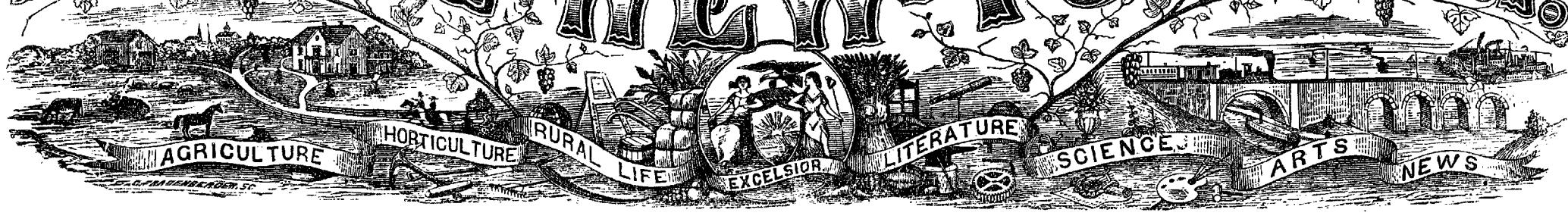


MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER



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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. D. T. MOORE
CHARLES B. BRADTON, Associate Editor.
HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.,
Editor Department of Sheep Husbandry.
SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS:
P. BARRY, C. DEWEY, LL. D.,
H. T. BROOKS, L. B. LANGWORTHY.

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

Agricultural.

CURRENT TOPICS DISCUSSED.

Ventilation of Stables.

How do you ventilate your stables? Has the farmer, who reads this, ever given his thought to this subject? If not, why not? Once, when barns and stables were neither clapboarded nor battened—when the siding was put on green, nailed to girts, and allowed to season, shrinking, leaving cracks a half or three-quarters of an inch thick between, there was no need of agitating this subject of ventilation. Then the farmer was smart who succeeded in getting his stable floors cleared during the winter; but now the other extreme is reached, and there are many stables in which water does not freeze from November to May, if they are kept close. Many of these stables are unprovided with any means of ventilation, except, perhaps, the windows, which, if opened, admit cold currents of air directly upon the animals. Such a mode of supplying air is far from the best, though it is better so to supply them than that they should breathe over and over the vitiated air of a close stable which contains from a score to three-score head of cattle. It is no difficult matter to provide for the supply of pure air, and for the escape of the impure. The pure air should be admitted above, yet near the floor. This may be done by wooden tubes passing through beneath the floor and to the open air. We have seen some stables which were supplied by such tubes connecting with an adjoining carriage-room, or tool-room, which was frequently open, thus securing air of a somewhat modified temperature. But, as a rule, we prefer direct communication with out-of-doors. The outlets for the escape of impure air should be near the ceiling, or through tubes passing out of the roof. No matter how, provide for its escape and for its replacement by pure air. Do not wait to build a new barn in order to inaugurate a "system of ventilation." Be human now and do a humane thing for your stock.

Why do we urge this? Not because of any pet theory of ours which we wish to propagate. Have you ever slept in a small, close room, without any ingress nor egress for air? And did you rest well? Did you feel well when you woke up? Did not your head crack and the air taste bad? Didn't you feel as if you had been standing at the mouth of a machine threshing smutty oats, all night? Didn't you feel better when you got out of doors? Oppressed, restless, and feeling badly, did you ever rise and pull down the upper sash of the window in your sleeping-room and find relief? Did you not go to sleep and wake refreshed, elastic, cheerful? If so, you know why we ask you to ventilate your stables—that we urge it because your own interests demand it—because your cattle will winter better, enjoy better health, their food will do them more good, and it will do you more good to feed it to them. We are prompted to write this because it is not long since we went into a fifteen hundred dollar barn, which the owner delighted to exhibit, and found no provision whatever for ventilation. We told him his stables were not fit to keep a stump-tail cow in, and he wondered why! We let him wonder.

When he sees this article he may cease to wonder.

Indian Corn—Maize—Zea mays.
Do not let us, in our Thanksgiving the 24th day of the present month, forget to thank GOD for Maize. You know it has been established in this country, during the last four years, that Corn has supplanted Cotton as King. The Cotton lords have deserted the dominions of their master for the plenteous land of Corn. Whatever becomes of cotton, corn dodgers are a necessity—hoe-cake must vitalize the man if jeans are of any value as a covering for him. We are now speaking of a specific corn. Corn, in its general application, is more than King—it enters into calculations of diplomatists, and governs and controls the actions of all nations.

Although indigenous, and potent as a commercial agent in regulating our exchanges, we have not utilized Maize, as we are bound to, within the next ten years—especially if this war continues. We sow it for forage for stock—for soiling, in its green state. We live upon its immature, luscious fruit, during the latter days of summer. We fatten our swine and bees in early autumn by feeding its sugary stalks and maturing grain in bulk. We gather the golden ears for winter food and export. We cut and crush the stalks and foliage, steam it and it makes us milk and beef. We gather the husks for mattresses and pillows—for stuffing lounges and chairs.

But with all our intimacy with, and knowledge of, this plant and its product—with all our study of, and perfection in, the modes of cultivating and producing it, we have not yet spun the strong fiber of its husks into cordage, nor woven it into cloth, nor are our paper-mills making paper from it for us. And yet it embraces these capabilities. The husk not only furnishes the material for paper, but the process which obtains the paper stock sets the fiber free for spinning purposes. The part used in the manufacture of paper is not used in the manufacture of cordage and cloth; and the process of separation of these distinct materials contained in the corn husk, injures neither. We are not economizing the vast resources we have in this material, now largely wasted, on the prairies. Who will set about it? It has been demonstrated in Austria that this material may be economically used for these purposes. The experiments made there are not completed. Who among the thousand thoughtful and ingenious men of our country are at, or will set to, work to save this wasted fiber and paper stock to the producers of this country?

Do You Want Early Peas?

If so, the ground should be prepared to receive the seed this fall. An elevated, dry soil should be chosen and well plowed. It should be left in such a condition that the water will readily drain off it, or through and away from it. Then get the seed on it as early as possible. We have known good crops grown in latitude 40° when seed was sown the first of February. North of that the time of seeding will vary with the variation in climate and soil. On warm soils, in sheltered localities, peas may be sown earlier than on the colder soils in the same latitude. But it is profitable, if near a market, to sow them much earlier than they are usually sown by the majority of farmers. And then, in order to get seed that is not buggy, the second crop may be grown—the seed obtained from the first crop may be sown, and sound, pure seed obtained. We know of no reason whatever why England should monopolize the business of supplying us with good seed peas. We acknowledge that her samples are excellent seed, always pure, clear, uniform and sound. But such peas may just as well be grown here if farmers will try.

As food for stock, peas are not properly appreciated; if they were there would be more of them grown and ground. We know of no crop which can be made so available for early feeding, at a time when old grain is scarce and high, and there is no other new crop for a resource. For this purpose alone, an early crop of peas will pay. The haulm or pea vines are not valued as an article of forage as they deserve. Especially when the crop is gathered green for market, the vines may be cut in their green state and cured as clover is cured; and it is scarcely second to it as a food for stock. There is no straw among the grain producing plants that is equal to it.

There is one reason, we think, why farmers fail to realize all they expect, or have a right to expect, from a crop of peas. In nine cases out

of ten the seed is not half covered; and that which is, is not covered deep enough. Experiments seem to have established the fact that peas which are covered six to eight inches deep will produce a far better and greater crop than those which are merely covered by the harrows in the ordinary way of putting in crops. We have seen the best results where a field crop was drilled in, with drills a foot apart, and then as soon as the peas were well out of the ground they were harrowed lengthwise the drills. We do not cultivate such crops enough. Our grain crops need to be cultivated—will pay for culture. Certainly peas will. If drilled in they should be put in deeply. It is not a bad practice to plow them in, dropping the seed in the furrow. Then harrow lengthwise the furrows after the plants appear.

Mem. Be sure to set apart a barrel of gypsum to the acre, and sow broadcast soon after cultivating your crop. If you do not cultivate at all, sow the plaster. There is nothing with which you can top-dress them equal to it.

Mixing Soil with Potatoes.

A FRIEND writes us:—"Have you ever practiced mixing dry soil with potatoes stored in the cellar? If so, do they keep better? I have been told that some people practice it successfully." In response:—We once visited the cellar of a well-to-do Irishman, who had been boasting to us of the size and fairness of his potatoes. We found them stored in an unlighted cellar, in bins, which apparently contained as large a bulk of soil as of roots. He dug from this soil the specimens he desired to show us. "Why," said we, "you did not dig your potatoes this year, at all, did you?—you simply gathered the hills without stopping to dig them."

"Dig them! av course I digged them! Ain't they here as snug as iver potatoes were put away?—av course I digged 'em!"

"But is this the way you store potatoes—put them in soil when you put them in cellar?"

"To be sure it is! Why it's the way we always do it in ould Ireland. It's the way to keep 'em good, and, be jabers, don't Pat. know what a good potatoe is!"

Confirming this statement of our Irish friend, we find, in response to an inquiry about housing potatoes, the following directions by the Editor of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*:—"Potatoes stored in the house, under proper conditions, may be heaped three feet deep, but should have some dry earth, sand, or turf-mold mixed with them, and covered four inches deep with any of the same materials, or a little straw, to save them from the influence of light."

We suppose the Editor's directions relate to storing them in lighted rooms, simply. Whether it is the practice to mix soil with them when storing in dark rooms we can not say, further than to give the testimony of the Irishman above quoted. We have never practiced mixing earth with the tubers when storing them. It has been our aim to put them in the cellar as clean as possible. But there is no doubt as to the advantage of keeping the light from them. If our readers have experience bearing on the above question, let them furnish it.

Fall-Plowing Weedy Stubbles.

We have seen some serious mistakes made in the mode of doing this work. There is not thought enough given to it on the part of those who do it. On many stubbles there are a great many weed-seeds. If the farmer fall-plows for the purpose of turning the stiff subsoil to the surface he must plow deep of course. Then these seeds are out of the way of the next crop unless they are brought to the action of the sun in spring by deep plowing again. When the fall plowing is deep, the spring plowing should be shallow if the land is plowed at all. If it is desirable—as it almost always is,—to stir the soil the maximum depth, the surface plow, with its lightly turned furrow for a seed bed, should be followed with a subsoil plow—loosening and lifting the soil but not stirring it. But if the surface soil is stiff enough, if stubble land is rich, and it is not desirable to bring up the subsoil to the influence and action of the frost, and it is the purpose to plow again in the spring, we should plow shallow in the fall, subsoiling, and deeper in the spring, throwing the seeds of the weeds still farther beneath the surface. By giving this matter a little careful consideration, at the time of doing the work, there will be fewer tares among the wheat.

Sheep Husbandry.

EDITED BY HENRY S. RANDALL, LL. D.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MR. RANDALL'S address is Cortland Village, Cortland Co., N. Y. All communications intended for this Department, and all inquiries relating to sheep, should be addressed to him as above.

SHEEP WORK IN NOVEMBER.

THE management of sheep in November is much as in the preceding month, except that poor sheep require more fostering; and it would probably be better for all to be placed in clean, well ventilated stables at night, if convenient, during stormy weather. Dry hay at night would also be fed beneficially, where there is abundance of it on hand, as the grass which grows during such excessively wet weather as we have had for some time past, is watery and deficient in substance. Should snow fall, even in small quantities, we should consider hay or grain feeding particularly necessary. All the extra care above recommended is more necessary for lambs, or tegs, than for grown sheep.

Most persons will put their ewes to ram this month. When the rams are common, cheap animals, they are allowed to run loose with the flock. But most persons are now attempting to improve their sheep by superior rams, and in such cases it is important to make each serve as many ewes as practicable. When this is an object, they should not, on any account, be suffered to run with the ewes, but put to each singly and but once. If running at large with the ewes, it requires a remarkably vigorous animal to serve a hundred. Put singly and properly managed, we have known several rams which have served four hundred ewes a year, and this within a period of but little over six weeks. The Tottenham ram did this for years in succession, and so we are informed did his sire and grand-sire. Almost any strong ram will serve two hundred or upwards in this way, without injury.

As we have remarked in describing the sheep work of preceding months, a ram from which extra service is to be required, should be fed grain a number of weeks preceding its commencement to harden and strengthen him for his work. A pint of oats a day was enough to commence on, and this (in the case of a grown ram used to being thus fed) should have been gradually increased to a quart before the commencement of the coupling season. When this commences the feed may be gradually rendered a little more solid, should it appear to be necessary, by sprinkling in a small amount of peas, corn, or wheat—or a very little of each. It should in all cases be divided into a morning and afternoon feeding. Some very hearty and strong constitutioned old rams, long used to high keep at this season, are suffered to devour two quarts or more of grain a day. But when fed so high and worked correspondingly, they usually wear out and die in the course of three or four years, if not sooner.

Rams coupled singly are treated in several different ways. When one ram is to serve the whole flock, it is driven into a barn once or twice a day. He (or a teaser for him) is suffered to select out ewes enough for the day. They are put by themselves, and he is allowed to serve one each hour. Some allow the ram to pick out and immediately serve half his daily allowance in the forenoon, and repeat this in the afternoon—after the lapse of a number of hours. But this taxes the energies of the ram more than the preceding mode. Ten ewes a day ought to be the maximum for a ram which has a good deal of work before him—but that number is often exceeded.

If several rams are to be used in the same flock of ewes, the latter should be very carefully examined in advance to determine by what ram each is to be served, and she should receive a mark expressive of that fact. As the great success of breeding depends upon the proper adaptation of the male to the female, too much care and attention can not be devoted to the selection. The several rams are put in separate inclosures in the same barn. The ewes are driven in twice a day, and a properly approved aproned teaser is let loose among them. As fast as he finds ewes, they are drawn out and put by themselves. They are then hourly taken to the pens of the rams for which they are marked.

Served ewes are put into a field by themselves, and brought round again to be tried by the

rams about the thirteenth day, and thence on for a number of days, or until they are served again. Few male animals are as sure as rams—but they sometimes fall altogether. Some fall frequently in the early part of the season and grow much surer toward the last—others exactly reverse this. They are all much surer when in perfect health and condition, and the same is true of the ewe. Ewes take the ram more readily when they are gaining in condition. An excessively fat ewe is not as likely to conceive as one in good, fair condition. An excessively lean ewe is not as likely to take the ram at all.

Ram lambs, or tegs, are not usually, we think, as sure as older rams. We know several that were very unsure as tegs, but which proved sure afterwards. It is not expedient to use tegs as rams, where it can be avoided, unless it be to a few ewes, to test their qualities as stock getters. Much work is decidedly injurious to a teg. About ten or fifteen ewes ought to be the maximum number—although we once knew a ram teg (bought by LOYAL C. WRIGHT of Cornwall, Vermont, of Mr. HAMMOND,) which actually got a little over a hundred lambs, and scarcely missed with a single ewe! We have not traced him since, but make no doubt this excessive work ruined him.

Is the stock of a ram teg as strong and vigorous as that of an older ram? The facts we have observed and collected on this point, would go to show that it is—at least, where the sire is not overworked. Several of the most celebrated stock rams we ever knew, were the get of tegs. The same remarks are true of the stock of two year olds—though a two year old ought not to do more than half the work of an old ram, before the latter commences his decline. We would prefer the stock of a teg or a two year old to that of a superannuated and rapidly declining animal. The ram attains his full vigor at three, and usually begins to decline at seven or eight. From eight to ten, the decline usually becomes rapid.

We will state one fact now, as the coupling season may be over in many flocks before we shall be called upon to write on sheep work in December. Many persons keep up the full feed of the ram after the coupling season is finished, in order to produce a brag fleece on him. This is not expedient, for it puts him in so pampered a condition that it is more difficult to keep him up afterwards. He is apt to run down when he is turned out to grass. Continued pampering undermines the constitution. If the full feed is kept up after the coupling season, and the ram is kept closely confined, he is extremely likely to take sick and die. He should get the open air and a degree of exercise—and it is far safer to reduce his feed at least half. It would not be expedient or safe, however, to take it off entirely.

We are often asked if Merino yearling ewes should be put to ram. It will do where they are uncommonly large and forward—and especially, if the owner proposes to take off their lambs, and bring them up on foster dams. But where yearlings are ordinary sized or smallish, we regard it as highly inexpedient. The lambs are very liable to perish; and if they live, they are generally underized, and they reduce the condition and greatly retard the growth of their dams: so that both of them are not worth so much as would have been the latter, if not suffered to breed at this immature age. We believe that many ewes which produce lambs at two years are not only temporarily but permanently stunted in their growth; and that habitual breeding from two year old ewes (with ordinary keeping) tends to run down the size and perhaps otherwise deprecate the qualities of a flock.

DOGS AND DOG LAWS.

BY J. R. DODGE.

Continued from page 353, last No. NEW HAMPSHIRE.

In 1862 the Legislature levied a tax of one dollar on male and two dollars on female dogs. Prior to this the common law was the only protection enjoyed by owners of flocks.

In 1863 a law was enacted forfeiting double the amount of damage done by dogs, recoverable from the owner by an action of debt; or a complaint may be made to the selectmen of towns, who are required, upon proof made within thirty days, to draw an order upon the treasury, which is registered and made payable,

in whole or in part, from the fund accruing from the dog tax, on the second Tuesday of March annually.

VERMONT.

The following is the law of 1862: SECTION 1. The lists in the several towns of this State shall in each year set all dogs in their respective towns in the grand lists to the owner or keeper of the same at the sum of one dollar each; and no person shall be entitled to have the amount so assessed deducted from their lists in consequence of any debts owing.

SEC. 2. Every owner or keeper of a dog shall, when called upon by the lists for their lists, notify them of the dogs by him owned or kept; and every owner or keeper of a dog who shall neglect or refuse to notify the lists as aforesaid, shall forfeit and pay to the town in which he resides the sum of two dollars, to be recovered in an action on the case in the name of the treasurer of such town, before any court competent to try the same, with full costs.

SEC. 3. It is hereby made the duty of the owner or keeper of a dog, whether set in the lists or not, to cause a collar, with the name of the owner or keeper plainly written thereon, to be worn on the neck of each dog by him owned or kept; and it shall be lawful for any person to kill any dog running at large off the premises of the owner or keeper not having on such collar; and the owner or keeper of such dog shall recover no damage for such killing.

By another law, owners of dogs that have worried or wounded sheep are made liable for double damages and double costs; and they can sustain no action for damages against persons who have killed dogs assaulting them off the premises of their owners, or chasing or worrying sheep.

MASSACHUSETTS.

In Massachusetts, where sheep husbandry of a high order is on the increase, stringent and effective laws have been passed. The following is a synopsis of the last law:

AN ACT concerning dogs and for the protection of sheep and other domestic animals.

Be it enacted, &c., as follows:

SECTION 1. Every owner or keeper of a dog shall annually, on or before the thirtieth day of April, cause it to be registered, numbered, described, and licensed for one year from the first day of the ensuing May, in the office of the clerk of the city or town wherein he resides, and shall cause it to wear around its neck a collar distinctly marked with its owner's name, and the registered number, and shall pay for such license two dollars for a male dog and five dollars for a female dog.

Sections second, third, and fourth provide for licensing and the payment of money into the treasuries:

SEC. 5. Whoever keeps a dog contrary to the provisions of this act shall forfeit fifteen dollars, to be recovered by complaint, and the money shall be paid to the treasurer of the county in which the dog is kept, &c.

SEC. 6. The assessors of the cities and towns shall annually take a list of all dogs owned or kept in their respective cities or towns on the first day of May, with the owners' or keepers' names, and return the same to the city or town clerk on or before the tenth day of July. Any owner or keeper of a dog who shall refuse to give just and true answers to the assessors relative to the ownership thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than ten dollars.

SEC. 7. Mayors of cities and the chairman of the selectmen of towns shall annually, within ten days from the first day of July, issue a warrant to one or more police officers or constables, directing them to proceed forthwith either to kill or cause to be killed all dogs within their respective cities or towns not licensed and collared according to the provisions of this act; and any person may, and every police officer and constable shall, kill, or cause to be killed, all such dogs, whenever and wherever found. Such officers, other than those employed under regular pay, shall receive one dollar for each dog so destroyed from the treasurers of their respective counties, &c.

SEC. 8. The mayors of cities and the chairman of the selectmen of towns shall, after issuing their warrant to police officers or constables, as specified in the preceding section, forthwith certify the fact under oath to the district attorneys of their respective districts, whose duty it shall be to prosecute all such officers as fail to comply with this requirement.

SEC. 9. Whoever suffers loss by the worrying, maiming, or killing of his sheep, lambs, or other domestic animals by dogs, may inform the mayor of the city, or the chairman of the selectmen of the town wherein the damage was done, who shall appoint two disinterested persons, who, with the mayor or chairman of the selectmen, shall proceed to the premises where the damage was done, and determine whether the damage was inflicted by dogs, and if so, appraise said damage. The amount of said damage shall be certified by the board of appraisers, and, except in the county of Suffolk, be transmitted to the county commissioners, who shall during the month of December examine all such bills, and, when any doubt exists, may summon the appraisers, and make such examination as they may think proper, and shall issue an order upon the treasurer of the county in which the damage was done for all or any part thereof, as justice and equity may require.

The treasurer shall annually, on the first day of January, pay all such orders in full, if the gross amount received by him under the provisions of this act, and not previously paid out, is sufficient therefor; otherwise, he shall divide such amount pro rata among such orders in full discharge thereof.

The board of appraisers shall receive from the county, or in the county of Suffolk from the city or town treasurer, out of the moneys received under the provisions of this act, the sum of one dollar each for every examination made by them as prescribed in this section.

SEC. 10. Any town, city, or county officer refusing or neglecting to perform the duties herein imposed upon him, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, to be paid, except in the county of Suffolk, into the county treasury.

SEC. 11. The treasurer of any county may, in an action of tort against the owner or keeper of any dog concerned in doing damage to sheep, lambs, or other domestic animals in said county, which damage has been ordered to be paid by the county commissioners, recover the full amount thereof to the use of said county. If the amount so recovered exceeds the amount so received by the owner of the sheep or other animals, under the provisions of section nine, the excess shall be paid by the county treasurer to such owner. All fines and penalties provided in this act may be recovered on complaint before any police court or trial justice in the county where the offence is committed. Moneys received by the treasurer of any county, city, or town, under the provisions of this act, and not expended in accordance with its provisions, may be applied to the payment of any county, city, or town expenses.

RHODE ISLAND.

In this State, by the law of 1860, a dog might

be killed with impunity if found without a collar bearing his owner's initials, or worrying or wounding sheep or other stock out of the enclosure of his owner. Any person might make oath to any case of injury, or to the special ill-fame of any particular whelp, and if the allegation was sustained, the dog must be confined, or the life of the animal was forfeited.

A distinguished correspondent suggests that the private history of that law would be instructive and amusing. The substitution of the recent and more stringent law, for the old one was suggested to the legislature by the Society for the Encouragement of Domestic Industry. The former law allowed the several town councils to make ordinances taxing dogs, and providing for injuries inflicted upon sheep. A general State law also provided for recovery of damages of the owners of dogs, and double damages and the killing of the dog for a second offence. The agricultural committee of the society, to whom the matter was referred, reported that these municipal regulations were discordant, and were not enforced. The substitute proposed they describe as less stringent than those of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and quite too tame, but still as severe as they dared to recommend. It was discussed in the legislature of 1860 for several days, and the present enactment was finally hatched from a new incubation of anxious politicians, fearing the retributions of voting dog owners.

An additional law has just been passed, which requires dogs to be collared, registered, numbered, described, and licensed, with the payment of \$1.15 for each male and \$5.15 for each female dog, before the last day of April, and one dollar additional for each dog after that date, and previous to the first of June. It provides for the appointment of suitable persons to make a list of the owners or keepers of dogs, to be returned to the clerk previous to the first of May, who is required to furnish to such persons a list of all dogs licensed for the current year, and to make another list of those not licensed, with the name of the owner or keeper, to be suitably posted or advertised. Any one keeping a dog contrary to these provisions is liable to a fine of ten dollars; and persons appointed to make the lists are required to make complaint and prosecute delinquents prior to the first of July. Such persons and constables and police officers are required to kill and bury all unlicensed dogs, and any person may lawfully do so, and for such service the sum of one dollar shall be paid. Removal of a collar is punishable by fine not exceeding fifty dollars. Damages to sheep are recoverable upon proof made within thirty days from the town or city treasury on the first day of June, or a pro rata proportion of them if the tax fund is insufficient for payment in full; and the city or town may then recover from the owner of the dog doing the mischief. [To be continued.]

Communications, &c.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MARL BED, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Being called from home soon after sending you my communication of August 1st, respecting the Pennsylvania Marl Bed, I did not see the article published in your issue of the 20th of August, until last week, consequently did not know of your wish for further information. Being then in the vicinity of the marl, I determined to pay it another visit, and make a more thorough examination of the subject. This I did, in company with the proprietor, Mr. WELLS. I find my estimate of the extent of the bed to be somewhat erroneous. The marl commences in a thin layer or strata of a couple of inches in thickness, on the south side, and as it progresses north it increases in thickness and depth quite rapidly, so that at a point some sixty rods north, it has a thickness of probably over twenty-five feet. The whole extent from west to east is some 100 rods. Its extent from north to south is perhaps a little more than I reported in my former article. After the bed has acquired a thickness of some three or four feet, the part below that depth seems to be in layers or strata, but without any intervening substance.

Under the bed of marl there runs a layer of a substance which, for convenience, I will denominate plaster; but I am not convinced that it is that article. Its thickness I have no means of ascertaining. When first taken from the bed, it has a decidedly sulphurous smell. This, however, is soon in a great degree, if not entirely, lost. There are, too, numerous petrifactions in the marl as well as many shells. We send you by express to-day some specimens of these various substances for your examination. The shells are of the largest size, and all of the specimens as perfect of their kinds as we could procure.

There is a spring of some size coming out of the ground just above the bed of marl, and running north through the bed. This has been quite noted in the early settlement of the country. It used to be resorted to by the neighbors to procure water with which to make bread, the good housewives affirming that the bread was lighter when mixed with that water. May not this fact throw some light on the subject of the origin of this bed? If the whole is the product of infusoria, we may inquire why such countless myriads were congregated at this point?

As Editors are supposed to know almost everything, can you give any information respecting the construction of a kiln for burning the lime, or tell where such information can be obtained? Also, whether the marl, in its native state, is of as much value as a manure as after it is burned? If you will give us your views on these various points, you will oblige,

Yours truly, F. S. RHOADES.

REMARKS.—We have submitted the samples accompanying this communication to Professor

DEWEY. He pronounces the upper bed of calcareous marl, fine, containing fresh water shells, among which he identifies one species of Planorbis, one of Physa, and one of Linnaea. The lower bed, called "plaster" by our correspondent, he says "is in large part fine sand, real siliceous earth, with some calcareous marl, and a little vegetable matter." But how was this deposit made? Limestone is not soluble in water, but water and carbonic acid combined dissolve it. The rain in its passage through the atmosphere to the earth, unites with and carries with it the carbonic acid in the atmosphere. Falling on limestone rocks it dissolves the carbonate of lime, and carries it, through different channels, to the air. In the open air the carbonic acid leaves the water, and the lime earth, which was held up by the acid, is deposited, and this deposit is the marl which our correspondent sends us. The spring our correspondent speaks of has doubtless been the agent by which this deposit has been made. The reputation it has had among the neighboring housewives confirms this theory. If it is said to be an infusorial deposit, or a deposit of decayed shells, we ask where did the lime come from which the shells were made? Shells are lime, and can not be made without it. With this deposit made from the water flowing into the pond from the spring, came the material for the manufacture of shells; and so they were made; but it is apparent that they form but an inconsiderable part of the deposit. This is substantially Prof. Dewey's theory of the origin of this marl bed. Calcareous Tufa is thus deposited in great quantities over our country.

This marl should not be burned if it is to be used on land; it is more valuable without burning. The process of calcining will destroy the organic matters it may contain, and thus its value as a manure will be depreciated. It will be found valuable, whether applied to heavy or light soils—valuable, because of its chemical action affecting the mechanical condition of stiff clays, and because it will supply sandy soils with a constituent of plants they most need. We do not know of any directions for constructing a kiln for calcining marl. For an article on lime kilns see page 638, vol. 10, New American Cyclopaedia. Marls are burned in some parts of this State. Perhaps some of our readers can give information concerning the process; if so we will be glad to publish it.

A LARD LAMP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In these times of high prices it behooves us all, and especially the rural population, to use the strictest economy in all things, so far as it can be done with a due regard to health and propriety. The present high prices of all substances used for illumination admonish us to look for something cheaper, and with that object in view permit me to present your readers the Lard Lamp.

Do not, lady readers, shrug your shoulders, and, as your mind runs back to the ancient buton and rag, cry out "away with the nasty things." I have made and used almost every conceivable variety of lard lamp, and am now using one of my own make, from which I get a light but little inferior to a kerosene lamp, more free from odor, and a light, too, that I am not ashamed to set before my evening visitors.

I prefer one with a wick from one to one and a fourth inches in width, with a thickness sufficient to take in a wick consisting of five or six thicknesses of new and rather coarse Canton flannel—the wick tube to be made of brass with a 16 oz. copper heater upon each side as in the diagram, in which a is the wick tube, b b the heaters. Two slots should be made in each side of tube for the purpose of raising the wick; and also in this heater opposite those in the tube. These heaters should be about one-eighth of an inch from the wick at the top and then go to the bottom of the lamp on the inside.

A common form of lard lamp is to make them with two flat wicks, side by side, with the heater between them, and by this method the two flames are opposite each other, and a large part of the light wasted thereby; whilst with the single wick, the radiation of light is free and unobstructed all around, with but one wick to make and care for instead of two.

Many fail to operate a lard lamp with success because the wick is too tight in the tube; but it is not so much the actual thickness as it is the proportion the thickness bears to the width; the wider the wick the thicker should it be, but never too tight. I have used a neat burner of two 1/2 inch wicks, screwed into a common glass lamp, and it is as ornamental as a kerosene lamp, unless the uncouth chimney is considered an ornament. The large burner described above is the best, but will not go into a common glass lamp.

I use a small quantity of kerosene in the lard or tallow for burning, and have used as much as one-half kerosene, but would not use more than one-fourth; a little makes it light quicker and burn with a clearer and more brilliant flame. In burning tallow I use enough kerosene to bring it to the consistency of lard.

I have never seen any lamp like the one described except those of my own make, and if this will benefit any readers of the RURAL they are welcome to it; for I do not expect this to be the means of bringing any "grist to my mill." WISCONSIN, 1864. "LUMINOUS."

REMARKS.—Let our readers send us sketches of such conveniences and economical contrivances as they find to be useful. We shall be glad to publish such.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Saving Liquid Manure.

WE hear a great deal about dressing land with nitrate of soda, and various other chemical compounds, but does it ever occur to our agricultural friends that they possess in the liquid manure of their barn-yards and pig-pens these as well as that other fashionable ingredient, ammonia, in abundance? All of which, however, we see passing off down the ditches and high roads with every rain that falls, without any attempt to put a stop to the ruinous waste, while the owner is perhaps tolling for several miles to the city to bring back an expensive article of nitrate or sulphate of soda, or some other fashionable stimulant. The thing is preposterous, and if a tradesman were guilty of anything so perfectly thoughtless and wasteful, his friends would prognosticate his ruin at hand; but agriculture may bear it and even thrive under it, when other trades would be destroyed by it.

The last time I visited my old acquaintance, JOHN SMITH, I had enough to do to steer clear of a black stream of liquid manure, caused by a two day's rain, which I met issuing from his barn-yard, which must have robbed the manure of one-tenth of its value. I could not prevail upon him to sink a cistern and convey the liquid to his pastures; this was labor which he did not covet. Now, as I know he reads the Telegraph, I take this plan of giving him another gentle hint upon the subject.

In order to bring out the subject still more plainly, I will give a short account of experiments which have been made, and which prove the superior value of liquid manure. The first experiment was on pasture, the soil sandy, subsoil sandy gravel and perfectly dry; four acres of the field were well manured with first quality barn-yard manure at the rate of twelve two-horse loads per acre. This manure was applied in February. The remainder of the field (about an acre) was manured with liquid from the barn-yard.

In the spring the appearance of the grass, both in color, height, and thickness of sward, was in favor of the liquid manure; during the summer the field was pastured with cows, and that portion manured from the liquid of the barn-yard was close cropped.

In a second experiment one portion of the field (a small one) was manured with a compost of night soil and wood mould, and the remainder with liquid manure; when the lot was mowed the line between could be easily traced, and the difference was strongly in favor of the liquid manure.

I do not wish to be understood to object to the use of sulphate of soda or any other chemical compound, but I do think that when we make use of all the means which are at our command at or near home, we may then think of buying these compounds, but not till then. My argument is, that it is not economical to buy stimulants (not manures) when in nine cases out of ten we can manufacture at home a manure which in effect will equal those purchased at a greater cost.—Germanstown Telegraph.

Hams Cured with Dry Sugar.

"THE meat must not be allowed to freeze under any circumstance—freezing destroying the property in the juices, which prevents any application of sugar, molasses or salt from uniting with them and forming the chemical combination which keeps them from souring. Separate the right and left hams; spread them on a floor, shelf or in a box, the thick part of each ham overlapping the thick part with the butts elevated three inches more than the shanks. Bearing in mind, through the whole process, that the retention of the juices by placing the hams in a proper position and free from any kind of pressure is essential.

"To cure a ham of fifteen lbs. weight requires one lb. of good brown sugar, two oz. refined and ground saltpetre, half a pound ground sea-salt. First application—saltpetre, and cover the face of the ham with sugar a quarter of an inch thick; on the fifth day rub the skin side with sugar. Second application—saltpetre and a mixture of three parts sugar and one part salt; on the seventh day rub as before. Third application—half sugar and half salt; in seven days rub as before. Fourth application—same as last; in seven days rub with half sugar and salt; clean the flesh side of the ham. Fifth application—very good molasses (not sorghum) as long as the meat will absorb it. Saturate the ham with sugar as you would in preserving fruit; the salt is only to flavor it; for hams intended for boiling, and which require more salt, you may use salt according to your judgment and give more time. The ham is now cured, and for purposes of boiling it will be found delicious.

"Hams should always be dried without smoke, hanging them in domestic sacks, shank down. If you prefer smoke, hang for two months, and then commences smoking, observing to have your meat elevated as many feet from your fires as practicable. Smoke-houses should be constructed so that the smoke is admitted at the top of the building; the meat being near a dry floor, the smoke settles on the meat after being cooled. Hot smoke should never touch meat. Smoke very slowly, using green hickory smothered with green sawdust from white or burr oak timber, if you can get it. I have never used any thing else, and therefore cannot speak of the merits of corn cobs or sassafras; but as a rule use timber that smokes red, not black; during the last six hours smoking throw red peppers on the fire, it keeps off the "skipper bug." You may want to know what are the advantages gained by curing hams by this expensive process. Well, they are weight and superior quality; as to their keeping I never had a chance to ascertain it—hams cured in this way being "gobbled up" immediately when placed in market—their keeping qualities don't get a chance to be tested. Compared with a sweet pickled ham there is just the same superiority in quality as there is between the sweet pickled and salted. Try a few.

"One word more about the special advantage of curing with sugar; fat cured with salt is repulsive to weak stomachs, consequently a large portion is trimmed off hams intended for the American market that in England is always retained, for two reasons—economy and preserving the juices. Stomachs that reject fat when salted, find it palatable and delicious when cured with sugar."—J. T. D., in Scientific American.

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1865.—For weeks we have been frequently requested—by letters from various parts of the country, and verbally in the publication office—to furnish Club Terms of the RURAL for 1865. We could not consistently comply, for the reason that the price of printing paper, and our current expenses, were so enormous that it seemed impossible to publish such a journal as we desired for less than \$3 a year. But during the past week our paper makers have slightly reduced the price of print, and, in the hope of a still further reduction, we this week offer the XVth Year and Volume of the RURAL at a less price than we anticipated being able to do a month ago. For particulars see illustrated prospectus in this number—on seventh page. The terms there given will be adhered to until otherwise announced—For, if obliged to advance, we shall give due notice. But we shall endeavor to abide by the terms, even if we lose thousands of dollars, as we did this year by adhering to the low rates offered last fall.

Our chief object in offering club rates is to maintain the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL, for it is very doubtful whether any profit whatever will be realized on copies furnished at less than the single subscription price. We are also somewhat ambitious, and willing to risk more than a trifle to accomplish the laudable object in view—maintaining the position, standing and influence the paper has acquired. Therefore, each and every friend of the RURAL and its objects is requested to aid in introducing the paper to notice and support. And now is the time to do this. Election is over and a myriad of people, disgusted with the political organs, want some sound, sensible, serious and saving reading for themselves and their families. Its long-time Agents and Friends are especially invited to renew their efforts in support of this paper, and to open the RURAL CAMPAIGN for 1865 with a vigor which will insure success.

CROSS OF THE MOOSE WITH COMMON CATTLE.—A writer in the N. Y. Observer, in answering a Nova Scotia correspondent who asked if "any one is known to have successfully attempted the crossing of the moose with domestic horned cattle," says:—"I have to state that about thirty years ago I saw in a stable in the Bowery, New York, a large animal of such a cross. It was a noble one, and of fine proportions, standing over six feet in height. It was sent to England as a curiosity. Its mother was an ordinary domestic cow which fed on a farm, I think in Canada, or near Lake Champlain, in New York, where she made the acquaintance of the male elk or moose, roaming wild in the forest." Another correspondent writes:—"Theoretically, we should not expect animals of so entirely distinct families to cross, and practically I have found this so with the elk and common cattle."

POTATO SEEDLINGS.—Can you or some of your readers give information through your paper how to raise potatoes from the potato apple, or seed? What preparation is necessary, or what is the process?—J. W. B., Clarence, N. Y.

Take the seed balls collected, squeeze the pulp out in a basin of water, wash all the pulp out of the seed, spread the seed on a board and set where it will dry. After it is dry rub and blow out all but the heaviest seed. Sow this seed the next spring in the hot bed as you would tomato seed, and at the same time transplant the plants so raised after the spring frosts, as soon as the ground will pulverize well, on rich ground, in rows, one set in a place, two feet apart each row. Cultivate by hilling up as the young vines grow. Do this to prevent them falling down and mildewing prematurely. Till well. We have seen this practice adopted with the best results.

SORGHUM SEED FOR COLORING CLOTH.—We have received from WM. SAUNDERS, Superintendent of the Government Gardens at Washington, samples of cloth colored with dyes produced from the seed and canes of sorghum by the Chemist of the Agricultural Department, who pronounces them all fast colors. There are a dozen or more different shades of color, varying from a dark color approaching a crimson, down to a light, brownish drab. Some of these colors are quite brilliant, and if the dyes can be economically produced from the sorghum seed and cane, it will add materially to the value of this important product.

THE "BUTTER AND EGGS" PLANT.—(Cleora Sayre.) The plant you describe is, without doubt, *Lobelia vulgaris*—Toad Flax. Ranstead-weed. Butter and eggs. It is a foreign plant introduced in this country. It is a vile foreigner—a regular Squatter Sovereign where it gets foot-hold, and should be fought to the death. We have had no experience in fighting it, and do not know the best mode, but if it appeared on our farm we should employ all the generalship, strategy and big guns we could command to extirpate it.

CAN BEASTS AND BIRDS THINK?—EDS. RURAL: We have frequent discussions, these autumn evenings, around our fire-side. The subject discussed last Friday evening was,—"Can birds and beasts think?" I contended they could not, but in taking that side of the question found myself nearly alone. As you are expected to know everything, and a great deal besides, will you not please to enlighten us?—LUTA LELAND.

We do not think anybody actually knows whether they think or not—we certainly do not. We can only give our opinion, which is that some of them think a great deal more than some humans.

TOBACCO WORMS.—Is there any way to keep worms from destroying tobacco when it is growing, except to take them off by hand and kill them? They grow so fast that they have to be taken off every day or two, or they destroy the crop. This is a part of agriculture I am very green in, therefore any information on the subject will be thankfully received by—FRANK, New Milton, West Va.

We know of no other effectual mode; if any of our readers do, let them communicate.

MUSIC RECEIVED.—We have received the following pieces of music:—"Missing"—a ballad with chorus, by A. H. HOPKINS; published by JOSEPH SHAW, Rochester, N. Y.—"Presentation Polka," composed by FRANCES H. BROWN, and "Ocean Wave," by CHAS. C. DESENBARE, published by GEO. H. ELLIS, Rochester, N. Y.—"The Copperhead of 1864," by JAMES G. CLARK, published by HORACE WATERS, New York.

GREAT SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK.—None of our readers interested in the breeding of superior stock—especially Short-Horn and Devon Cattle, South Down Sheep or Thorough-Bred Horses—should fail to read the advertisement of Mr. PAGE, offering the fine herds and flocks of Hon. A. B. CONGER at public sale on the 17th and 18th days of this month.

WARTS ON COWS TEATS.—Take the grease fried out of salt fat pork and rub it on the teats after milking, for a few days, and the warts will disappear.—P. C., Allegany Co., N. Y.

TOBACCO CULTURE.—(A. J. Drake.) Send us 30 cts. and we will send you the Complete Manual on the Cultivation of Tobacco, free of postage.

Horticultural.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

TENTH BIENNIAL MEETING.—CONTINUED.

DISCUSSION ON PEACHES.

GEO. M. BEELER of Indiana, who had been spending some time among the peach orchards of Delaware and New Jersey, was called upon to give the result of his extended observations, which he did as follows:—The ground is prepared for planting, merely as for any common grain crop, and the trees are set generally from eighteen to twenty feet apart—sometimes more and sometimes less—I believe, however, not often wider than twenty feet. Some of the persons with whom I conversed thought that twenty-five feet or even thirty feet would be vastly better. The first two or three years the trees are cultivated and the intervals between the rows are occupied by corn, potatoes or buckwheat. This latter is thought by many to be the best of any, as the ground receives all the culture necessary, and the nature of the grain is not such as to absorb so much of the substance of the soil as some of the others. This does not look reasonable to me (although I may be greatly mistaken) for Agricultural Chemists and Vegetable Physiologists tell us that the nature of the food of the two kinds of plants is entirely different, the one being *Arboreous* and the other *Herbaceous*. After the third year no crop is sown or planted in the orchard, but the ground is frequently stirred and kept free from weeds by means of plows and harrows. Generally three or four "bouts" or "rounds" are plowed next the row of trees with a side draft one horse plow and the remainder with the common two horse plow.

The second cultivation is given when the weeds begin to show plainly, and is performed either like the first operation, or—what is much cheaper and more expeditious—by dragging a good two-horse harrow at right angles with the plowing. These operations are performed as often as the case requires, and the best and most successful cultivators continue as late as the weeds or grass start. One man, who has a very fine orchard, said that *plowing* should not be done after the 1st of June, as it was liable to interfere with the young roots, and consequently injure the tree.

The trees are generally "headed" at a height of from three to four feet, and the branches grow very laterally. Mr. CORBR of Odessa, Del., thought that if they were headed at the ground the growth would be much more upright, and the plowing next the trees would be done more easily to the man and team, and with less injury to the tree. The trees are pruned after the crop is removed, and this consists in cutting away all dead and broken branches—those that interfere with or cross each other, and when too thick to admit sufficient air and sunlight. Cutting-back is not practiced, and is not very well comprehended, I think. The result is that the extreme length of the limbs necessarily bearing their fruit far from the trunk, together with the matter of high heading, causes many of the trees to be ruined every year by splitting down. This would certainly be remedied, and perhaps almost entirely done away with, if low heading and shortening were adopted.

MR. MERRITT of Middletown, Delaware, was fastening his trees together with iron bolts where they had split down, and expected to reap benefits, not only from *bolting* but also from the *oxide of iron* which was thus to be introduced into and disseminated through the system of the tree.

The trees do not usually bear a crop until the third year from planting, though they are known to have paid as much as one dollar per tree the second year. *Thinning* is not practiced, though every man who had peaches admitted that the fruit would be all the better for it, and that it would pay. The per centage to be taken off must of course be determined by the amount of the crop, but from such as the principal part of this year's yield there should be removed about *eighty per cent*. The Smocks and Yellow Bareripes were particularly full, and as a result the fruit was of no intrinsic value, and sold (or sometimes did not sell) at very low prices—frequently not enough to pay the expense of shipment alone. This matter of *thinning* should be performed before the period of *stoning* or hardening of the seed, as the whole strength and vigor of the tree is exerted in that direction during the process. As an illustration showing that *thinning* will pay, I will say that a few orchards that I saw were extremely full last year, and in the beginning of the present season the owners expected no return from them whatever—as there appeared to be almost none on the trees. When, however, the gathering season came, they were surprised to find that they had nearly as many *bushels* as their neighbors from the same number of trees; and the increased size, beauty and quality of the fruit caused them to realize much larger prices, even in the height of the season and glut of the market.

The fruit is gathered when it is *grown*—that is, when it has attained its size and color both of *skin* and *flesh*. The exact time may be regulated by the distances from market; but in Delaware it is picked about one week before the proper time for maturing on the tree. The intention is to pick the trees three different times—occasionally only twice—and sometimes four times. This of course depends on the evenness of the maturation, the idea being that the fruit must have attained all its proper qualities from the tree, yet at the same time be firm in flesh, in order to go safely to market.

Those who have the largest orchards and carry on the business with the most attention,

care and system, assort their fruits into three classes—"Prime," "No. 1," and "inferior." The first named contains nothing but the *best*; the last, those which are bruised, speckled with rotten, and having one side green or are small and decidedly poor. The second is a medium between the extremes and contains none that properly belong in either of the others—especially the latter. The result of this is that they obtain "Prime" prices for "Prime" peaches, and even more for their "No. 1" than persons who send them indiscriminately mixed. In ordinary seasons they obtain something for their "culls;" but I saw none being sent to market this year as such, though many that went as "common run" were no better than these castings aside.

The *shipping* is done both in baskets, holding about a half bushel, and in boxes ranging from one half bushel to two bushels. Every one prefers baskets, but these large boxes were used for shipping to distant markets. When baskets are used, the cars for transporting them are so fitted up that four tiers can be carried, and each one rest on different shelves; this is of course necessary, as the bottoms of the baskets are much smaller than the mouths. Boxes were resorted to this year in excess of any previous year on account of the scarcity of baskets. The usual size holds two baskets, but is made in an oblong shape, with a division in the middle. When these are used the divisions in the car are of no use, as the box is sufficiently strong to resist any jolts and jams with which they would come in contact. Boxes will only last about two seasons. Baskets from one to five—according to quality, and the honesty of the commission merchants. The best are those made of white oak and hickory, split tolerably heavy. The number of baskets required in proportion to the crop of fruit is really astonishing, ranging from twenty to fifty per cent. more. This depends much on the distance to market, and the energy of the producer in hunting them up from the "middle men."

The varieties which are cultivated extensively are very few. Hale's Early is at present attracting much attention and all the trees obtainable are being planted. Of those with which they are already acquainted the Troth's Early ripens first, followed by Early York or Honest John, Yellow Bareripe, Crawford's Early, Old Mixon Free, &c. The late sorts most popular are Crawford's Late, Ward's Late, Smock, Crockett White, Heath Free, &c., &c. They have in Delaware a peach called "Moore's Favorite" which closely resembles the Old Mixon Free, and is said by many to be that variety. The only points of difference observable in them were that it ripens a little later than that variety and was very much finer than any which I saw. I was told however that this was only true of the locality where these were, and that trees budded from these were natural Old Mixons in other places. Reeves' Favorite is also a very fine peach, somewhat resembling the Crawford's. Gray Bareripe is a peach not named in any catalogue, but considerably disseminated, whose chief merits seem to be its hardiness and great bearing qualities. It is of only medium size and of decidedly inferior flavor and appearance. It is said to be very profitable. Yellow fleshed varieties are almost universally good bearers and always well colored. Stump the World and Ward's Late are considered amongst the best white sorts, especially the latter, which bears every year.

A rain about the time of ripening is very disastrous, and if there are indications of a storm extra exertions are put forth to get the fruit in one or two days in advance of maturation, rather than allow it to remain and "weather" the rain. It is also considered very bad policy to gather fruit while it is wet, as it does not carry so well to market and has a rough and damaged appearance from the fuzz being mashed and broken in the handling and jostling.

It is bad policy to mix varieties—especially if of different colors—in the same baskets. Clings are planted very sparingly—indeed I saw but one or two orchards which contained any whatever, and the owners told me that they could find no market for them in any way. This seemed very strange to me, for in the West we think no peach is fit to eat out of hand except a cling, and they are also very highly prized in the families for pickling and preserving.

Of the diseases to which the trees are liable, the "yellows" of course stands foremost. I am not able to say anything new on the subject to you of the "yellow" region, but what I have seen may be of interest to the Westerners—though I hope they will always have to go as far East as Delaware and Jersey to see it. It has been settled that trees of all ages are liable to this malady—though they are but seldom attacked before the age of five or six years. The first indications in the tree are a tendency to produce *suckers* or *water-sprouts*, generally on but one branch the first year. The fruit on this limb ripens several days before the regular time and before the rest of the same tree. The second year the disease spreads considerably in the tree, affecting it precisely like the first, and the third year nearly always suffices to "finish" them entirely. That this disease is contagious there can be but little doubt, as it has always been observed that trees immediately adjoining those infected are sure to show the incipient symptoms the first year thereafter. The cause as well as remedy still remains a mystery. Orchards have been known to fail entirely by the ninth year, while others closely contiguous have flourished almost intact to the age of eighteen or twenty years.

The "Winter Wilt" is known in New Jersey, though why called "Winter Wilt" in preference to "Summer Wilt" I cannot see, as it appears in the summer instead of winter. It seems to affect the *fruit* rather than the *tree*, as the tree showing the disease one year is not therefore liable to

be so affected the next. The cause is unknown but the effect is, that a few weeks before time for maturity the fruit suddenly stops its growth and so remains until several weeks after its natural time for ripening, and never arrives at a state fit for use. It looks reasonable to me that it is the result of a lack of strength in the tree to perfect, at the proper season, the seed—that is, it breaks down in going through the "stoning process."

Their trees are infested with borers in about the same way as those of other parts of the country and the same means are employed in fighting them.

They trim their trees immediately after the fruiting season is over. It consists in cutting out dead and broken branches. I saw no one who cut back his trees in spring, or "headed in." They cut back severely in planting—cut back to the height at which they want to make heads.

DR. TRIMBLE.—During the first two years of the planting we cultivate with buckwheat.

THOMAS.—I have observed a great many orchards planted and not taken care of. An orchard will come forward much faster when well cultivated. An orchard two miles from Richmond, Ind., of 1,000 trees, planted 20 feet apart was, six years after planting, composed of large trees and bore a heavy crop. The cost of the orchard could not have been five hundred dollars, and that season, when I visited it, the owner had sold \$600 worth of fruit from it and had more to sell. We do not want to grow other crops in our orchards.

BERGEN of N. Y.—It is less injury to an orchard to grow buckwheat in it, than it is to not cultivate it at all, or to cultivate it in corn. Such a crop does my trees more good than to let the ground go bare and uncultivated.

The Yellows first made their appearance in Kings Co., Long Island. My father told me he saw it when it first appeared. Up to that time Kings Co. supplied New York market with peaches, but they have not been profitable there since. Peach culture was next introduced in Monmouth, N. J., and the yellows got into the orchards there and now it is unprofitable to grow them there. There is a district south of Shrewsbury which is now being occupied by thousands of acres. Trees live the longest planted on new land. We can get from three to five crops from an orchard after the yellows first appear, before they appear again.

MOODY of N. Y.—Sowing buckwheat in a peach orchard is like sowing a crop of weeds. And it is about the hardest weed to get rid of there is. It is better to cultivate the orchard well from the start.

MEAD.—It is a fact that crops of peaches are now grown where the yellows first appeared.

BEELER of Ind.—I heard, during my trip, no complaint of curled leaf—I believe it is peculiarly a Western institution.

BERGEN of N. Y.—I have had it ten years with me.

BEELER.—It is generally attributed to the cold weather. In New Jersey they tell me that after an orchard has been "peached" it must lie twenty years before re-planting.

PRES. EDWARDS of Mo.—When we want to kill the worst grass we have in the West—"crab-grass"—we put in buckwheat.

DR. TRIMBLE of N. J.—It is a universal thing in New Jersey to cultivate the young orchards with buckwheat. The shrewdest cultivators practice it. I am satisfied the curled leaf is produced by an aphid. This aphid is very short lived. The egg is hatched as soon as it is laid. You often find the cast off skin of the aphid on the leaf. This practice of attributing all the ills which befall our trees to the winter is a cowardly way of getting on with it. I say again it is the aphid. The Snow-ball bush has its leaves curled by the aphid. So do other trees; and I do not doubt as to its work on the peach.

THOMAS of N. Y.—I have made microscopic examinations of this subject with the aid of a good instrument and with a great deal of care. I am satisfied it is an internal fungus which causes curled leaf. I have examined it through all the stages of its growth and am satisfied it is a fungus on the inside of the leaf, just like the rust in wheat, though not so distinct. The curled leaf may be avoided by good cultivation—by keeping the shoots in rapid growth. It is usually found on old trees that have been stunted and follows cold weather. It may be that the cold weather is an agent in developing the fungus; but the fungus is, without doubt, the cause of the curled leaf.

BARRY of N. Y.—I am quite satisfied that the cause is due to sudden changes of weather. The curled leaf never occurs in orchard houses. In the early history of this country we had no curled leaf. I lived here fifteen years without knowing of a failure of the peach crop. But as our protection began to disappear, curled leaf appeared. It is a fungus, but cold causes the fungus.

BEELER.—I have seen the aphid on curled leaves, but think it had chosen them as a place of refuge.

Notes and Queries.

IS THE TOMATO A FRUIT?—So asks Miss FRANCES of Ohio. Certainly it is a fruit: so is a squash, a pumpkin, a melon, a kernel of wheat or corn.

THE DELAWARE GRAPE.—Do you think it will pay to invest in the Delaware Grape here where the Catawba will ripen? Is the Delaware a better wine grape than the Catawba?—E. E., Beaver Co., Pa.

We should think it would pay to cultivate the Delaware as a market fruit anywhere where it will ripen and there is access to market. While we do not believe it a better wine grape than the Catawba, we believe it an excellent wine grape. We do not believe it better because we have not seen any evidence that it is.

GRAPE VINES FROM SINGLE EYES.—Can grape vines from "single eyes" be raised in a common hot bed? If so, please give the *modus operandi*.—E. E.

You will find detailed directions, with illustrations, in FULLER'S Grape Culturist, which we will mail you for \$1.50, and which should be in the hands of all inexperienced grape cultivators. We have not space in which to answer your question in detail at present, hence this reply.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT DRESSING FURS.

EDITORS RURAL NEW YORKER:—As you seem to possess the capacity and willingness to give any desired information on almost any topic, I have concluded to ask you for what information you can give about dressing furs ready for manufacture. We ladies of Northern Iowa have formed the opinion that we can obtain the raw material and manufacture our own furs much cheaper than to pay from \$25 to \$300 for the same after manufacture. Nearly all kinds of fur can be obtained from the Indians at comparatively low rates. Please give all the information you can as to the mode of tanning, cutting and sewing, and oblige one of your constant and delighted readers.—VIOLET G. SNOW, Iowa.

REMARKS.—As skins are sent to market they have been commonly merely dried in the sun or by a fire, or possibly the small skins have been first steeped in a solution of alum. The object is to render the pelt perfectly dry, so that when packed it shall not be liable to putrefy. As the fur-dresser receives the skins he submits them to different processes according to the kind of fur and the object for which it is intended. The fine qualities are usually placed in tubs together with a quantity of rancid butter, and are then trampled upon by the feet of men. The pelt thus becomes softened as if partially tanned. They are next cleaned of the loose bits of integument by rubbing them with a strip of iron. The grease is then removed by trampling them again with a mixture of saw-dust—that of mahogany is preferred—and occasionally beating them and combing the fur. This is all that is necessary to prepare them for the cutter whose office it is to cut out the various shaped pieces and sew them together to make the different articles. The cutting requires much skill to avoid waste. From a great number of similar skins parts of the same shades of color are selected, and thus each muff, mantle or other article, is made to present a uniform color. The seams are concealed by the lining with which the furs are finished. Skill in matching color is required and no directions that could be given would compensate for want of gumption, which every smart woman is supposed to possess in the matter of *matching*.

HOW TO MAKE APPLE-BUTTER.

IN the RURAL of Oct. 29th I saw an inquiry as to the *modus operandi* of making apple-butter. Here you have it: Place a large copper or brass kettle, well cleaned, over the fire; fill the kettle with new cider in which fermentation has not begun. When it comes to a simmer begin to skim off the scum. As it boils down fill in more cider and skim as before until you have in the quantity you wish to boil. A barrel and a half can be nicely done in what is commonly called a barrel kettle. When the cider is boiled away one-half, or more, dip out six or eight gallons into earthen or stone jars, then fill in for each barrel, or thirty-two gallons of unboiled cider, one and a half bushels of quartered apples, nicely washed and drained. If the apples are not all put into the kettle at the same time, replace the apples and the cider taken from the kettle as soon as there is space to receive it. Have a slow fire under the kettle while the apples are dissolving to prevent running over. When well dissolved it must be constantly stirred until finished. This is done with an implement made as follows: Take a piece of soft wood two feet long, one and one-fourth inches thick, two inches wide at top end, four at the bottom, which should be oval; now have a hole at the top, one and one-fourth inches in diameter, and place a handle into it eight feet long. This will enable the operator to stand away from the fire and yet move it over every part of the bottom of the kettle and thus prevent its burning. No burning wood should touch the kettle, neither should the blaze rise above the boiling mass. One barrel of cider and one and one-half bushels of quarters boiled down to about ten gallons, can be kept one or more years. For winter use, two bushels of quarters may be used, and less boiling is required. Before taking it from the fire, season with spice, cinnamon and cloves, to suit the taste. Remove the kettle from the fire, dip the apple-butter while hot, into well glazed crocks or stone jars, then set away to cool; when cold cut paper covers for each crock or jar, soak it in whiskey, lay it into the vessel on the apple-butter and the work is done. Cider made from sour apples, and sweet apples boiled in it, makes an excellent dish. Some prefer sweet cider and sweet apples.—A. GIPPLE, Erie Co., N. Y.

PRESERVING GREEN TOMATOES.—Thinking that some of the RURAL readers would avail themselves of the following method of preserving Green Tomatoes for winter use, I give you my simple method:—Take fresh green Tomatoes and cover with a strong brine for 24 hours, (make the brine of 1 lb. of salt to 1 gallon of water,) then pour off the brine and cover with pure vinegar. Season with peppers, horse-radish, cloves and allspice. Cover top of jars with cloth. At the expiration of ten days they are ready for use.—OLIVE STEPLETON, Clermont Co., Ohio.

HOW TO DRY CITRON.—I have dried it both in sugar and molasses. I prefer molasses, as I wish it dark colored. Cut the citron in slices thin enough to extract the seeds easily, pare, and boil in water until tender, drain through a colander, then put in your kettle and pour on some molasses; boil, flavor with lemon extract. Skim out the citron on plates. Boil the juice down and turn on the citron, and dry.—JULIA.

DUMPLINGS—HASH—PICKLES.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Take a six quart pan, fill with apples pared and cored about two-thirds full, with water sufficient to cook the apples. Put an occasional lump of butter around the sides of the pan. Now prepare a crust; for one quart of flour take a piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda; rub well into the flour, then add a little salt, and sweet milk or water just enough to "wet up" your crust. Cover your apples with this crust, and then set it on the top of your stove with a larger tin pan for a cover. Cook from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, as some apples stew quicker than others. To be eaten with maple molasses or sweetened cream. It is tip-top.

PEPPER HASH.—Six cabbages, chop them; fifty sweet peppers, chop them after removing the seeds; 1 lb. mustard seed; 1 lb. allspice; salt to taste. Put in a jar or tub, mix up well, then add vinegar enough to cover all. Set in a cool place. When you want to use some, take two quarts, add teacup of brown sugar, and let it be heated through—not boiled.

SWEET PICKLES.—Ripe cucumbers are very nice pickled in this way: Take off the skin, cut in slices after removing the seeds. Let them stand in salt water over night. Take two quarts good vinegar and two lbs. brown sugar, scald well and then pour over your cucumbers; repeat this every morning for a week and you will have a pickle that even poor teeth can masticate.—Mrs. H., Trumbull Co., Ohio.

PUDDINGS AND DOUGHNUTS.

BOILED INDIAN MEAL PUDDING.—In reply to the request of a "Farmer's Wife" for a recipe for making a Boiled Indian meal pudding, I will send mine:—Take one pint sour milk, one-third pint cream, one tablespoon of sugar, one egg, one tea cup of sifted flour, four tea cups meal, a little salt, saleratus enough to sweeten the milk; put in a covered pudding pail, set in a kettle of boiling water, boil two hours. Keep the kettle covered while boiling.

CREAM PUDDING.—Take two tea cups of sour cream, one of milk, three eggs; add flour until it is as thick as you can well stir with a spoon, and a little salt; boil two hours in a covered pail set in a kettle of boiling water. Keep the kettle covered while boiling.

DOUGHNUTS.—Six tea cups new milk, two tea cups sugar, one cup of shortening, one-half cup butter, one-half cup lard, one cup yeast, two eggs, one heaping teaspoonful of cinnamon; add flour to knead like bread, mix at night, keep it warm during the evening; in the morning knead and roll out, and cut in pieces suitable to fry. Let them stand in a warm place fifteen or twenty minutes, then fry. I think cakes made from this recipe will be equal to the Seminary cakes.—Mrs. A. S. K., Solon, Ohio.

"SWEET PICKLE" OF APPLES.

TAKE three pounds of sugar, three quarts of vinegar, (not very strong), ten pounds of sweet apple, pare, quarter and core the apples, put the sugar and vinegar together, boil and skim it; then take half of the sirup out into another vessel, put as many of the apples into your preserving pan as will boil conveniently, and boil until tender; then skim those out and add more apple and sirup, and so on until all is done. Spice with whole cloves and nutmeg. I kept apple, prepared last year, in this way, until May; they neither molded nor fermented. They were kept in a cool, dry place.

This same recipe can be used, by adding one pound of sugar, (I have never tried less,) for plums and peaches; for such fruit use one quart less of vinegar, boil your sirup and pour it over boiling hot three days successively. Omro, Wis., 1864. FARMER'S WIFE.

AN EXCELLENT CAKE RECIPE.—Two eggs, 1 teacup of molasses, 1 teacup of shortening, 1 teacup of butter-milk, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon saleratus, two teacups unboiled wheat flour; bake half an hour. A very healthy cake and those who may give it a trial will not be troubled with indigestion, etc.—J. A. S., Bluff Point, N. Y. Tough!

BAKED EGGS.—Crack them slightly at the ends, place them in a hot oven, bake fifteen minutes. We think them preferable to boiled ones.

GOOD INK.—One ounce extract of logwood; a tablespoonful scraped alum; a pint of rain water. No heating required.—SOPH.

DOMESTIC INQUIRIES.

COLORING COTTON PINK AND RED.—Will some lady friend furnish me, through the columns of the RURAL, with recipes for coloring cotton pink and red, suitable for carpet rags?—I. A. C., Akron, Ohio.

COLORING RECIPES WANTED.—I will be very much obliged to some of the readers of the RURAL if they will furnish me through its columns recipes for coloring that would be suitable for a carpet, and also be perfectly fast. Wanted, also, a recipe for removing mildew from muslins.—M. R. D., Port Perry.

COCHINEAL RED.—Will some one of the RURAL readers please send a recipe for coloring woolen yarn a bright cochineal red, like the yarn we buy at the stores?—P. F. MOSES, Lapeer Co., Mich.

HOP-YRAST CAKES AND BAKER'S GINGERBREAD.—Will some one of the lady readers send a recipe for making hop-yeast cakes that will keep some time? Also, a recipe for baking the old-fashioned baker's gingerbread, such as we buy at the baker's.—P. F. M., Lapeer Co., Mich.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Will some of your good housewives send through the RURAL a recipe for Quince Marmalade?—Mrs. H.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A WIFE'S SIGH.

In the days of my girlhood he called me "ALY," When he came to my side— When from over the breast of the heaving ocean, He sought for his bride— And my sleeping heart awoke to the music Of the love in his tone, And, with fearless faith, I gave my future, My all, to be his own.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. CHILDHOOD GLOBIFYING GOD.

WITHOUT doubt, the subject of early piety does not secure among Christians the attention which its importance demands. It is too lightly regarded, as well as the instrumentalities by which it may be brought about.

Among the earliest memories of a young man who is known by me, is the memory of a pious mother leading him to the place of prayer. Kneeling there, she worshiped GOD and taught him to pray.

I have occasionally heard Christian mothers lament the limited nature of woman's sphere. My dear friends, it seems to me that you are mistaken. Do you not too rarely estimate aright your duties and the power which you possess to bring early piety to the heart and lead childhood to glorify God?

Meantime, while woman's proper business is thus disgraced and avoided, all the excitements of praise, honor, competition, and emolument are given to book-learning and accomplishments.

WHAT is the happiness of our life made up of? Little courtesies; little kindnesses; pleasant words; genial smiles; a friendly letter; and good deeds.

THE joy which we inspire has this charming thing about it, that far from being weakened, like ordinary reflections, it returns to us more radiant than before.

THE PROFESSION OF WOMEN.

A MAGAZINE article says the profession of women is housekeeping, declares it thoroughly dishonored and offers the following proofs:

The delicate constitution and falling health of young girls, the sickness and sufferings of mothers and housekeepers, the miserable quality of domestic service, the stinted wages of seamstresses, the despair of thousands who vainly strive for an honest living, and the awful increase of those who live by vice, are more and more pressing on public attention.

What is the cause of all this? The chief cause is, that woman is not trained for her profession, while that profession is socially disgraced.

Women are not trained to be housekeepers, nor to be wives, nor to be mothers, nor to be nurses of young children, nor to be nurses of the sick, nor to be seamstresses, nor to be domestics.

And yet what trade or profession of men involves more difficult and complicated duties than that of a housekeeper?

When parents are poor, the daughters are forced into considerable practical training for future duties, though many a mother toils to the loss of health that her daughters may have all their time for study and school.

In the more wealthy classes the young girl is subjected to a constant stimulus of the brain, involving certain debility of nerves and muscles. Books in the nursery—books in the parlor—books in the school-room surround her. Her body is deformed by pernicious dress, her stomach weakened by confectionery and bad food.

School is succeeded by a round of pleasurable excitement till marriage is secured, and then—perhaps in one short year—the untrained novice is plunged into all the complicated duties of wife, mother, and housekeeper, aided only by domestics as ignorant and untrained as herself.

What would a watch-maker be called who should set up his son in the trade when he had never put together a watch, furnishing only journeymen and apprentices as ignorant as his son? If in addition to this the boy's right hand were paralyzed, he would be no more unfit for his business than are most young girls of the wealthy classes when starting in their profession at marriage.

Then, on the other hand, women who do not marry, especially in the more wealthy class, have no profession or business, and are as ill-provided as men would be, were all their trades and professions ended, and nothing left but the desultory pursuits of most single women who do not earn their living.

Almost every method that can be devised to make woman's work vulgar, and disagreeable, and disgraceful has been employed, till now the word "lady," signifies a woman that never has done any of the proper work of a woman.

Dark and dirty kitchens, mean and filthy dress, ignorant and vulgar associates, inconvenient arrangements, poor utensils, hard and dirty work, and ignorant and unreasonable housekeepers—these are the attractions offered to young girls to tempt them to one of the most important departments of their future profession.

The care of infants and young children is made scarcely less repulsive and oppressive, and usually is given to the young or the ignorant. Thus the training of young children at the most impressive age, the providing of healthful food, and suitable clothing, and of most of home comforts are turned off to the vulgar and ignorant.

The little girl who used to be rewarded at school for sewing neatly, and praised when she had made a whole shirt for her father, now is rewarded and praised only for geography, grammar and arithmetic. The young woman in the next higher school goes on to geometry, algebra and Latin, and winds up, if able to afford it, with French, music and drawing.

The result is, that in the wealthy classes a woman no more thinks of earning her living in her true and proper profession than her brothers do of securing theirs by burglary or piracy.

This feeling in the more wealthy classes descends to those less favored by fortune. Though forced by lack of means to some degree of training for woman's business, the daughters of respectable farmers and mechanics never look forward toward earning a living in their proper business, except as the last and most disgraceful resort of poverty. They will go into hot and unhealthy shops and mills, and even into fields with men and boys, rather than to doing woman's work in a private family.

Choice Miscellany.

THE LONGING.

BY SCHILLER.

HEAVY vapors coldly hover Round the vale I cannot flee; Outlet could I but discover, Blessed were escape to me! Ever green in fair dominion, Yonder hill-top I survey: Thither, could I find the plow, Thither would I wing my way,

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. CHANGES.

It seems sad to us, after a long absence, to return to our home and find all around us, wherever we turn, strewn thick as the fallen leaves of autumn, the marks of change. There are new streets with new houses upon them, new houses on your own street, new shrubbery and trees in your neighbors' yards, or the trees in your own yard have grown so that you hardly recognize it as the home you left.

The old people of years ago, those who made the place, the society, when you was a boy, have silently stepped, one by one, into their rest, and their sons stand to-day in the footsteps of the fathers. You look for one who stood in the highway of prosperity, gifted with talents which bade fair for a high and noble manhood, whose youth was full of promise of something great and good.

Some, whom nobody encouraged, nobody helped or hardly respected, have shaken off the fetters with which circumstances had shackled them, and stepped into the front rank. To-morrow, they will be the men who lead. So changes wax and wane. The sun shines brightly to-day—it sinks into the bosom of the west canopied about with crimson and gold, but in the morning it will rise upon a different world, for all things are constantly changing.

HOSPITALITY.

THE home education is incomplete unless it include the idea of hospitality and charity. Hospitality is a biblical and apostolic virtue, and not so often recommended in Holy Writ without reason. Hospitality is much neglected in America, for the very reasons touched upon above.

too severe a trial to occur often. America is a land of subdivided fortunes, of a general average of wealth and comfort, and there ought to be, therefore, an understanding in the social basis far more simple than in the Old World.

Many families of small fortunes know this—they are quietly living so—but they have not the steadiness to share their daily average living with a friend, a traveler, or a guest, just as the Arab shares his tent, and the Indian his bowl of succotash. They can not have company, they say. Why? Because it is such a fuss to get out the best things, and then put them back again. But why get out the best things? Why not give your friend what he would like a thousand times better, a bit of your average home life, a seat at any time at your board, a seat at your fire? If he sees that there is a handle off your tea-cup, and that there is a crack across one of your plates, he only thinks, with a sigh of relief, "Well, mine aunt the only things that meet with accidents," and he feels nearer to you ever after; he will let you come to his table and see the cracks in his tea-cups, and you will condole with each other on the transient nature of earthly possessions.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

—AN English Working-man belonging to a deputation which visited President LINCOLN, thus describes the interview:—"We saw a colored man lighting fires, whom we informed that we wanted to see the President, at the same time giving him a note to take to him. In less than five minutes after we were before the President, about whom I had heard so much in England. I little thought, when I used to clap at the announcement of his name in the free trade hall, and elsewhere in Manchester, that I should ever grasp his hand or engage with him in a conversation. We opened the door ourselves. Mr. Lincoln was busy writing. When we had reached about half way into the room, he sprang to his feet with a smartness that quite surprised me, shook hands with us all in turn, drew forth some chairs and requested us to be seated. When we had complied, he sat down himself, threw out his long legs in true Yankee style, drew his hands across his face, lighted up with honest smiles, and began, 'Well, gentlemen, I see what your business is by your note;' but it is useless to note all that was said, but I can say that it is almost impossible to keep a straight face in his company, he being so brimful of jokes, all having some bearing on the subject under consideration. But now and again in his argument he rivets your serious attention. You cannot understand him he is so solid; and then he will finish with a pun."

—THE following story is told of WASHINGTON IRVING, illustrating his humors toward children. It occurred at Saratoga:—"In one of these rambles, I recollect his attention was arrested by the crying and sobbing of a poor little barefooted and ragged boy, wearing an old 'cone shaped' hat that had lost all its original form. He had just been punished by his elder sister, a thin, slatternly young vixen, who was following him. Mr. Irving, at once reading the whole story, turned aside from our route, and commenced, in a most friendly and affectionate tone, with:

"I know what is the matter with my little boy. It is enough to make anybody cry, to wear a hat that falls down over his eyes so he can't see and stubbing his little toes. I see the cause of all this trouble." And, with that, he took off the old hat, and, rolling its flabby brim inward, replaced it on the little boy's head. "There," said he, "that is all right now." Both the children, confounded by the event, stood for a time silent, and then moved off, chuckling together at his oddity; while Mr. Irving, resuming his walk, seemed not less gratified at his success in turning the scene of grief into one of gladness.

DRAWLING STYLE OF SINGING.—In many of our churches the hymn is an infliction, whereas it should be a refreshment and a joy. The organist must show off his skill, and the slow movements of the song sometimes make one yawn. A capital reform will be accomplished when we suppress the interludes, or limit them to ten seconds, and then rouse ourselves to rapid, cheerful songs of praise. Mr. Spurgeon's congregation did not sing fast enough to satisfy him the Sabbath I was there, and he begged them to sing faster—a request which secured a great improvement in the next hymn. It is an interesting fact that the idea of more rapid singing is everywhere prevalent and growing in England, and that a few years promise to secure the greatest improvement in the spirit and pleasure of public praise.—London Letter.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A writer, whose life has passed its meridian, thus eloquently discourses upon the speedy flight of time:—"Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to make. It now seems but a step; and yet along the way are broken shrines, where a thousand hopes wasted it to ashes; footprints sacred under their drifting dust, green mounds where grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened steps and hopes push on toward the evening whose signal light will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. THE SPIRIT SISTERS.

BY WILLIAM B. LEE.

THREE spirit sisters ever glide about us, Death, Deathlessness and Life, Each oftentimes the other's semblance taking, And with strange fancies rife. Sad, still, and beautiful, Death seems too happy, Happier far than Life, As, opening sweet white arms, she softly whispers "Peace!" 'mid our troubled strife.

NATURAL RELIGION.

THE natural religion that I mean is referred to in the sixty-fifth Psalm. The old Hebrews, half-civilized as they were, if not rather half-savage, were wiser in this thing than we. To them it was the voice of the Lord that broke the cedars of Lebanon. It was the Lord that sat upon the flood. They saw his mercy in the heavens and his faithfulness reaching unto the clouds. It was he who prepared rain for the earth, and made the grass to grow upon the mountains, who gave to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cried, who filled them with the finest wheat, scattered the hoarfrost like ashes, called forth his ice like morsels, caused his wind to blow and the waters to flow, brought out the hosts of the stars by number, and called them all by name. Well will it be for us when the unlearned seek wisdom, and the learned humility; when the fool on the one side and the philosopher on the other,—the child in knowledge and he that is a hundred years old,—shall alike call not only upon his angels to praise the Lord, but "Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise ye him, all ye stars of light. Praise him, ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens. Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor; stormy wind, fulfilling his word; mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars; beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl; praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created. His name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven."—Gail Hamilton.

FIVE KINDS OF CONSCIENCES.

THERE be five kinds of consciences on foot in the world; first an ignorant conscience, which neither sees nor sayeth anything, neither beholds the sins in a soul, nor reproves them. Secondly, the flattering consciences, whose speech is worse than silence itself, which, through seeing sin soothes man in the committing thereof. Thirdly, the sacred conscience, which had neither sight, speech, nor sense in men that are past feeling. Fourthly, a wounded conscience, frightened with sin. The last and best is a quiet, and clear conscience, pacified in Christ Jesus. Of these, the fourth is incomparably better than the three former, so that a wise man would not take a world to change them. Yea, a wounded conscience is rather painful than sinful, an affliction, no offence, and is in the ready way, at the next remove, to be turned into a quiet conscience.—Thomas Fuller.

THE GOSPELS HARMONIOUS.

THE single history of the life of the Lord Jesus which, the four Gospels furnish, is presented under the different aspects of four widely differing and typically significant individual views. This fourfold reflection of the one light of the world, when viewed askance, presents a thousand dazzling reflected lights, completely confusing the vision, while a direct view of the four reflections show but one light. In this respect it may be affirmed, that the mutual relation of the four Gospels more excites and evokes the criticism of the human mind than anything else, and at the same time becomes itself the criticism of all false criticism. Who would undertake to harmonize the results of modern criticism? A harmony which should seek to bring these critics into accordance with each other, would find a thousand times more difficulties than those harmonies which seek to reconcile the discrepancies between the several Gospels.

"It is finished." We are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes,—the winding up of all things, the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful, sudden wrench from all we have known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars, and light,—I ask you what will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and selfish gratification; or will it be "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do?"—Robertson's Sermons.

"I WOULD rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the utmost ends of the earth."—Ignatius.

The Reviewer.

THE AMERICAN CONFLICT: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64—its Causes, Incidents and Results—Intended to exhibit especially its moral and political phases with the drift and progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the close of the War for the Union. By HENRY GAZLEY. Illustrated. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co. Chicago: Geo. & C. W. Sherwood.

We have received the first volume of this work. It contains near 630 pages. Its character and scope is well told by its title page, the contents of which we have copied above. In his preface—which is called "Preliminary Egotism"—Mr. GAZLEY tells what he has aimed to do, and how he has aimed to do it. He says his subject is naturally divided into two parts:—I. How we got into the War for the Union; and II. How we got out of it. The volume before us is submitted by him "as a clear elucidation of the former of these problems." We think he has succeeded—that the work before us is a clear, fair, impartial, unimpaired statement of the causes of this great American Conflict. He glances at the condition of the country in 1783, and compares it with the same in 1860, glances at Slavery in America prior to 1776, during the revolution and under the Confederation, giving clearly and concisely the efforts made to restrict slavery extension, quoting copiously from public papers of that period, the rise and progress of the State Rights doctrine, Nullification, the Rise and Progress of Abolition, embracing the important facts in our political history to the period of the Battle of Ball's Bluff.

We admire the spirit with which this work is prepared—the comprehensive manner in which historical facts have been grouped in order that they may tell the story of their influence in bringing the two sections of the country in armed hostility to each other. We do not find any far-fetched, illogical deductions. Looking back upon our political history in the light of the present, we think no intelligent, thinking person will dissent from Mr. GAZLEY as to how we got into this war—as to the cause of this conflict.

The book is a valuable one, and should be in the library of every man qualified to vote intelligently. Its illustrations are well executed, it is substantially bound, well printed in large clear type, and is a worthy contribution, typographically and intrinsically to the more substantial and enduring literature of the country. The price of the book varies from \$4.50 to \$7.50 per volume, according to style of binding.

A REPORT OF THE DEBATES AND PROCEEDINGS in the Secret Sessions of the Conference Convention for Preparing Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, held at Washington, D. C., in February, A. D. 1861. By L. E. CHITTENDEN, one of the Delegates. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It will be remembered by all our readers, probably, that this Conference was proposed by the General Assembly of the State of Virginia in January, 1861, after the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and prior to his inauguration—at a time which seemed to all to be the most critical in the history of our country. No thinking person has forgotten the way in which this proposition was received by the country, nor the anxiety with which the result of the deliberations of this Conference was looked for. True, the waves of War which have rolled so fearfully since, may have, for the time, covered from sight this apparent attempt at conciliation; but as a part of the history of this war, this Conference must hold an important place. The Conference was held with closed doors. Its debates have never been given the public before. The effort which the different members of this body made to restore harmony, has never been submitted to the people for commendation or criticism before. Now it is before us in a large volume embracing over six hundred pages. It is a part of the record which will ever be read with interest by the historical student. It illustrates in a thrilling manner the condition and tendency of public sentiment both at the North and the South. Its members were representative men, and, speaking in this Conference with the Public Press shut out from them, with no Public Eye resting upon them, they expressed their deliberate convictions and purposes unembarrassed, except, perhaps, by the responsibilities resting upon them. And now, after nearly four years—the most eventful in our history—have elapsed, we are permitted to look, in their light, upon this Conference at work. We have found it intensely interesting. For sale by STRUBLE & AVERY.

MEMOIR OF MRS. CAROLINE F. KEITH, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to China. By WILLIAM C. TENNEY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Mrs. KEITH—CAROLINE FRESE TENNEY—was born in New Market, N. H., in 1821, was well educated, joined the Unitarian Church, prepared herself for a teacher, spent a year in South Carolina, another in New York City, two or three years in Louisville, Ky., where she united with the Episcopal Church, made a marriage engagement which was subsequently broken by desertion by her betrothed, spent two years in Lower Virginia, and finally went to China as a Missionary where she married Rev. CLEVELAND KEITH, and remained until 1863, when she returned to San Francisco and died. Her husband was lost on the Golden Gate the August following her death.

This memoir of her life is chiefly made up of her correspondence with her friends, from the school-days of her girlhood during her teacher and missionary life—telling the story of her mental struggles, of the origin and growth of convictions of duty and moral responsibility, and illustrating much which is common to the lives of all thinking, truthful persons. Such auto-biographies, written with no purpose of publicity, are always interesting and sometimes profitable to the student of character and the causes and modes of its development. For sale by STRUBLE & AVERY.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN in the School, the Family, and the Church. By CATHERINE E. BEZORER. New York: Harper & Bro's.

The well known character of Miss BEZORER as a thinker and writer, will command for this book the attention it evidently merits from the thoughtful of the class for whose benefit and guidance it is written. Miss BEZORER says she has been educating mothers and teachers nearly forty years. More than a thousand of her pupils in almost every sect and section of our country, during that period have been rearing families, into many of which she has been received as a confidential friend to learn their difficulties and their failure or success. She has observed the various methods pursued in the training of children, and the result is a deep conviction that the right training of children is the most difficult of all human pursuits—that success is invariably proportioned to the wisdom and fitness of the methods pursued—that the best modes are to be obtained only by a wide experience, involving many failures, and as yet, offering no perfect examples—that the records of experience are indispensable to future success, and that educators like medical men, are bound to make such records for the benefit of the profession. It is with this conviction that this book has been prepared. We are sure it will interest parents and educators. For sale by STRUBLE & AVERY. Price \$1.50.

War Literature.

The Four-footed Orderly.

As we were flying about in every direction, now here, now there, with a pad for one, a basin and sponge to wet the wounds for another, cologne for a third, and milk punch for a fourth, I felt Dick (our hospital dog, my faithful friend and ally, a four-footed Vidocq, in his mode of scenting out grievances,) seize my dress in his teeth, pull it hard, and look eagerly up in my face. "What is it, Dick? I am too busy to attend to you just now." Another hard pull, and a beseeching look in his eyes. "Presently, my fine fellow! presently! Gettysburg men must come first."

He wags his tail furiously, and still pulls my dress. Does he mean that he wants me for one of them? Perhaps so. "Come, Dick, I'll go with you." He starts off delighted, leads me to the ward where those worst wounded have been placed, travels the whole length of it to the upper corner, where lies a man apparently badly wounded, and crying like a child. I had seen him brought in on a stretcher, but in the confusion had not noticed where he had been taken. Dick halted as we arrived at the bed, looked at me, as much as to say, "there, isn't that a case requiring attention?" and then, as though quite satisfied to resign him into my hands, trotted quietly off.

He did not notice my approach; I therefore stood watching him for a little while. His arm and hand, from which the bandage had partially slipped were terribly swollen; the wound was in the wrist, (or rather as I afterwards found, the ball had entered the palm of his hand and had come out at his wrist,) and appeared to be, as it subsequently proved, a very severe one.

My boast that I could make a pretty good conjecture what State a man came from by looking at him, did not avail me here. I was utterly at fault. His fair, Saxon face, so far as I could judge of it, as he lay sobbing on his pillow, had something feminine—almost child-like—in the innocence and gentleness of his expression; and my first thought was one which has constantly occurred on closer acquaintance, "how utterly unfit for a soldier!" He wanted the quick nervous energy of the New Englander, who, even when badly wounded, rarely fails to betray his origin; he had none of the rough off-handed dash of our western brothers, and could never have had it, even in health; nor yet the stolidity of our Pennsylvania Germans. No! it was clear that I must wait till he chose to enlighten me as to his home. After a few minutes' study, I was convinced that the tears were not from the pain of his wound; there was no contraction of the brow, no tension of the muscles, no quivering of the frame; he seemed simply very weary, very languid, like a tired child, and I resolved to act accordingly.

"I have been so busy with our defenders this afternoon," said I, "that I have had no time to come and thank you." He started, raised his tear-stained face, and said, with a wondering air, "To thank me? For what?"

"For what? said I, "haven't you been keeping the rebels away from us? Don't you know that if it hadn't been for you and many like you, we might at this moment been flying from our homes, and Gen. Lee and his men occupying our city? You don't seem to know how grateful we are to you—we feel as though we could never do enough for our brave Gettysburg men to return what they have won for us."

This seemed quite a novel idea, and the tears were stopped to muse upon it.

"We tried to do our duty, ma'am, I know that."

"I know it, too, and I think I could make a pretty good guess what corps you belong to. Suppose I try. Wasn't it the second corps? You look to me like one of Gen. Hancock's men; you know they were praised in the papers for their bravery. Am I right?" The poor tired face brightened instantly. The random shot had hit the mark.

"Yes, second corps. Did you know by my cap?"

"Your cap? You don't wear your cap in bed, do you? I haven't seen your cap; I guessed by that wound—it must have been made where there was pretty hard fighting, and I knew the second corps had done their share of that."

But this was dangerous ground, as I felt the moment the allusion to his wound was made; the sympathy was too direct, and his eyes filled at once. Seeing my mistake, I plunged off rapidly on another track.

"Did you notice my assistant orderly who came in with me just now? He had been over to see you before, for he came and told me you wanted me."

"I wanted you! No, ma'am; that's a mistake; no one's been near me since they bathed me, and gave me clean clothes—I know there hasn't, for I watched them running all about; but none came to me, and I want so much to have my arm dressed." And the ready tears once more began to flow.

"There is no mistake. I told you that my assistant orderly came to me in the lady's room, and told me that you needed me. Think again—who has been here since you were brought in?"



THE LATE LORD ELGIN.

The accompanying portrait and biography of the late Lord ELGIN, formerly Governor-General of Canada, will interest many RURAL readers to whom he was known personally or by reputation. Lord ELGIN was an able and remarkable man, worthily esteemed by our trans-Atlantic neighbors, and respected by the people of the United States. The following biographical sketch embraces some of the most important acts and events of his life:

LORD ELGIN was born in London on the 20th of July, 1811. He was educated at Eton, and from Eton he went to Christ Church, where he was one of the distinguished band of scholars and statesmen, including Sir George Lewis, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and Mr. Gladstone, who were reared in that celebrated seat of learning. He was of the first class in classics in 1832, and subsequently he became a fellow of Merton College, being then known in his father's lifetime as Lord Bruce. We hear little more of him till 1841. In that year he married; he entered Parliament as a member for Southampton, and as a supporter of Sir R. Peel. The election of 1841, which sent Lord Bruce to Parliament, raised Sir Robert Peel to power, with Lord Stanley as Secretary of the Colonies. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley were both scholars and statesmen, trained in Christ Church, were both prepossessed in favor of the new comer, and in 1842 offered him the Governor-Generalship of Jamaica. In Jamaica Lord Elgin had no easy task, but he acquitted himself so well that when, in 1846, the Whigs had to seek out the ablest man they could find to be Governor-General of Canada, they pitched upon Lord Elgin, notwithstanding his Tory connections. Lord Elgin carried out in Canada the conciliatory policy of his father-in-law, Lord Durham, and by preserving a neutrality between parties, by developing the resources of the country, agricultural and commercial, and by seeking in every possible way to study the wishes of the colonists, he, in a reign that extended over eight years, did much to quell discontent and to knit the Canadian provinces closely to the mother country. He was so successful that in 1849 he was honored with a Brit-

ish peerage. The next office which he was called upon to fill was that of Ambassador to China. It was on his way thither that he heard of the Indian mutinies; and the troops which had been ordered to China, in support of his mission there, were at once diverted to Calcutta. He passed on to China, and though his progress was delayed, yet in the end he succeeded in his aims; he saw Canton taken, and he negotiated the treaty of Tien-tsin, which forms the basis of our present relations, as well as those of the European powers, with the Chinese. This accomplished, he returned to England. In the summer of 1859, Lord Palmerston entered upon office once more, and Lord Elgin became a member of his cabinet, with the duties of Postmaster-General. What followed it is almost needless to recount. The brother of Lord Elgin had been appointed British Envoy to China, and in accordance with the treaty he ought to have been received at Peking. Access to the capital, however, was refused to him save on conditions which were considered derogatory to the British representative, and when he insisted on the right secured by treaty there ensued the disaster of the Peiho. Forthwith, in 1860, Lord Elgin was dispatched once more to sustain the English authority, and he fulfilled his mission by entering Peking in state, and compelling the submission of the Celestial chiefs. Scarcely had he gained this triumph than he was appointed to succeed Lord Canning as Governor-General of India. It is stated that he had suffered from heart-complaint; and though he took great care of his health, particularly avoiding the heat of the sun, it was this malady which, assuming an acute form, prostrated him with the illness which ended fatally. The Governor-General was in the north-west provinces; he had passed the hot season at Simla, had lately been traversing some elevated tracts in the Himalayas, and had, it is said, a few days before his illness, ascended to a point 13,000 feet high. It is supposed that this exertion proved too much for his constitution, and brought on the illness which terminated in his death at Dhurmesal, on the 20th of December, 1863.

Here was at once a safe and fertile theme. I entered at large upon Dick's merits; his fondness for the men—his greater fondness occasionally for their dinners—his having made way with three lunches just prepared for men who were starving—(the result, probably, of having heard the old story that the surgeons eat what is intended for the men,) our finding him one day on our table with his head in a bottle of lemonade, and how I tried to explain to him that such was not the best way of proving his regards for his friends, the soldiers, but I feared without much effect—in short, I made a long story out of nothing, till the wardmaster arrived with his supper, saying that the doctor's orders were that the new cases should all take something to eat before he examined their wounds. My friend had quite forgotten his own troubles in listening to Dick's varied talents, and allowed me to give him his supper very quietly, as I found he was really too much exhausted even to raise his uninjured arm to his mouth. I had the pleasure of seeing him smile for good-bye, and having given him rather more time than I could spare, hurried away, with a promise of seeing him the next day (Sunday,) for they were too ill not to be watched.

The Cavalry Horse.

THE cavalry horse is quite as familiar with the long lists of varying trumpet signals as the rider himself; he stops instantly when the signal for halting is sounded; passes from a walk to a trot, from a trot to a gallop, without requiring and reminder from spur or rein. If his rider fall in battle or lose his stirrups, he stops a moment, and waits for him; if he remain lying on the ground, he stoops his head, smells at him, and when he ascends that there is no hope of his re-mounting makes his way back to his troop, wedges himself in his place in the ranks, and shares afterwards in the movements of the rest. Music has an amazing influence upon him. If an air be suddenly struck up, you will see the worn-out and mortally tired horse raise his sick head, prick up his ears, become animated, and move briskly forward to the front.

During a halt, or when quartered for the night, the cavalry division, stretched out on the ground, lies sleeping confusedly together, a jumbled mass, which it would be impossible to disen-

tangle; men and horse side by side, the rider uses the horse as a pillow: or rolling himself beside it to shield himself from the cold, the faithful creature seldom changing the position it has once taken. If it is so, it is with the greatest precaution; first it moves its head and legs, endeavoring gently to free itself; then it raises or turns itself very slowly and carefully, so as not to trample upon or disturb those who surround it. If the halt takes place when the ground is wet or frozen, the rider will gladly force his horse to one side after it has lain down awhile, which by that time is warm if not dry.

The most affectionate relationship subsists between man and horse, as the result of their thus living together. The animal seems to understand everything connected with his rider; he knows his master's step, his peculiar ways; knows how to seek him out from among others; is a faithful, disinterested companion and friend to him, and has this advantage over many another good comrade—that he does not grow weary even of suffering for him.

Indian Strategy before Petersburg.

A VERY curious piece of strategy, which took place the other day, shows that the wonders of Cooper's heroes have not ceased. One of the 14th N. Y. artillery, a Seneca Indian, from the western part of the State, undertook, on a wager, to bring in alive a rebel sharpshooter, who was perched in a tree in front of our line, considerably in advance of his own. His manner of accomplishing this was as ingenious as successful, and rivals the "devilry" of any of the Leatherstocking redskins. Procuring a quantity of pine boughs he enveloped himself with them from head to foot, attaching them securely to a branch, which he lashed lengthwise of his body. When completed, he was indistinguishable to a casual observer from the surrounding foliage, and resembled a tree as closely as it was possible for his really artistic efforts to render him. Thus prepared, and with musket in hand, concealed likewise, he stole by almost imperceptible movements to beneath the tree where the sharpshooter was lodged. Here he patiently waited until his prey had emptied his piece at one of our men, when he suddenly brought his musket to bear upon the "reb," giving no time to re-load—The sharpshooter was taken at a disadvantage. To the demand to come down, he readily assented, when the Indian triumphantly marched him a prisoner into camp and won his wager.

Reading for the Young.

THE WASP AND THE BEE.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

A WASP met a bee that was just buzzing by, And he said: "Little Cousin, can you tell me why You are loved so much better by people than I?" "My back shines as bright and as yellow as gold And my shape is most elegant, too, to behold; Yet nobody likes me for that, I am told." "Ah, cousin," the bee said, "'tis all very true; But if I had half as much mischief to do, Indeed they would love me no better than you." "You have a fine shape, and a delicate wing; They own you are handsome, but then there is one thing They can not put up with, and that is your sting." "My coat is quite homely and plain as you see, Yet nobody ever is angry with me, Because I'm a humble and innocent bee." From this little story, let people beware: Because, like the wasp, if ill-natured they are, They will never be loved, if they're ever so fair.

THE CHARCOAL CARRIER.

JACOB FREETH was a charcoal-carrier, and every day during the season for making charcoal, he might be seen trudging along with his loaded donkey, dressed in a black frock, and carrying a stick in his hand. Sometimes as many as twenty mules and donkeys came out of the woods in a long line, every one with a sack or two of charcoal on his back. Jacob worked hard, and he made his donkey work hard too. This was all very well on a week day; but every now and then Jacob, forgetting the fourth commandment, if he had ever learned it, broke the Sabbath, by taking his donkey into the woods, and carrying charcoal just the same as at another time.

Now it happened that a Sunday school was opened in the village through which Jacob had to pass; and though he was a thoughtless and careless man, he could not but help taking notice of the neat and clean appearance of the scholars.

Jacob Freeth had two little girls of his own, very ragged and dirty, and very ignorant; and more than once the thought had come across his mind that it would be no bad thing if he could get them into the Sunday school.

One Sunday morning, as he was coming from the woods with his loaded donkey, just as he had passed through the village, he met a little girl on her way to the school, reading her Bible.

"What book are you reading this morning, my little maid?" said Jacob, in a good-natured way.

"God's book," replied the little girl. "Let me hear you read," said Jacob, stopping his donkey.

The little girl began at once at the place where the book was open:—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work."

"There, that is enough," said Jacob, stopping her:—"and now tell me what that means."

"It means," said the little child, "that you must not carry charcoal on a Sunday, nor let your donkey carry it."

"Does it?" says Jacob, musing a little. "I tell you what, then. I will think over what you have said."

Thus speaking, Jacob Freeth went on thoughtfully with his donkey one way, and the little girl with her Bible the other.

On the following Sunday no one saw Jacob's donkey go to the woods, and for this good reason, that Jacob did not go there himself. But if he did not go there, he went somewhere else, and very likely you can guess where. He went to the Sunday school, taking his poor girls with him, to ask leave for them to attend the school.

It was known that Jacob had for a long time been a Sabbath breaker, and it was agreed, in the first place, that one of the teachers should call upon him.

On the morrow the teacher went to the cottage of Jacob Freeth. Everything went on well, and the teacher soon found that it was Jacob's intention no longer to work in the woods on a Sunday. And now what has come of it all? Jacob Freeth is now a Sabbath keeper, humbly attending God's house; and his children, neat and clean in their dress, are about two of the best behaved scholars in the Sunday school.

"Oh, would that all, both old and young, God's holy, blessed word Would humbly read, and love, indeed, Their Savior and their Lord."

"Then would they truly prize the day When from the dead he rose, And pass the hours with all their powers, In peace and blest repose."

"Then would they keep with watchful care, While on their heavenward way, The Sabbath feast; and man and beast Rest on that sacred day."

LAUGHTER is the sun which drives winter from the human face.

HE is an admirable man who has as much wit as if he had no sense and as much sense as if he had no wit.

HE who differs from the world in important matters, should the more carefully conform to it in indifferent ones.

NATURE, when she makes a beautiful head is often so absorbed with admiration of her own work that she forgets the brains.

ONE in a million, once in a lifetime, may do a heroic action, but the little things that make up our life come every day and hour.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

Movements in the West and South-West.

KENTUCKY.—Paducah has been strongly fortified, which has caused Forrest to change his plan, and it is not thought the rebels will attack Johnsonville.

Squads of Forrest's men who passed through Dresden on the 1st inst., stated an engagement had occurred between a portion of Forrest's forces and the forces under Hatch and Shelby last week, in which Forrest's men were routed with a loss of arms, ammunition and many horses. The locality of the fight is not stated.

The Louisville Journal of Nov. 3, says a gang of guerrillas made an attack on the Louisville and Nashville railroad yesterday, striking it at Cave City.

Several negroes and soldiers were captured and killed. The scoundrels, after this outrage, retreated from the road in great haste.

A dispatch from Louisville of Nov. 4, says that on Tuesday night, Nov. 1, Sue Munday's gang of cut throats surrounded the house of Mr. Harper, two miles south of Midway, made the old gentleman a prisoner, and then murdered him in the most brutal manner.

Mr. Harper was a Union man, and this was the only excuse the outlaws had for committing the inhuman outrage.

On Wednesday, four guerrillas, by order of Gen. Burbridge, were sent from the prison at Wilmington under guard of a file of soldiers to Mr. Harper's residence, near Midway, and shot to death in retaliation for the murder committed there on Tuesday.

TENNESSEE.—A steamer laden principally with Government stores, (the Mazepa), was captured by the rebels and burned on the Tennessee river the 29th ult. She was a new steamer and was making her first trip with a barge in tow. The steamer was owned in Cincinnati.

A rebel force of Buford's command had taken possession of Fort Herman the night previous. This force consisted of about 400 men, and they had a battery of three guns, 12 and 18-pounders, masked on the river bank, completely commanding the river in each direction.

The officers and crew of the Mazepa escaped to Pine Bluff, except Capt. Pettie.

The steamer Ann was afterwards fired upon by a masked battery, and again on passing Fort Herman, completely riddling her upper decks, but she escaped.

The rebel Generals Buford, Chalmers and Lyon, held a consultation at Paris, on Friday last. All of Gen. Forrest's men furloughed or straggling through the country are ordered to rendezvous at Jackson.

The gunboat Undine, (says a dispatch from St. Louis of Nov. 3,) one of the poorest of her class, was captured by the rebels at Fort Herman on Sunday night, the 30th ult.

Twenty deserters from Fort Herman reached Paducah on the 31st ult., and reported that Generals Forrest, Buford, Chalmers and Bell were concentrating their forces, and that they have fourteen cannon, besides the gunboat Undine. Orders from Generals Hood and Forrest were read to the troops, saying that Hood was marshalled north, and would cross the Tennessee at Bridgeport, while Forrest attacked Johnsonville.

A raid was made on the little village of Almsville on the Memphis Branch railroad, the 2d inst., by 50 guerrillas, and the stores robbed of a large amount of property.

The rebels also made a dash into Rocky Hill Station on Wednesday last. The cars were burned, in one of which was a wounded negro. He was unable to leave the car, and was shot and left to be consumed.

Advices from Nashville of Nov. 5, say that the gunboat Undine, lately captured from us, had been burned by the rebels. Also that the gunboats Key West and Elfin had attacked a rebel battery near Johnsonville, had been repulsed and badly disabled, and that subsequently, to prevent their falling into the hands of the rebels, had been blown up.

Other gunboats were on their way to the scene of conflict.

WEST VIRGINIA.—According to the Herald's dispatch, the attention of Gen. Sheridan seems to be at present particularly directed to the apparent designs of the enemy to attempt some important operations in Western Virginia, and he is making his preparations accordingly. The rebel General Breckenridge, who is now in Southern Virginia, is reported to be busy reorganizing his forces with the supposed intention of making a movement to distract the attention of the Union army from Early, who, according to the rebel papers, is to remain in command in the Shenandoah Valley. Arrangements for the safe supply of Gen. Sheridan's army have been perfected, and such guards or trains going to the front will hereafter be provided as will insure them against guerrilla attacks.

A correspondent of the Richmond Enquirer gives a graphic description of the defeat and stampede of Early's army, Oct. 19, at Cedar Creek. His loss of 57 cannon is admitted.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—The N. Y. Times' special from Nashville of Oct. 31, says direct communication with Atlanta by rail is open and secure, although there are swarms of guerrillas at Etowah river and Big Shanty.

Dispatches received at Louisville Nov. 2, indicate that everything is right along Sherman's whole line.

From Nashville the 5th inst., we learn that on the 3d, the rebel army under Hood attempted

to cross the Tennessee river at the mouth of the Blue water, and were repulsed by the Federal army under General Sherman with considerable loss.

Advices from Louisville of Nov. 6, say that reliable information from below indicate that Gen. Sherman's position is perfectly satisfactory to himself and to all who understand it, and that General Sherman is equally satisfied with Gen. Hood's position.

MISSOURI.—A dispatch from St. Louis of the 4th inst., says Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. A. J. Smith arrived last night. Smith's infantry is moving eastward. One column on the north side and another on the south side of the Missouri river, with instructions to clear the country of guerrillas.

Advices from the Upper Missouri river say that General Sully and his command are at Sioux City.

Gen. Sully left his Adjutant, Captain Peace, at Fort Sully, to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Sioux, several chiefs being there for that purpose.

A private dispatch from Springfield, says that our troops whipped Price again at Newtonia, Newton county. We now hold the town, and the rebels are retreating into Arkansas.

Gen. Rawlings, Gen. Grant's Chief of Staff, arrived here last night.

The Army in Virginia.

A DISPATCH of Oct. 31, contains the following:—The rebels attempted to play a sharp trick on our line yesterday, at half past nine P. M., which was partially successful. The main object of the attack, however, was defeated with considerable loss to them.

Repeated attempts resulted in a like manner, and although firing was kept up nearly all night, the enemy gained no further advantage. Our loss is put down at 387 men captured. The number of killed and wounded is not known, but they are said to be very few.

They then sent forward a heavy force to charge the line of breastworks in the hope of piercing our center. But one of the pickets had escaped to the main line and given warning in time for the men to be put on guard behind the works, and when the rebels advanced they received such a fire as to drive them back in confusion and in heavy loss.

At the point of connection between the 2d and 5th corps pickets they made an entrance, and passing from one post to another they penetrated our lines for some distance, taking all the men prisoners.

The loss of the enemy must be very heavy, as they advanced within range of our batteries and infantry lines. It was somewhat dark, however, and the firing was not so effective as it would have been had we had a good view of the enemy.

Quite a lively fight occurred between a large force of Mosby's men and a portion of the 8th Illinois cavalry on the 30th ult., in the neighborhood of Salem. Mosby expected to surprise our troops, but he found them ready. The guerrilla chief was repulsed with heavy loss.

A party of guerrillas made an attack, the 31st ult., in the night, on a colored company stationed near Accotink. The enemy were routed. A note from the Army of the Potomac dated Nov. 3, says:—The situation of affairs remained unchanged, and the men are making themselves comfortable by building log houses.

According to advices of the 5th, everything appears to be working favorably in Sheridan's command.

Early is reported at Newmarket conscripting.

Department of the Gulf.

We have dates from New Orleans to the 28th ult., per steamer McClellan. When off Frying Pan Shoals, the passengers of the steamer report seeing a U. S. gunboat chasing and firing on a large steamer with two smoke stacks and burning soft coal. Our gunboat was gaining on the rebel vessel rapidly.

The New Orleans Times of the 28th ult. has Mobile (rebel) papers of the 22d, which say, concerning the Trans-Mississippi Department, that a messenger had just arrived from Shreveport with the most important dispatches ever brought from that quarter.

Although they can not give the particulars, still they say the news is of the most important and encouraging nature. Gen. Shelby is near Arkansas, with the expectation of capturing Gen. Steele's re-enforcements and supplies, and crippling him in such a manner that his defeat will be easy.

Magruder is in Arkansas operating in a most vigorous manner, and swears he and Steele can not live long in the same State.

The steamer Evening Star arrived at New York the 5th with news from New Orleans the 30th of October.

Military orders were published. One provided for the commencement of the enrollment in the Department of the Gulf on the 31st ult. All persons liable to be enrolled who do not report themselves will be arrested and punished. All proprietors of gambling saloons were ordered to close their "institutions" immediately; and all gamblers who followed the business after Nov. 1st were to be assigned to regiments as teamsters. Another order provides for raising two colored volunteer regiments in the city and neighborhood of New Orleans.

Department of the South.

The rebel prisoners placed under fire at Morris Island have been removed to Fort Pulaski, our prisoners at Charleston having been removed from their exposed situation by the rebels.

Blockade runner Flamingo, from Nassau, was sunk on the 23d ult., near the mouth of Charleston harbor by our Morris Island batteries.

Gen. Foster brought with him from Florida

to Port Royal one hundred barrels of oranges for the soldiers.

There seems to be a prospect for exchanging the sick and wounded soldiers on both sides.

Quite a number of deserters have recently reached our lines from Savannah.

Late advices from Beaufort, N. C., received at New York Nov. 2, say that deserters from the rebels outnumber the soldiers in the field.

The conspiracy recently brought to light at Raleigh implicates many rebel officers who now openly threaten to head their friends and take possession of the State Government of North Carolina.

It is reported that it is now apparent to the rebel authorities that General Grant has been affording facilities to Gen. Lee to receive his re-enforcements, when Grant, by a sudden movement, will close up the gap and compel Lee to capitulate.

This, Gov. Vance says, is Grant's plan, which has given Jeff. Davis so much concern, and who is in favor of evacuating Virginia altogether, having repeatedly advised Gen. Lee to do so, and not incur the risk of the capitulation of his army.

Rev. G. N. Ross, a refugee from North Carolina, states that North Carolina and Georgia are filled with armed organized rebel deserters and runaway slaves, who make raids on plantations and depots of supplies.

All attempts to apprehend them has been hitherto repulsed. A conspiracy has been detected in Raleigh, implicating many high citizens, to force Gov. Vance into separate State action, with a view of peace negotiations with Mr. Lincoln.

REBEL NEWS.

THE Richmond Enquirer of Oct. 28, contains the following:

"Official news comes of the attack by Mosby upon a heavily guarded wagon train of the enemy near Bunker Hill, which, although being unable to bring off any booty on account of the heavy guard which attended it, he killed one General, captured and killed various others, and made good his retreat."

The Richmond Examiner of the 31st says:—Gen. Duffield reached Richmond on the 30th and was committed to the Libby Prison.

Gen. Duffield was son of Rev. Dr. Duffield, the eminent Presbyterian divine of Detroit, and entered the service at the outbreak of the rebellion.

The Sentinel of the 31st says Lomax has whipped Sheridan's cavalry in two engagements, and captured three pieces of artillery.

Richmond papers also contain accounts of the fighting south of Petersburg, in the vicinity of the Boydton plank road, and also Gen. Lee's official report of the operations on both sides of the river. The latter gives as the result of the engagement, the repulse of the Union troops at all points, with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The papers say that the attacks of General Butler were easily repulsed, but admit that the movement on the left was a surprise to Lee's men, in which they lost considerable in prisoners. Soon, however, it is claimed, the rebels rallied and drove back Grant's men, making prisoners of about 600 of them. The fighting at that point is represented to have been very severe.

It was given out, a few days since, that Mosby would hereafter stretch any Yankee prisoner whom he might take, in retaliation for the murder of some of his own men.

The Charleston Mercury says Davis has been prevailed on to agree to an armistice provided it is asked for by the Yankees in a respectful manner. This will raise the blockade and enable our people to lay in large supplies, and also make deserters glad to return to service so as to get their pay, and thus add 200,000 veterans to our armies. Then, if hostilities are resumed, the South is sure of success.

The Wilmington Journal says great preparations are making here for the defense of the place. All non-combatants are requested to leave.

The Charleston Mercury says a movement is on foot in that vicinity to wrench Atlanta from General Sherman, and intimates that it will be done by a column of from 6,000 to 10,000 men.

Gen. Joe Johnston is living in retirement at Macon, Georgia.

The Raleigh Standard denounces the ultra position assumed at the Convention of rebel Governors.

Late rebel newspapers give particulars of the movement of Gen. Hood's army from Gadsden, Ala., towards Gunter's Landing on the Tennessee river. The most astounding results are prophesied, but, says a correspondent of the Savannah Republican, "it is to be regretted that Gen. Hood's army is so badly provided with blankets and shoes in this extraordinary movement, that whole regiments are barefooted, while blankets with any of the men is rather the exception than the rule."

The garrison of Atlanta is given as 60,000 effective men.

The Richmond Sentinel, the official organ of Jeff. Davis, strongly advocates the placing of slaves in the rebel army.

Gen. Lee, in his official report of the surprise of our pickets in front of Petersburg, claims that our line was swept for half a mile, and 230 of our men captured.

A gentleman, who for twelve months past attempted to get away from the South, succeeded several days since in reaching our lines, and is now in Washington.

He occupied a responsible position under the Confederate Government, and had abundant opportunities for learning the condition of affairs in that section.

He represents the conscription actively pro-

gressing, and that persons between the ages of sixteen and fifty-five are being sent to the army.

Telegraphers, express men and railroad employees continue exempt from military duty.

The rebel authorities are making every exertion to get every available man into their army.

About 20,000 of the new levies have been sent to re-enforce Lee. Hood's army numbers about 30,000.

There are few troops besides these two armies, and they are scattered over the South, and there are only forty men as Provost Guard at Fredericksburg.

There appears to be a sufficiency of substantial food, but luxuries cannot at many places be purchased.

The Richmond Inquirer, instructed by the lesson given by Sheridan to Early at Cedar creek, descants on the demoralization of the rebel army, and urges the necessity of its re-organization, especially of the cavalry branch.

Two vessels which recently arrived at a Southern blockaded port, brought, it is said, 450,000 pounds of English bacon for the Southern troops.

REBEL RAID IN MAINE.

A DISPATCH from Augusta, Maine, Nov. 2, states that an attempt was made on Monday night to surprise the Water Battery at Castine by a raiding party from the land side.

The sentinel there was fired upon, but the garrison rallied and drove the attacking party off. They escaped by boats, after discharging a number of shots. One of the raiders is supposed to be wounded. None of the garrison were hurt, but bullets came very near some of them.

Castine is defended by two rows of earthworks, mounted by five guns each.

A dispatch to the Mayor of Belfast, Nov. 2, from Castine, gives the particulars of the attack upon the battery at that town on Monday night.

A small party of men appeared from the rear, and when challenged fired upon the sentinel, who returned the fire. Sergt. Ramsdell was fired upon as he came out of his quarters. Four balls lodged within two feet of him.

The garrison mustered promptly and pursued the raiders half a mile, firing upon them and they replying, when they took a boat and escaped. The object, it is supposed, was to capture the U. S. revenue cutter in the harbor.

This State has been put in a state of defence. By order of Gov. Corry, the Home Guards are in readiness for duty, and the city government has increased and armed the police.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

A FINE black bear, weighing upwards of 200 pounds, was killed in Woodstock, Me., several days ago. He measured five feet and three inches in length.

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

The new water works at Charlestown, Massachusetts, which will supply the city with water from Mystic Lake at Medford, were formally opened October 25th.

A DESERTER was roasted to death last week by crawling under the boiler of the steamer S. D. Massey, as she was taking some recruits from Boston to Gallop's Island.

DAN RICE, the circus-man, is candidate for State Senator in one of the districts of Pennsylvania. If he rides through the canvass successfully, it is to be hoped that he will reign in peace.

ON Monday of last week the first train of cars passed over the Vermont and Canada Extension railroad leading from St. Alban's to St. Johns. The road will be open to the public in a week or two.

A GREAT bed has been discovered in the town of Greenfield, near the Adirondac Railroad, and four miles from Saratoga Springs. The bed is inexhaustible, and the peat is of a very superior quality.

THE United States steamship Ticonderoga visited the British West India Islands, New Grenada, on the 22d ult., for a supply of coal, but the authorities would not let her have it, and ordered her to leave the port.

THE Rondout Courier says it has the pleasure to announce that the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company reduced the retail price of coal at their yard in that village on Monday of last week, two dollars a ton. Chestnut size is now being sold at \$8 a ton, and all other sizes at nine dollars.

THE draft was resumed in Washington last week to fill the deficiencies existing in the quotas of the various wards. Among those drafted was the door-keeper of the Presidential mansion, who makes the fourth *attache* of the White House who has been drafted within the past two months.

GEN. A. P. HOVEY has issued an order at Indianapolis, saying that the "Sons of Liberty" are threatening to assassinate the witnesses who have exposed their treason, and that he will bring to speedy and condign punishment a very prominent member in every vicinity where a witness may be injured by the Order.

SPECIMENS of a new style of fractional currency to supersede that now in circulation, has been prepared at the Treasury Department. Every effort will be made to guard against counterfeiting, which prevails to a large extent with the present issue. It is probable the new currency will be of a different style, and graduated according to the several denominations.

List of New Advertisements.

The Best Paper for the Times!—D. T. Moore. Public Sale of Stock—John R. Page. The Human Face Divine.—Fowler & Wells. Whittier's Cure for Foot-Rot in Sheep—F. W. Whittemore. To Make Money—G. S. Hastings & Co. Peach Pits for Nurseriesmen—L. B. Rogers. \$30.00 per Month and Expenses Paid—N. Smith. \$100 Per Month—E. G. Storke. For Sale—Hovey & Wheeler. Pure Breath and Pearly Teeth—G. W. West. Stencil Plates—Charles D. V. Carter. Grey Dorkings and Cayuga Black Ducks—John R. Page. The Whole Art of Ventriquozen—Julius Rising.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Atlantic Monthly—Ticknor & Fields. A Dollar or Two—Fowler & Wells.

The News Condenser.

- Brazil and Uruguay are going to fight.
- Greenleaf, the mathematician, is dead
- A recent ball dress in Paris cost twenty thousand dollars.
- Dumas, the celebrated French novelist, is coming to this country.
- About \$173,000 worth of real estate was sold at private sale in Boston last week.
- In Connecticut several farmers are raising fine, large chestnuts from grafted scions.
- At New Orleans are a large number of Mexican officers, seeking a home in America.
- Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore, built by the National Guards of Philadelphia, is tumbling down.
- Some benevolent New Yorkers are engaged in a movement to supply the soldiers with tobacco and wine.
- A revival is in progress in London, and preaching is carried on in no less than five different theaters on Sunday.
- A Massachusetts deacon recently hauled a load of hay to market of 70 cwt., and received therefor \$124.31.
- James H. Hense of York, Pa., while on a hunting excursion lately, shot 110 partridges, 14 reed birds, and 2 rabbits.
- The Prince and Princess of Wales will probably spend several years in travel. Next year they will go to Russia.
- Two boys named Rogers and Stanton trapped two black bears, a week since, in Bartlett, N. H., on Rogers Mountain.
- It appears from the published vital statistics in Ireland, that the longevity is greatest among the poorest people.
- The celebrated Blackfriars bridge at London is in process of demolition, and a new one is to be erected in its place.
- Thomas Winans is expected from England this fall, in his cigar-shaped steamer. He built it at a cost of \$150,000.
- An old lady in Lowell, Mass., a widow, who reared thirteen children, has two hundred and twenty-five descendants.
- Secretary Fessenden is going to issue new fractional currency to take the place of that which has been counterfeited.
- Oil-wells have been struck in Southern Ohio and Northern Kentucky. Of course there is a great excitement in that region.
- It is reported that a mountain of iron has been discovered on the Canada side of Lake Superior, 45 miles from the Sault.
- It is announced Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein-Noer will marry the daughter of a rich North American gentleman.
- The Bishop of Scotland was shipwrecked off the coast of Scotland lately, landed on a rock, and passed the night under a tarpaulin.
- The missionary ship John Williams, the first ever built for purely religious purposes, was wrecked recently on a reef in the Pacific.
- Copies of the Constitution and Ordinances of Nevada were sent to the President by telegraph, at a cost of over four thousand dollars.
- It is said the Rothschilds, for whom August Belmont is agent in this country, have \$100,000,000 invested in the Southern Confederacy.
- A Portland paper says if all the substitute brokers now in that city would join the army, the district quota would be filled three times over.
- In Chester Co., Pa., not less than thirty mills are at work manufacturing sorghum sirup. The price charged is 25 to 30 cents per gallon.
- A movement is proposed at Nantucket to enter upon the cod and mackerel fishery as a means of relieving the prosperity of the town.
- The Astor Library comprises in its catalogue about 120,000 volumes. There was last year expended the sum of \$3,255.89 for new books.
- Rosa Desales, a music teacher from Maine, has obtained a verdict at New York, for \$10,000 against Samuel Cline, for breach of promise.
- All along the Canadian line desertions from the English army are frequent, and the same may be said of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.
- Dudley Kavanagh, the billiard champion of the U. S., was beaten recently at Philadelphia by Victor Estephe, the champion of Pennsylvania.
- The draft is politically impartial. Last week in Maine it elected four members elect of the Legislature—two Republicans and two Democrats.
- The Swedish journals are all clamoring for the abolition of capital punishment in that country. It grew out of a recent execution at Stockholm.
- An actress at one of the large theatres in Paris is about to bring an action against a minor actress for imitating the former's voice and gestures.
- There are 12,000 persons employed in the bonnet factories in Massachusetts, and they send away annually nearly eight million bonnets and hats.
- There are now in successful operation in Baltimore five manufactories of substitutes for coffee, and it has really become an extensive business.
- Thos. S. Lang of Maine, the owner of the famous stallion, Gen. Knox, has an order from the Emperor Napoleon for four pairs of matched horses.
- A lithographic portrait of Louis Napoleon, life size and full length, is published in Paris. It is a colossal achievement of stone engraving and printing.
- It has been decided that the Prince Imperial of France shall be educated at one of the Public Lycees of Paris, as were all the sons of Louis Philippe.
- Bowdoin College is said to be without any sophomore class at present, 11 having been suspended, and the remainder given leave of absence for "hazing."
- In 1850, forty-four years ago, Judge Taney was so feeble, a gentleman who had a law suit refused to give it to him for fear he would die before the case was tried.

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

Let us try to be happy! We may, if we will, find some pleasures in life to overbalance the ill: There was never an evil, if well understood, but what, rightly managed, would turn to a good.

Let us try to be happy: Some shades of regret are sure to hang round, which we can not forget; There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow, and the sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow.

Let us try to be happy! It is not for long we shall cheer on each other with counsel or song; If we make the best use of our time that we may, there is much we can do to enliven the way.

The Story-Teller.

PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL.

A CROCHETY and contrary old chap was Joe Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mullish as the donkey in his barn. He had made his way in the world by the dogged obstinacy—selving hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it.

Joe had one son—a handsome, clear-headed, active young man—tall, straight as a young larch, and as set in his way, when he chose to have one, as old Joe himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of, the old man managing to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself.

Not an acre of the father's possessions was ever called the son's; he owned nothing in the world save a horse which some neighbor had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these. Joe Shellenbarger and his son Anson differed often, but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious.

At college Anson had found something beside graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes—a red-lipped, dimple-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of curving her dainty lip at the homespun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of any thing or any body else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to love, somebody that he wanted to marry, as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy, they were fast in their sockets. Here was gratitude! This Anson, having already defrauded his old father of so much of his time, was going now to set the seal upon his absurdity and disobedience by marrying a "town girl!" Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet—but a town girl! He should never consent, and every Shellenbarger acre should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead, when Anson told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether rueful—for, without assistance from his father, he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think—?" Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about brewing and baking, etc.?" Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening, and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed again enjoyingly. "We need one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live, then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half-smiling, half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation, Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noisily pushed wide open, and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the cheeks very large, a yellow shawl, and a very frowzy and tumbled white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the brim flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face—what could be seen of it—was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson—herself still unseen—the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way. Instantly the face took lugubrious length, and, coming into the room, the girl said, insinuatingly, but without looking at him: "An' would you be afther hirin' a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring, with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment. "Shure, sir, an' the lady that sint me—God bless her swate eyes!—said you'd be shure to take me on her recommendation, which I has in my pocket—and here 'tis now."

She gave him a little note, which proved to be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head. "I am very sorry, my good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike your father mayn't object whin he sees me," the girl persisted. Anson looked at the soiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough manner.

The girl stood a moment—"If ye please, sur, I'll just see him a momint. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me." And before he could reply she had crossed the room, and stood upon the threshold of the next. Anson followed presently, curious to see what sort of a reception she would get.

"Shure an' I'll do plinty more'n I'm worth to ye," she was saying, with innocent emphasis, as Anson entered. She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment. This remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and when she concluded at last with "I can make flap-jacks and corn-bread that'd bring the very eyes out in yer head and make ye swell yer tongue with delightsomeness," (if he had a weakness it was for flap-jacks and corn-bread,) he could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask her with a cunning smile how much she expected "to get for doing all them things."

"Seventy-five cents a week," was the prompt reply. With a still more cunning laugh, Joe offered her half the money. Greatly to his amazement, she agreed at once, and he found himself, to use his own expression, "in for it." To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by, laughing with intense enjoyment. But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and vanished in the direction of the kitchen before anything could be said. As she shut the door she stole a glance at Anson that made him start and bite his lips, and presently he stole kitchenward also. She was already at work, handling the broom like an adept, and grumbling in her rich brogue at the dust that had accumulated in the corners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's sweeping had been to brush the center of the room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered; but he sat down and deliberately, but furtively watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both little hands upon the top of the broom-handle, said, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken, "Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath. "Then it is you, Barbie?" he said, "I was suspecting something of the sort." "Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly, retreating as he approached. "Do you think this is quite the thing, Barbie?" "Shure, an' why ain't it the thing for a poor girl to be gettin' her livin' decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her? Having acknowledged her identity with Barbie for an instant, she was the most unapproachable "Biddy" the next, and would have nothing to say to him save in that character. "Does your father know of this, Barbie? What would he say?" persevered Anson, anxiously.

"Shure an' it's not me own fader would be interferin' wid me, would he?" said Biddy. In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy, even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done for a great deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father having joined him, and upon one pretext and another detained him. When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room, both of which had been in a most untidy state when they left there, had undergone such a remarkably renovating process that old Joe drew back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Joe, at least, had not seen in months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellenbarger was sitting, propped with pillows, in a great easy chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason—the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner, that very few of their neighbors even knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy, as she called herself, had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Joe Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance too.

This was only the beginning of reforms this daring girl instituted. First, however, as much for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and fairly wheedled the good lady into approval. It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. But it was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort spring up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give you all particulars, but having made a good beginning, with a true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the good graces of the old man. He had a lurking likeness for neatness and order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger—poor lady!—wasn't a very tidy housekeeper. Under the new reign, order grew out of chaos: the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded everything.

One morning—Biddy had said something about leaving the day before—the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with "I never see no good come of education yet. If it hadn't been for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl, and she to you." He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"See here, father," he said, roguishly, "just you pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it." "The only girl I know of, worth having, wouldn't have you, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Joe said grumblingly, but suddenly, turning to the girl. Anson was smiling maliciously. Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a most tantalizing and unrelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-possession, "Shure, sir, an' it isn't meself that'll be afther havin' any mon till I'm asked."

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson, gravely, extending his hand. "I will that, now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joe came near choking with amazement. It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, and privately pinched himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laughingly, "what is to be done next? I must say, you've managed wonderfully so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all?" screamed Joe Shellenbarger, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert. There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap, shook her bright curls all about her face, and reaching toward him her little hand, said, archly, "Shure, sir, an' ye won't be afther hatin' a poor girl because her name's Barbie Halstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn?"

"You—you Professor Halstead's girl?" "Professor Halstead is my father, sir," said Barbie, in her natural tones. "What's that?" Barbie repeated it. "And you're not Irish?" "Niver a bit!"

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face. "Well, Anson," he said, rather surlily, "you've outwitted me again—much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now, and take Halstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, sir," And Anson colored with mingled anger and amazement. Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said sweetly, "You'll shake hands with me, sir?"

Joe Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, bending her bright, arch face toward him, and saying, "I shall come back some time, sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Joel hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last, "Yes, yes; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss—" "Barbie," suggested the girl quietly. "Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't!" Barbie did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Joe, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halstead's girl. She soon made him forget, however, everything save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he humored the sly puss to sundry grants of money, refurbishing and repairs, etc., I couldn't begin to tell you. But I'd like you to see the Shellenbarger place since Barbie has gone there to live.

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 20 letters. My 1, 2, 16, 8, 9, 2 was an eminent American portrait painter. My 3, 9, 19, 20, 2, 11, 2, 5, 6, 10, 3, 1 was one of the greatest mathematicians of antiquity. My 4, 9, 8, 2, 9 was an eminent English Statesman. My 7, 8, 20, 5 was a General of the Revolution. My 9, 19, 7, 13, 15, 12, 4, 5 was an American distinguished for his genius, eloquence and eccentricity. My 19, 8, 16, 10 was a great German Marshal. My 15, 9, 11, 10, 15 was a celebrated Indian Chief. My 17, 15, 6, 2, 5, 3 was an eminent German Poet. My 18, 3, 6 was a signer of the Declaration. My 19, 9, 7, 15, 18, 14 was a brave General of the American Revolution, afterward an infamous traitor. My whole was one of America's greatest Statesmen. Glendale, Ohio, 1864. J. M. C.

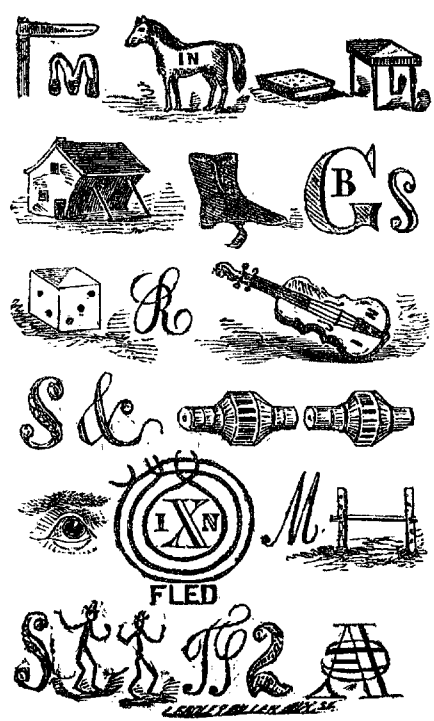
For the Rural New-Yorker. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 23 letters. My 1, 5, 13, 9, 23 is a color. My 2, 6, 12, 18, 19 is a species of bird. My 5, 10, 14 is a nickname. My 6, 20, 7, 4, 3 is a boy's name. My 13, 19, 21 is a kind of fish. My 15, 22 is a maternal appellation. My 16, 10, 11, 23 is a kind of grain. My 17, 6, 8, 2 is what birds are confined in. Gorham, Ohio, 1864. J. I. DATSWAN. My whole is the name of a Union General. Answer in two weeks.

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

ESHREH het sawev netly rumurm, dan naitnumo sidnw higs, Eh sestr whit eth leriau voseb ihm; Ubt gswawotmh nigriv—sa sage og yb— Lilw vell ni ten htrsa hat sumt elvo imh. Victor, N. Y., 1864. CARRIN M. FELT. Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 772.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Independence now and Independence forever. Answer to Decapitations:—Potter, Nash, Dale, Madison, Wright, Linn, Pike, Morgan. Answer to Puzzle:—"W." "Doubt-le you." Answer to Illustrated Rebus in No. 772:—Incapacity and inability are not synonymous with sin.

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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 benefited by their use. I was induced to recommend them to many others, and know that they have operated in a strikingly beneficial manner. I take great pleasure in thus publicly proclaiming this fact, and calling the attention of those afflicted with the diseases for which they are recommended, to these Bitters, knowing from experience that my recommendation will be attended with the most cheerful success. Hoofland's Bitters is intended to benefit the afflicted, and is "not a run drink."

Yours truly, LEVI G. BECK.

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 medicinal 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 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 a dangerous mixture. I am indebted to my friend, Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them when suffering from great and long continued debility, in consequence of three bottles of these Bitters at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident 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.

J. NEWTON BROWN, Philadelphia.

From the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Pastor of the 16th Baptist Church.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I have been frequently requested to connect my name with commendations of different kinds of medicines, but regarding the practice as out of my 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, 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, to express my full conviction that, for general debility of the system and especially for Liver Complaint, it is a safe and valuable preparation.

Yours, very respectfully, J. H. KENNARD, Eighth, below Coates Street, Philadelphia.

From Rev. Warren Randolph, Pastor of Baptist Church, Germantown, Penna.

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.

Yours, truly, WARREN RANDOLPH, Germantown, Pa.

From Rev. J. H. Turner, Pastor of Hedding M. E. Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jackson—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.

Yours, respectfully, J. H. TURNER, No. 726 N. Nineteenth Street.

From the Rev. J. M. Lyons, formerly Pastor of the Columbus (New Jersey) and Millesstown (Pa.) Baptist Churches.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir—I feel it a pleasure thus, of my own accord, to bear 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 often recommended them to persons afflicted by that tormenting disease, and have heard from them the most gratifying testimonials as to their great value. In cases of general debility, I believe it to be a tonic that cannot be surpassed.

J. M. LYONS.

From the Rev. Thomas Winter, Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church.

Dr. Jackson—Dear Sir—I feel it due to your excellent preparation, Hoofland's 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, and did so, and have experienced great and unexpected relief; my health has been very materially benefited. I confidently recommend the article where I meet with cases similar to my own, and have been assured by many of their good effects.

Respectfully yours, T. WINTER, Roxborough, Pa.

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 for several years, and have never used any medicine that did me much good, until I used Hoofland's Bitters. I am very much improved in health after having taken five bottles.

Yours, with respect, J. S. HERMAN.

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