cancers cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumorous White Swelling, Glands, Ulcers and all Chronic diseases successfully treated.

W. M. H. LILLISTON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Dealer in all kinds of Country Produce, including Butter, Cheese, Lard, Pork, Calves, Poultry, Game, Eggs, Beans, Potatoes, Onions, Apples, Peaches, Strawberries, Peas, Plums and Grapes.

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GRAND PRACTICAL SHEPHERD

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.

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—will include a large and continued demand for "The Practical Shepherd."

From the New England Farmer, Boston. THE PRACTICAL SHEPHERD—is a work that has long been needed by our people. It should be in the hand and head of every person owning sheep.

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 breeding, raising, and general management of sheep, in health or sickness.

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 J. H. Kippart, Sec'y 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 Col. E. P. Johnson, Sec'y N. Y. State Ag'l 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 heartily 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. Devoe, D. D., LL. D. The work seems to be as nearly perfect a treatise as is to be expected. It is concise, and yet full; and the conciseness of its neat style renders its fullness admirable.

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 any other standard—YOGURT. You have fully vindicated 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, and we are warmly recommended to the "Practical Shepherd" as the most interesting and reliable work on the subject extant.

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THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand, Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?" O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure 'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,

Aye, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless, And teach thee patience when thy heart is lonely;

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face; Some in a favorite warbler of the skies;

Thy bosom is its mint; the workmen are Thy thro'ts, and they must coin for thee, believing,

Dost thou see Beauty in the violet's cup? I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,

One thing I warn thee. Bow no knee to gold, Less innocent it makes the gulleless tongue;

The Story-Teller.

THE UNMEANT REBUKE.

CHARLES NELSON had reached his thirty-fifth year, and at that age he found himself going down hill. He had once been one of the happiest of mortals, and no blessing was wanted to complete the sum of his happiness.

On a back street, where the great trees threw their green branches over the way, stood a small cottage, which had been the pride of the inmates. Before it stretched a wide garden, but tall, rank grass grew up among the choking flowers, and the paling of the fence was broken in many places.

Within, sat a woman yet in her early years of life and thought; she was still handsome to look upon, but the bloom had gone from her cheek, and the brightness had faded from her eyes.

For more than two years, Mary Nelson had earned all the money that had been used in the house. People hired her to wash, iron and sew for them, and besides the money paid, they gave her many articles of food and clothing.

Oh! how that man had changed within two years! Once there was not a finer looking man in the town. In frame he had been tall, stout, compact, and perfectly formed, while his face bore the very beau ideal of manly beauty.

That evening Mary Nelson ate no supper, for of all the food in the house, there was not more than enough for her husband and children; but when her husband had gone, she went out and picked a few berries, and thus kept her vital

energies alive. That night the poor woman prayed long and earnestly, and her little ones prayed with her.

On the following morning Charles Nelson sought the bar-room as soon as he rose, but he was sick and faint, and the liquor would not revive him, for it would not remain on his stomach. He drank very deeply the night before, and he felt miserable. At length, however, he managed to keep down a few glasses of hot sling, but the close atmosphere of the bar-room seemed to stifle him, and he went out.

The poor man had sense enough to know that if he could sleep he should feel better, and he had just feeling enough to wish to keep away from home; so he wandered off to a wood not far from the village, and sunk down by a stone wall and was soon in a profound slumber. When he awoke, the sun was shining down hot upon him, and raising himself to a sitting posture, he gazed about him. He was just on the point of rising, when his motion was arrested by the sound of voices near at hand.

"Come, Katie," said one of these latter girls to her companion, "let's go away from here, because if anybody should see us with those girls, they'd think we played with 'em. Come."

"Don't cry, Nancy," said the eldest, throwing her arms around her sister's neck.

"Why do they blame us?" murmured Nancy, gazing up into her sister's face. Oh, we are not to blame. We are good, and kind, and loving, and we never hurt anybody.

"I know—I know, Nelly; but that ain't all. Why don't papa love us as he used to do? Don't you remember when he used to kiss us and made us so happy? Oh, how I wish he could be so good to us once more. He is not—"

"—sh, sissy! don't say anything more. He may be good to us again; if he knew how we loved him, I know he would. And then I believe God is good, and surely he will help us sometime, for mother prays to him every day."

"Yes," answered Nancy, "I know she does; and God must be our Father sometime."

"He is our Father now, sissy."

"I know it, and he must be all we shall have by-and-by, for don't you remember that mother told us that she might leave us one of these days? She said a cold dagger was upon her heart, and—"

"—sh! Don't, don't Nancy, you'll—"

The words were choked up with sobs and tears, and the sisters wept long together. At length they arose and went away, for they saw more children coming.

As soon as the little ones were out of sight, Charles Nelson started to his feet. His hands were clenched, his eyes were fixed upon a vacant point with an eager gaze.

"My God!" he gasped, "what a villain I am! Look at me now! What a state I am in, and what I have sacrificed to bring myself to it! And they love me yet, and pray for me!"

He said no more, but for a few moments he stood with his hands still clenched, and his eyes fixed. At length his gaze was turned upward, and his clasped hands were raised above his head. A moment he remained so, and then his hands dropped by his side, and he started homeward.

When he reached his home he found his wife and children in tears, but he affected to notice it not. He drew a shilling from his pocket—it was his last—and handing it to his wife, he asked her if she would send and get him some porridge. The wife was startled by the tone in which this was spoken, for it sounded as in days gone by.

"Yes, Charles," she said, "we have not touched it."

"Then, if you are willing, I should like some more."

"Then here is my house lying about us in rough timber and boards. I place it all in your hands, and shall look to you to finish it. While I can trust you, you can trust me. Come into my office, and you shall see the plan I have drawn."

We will not tell you how the stout man wept, nor how his noble friend shed tears to see him thus; but Charles Nelson took the plan, and having studied it for a while, he went out where the men were at work getting the timber together, and Mr. Manly introduced him as their master. That day he worked but little, for he was not strong yet, but he arranged the timber, and gave directions for framing. At night he asked his employer if he dared trust him with a dollar.

"Why, you have earned three," returned Manly.

"And will you pay me three dollars a day?" "If you are as faithful as you have been to-day, for you will save me money at that."

The poor man could not speak his thanks in words, but his looks spoke them for him, and Manly understood them. He received his three dollars, and on his way home he stopped and bought first a basket, then three loaves of bread, a pound of butter, some tea, sugar, and a piece of beef-steak, and he had just one dollar and seventy-five cents left. With this load he went home. It was some time before he could compose himself to enter the house, but at length he went in, and set the basket upon the table.

"Come, Mary," he said, "I have brought something home for supper. Here, Nelly, you take the pail and run over to Mr. Brown's and get two quarts of milk."

He handed the child a shilling as he spoke, and in a half-bewildered state she took the money and hurried away.

The wife started when she raised the cover of the basket, but she dared not speak. She moved about like one in a dream, and ever and anon she would cast a furtive glance at her husband. He had not been drinking—she knew it—and yet he had money enough to buy rum with if he wanted it. What could it mean? Had her prayers been answered? Oh, how fervently she prayed then.

Soon Nelly returned with the milk, and Mrs. Nelson set the table out. After supper, Charles arose and said to his wife:

"I must go to Mr. Manly's office to help him to arrange some plans for his new house, but I will be at home early."

A pang shot through the wife's heart as she saw him turn away, but still she was far happier than she had been before for a long time. There was something in his manner that assured her, and gave her hope.

Just as the clock struck nine, the well-known foot-fall was heard, strong and steady. The door opened, and Charles entered. His wife cast a quick, keen glance into his face, and she almost uttered a cry of joy when she saw how he was changed for the better. He had been to the barber's and hatter's. Yet nothing was said upon the all-important subject. Charles wished to retire early, and his wife went with him. In the morning the husband arose first and built the fire. Mary had not slept till long after midnight, having been kept awake by the tumultuous emotions, that had started up in her bosom, and she awoke not so early as usual. But she came out just as the tea-kettle and potatoes began to boil, and breakfast was soon ready.

After the meal was eaten, Charles arose, put on his hat, and then turning to his wife, he asked: "What do you do to-day?" "I must wash for Mrs. Bixby."

"Are you willing to obey me once more?" "Oh, yes."

"Then work for me to-day. Send Nelly over to tell Mrs. Bixby that you are not well enough to wash, for you are not. Here is a dollar, and you must do with it as you please. Buy something that will keep you busy for yourself and children."

Mr. Nelson turned toward the door, and his hand was upon the latch. He hesitated, and turned back. He did not speak, but he opened his arms; and his wife sank upon his bosom. He kissed her, and then having gently placed her in a seat, he left the house. When he went to his work that morning, he felt well and very happy. Mr. Manly was by to cheer him, and this he did by talking and acting as though Charles had never been unfortunate at all.

It was Saturday evening, and Nelson had been almost a week without rum. He had earned fifteen dollars, ten of which he had now in his pocket.

"Mary," he said, after the supper table had been cleared away, "here are ten dollars for you, and I want you to expend it in clothing for yourself and children. I have earned fifteen dollars during the last five days. I am to build Squire Manly's great house, and he pays me three dollars a day. A good job, isn't it?"

Mary looked up, and her lips moved, but she could not speak a word. She struggled a few moments, and then burst into tears. Her husband took her by the arm and drew her upon his lap, and then pressed her to his bosom.

"Mary," he whispered, while the tears ran down his own cheeks, "you are not deceived. I am Charles Nelson once more, and will be while I live. Not by any act of mine shall another cloud cross your brow." And then he told her of the words he had heard the previous Monday, while he lay behind the wall.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Of what trade is a clergyman at a wedding?—A join-her.

DRIVE your cattle on the ice if you want cow-slips in the winter.

WHEN is a steamship like a very exacting man?—When she's a screw.

"MY fare is foul," as the boatman said when he was carrying some poultry to market.

MRS. PARTINGTON makes Shakspeare say, "Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

BETTER have no dumplings in the family than make them of the apples of discord.

PAST and future wrap themselves from us; that is the widow's veil, this the maiden's.

"Do you see this stick sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith; "this stick has been all round the world sir?" "Indeed," said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick!"

"I WISH you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an outstanding bill against him. "And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

"I HAVE a place for everything, and you ought to know it," said a married man, who was looking for his boot/jack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I ought to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and go to church, and here a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MILITARY ENIGMA.

- I AM composed of 60 letters. My 8, 15, 1, 50, 13, 52, 7 is the name of one of our great military Presidents. My 35, 16, 56, 10, 41, 12, 2, 24 was the scene of a decided Union victory.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ANAGRAM.

Her squame si rove, eth nadec si need, Eht ghlist, hie suom, het grifull, eth ufn, Dan, cimg mohn, ni het norgman yrag, Neo wsnay ton, paylieel, "idd ti yap?"

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 769.

Answer to Rural Enigma:—Dispose of the unprofitable consumers and sow rye.

Answer to Anagram: Man, through all ages of revolving time, Unchanging man, in every varying clime, Deems his own land of every land the pride, Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside; His home the spot of earth supremely blest, A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

FARMERS—Provide yourselves with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER at this season of the year, when Colic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhea, &c., may disable your hands. Use it in every case of the kind, and my ears for it, if it does not effect a speedy cure. But be sure you trust to no other remedy but the old, long tried Perry Davis' Pain Killer, which has never to my knowledge failed.

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Will Cure every case of Chronic or Nervous Debility, Diseases arising from a disordered Stomach. Observe the following symptoms, resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs, and before the signs, Fever, and Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructa, and Belching, or Flatulency, and Pit of the Stomach, Swelling of the Head, Hiccups, and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever, and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Swellings of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, 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 so pleased with their effects that I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated for a singularly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming the fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to these Bitters, known by the name of Hoofland's German Bitters. I do this more cheerfully as Hoofland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted, and is not a rum drink.

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 reasons 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. I do this the more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. Jackson, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, for the removal of this prejudice, and for the preparation of these bottles of these Bitters at the beginning of the present year, was followed by a rapid relief and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them.

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 as I have no special interest in any appropriate sphere, I have in all cases 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 it may fail; but usually, I doubt not, it will be very beneficial to those who suffer from the above cause.

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 on others.

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 Milstreet [Pa.] Baptist Churches.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I feel it a pleasure thus to give my own testimony to the excellence of the German Bitters. Some years since being much afflicted with Dyspepsia, I used them with very beneficial results. I have since 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 much improved, and I am very much indebted to the article where I meet with cases 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.

From the Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reformed Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa.

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

Should your nearest druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the intoxicating preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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