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

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.  
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## Agricultural.

### FARM BOOK-KEEPING.

F. J. S., Wabashaw, Minn., writes:—"Will you give me the name and price of the best work on practical book-keeping—the one best for farmer's use?" We have deliberately made up our mind not to recommend any work on farm book-keeping to our readers. The principles of business are the same in all departments. The same laws of exchange and investment apply in farming that apply in manufacturing, or in buying and selling lands, goods, &c. The same system of accounts are used, if the farmer possesses the same knowledge of his business and investments that other business men have of their operations. If it pays to apply these rules in one case it does in another. We are willing farmers should learn that an intelligent and systematic mode of conducting business pays—that, other things being equal, the man who knows most about his business, in its detail, succeeds best,—has fewest losses, makes fewest mistakes, and meets with proportionate success. We do not wish to be understood that a knowledge of book-keeping is all that is essential to become a successful farmer. There are men who succeed as manufacturers who are not practical book-keepers; but they bring to their aid men who are, who systematize the record of the operations of the manufacturer, so that he may know at a glance what he does, how his investments result, and which pay the greatest profit. So a man may be a good practical farmer, and yet know nothing of book-keeping; but he must always labor at a disadvantage compared with the man who, added to his practical knowledge of Agriculture, can keep books, can make a record of his own operations which will afford him at a glance the detail and results of his farm investments. A man may be a good book-keeper and yet not be a successful merchant, manufacturer, or farmer. A man may be a successful merchant, manufacturer, or farmer, and yet not know anything of book-keeping. But the most successful of the three classes are those men who, added to their practical knowledge of their profession, have also an intimate knowledge of the laws of business, and the best system of recording their transactions, or who bring to their aid men who have.

We have an aversion for make-shifts—we do not believe in them, we will not encourage them, nor will we fool any poor body by making him believe that there is either a farmer's heaven, hell, or book-keeping, exclusively; for we do not believe there is. What the farmer wants to learn is nothing more nor less than the tanner, shoemaker, woolen manufacturer, merchant, publisher, or any other business man, should learn. Each has a certain amount of property. What is it worth at a fair valuation, or how much money is invested in it? Suppose it is a farm worth \$10,000, including buildings, fixtures, &c. In order to get from that farm the legal rate of interest on the money invested in it, you find it necessary to make other investments. You spend \$2,000 for stock to eat what the farm produces, and manufacture its products into a marketable article. You charge the stock with the money and the interest on the money invested in it; with the labor expended

taking care of it; with the grain and hay fed to it; with pasturage, with every expense incurred in fitting it for and taking it to market. Against these charges you set the gross receipts for the stock sold, if it is all sold, and if there is any balance in favor of the stock, it is so much realized on your permanent investment in the farm, fixtures, &c. So with each crop you cultivate on the farm, whether it be wheat, barley, potatoes, or fruit. And book-keeping is simply keeping this record so as to give you the most comprehensive understanding of what you are doing.

We know of no better system than that known as Double Entry, by which all business men now keep their records or accounts. Knowing the principles, the farmer may modify his records so as to adapt them to his business, precisely as railroad men, bankers, commission men, &c., &c., have their peculiar modifications, suggested by their practical wants. But the essential principles are always the same, and must be learned by the railroad, bank, or farm accountant. And it is a grave mistake that there is anything mysterious or complex about it. It is simple, and any man of common sense may acquire it in a very brief period. But no man will ever acquire it who hopes to find a work on book-keeping with which brains are furnished, so that he only has to turn a crank and the Millenium of Accounts revolves before him. We don't know of any book-keeping which does not require the agency of brains to understand it; and we do not want to know of any. We suppose there are many good works on book-keeping; we know of some, but we do not know which is the best. We studied PRYSTON'S when a boy, and have it yet; we have also in our library a more modern and a better work, published by BRYANT & STRATTON, whose Business Colleges were advertised in our issue of Oct. 1st, page 321, and of whom we suppose it can be obtained by addressing them at any one of their Colleges. The price we do not know.

—Now one word further: It is timely to urge that each farmer prepare to keep an account with his farm the coming year—with each crop and class of stock on it. At least we urge that a diary of transactions be kept. If the old farmer's fingers are stiff, and he is not used to writing, let him provide a book or books, and set his boy or girl about this work of book-keeping or diary writing. If you want your boy to learn what you do not happen to know, and you can not send him to one of the business colleges in the country, hire his board (or let him work for it), and place him under the tuition of the nearest practical book-keeper; let him go right into the counting-room; provide him with a set of books, and let him make the same business entries in them that the accountant makes in his. Let him spend three months in this way; and then, when he returns to the farm, require him to open a set for you, and you will soon have a book-keeper of your own, whose business education and practical knowledge will command for him a good position among business men at any time. It is a great deal better that your boy of fifteen or eighteen years should so spend his winter, than in solving algebraic problems or committing geometric propositions.

### CATTLE IN CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

You would scarce believe it, but several distinguished breeders and dairyman, at the evening discussions at the State Fair, confessed that they had put sundry well meaning and well deserving cattle in close confinement for a long period—say sixty or ninety days; They avowed it freely, without apparent shame or remorse. They even excused and justified it, seemed persistent, and by plausible pretenses endeavored to bring others into complicity and alliance with them. I don't know how many it takes to make a conspiracy, but it looks to me like a conspiracy against the natural rights of cattle.

The worst feature of it is, it don't seem to be a sort of epidemic delusion, like nullification in South Carolina, where men are carried away by sympathetic infatuation which new developments might suddenly cure—each case seemed to stand on legs of its own, well braided.

Mr. MOORE, a successful, enterprising and intelligent dairyman of Erie Co., N. Y., is reported in the Journal of the N. Y. State Ag. Soc., to have said, "Three years ago I picked out the poorest and oldest cows from my herd

and kept them housed from Christmas till March; they were then loosed from the ties and turned out, and they played like calves." Since I am not writing on politics I will give him the benefit of all his facts. He added, "they gave more milk the following season and did better in every respect than the year before." A great many things in this world have not been found out in one year; a great many experiments have demanded more than three years, and more than ten years for a fair trial. Close confinement induces the fattening of turkeys, but very few people in this day and age of the world would be eating turkeys on Thanksgiving days if this class of our fellow creatures had, since they came out of the ark, been systematically cooped up in a box three feet square. Talk about flavor; frozen pumpkins would be aromatic compared with them. Healthy exercise and fresh air give to "game" the peculiar excellence that make all palates jubilant in its presence. Turkeys are only partially domesticated. Kept in a pig-sty game would fall behind pork, for pigs take to stanches and beds more naturally than ducks and deer.

Mr. MOORE'S plan contemplates keeping cows in their stalls through the winter, without loosening them at all, their feed and water being supplied to them in the stable. Now I will concede that under these circumstances they will lay on fat more rapidly, and if you please secrete more milk, but I hold that these immediate results are obtained at the expense of their vital powers, and if persevered in through successive generations will end in physical disability and general incompetency. The safe rule at all times, under all circumstances, and in reference to all stock—and I would, despite all prejudices and prepossessions give mankind the benefit of it—is by judicious crosses and careful management to secure the highest health and the most perfect physical development. The natural instincts and habits of an animal are guides that we should never lose sight of. They are the lights by which we should always steer. Locomotion is as natural to a calf as to a child. You might as properly tie the one to his bed-post for life as the other to its stall.

These are not open questions. There is not a respectable medical authority in the universe that dare undertake to dispense with daily exercise in the open air for man or beast when perfect health and high development are aimed at. Horses are never put on the race course, and fighting men are never put in the ring, without severe and regular exercise. Mr. MOORE stated in his remarks that when he let his cows out in the spring, they ran and played for a short time, then laid down to rest, and after a brief interval returned to their stalls. I submit that here is evidence of the very physical disability that I have spoken of. They ran and played, showing how they loved freedom; rested and returned to their stalls, confessing the weakness and incapacity induced by long confinement.

Doctor LORING of Mass., if I understood him right, endorsed Mr. MOORE in this particular, and I am very sorry to add that even my friend LEWIS F. ALLEN sat on the platform and "held their clothes" while the Stephens of the herd were "stoned!"

In this, as in all other matters, we must beware of drawing conclusions from imperfect data, and establishing general principles from limited observations and experiments. We must beware of sacrificing indispensable ends to temporary profit,—if indeed there can be even temporary profit in a wanton violation of physiological law. In the case referred to above the cows "were groomed and properly cared for." It is self-evident that cattle in the open yard are not always groomed and properly cared for, neither are cattle that are stabled in the ordinary way. We may safely credit the good condition of these animals, denied the "habeas corpus" for a whole winter, to good grooming and care. Certainly close confinement without good beds, grooming and care, would be intolerable indeed.

Having said thus much, I would also condemn to the full extent of the English language, the barbarous practice of exposing animals to the winds and snows and frosts of these Northern winters without adequate protection; the prevailing error is on this side. Where want of locomotion damages one animal, cold winds and storms torment and enervate scores. Stable your cattle, or give them close warm sheds, good beds, good grooming, good feed, good water, and an hour or two each day to move about at their pleasure.

## 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.

### CLASSIFICATION OF SHEEP FOR PRIZE LISTS.

ROOMS OF THE ILL. STATE AG'L SOCIETY,  
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Oct. 24, 1864.

HON. H. S. RANDALL—Dear Sir: I observe the question of a correct classification of Sheep for a Prize List was discussed with some spirit during your State Fair. Our farmers of the Western Prairies, among whom sheep husbandry is rapidly extending, feel a good deal of interest in the subject; and it is, therefore, of much importance that officers of our Agricultural Societies who construct the annual Lists of Premiums be properly posted.

It will very much oblige me if you will give a moment's consideration to the classification adopted by this Society, and suggest such changes or additions as may seem to you desirable. It is as follows:

1. Long woolled (Cotswold, Leicester, &c.)
2. Middle woolled (South Downs, &c.)
3. French Merinos.
4. Spanish Merinos.
5. Crosses of pure breeds.

The animals entered in each lot competing only with each other, except in "sweepstakes," of which there are two:

1. For all fine woolled sheep (French, Spanish, Silesian, &c.)
2. For all mutton breeds (Cotswold, Leicester, South Down, &c.)

To encourage improvement the prize on a lamb is as large as that on an aged buck; and, in "sweepstakes," all ages compete with each other.

I inclose our last list of Premiums on Sheep. Trusting you will pardon me for trespassing on your valuable time, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,  
JOHN P. REYNOLDS,  
Cor. Sec'y Ill. State Ag'l Society.

### ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

CORTLAND VILLAGE, N. Y., Nov. 10, 1864.

DEAR SIR:—The proper classification of sheep for a prize list, adapted to the present time, had not received my attention until a short period before our recent State Fair. Being invited by the State Agricultural Society to open the "discussion" which you refer to, on that topic, I gave it such brief consideration as I could, but I arrived at no definite conclusions embracing the whole subject; and therefore, avowing my unreadiness to submit any complete plan, contented myself with pointing out the inequalities of our existing system and submitting a few propositions for its amendment. Most of the latter, however, were thrown out rather for further consideration and discussion, than for definite action. The subsequent debate, I am sorry to say, elicited little further on the subject—it being mainly diverted into a dispute about the pedigrees of American Merinos.

Various circumstances have conspired to render the proper classification of sheep for a prize list a matter of much greater difficulty than would be at first apprehended; and the constant changes which are taking place in breeds and varieties, or in the popular estimation of them, require corresponding changes in classification. That of our English breeds has been made comparatively easy by the adoption of English precedents. The English classification rests partly on identity of blood, but more on the existing physical status. It recognizes as a "breed" every variety or sub-variety which breeders adjudge to have become "established," however recent its origin and however mixed its blood. The prevailing mode of producing new varieties, or as they term them, "breeds," by the English, is by crossing previously existing varieties. And even the oldest varieties known in Great Britain, have, in almost every instance, been modified and brought to their present mark, by crosses with other varieties. Among the Long Wools, I know of no exception to the preceding remarks. The favorite Leicesters were created, and at a comparatively recent period, by a mixture of several "breeds," and it is well known that they are now receiving and have been receiving for years, occasional fresh infusions

of Cotswold blood for the purpose of improving their constitutions, and their hind quarters, which are inferior to those of the Cotswold sheep. The improved Cotswold, now in general vogue, has been generally if not universally crossed to a certain extent with the Leicesters, to improve some points of its carcass, and especially to give it earlier maturity. The Improved Oxfordshire sheep, so successful in prize taking in England, is the result of a recent direct cross between the Leicester and Cotswold. With the single exception of the South Downs, all the most distinguished English Middle Woolled varieties are crosses between different varieties—and a portion of the most approved of them are cross-breeds, not only in the English but in the American sense of the term. The Hampshire, Shropshire, and Oxfordshire Downs, classed as Middle Wools, are all credited with infusions of Long Wool blood! If, therefore, a prize list arranges all or most of the previously enumerated kinds of sheep into separate classes, that classification is based on characteristics—not on identity of blood. I see no objection to this, in itself considered—that is, if the Society offering the prizes has sufficient funds, and if all the breeds, cross-breeds and varieties to which premiums are offered, are really valuable; if each, even to the smallest degree, meets better than the others some want of the consumer and producer.

It is very difficult, however, to apply the same rule of classification to the fine woolled or Merino sheep, and at the same time give no encouragement where none, relatively speaking, is believed by the great majority of the public to be deserved. Our State Society has at different times offered separate prizes to Spanish, French, Saxon, and I believe Silesian Merinos. But the farmers of this State have almost universally condemned the French and Saxons, and but few have yet adopted the Silesians. There certainly are manifold objections, both in theory and practice, to bestowing premiums on tried and condemned varieties of stock. For the present, at least, the American (it ought no longer to be called "Spanish") Merino is indisputably most profitable for general breeding; and therefore it has, in the popular estimation and in price, thrown all the other Merino varieties into the shade. Accordingly the last prize list of our State Society made but one class of Merinos, or fine woolled sheep. All the different varieties of Merinos were required to compete against each other on the ground that they possess "identity of blood," and that it is to the best of the same blood or breed alone that premiums should be awarded. Two serious practical objections have been found to this course. The first is that no uniform or even approximately uniform standard of excellence is thus recognized or fostered. The finer woolled Merinos whose staple is adapted to the manufacture of the finer fabrics like broadcloth, are required to compete against the heavier and coarser woolled Merinos, whose staple is only adapted to coarser fabrics. You might as well require all English Long Wools and all English Middle Wools to compete each in one class; nay, you might far more consistently do so, for what is the value in the United States, of Cotswold or Hampshire Down or Shropshire products, for example, compared with the products of either of the above mentioned grades of Merino sheep? And by merging all Merinos in one class, you can not in reality merge competition between Merino varieties. If a majority of the viewing committee consider a particular variety of them preferable, they will of course, if the relative quality of the specimens exhibited is equal, award the premiums to that variety. They would not be honest to their own convictions if they failed to do this. In 1863, nearly all the fine wool premiums of this State were given to the Silesian Merinos. Indeed there was scarcely any competition from American Merinos—because the breeders of that variety were not satisfied with the selection of the committee, or in other words, believed that it was composed of men who would give the preference to the finer grades of Merinos. In 1864, on the other

\* The French, Saxon, Silesian, etc., Merinos, all equally descended from the Spanish Merino, take national or provincial designations to distinguish the new varieties which have been established in the countries from which they are named. It is the most natural, convenient and usual mode of designating such local offshoots from a common stem. The American Merino has become as distinct a variety from the Spanish (either of the past or present) as any of the preceding. It is immensely superior to the Spanish Merino. Then why should we, in the spirit of colonialism, continue to appropriate the national name of a foreign and inferior variety.



hand, the American Merinos won all the premiums where they competed, though the Silesians were as well represented as in 1863.

The viewing committee of 1864 frankly declared in their report: "In making our awards we have passed over a variety of fine woolled Merinos, popularly known as Silesians, except in cases where there was no competition, because a majority of the Committee believed that in the present situation of the wool markets, the American Merinos are most profitable."

It is manifest that under such an order of things the real struggle between the different varieties of Merinos must always necessarily be in the Committee-room, when the judges or viewing committees are appointed—not on the Fair Ground between the sheep! No amount of impartiality on the part of the Executive Committee of the Society can prevent this practical result. The evils resulting from such a system are palpable. The standard of excellence set up by the Society one year, by the action of its viewing committee, is overthrown the next.

There is another objection to the system. If the English sheep are divided into half a dozen or more classes, and if the Merinos are all included in one, it results that far more money is offered in premiums to the former than to the latter. This was actually the case in our New York State Society this year. That the English sheep are exceedingly valuable—that in many situations they are more profitable than Merinos—that they meet special wants of a class of producers and consumers which the Merino can not as well meet, is freely conceded; but I need not say that the consumption of their products in our country bears but a small comparison to the consumption of the products of the Merino—and consequently that they are, in the aggregate, far less numerous and less valuable. Is there not, then, a great inconsistency in giving them the first place in our prize lists, and in offering them a greater amount of premiums? This might be obviated by paying higher premiums to the Merinos, or by offering double the usual number to animals of each respective age; but while neither of these courses are free from grave objections, even to meet the special end in view, they would do nothing to remove the essential inequality of compelling all Merinos to compete in a single class.

The Executive Committee of our State Agricultural Society, composed of able, experienced, and impartial men, having tried the above system experimentally and found it I suppose unsatisfactory, instituted the "discussion" at Rochester which has been so ludicrously travestied by certain reporters.

I attempted to show in that discussion that French, Saxon and other Merinos constituted as distinct varieties as most of the English ones which the Society recognized in its prize list; but for the reasons already given, I did not recommend their arrangement into separate prize classes. I also attempted to show that the different Spanish cabanas had been kept longer separate and distinct from each other than the different varieties of either the English Long or Middle Wool breeds, and hence that it was, in itself, considered as proper to give them separate places in a prize list as the former. I declared that one of those cabanas, believed to be the Infatado, exists pure in the United States; that another, the Paular, though it has received some dips from the blood of other cabanas to effect certain improvements, has maintained its character as a separate variety; that the so-called Silesian sheep, composed of a cross between the Negretti and Infatado cabanas, constitute a third well marked variety, &c.\* If I am correct in believing that the above named or any other Spanish cabanas are represented in our country with no other or greater admixtures of blood than above stated, it is at least apparent that they now constitute quite as unrelated varieties as the much crossed English ones: and that I am correct in that belief, I am willing to attempt to prove on any suitable occasion. I consider them also as distinct in characteristics. I did not, however, definitively propose to form them into prize classes, for I saw great obstacles, in the way of this, growing out of prejudices, interests, and the real difficulty in the case of many excellent flocks, of ascertaining how far they partook of the blood of the different varieties—their owners having bred without any reference to the distinction between the Infatado and Paular. I satisfied myself with showing that it would be as consistent and proper, in itself, to classify our Merinos thus, as to adhere to the present classification of English sheep: and I threw out the facts for further investigation without committing myself to any ultimate conclusion.

I made one definite recommendation, however—that at least Merinos be divided into two classes, having reference to the fineness of their wool. As the viewing committee on Merinos at our State Fair subsequently made the same recommendation in their report, I will give it in their own words. After announcing the basis of their decision as between the American and the Silesian Merino, in the words I have already quoted, they continue:—"But we are aware that the demand for the finer Merino wool in our country is much larger than the production, and will continue to increase,† and we therefore respectfully propose that hereafter

premiums be paid to sheep in a separate class, producing wool of a quality fine enough for the production of our finest woolen fabrics."

There may appear to be a vagueness about this proposed classification, which will render it difficult to carry it out in practice. But the distinction is already well understood in commerce. Every wool circular and list of prices, includes "Saxony" and "Full Blood Merino" wools. These terms are conventional and inaccurate, but they express the precise distinction which it is proposed to recognize in our prize lists. If viewing committees are at fault in making the distinction, let them have the aid of a manufacturer, or wool stapler, or experienced wool buyer, among their number, and the difficulty will at once disappear.

You ask me to suggest such changes or additions in the classification of the Illinois State Society as may seem desirable. If your Society contemplates no more extensive classification than the present one, I propose that it strike out the third class (French Merino) and insert in the place of it "Merinos bearing wool adapted to the manufacture of broadcloths and other finer fabrics." In the 4th class I would strike out the word "Spanish," and in the place of it insert "American." And I would exactly transpose the order of the above four classes, placing the American Merino first, according to its relative importance. This will form a simple and consistent classification—based partly on blood and partly on characteristics—and with equal premiums in each class it will give equal encouragement to the fine and coarse woolled races of sheep. In your remaining classes and sub-classes, I have no changes to propose.

But if your Society desires to increase its number of sheep classes, you have, in respect to the coarse woolled varieties, the English mode of dividing them already prepared to your hand: and then, to be fair and consistent, you must increase your fine wool classes and premiums proportionably, by some principle of classification which has been adverted to, or is yet to be devised. I confess that I am still unprepared to express a final opinion on the subject. Absence from home and illness have prevented me from replying earlier to your letter.

I remain, Yours very truly,  
HENRY S. RANDALL.

DOGS AND DOG LAWS.

BY J. R. DODGE.

Concluded from page 374, last No.

MICHIGAN.

A law approved March 29, 1850, authorizes the destruction of dogs attacking any kind of domestic animals except on the premises of the owner of the dog, and such owner is liable for double the amount of damages done by the dog. When notified of such damage, neglect of the owner to kill the dog is punishable by a fine of \$3, and \$1,50, additional for every forty-eight hours thereafter until such dog shall be killed. Supervisors, upon complaint of a citizen, verified by his oath, are required to prosecute and recover the fines imposed by this act.

An act was passed March 20, 1863, requiring township assessors to ascertain the number of dogs liable to be taxed and the names of their owners; and if such owners refuse for ten days after demand to pay the taxes assessed, it becomes lawful to kill the dogs so taxed.

WISCONSIN.

By the law of 1860 dogs are required to be numbered, collared, registered, and licensed on payment of one dollar for males and three dollars for females; and police officers, constables, and marshals are required to kill and bury all unregistered dogs, and to receive twenty-five cents for such service. A person may be fined fifty dollars for removing a collar. Persons suffering loss from dogs are paid full damages at the first of April if the tax fund is sufficient; if not, *pro rata*; and the owner of the dog is liable to the town for the full amount. The fine for keeping unregistered dogs is five dollars. Officers neglecting or refusing to obey the law are fined \$20 for every twenty-four hours of such neglect. Towns may increase the license not more than one dollar, and the penalty not more than ten.

MINNESOTA.

The following is an epitome of the law of March, 1863, which repeals previous enactments on the subject:

Every owner or keeper of a dog shall cause such dog to be registered, numbered, described, and licensed, paying one dollar for each male and two dollars for each female. The township or city clerk shall conspicuously post a list of all licensed dogs, and furnish one to constables and chief of police. Failure to license shall make one liable to a penalty of ten dollars. Stealing or poisoning a dog is punishable by fine not exceeding fifty dollars, and killing subjects to liability for damages double the value of the dog. Constables and police officers shall, and any person may, kill any unlicensed dog; any one may also kill a dog assaulting him, or worrying sheep out of the enclosure of his owner. Within thirty days after suffering injury or loss of sheep by dogs, proof of damage may be presented to the county auditor, who may draw an order upon the treasurer, payable from the fund accruing from taxes of dogs, when the city or town may sue and recover full damages from the owner of the dog. It is made the duty of the mayor and aldermen of cities, and the supervisors of towns, to require the destruction of unlicensed dogs, and officers refusing or neglecting to perform these duties are liable to a fine of twenty-five dollars for the benefit of schools. All of these penalties may be recovered, on complaint by any householder, before any justice of the peace of the county. Money remaining after the yearly payments from the tax fund is turned over to the school fund.

IOWA.

A law was passed in 1862 by the Iowa legislature for the protection of sheep against the ravages of dogs. At the following session, called with reference to legislation in the interest of the soldiers, the law was repealed in utter

disregard of the interests of volunteers dependent on their flocks for the clothing of their families.

MISSOURI.

Extensive injuries have been sustained by dogs in Missouri, yet the legislature has resisted the effort to procure legal protection. Instances, not unfrequent, are reported of large flocks driven into the rivers by packs of hounds and drowned. A correspondent of the department is constrained to believe that some of his neighbors think more of their dogs than they do of their children.

TENNESSEE.

The Secretary of State for the State of Tennessee writes that no laws for the protection of sheep exist in that State, notwithstanding the persistent efforts of farmers for many years to secure such an enactment. Damages have been very serious here, affecting very materially the business of wool-growing.

CONCLUDING SUGGESTIONS.

It has been shown to the satisfaction of the reasonable reader that a large portion of the dogs in the country are utterly useless: that the cost of their keeping, and the damages directly occasioned to farm stock, amount to an annual tax of at least thirty-three millions of dollars; that they discourage sheep husbandry, and consequently woolen manufacturing, to the extent of many millions more, which would otherwise be added to our productive industry; that they are property, and therefore taxable, and in their excessive multiplication a nuisance to be regulated or abated; and that, unfortunately, a weak hesitancy about inaugurating taxation, not indicative of the true dignity and proper independence of statesmen, has too often existed among legislators.

The laws of the several States indicate a transition period between pioneer life, with its inevitable dog companionship, and a state of permanent settlement and superior civilization. The silly prejudice that allows dogs to trespass upon a neighbor's grounds and destroy his sheep, while enacting laws to restrain sheep from wandering from their owner's pasture, is rapidly giving way to a common sense that would make restraint equal and just.

In most of the States are certain provisions of a just law upon the subject, but a lack of completeness, or want of penalty attached to neglect in enforcement, render them partly inoperative, or wholly inefficient. In Pennsylvania there is, practically, only a threat held over the heads of the dogs, for which they seem to care very little; in Maine, each separate township has the option to ratify or nullify the general law—a non-committalism that is far worse than no law; in Ohio, dogs are instructed that it is unlawful for them to run at large at night, but their owners are held to no proper responsibility for their effective restraint; and in most other States some radical defect exists. Massachusetts has the best law. It taxes dogs from two to five dollars each; owners are made responsible, under heavy penalty, for their registry and taxation; assessors must make accurate lists, and evasions of the listing are heavily fined; refusal or neglect of officers to execute the law incurs a penalty of one hundred dollars; and untaxed dogs are killed without mercy, and district attorneys are required to prosecute officers who neglect to destroy them.

Such a law, or one more guarded and efficient still, should be on the statute book of every State.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Killing Hogs.

Do not suffer the hog to be run and worried by men, boys and dogs, getting his blood and flesh heated, just before he is killed. I believe this is one cause of meat spoiling. Sometimes we drive a hog or two to a neighbor's, so as to "kill together," as it is termed, making use of the same force, same fire and other fixings; and we have known the hams and shoulders of hogs thus driven to come out a little short before the next summer was over.

Let the hog be killed with as little noise, and worry, and excitement as possible. A Jerseyman has one man to go into the pen, select his first victim, and shoot him, or with a broad-faced hammer (like a shoemaker's hammer), knocks down the hog, when other men come immediately and stick, others drag out, and go to scalding, and so on, with a large number of hogs.

Scalding machines have become very common, and are a good institution; but everybody has not got one, and still use tubs. I like the tub, and want nothing better for ordinary times; but I want a rope and tackle, and one or two hands to help work the hog. I would not allow a hog put into hot water while there is a sign of life in him; but when dead, make an opening to the gambrel strings and hook in, hoist the hog and dip head and shoulders into the scald; do not let him remain more than a second or two, lest his hair 'sets'; hoist him and air him, and if needful, dip him again and again till done; then hook into the lower jaw, and scald the hinder parts. I like slow scalds the best, as less likely to "set the hair." While the hinder parts are getting scalded the face may be cleaned. Too little attention is generally given to cleaning the head, as also the feet, leaving them for the women to worry over by the hour in some cold out-kitchen. As soon as the hog is hung up and washed off, let the head be taken off, and set upon a barrel or block, and regularly shaved and cleaned.

And now, while speaking of the head, I want to say how I cut up a head. I lay it on its side and take off the jawl (or lower jaw) I then saw down across the face, just above the eyes, but careful to run into the eye sockets, and off through, leaving the eyeballs with the snout

end, so that there is no farther trouble with gouging the eyes out of the face-piece; then without farther separating of the parts, starting between the ears, saw up and down-wise, not caring to extend farther down towards the snout than to the saw-mark across the face, but clean through at the other end. Now, having done with the ears for handles, I cut them off, then take out the brains for pickling—skin the snout, and take off the flesh for scrapple, and throw the nasal organs away. The faces are to be corned. I use a saw but never an axe in cutting up a hog, consequently the meat is clear of splinters and chips of bones. In "chining a hog" to cool, I saw down the ribs instead of hacking them with a hatchet. A small-sized hog-hook flattened ansvers very well for taking off the hoofs and toe nails of a porker; or you may use a pair of pincers.—Exchange.

Cleaning Lead Pipe.

LIKE a good sensible man, that he evidently is, STEPHEN TOBY, of Caton, N. Y., had found something that had proved of service to him, and came into our office, the other day, to give it a RURAL circulation. His lead pipe through which his house, barns, or cattle-troughs—we don't remember as he told us which—were supplied with water, had got stopped up with sediment from the spring, and he could devise no way to clean it—was on the point of taking it up and replacing it with new pipe, when it occurred to him to employ a natural aid. He caught a small slate-colored lizard, common about springs and among stone, took the strainer from the upper end of the pipe and thrust the animal in head first, putting on the strainer again. Mr. Lizard could not back out; neither could he turn around—the pipe being only five-eighths of an inch in diameter. He must propel; and he did, at the rate of three or four feet per minute, emerging from the lower end of the pipe heralded by the muddy sediment and followed by a stream of spring water, which has continued to flow uninterruptedly since. Perhaps the suggestion may be useful to somebody.

How Levi Bartlett Keeps Cabbage.

His method consists in cutting the head from the stalk, removing the loose leaves and packing in barrels with damp moss, such as is used by nurserymen in putting up trees and shrubbery. The barrels after being filled are kept in the house cellar during winter and in spring removed to an out-door cellar. He states that he has been able to keep them put up in this manner during the winter by placing them in barrels in the barn, and when the cabbage has been slightly frozen, covering with straw, where they remained partly frozen until April and they came out without rotting or shriveling. When a head was wanted for the table, it was placed in water for an hour or two before using, and it then appeared as fresh as when gathered from the field in the fall.

Rural Notes and Queries.

THE SEASON—WINTER COMING!—The past two months have been most unpleasant—more stormy and unfavorable for out-door operations than experienced in this region, at the same season, for over a decade of years. Indeed, since the week of the State Fair, (which closed Sept. 24), the weather has been almost continually wet and cloudy, with very rare visitations of bright sunshine, so that farmers found it next to impossible to secure corn, potatoes, root crops, etc., or perform other ordinary fall work. The result is that many fields of potatoes and other crops remain unharvested, and will probably be lost, as the cold weather and snow are likely to interfere with further field labors. We have had several snow storms—on the 14th about 2 inches of snow fell, most of which remained on the ground several days. Last night (Nov. 21), we had about one inch more, and as we write the earth is covered with a wintry mantle. The wells and springs are full, and we should not be surprised if winter were to take possession at once. It behooves all who are not prepared to speedily make ready to give the grim monster a warm reception—o, rather, to keep their families, domestic animals, etc., warm and comfortable during his reign.

PRICE OF THE RURAL.—Last week an Illinois wool grower called to subscribe for the RURAL. "What is the price for a year?" "Three dollars." "Blazes! that is too much—guess I won't take it." "Very well—we urge no one to take the paper, but can not afford it for less at present prices of paper, provisions, etc. Good day, Sir." "Good day." Mr. Illinoisan left, but returned in less than two minutes, saying—"Here's three dollars; I'll try your paper a year, and reckon the Sheep Department will be worth the money." We reckoned so too, for some wool growers say that what is given in the RURAL on Sheep Husbandry is alone worth to them more than the subscription price of the paper. People have often said to us that the matter in a single Department of the RURAL (the Agricultural, Horticultural, Domestic, &c.,—some naming one and some another), was worth more than the subscription.

A CAUTION.—Beware of Pretended Agents!—Though it may be useless, we again state that we do not employ Traveling Agents for the RURAL, and repeat our caution to all not to pay money for the paper to any stranger. We frequently receive letters from people who have been swindled by strolling sharpers, pretending to be authorized agents of the RURAL. Recently many confiding persons in Michigan, Illinois, and other parts of the West, have been gammoned and defrauded by these villainous scamps. Beware of the dnpers, everywhere for, like bad weather, they often appear all over the country,—and remember that the safest way to secure this RURAL is to remit \$3 direct to us, or join a club forming by some one known to be trustworthy.

DISBANDED.—We notice the Committee of Clergymen and others interested in Sectarian and Literary Institutions, appointed by Gov. YATES of Ill., to suggest a plan for the disposal of the Agricultural School Fund of that State, have, like the good honest men they undoubtedly are, submitted to the Will of the People, and disbanded, deciding the question to be one with which they had nothing to do, as they had not. And so Illinois Farmers and Mechanics will probably be left to use the Congressional appropriation as in their wisdom they may decide it will best subserve their interests. Good!

FINE TROUT, AND TROUT PONDS.—Not long since Prof. A. R. EASTMAN, of this city, favored us with a large and fine speckled trout. On inquiry we learn it was caught in one of the ponds of DANIEL GROVER, Esq., of Wayland. We further learn that Mr. G. some years ago commenced the artificial propagation of brook trout,—that he has now four ponds, covering about four acres of ground, fed by pure spring water, and containing a quarter of a million of fine trout. Most of them weigh from a quarter of a pound to three pounds each. These fish are regularly fed, summer and winter, and so tame have they become that they will take food from their master's hand. Mr. GROVER intends, in the spring, to allow sportsmen (for a consideration) to enjoy the pleasure of taking some of his three pounders, and they will be sure to get them without a fatiguing tramp in mud and water.

A year or two ago we gave an interesting account of the Trout Ponds of S. H. ARNSWORTH, Esq., of West Bloomfield, the manner of propagation, &c., but have heard nothing on the subject lately. We presume Mr. A. is making, though he has not reported, progress.

AYRESHIRE CATTLE FOR MICHIGAN.—Mr. SANFORD HOWARD, Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Agriculture, has (says the Country Gent.) lately purchased of H. H. PETERS, Esq., of Southboro, Mass., several Ayreshire cattle to go to Michigan. A bull and heifer calf are for the State Agricultural College Farm; a heifer for Prof. MILES of the College; and a bull calf and heifer calf are for E. S. MOORE, Esq., of Three Rivers. The C. G. understands the demand for Ayreshires has been good the present season.—Mr. PETERS having sold, since the first of January, thirty-six head, consisting of two year olds, yearlings and calves. [The RURAL correspondent who has just written us asking where he can find Ayreshires, is referred to Mr. PETERS, and O. HOWLAND of Auburn, N. Y., who took most of the prizes on Ayreshires at our late State Fair.]

ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—We are indebted to the publishers, MESSRS. LUTHER TUCKER & SON of Albany, for an early copy of "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac for 1865; containing practical suggestions for the Farmer and Horticulturist,—embellished with about one hundred and thirty beautiful Engravings." From a cursory examination we infer that this issue equals that of its predecessors, and that its high praise, for the previous volumes of the Register have surpassed any thing of the kind ever attempted in a country noted for its patronage of Rural publications. The Register will be a good investment at its price (30 cents) to any one engaged or interested in Rural Affairs.

PLEASE COMPARE PRICES.—Those, if any there are who think the present terms of the RURAL too high, are requested to compare them with the prices of printing paper, wages, provisions—and indeed all the essentials of feeding and clothing people—and then figure what the terms should be to correspond with the prices of other articles! By comparing prices now and before the war such wiseacres will discover that the RURAL is now far cheaper than it was when furnished at \$1,50 in clubs and \$3 per single copy. A little sense and ciphering will readily decide the question.

DEVON CATTLE.—We learn that Mr. WALTER COLE of Batavia, N. Y., who took the first prize on Devon bulls at the recent State Fair in this city, has purchased the bull calf "Shakespeare" from the herd of ARTHUR GUNMAN, Lee, Mass. Mr. C. is evidently bound to have a superior herd.

COLOR OF FARM HOUSES.—What color is most suitable for farm-houses, and how is it made?—P. J. S.

This is a question of taste, simply; and it is fortunately the case that all people do not think alike. We would not paint a farm-house a glaring white; yet nine tenths of the painted farm-houses are white. Neither would we paint it red, nor yellow; but we often see them so painted. Our taste is a slate color, or drab, or light brown—even a cream color is better than white. There are so many shades of color from which one may choose and consult good taste, that it is difficult to say which is the best; indeed a color should be selected which will cause the house best to harmonize with its surroundings. We would not, by any means, choose the same color for all farm-houses and our opinion, in order to be worth anything, should be based upon our knowledge of the house our correspondent lives in, its architecture, location, elevation, and the extent and character of the grounds which surround it. Having determined the color, we should be compelled to go to some professional painter to get it mixed.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—(S. H. Alvord.) In 1863 we dug the practice of a successful cultivator. When he dug his sweet potatoes, he piled them in long, narrow, roof-like heaps, and covered them two inches deep with dry dirt, where they are allowed to "sweat." Then they are opened, allowed to dry perfectly, and are put in boxes or barrels and stored in a dry, well ventilated room, that is kept at a temperature of about 50 degrees. No sand, leaves or other material is used to pack them in. An equable temperature and dry atmosphere are the essentials in keeping sweet potatoes. They must always be handled carefully.

SEEDING WITH GRASS.—I wish to inquire if land which has failed to take seed can be seeded in the spring (without a crop of grain), and secure a good crop of hay the same season?—W. C.

It can be seeded, but the crop of hay must depend upon its fertility. We have seen a very good late clover crop taken from land seeded in March; but the soil was rich and the season favorable.

TANNING SMALL SKINS.—(C. H. Bacon.) We know nothing of the man you refer to, nor his patent. We suppose you refer to the "Excelsior Tanning Process" exhibited by C. H. FERRIS, Wyoming, N. Y., of which the awarding committee said:—"A valuable discovery; the process expeditious and cheap."

PULVERIZING LIMESTONE.—(Young Inquirer, Canastota, N. Y.) We do not know of any more economical mode of preparing limestone for the field than by burning. Some of the quartz crushers might be used to pulverize it, but of their comparative economy we cannot speak.

SEWERAGE MANURE.—Professor LIEBIG has written a letter warning agriculturists against too entire a reliance on the virtues of manure derived from the sewerage of cities. He says that its continued use, without a due supply of phosphates, will only impoverish the soil.

CUSCO WHITES.—(H. R. Beach.) We cannot inform you "of some reliable man of whom you can procure a barrel of Cusco Whites for seed," for we do not happen to know who is growing these potatoes.

MIXING LIME WITH MANURE.—(John Robel.) We would not mix fresh lime with straw manure; but you can add your old lime and mortar safely and profitably.

\*I believe I mentioned the Silesians in this connection, but I am not positive. At all events I do so now.  
†It must continue to increase so long as the public debt and expenditures demand a high revenue tariff, like the present. And there can be but little doubt that our broadcloth manufacturers will revive, under the same circumstances, greatly increasing the demand.



**Horticultural.**

**AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**

**TENTH BIENNIAL MEETING.—CONCLUDED.**

**RIPENING AND KEEPING WINTER PEARS**

Dr. BEADLE of C. W.—I have kept them—can keep winter pears ten years; but I never saw any of them good for anything yet.

Dr. GRANT of N. Y.—I have kept winter pears at a uniform temperature. I never found winter pears as good as our autumn varieties. The Easter Beurre keeps admirably. Princess St. Germain keeps best.

THURBUR of N. Y.—I do not believe any one who has kept Vicar of Winkfield as kept by Mr. Carpenter would want any better winter pear. It is as good a pear as a man who likes a vinous pear would want to taste.

PARSONS.—The Vicar is so productive that it grows two or three times the amount of fruit that should stay on the tree. The fruit should be thinned as soon as one can distinguish the imperfect pears. Reduce the amount of fruit to one-half or one-third. After the pears have reached two-thirds their size, in September, and the season gets dry, pick off again so as to adapt the burthen of fruit to the capacity of the tree. Leave it on the tree until frost is close. Do not confine it in barrels. Take them to a close, dark and tolerably cool room and cover a floor with them two feet deep. Store them as you do potatoes. Leave paths between the piles of fruit, so as to get among them and pick out the rotten ones. I keep the Duchess about as long as I do the Vicar.

MEAD of N. Y.—Apples are frequently placed in heaps and "sweated" and then wiped dry. It should be strongly condemned. A good deal depends upon the room in which you keep fruit. I have a room adapted to this purpose. It was not built to keep fruit in. With the advantage of ventilation, it has low, equable temperature, and is dry. Some kinds of pears keep as well as potatoes. Some pears keep better than others. We want to know how to keep our best pears. We want, for this purpose, a low temperature, five to ten degrees above the freezing point—dry, but not perfectly dry. There should be the means for ventilating the room, to be used very carefully indeed—only to regulate the temperature. In effecting changes, air must of course be put in motion, but cold currents of air upon the fruit must be avoided.

THURBUR.—Every pear has a limit of time to which it can be kept. It has its season, and it should be eaten in that season. True, I have a friend who keeps the Duchess and Bartlett to mid-winter, in a chamber surrounded by ice. But it is not generally desirable to keep a fruit beyond its season.

FIELD.—I am satisfied there are some localities where winter pears can not be ripened. There is a difference in the growing of winter pears. And some cultivators interfere with the process of nature in ripening the pear. Some trees have a delicate foliage, which drops prematurely without leaving the pear sufficient support. This delicacy of foliage is not always peculiar to a variety, but is due to locality and climate. On such trees the fruit withers or rots in spots without ripening. We do not get good winter pears because we can not ripen them good. I am compelled, in my location, to abandon winter pears. I have never yet grown a winter pear that was as good as a Newtown Pippin.

BARRY.—You must first grow a winter pear in order to ripen it. The Vicar of Winkfield is an excellent pear. WM. REED once declared it a humbug. But we thin our crops and get good specimens. Mr. REED tried thinning, experimented two years before he ripened it; but he did ripen it and took back all he had said against it. It is as easily grown as any pear. Princess St. Germain is also easily grown. We pick our winter pears, put them in barrels, keep cool and dry—out of doors until there is danger of frost, then put in a barn and finally in a cool cellar as the cold increases. We keep Easter Beurre till May. We have convinced gentlemen of the value of this pear for winter keeping and eating. True, there are many poor pears grown on an Easter Beurre tree, but we thin them, and watch them and see that they grow. They are worthy such care. The Vicar is not good on young trees—the tree must have age. The Lawrence is a winter pear here and keeps until January. Ours were opened at Christmas, and they were fine—yellow as gold and handsome. No, we do not put them in the cellar at gathering. We put them on the north side of a shed and shelter them from rain. When it gets too cold for them out of doors, we put them in the barn until too cold for them there, then put in cellar as before stated. You should not keep pears out of season. The Winter Nelis keeps with us till January, and frequently until February. Leave it on the tree till late. There is a long catalogue of winter pears. We must not tolerate the idea that winter pears can not be grown—can not be ripened. They can be grown and ripened.

FIELD.—My statement is only of facts. I think winter pears will be found to do better on stiff clays than on light soils. CARPENTER at New Rochelle grows good pears and keeps them well. I am on a sandy soil and cannot grow them. I can grow Winter Nelis, Jaminett, Vicar of Winkfield and Lawrence, and ripen them well; but with me the three first named are not winter pears.

HOVEY.—Grow the pear well and there is no trouble in preserving it to the limit of its season. To preserve such pears, put them in barrels and keep cool, just as you do winter apples—in a temperature of 45° to 40°. In 1862 we had 30 barrels each of Vicar and Glout Moreceau which were left out doors as long as safe, then put in a packing shed, and then in the cellar, and we

found it impossible to ripen them until February. Grow pears well, and put up as you would good winter apples and they will keep and ripen and give great satisfaction.

MEAD.—We ought to have two lists of winter pears—one of those best for eating, and the other of those best for cooking.

NELSON of Ind.—While I concede every thing my friends BARRY and HOVEY have said to be true in their case, I think their statements should be received with the same qualifications with which we receive Mr. FIELD's statements. I must insist that winter pears for general cultivation are a failure. Thousands upon thousands of dollars have been expended, and with good culture but little satisfaction has resulted to cultivators. I have had some facilities for knowing. Of 20 winter varieties which I have cultivated, I have not one that I consider a good pear for the mass of people. The Easter Beurre ripens on one side. The sunny side ripens best but the other side I cannot ripen. In localities, and in the hands of certain men, winter pears succeed, but I know it to be a fact that they are generally a failure.

FIELD.—I do not like to hear Mr. NELSON put it quite so strong. I think the future is more promising for the pear because the older trees the better the fruit.

BARRY.—I think very few winter pears have been planted, comparatively. Our experience is, that very few winter pear trees have been sold. Mainly Autumn pears are sold. Dr. HOUGHTON of Philadelphia gives us the heaviest orders. But the demand for them is increasing, and I think will continue to increase. When our winter pears are ripe, we take them right from the cellar to the table—keep them cool and eat them cool. We do not bring them into a warm room to ripen them. We eat them in their season just as we do apples. As a general rule it spoils pears to bring them to a heated room to ripen them.

BERGEN.—I agree with Mr. FIELD that in our locality few pears keep well. The Vicar, Lawrence and Winter Nelis it is difficult to keep till Christmas. I have kept Easter Beurre until March. The difficulty is to make them ripen at all—they sometimes rot in the green state. When best grown they ripen the easiest. I kept the Doyenne d'Alencon till February and ripened it good.

MUIR of Mo.—Mr. PETTINGELL of Bunker Hill, Ill., tells a story of buying the Winter Nelis of a farmer who said he had fed it to his hogs for 30 years. He bought the farmer's crop, took them home, stored them in his cellar, piling potatoes over them. When ripened, he sent his farmer friend a half dozen of them, and he soon came over to see Mr. P. and get grafts of that variety of pears he had sent him.

HERENDEEN.—Winter pears are excellent for cooking purposes—even if they do not ripen so as to be fit to eat otherwise, they are valuable for cooking.

BARRY.—The Pound Pear, St. Germaine and the Catalac cook nicely.

HOVEY.—The last named is a splendid pear for cooking.

PARSONS.—We cook the Pound Pear.

FIELD.—Mr. BERGEN's family have cooked it thirty years.

BERGEN.—We cook it and think highly of it. I sell it at \$2 per bushel in the market, for this purpose.

FIELD.—My friend BERGEN is crazy in some respects. He thinks the poorer the pear the better it is. The Windsor Belle is the most profitable pear grown.

HOVEY.—We leave pears on the tree till late in the season, pick them and pack in boxes, between thin layers of straw. Keep them near the freezing point till time of ripening, put them in the cellar and they ripen splendidly. The difficulty of ripening is more in growing, than from any other cause.

BERGEN.—I do not agree with Mr. FIELD at all, notwithstanding his strong assertion. I find the Pound Pear profitable, but regard the Bartlett one of the most profitable of those I cultivate. The Summer Belle is one of the most profitable of our pears. If it is not put in a list for market, a mistake will be made.

BARRY.—In the New York market large quantities of pears are bought for cooking. The Windsor is profitable to grow to sell to the million who buy pears to cook rather than to eat. Money can be made out of it.

BERGEN.—The Windsor Belle is a good eating pear. But to ripen it, it must be picked early. It is a mistake—it is not sold as a cooking pear in Boston and New York.

PEAR HEDGES.

FIELD.—I found the Duchess de Angouleme capable of growing close and bearing fruit—and there was, with me, a necessity for so growing it. Accordingly, I planted it in rows two to two and a half feet apart, and four feet between the rows. I feared they would get crowded and I took up every other row. They have grown to be a hedge and bear well. I shear the sides and top. By this means I take off the blossoming ends of the limbs and they require little other thinning. What I do thin is done late, taking out the stung fruit. I get large fruit from these hedges—170 pears to the barrel. It is true that unless you get large fruit it is not good; and the crop is better every year. Not a plant in those hedges have died—they have never overborne, either. You can, if you choose, thin out the old and have new wood all the time. I would plant the rows 6 feet apart instead of 4, or 8 if I were going to plant again.

THURBUR.—I have also seen the Bartlett grown in the same way, in hedges, and never saw finer fruit of this variety than that grown in this manner.

FIELD.—I have Seckel growing in hedge too. I prune early in spring, and pinch or prune to reduce leading shoots in July.

**DISCUSSION ON STRAWBERRIES RESUMED.**

KNOX of Pa.—I do not wish to be understood that the Triomphe de Gand cannot be surpassed. I hope it will be. It can not be surpassed by RUSSELL's Prolific in point of color, nor flavor; but I hope it may be as a berry for profit. I do not know but it will be.

I can not understand why the Fillmore has been overlooked. Perhaps there is a no more profitable variety grown on my place than this same Fillmore.

How do I plant? I plant my strawberries in rows—three rows eighteen inches apart, and then a space of two and a half feet, and then three rows again, as before.

BATEHAM of O.—I have visited Mr. KNOX's grounds. Mr. K. does not tell more than the truth concerning the results of his admirable system of cultivating strawberries and other small fruits. The Cincinnati Horticultural Society appointed a committee to visit Mr. KNOX's grounds and report. We did visit them, and we never saw such fruit, such perfect cultivation and such results as we saw there. We first came upon his store in Pittsburg, attracted to it by a crowd about it, and were surprised at the perfect fruit we found there, of such size that we supposed it had been assorted for show. But some of the by-standers who heard our remarks advised us to go to the grounds and see for ourselves. We did go. For one I can say that I went to visit Mr. KNOX's grounds prejudiced against him. I thought he had made more noise in the world than it was necessary for a modest man to make. But, Mr. President, we were convinced that the half had not been told us. The Triomphe's were magnificent. But I put the Fillmore, as we found it there, ahead for its good shape, uniformity, productiveness, &c. It deserves more attention.

BORT of Mich.—The Triomphe was first introduced into our part of the State by me. I have procured and fruited 60 varieties of strawberries. The best three with us are Burr's New Pine, Wilson's Albany, and Triomphe de Gand. Three years ago, the Wilson's Albany was preferred. Last year the Triomphe gained favor, and the past season it has stood the drouth better and borne a better crop than the Wilson's Albany. It will be the berry planted with us, hereafter.

BERGEN of N. Y.—Will Mr. Knox tell us more about his mode of cultivating strawberries?

KNOX.—I plant strawberries among my grapes; I have already given my mode of preparing the soil for grape plantations, so that I need not repeat it here. But if I prepare the land for strawberries exclusively, good plowing—say eight to ten inches deep—is good enough for strawberries. The plants are put in rows as I have before stated. All runners are kept off and the weeds are kept down. The whole strength of the land and vine is devoted to producing fruit. I manure some, by putting rotted manure between the rows. I protect the plants in a winter in order to preserve the embryo fruit. I use straw—flail-threshed rye straw is preferred—for such protection. It operates both as a protection from frost in winter, and to keep the fruit from the dirt in summer. It also keeps the weeds down. I cleverly cover the vines with the straw—try to do it just before a rain, to avoid it being scattered by wind, though I have little trouble in that respect. In the spring the straw is removed from off the vines and left between the rows. Do not use the hoe much in cultivation, nor the cultivator at all. The weeds are pulled up by hand, and the runners pinched off.

French's Seedling.—PARRY of N. J.—This fruit is large, early, good quality, very attractive in appearance. The plant is vigorous, and hardy, spreading rapidly on almost all kinds of soil. The blossoms are hermaphrodite. It is an accidental strawberry found in a meadow, so that it is not entitled to the name of seedling at all. Its color is bright scarlet, attractive and goes into market the very first and commands the highest price. It is not quite so early as the Early Scarlet, but is close to it and much larger. It seems to combine the good qualities of the Early Scarlet and HOVEY's Seedling, which were the principal berries grown with us prior to this fruit attracting attention.

MEEHAN of Pa.—French's Strawberry in Philadelphia is as popular as any variety in market. The Triomphe and Wilson's Albany are also popular. The Hovey has almost disappeared. The Lady's Finger is largely sold.

THURBUR of N. Y.—I wish to call attention to the Union—a New Jersey strawberry, and ask for experience concerning it.

BRILL of N. J.—I have been prejudiced against it, under this name, believing it to be TROLOPE's Victoria. I have not fruited it. The parties sending it out as Union believe it to be distinct. I do not.

THURBUR.—I do not believe it to be a new variety. I have never seen a larger crop of fruit than on the Brooklyn Scarlet. On Mr. FULLER's grounds it is a great success. It is the only one of the "Tribune Strawberries" that amounts to anything.

BARRY of N. Y.—We must wait to see these remarkable varieties reduced to ordinary cultivation and tested there, before we can feel what they will amount to. Berries have been sold at enormous prices because of a reputation made under the most favorable circumstances—a reputation which they do not sustain when put in the hands of ordinary cultivators.

KNOX.—These remarks are very true and very important. One thing, I want it distinctly understood that there is no Bartlett Strawberry. It and the Boston Pine are identical.

BRILL of N. J.—I think these remarks well timed. I was surprised to see premiums given to a berry labeled Bartlett at the American Agriculturist Office, when it is identical with the Boston Pine.

FIELD of N. Y.—I was a member of the Committee making the award referred to. The premium was awarded to the variety having the best flavor. No labels were on the fruit at the time of making the examination. The decision of the Committee was made, and subsequently the fruit receiving the award was labeled "Bartlett" by some one to the Committee unknown. There is nothing surprising about it so far as the Committee was concerned. It only had to do with the flavor.

The Society voted to reject the name Bartlett as applied to any strawberry.

BARRY of N. Y.—I suspect the Buffalo and Russell's Prolific to be identical.

BRILL of New Jersey.—I judged it to be similar to the Russell at first, but as I got more fruit from it, I found a greater difference.

Ju Cunda.—NORDEK of Ohio.—I want to hear something about this fruit.

BATEHAM of Ohio.—I saw it at Cleveland. It was beautiful as well as good. The gentleman who had it obtained it of SAUL of Washington. No foreign variety that I have seen equals it, except the Triomphe. It appeared to be identical with "Knox's" "700."

KNOX.—I want gentlemen to understand that my "700" is not a name. All my strawberries are numbered, and recorded by the number. Some of them have no names when I get them; I give them none, nor send them out under any name until I am sure what name belongs to them. I do not know the name of the fruit numbered in my grounds "700." I want to find out what it is if it has a name I want to know it. If I am satisfied that it has none, and it continues to be as good a fruit as I think it to be now, I shall name it. But be assured, gentlemen, it will never go from my grounds except it is rightly named. It is a beauty, no matter what name it bears.

BATEHAM of Ohio.—If gentlemen will examine Mr. KNOX's Catalac, they will find that what he says is true.

Dr. WARDER.—I think Mr. KNOX's "700" and Ju Cunda are identical, but am not sure. Holcombe Blackberry.—HOADLEY of Ohio.—It went through the winter with me much better than the New Rochelle.

**REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON RESOLUTIONS.**

The Committee to which was referred the preparation of resolutions expressive of regard for the memory of officers deceased since its last session, offers the following:

Resolved, That the services to Pomology of our deceased friend, WILLIAM REID of New Jersey, deserve our warmest acknowledgments; and although he is passed forever beyond the reach of praise or blame, and stands where we soon must, in the dread presence of his Maker; yet our affection for his person, regard for his character, and gratitude for his services, impel us still to cling to his memory, and give utterance both to our grief and praise.

In social intercourse, kind and genial; in the search for truth, earnest and indefatigable; in the Science of Horticulture most learned and skillful, he brought to our aid facilities of mind, which make his loss irreparable. His native caution preserved him from expressions of judgment which might mislead, and his excellent memory stored up for his own and our use the world of facts which, to us, are forever lost; and while we grieve for the loss of our friend and brother, we are proud to recall his valuable services to our great cause, and fondly place upon the records of this Society this faint memorial of his life and character.

Resolved, That the members of this Society desire also to preserve green in their memories and affections the name of Dr. JOHN A. KENNICOTT of Illinois, whose character, in the love of Horticulture and of his fellows, combined to form a man whom we knew not whether most to love or admire. And while his services to Horticulture demand our most grateful testimonials to their value, we can not withhold our expression of esteem for him as a philanthropist, nor our affection and grief for the loss of a friend.

Resolved, That, as side by side these two men, eminent for their love of Nature and their knowledge of her mysteries, have parted the veil which separates time from eternity, and now view the sublimer mysteries of that life which has no grave, so we, side by side engrave their names upon the tablets of our memories, and, on the records of our and their labors preserve for future generations of Horticulturists, this testimony of our affection and respect.

Resolved, That the name of W. D. BRINKLEY of New Jersey, deserves most grateful preservation in the hearts of all lovers of Horticulture. Neither the labors and fatigue of the faithful practice of his profession, nor the sufferings of an enfeebled and diseased body could detract from his zeal for the promotion of Horticultural knowledge. His value to our Society can not be measured by the results of his Horticultural experiments, nor the contributions of his great store of knowledge to our discussions and reports; but to estimate our loss we must remember the mild and Christian temper with which he improved momentary unkindness and restored harmony to our deliberations.

With DOWNING and WALKER and REID and KENNICOTT, we place his name upon the roll of the benefactors of his kind, confident that those who love virtue, usefulness and zeal for science, will not willingly forget our deceased friend.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

THOS. W. FIELD, I. D. G. NELSON,  
GEO. HOADLEY, PETER B. MEAD.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the Society adjourned sine die.

**Notes and Queries.**

MOUNTAIN ASH FROM SEED.—Will you, or some of your readers, tell me how to raise Mountain Ash trees from seed?—MARY DAVIS.

We have had no experience propagating this plant from seed.

LADY'S APPLE.—E. ANDREW of Webster, has left on our table twigs wonderfully laden with this beautiful fruit, and Siamese-twin specimens—two perfect apples each—with stem and calyx perfect, united in a most perfect manner, as we have never seen specimens before.

OHIO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—This Society holds its Annual meeting at Painesville, O., December 19, 14 and 15, 1864. This will doubtless be an interesting meeting. It is announced that specimens of fruits, especially winter apples and pears, and varieties not generally known, are desired for the meeting, and may be sent by express, at the expense of the Society, directed to M. B. BATEHAM, Secretary, Painesville, O.

**Domestic Economy.**

**INQUIRIES ANSWERED.**

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry for a recipe for making omelets, I send mine, which I think is better than the one in last week's paper.—Six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; 1 cup of milk; 1 tablespoon of flour, stirred up with a little milk to get it free from lumps; 1 large tablespoonful of melted butter. Salt and pepper to your taste. Stir all together, adding the whites of eggs the last thing. Put a little butter in a frying-pan, and when hot, pour in half the mixture at a time, and fry until of a nice brown on the under side; then set in the oven till of a nice brown on the top. Cut it in the middle, and lay one part upon the other, having the tops together.

SOUP.—Get a good sized hock of beef. The afternoon before wanted, put it on and let it boil for two hours. The next morning carefully skim off all the fat from the water and let it boil for at least three hours longer. About an hour before ready to serve, add chopped cabbage, onions, rice, summer savory, and a few potatoes. Salt and pepper to your taste. Dumplings made with a small bowl of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one of soda; two eggs; a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter, and dropped in, by the spoonful, 15 minutes before serving, make a nice addition.—FANNIE P. B., Erie, Pa., 1864.

A CHEAP PLUM PUDDING.—One pint of molasses; 1 teaspoonful of soda, stirred in till very light; a little salt; flour enough to make a very stiff batter; 3 pints of huckleberries, (other berries will answer); 1 teaspoonful of cloves; 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon. Steam in a two-quart basin well buttered over a kettle of boiling water for three hours. Eat with sauce. This is an excellent imitation of an English plum pudding, and is a very cheap pudding.—SUSIE C. H., Erie, Pa.

COLORING COTTON YELLOW.—I send M. R. D. my recipe for coloring cotton yellow, which is positively fast.—For four pounds of rags, take four ounces of the sugar of lead, four ounces of bi-conate (bi-chromate?)—Eds. RURAL of potash. Dissolve the sugar of lead in sufficient soft water to cover them. Put in the rags and let them boil twenty minutes. Then put them into a clean water in which the bi-conate (bi-chromate) of potash has been dissolved, and you will have a nice color. If you want them dark, change from one dye to the other. Use a tin or brass vessel to color in.—Mrs. C. C. RANSIER.

MUFFINS.—I notice an inquiry in the RURAL of October 29, for a recipe for muffins. I send you mine, which is one of the best:—One pint sweet milk; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; 2 eggs; a little salt; half cup of yeast. Let it rise over night.—Mrs. C. C. RANSIER.

**A YORKSHIRE PIE.**

FIRST of all, a receptacle is built of the shape and size of a good large cheese-box, composed of "scald crust" (that is, made with boiling water) about an inch thick; put no butter in the crust but in its place fresh beef suet, chopped as fine as possible, so that, when well kneaded together the walls of the receptacle stand firm and erect.

Now for the inside: take a fine mellow ham (a Yorkshire one if you can get it; if not, a sugar-cured Virginian,) a fine turkey, a goose, a couple of chickens, a couple of ducks, a couple of rabbits, a hare, a brace of pheasants, a few slices of venison, half a dozen partridges, half a dozen pigeons, a dozen quail or woodcock, two or three pounds of sausage meat, some sweet herbs, and seasoning, and having deprived the foregoing of all their bones, proceed to stow them away in layers in your crust receptacle, just as tight as ever you can get them, until it is brim full, and solid; then take a quantity of strong (but unsweetened), warm calves'-foot jelly, and pour it in until all the interstices are filled up; then put a top-crust of the same thickness as the other on, place the pie on a piece of sheet-iron in a quite cool oven, and let it slowly bake for three or four hours; take it out very gently, and let it stand until next day, and then when you cut it you will find it come out quite solid, like a piece of variegated marble, tasting of everything in general but nothing in particular; a dish that would "raise an appetite beneath the ribs of death."

It will be a bonnie big pie, too; but there is no fear of its spoiling, for it will keep a couple of months, if needful, or you can manage, anyhow to keep it. Don't talk any more of boned-turkey with truffles, or pate de fois gras from Strasburg, for neither are to be named in the same generation with a Yorkshire pie.—Touchstone in Wilkes' Spirit.

TO PREPARE CITRON FOR CAKE.—Pare and slice the citron, taking out the seeds; boil it until soft, as for preserves, then drain it through a colander; throw the water it is boiled in away. Take 4 or 5 ounces white sugar to every pound of boiled citron, put in water sufficient to cover half the citron; when the first half has boiled a few minutes take out the pieces on plates. Put in the other half and boil the same; what sirup is left when done, pour on the platter dry, and put away. I have some dried two years ago just as nice as when first prepared. You can flavor it or not just as you choose. It is nicer than can be got at the groceries, flavored or not.—Mrs. J. C.

TO REMOVE MILDEW STAINS.—In answer to an inquiry in the RURAL, I send you my recipe, which is soft soap and chalk. Wet the stained parts well with the soap, then rub the chalk in well, wet the garment and lay in the sun, and continue to do so until the stain is removed.—E. WAY, Chester Co., Pa., 1864.



Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. A PRISONER'S PRAYER "IN LIBBY."

BY MARIETTE CONO.

Where the gentle night-wind lingers On her pure young brow, Soothing, with its perfum'd fingers, Care and anguish now, Hover near, Oh Guardian Angel— Speak to her of me— Whisper to my fair Evangel Words of melody.

Where the song-birds wake the chorus, In the morning light,— When the Power ever o'er us Banishes the night— Sing to her sweet words and tender, Gentle, soft and low; Say the trials God may send her, All must feel, below.

Summer stars in beauty shining Through the blue above, Round her heart your magic twining, Whisper of my love. Tell her words of love unending— Words to soothe her pain— O'er her couch of soft ring bending, Bring her life again.

I, a captive, worn and weary, Sad and faint with care, Through the long night, dark and dreary, Breathe for her a prayer; All my pain in patience bearing Through each dreary night; All my load of anguish, wearing, Could her load be light.

Nevermore to meet! 'Tis dreary, Dark and lone, to-night; Though my weight of woe be weary, Make her burden light. Here, amid my foes, I languish— Fainter grows my breath— And no hand may soothe my anguish In the hour of death.

I am gazing on thee, Heaven— On thy silver stars,— While I count the strokes—eleven— Through my prison bars. Does she gaze, as I, in sadness, Think and dream of me? Fill her soul, oh Lord, with gladness Warm'd and cheer'd by Thee.

In the court the sentry pacing, Hears the tolling bell, And I, leaning, o'er the casing, Catch his cry—"all's well." All the prisoners are sleeping, Stars burn in the sky, And my heart, its lone watch keeping, Echo's back the cry.

All is well! With joy I greet you! Calmly shine, oh stars! Soon my soul will come to greet you Through these prison bars. Now—a prisoner's fetters bearing, I upon you call; Then—an angel-glory wearing, I'll outshine you all!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker. BABY-OLGY.

If there is anything of which I am positively afraid, it is a baby—a real, live, genuine, long-white-gowned baby. I like little ducks, chickens, turkeys; and pigs are quite admissible. But a little, bald-headed, red-faced, tender-eyed, mouth-puckered baby is inadmissible. I am a very courageous youth; I hardly know the feeling of fear, but deliver me from entering a room where I am liable to be asked to hold some body's "dear baby!" I rather hold a bag of cats. I am afraid to hold the thing with any degree of tenacity, for fear of squeezing it to death, and if I do not hold it fast, I am afraid it will fall to pieces. If I look at it, it sets up a squall, and if I do not look at it, it upsets itself. Besides making me tremble with fear and horrible apprehensions, a baby nonpluses me. I neither know how to act, what to say, which way to look, or what to do with myself. So with a species of desperation unknown under any other circumstances, I grab a portion of the garments on either side of the bundle of flesh, and hang on! To keep my stomach from turning treasenable, I call up all the prose and poetry I ever read, to help me to believe that they are sweet, angelic, and the other pretty things that some women and a few men have written about, but I never could see where the dear adjectives applied. I never could understand why some persons will go a long distance just to see a baby, when I would go as far the other way to avoid it. When you have seen one you have seen the whole craft, for they all look alike. Some one, in the RURAL, some time ago, says he "would recommend no man to marry a woman who says 'I hate babies!'" and adds that such a one "is not fit to be a wife," &c. So I infer if a baby is brought into a room full of young women, the one who makes the greatest pow-wow over it, and thinks Heaven has one in every niche and corner, and Earth is rendered a Paradise by their presence, she is the one who would make a model married woman. I do not deny his statement. I rarely indulge in newspaper conflicts—I have too much regard for editors. On the contrary, I think "Lead Pencil" is correct, for I most thoroughly dislike babies! Even when a little five-year-old girl, if one came toward me with a baby, I would run as if a thousand snakes were after me. But being considerably older now, I kill the snakes but run from the babies. So I suppose, according to "Lead Pencil's" phraseology, when a marriageable man meets me, he ought to turn his head away, and run for dear life. That would hardly be advisable, for having a profound passion for imitating broadcloth, I might "put" after him, and bless him! (Just imagine how that would look!) he would think his time had come, surely.

One of my neighbors said to me the other day, "I think you would make a most magnificent married woman, but a most abominable old maid!" Now my neighbor is a grandmother and one of the most sensible women I know, and when she said "magnificent" she meant everything from splendid to loving; and when she said "abominable" she meant everything, from good to clever, or what is the same, from disagreeable to obnoxious. But with all due respect to "Lead Pencil," I think my neighbor knows better than he—at least I like her better, for I think she told me the truth, especially in the latter part of her remark, which I will venture to say no one will deny.

MINNIE MINTWOOD. Hilldale Farm, near Ludlowville, N. Y., 1894.

THE HARP IN HEAVEN.

ONE of the sweetest recollections of my girlhood is a beautiful reply my mother once made me, when my heart was swelling with childish grief.

I had just returned from the house of a wealthy neighbor, who had kindly given me the use of their piano for a few hours every day to gratify my extreme love for music. Our own cottage home looked so plain in contrast with the one I had just left, and no piano within its walls, I laid my head upon the table and gave vent to my overflowing heart. I felt grieved, and perhaps a little angry, that we were unable to afford the one thing I desired above all others—a piano—and expressed my feelings to my mother.

Never shall I forget her sweet, gentle tone, as she simply replied, "Never mind, daughter, if you cannot have a piano on earth, you may have a harp in heaven." Instantly the whole current of my feelings was changed. Earthly things dwindled into insignificance, and the "harp in heaven," with its golden strings, became the object of my desire. I felt reproved for my repinings against the Providence that had placed me in a humble home, and from that moment the enjoyments of heaven seemed far to outweigh all the pleasures of earth. That beautiful reply has followed me all my life, or rather, has gone before me like a bright guiding star—lifting my thoughts above this transient life, and opening to my spirit's vision the glorious scenes in that "land of life and light." I have a "piano on earth" now, but its charm is gone. Its music no longer gladdens my heart as it once did, for the ears that loved best to listen to its sweet tones, are now enraptured with the grand harmonies of heaven. The dear fingers that so often touched its keys now sweep the golden harp-strings. O, that "harp in heaven!" How my soul longs for one breath of its rich melody!

As I look upon the dear baby fingers in the cradle near me, I think it matters little whether my child be poor or rich—whether her path be strewn with thorns or flowers—if she may only have a "harp in heaven."—Mother's Journal.

GOSSIPY PARAGRAPHS.

— ENGLAND has recently been agitated by the return of the Royal Baby from abroad, where it has been to see its grand-mamma, aunts, &c. An English paper says:—The Baby is home again, to the delight, we presume, of all England, and certainly to the immense relief of all newspaper readers. The child landed at Hull, and its arrival produced an outburst of flunkeyism beyond even English precedent. The Mayor actually went in his robes to visit a baby not twelve months old, the Sheriff's wife gave him a fur rabbit, which, say the reporters, he "appeared to appreciate," a vast crowd assembled to see him pass, and "the cow which supplied the infant prince with milk during his passage from the Elbe to the Humber, was purchased by Mr. Alderman Abbey, of Hull," that dignitary obviously considering the animal likely to be historic. The Queen should put a stop to this kind of folly, which, if it continues, will lead to a sharp reaction against the worship now paid to the royal family. Already a journal, which once declared that the winds would blow gently on a tree because the Queen had planted it, is indulging in pretty sharp ridicule; and aldermen who now buy cows because they feed royal babies, will soon be ashamed of caring about the babies themselves. It will not do to let the English people raise their princes into idols. They always break them in the end.

— ONE man rarely ridicules another in conversation with a woman, unless he happens to be jealous of him. He has too much esprit de corps; he does not like to admit the idea that a male biped can be ridiculous; he sees dimly the possibility of a similar position for himself. But if rumor ever wafts to you the echoes of that mysterious conclave which men hold when no woman is near, you shall then learn what gossip, scandal and satire really may be.

— A JEALOUS husband, in St. Louis, recently spied around his house, and rushed, as he supposed, upon his wife and a strange man in his garden. Just as he was about to open to the stranger with a big knife, the lady revealed herself as his cook, and the young man was found to be her lover.

— A CURIOUS case is to be tried in Paris. A lady is about to prove in open court that she is not the mother of her children, or rather the children which her husband attributes to her. This matter is to be demonstrated by decisive arguments, the lady herself demanding to plead.

— A LITTLE fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing some gentlemen at his father's table discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

Choice Miscellany.

THE OLD HOUSE FAR AWAY.

THE wild birds warble, the silvery rills Sing cheerfully round the spot, And the peaceful shades of the purple hills Fall dim on my mother's cot; Its windows are low, and its thatch is low, And its ancient walls are gray, O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go! The old house far away!

The little clock ticks on the parlor wall, Recording the passing hours; And the pet geranium grows rank and tall, With its brilliant scarlet flowers; And the old straw chair, so cozy and low, Where mother sat knitting all day; O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go! That old house far away!

Dear mother! how plainly I see her now, Reclining in that old arm-chair, With the sunset resting upon her brow, That was once so smooth and fair; With her crimped border white as snow, And her once dark hair now gray, O, I see it! I love it! where'er I go! In that old house far away!

Not all the treasures the world affords, The riches of land and sea, Nor all the wealth of earth's proud lords, Can blot from my memory The roof that sheltered each dear, dear head, And the humble floor of clay, Where the feet I loved were wont to tread, In the old house far away!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN PICTURES BY CORRESPONDENTS.

WE know that our readers will enjoy, with us, some of the revelations which we gather from the mass of correspondence before us. For instance, BELL CLINTON writes:

"DEAR RURAL:—I've been roaming on the hillside this glorious October afternoon. I felt that I must leave work for a time, and go out beneath the blue sky, to breathe once more the inspiration of Autumn. O, the magic effect of such a ramble! The heart renews its elasticity, and revels and exults once more in happiness, like to that of childhood's beautiful days, when we roamed, heart-free from care, hand-free from toil. Such an hour have I spent, casting aside the dull heart-aching which will sometimes oppress, when shut in by the four walls of the kitchen, with a 'dozen irons in the fire,' and but one pair of hands to manage all. Could I without the intervention of paper and pen, transmit the thoughts of this afternoon, how different, how much purer would be the diction? Thoughts of our life—what it is, and what it should and ought to be—of the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity—who has created this glad earth and the souls dwelling upon it, clothed it with beauty, filled it with grandeur and song, built the lofty mountain, and causes the tiniest bud to unfold its leaves. My heart is younger than it was at noontide. Sitting beneath the broad branches of an oak, through which the sunlight crept down to frolic with the leaf-shadows upon the ground beside me, I've striven to think it the same I apostrophized in rhyme when a little girl. But that was long ago cut down. I gathered acorns in my apron, filled my pocket with chestnuts, closed my eyes and listened as one by one the brown nuts fell, and the squirrel chirped from the topmost bough, and tried to think myself a child beneath the chestnut trees at home. But no, others gather to-day beneath them, and myself where others have trod. I sometimes feel that my heart has grown old, that its best and noblest passions have been sacrificed to a ceaseless routine of work—work, with no time to cultivate those tastes and pursuits which are congenial, or even commune with nature as I wish; but there is still the freshness of spring-time remaining, and this afternoon's walk has reanimated and rejuvenated it."

Here is another picture by another correspondent, O. S., of Marion, N. Y.

"It is a wild, wet night; one of clouds and darkness without—of light, and warmth, and gladness within. One of the evenings when 'Home, sweet home,' sounds doubly sweet—and 'Auld lang syne' and all those dear old songs our grandmothers used to sing, have a mere hallowed charm—when one likes to sit in some old, easy chair, and listen to the mystic song of the beating rain, and the fire crackling merrily in the hearth. And anon—to while away the pleasant evening hours, with 'some quaint book of olden poetry,' some old tale of 'love and chivalry,' or, perchance, some wild German legend; and having finished reading and closed the book, sit idly, dreamily gazing into the blazing fire, and yield to the weird, strange fancies the story calls up; perplex yourself with its mysticisms, and try to fathom with the imagination the foundation of such mysterious beliefs."

"It is just such a 'midnight dreary' as must have given inspiration to the writer of that strange poem, 'The Raven.' The November sleet and rain is beating 'gainst the windows, with a dull, hopeless, weary, monotonous sound. The Autumn wind goes rushing past, with a moan of despair in its tone—hurling the last, clinging leaves from the almost naked trees, and strewn them ruthlessly upon the wet earth. It seems like having the last, bright hopes torn from one's heart, leaving it barren, desolate, shivering in the cold, piercing storms of life; just as the trees are, out in the storm to-night. Soon the winter will come; aye, the winter of the heart; sealing with icy fingers all the fountains of love, joy and happiness within the heart; burying all the withered hopes, broken dreams—all the old, bright memories, beneath its cold white shroud. God pity those from

whose lives the glad sunshine has all faded, and "In their heart's remotest chamber, Pencil'd on its ruby walls, Where the light of days departed, With a mournful glory falls," is inscribed, with all its hidden meaning, that one word, 'nevermore.'"

HOME AFFECTIONS.

THE heart has memories that can never die. The rough rubs of the world—the cold, unfeeling, selfish world—cannot obliterate them. It makes no difference how we may be tossed about upon life's turbid and tempestuous stream, these memories still live with us, and oftentimes steal in upon our sadder emotions. They are memories of home—early home! Dear, hallowed spot! What magic in the sound! And as our mind wanders back far over the misty past, how many tender reminiscences of that early home come crowding upon us. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted school-boy swung in many a summer day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim; there the home in which he knew a parent's love and a parent's protection; and hard by is the old church, whither, with a joyous troop like himself, he followed his parents to worship with and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the old school-house, with its dark old walls, which in youthful days impressed him with such awe, associated as they were with thoughts of ferule and tasks, comes back to bring pleasant remembrances of the "far long ago." There he learned to feel some of his best emotions; and there, perchance, he first met the being who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made a home for himself, happier even than that which his childhood knew. Oh! these are memories which linger around the heart, ever and anon dispensing joy and sunshine athwart our checkered pathway—memories which the cares of the world can never obliterate. Often in the busy whirl of life they present themselves, and we involuntarily sigh for our boyhood days, when "life seemed formed of summer dreams." But they come not; they are ours no longer; upon the wings of the morning they have fled from us forever. Dear home of our childhood! since we left thy sacred precincts how many disappointments and sorrows have crowded upon us; and how many more will overtake us during our pilgrimage through life we cannot tell, for the future is a sealed scroll, and we know not what is folded there, whether joy or agony, sunshine or shadow!—Anon.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

— A CORRESPONDENT of a Southern paper has observed the handwriting of these two ablest generals the war has brought forward on either side. General Lee's handwriting is bold and rather stiff, his letters being large, round, and very distinct. He bears heavily upon the pen—probably a goose quill—and abbreviates many of his words, as if writing were a labor to him. General Grant's handwriting, on the contrary, though not so bold and distinct, nor the letters so large and round and erect, is, nevertheless, very legible and very striking. It is full of energy and action, and his letters all incline to the right, and follow one after another, with a little space between them, as if they represented an equal number of his brigades on a rapid march round Lee's right. Among chirographers his hand would be called a running hand. The words occupy much space from left to right, and still they are very clear and legible. He pays more attention to punctuation than Gen. Lee, abbreviates less, and is equally careful of his f's and t's. It may be the work of imagination, yet in reading his letter I can not but picture the writer as a restless, nervous, energetic man, full of fire and action, always in motion, and always in a hurry.

— COMMANDER NAPOLEON COLLINS, of the United States gunboat Wachusett, the captor of the pirate Florida, is fifty years of age, and has been about thirty years in the naval service, of which over twenty-one he has spent at sea. He accompanied Dupont on his Port Royal expedition. In 1861-2 he was actively engaged with Dupont on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. He was promoted to his present rank in 1862, and stands nineteenth on the list of full commanders.

— THE Princess Dagmar of Denmark, who is to be the next Empress of Russia, is just eighteen years old. She looks far short of that age, from the infantine and innocent loveliness of her manner, and from her stature. Her eyes and teeth form the fascinating beauty of her face, her features being far from regular.

— THE venerable Isaac C. Jones, for a long period one of the most distinguished merchants of Philadelphia, who voted for Gen. Washington, on the 8th inst. cast a ballot for Mr. Lincoln, having reached the extraordinary age of ninety-five years.

CRYSTALIZED THOUGHT.—The mind is not like the sea, whose riches can not be exhausted, but rather a dark cavern, in which stalactites slowly form. When a man has brought out the last of these, then is the time for him to leave off. It is a great pity if he goes on, honestly thinking that he is still producing stalactites, while his friends see that it is only rough pieces of stone, plucked with some violence from the walls of the cavern. His friends ought to tell him of it, and he ought to stop, and in due time, other crystals may form as perfect and as beautiful as any that he has already found, and that without any conscious effort of it. Or if not, then he had better remain forever quiet, rather than weary himself and others also with the same rough fragments from the rock.—Boston Review.

Sabbath Musings.

MEETING OF THE WATERS.

BY ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER.

Close beside the meeting water Long I stood as in a dream, Watching how the little river Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current Gilded to the waiting sea; On its breast serenely pictured Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "Oh, human spirit! Strong, and deep, and pure, and blest, Let the stream of my existence Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river In that current deep and wide; I would live as live its waters, Flashing from a stronger tide!

RELIGION.

RELIGION, as introduced to us by our Saviour, attracts our attention and enlists our affections, not by any solemn pomp or formal parade, but by her beautiful and interesting simplicity, her real and intrinsic worth. Nor has she been introduced to us, merely that she may dwell in our temples to be gazed at from a distance and occasionally adored. No. She has been introduced to us, that we might take her firmly by the hand, conduct her into our houses and seat her by our firesides—not as an occasional visitor there, but as an intimate friend—perfectly free and unreserved, ever ready to lend her aid in making home the abode of happiness, or to go forth with us and assist in elevating and purifying the pleasures and the intercourse of social life; ever ready to assist in the various labors of life—to guide and cheer the conversation—to bend over the bed of sickness, or to mingle her sympathies with those who are mourning. It is her office to elevate and improve mankind, not by looking down upon them from above, but by dwelling familiarly and habitually among them, restraining, by the respect which her presence inspires, everything impure and unholy, until she has awakened aspirations after the pure, the holy, the spiritual, the infinite and eternal. Such was the Christian Religion as introduced to us by our Saviour. Would that she might ever remain such, an inmate of our houses, a member of our family circles, whose form and features are familiar to our children, and for whom their attachment grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength. But such have not, it would seem, been the feelings of mankind in regard to her. They, filled with admiration, perhaps, for her excellence, and fearing lest she might be treated with rude familiarity, have thought to add to her dignity and to increase the respect entertained for her, by enveloping her, in folds of unintelligible mysteries, and by suffering her to be approached only in a formal manner, upon the set day when and the appointed places where she holds her levees. The consequences of this have been such as might have been expected. While there are multitudes of admirers of Religion, one of a higher order of beings altogether above and beyond themselves, there are few who make her the companion of their daily walk—few who take her to themselves, and, in the firm conviction that they are made for each other, leave all things else, cleave unto and become one with her.

"Would that we might all embrace Christianity as she is in herself—as she was introduced to us by our Saviour, in all his simplicity—in all her purity—that we might make her the companion of our lives—the friend of our hearts. She is one, who will with readiness accompany us wherever we go—pointing out to us the way of our duty and the sources of our happiness. Are we children, she will teach us the duties of children. Are we parents, she will instruct us in our duties as parents. In prosperity she will increase our happiness—in adversity she will sweeten our cup—in sickness she will alleviate our pains, and when called away by the stern summons of death, she will accompany us and introduce us into the society of heaven with which she is intimate—the society of our God—of Jesus our Saviour—and of the spirits of the just made perfect, concerning whom she has often conversed with us, making us acquainted with their principles, feelings and characters, and exerting within us a desire to be with them."—Jason Whitman.

RELIGIOUS TRIFLING.

How willing we are to engage in speculative discussions; to talk and argue and reason about some of the mysterious doctrines of the gospel, and to persuade ourselves because we are interested in those things, that all is right with us. Men will argue about the state of the soul between the time of death and the time of judgment; will discuss the probability of our having the same bodies in a glorified state to which our souls are united in this world; agitate their minds about the condition of lost angels, and a thousand such things drawing their thoughts away from one great question, whether the promise of the Father be yet come upon them, whether the spirit of the Most High hath yet renewed their souls, and given them power over the defilement of their hearts, over the temptations of the world, over the lusts of the flesh, over the devices of the devil.—Rev. W. Cogswell.

DIAMONDS are only found in the darkness of the earth; truths are only found in the depths of the thought.

THE only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.



THE DRAB DRESS.

Concluded from page 383, present No.

"Frederick Ross," said Charlie Chester, drawing Fred's arm within his own, as they left the crowd who thronged Mrs. Granville's musical assemblies, "will you walk with me?—I've something to say to you—a few questions to ask you, if you will not deem it impertinent in me to do so?"

Frederick readily acceded to his request, and no sooner were they alone than Charlie Chester said,

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I am anxious to know why you so suddenly left off your habits of taking a fashionable dress. It alarmed me. I said whenever I saw you turn from me, 'Is it possible he fears to trust himself? or what has wrought this change in him? And now will you give me a key that will unlock this mystery?'"

"Yes, Charlie, I will," was the ready reply. And then he proceeded to tell him the circumstance that led to this change in his habits, omitting to relate that his name was particularly mentioned as the one over whom Lita especially feared the influence of her brother's example.

"Your sister is an angel of goodness, Fred; you may well be proud of and worship her. If more ladies would take the same stand she has done, young men would have higher inducements to break from fashionable follies; but instead of that, they smile upon one custom which 'dear, delightful Mrs. Grundy' sanctions, and give the cold shoulder to one who has the independence to assert and carry out his own honest intentions. You with your wealth are an exception. And yet I'm resolved to follow your example; and when temptation is strong upon me, I will look upon Lita in her dark drab dress, and call to mind the sacrifice she has made; not so much from fear that her brother might fall a prey to the wine-cup, but lest others, who have not so much self-control, might take encouragement from your example."

After a few moments spent in discussing the subject, the two friends parted; and when Fred related their conversation to Lita, after expressing her satisfaction, she stole away to her chamber, as was her wont, to give vent to the gratitude of her heart, and an earnest petition ascended to heaven that Charlie Chester might have strength imparted to remain true to his vow.

"Well, Lita, so this rich, talented, handsome European who sued so earnestly for this little white hand, has shared the same fate with your many suitors. You're an enigma, Sis, and I'm afraid if I do not exert my authority you'll never marry."

"I'm sure I shall not, Fred, unless my heart goes with my hand," and Lita smiled a quiet smile as she looked up from her sewing. "Now don't leave me with such a sober face, for I assure you that I am happy as I am,"

"I doubt it, Sis," was the laughing rejoinder, as Fred closed the door, and went through the long hall humming a snatch of a sentimental song.

Two years had flown by, and still Charlie Chester had kept his vow inviolate. Lita had watched him narrowly, and every day in her heart she thanked God that this was so; and yet to have seen them, no one would have imagined that they had the slightest interest in common.

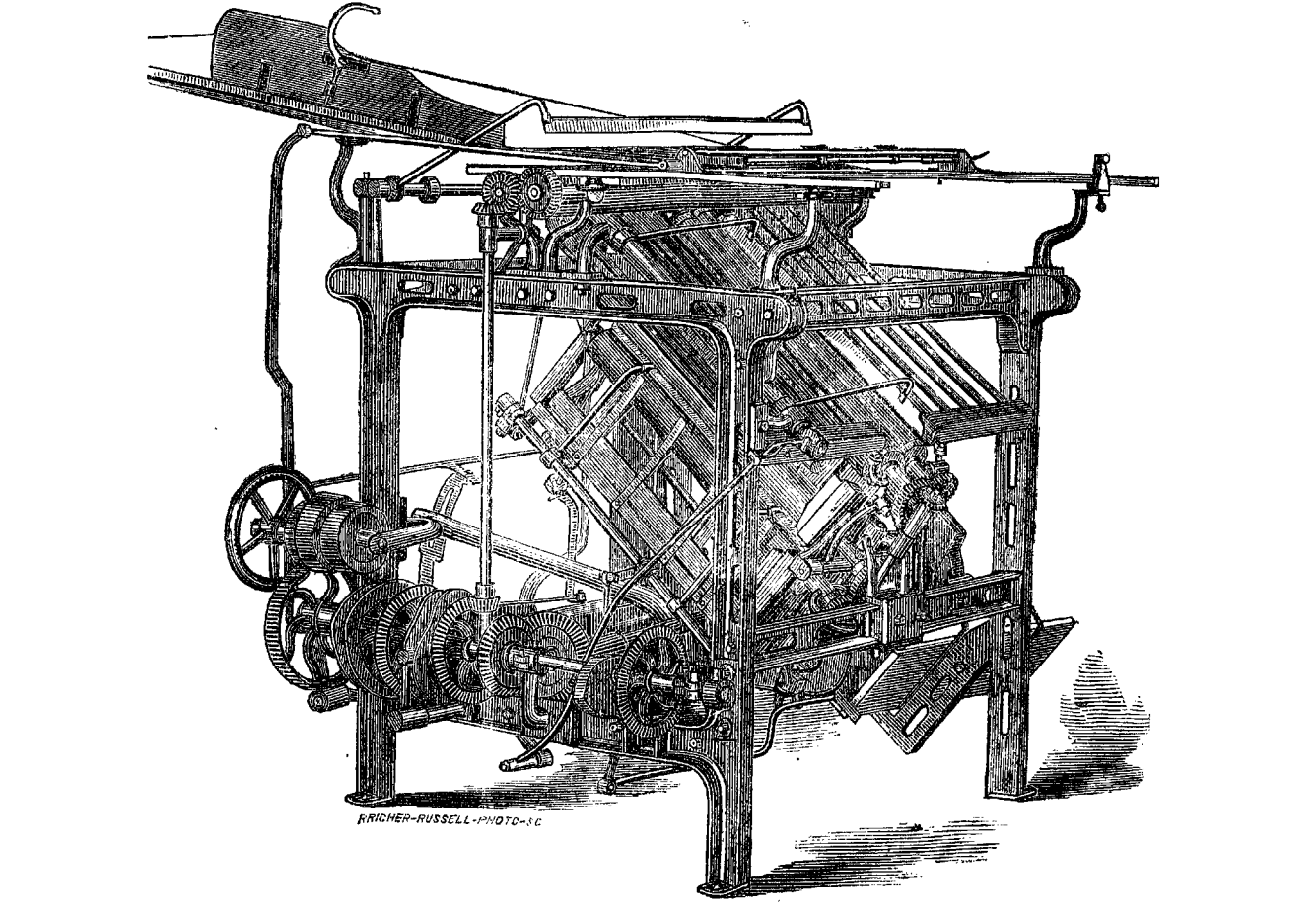
Lita sat alone in the back parlor of her home, thinking of the past, of the happy hours she had spent with Charlie Chester when she was a mere child, wondering why he had avoided her so studiously of late, when she was roused by a tap at the door, and before her stood the object of her thought. With heightened color and an embarrassed air she welcomed him, wondering at this unceremonious call. A few moments of silence followed his entrance, and then Charlie drew his seat near to her, and said:

"Lita—Lita, my early playmate, my boyhood's love, now that I know and can trust myself, will you entrust your life, your happiness to my keeping? Will you be my wife? I owe to you all that I have, all that I am. It was through your influence that I abandoned the wine cup just in time to save me from an inebriate's grave. O, Lita, what do I not owe you? And yet this very fact encourages me to ask for more. Say, will you become my wife?"

The small hand he held nestled more confidently in his, the brown eyes uplifted to his face with so much of truthful love in them, answered him. And she told him all the long years his image had been hidden in her heart—of her fears for his safety when she saw him with the wine cup pressed to his lips, and of her resolve to save him, and the consequent adoption of her drab dress.

"And it was for my sake, and mine alone, that led you to this sacrifice! And yet you did not know half my danger. I loved wine; my thirst for it was becoming more intense; and only a few months longer would have placed me beyond the reach of aid; but you were the 'good angel' commissioned by God to save me."

Lita is now a happy wife and mother, but she still maintains her plain style of dress. She wore a drab dress on her bridal day, and as she passes along the street she is pointed out as the "lady in drab;" but many there are who know not the story connected with it, nor that her husband will not hear of changing it for any other color, for to him no dress is as beautiful as her drab dress.



THE BUCKLEY NEWSPAPER-FOLDING MACHINE.

THE above engraving represents an improved machine for folding papers of all sizes, and which is, we believe, universally conceded to be the best newspaper-folding machine ever invented. It is free from all tapes and belts, and requires but little power. In addition to the power, which is easily attached, one boy (to "feed" the papers) is all that is necessary to "run the machine" successfully. It folds from 2,000 to 2,500 papers per hour, and does it better (if the sheets are properly fed by the tender) than can be done by hand.

The RURAL NEW-YORKER is and has for some six months been folded by this machine, and we are satisfied it is the *ne plus ultra* invention for the purpose. Years ago we made trial of a folding machine, but it did not work satisfactorily, and we returned to the bother and vexation of employing six to eight boys for three days each week to fold our edition. But the carelessness of the folders, together with their evil tendencies—quarreling, fighting, and "noise and confusion" generally—finally exhausted our patience, and last winter we resolved, if possible, to substitute machinery for the muscles of the little plagues. With this view we visited several eastern cities—New York, Philadelphia, &c.—and after examining the various machines for the purpose, found and decided upon adopting BUCKLEY'S. Ours was the first full-sized machine ever put up or used in this State, though quite a number have since been put in operation in New York—which, by the way, is not the first instance in which

Metropolitan journals have followed the lead of the RURAL NEW-YORKER; (and as another notable instance we may here state that the New York Tribune establishment, after experimenting for years with other machines, is about adopting *Dick's Mailing Machine*, which we have had in successful operation for several years.) The BUCKLEY FOLDER has thus far given us great satisfaction, and we can cordially commend it to those having large editions which they wish to have folded well and speedily. Any of our readers who happen to be in the city on the days in which it is in use—Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays—may see it in operation by calling at the RURAL office. It is the invention of D. F. BUCKLEY, of Manchester, N. H., by whom it has been patented.

War Literature.

Benson.

THE battle was over and the day was lost. The fight had been terrible. The dead and wounded lay thick on the field. Shots were still flying, and shells screaming and bursting through our retreating ranks.

"Comrade," called a dying man, and his feeble hand took hold of one of the retreating soldiers. "Comrade!"

The soldier paused.

"Ah, Benson, God bless you! Take my pay from this pocket and send it to my mother! She needs it. Take her letters, too; I give them to you. You will find them a treasure. God reward you!"

The wounded soldier lay back to die, and his comrade passed on—a more thoughtful man for that trust—for those few dying words. So much is sometimes centered in so little.

Benson had been a reckless, desperate man. An orphan from his birth, cast loose upon the world to fight his way through it among the base, the grasping, the selfish, he had grown selfish and fierce. He had despised law, defied restraint, and followed his own strong will without fear and without principle—a reckless, dangerous man. But he was a man still. Down below the roughness, stains and crimes of years, lay a tenderness born of a gentle mother; seldom touched, but there. He had a heart in him that could be stirred by love, and trust and confidence. The trust of that dying man had moved him. He had trusted him with his last messages for home; had given him his letters of affection; implored God's blessing on him. That trust was not misplaced; that confidence will not be abused; that prayer will not be unheard.

"Ah, Benson," shouted his fellows, as he joined them, "give us a share! How much of a haul this time? Fierce enough for fight, but fiercer for plunder!"

"Plunder!" repeated Benson, and his eyes flashed. "Plunder? Say that again!"

"Blood's up, said one of the boldest; and no further remark was ventured.

Benson walked on in silence. The earnest, imploring, confiding look of the dying man was before him; his falling voice still in his ears; his letters, his money in his bosom. His thoughts went forward to his own last hour. Would a comrade pause to hear his last words? What would they be? For whom? Who would care when he should die? Who mourn for him? For whom had he lived? Whom had he blessed? Could he call on God for help in the final, fearful struggle? How could he appear before God in judgment?

The soldier at his side tried to rally him. "What's the trouble, Benson?"

No answer.

Benson obeyed the request of the dying soldier. He delivered his last message; remitted his pay. Remembering the words, "She needs it," spoken so feelingly, he added to it his own pay. He had no need of it, clothed and fed as he was; no mother, nor wife, nor child to care for. Let it go to the bereaved mother. She may perhaps feel her loss somewhat the less for it.

Better so, far better, than it should go in gambling or in drink. His letter closed—"Had I not been motherless from my birth, I might perhaps have been worthy to fill the place of him you mourn, to be a son to you, but I have been too abandoned. I can only offer you respect, and contribute my poor earnings for your comfort."

He read and re-read the letters given him by the departed son; so pure, so tender, so elevating. He found them a treasure, as the son had found them. They awoke in him a desire for purity; an aspiration for better things than he had ever known; to be a better man than he had ever been. They spoiled his taste for gambling; they made him abhor villainous and crawling.

His comrades rallied him again and again. "What ails you, Benson? Come, let's have a hand at cards. It's a month since you have played."

"No," was all his answer.

"Drink with us. You don't drink now."

"No."

"Why not? Guess you're getting pious. No answer; and they who knew him, knew better than to jest when he was silent.

A letter came for him; a letter of thanks from the bereaved mother. It was full of gratitude and kindness. Benson's lips quivered, and he shaded his eyes with his hand, as he read:

"I shall regard you as my son. Your generosity, your filial tenderness, your sense of unworthiness, make you not unworthy in my eyes. My prayers go up to God for you! My blessing rests on you!"

Benson was indeed another man. He had new relations, new hopes, a new future. But will the change in him last? Will he not shake off his new relations? Will he not go back to his old ways?

Why should he? Were they the paths of ease and delight? Were they the paths of blessedness and peace? Were they not rough and thorny, full of pitfalls, and were not beasts of prey crouching beside them? Why should one escaped from folly again seek it? Escaped from danger, again rush into it? Escaped from death, again lie down in corruption? Will he go back? Is not virtue better than vice? purity than villainous? love than lust? worship than blasphemy? Can he go back?

He can. Such is man's weakness, madness; such is the power of evil. Pray God he may not go back!

Pay-day came. "Now, Benson, treat!" they call. "Not a red cent have you spent for weeks. You're a getting stingy with your money."

Benson drew back. They rallied him again as they freely drank.

"How many boys here have mothers?" he asked and waited.

"Have all mothers? My poor mother needs all I have, and it shall be hers. She shall not want while I riot."

Some, who had forgotten or tried to forget their mothers in want and waiting far away in their lonely homes, remembered them now, and put down their cups. The next mail carried their welcome letters, and a welcome remittance. Some laughed and asked—"Where did you get your new mother, Benson?"

"God gave her to me," he answered, in his manliest tone, "and I'll not neglect her."

Nor did he. Month after month his timely remittance reached her; and when at last it came no more, she who had made him her son in place of the dead, knew well that she was soulless once more; that he, too, had fallen in fight, and she mourned his death. She was newly bereaved by his loss.

He died not without God, nor without hope. He had learned to call on God. He had learned that He was his father, tender, loving, caring for him always—that Christ was his elder brother. He had received his words—"Whoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

Corner for the Young.

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

I AM composed of 36 letters.

My 5, 8, 29, 5 is a grand division of the earth.

My 31, 21, 12, 32, 27 is a country in South America.

My 2, 20, 5, 8 is a Territory of the United States.

My 1, 9, 34, 30, 14, 13, 15 is a county in Indiana.

My 6, 2, 11, 5, 18, 25, 26 is a river in Florida.

My 36, 17, 11, 33, 7, 10 is a county in Illinois.

My 16, 24, 22, 23, 23 is a city in France.

My 19, 34, 5, 13, 4 is a river in North Carolina.

My whole is a true saying.

Steuben, Ohio, 1684. H. N. D.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. DECAPITATIONS.

BEHEAD a county in North Carolina and leave a bird.

BEHEAD a county in Mississippi and leave a small insect.

BEHEAD a county in Ohio and leave a bird.

BEHEAD a county in Illinois and leave what we all do not like to be.

BEHEAD a county in Missouri and leave an herb much used.

BEHEAD a county in Minnesota and leave what we see every winter.

Lime Rock, N. Y., 1864. GEO. F. CUTLER.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker. ANAGRAMS OF PEAKS.

Old thumb,	D. ate malt,
D. ask G. to listen,	A cunning high,
Jak shute a skwil,	M. oils a thin kat,
Aw! I had a girl,	Hier in legs.

Bloomington, Minn., 1884. OTIS A. MILLER.

Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 774.

Answer to Biographical Enigma.—Stephen Arnold Douglas.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—General George B. McClellan.

Answer to Anagram: Where the waves gently murmur, and mountain winds sigh, He rests with the laurel above him; But Washington Irving—as ages go by—Will live in the hearts that must love him.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus.—From inhospitable shores, soulless beings, traders, infidels and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to Iowa.

The Reviewer.

AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Thoroughly revised and greatly enlarged and improved. By CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D. D., LL. D., and NOAH PORTER, D. D. Springfield, Mass.: Published by G. & C. MERRIAM.

As we stated last week, we have received from the publishers a superb copy of this great work. It is a National work in which every American scholar has an interest, and in the completeness and accuracy of which he should have a pride—a National pride, if you please—the same kind of pride we have in the superior intelligence, enterprise, resources and capacity for adaptability to occasion, of the masses of the people of the United States. We have always been proud of WEBSTER'S Dictionary. We have long regarded it as standard authority. It has long been used by us as the governing power in our use of words; and to it we are indebted for our convictions that a native born American who mars his diction as a speaker or writer by the use of phrases and words in the Latin, French, or other languages, falls fully to appreciate the dignity and purity, conciseness and character of our language—in short, has not studied his own language as he ought, and therefore has no right to a high position as a writer, no matter what his ability. The fact is, we most thoroughly dislike this miscegenation of languages. It is inexcusable.

So we are proud of and value highly this new revised and enlarged edition of this Dictionary of the English Language. It comes to us bearing the marks of great and discriminating labor in its revision. It was a necessity of the times that this work should be done, and we have it completed and presented in a most worthy manner. Five years have been spent by an eminent European scholar in reviewing its Etymology. This work has been done by Dr. C. A. F. MAHN of Berlin. A Brief History of the English language by Prof. JAS. HABLEY of Yale College forms a part of its Introduction, and will be read with great interest by the English scholar.

The Vocabulary has been increased from 70,000 to 80,000 words, contained in the first edition, to 114,000 words embraced in the new edition before us—making 10,000 more words than are found in any other dictionary in the language. The Definitions have also been revised, re-arranged, and added to, making them more complete, and adding materially to the means of acquiring knowledge afforded to the scholar by this work—making it a grand compendium of knowledge. Eminent men, in their specialties, have been employed to revise and perfect the special departments, such as the Military, Medical, Musical, Legal and Scientific, embracing definitions of words and phrases which the progress of knowledge has brought into comparatively common use. Equal care has been given to the revision of the Pronunciation of words, the best orthographers having been corresponded with and consulted. The Synonyms instead of being submitted in a table, as in former editions, are here each presented under its appropriate word, in the body of the work. The Illustrations, over three thousand in number, are many of them incorporated in the body of the work; while a large number, too large in size for such incorporation, are grouped in classes together. They are not the least valuable feature of the work. The Tables and Vocabulary of persons, places, &c., which constitute a part of this work, are necessary to its completeness, and of incalculable value and convenience to the student and business man.

Of course our space does not permit us to say all that might easily be said of the value and interest which attaches to this work of nearly 1800 Royal Quarto pages. Not its least merit is its mechanical arrangement and execution. The type used is clean, clear, distinct and in good taste. The engravings are excellent, the paper white and strong, the press work well done, and the binding substantial and in keeping with the character of the work. If this commendation seems too uniform, it should be remembered that the publishers have had large experience and the command of large resources in the preparation and perfection of this great work, and have aimed to make, as we are confident they have succeeded in doing, the best Dictionary of the English Language.

THE AMERICAN BOY'S BOOK OF SPORTS AND GAMES: A Repository of In-and-Out-Door Amusements for Boys and Youth. Illustrated with over Six Hundred Engravings, designed by WALTER HERRICK, WISSE & HARVEY, and engraved by N. ORR. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

THIS is a Holiday book which will delight the boys. There is no mistake about it; it will make the bright eyes of your bright many boys glow brighter when they open it and discover the beautiful, spirited engravings illustrating the favorite out-of-door games and sports, accompanied by rules for government in such games which, if understood, will diminish the charges of unfairness which are so frequently made on the play ground. Out-door Games, Boating, Driving, Swimming, Fishing, Fencing, Play-room Games, the Management of Pets, Philosophical Amusements, Mechanical ditto, the Use of Tools, Gardening, &c., &c., are explained and illustrated in such a way that the boy who can read can understand. We do not know its price, but we venture to assert that both the old and young will find it a pleasant book during the long winter evenings. It comes to us from R. E. CLARKE of the Waverly Bookstore, this city.

LINDISFARN CHASE. A Novel By T. ADOLPHUS TROLOPE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FROM a hasty, and by no means critical, glance at this work, we judge it to belong to the class of books upon which one can expend a great deal of time to very little purpose—a class which is undermining the solid, progressive, literary tastes of young men and women, because it yields no adequate lesson proportioned to the mass of verbiage the reader must wade through. These books which are simply and abstractly stories, written with no aim to impress a lesson of value upon the reader, are very profitless books to buy and read.

RE-ELECTION OF THE PIONEER BOY.—The next best work that every man who voted for ABRAHAM LINCOLN can do to celebrate the Union victory is present to his children and boys in his employment a copy of W. M. THAYER'S popular book, "The Pioneer Boy, and how he became President," that they may associate it with the day when the greatest and most important victory was won that our country has ever known. It is published by WALKER, WISE & Co, Boston, and for sale by every local bookseller in the country.—Worcester Daily Transcript.

TRIBUTE to the Memory of Rev. JOHN TOWNSEND COIT, late Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Rochester, N. Y. Published by E. DAWSON & Bro. Price 33 cts.

THIS memorial embraces a biographical notice of Rev. Mr. Coit, and the sermon preached at the funeral of the same, by Rev. Dr. WALTER CLARKE of Buffalo. It will be read with interest, and long preserved, by many friends and admirers of the deceased.



## Rural New-Yorker.

## NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

## The Army in Virginia.

The Herald dispatches of the 16th from the Shenandoah Valley, give further particulars of the late pursuit of the rebels through and beyond Front Royal by Powell's division of cavalry, and an account of another cavalry victory over the enemy by Custar and Merritt on the same day.

Gen. Powell sent back from the Luray Valley, as the fruits of his chase of Early's flying troops, two pieces of artillery, 150 prisoners and a large quantity of ammunition.

Custar's and Merritt's fighting consisted of several hours' skirmishing, the rebels being finally driven back in great confusion. While this cavalry skirmish was in progress, Early advanced his infantry as far as Middletown, but immediately withdrew on the defeat of his cavalry and returned to Fisher's Hill. The Union loss in this engagement was very small.

Early's infantry force is ascertained to be a considerable one; but Sheridan's men are in excellent condition and the best of spirits, and prepared for the rebels whenever they choose to come.

During the present campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, the 18th Cavalry division, commanded by Gen. Merritt, has captured fourteen battle flags, twenty-nine pieces of artillery, eighteen caissons, five hundred wagons and ambulances, two thousand prisoners of war, including one hundred and twenty-two commissioned officers. Since the 18th of May the command has captured 10,000 prisoners.

Fredericksburg has become so far depopulated that it is estimated that not more than one house out of every ten is occupied. Fuel is so scarce that the inhabitants are pulling down vacant houses, the market price of the article being \$150 per cord.

The Herald's Shenandoah correspondent of the 19th, says the main portion of Early's army was in the vicinity of Woodstock, in a wretched condition and much disheartened. When Early made his advance last Saturday, he thought Sheridan had been weakened; but on learning his mistake, he beat a hasty retreat. Early's retreat is regarded as an abandonment of the lower part of the Valley.

The Commercial's Washington special of the 18th, says Gen. Grant is expected in Washington Monday, having been sent for to consult with the President.

This fact, in connection with the war estimates being based on the large force and active operations, indicate that the Administration is determined to make the rebels feel the full weight of the sword.

To those who are aware of what is going on at this moment in the prosecution of the war, it is not surprising that gold trembles.

Instead of the campaign being ended, there has not been a time in six months when the Confederacy was in so much danger at different points as now.

From the fact that officers and soldiers' furloughs were expiring yesterday, it is thought that Grant contemplates another movement in a few days.

It is certain he will make another effort before going into winter quarters, which, however, will depend on Sheridan's movements.

The Commercial's Washington special of Nov. 19th, says advices from the Army of the Potomac say that the rebels yesterday refused to exchange papers. This is regarded as indicating that Sherman has accomplished something. The rebels have never suppressed news unfavorable to us.

## Movements in the West and South-West.

NORTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.—Private reliable news, dated Rome, Ga., 11th, says the destruction of manufactories, mills and other buildings of value to the enemy, was commenced at half past 3 o'clock yesterday. The extensive Rolling Mills, stables and storehouses were destroyed by order of Gen. Corse. Some places of minor importance were fired by the soldiers.

The number of private residences destroyed was very small, and these were accidental. The enemy attacked our pickets while we were engaged in the destruction, but were driven off.

On Tuesday last, the outworks of Atlanta were attacked by 1,500 cavalrymen, who were beaten off with but little difficulty.

An expedition was sent out on the night of the 9th to capture the guerrillas who captured a squad of Sherman's headquarters' guard.

The expedition returned on the 19th with the Captain of the rebel squad a prisoner.

A private in Gen. Sherman's army writing to a friend recently, says every man had been supplied with two pairs of shoes, and that the general preparations were for a sixty days' campaign, but none of the men knew the destination of the army.

The Commercial's correspondent says:—Sherman has fooled the rebels by making them believe that he is going to Mobile. There are indications that he has gone to Millen, at the junction of the railroad leading from Augusta and Macon toward Savannah.

A letter of the 10th to the Herald, mentions the arrival of an escaped Union prisoner from Andersonville, who confirms the statement of rebel atrocities toward prisoners, and who also states that in traveling through Georgia he found that the harvests had been gathered, barns and warehouses filled, and but very few rebel soldiers were in the interior—showing that there is plenty to subsist an army upon while but little resistance can be offered.

The last train from Atlanta bound north was to leave Atlanta on the 11th. The only troops in Atlanta on the 10th were Slocum's corps. A Chattanooga correspondent of the Herald, dated 8th inst., states that he had just arrived from Atlanta. The arsenals, foundries and rolling stock in Atlanta had been destroyed. All the factories, mills and foundries from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and several miles beyond, are destroyed. The railway was torn up and all the iron put beyond use or brought to the rear.

Atlanta is no longer of military importance, and the country for miles around is wasted beyond possibility of service to the rebel army. Atlanta is in ruins, and its streets will soon be overgrown with grass. For weeks, trains coming north have been filled with Government stores and refugees, and scenes at the depot have been those of confusion and suffering.

Another account says Sherman had his headquarters at Kingston with the 14th corps. He had issued an order telling the troops they were about to pass through a country untouched by either army, and they were expected to subsist on the country, taking all horses and mules within their reach.

Brig. Gen. Barry, Chief of Artillery of Major Gen. Sherman, arrived at Buffalo on the 19th, seriously ill from an attack of erysipelas. He left Gen. Sherman at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 12th at Kingston, Ga.

Gen. Barry says Gen. Sherman has every infantry, cavalry and artillery soldier that he wants. The men have all received eight months' pay. Their outfit has been especially adapted to a hard and rapid winter's campaign, and the morale of the troops is unequalled.

The genius and valor of Sherman will carry the army triumphantly through the work it has to do.

On Monday night last, Hood's entire force, including Forrest's cavalry, were in the immediate neighborhood of Tusculum and Florence, Alabama, watched by a body of troops, under command of Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Thomas, of such strength as will render the invasion of Tennessee an impossibility, and even the withdrawal of Hood for service elsewhere an operation of extreme delicacy.

Letters dated the 17th, say that reports placed Beauregard, with a considerable rebel force, at Corinth. The rebel Captain Thompson was conscripting every man he could find around Germantown.

There were about 4,000 rebels at Mount Pleasant, twelve miles from Colliersville. This is the only large body near Memphis.

Chalmers and Longstreet are reported at Holly Springs.

TENNESSEE.—A dispatch from Louisville of the 19th, says that very recently the rebel Gen. Breckinridge with 10,000 men, attacked General Gillen at Bull's Gap, and after a desperate fight, defeated him.

No fears of an invasion of Kentucky as consequent on this reverse are apprehended, as the military authorities are fully prepared to meet any advance of such a force into the State.

The defeat of Gen. Gillen at Bull's Gap is announced in the Richmond Inquirer of the 16th, by an official dispatch from Lee. He says on the night of the 13th, Breckinridge arrived at Bull's Gap, when the enemy attempted to retreat. At 10 o'clock on the 14th, he struck their column and routed it, taking several hundred prisoners, ten stand of colors, six pieces of artillery with caissons and horses complete, fifty loaded wagons with teams, and ambulances with medical supplies.

A telegram of the 20th, says that Gen. Gillen's loss is 400 in killed, wounded and missing.

## Department of the South.

We have advices from Port Royal to the 10th inst., per steamer Fulton. A fleet of steamers from Fortress Monroe with 10,000 rebel prisoners on board to be exchanged at Savannah, were at Hilton Head. Four or five deaths occurred among the prisoners daily—a small number compared with the mortality of the Union prisoners under the starvation process practiced by the rebels.

The 7th was duly celebrated at Port Royal as the anniversary of the capture of the place by the Unionists.

The World's Hilton Head correspondent says all the rebel prisoners taken down from Fortress Monroe were first to be transferred to the authorities at Savannah, which would be concluded by the 17th, when Col. Mulford was to commence receiving released Union prisoners, all about ten thousand.

Many Union prisoners have been sent to Camp Lawton, near Savannah.

The bombardment of Charleston and Fort Sumter is reported as being still continued with great steadiness and severity.

A rebel arsenal near Charleston was burned recently.

A letter to the N. Y. Herald, dated the 12th, states that a rebel steamer with 400 bales of cotton on board is blockaded up Shawnee river by our boats, and another up Crystal river.

## Department of the Gulf.

LATE New Orleans advices say the rebels are building forts on both sides of the river above Alexandria Falls.

Registered enemies sent out of the Union lines have been conscripted by the rebels. The rebels have Brownsville, and prohibit importations except corn, flour and vegetables. There are 1,500 bales of rebel cotton there. Our returned prisoners say immense quantities of cotton pass Tyler for Brownsville and Shreveport.

Our Consul at Matamoros is still protected by a French guard.

Over one hundred deserters from the rebel army came across the Rio Grande in one day.

Gen. Bailey had made two very successful raids in Western Florida.

The N. Y. Commercial of the 16th, quotes from a private letter from an officer, which states that Gen. Canby was on his way to Little Rock, and while standing on the hurricane deck of a steamer was shot by a guerrilla in the left leg, near the thigh.

The officer was standing at his side at the time, and says the wound is an ugly one, from a rifled musket ball passing clean through the upper portion of his leg. It was hoped that he would soon be able to resume his duties.

There was no election in Louisiana by the people, for Presidential Electors, on the 8th inst., but the Legislature in joint-session selected the delegates to the Electoral College to cast the vote of the State.

A dispatch from Cairo of the 20th, says the clerk of the steamer Stickney from New Orleans, on the evening of the 12th, says he was told by the Quartermaster at New Orleans that General Canby died on that afternoon, and on the arrival of the steamer at Morganza the latest telegram received there confirmed the statement.

The transport California from Mobile Bay, the 8th, has arrived.

She left at Mobile Bay United States steamers Hartford, Richmond, Lackawana, Monongahela, Kennebec, Metacombet and the monitors Chickasaw, Manhattan and Winnebago.

The tin-clad gunboat Rattler, was recently to be surrendered to the rebels by her commander on the Lower Mississippi. A writer in reference to the affairs, says my information is rather indefinite; but it is said that the commander had so disposed his men on the boat as to prevent resistance to her in the night, to which she was to be delivered; but the subordinate officers on board had their suspicions aroused and fired a revolver at the rebels and frightened them away.

The affair was subsequently investigated, when it was discovered that the commander of the gunboat had already received two hundred thousand dollars, and other payments were to be made in cotton.

The commander was arrested, but escaped and declared that he would command a privateer and give the Yankees h—l.

The rebels intended to use the Rattler in capturing the gunboat Gen. Bragg.

New Orleans papers of the 12th, confirm the above statement.

The recent Treasury orders declaring New Orleans in an insurrectionary district, and prohibiting shipments of produce from its market, have been countermanded, and the commerce interdicted by those orders is again permitted.

## AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

The Commercial's Washington special of the 16th, says Gen. Butler had an interview with the President to-day, and it is already reported that he has been assigned to command an important expedition, and that he will not return to the Army of the James. His speech in New York was warmly commended.

The friends of Mr. Chase are working earnestly to induce the President to make him Chief Justice. They also urge the retention of Mr. Stanton in the War Department.

As there has been disputes in the papers concerning the resignation of Gen. McClellan, we give the following, which sets the matter at rest:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, }  
November 14, 1864. }

Ordered by the President,  
1. That the resignation of George B. McClellan as Major General in the United States Army, dated Nov. 8, and received by the Adjutant General on the 10th inst., be accepted as of the 8th of November.

2. That for personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops displayed by Philip H. Sheridan on the 19th of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was recognized, and a great national disaster averted and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battles within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major General in the United States Army, to rank as such from the 8th day of November, 1864.

By order of the President of the United States,  
E. D. TOWNSEND,  
Assistant Adjutant General.

Rear Admiral Stirling communicated to the Navy Department November 19, the particulars of the destruction of a valuable rebel fishery on Marsh Island, north of the Okaloosa river, Florida, by an expedition from the steamer Stars and Stripes, Oct. 19th. The fishery, which was a large and valuable one to the Confederacy, was entirely destroyed and 16 prisoners captured, without any loss on our side.

The following captures are reported to the Department:

The English schooner Lucy, with an assorted cargo, by the United States schooner Sea Bird. The crew all escaped to the shore in a small boat, with the exception of one man, who was too drunk to move or say anything. She was from Bahia, and cleared for Matamoros.

Acting Vol. Lieut. Schmidt, commanding the United States steamer Nips, reports the capture of an unknown schooner on the 24th of Oct. The crew also escaped to the shore in a small boat. Before leaving, they fired the schooner; but the flames were extinguished by a boat's crew from the Nips.

A small sloop—no name—was captured Oct. 24th by the U. S. sloop Rosalie. All the captured vessels are now attached to the East Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Eleven or twelve of the officers of the pirate Florida have been brought from Point Lookout and committed to the Old Capitol Prison.

The Tribune special of the 21st, says Secretaries Seward and Welles are at variance concerning the capture of the Florida.

## NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

THE United States Mint in Philadelphia has coined in the last four months about eighteen millions of the new copper cents and six million two cent pieces.

THE Government of Chili has acknowledged Spain and Peru as belligerents, and proclaimed coal to be contraband of war, and not to be supplied to either of these nation's vessels.

A WOMAN was found dead in her bed recently, in Bordeaux, France, and physicians say that she died from the effects of the smell of quinces, a large basket of which was in the room.

GENERAL HOOKER has added an aphorism to literature. In one of his late orders he announces that "No one will consider the day ended until the duties it brings have been discharged."

AN excellent and not extensively known shell fish called scollops are caught on the Rhode Island coast in abundance this year, nearly 500 bushels being caught daily inside of Warwick Creek Light.

A FARMER near Davenport, Iowa, has forty acres of onions which are estimated to yield 915 bushels to the acre, or 36,600 bushels in all. At \$1.50 a bushel, this anti-scorbutic patch will bring \$54,900.

COL. JAMES REDFIELD of Iowa, was killed in the last fight at Altoona Pass, Georgia. He was a native of Clyde, Wayne county, N. Y., graduated at Yale in 1846, and was an eloquent and brave man.

THE big white ox, weighing 3,600 pounds, given to President Lincoln, is now tranquilly chewing his cud in the vestibule of the Boston Theatre, and is to be the object of a raffle in aid of the Sailors' Fair.

THE Canadian Custom House officers have received orders to make a careful search of all vessels which are about to sail for ports in the United States. Operations under the new rule have already commenced.

THE remains of five revolutionary soldiers were found while digging a cellar at Winter Hill, Mass., lately. The remains were identified by the colonial buttons, which were in a good state of preservation.

A COPPER statue of Buddha, seven feet in height, which was discovered while excavating for a railway in India, has just reached Birmingham, England. This statue is said by antiquarians to be 2,500 years old.

MORE than 75,000 trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants were set out in the Central Park, New York city, the present year. The carriage drives, now completed, comprise a distance of eighty miles, the walks twenty miles.

THE St. Albans robbers are loud in boasting of their work, and threaten all sorts of retaliation in case any punishment is inflicted. Their friends are trying to delay the decision until instructions can be got from Richmond.

MR. WM. P. WOOD, a famous detective employed by the Treasury Department at Washington, to hunt up counterfeiters, has just returned from the West, and reports the whereabouts of several gangs of thieves. Measures will at once be taken for their arrest.

WILLIAM TURNER and his wife of New Paltz, New York, went to find some hickory nuts one day last week, locking their three children up in the house. When they returned they found the house in ashes, and their children burned to death. The oldest child was about seven years of age.

THE St. Paul gas company has notified its patrons that their works will be closed after Nov. 14th, they having been unable to secure a supply of coal, owing to the low stage of water in the Mississippi during the past season. The people are going back to burning tallow candles.

At a recent State dinner at Copenhagen, a certain quantity of Queen Margaret's vintage, four centuries old, was produced according to custom on State occasions. It is stated that plenty of sugar is required to make it palatable: "even then," adds a person who tasted the ancient drink, "we only cared to do so for curiosity's sake."

A DEPUTATION from the Quakers of England who came to this country to attend the yearly meetings of Friends at Baltimore and North Carolina, were, upon application to the President, furnished with passes through our lines for that purpose, but were refused admittance within the rebel lines, and have consequently returned to Baltimore.

FORTY-SEVEN vessels are now on the way to England from the East Indies, with cargoes of cotton ranging from 1,800 to 7,000 bales each. The aggregate amount is no less than 221,864 bales. All these vessels are at sea, and their arrival at Liverpool at different periods will keep the cotton mills in operation for a considerable part of the coming winter.

RECENTLY in New Orleans, a man, to all appearance dead, was sent to an embalmer's. The embalmer made the usual incisions, when, to his astonishment, the blood began to flow, and in a few moments the supposed corpse gave unmistakable signs of life. The subject is now doing well, and has not the remotest notion of being embalmed at present.

APART from the rebel announcement that Hood is marching on Chattanooga, the last authentic intelligence received is that he had passed the Tennessee, but had not crossed the Coosa; and even if he has done so, he will probably find Gen. Thomas' or some other army in his front. At all events, he will find sufficient force to prevent him making injurious progress.

## List of New Advertisements.

The Lady's Friend—Deacon & Peterson.  
"Every Boy should Own and Read a Life of their President"—Walker, Wise & Co.  
Pine Apple Cider—R. T. Babblitt.  
Senator Wilson's New Book—Walker, Wise & Co.  
Great Prize Distribution—T. Benton & Co.  
Great Chance to Make Money—G. S. Haskins & Co.  
Wanted—Shaw & Clark.  
Stoken—M. H. Goodwin.  
Farm Wanted—Geo. Lambert.  
A Small Farm Wanted—G. Wing.  
\$75 a Month—D. E. Herrington & Co.  
Ventriloquism—Julius Hising.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Atlantic Monthly—Ticknor & Fields.  
Economical Housekeepers—James Pyle.  
Good Reading, Very Cheap—D. T. Moore.

## The News Condenser.

- Lord Lyons is rapidly convalescing.
- Gen. Butler has gone to the front again.
- The new Atlantic cable is to cost £700,000.
- The Capitol of Arizona is built of hewn logs.
- A son of Pierre Soule has gone into the rebel army.
- The fashionable colors for the winter are to be red and yellow.
- The dry dock at Cairo was swept away recently. Loss \$50,000.
- The receipts at the Sailors' Fair in Boston thus far foot up \$115,000.
- London is now connected with Jerusalem and St. John by telegraph.
- John Leach, the artist and illustrator of the London Punch is dead.
- Lord Palmerston completed his eightieth year on the 20th of October.
- The Denver City News reports tremendous snow storms on the plains.
- There are now organized no less than 290 different petroleum companies.
- A project is on foot for a million Irishmen to go to Spain and settle there.
- A seal weighing 175 pounds was caught in a net last week at Yarmouth, Mass.
- There have been 137,776 Ohio soldiers disabled in the U. S. service during the war.
- The extension of the Capitol at Washington will be completed the Fourth of March.
- A recent sale of oil lands has been made in West Virginia, for the sum of \$1,385,600.
- France has sent out an expedition to explore the mountain ridges of Lower California.
- It has been decided in court that hiring a horse on Sunday is illegal, and that livermen cannot collect damages for their rigs done on that day.
- The Poles in the Russian army are plotting for the overthrow of the Russian rule in Poland.
- \$250,000 worth of watch springs may be produced from a bar of iron originally valued at \$5.
- It has been judicially decided in San Francisco that a colored person may ride in the city cars.
- Doctor Collins of Chicago has lost seventy male relatives during this war in battle and in camp.
- The population of San Francisco is 130,000. In Sept., 1848, the number of inhabitants was 450.
- The Danish Government, it is said, is anxious to sell its West India possessions to the United States.
- J. W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California, still lives at Coloma, a poor but respectable citizen.
- There are now about 115,000 miles of railway in the world. These have consumed 40,000,000 tons of iron.
- Ten Broeck, the great American horse jockey in England, is going to sell off his horses at auction and retire.
- A blockade runner, called the Let her-rip, has been recently captured, with 600 bales of cotton on board.
- In a recent Republican procession at Schaumburg, near Chicago, Ill., were fifty wagons loaded with ladies.
- Phil Sheridan has been made Major General in the regular army, in place of Geo. B. McClellan, resigned.
- A transport arrived in New York last week with 1,000 French troops, on their return from Mexico to France.
- The St. Joseph, Mo., papers say that the streets of that town are filled with women with cigars in their mouths.
- The famous Flora Temple was sold in Baltimore on Tuesday week for \$8,000, G. J. Presbury being the purchaser.
- The Oregon Indians have ceded to the United States twenty-five square miles of territory, says the Boston Post.
- Mr. C. S. Fuller of Jeffersonville, N. Y., was swindled out of \$200 by a confidence man in Chicago on Tuesday week.
- A woman in Canada has had and used for thirty years one paper of pins, and has lost but one or two during the time.
- Wisconsin is said to be the sportsman's paradise now, as there are lots of fat ducks and partridges running about loose.
- A restaurant has been opened in London for fat people, where nothing will be served up but viands which check obesity.
- A veritable sea serpent has been captured at Fair Haven, Mass., which weighed four hundred pounds and was thirteen feet long.
- A woman in Franklin county, Mo., raised a half acre of tobacco this year, doing all the work herself, and cleared \$600 by it.
- There is now in the military prison of Knoxville, Tenn., a grandson of Henry Clay, who was one of the rebel Gen. Morgan's staff.
- Gen. Wallace has sent three Baltimore sharpshooters to work on the fortifications near that city, for swindling soldiers out of their money.
- Since the beginning of the last Shenandoah Valley campaign five of Gen. Sheridan's staff officers have been either killed or wounded.
- A woman has just been convicted in the Chicago police court of the awful crime of debasing her little daughter, aged 9 years, for money.
- The Brazil Mail states that many wealthy Southern slaveholders have already landed as emigrant planters in the South American republics.
- After the raid on St. Albans, Vt., an old gentleman got a rifle-shot at the party as they were leaving, and brought down a hat containing \$1,100.
- In Willmantic, Ct., recently, a man was buried alive by the caving in of a gravel bank near which he was at work. He was taken out dead.



Special Notices.

BEGIN WITH THE NEW YEAR TO READ THAT REPOSITORY OF Interesting and Instructive Miscellany,

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The prospectus for 1885 is now ready, and will be sent to any address upon application. The new volume will contain

SEVERAL REMARKABLE FEATURES. Now is the time to subscribe. Terms \$4.00 a year, or 35 cents a number. Address the publishers, TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.

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GOOD READING, VERY CHEAP.

We have a few extra copies of Vol. XII of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, (1881), stitched, and in good order, which we will sell at \$1 per copy at office or by Express, — or \$1.50 sent by mail post-paid. If you wish a copy, speak quick. A few bound copies of same volume for sale at \$3. We can also furnish bound copies of most of the volumes issued since 1855, at \$3 each. Address D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

A FAIR business has been doing the past week, though by no means an unusual activity. Notwithstanding the oscillations of gold, prices have been steady and firm. We do not alter our quotations of flour—White Winter, \$11.00@12.25; white Winter, \$2.25@2.50; corn, \$1.00@1.10; barley, \$1.50@1.75; oats, \$0.75@.80; rye, \$1.00@1.10. Buckwheat comes in in bad order. No good samples have been offered; we quote at \$8@8.10. Clover seed \$13.00@17. Timothy seed, \$5.00@6. Slaughter hogs, 7c. Calves, 12@13c. Sheep pelts, \$1.00@1.25; wool, 60@70c. Hay, \$22@25. Poultry plenty; Turkeys, 14c; Chickens, 13@14c. Potatoes, 62@70c. Onions, 13@14c; \$1.50. Mess Pork, 33@35c. Lard, 23@24c. Smoked Hams, 23@24c. Shoulders, 18c. Dressed Hogs, \$13@14. Eggs, 30@32c. Butter, 40@42c. Cheese, 23@25c. Apples, 33@34c per bbl.

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—Ashes unsettled and nominal, at \$12 for pots and \$13 for pearls. Cotton, \$13.00@13.25 for Middling. Superfine State Flour, \$2.25@2.50; Western extra, low grades, \$2.00@2.10; shipping Ohio, \$1.00@1.20. Canadian flour, \$2.75@2.90; for common to fair extra, and \$10.00@12 for trade and family do. Bye flour, \$5.25@5.50; corn meal, \$1.75@2.00; buckwheat flour, \$4.00@4.25; white, \$1.00@1.10; barley, \$1.40@1.60; rye, \$1.00@1.10; \$1.00@1.10. Beef Hams, \$12.00@13.00; \$2.75. Timothy seed, \$5.00@6. Tallow, 17@18c. Tobacco, sales of Kentucky at 10@10c.

CHICAGO, Nov. 19.—Flour, Spring extra, \$3.75@3.12 1/2; red Winter, extras, \$3.00. Buckwheat Flour, \$2.50 per bbl. Wheat, winter, No. 1 red, \$1.17; No. 2, \$1.00@1.17; rejected, \$1.00@1.10. Corn, \$1.00@1.10; \$1.17@1.20; \$1.10@1.15 for ear corn. Oats, \$0.65@.70; \$1.10@1.15; \$1.00@1.10. Sheep and good samples. Butter, 30@35c. Beans, \$1.75@2.00; Broom Corn, \$1.00@1.25. Cheese, 18@22c. Cider, \$7.00@7.50; 3 bbl. Eggs, 30@32c. Cranberries, \$5.00@5.50; Apples, \$3.50@4.00; Dressed Hogs, \$12.00@13.00; Timothy Hay, \$12@13; Prairie Hay, \$12@13; Hides, 12@13; green country, trimmed, 8@9c; green salted, trimmed, 10@11c; dry, 10@11c; 100 lbs. of first class. Calves, \$4 each; trimmed, 17@18; Kip, green salted, trimmed, 14@15; Calf, green salted, trimmed, 16@18. Onions, \$1.00@1.05; Mess Beef, \$17@18; Beef Hams, \$22; Mess Pork, \$35; Prime Mess Pork, \$32@33; Potatoes, \$2.50@3.00; range at 60; choice, Timothy seed, \$4.25. Flax seed, \$2.50. Clover, \$10.00. Tallow, 15@17c.—Tribune.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Beef—Received, 4,525. Quotations—Extra, 12@13c; 1st quality, 10@11c; 2d do, 12@13c; 3d do, 10@11c; Interior, 8@9c; average of all sales, about 12c. Milch Cows, \$20@25. Veal Calves, 6@10c. Sheep, 6@9c. Lambs, 7@10c. Swine—Common, 12c; live, per 100 lbs., \$11.00@12.00; dressed, \$14.00@15.00; distilled, live, \$11.00@12; dressed, \$14.00@15.00.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 15.—Beef Cattle—Extra, \$13@13.25; 1st quality, \$12@12.75; 2d quality, \$10@11.00; \$7@8.50; 100 lbs., (the total weight of hides, tallow and dressed) 1st quality, \$1.00@1.10; 2d quality, \$0.90@1.00; 3d quality, \$0.80@.90; 4th quality, \$0.70@.80; 5th quality, \$0.60@.70; Working Oxen—\$14@17; 2-year olds, \$20@25; 3-year olds, \$25@30; 4-year olds, \$30@35; 5-year olds, \$35@40; 6-year olds, \$40@45; 7-year olds, \$45@50; 8-year olds, \$50@55; 9-year olds, \$55@60; 10-year olds, \$60@65; 11-year olds, \$65@70; 12-year olds, \$70@75; 13-year olds, \$75@80; 14-year olds, \$80@85; 15-year olds, \$85@90; 16-year olds, \$90@95; 17-year olds, \$95@100; 18-year olds, \$100@105; 19-year olds, \$105@110; 20-year olds, \$110@115; 21-year olds, \$115@120; 22-year olds, \$120@125; 23-year olds, \$125@130; 24-year olds, \$130@135; 25-year olds, \$135@140; 26-year olds, \$140@145; 27-year olds, \$145@150; 28-year olds, \$150@155; 29-year olds, \$155@160; 30-year olds, \$160@165; 31-year olds, \$165@170; 32-year olds, \$170@175; 33-year olds, \$175@180; 34-year olds, \$180@185; 35-year olds, \$185@190; 36-year olds, \$190@195; 37-year olds, \$195@200; 38-year olds, \$200@205; 39-year olds, \$205@210; 40-year olds, \$210@215; 41-year olds, \$215@220; 42-year olds, \$220@225; 43-year olds, \$225@230; 44-year olds, \$230@235; 45-year olds, \$235@240; 46-year olds, \$240@245; 47-year olds, \$245@250; 48-year olds, \$250@255; 49-year olds, \$255@260; 50-year olds, \$260@265; 51-year olds, \$265@270; 52-year olds, \$270@275; 53-year olds, \$275@280; 54-year olds, \$280@285; 55-year olds, \$285@290; 56-year olds, \$290@295; 57-year olds, \$295@300; 58-year olds, \$300@305; 59-year olds, \$305@310; 60-year olds, \$310@315; 61-year olds, \$315@320; 62-year olds, \$320@325; 63-year olds, \$325@330; 64-year olds, \$330@335; 65-year olds, \$335@340; 66-year olds, \$340@345; 67-year olds, \$345@350; 68-year olds, \$350@355; 69-year olds, \$355@360; 70-year olds, \$360@365; 71-year olds, \$365@370; 72-year olds, \$370@375; 73-year olds, \$375@380; 74-year olds, \$380@385; 75-year olds, \$385@390; 76-year olds, \$390@395; 77-year olds, \$395@400; 78-year olds, \$400@405; 79-year olds, \$405@410; 80-year olds, \$410@415; 81-year olds, \$415@420; 82-year olds, \$420@425; 83-year olds, \$425@430; 84-year olds, \$430@435; 85-year olds, \$435@440; 86-year olds, \$440@445; 87-year olds, \$445@450; 88-year olds, \$450@455; 89-year olds, \$455@460; 90-year olds, \$460@465; 91-year olds, \$465@470; 92-year olds, \$470@475; 93-year olds, \$475@480; 94-year olds, \$480@485; 95-year olds, \$485@490; 96-year olds, \$490@495; 97-year olds, \$495@500; 98-year olds, \$500@505; 99-year olds, \$505@510; 100-year olds, \$510@515; 101-year olds, \$515@520; 102-year olds, \$520@525; 103-year olds, \$525@530; 104-year olds, \$530@535; 105-year olds, \$535@540; 106-year olds, \$540@545; 107-year olds, \$545@550; 108-year olds, \$550@555; 109-year olds, \$555@560; 110-year olds, \$560@565; 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THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

BY MRS. HOWARTH.

Thou wilt never grow old, Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth; My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth. Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there, In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold; Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where Thou wilt never grow old, sweet— Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin Haunting my footsteps wherever I go; Life is a warfare my title to win— Well will it be if it end not in woe. Pray for me, sweet; I am laden with care; Dark are my garments with mildew and mould; Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair, And wilt never grow old, sweet— Never grow old!

Now, canst thou hear, from thy home in the skies, All the fond words I am whispering to thee? Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes, Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free; So I believe, though the shadows of time Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold; Thou wilt still love me, and, pleasure sublime, Thou wilt never grow old, sweet— Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim grown gray, Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven; Faith shall behold thee, as pure as the day Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to heav'n. Oh, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there, In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold; Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where Thou wilt never grow old, sweet— Never grow old!

The Story-Teller.

THE DRAB DRESS.

"BROTHER FRED, I've a favor to ask of you," and Lita Ross lifted her face with a beseeching expression, from a small bouquet of choice flowers she held in her small, jeweled hand.

"A favor to ask of me, Sis?" was the young man's reply "One would think from your serious, troubled countenance, that it was the first one you had ever preferred, and you were to try an experiment."

"Well, it is a sort of experiment, Fred, and before you give me the answer, I want you to think, and not say, 'Oh, yes, yes,' as you always do, and then not give it another single thought."

"Well, here goes then," replied the gay, handsome young man, drawing an ottoman to his sister's feet, and seating himself upon it with a mock gravity. "Your humble servant; and now proceed to business, madam."

The young girl's face assumed an earnest expression as she clasped one of her brother's hands in both of her own, and said, while the color burned up into her cheeks,

"Fred, it is this, that you will drink no more wine. I tremble whenever I see you with the glass at your lips."

"Well, now, Lita, child, can you not trust me, knowing my entire self-command, that I have no natural tendency that way, and that I only occasionally take a social glass when in the society of my friends."

"I know it, Fred—I know all that; but your influence is what I fear. There is Charlie Chester, who thinks you a perfect pattern of goodness, and as he touched glasses with you at Mrs. Reardon's, and you stood up and drank together, my heart ached—not so much for you as for him, knowing that he has not the self-control that you have, and that he loves to look upon the wine as it sparkles in the cup."

"Well, well, Lita, perhaps you are right. I never looked at it in that way before," said Fred, while his countenance wore a thoughtful expression. "But who, in the name of common sense (and now the young man smiled) would have thought that my little, fashionable, butter-fly sister ever found time for such thoughts as these, with her ribbons, roses and laces? Seriously, Lita, I did not give you credit for being so much of a woman."

"Thank you for the compliment, Fred. But now promise me; I shall not be happy until you do. I have no fears for your personal safety in this matter—though I doubt your moral right to indulge in a social glass merely because Mrs. Grundy smiles upon the custom—but I fear for Charlie Chester, seeing with what a relish he drains his glass to the dregs. Promise me, Fred; come, do this if you love me," and Lita Ross laid her hand beseechingly on her brother's head.

"Well, Lita, this is something of a sacrifice to ask of me. Why, I should make myself very conspicuous by refusing a social glass. But I don't know but I'll do it, if you'll make a corresponding sacrifice. I don't care to be immolated upon the altar alone."

"Name it, Fred, and if it's in my power I'll do it willingly, gladly," and her soft eyes danced with delight.

"Well, then, Sis, I'll promise this thing if you will do what I am about to ask you. I declare I have scarcely the heart to, you look so pretty in that blue silk dress, with its lace trimmings, and your ear-rings, pin and bracelet of those tiny pearls, but you must give them up if I comply with your request."

"I will, Fred—I will."

"And wear a drab dress without any ornaments?"

"Yes, Fred."

Next Thursday night make your first appearance at Mrs. Thurston's. Remember you will be subject to many remarks, and will look very plain by the side of your showily-dressed companions."

"I promise, Fred, in return, that you will then and there comply with my request."

"Your hand, Sis. And now remember that as long as you will wear drab, and that without ornaments, I will refuse a fashionable glass. But you do not know what a sacrifice you are making. I should not be surprised were you to retract any day."

"Well, Fred, we shall see. And now a kiss as a seal of our contract," and Lita threw her arms about her brother's neck and covered his forehead, brow and lips with a shower of kisses, and glided away through the hall, up the long, oaken stairway to her own chamber, and seating herself she bowed her head and ejaculated: "Thank God, Charlie Chester may yet be saved!"

And the tears rained down her fair face, and when she had again looked up, there was a subdued, tender light in her eye never there before.

And this was Lita Ross, the pet plaything of the family—the sparkling, fashionable belle of the season—the coquette, so accounted. But there was in her heart a leaf as yet unread by any eye save that of her Maker, and on it was inscribed her love for Charlie Chester.

"Well, now, who'd have thought it?" Fred exclaimed, as he found himself alone. "I thought I had touched her dearest idol, and that she could no more deny herself than she could give up her right hand. But she'll do it; I saw it in her eye. Faith, I never was so proud of her in my life. I've looked upon her as a mere chit of a girl; but all at once she stands before me a noble, self-sacrificing woman. And she's right about Charlie Chester; for now I think of it, he is in danger of being drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation,—strange I've not thought of that before! I used to think they had quite a partiality for each other; but they've out-grown it I reckon."

How much we pride ourselves upon our own discernment, and yet how widely do our conclusions sometimes wander from the truth.

Thursday evening came, and Frederick Ross sat in the drawing-room waiting the appearance of Lita. There was a light, rustling step, and she stood before him with her soft, brown hair drawn smoothly from her brow, and confined plainly at the back of her pretty head, and amid the glossy abundance were a few sprays of heliotrope; her dress was drab silk with a low corsage and short sleeves, relieved by a fall of rich, white blonde, while her tiny foot, with its dainty satin slipper of the same shade of the dress, laid coquettishly hidden in the thick, rich carpet.

"Come, Fred, I am ready," she said. "Am I presentable?"

"Why, Lita, love!" Here he paused. Admiration was written on every feature of his speaking face, but he adroitly changed the expression, and concluded with—"Yes, Lita, presentable, perhaps; but one would take you to be at least twenty-five instead of nineteen. Faith, I'd no idea it could alter you so much! Come, there is an hour yet; run and put on that rose-colored crape, and take the fastenings from your hair and let it fall in curls about your shoulders. I hate to see you, my little sis, looking so prim. There's an hour yet, and Bell will assist you. Do it now to please me, there's a good girl."

Lita's cheek turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears. To think that Fred, her own brother, should tell her "she looked twenty-five," and "prim" at that! What would Charlie Chester think of her? For a moment the temptation was strong upon her. But she did not yield, for she saw in her mind's eye Charlie Chester with the wine cup at his lips; she heard his mother's voice crying, "Enter not into temptation!" as plainly as when she heard her whisper it in his ear as he turned from his mother's door a few weeks previous. It was the words and the look of gentle sorrow that filled the mother's eyes with tears that first aroused Lita's fears in regard to Charlie, and ever since that time she had watched him closely. She did not care to betray her interest in him, as he had avoided her studiously for more than a year, and besides she feared to wound him by forcing upon him the thought that she imagined him incapable of self-control. But now she had devised a way in which either of these contingencies could be avoided. And having obtained her brother's consent, should she yield it up simply to gratify her love for dress and admiration? No, no, she would not. Laying her hand, in its tiny kid glove, upon her brother's shoulder, she said:

"Brother Fred, I shall go as I am, though I would gladly consult your taste and my own by exchanging this sombre dress for the rose-colored crape, but it would not be right in me; I should despise myself. I am sorry you are going to be mortified at my appearance. I did not think before I came below, that I looked so old and prim. But of course I do, as you say I do."

"Never mind, Sis. I am proud of you, let you look as you will. I should not have loved you half so well had you meekly yielded to my request. And now run and get your hat and cloak, for the carriage waits at the door."

Had my readers looked closely into the eye of Frederick Ross, they would have seen something resembling a tear glittering upon his dark lashes, which he hurriedly wiped away upon his delicately-perfumed handkerchief as Lita turned from him. And Lita thought he never looked so lovingly upon her as when he handed her into the carriage; and she was quite sure his bearing was more than usually proud as he led her to the farther end of the reception room to present her to Mrs. Thurston, the lady of the house.

"Lita Ross, as I live!" cried an imperious beauty, as she tossed her stately head. "I wonder what new freak has taken possession of her?"

"O, she likes to make herself conspicuous," replied another lady, carelessly toying with one of her golden curls. "See how all eyes follow her. I should not care to be in her place. She looks like a Quakeress matron of thirty or thirty-five. You'll stand quite a chance of reigning belle to-night, now that she has hidden all her beauty under a cloud of drab."

Miss Milford, the young lady addressed, colored a little at the doubtful compliment, and gathering up her pale-blue satin dress she sailed stately away.

"Miss Rose," said Mrs. Thurston, bending her gentle face near to Lita's, "will you give a key to the mystery that so sorely puzzles my guests to-night, viz., the plainness of your dress?"

"I can not at present, Mrs. Thurston," replied Lita, "but at some future time I may. I hope you do not think I have done anything improper? I have a motive that you would approve of, if I were at liberty to name it;" and Lita stood blushing through her smiles at the inquiring face of the lady.

"O, no, Miss Ross, nothing improper, but it seems so different from your own girlish self, that it causes speculation in the minds of many. But do not let it trouble you. I think it very becoming to you this drab dress with its blue trimmings. In short, I never saw you looking so lovely as to-night, though not so brilliant as your wont."

"O, Mrs. Thurston, you do not mean it! I am sure I am looking very plain. Brother Fred said before we left home, that I looked twenty-five, and so very prim, and I have felt as though it were true; all the evening. It must be your partiality for me, Mrs. Thurston, indeed it must."

"Not at all, Lita, I am quite sincere in my opinion, and I have heard others say the same."

"Lita Ross is Lita Ross, dress her as you may," said a light-hearted girl to her companion. "Just see her, as she stands there with the light falling around her soft, drab dress; but she looks prettier to-night than ever," continued the unselfish girl. "Look, Harry."

"Yes, Lizzie, there are few faces like Lita Ross', prettier without adornments than with. I know of but one other in the whole assembly," and the little hand of Lizzie was tenderly pressed by the young man, while a soft blush stole over the fair brow of sweet tempered Lizzie Gray, as they mingled with the crowd.

The supper-saloon was thrown open, and the tables laid with silver and cut glass supporting all the choice luxuries of the season, presenting a dazzling spectacle under the multitude of gas jets from the rich burners, while the long polished side-boards were supplied with some of the richest wines, reflecting many a prismatic color.

"Miss Ross, what can I help you to?" queried the gentleman who had escorted Lita to the table.

But for a moment Lita was quite oblivious. She was thinking of her brother's promise, and wondering what effect it would have upon Charlie Chester.

The ladies had withdrawn from the supper-room, but still the gentlemen lingered or returned after having escorted their fair companions to the saloon.

"Fred—Fred Ross—here, take this seat by me, and while we sip our wine, we will have a chat."

"Well, I've no objections to the chat, but the wine I must refuse."

"Fred Ross is a temperance man,—he has signed the pledge! Three cheers for Fred Ross!"

Charlie Chester had in his hand a second glass, and just as he was about to drain its contents the words of Frank Leland fell upon his ear. He turned pale, and stood looking at Fred Ross, who sat smiling composedly upon his boisterous companions.

"Yes, a temperance man, if you like it. I've signed a pledge, too, and it's useless to ask me more, for I'm bound to keep it."

Lita Ross had stationed herself near the folding-door, and not only had she seen all that had taken place at the side-board, but not a word had passed but had reached her ear. With a heart filled with happiness she turned away, and at that moment would not have exchanged for the richest dress around, her own simple drab dress.

Several weeks wore away, and yet Lita was never in public with anything but drab.

"It is ridiculous in a child of her years," said a lady, as Lita entered a large dry goods establishment—"perfectly ridiculous. I suppose she thinks it will pass for eccentricity. But it is not; it is downright folly. If she was my girl I'd shut her up in the house and feed her upon bread and water before I'd see her make such a simpton of herself. Only see that drab bonnet with its white ruche and strings, and the drab cape—quite suitable for her grandmother."

"I heard her called one of the finest dressed ladies upon the street, to-day, by a gentleman from Europe," replied the clerk, "and he expressed a desire to obtain an introduction to her."

"Ab, indeed," said she, tossing her head. "Show me some more lilac moires."—[Concluded on page 385, this number.]

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't always bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits from his wife's grandfather."

"PATRICK," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, let a'one myseif. Wait till I hear the evidence."

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Time is Wasted.

The washing of an ordinary family usually occupies nearly an entire day when done by hand, and very large articles (quilts, etc.) being difficult for one to handle, are often hung on the line dripping wet, and dry slowly, especially in the short days of winter.

Labor is Lost.

Not only in trying to do the washing in the most difficult and tedious way, but the articles, after the old-fashioned hand-wringing, require five times the amount of mending that is rendered necessary by the wearing only; besides much additional time and labor is lost in making new garments to supply their place.

WITH THE WRINGER, The Clothes are Saved.

There is no straining, twisting, or pulling of pieces of delicate and costly fabrics, no seams ripped or buttons loosened. The clothes pass through as smooth and evenly as from a Sewing Machine, and in as good condition as before washing. Clothes washed with the Wringer will last three times as long as when done by hand.

The Health is Preserved.

Not only is the waste of precious muscular strength avoided by the use of the Wringer, but that disagreeable and very dangerous custom is obviated of keeping the arms submerged to the elbow, and suddenly changing from hot to cold water, as in hand-wringing.

Time is Saved.

The washing that by hand requires a day's work, can with the Wringer be accomplished before noon and with far less fatigue, and the clothes being thoroughly pressed, will dry quickly. Clothes washed with the Wringer are not liable to freeze on the line.

Labor is Economized.

With the Wringer more work can be performed with less help and with much greater ease than by hand. One lady says—"I had to pay a washerwoman before, but now we do the work ourselves." Another—"I can now go to bed and sleep after washing day," etc. The U. C. W. can easily be used by a child twelve years old.

COTTON IS HIGH! ECONOMY SHOULD BE PRACTISED BY ALL!

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FIRST PREMIUMS

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IOWA.....1863.....1864
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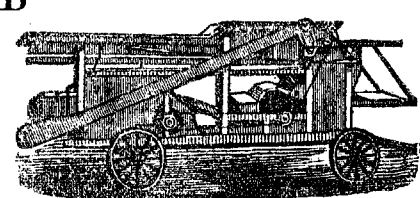
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NOW IS THE TIME for the Agents and Friends of the RURAL to enter upon the Winter Campaign, and we trust all who can consistently do so will at once commence forming clubs for the ensuing Year and Volume. Show-Bills, Specimens, &c., sent free to all applicants.